## **VILLAIN 83**

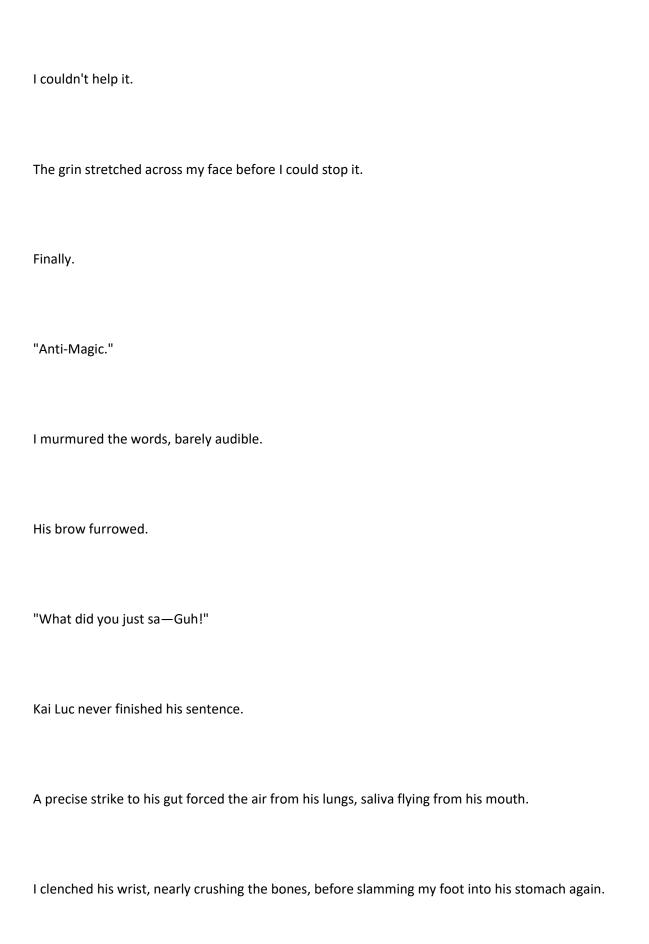
Chapter 83 An Unexpected Encounter (1)
-Frey Starlight Pov-
It's time to act.
I gripped a sharp blade, swallowing hard.
"Let's finish this"
Steeling my resolve, I plunged the blade into the right side of my torso.
Fresh blood dripped onto the ground. My face remained blank as I inflicted wound after wound upon myself.
After everything I endured in the Nightmare Lands, pain of this level was nothing. I knew exactly where to cut to make it look fatal while avoiding my vital organs.
I needed to appear broken, like a man on the verge of death—if I wanted my target to take the bait.

Once enough blood had spilled, I took a measured sip of the healing potion I had prepared earlier—just enough to keep myself from passing out, but not enough to close my wounds.
Then, I collapsed into the pool of my own blood, rolling in it like a child playing in the snow.
Seconds later, I stood up, my body drenched in crimson.
I yanked at my hair, making it a tangled mess, then looked myself over.
A low chuckle escaped me.
I look absolutely wretched.
Perfect.
Now, all that was left was to wait—and to act my part well.
I grabbed my laptop for one last check.
Abilities:

_	- Shadow Adaptation: 0/7
_	- Anti-Magic, Level 1: Negates magic upon contact.
Tł	nis should do.
Le	et's hope it's enough
10	0,000 points—gone.
Se	econds passed. Then minutes.
lv	waited patiently for my prey to step into the trap.
	tting beside that core, which emitted terrifying aura fluctuations, while taking advantage of Aegon, ho had driven the guards away
W	ith the guards gone, sneaking in had been easy.

And I didn't have to wait long.
Footsteps echoed through the hall.
The door creaked open, revealing a sharp-featured man, his brown hair swept back, his crimson eyes piercing.
Kai Luc.
I instantly broke into sobs, playing the part of a helpless victim.
His gaze sliced through me like knives, peeling away the surface, searching for the truth beneath.
He was analyzing the situation. That wasn't good.
"Professor! Help me! Please!"
I staggered forward and threw myself at him.

That should force him to make a decision.
I reached out, trembling.
A pitiful sight.
But inside, every muscle in my body was coiled tight, waiting.
Two possibilities.
He either takes my hand or he kills me on the spot.
One or the other.
I was about to find out.
"What are you doing here, boy? Are you alone?"
He reached for my hand.



The impact should have sent him flying, but I held him in place.	
His face twisted in shock.	
He doesn't understand.	
Why isn't my magic working?	
I could see the question forming in his eyes.	
"There's plenty more where that came from."	
My fist, wreathed in darkness, crashed into his face, sending him staggering.	
"You bastard! What the hell are you—"	
"Shut up."	

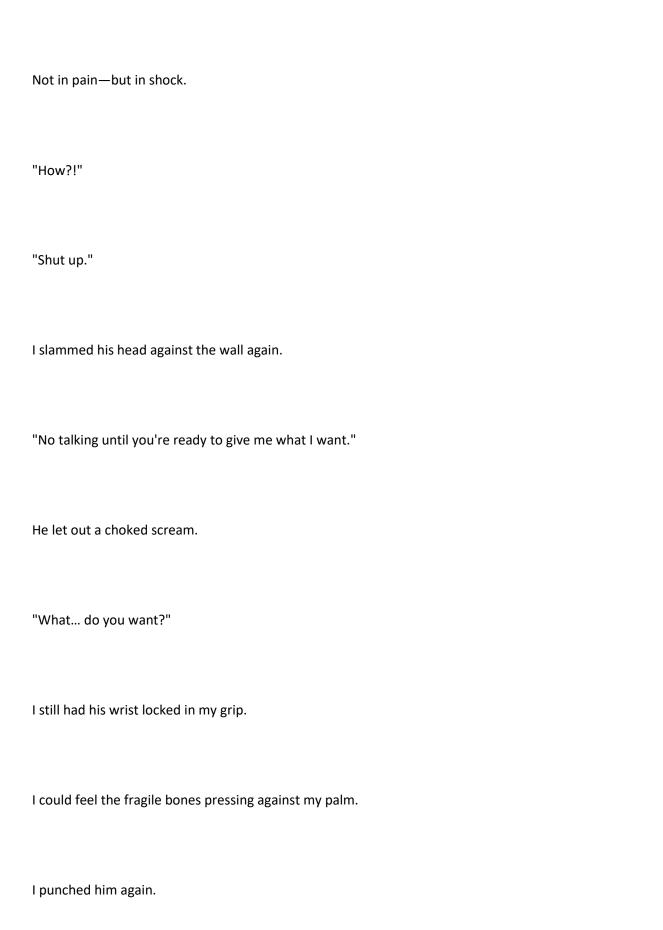




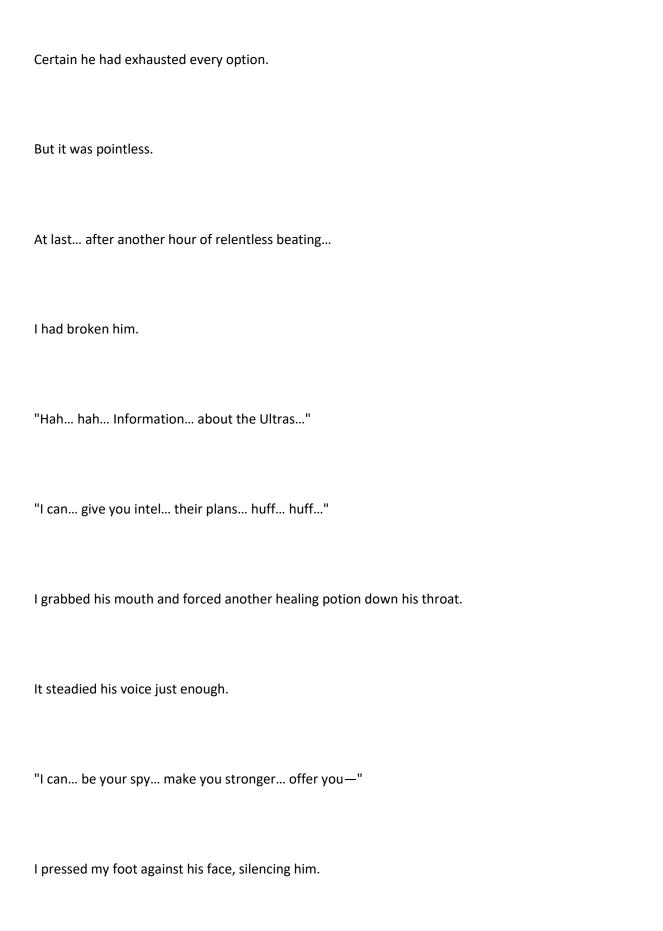
I gripped his face, leaning in close.
"Listen carefully. You have something I want. We're going to play a little game. You will stay silent while I shatter your stupid face. And when you're ready to give it up only then will you be allowed to speak."
" —"
I drove my fist into his mouth, silencing him.
"No talking. Not yet."
Even through the swelling and blood, his crimson eyes remained sharp.
He still had hope.
I'd make sure to take that from him.
What followed was an hour of uninterrupted punishment.

At some point, Kai Luc's face became unrecognizable—a mess of broken flesh and blood.
But I didn't let him die.
That would be too easy.
Every time he neared unconsciousness, I'd force a few drops of a healing potion down his throat, just enough to keep him conscious.
The game had to continue.
The scent of blood hung thick in the air.
Yet I felt no guilt.
No hesitation.
Was it because Kai Luc was a terrible person?

No.
That wasn't it.
I simply hated him.
I despised him from the moment we met.
And he had something I wanted.
It was that simple.
"Heh"
And there was no reason to stop now.
"Believe me, Kai Luc not even Lindman not even Astaroth himself can save you now."
At those names, for the first time, his face shifted.



"That's not the answer I want."
Another blow to the face.
A kick to the stomach
"I don't want questions from you."
Come, Balerion. Let's have some fun.
I gripped my sword and drove it into his free left hand.
"I want answers."
Kai Luc's screams reverberated through the chamber.
I was certain he had tried to unleash his magic a thousand times by now.



"What use do I have for such nonsense?"
"Information? A spy? The Ultras? Pfft none of that matters to me."
He trembled at my words.
"You think I— the man who completely suppressed your magic— need someone like you?"
"Then what what do you want?!"
I tapped my finger against his forehead.
"I want it that skill."
"What?"
I smiled.







I pulled Balerion from his chest.
One last glance at his crimson eyes— now lifeless and hollow.
Kai Luc was dead.
"Sorry but you saw too much. I never intended to let you leave here alive."