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?"

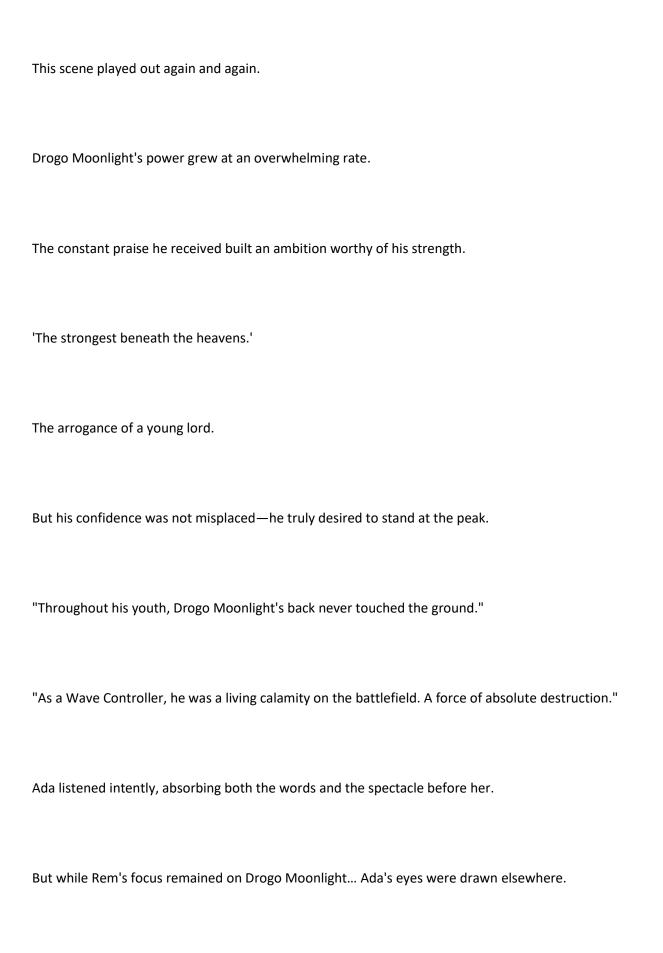
"Not exactly but I knew something like this would happen eventually. Though, I must admit, I have no idea how you managed to acquire the entry signals, let alone find this place."
The Library of Semiramis.
A long-lost secret of the Moonlight family.
Its location constantly shifted, and even if someone 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.

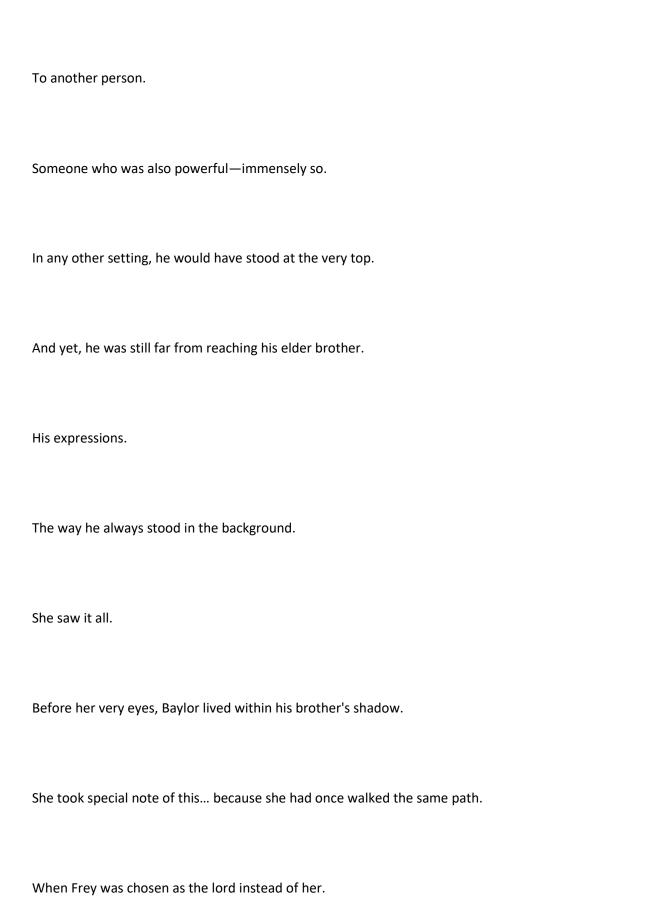
That man no, that thing that had appeared in her office.
His words.
The grim future he had shown her.
She shut her eyes tightly before opening them again, a renewed determination burning within them.
"I have my ways," she said cryptically.
Rem, however, did not pry. She simply nodded.
"Very well If we 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.

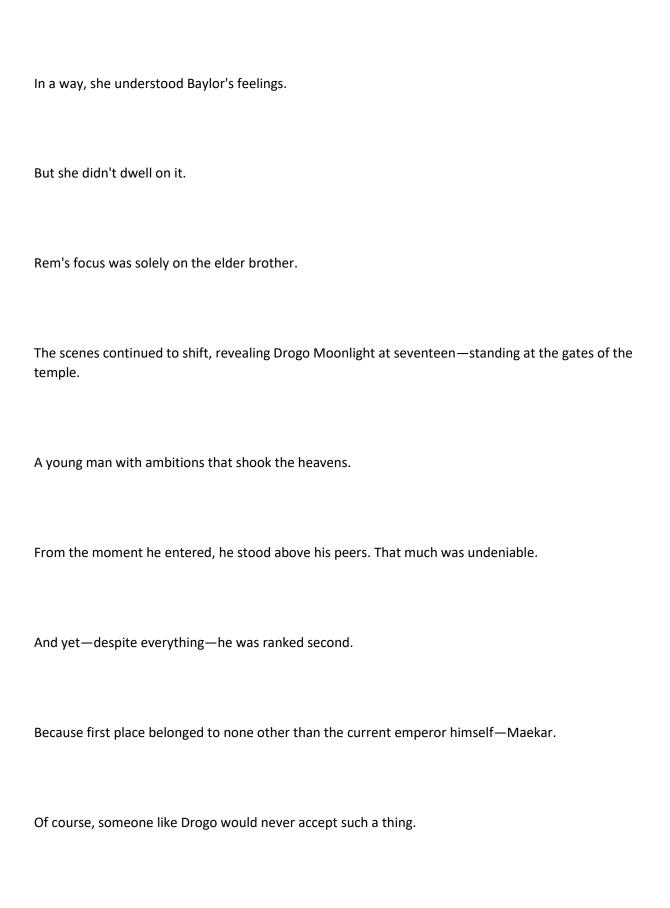
"You can summon memories of the past?"
"Of course. This library has existed since the very founding of the family. Its walls have recorded everything."
They now stood in a lush garden enclosed within a vast glass dome.
Two children ran between the plants—both bearing the same striking features.
Sky-blue 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."







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?"



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.



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.