

VILLAIN 84

Chapter 84 An Unexpected Encounter (2)

Taking a deep breath, I stepped away from his corpse. Now that the adrenaline had worn off, my senses were slowly returning.

I pushed down any lingering emotions, focusing solely on the book in my hands.

"All of this... for you."

I flipped through its pages.

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Ascension – S-Class Skill

A simple skill with devastating effects.

It places the user into a state of heightened awareness— what athletes call "The Zone."

For the duration of its activation, the user's body surpasses 100% of its normal capacity while maintaining absolute mental clarity. All unnecessary emotions and thoughts are suppressed, ensuring the most optimal course of action.

The strain on the mind is immense, so prolonged use is not advised.

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The transfer was complete.

My first S-Class skill.

I was beyond thrilled to have it.

Not only was it invaluable for combat and strategy...

But it would turn me into the monster I needed to be— unburdened by emotions that would only hold me back.

—Sigh—

At last... it was over.

I checked my laptop, pulling up my task list.

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Main Mission: Survive until the end of the invasion.

Reward: 1,000 Achievement Points (Completed).

Main Mission: Stop the Ultras.

Reward: 3,000 Achievement Points (Completed).

Current Achievement Points: 4,050.

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Yeah... it was done.

I let out a dry chuckle as I stared at my achievement points.

"At least I'm no longer broke..."

Losing 10,000 points stung, but Anti-Magic and Ascension were well worth the price.

That was enough for now.

I cast one last glance at the radiant core beside me.

"Sorry, Aegon. Your plans are ruined this time."

This skill was supposed to end up in the prince's hands.

And Kai Luc was never meant to die here.

I cautiously approached the core.

If Kai Luc had touched it, he would have become Aegon's slave...

Injecting his aura into this trap... would have been a fate worse than death.

Even with my modified Hawk's Eye, I couldn't see what gift Aegon had left inside this thing for him...

A stark reminder to never underestimate that man.

Aegon Valerion.

I had shattered everything. I had rewritten the story's course entirely.

Now, the tale I had once known was spiraling into the unknown more than ever.

But I had already made my decision.

I didn't care what happened to this world.

I didn't belong here.

So I wouldn't bother fixing anything.

I was lost in my thoughts...

I knew I had to leave soon—if I didn't, they would catch me.

I was just about to turn and go...

But for some reason, I froze.

A violent pounding echoed in my chest.

I barely managed to lift my hand, pressing it against my ribs, feeling the erratic, near-explosive rhythm of my heart.

It took me a moment to realize—my hand had been trembling for a while now.

"What... is happening?"

Everything around me turned gray. A strange color blindness overtook my vision as I reached for my throat.

Slowly, I turned toward the source of this unnatural sensation.

"Huff... huff..."

I struggled to breathe.

And then, I saw him.

He sat there, perfectly still.

His face was unscathed, free of any wounds.

And in the midst of this suffocating darkness, the only color that remained in my vision...

Were his crimson eyes.

Kai Luc was staring at me—wearing a regal, unsettling smile.

I knew what this was.

Fear.

A fear unlike anything I had ever experienced.

I wasn't stupid...

This wasn't Kai Luc.

Nor was it Astaroth.

A Rank 19 demon could never do something like this.

I barely managed to part my lips.

"Who... are you?"

Whoever—whatever—this entity was...

It was death itself.

Every bead of sweat rolling down my skin felt like a blade. My heart refused to calm.

The few seconds it took for him to respond stretched into eternity.

And I wished—desperately—that he hadn't answered at all.

"Well, well...****. We finally meet."

His voice was deep. Regal.

It didn't just echo in the room.

It carved itself into my soul.

But the words themselves bore the greatest weight.

"W-What... did you just say?"

That name...

No one was supposed to know that name.

And yet, I had just heard it—from the mouth of a dead man.

"Oh, forgive my rudeness, ****. Or should I call you Frey Starlight now?"

Huff.

Huff.

My breath grew shallower. The entity before me continued speaking.

"I never expected to meet the one who created this world... who created me."

"Please..."

"You cannot imagine my joy. The very being who forged me—right here, on a fragile little planet like Earth."

"Stop."

"I wish I could come to you now. There's so much I'd like to discuss... but unfortunately, I am bound by many forces."

My heart was going to burst. It wanted to flee from my chest.

The pressure was so suffocating that I activated Ascension.

But it didn't work.

It was suppressed.

As if it were nothing.

I was beginning to understand who was in front of me.

And that realization only deepened the madness clawing at my mind.

"Why aren't you saying anything, Frey Starlight?"

You shouldn't be here...

No, this was merely a faint manifestation of him.

His true self was far beyond this place—far beyond Earth itself.

A storm of thoughts raged within me, fear coiling around my mind, threatening to devour me whole.

He watched me for a moment, as if savoring my unraveling mind.

"You asked me earlier... 'Who are you?' Didn't you?"

I didn't nod. I didn't shake my head.

I only trembled where I stood.

"Then say my name, Frey Starlight."

I opened my mouth, but no words came—only the chattering of my teeth.

"Say it !"

The moment he commanded it, the name was forced from my lips.

"Agaroth."

And with that...

The Demon King smiled.

"That's right."

Huff.

Huff.

"I look forward to our next meeting."

Huff.

Huff.

"Frey Starlight."

"HAAAAAAAAAAAAAH—!"

At last, I screamed.

Because if I didn't, I was going to die.

Die from fear alone.

I couldn't control myself anymore.

I drew Balerion and unleashed a devastating slash—one that carried everything my body could muster.

The impact reduced Kai Luc's body to a bloody mist, while the Demon King's presence vanished entirely.

Collapsing onto the ground amidst the crimson haze, I fought to suppress the violent tremors shaking my body.

"Agaroth... The Demon King."

"Lord of the 72 High Demons."

"The being I never figured out how to defeat—even as the author who wrote him."

He had noticed me.

He knew who I was.

He knew where I was.

A being that should not have appeared at this point in the story.

I forced myself to my feet and started running.

"I have to escape."

"I have to escape."

"I HAVE TO ESCAPE!"

From this place.

From this world.

"I HAVE TO ESCAPE!"

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Author's Note:

Don't get the wrong idea—this isn't the end. Not even close.

Yes, he has appeared.

The very character who causes headache , for both me and Frey .

I wanted Frey to truly understand what terror meant.

A horror so absolute that even with his power as the author, he still couldn't defeat it.

Now, he has yet another reason to leave this world.

Enjoy.