

## VILLAIN 71

### Chapter 71 Unveiling the Truth (1)

As the temple invasion unfolded and Kai Luc made his move, a fateful encounter was taking place elsewhere within the Temple...

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In a secluded chamber, far from prying eyes, a girl with golden hair lay motionless on a hospital-like bed.

Thin, thread-like wires clung to her body, pulsing faintly as they absorbed wisps of dark vapor rising intermittently from her skin. The only thing covering her was a light white gown, barely shielding her from the cold air.

Minutes passed, and finally, the process reached its end. Sansa Valerion's eyes fluttered open.

By now, she had grown accustomed to the sterile scent of medical instruments and the suffocating atmosphere that surrounded her.

"You did well, Lady Sansa."

A voice broke the silence. Beside her bed stood a peculiar woman—her gray hair, gaunt frame, and dark circles under her eyes gave her a ghostly appearance.

"Thank you, Estrellda... I always trouble you with this."

Estrellda, as the woman was apparently called, shook her head lazily before beginning to detach the wires and strange instruments from Sansa's body.

"Today's extraction was larger than usual... Could it be that your memories are finally returning?"

Sansa raised a hand to her head, fingers tracing the curve of her skull as if searching for an answer.

"I don't know..."

Estrellda paused briefly before resuming her work.

"I expected either a yes or a no."

"Hmm..."

Sansa clenched her fists slightly, hesitating before she spoke.

"Lately... I've been having nightmares."

"Nightmares?"

She nodded.

"Nightmares of when I was kidnapped. That cold, damp cell... watching people lose their humanity one after another."

"I remember it all so clearly. But sometimes, fragments of something else slip through, like fleeting images."

Estrellda listened intently, never interrupting, absorbing every word.

For some reason, Sansa seemed to struggle with what she wanted to say next.

"I remember a blinding light every time I opened my eyes. Shadows of masked figures in black surrounding me... while I lay on a table."

She tried to recall more, but a sharp pain stabbed through her skull, forcing her to clutch her head with both hands.

Estrellda placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

"That's enough for today. Don't force it... The memories will come back when they're ready."

Sansa exhaled, nodding slowly.

Estrellda offered a rare smile, though on her cadaverous face, it looked more unsettling than comforting.

"That concludes today's session. You're free to leave."

Finally, Sansa rose from the bed. After a quick bath and a change of clothes, she made her way toward the exit.

"I'll see you next week~"

Estrellda barely acknowledged the farewell, waving a hand dismissively as she was already deep in thought, analyzing today's results.

Understanding this, Sansa left quietly.

The moment she stepped outside, two figures materialized from the shadows—a young man with blond hair and a young woman with dark hair, a faint scar beneath her left eye.

Both wore the temple's uniform.

"Deto... Ely."

The two immediately dropped to one knee, but Sansa motioned for them to stand.

"I've told you before, there's no need to follow me everywhere. You can return now."

The two were clearly older than her—final-year trainees, to be precise.

Yet despite the five-year age gap, they treated her with unwavering respect.

"Apologies, Lady Sansa, but we cannot comply."

"It is our duty to protect you at all times within the temple."

They spoke in perfect synchronization, making it clear that arguing would be pointless.

Sansa sighed, resigning herself to their persistence.

"Fine... Do as you please. I'm going back to my room."

"As you command."

In an instant, the two vanished. But anyone with half a brain would know they were still nearby, watching her every move.

Sansa walked absentmindedly, lost in thought.

Her weekly sessions had remained a secret, known only to her father, Estrellda, and the temple's director.

This had been her reality since she was rescued nearly a year ago.

For all this time, she had been searching for answers.

What truly happened to her?

Why did she lose her memories?

What was the nature of the power she awakened afterward?

None of these mysteries had an answer yet.

Engrossed in her thoughts, she hadn't even realized she was already standing in front of her room.

"Oh..."

Letting out a quiet sigh, she reached for the door—

But just as she was about to step inside, her eyes caught something unusual.

An envelope.

A single white envelope lay on the ground before her door.

She hesitated for a moment before picking it up.

"A letter?"

Beneath it rested a strange black rose, its scent thick and unfamiliar, carrying an intoxicating fragrance.

Curiosity stirred within her. She was about to open the envelope—

But a voice from behind stopped her.

"Don't, Princess."

"It could be dangerous."

As expected, her bodyguards were still watching.

Ignoring them, Sansa unfolded the letter without hesitation.

"I'm a Wave Controller, remember? At the very least, I know how to judge these things."

The moment she opened it, a peculiar fragrance wafted into the air.

Inside, she found a single black sheet of paper, its words scrawled in crimson ink.

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Dear Sansa,

You cannot imagine how long I have waited for this day. I can say with absolute certainty that I have lived for this moment alone.

I have always believed that our paths would cross someday, and now, at last, the time has come.

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Sansa read the words with a blank expression.

So far, it seemed like nothing more than an anonymous love letter.

But then, the next lines sent a chill down her spine.

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I am the only one meant for you. You complete me, and I complete you. I hold the answers you seek, so take this as proof of my sincerity.

The memories you desperately chase... The answers you long for... And the power you possess...

I wish I could tell you everything now, but such conversations should never be written on paper.

Go alone to the western side of the temple. Beneath the river lies an old training facility, long abandoned.

Meet me there, and you will have your answers.

I love you.

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The letter ended.

Sansa remained still, silent.

She read it once.

Then twice.

Then three more times.

Her fingers curled into a slow, deliberate fist.

"Lady Sansa... Don't tell me you're..."

One of her guards spoke up, but the look in her eyes had already given away her intentions.

"You can't go, Princess! This is dangerous!"

Sansa shook her head slowly.

"It's obviously a trap. I know that."

"The person who wrote this might not know anything. They could just be trying to lure me out..."

"But this might be my only chance to learn the truth."

Her guards exchanged uneasy glances before turning back to her.

"There's no need to worry. While I won't ignore this letter, who said I'd be going alone?"

Sansa's plan was simple: the male shadow guard would accompany her while the female one reported the letter to the temple authorities.

Her logic was straightforward—they were still within temple grounds.

She believed that whatever awaited her, she could handle it.

But she had no idea what was about to unfold in the temple courtyard...

