

## VILLAIN 86

### Chapter 86 Perspectives (2)

"Frey..."

He appeared out of nowhere, standing before Feyrith without the slightest trace of fear.

At first, the very thought of him fighting Feyrith terrified me.

I could already picture the moment Feyrith would kill him. That's why I begged him to run.

But what happened next... was beyond my wildest imagination.

Everything changed the moment he drew that sword.

That chilling coldness—that overwhelming pressure... it was as if he had become someone else entirely.

He faced Feyrith, a monster whose power had grown exponentially—one-on-one.

In that moment, he surpassed even First Rank Snow Lionheart, stronger than most second and third-year students.

From the very beginning, he had the upper hand.

Even when he was suppressed, even after enduring countless wounds... his stance never wavered.

It was as if everything was moving according to his rhythm—from start to finish.

Feyrith was dancing in the palm of his hand.

The Frey I saw that day...

Was not the Frey I knew.

It was as if...

"He was someone else entirely."

I remained lost in thought until Oliver's voice pulled me back.

"Your Highness... did you say something?"

"Nothing."

"Let's go. There's no reason to stay here any longer."

The Ultras had been completely wiped out.

As he said, there was nothing left for us here.

I climbed into the carriage that had been prepared for me and sat in silence.

"What do I do now?"

I cast a deep look at my reflection in the carriage window.

Two golden eyes stared back at me.

But within them... lurked a darkness no one else could see.

Yet, I knew it was there.

Ever since Frey saved me—since the battle against Feyrith—it had started to return.

Those buried memories...

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-Frey Starlight's Pov-

"Hey, kid! What the hell are you doing here? Are you—"

I knocked an Imperial soldier to the ground, my face blank as I continued walking through the temple grounds.

The wounds I had inflicted upon myself throbbed relentlessly, but I wasn't in a state to acknowledge them.

Right now, what I wanted most was to grab the heaviest rock I could find and smash it against my head—anything to silence the war raging inside my mind.

For the first time since entering this world...

I had no idea what I was supposed to do.

"Agaroth... the final boss has appeared out of nowhere and shaken everything."

"He knows who I am. He knows I entered this world."

How?

This was different from the Mist stalker ability to summon my buried memories against me.

He knows my name. He knows that I created this world.

I never wrote anything about that.

I no longer knew anything anymore.

Too many questions swirled in my mind—questions with no answers.

And I knew that the only one who could answer them... was Agaroth himself.

No.

He wasn't the only one.

There was another entity hiding within that laptop.

A being I was certain could tell me everything.

But he wouldn't give me any answers.

Everything had changed now.

I took a deep breath, forcing myself to focus.

"No... nothing has changed."

All I had to do... was leave this world.

That was it.

When the Demon King descended, he would find nothing, because I would be long gone by then.

I still had time.

Agaroth wouldn't be able to descend to Earth anytime soon, thanks to the forces binding him.

That meant I had to end this quickly.

"Win the Victoriad... then leave this damned world."

Nothing had changed.

I had simply gained another reason to leave.

Beyond the inevitable descent of the Demon King...

Everything had gone according to plan.

I had obtained Ascension and prevented the temple's destruction.

Everything should be fine now.

I had averted the future shown to me by the visions, keeping the temple alive.

Then suddenly, a crucial realization struck me.

"Wait... the first vision I saw..."

That vision had shown the temple half-destroyed.

At first, I thought it had been caused by the explosion of the Celestial Core.

But that wasn't possible.

The explosion would have erased the temple completely—along with a portion of the surrounding area.

"Then... what future did that vision show me? How was half the temple destroyed?"

At that moment, another unanswered question surfaced.

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Deep within the temple...

Before the Celestial Core, a figure knelt, running his fingers over the blood-soaked ground.

It was cold.

Which meant that whatever had happened here... had occurred some time ago.

"My lord... this is Kai Luc's corpse."

Or rather... what remained of it.

Only shattered fragments of his body lay scattered across the floor.

Surrounded by the Knights of the Round Table, Aegon stood motionless, staring down at the scene before him.

Whoever had done this... had slaughtered Kai Luc with unimaginable brutality.

The knights around him shifted uneasily.

Aegon's expression was terrifying.

That face, those features—

They were the true ones he hid behind his ever-present smile.

Without hesitation, he crushed what remained of Kai Luc's head beneath his foot, veins bulging along his hand.

For the first time...

His plans had been ruined.

And worse yet...

The one who did it was an unknown variable.

"Good... very good."

Aegon chuckled, covering his mouth.

"This is better. Much better."

An anomaly beyond my calculations.

A rogue chess piece.

"Let's see how long it takes for me to drag you out of your hole..."

Whoever this X was—the one who had destroyed my plans in the end...

I look forward to crushing you.

...

...

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"Well... this turned out better than I expected."

Standing atop a cliff overlooking a massive complex, an elderly man with a towering, muscular physique and long gray hair gazed into the distance. His white eyes were locked onto the temple that had just emerged from catastrophe.

The night was eerily silent—until the blue beam that had descended from the sky moments ago shattered the tranquility.

From within the lingering dust and debris, a masked man emerged. Oliver Khan looked unsettled.

"Hah... isn't this the Grand Warden himself?"

Oliver ignored the remark. His voice was firm as he posed the question that weighed on his mind.

"Bloodmader, what is the meaning of this? Why are you here?"

Oliver Khan was among the elite, an SS ranked warrior.

When he had first arrived at the temple grounds, he had vaguely sensed an overwhelmingly powerful aura in the distance. At the time, he couldn't recognize it.

After ensuring the princess's safety, he had come here, fully prepared for a decisive battle—only to discover that the man standing before him was none other than Raphael Bloodmader.

Hearing Oliver's question, the old man clasped his hands behind his back and answered with an air of nonchalance.

"What an odd question. Why am I here? Well, as the director of this entire place, isn't it only natural that I be nearby?"

The cryptic response only deepened Oliver's confusion.

"How long have you been here?" Oliver demanded. "Why didn't you show yourself while the temple was on the brink of destruction?"

The pieces were beginning to fit together in his mind.

The one who had uncovered Kai Luc's plot and turned it against him was none other than Prince Aegon Valerion.

At first, Oliver had wondered—could the prince have discovered something that even the director himself did not know?

If it had happened elsewhere in the empire, perhaps.

But inside the temple? A place that Bloodmader himself had called home? That was a different matter entirely.

He voiced his thoughts aloud, and the answer came swiftly.

"There's no need for confusion, Khan. Your instincts are correct."

Bloodmader smirked faintly before continuing.

"I was here from the very beginning."

At those words, Oliver Khan's aura exploded, shattering the ground beneath them.

"What are you implying, Bloodmader? Do you even understand the consequences of what you've just said?"

Despite the overwhelming pressure, Bloodmader turned his back on Oliver, his gaze fixed once more on the ruined temple.

"I am fully aware of what happened... and I understand the consequences all too well."

As the two men spoke, the final casualty reports from the temple were being compiled.

The death toll had climbed into the hundreds—all of them young warriors, ranging from seventeen to twenty-two years old.

In other words, they were the future of the empire.

Bloodmader had been present from the very start, aware of everything. Yet, he had chosen not to intervene, leaving the temple to fend for itself.

The empire would not take kindly to this. In fact, this could very well mark the beginning of the temple's downfall.

But Bloodmader's eyes saw far beyond the present.

Oliver was struggling to process it all. He reached for the twin great daggers strapped to his back. As the empire's first shield, he could not accept what he had just heard.

The only thing stopping him from striking down the man before him was the fact that Bloodmader had once been a comrade—a fellow warrior who had fought by his side.

A man the empire still needed.

Bloodmader, sensing Oliver's turmoil, spoke first.

His deep voice resonated beside Oliver's ear, almost like a whisper.

"The temple... Ever since this academy was established, we have accepted all kinds of people—scions of great families, heirs to powerful guilds... even the emperor's own children."

He lifted a hand, feeling the wind brush against his weathered skin.

"Every year, those children arrive, carrying their selfish ambitions, dreaming of achieving foolish goals, blind to the truth of this world."

"They lack responsibility. They have no sense of crisis. They are like carbonated drinks without fizz." His voice grew sharper. "And now, war looms closer than ever."

"Bloodmader..."

"Despite the hardships this world and this empire have endured, these children still naively believe they will be saved when the time comes."

"What are you—"

"I'll tell you why, Oliver." Bloodmader's voice turned cold. "Because they are peaceful people."

"Peace is wonderful—it's what we all once longed for. But it has made us weak."

"Everyone has grown complacent in their comfortable lives, far from the battlefield, far from death. Something had to change." He let out a breath. "And it was far easier than I expected."

Oliver could listen no longer. His grip tightened around his daggers, veins bulging from his fists.

"Change what, exactly?! Hundreds have died!"

"They would have died in the war regardless!"

Bloodmader's voice rose, the weight of his words pressing down like a storm.

"They were meant to lead the next war! Yes, many perished, and yes, the temple will never return to what it once was. But on the other hand... there are survivors."

"This crisis has forced us to recognize the true talents among us—the ones who will stand at the forefront in the days to come. They now understand the scale of the threat we face."

"They have walked through hell... and emerged as warriors."

Oliver muttered under his breath, "We've lost invaluable fighters—Choupo Moting, Baek Ryon... countless others."

Bloodmader's reply was simple.

"Victory does not come without sacrifice."

In that moment, Oliver's gaze sharpened.

"Then you'd best be ready to pay the price."

The old man nodded, as if he had expected nothing less.

"I have no intention of resisting. Someone's hands had to get dirty if we were to survive. I chose to be that person, and I intend to see it through... to the end."

"Raphael Bloodmader," Oliver declared, his voice heavy with finality. "By the authority granted to me by Emperor Maekar Valerion, I hereby place you under arrest for treason. Your titles and achievements are revoked, and you will stand before the emperor to receive your sentence."

Chains of pure blue aura materialized, binding Bloodmader completely.

The man glanced down at his restraints before nodding in quiet acceptance.

"Let's hope the next director does a better job than I did."

Oliver was about to move when a voice called out from behind.

"Stop. If you're taking him, then you'll have to take me as well."

He turned sharply, his eyes widening in shock.

Draped in a flowing crimson robe, wearing a golden helmet, a woman stood before him.

Her right arm was covered in a shimmering gold substance, pulsating with a terrifying aura.

"Milena..."

Oliver muttered her name, while Bloodmader simply observed.

Milena Maiden—the deputy director and wielder of the greatsword Claymore.

Oliver instinctively raised his guard.

Had Bloodmader resisted, their battle would have been a fifty-fifty gamble.

But now, with Milena—a fellow SS ranked warrior—involved, his chances had dropped to zero.

Fortunately, she hadn't drawn her sword. That, at least, was a good sign.

"This is nonsense, she knows nothing about what i did " Bloodmader scoffed.

Milena's orange-hued eyes glowed beneath her helmet.

"He never told me anything directly. But I knew something was coming when he kept sending me away. I didn't expect it to be on this scale... but I ignored it. I trusted him."

Gold erupted from her arm, shifting into a slender blade over two and a half meters long.

As she raised Claymore, Oliver drew his daggers in response.

But her killing intent was not directed at him.

It was aimed at Bloodmader.

"I want to cut you down where you stand, then die alongside you. But I am not the one who should pass judgment."

Her voice trembled with emotion.

"You dragged me into this crime. You made me lose the comrades I once fought alongside. So I will share this sin... and make sure you face justice."

Bloodmader smiled faintly.

"Do as you wish."

Despite the deep sense of betrayal from the man she had followed for so long, Milena couldn't bring herself to strike him down.

As her killing intent faded, the towering golden sword seamlessly reverted to its original form—her golden arm.

Oliver let out a heavy sigh, summoning another set of chains to restrain Milena as well.

Everything that had unfolded today... was simply overwhelming.

That night, chaos consumed the imperial palace as Oliver Khan returned, bringing with him two of the empire's most formidable warriors in chains.