

VILLAIN 97

Chapter 97 Moonlight Family (1)

- Frey Starlight's Pov-

Darkness... endless and absolute.

It felt as if I were sinking into a vast, pitch-black ocean, untouched by even the faintest glimmer of light.

My body no longer felt like my own. My mind was clouded, intoxicated by a strange haze. Each thought weighed heavier than the last, dragging me deeper into the abyss.

Drowsiness overtook me—a powerful urge to sleep. But I resisted.

A terrible fear gnawed at me...

What if I closed my eyes and never woke up?

How did I even end up here?

The last thing I remembered was Heisenberg's fist, coming down with the force to erase me from existence.

And then—darkness.

Could I be dead?

No... I refuse to accept that.

For someone who once considered ending it all, I was clinging to life with an almost pathetic desperation. The irony wasn't lost on me.

I don't want to die—not now, not when I finally have something to live for.

Not after I finally grasped a sliver of hope.

Maybe I was too lost in my thoughts to notice him at first.

The figure standing beside my floating body.

The void around me was absolute—so dark that black was the only color that existed. And yet, somehow, I saw him.

Or rather, I saw his silhouette.

A shadowy figure... unfamiliar.

With great effort, I parted my lips, struggling to speak the words trapped in my throat.

I wanted to ask, Who are you?

But no sound came out.

Instead, the figure simply stood there, watching me for a moment. Then, he spoke—his voice unfamiliar, yet strangely comforting.

"Sleep."

How odd...

He told me to do the very thing I had been resisting. Normally, I would have fought against such an order.

But I didn't.

His voice carried an inexplicable warmth, an undeniable sense of safety.

I didn't hesitate. I didn't resist.

I simply closed my eyes... and let my consciousness fade.

For some reason... he felt familiar.

Slowly, my senses returned.

Faint noises brushed against my ears—soft at first, almost soothing. But then, the sound swelled into a deafening roar, threatening to split my skull.

I opened my eyes.

A completely different place.

A sharp chill seeped into my body, stiffening my muscles. My back pressed against the frozen ground, and as I reached down, my fingers brushed against cold, untouched snow.

I was sitting atop a massive, snow-covered plateau.

Leaning against a large rock, I gazed downward at the scene unfolding below.

A massive crowd had gathered, their voices blending into an unintelligible clamor.

Beside them lay the wreckage of a ruined train, now nothing more than twisted metal and shattered debris.

The sheer number of people was staggering—men, women, and children of all ages.

It reminded me of the train station... the chaos, the crowds.

"You're finally awake."

If he hadn't spoken, I wouldn't have even noticed him.

Ghost stood beside me.

With great effort, I forced myself upright, my body sluggish and uncooperative. Fortunately, Ghost was considerate enough to support me.

"Ugh... how long was I out?"

"Not long. An hour, to be exact."

Just an hour?

I blinked in surprise.

It had felt like an eternity in that abyss. I could've sworn I had been gone for a whole day—at least.

Ghost studied me for a moment before turning his attention to the restless crowd below.

"In the end, you were right. This was all a test by the Moonlight Family."

I nodded weakly.

"And them?" I gestured toward the crowd.

"The passengers who were thrown off the train earlier. Turns out, they were in on this from the start. They landed safely—no casualties."

At the mention of death, Ghost's gaze flickered toward me, his expression unreadable.

"Frey Starlight... you were the only one who truly faced death in this test."

I let out a quiet, breathless chuckle.

"I suppose a lot of people want me dead."

"Then leave. Don't go to that family."

Ghost had a point. A logical one.

But I shook my head.

"I can't."

I had to keep moving forward.

The Moonlight Family was a mountain standing in my path—a colossal obstacle, towering over me.

But I had no choice but to climb it.

If I wanted to survive in this world... I had to.

Something in my gut told me so.

Besides, I knew one thing for certain. Baylor Moonlight, the head of the family, didn't want me dead.

If he did, I wouldn't still be breathing.

But that fact alone... was what had made me arrogant and naïve before.

Baylor Moonlight was a titan, a force on par with entire guilds.

But he wasn't the only monster in that family.

There were always exceptions.

And Heisenberg was one of them.

At the mere thought of that old man, my expression darkened.

Glen Moonlight... Heisenberg.

This isn't over.

I always repay my debts—many times over.

"Your killing intent is leaking, Frey Starlight."

...Oops.

I always forget to restrain myself at times like this.

"Apologies. My mind isn't in the best state right now."

"..."

Ghost remained silent, but his expression spoke volumes.

I let out a defeated chuckle.

"I know you want to ask. Go ahead—I don't mind."

He hesitated, but in the end, he asked anyway.

"Back then... we were all frozen. When Heisenberg revealed his true strength, people like us had no choice but to sit and watch. I can say with confidence that he was serious."

"But... you survived."

"How?"

I sighed, running a hand through my hair.

"I don't know. It was just as shocking to me as it was to you. All I remember is a strange force wrapping around me... and then, nothing."

"Could someone else have interfered to save you?"

I rolled my eyes slightly at his theory.

"Maybe..."

That possibility was unlikely... After all, that power had come from within me.

"You finally woke up, huh?"

Danzo emerged from below the hill, exhaustion evident on his face.

"Hey, you walking corpse! Didn't I tell you to call me when he woke up? Why didn't you?"

"I never agreed to that in the first place. I have no idea why you assumed I would."

"Bastard."

The moment they met, Danzo and Ghost immediately started bickering again. This was bound to happen when two people with completely opposite personalities crossed paths.

"Enough of that... What happens now?"

I was genuinely curious. Were we just supposed to stand around in the open and wait?

"About that... I heard that woman—Jin or Jane, or whatever her name was , say we'd be transported soon."

"Transported?"

As soon as the word left my mouth, a strange cry echoed in the distance.

"Look! Over there!"

Someone in the crowd shouted, pointing toward the sky.

In the distance, dark figures soared through the air, momentarily blotting out the sun.

"A bird? Or a plane?"

Danzo squinted, trying to make sense of what he was seeing.

But I had already figured it out, thanks to my Hawk Eye.

"Wyverns."

"What?"

Moments later, the winged creatures descended far enough for everyone to see them clearly.

They were the closest thing to dragons—massive black bodies with striking blue wings.

These creatures were common in the northern Nightmare Lands, but what set them apart was their ability to be tamed—evident by the humans riding atop them.

"When you said they'd be transporting us... this isn't what I had in mind."

One by one, the wyverns descended from the sky in a breathtaking display.

Amidst the murmurs of the crowd, the members of the Moonlight family dismounted, one after another.

The sheer pressure emanating from them left no doubt—they were far from ordinary.