

VILLAIN 110

Chapter 110 Secrets of Moonlight (1)

"Shall we uncover it? The past that everyone sought to hide..."

Rem's body radiated an intense glow, her aura rippling through reality itself. In an instant, the library vanished, replaced by an endless white expanse where she and Ada now sat.

Ada hesitated, glancing around before shifting her gaze back to the blind girl before her.

"I didn't expect you to give in so easily."

Rem shook her head calmly, the same serene smile never leaving her face.

"That girl is important to my lady. I won't lie to you—I've been waiting for this day for a long time."

Ada frowned, unsettled by Rem's unexpected response.

"You anticipated my arrival?"

"Not exactly... but I knew something like this would happen eventually. Though, I must admit, I have no idea how you managed to acquire the entry signals, let alone find this place."

The Library of Semiramis.

A long-lost secret of the Moonlight family.

Its location constantly shifted, and even if someone happened to pass by, they wouldn't see it—concealed by powerful enchantments that veiled it from all but those who were meant to enter.

To step inside, one needed either sheer luck... or an invitation.

But what few throughout history knew was that hidden signals marked its existence. Signals long thought to be lost.

And yet, Ada Starlight had not only tracked them down but had secured a powerful bargaining chip against the library's guardian—the ultimate gatekeeper.

Even Rem herself was baffled that Ada had made it this far.

Ada lowered her head, recalling the events of a month ago.

That man... no, that thing that had appeared in her office.

His words.

The grim future he had shown her.

She shut her eyes tightly before opening them again, a renewed determination burning within them.

"I have my ways," she said cryptically.

Rem, however, did not pry. She simply nodded.

"Very well... If we are to speak of this family, we must go back decades into the past."

The empty void around them began to shift—colors bleeding into the white space, shaping vivid images and memories so lifelike they seemed undeniable.

Ada stared in awe.

"You can summon memories of the past?"

"Of course. This library has existed since the very founding of the family. Its walls have recorded everything."

They now stood in a lush garden enclosed within a vast glass dome.

Two children ran between the plants—both bearing the same striking features.

Sky-blue hair and pale complexions, the very essence of the Moonlight bloodline.

Ada recognized them immediately.

"The current lord, Baylor Moonlight... and his elder brother, the former lord, Drogo Moonlight."

Rem nodded, satisfied.

"You recognized them even at this age. Impressive."

Ada didn't react to the praise. Given her position as a lord—and even before that, as someone who held a high rank within the Starlight family—this level of knowledge was expected.

"Why are you showing me this?"

"Because this... is where it all began."

The two brothers played together. The elder, confident, always leading. The younger, timid, always following behind.

Both were exceptionally gifted—their affinity with aura evident even from a young age. The strange aura surrounding them was proof enough.

They had been favored by that power since birth.

The scene shifted to their training sessions.

Ada observed silently.

Meanwhile, Rem narrated with a steady voice.

"The Moonlight family was at its peak. The lord's sons both displayed terrifying talent from an early age."

As if to confirm her words, young Baylor conjured an ice shard in his palm, launching it with enough force to leave a deep scar on the thick glass wall.

A wide smile spread across his face as he turned toward his father, eager for the praise he longed for.

Then—a deafening explosion.

Everyone turned toward the source.

A massive hole had been blasted into the same wall... utterly destroyed by a single strike.

By his elder brother—Drogo.

"The third lord of the Moonlight family, their father, Aemon... saw greatness in that boy. He saw a talent that could elevate the family to its pinnacle."

"And so, he gave him everything."

This scene played out again and again.

Drogo Moonlight's power grew at an overwhelming rate.

The constant praise he received built an ambition worthy of his strength.

'The strongest beneath the heavens.'

The arrogance of a young lord.

But his confidence was not misplaced—he truly desired to stand at the peak.

"Throughout his youth, Drogo Moonlight's back never touched the ground."

"As a Wave Controller, he was a living calamity on the battlefield. A force of absolute destruction."

Ada listened intently, absorbing both the words and the spectacle before her.

But while Rem's focus remained on Drogo Moonlight... Ada's eyes were drawn elsewhere.

To another person.

Someone who was also powerful—immensely so.

In any other setting, he would have stood at the very top.

And yet, he was still far from reaching his elder brother.

His expressions.

The way he always stood in the background.

She saw it all.

Before her very eyes, Baylor lived within his brother's shadow.

She took special note of this... because she had once walked the same path.

When Frey was chosen as the lord instead of her.

In a way, she understood Baylor's feelings.

But she didn't dwell on it.

Rem's focus was solely on the elder brother.

The scenes continued to shift, revealing Drogo Moonlight at seventeen—standing at the gates of the temple.

A young man with ambitions that shook the heavens.

From the moment he entered, he stood above his peers. That much was undeniable.

And yet—despite everything—he was ranked second.

Because first place belonged to none other than the current emperor himself—Maekar.

Of course, someone like Drogo would never accept such a thing.

So, he challenged Maekar—who was still a prince at the time—to a direct duel.

A legendary battle unfolded.

The power they displayed... was far beyond what children their age should have been capable of.

And for the first time in his life... Drogo Moonlight tasted defeat.

But even in loss, it had been an exceptionally close battle.

Ada watched in awe as two young men, no older than her brother, clashed in battle.

Before her very eyes, she witnessed a breathtaking display of power—Maekar and Drogo were like mighty sharks in a sea of small fish.

They stood far above their peers.

And despite his defeat, Drogo Moonlight's will remained unshaken.

After all, his battle with Maekar had been evenly matched, and the Emperor had only emerged victorious by the narrowest of margins.

For the first time, Drogo had found a true rival. From that moment on, he began forging his strength and character, molding himself into the proud and domineering lord of the Moonlight family.

He carried himself like a king, wielded immense power—

Unyielding arrogance... and the presence of a ruler.

Upon reaching adulthood, he indulged in drinking in moderation, embraced his desires without restraint, and took any woman he wished.

With his younger brother, Baylor, as his right hand, the Moonlight family thrived like never before.

He had everything he had ever desired.

"This sounds like a happy story so far."

Ada remarked indifferently, and Rem nodded in agreement.

"That's what I thought as well."

With a wave of her hand, the scene continued shifting, leading them toward a pivotal event.

The World Summit—an exclusive gathering attended only by the lords of the great families and the Emperor himself.

By this time, Drogo had already ascended as Lord of Moonlight, while Maekar had rightfully claimed the throne.

Both had reached SS-rank.

But on that day, for the first time, the unexpected happened—

From the great doors of the hall, a man entered.

Dark-haired.

Younger than them, yet somehow, his presence eclipsed their own.

Ada's eyes widened in shock.

"Father."

That man was none other than Abraham Starlight.

For generations, the Starlight family had been known for their distinct white hair. Only those of the lesser branch carried black hair.

"Abraham clearly came from a lower lineage, yet somehow, he carved his way to the top—above those who believed themselves to be the true nobility."

"The appearance of that man... was the beginning."

Ada's expression darkened, a storm of emotions brewing within her.

For the first time in years, she saw her father—the man she had barely known—walking, breathing, alive before her.

"What does my father have to do with all this?"

Rem's voice was calm as she answered.

"He was strong."

The scene shifted again, revealing more of the past.

"A Lord of Starlight. A man of lesser blood... younger, raised in worse conditions, yet he fought his way to stand as an equal."

What unfolded before them now was the first clash between Abraham Starlight and Drogo Moonlight.

Ada's lips parted slightly in disbelief.

"Is that... my father?"

The battle she witnessed was on an entirely different level—both men had reached SS rank by then.

But the key difference... was the young lord of the Starlight family.

Wielding a terrifying black sword in his right hand, he moved like a phantom across the battlefield, shrouded in a brilliant, star-like aura that swallowed all light around him.

Drogo's ice, powerful enough to shatter mountains, was reduced to fragments in mere moments.

With each swing of his dark blade, Abraham unleashed monstrous force—

And in the blink of an eye, he utterly crushed Drogo Moonlight.

"One of the greatest Starlights... and the wielder of one of the Seven Legendary Swords, Dark Sister—Abraham Starlight."

But to Drogo, Abraham was something else entirely.

He was not like Emperor Maekar, who had been his equal.

No—

He was far stronger.

For a tyrant like Drogo, such a loss was a devastating blow to his pride.

Over the years, he challenged Abraham ten times.

And ten times, he lost.

He trained relentlessly, pushed himself to his absolute limits, even broke into the rare SS+ rank ..

Yet no matter how much he grew, his opponent was always a step ahead.

Despair gradually took root in Drogo's heart, gnawing away at his ambitions.

"Alongside his training, Drogo indulged himself in... other ways."

Ada's expression twisted in disgust as a horrific sight unfolded before her—

Drogo violating a young woman with brutal force.

"Drogo was changing. Slowly... but surely. Yet even then, he tried to hold himself together, desperate to catch up to that man."

He had sought to be the strongest under the sky—

But Abraham Starlight was a star beyond the sky.

Something beyond his reach.

If his rival had been a demon... or a ruler, Drogo might have accepted it.

But a human?

Worse—a human of lesser blood?

What had begun as a challenge—a struggle to surpass that man—soon turned into despair.

Drogo reached his limits, unable to close the gap no matter how hard he tried.

He saw only Abraham—

But he failed to realize that others had begun watching him from the shadows.

Frustrated, he sought relief through his own vices.

And so, his descent truly began.

That was when he gained the infamous title—

"The Mad Tyrant."

He drank excessively.

He killed without restraint.

And he satisfied his lust without limits.

The scenes repeated—countless women taken, countless children born.

So many that it was almost laughable.

"And now..." Rem murmured, as the world around them twisted.

"We have reached the incident that shattered everything."

Reality shifted, and Ada and Rem found themselves in the midst of a battlefield—a war unlike any other.

Ada's breath hitched.

"This is..."

Rem's voice was solemn.

"The War of Light."

"The greatest war this world has seen in the past hundred years."

The war that changed everything.