

VILLAIN 98

Chapter 98 Moonlight Family (2)

I needed to adapt my plans faster than expected. After all, there was a high chance I had just become a target.

For now... I had to stay low.

A short distance away, Jane stepped forward to welcome the Moonlight family's representatives.

Leading them was a young man who appeared to be in his mid-twenties. His sky-blue hair cascaded down his back, his sharp eyes exuding confidence. He was almost unnaturally handsome, with a well-built physique draped in pristine white robes.

That demeanor... That arrogance... I recognized him immediately.

Jane removed her sunglasses, greeting him with a polite smile.

"Welcome, Young Master Frost."

The mere mention of his name made the entire crowd pause for a breath.

"So that's Frost Moonlight..."

Ghost muttered under his breath, while Danzo tilted his head.

"Frost who? Who the hell is this guy?"

Ghost and I turned to Danzo, equally baffled by his question.

"You seriously don't know him?"

Even I, someone who wasn't originally from this world, recognized him immediately.

Danzo simply shrugged.

"Why should I?"

Neither of us had a response.

Fortunately, Ghost took it upon himself to explain.

"Frost Moonlight is the son of the current Lord, Baylor. He's one of the most talented individuals in the Moonlight family, second only to Seris. He was the top-ranked disciple at the Temple and won the Victoriad three times. Despite being only twenty-four, he's already on the verge of reaching S Class. There's a lot more to say about him, but that's the most important part."

"Impressive, I guess."

Our eyes returned to the young man in question.

His gaze swept across the crowd before settling back on Jane, who stood before him.

"Well done, Miss Jane. We're ready to leave whenever you are. Sort the students as you see fit, and let's go."

"Understood."

Jane responded swiftly and began organizing everyone.

That settled it—we were leaving on wyvern-back today.

I tried to remain unnoticed, but in the end, it was futile.

I could feel a pair of piercing eyes locking onto me, scanning me from head to toe.

Frost had already noticed me—exactly what I had hoped to avoid for as long as possible.

After all, that man was infatuated with Seris.

And speaking of the devil... Just moments ago, he was practically radiating killing intent toward me. But now, I saw him standing beside Seris, his expression softening with warmth.

"It's been a while, Seris."

Even his tone was different—gentler. Could a person really change this much for just one individual?

As always, Seris responded with her signature cold indifference, giving him a slight nod.

"Hello."

The two of them entered their own conversation, but I tuned them out completely. The last thing I wanted was to listen to that arrogant bastard fawn over that ice-cold statue.

I had more important things to worry about.

Like finding someone to ride with. After all, I was willing to bet that every Moonlight member here despised me.

I remained where I was as everyone else formed their groups. Yet, to my surprise, I wasn't alone.

"What the hell are you two still doing here?"

I turned to Ghost and Danzo, who were still arguing beside me.

Hearing my question, they both responded in unison.

"What?"

"Aren't you going to find a group?"

They exchanged glances before Danzo spoke, looking puzzled.

"What are you talking about? We already have a group."

He gestured between himself, me, and Ghost in that order.

"Me, you, and this corpse—though I have a hard time considering him a living person."

Were they seriously planning to stick with me?

"You sure about that?"

Before they could answer, a soft voice interrupted us.

We all turned toward the girl hiding her face beneath a wide-brimmed hat.

"You might have trouble finding a ride if you stay around him."

It was Selena.

Danzo scoffed, his face twisting in disgust.

"Whatever. I don't abandon my comrades. Besides, I'm starting to hate that dumb family anyway."

Selena chuckled at his words, making a vein bulge on his forehead.

"Something funny?"

She waved her hands dismissively, still smiling.

"Not at all~ In fact, I'm here because I want to join you."

She turned to me after saying that last part.

"Do you mind?"

I studied her for a moment before sighing.

"I don't know why everyone treats me like the leader, but I don't care. Do whatever you want... just don't complain later."

Selena ignored my warning, joining us with the same carefree grin.

At this point, I was struggling to keep my composure. Too many main heroines, and each one was more stunning than the last. If not for the fact that they were all just seventeen, I might have lost it by now.

'Stay focused... They're just characters. This is just another world. None of this has anything to do with me... Nothing at all...'

As I tried to convince myself, time continued to slip by.

One by one, people found their rides. The number of waiting groups shrank. But no one approached us.

"Umm... This isn't looking good..."

Selena was the first to voice the concern, while I simply shrugged.

"I told you not to complain. This is the price of forming a group with me."

She had no comeback—just a defeated sigh.

"They really do hate you..."

Danzo, meanwhile, was losing patience. And as always, he needed someone to take it out on.

"Hey, you—aren't you Mist's son? You're supposed to be important! Why isn't anyone coming for you?!"

We all turned to Ghost.

Danzo actually had a point.

Ghost found himself at the center of our expectant stares. After a brief silence, he finally spoke.

"I keep a low profile all the time... so not many people actually know what I look like. They probably didn't even recognize me."

Silence.

I wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry.

Either way, it looked like we were stuck.

At least, that's what I thought—until a deafening roar tore through the sky.

"What the hell is that?!"

Shouts erupted as a massive creature flew toward us.

A closer look revealed... a wyvern.

But not just any wyvern—this one was so colossal I almost mistook it for a dragon.

Its flight was erratic, as if it were fighting against something...

No. Someone.

A few people were riding the beast, but they clearly hadn't tamed it yet. One person in particular kept punching it over and over.

And then, within moments, that colossal creature came crashing down before us.

I stood frozen—not because of the beast, but because of the one riding it.

A terrifying woman stood at the forefront of the massive wyvern, landing another punch on its skull.

"How many times do I have to hit you before you learn to fly straight, you damn lizard?!"

"You can't train a wyvern like that—!"

"Shut it, old man! Who asked for your opinion?!"

"Umm... Miss Carmen, did you really have to pick the biggest one?"

"You just don't get it, girl. Look at those other tiny lizards—none of them even come close! Now this is how you make an entrance!"

"Haha... As long as you're happy, that's all that matters."

Everyone stared at the bizarre trio.

Dismounting from the wyvern were two women and an elderly man dressed in formal servant attire.

Carmen still exuded the same overpowering arrogance, dressed in attire that suited a man more than a woman.

Behind her, Vulcan—the butler—was, as always, getting bullied by the girls.

And leading them all was my sister, wrapped in a black fur coat.

The moment our eyes met, she gave me a sweet wave.

I let out a helpless laugh.

"You guys... really..."