

VILLAIN 111

Chapter 111 Secrets of Moonlight (2)

The War of Light...

The war that turned the tide in the Empire's favor against the Ultras fifteen years ago.

It was fought only here, in the Empire's western lands, where the Ultras' ships covered the sea like a swarm of locusts.

A war of equals—both sides unleashing their full might.

But one force tipped the scales.

A human demon—Dragoth, the former leader of the Ultras.

He was terrifying enough to be compared to the highest-ranking demons, and some claimed he even surpassed Astaroth, the 19th among them.

But the Empire had its own monster—Abraham Starlight.

One wielded the Moonlight Sword.

The other, the Dark Sister.

"Their battle eclipsed the war itself. Not since the legendary era had the world witnessed such a clash..."

"Every swing of their swords could erase an entire S class Awakened."

Ada stood beside Reem, both watching the cataclysmic duel—a battle that reshaped the very continent.

Ada was sharp. Too sharp to miss something crucial.

"No matter how I look at it... when comparing both sides, the Empire was clearly stronger."

An alliance of noble families and great guilds.

Three SS+ ranked powerhouses—Abraham, Emperor Maekar, and Lord Drogo.

Countless SS ranked warriors beneath them.

So why...

Why was Abraham Starlight facing Dragoth alone?

No matter how she looked at the Dark Lord, Dragoth was not human.

He was something foul wearing a man's skin.

Ada's mind swirled with questions. But beside her, Rem only shook her head.

"What happened that day... remains buried in the memories of those who were there."

The war had reached its climax.

Ada watched with bated breath as her father clashed with that thing, the battlefield a vision of hellfire and ruin.

Rem, seated calmly, spoke in a quiet voice.

"Abraham was never supposed to fight that monster alone... or at least, that's what everyone believed."

At that moment, a thunderous explosion split the skies, drowning the battlefield in blinding light.

"But then again... who was Abraham?"

From the wreckage and smoke, a lone figure emerged, dragging behind him a monster's mutilated corpse.

"If Dragoth was the greatest beast to ever live... then Abraham was the miracle that wiped such beasts from existence."

Ada's breath caught in her throat.

Her father stood there. Unharmmed.

Victorious.

Dragoth's corpse—a mangled mass of flesh and blackened blood—lay discarded at his feet.

"This... this isn't what I was told."

Ada's mind reeled as she tried to reconcile what she saw with the stories she had always believed.

It was said that Abraham barely won, defeating Dragoth but succumbing to his wounds soon after.

But what she was seeing now...

Was something entirely different.

Her father had walked away without a scratch.

"That man... Abraham Starlight... is a mystery even to me. In all my years, I've never seen anything like him."

Rem's voice was unreadable.

What they were watching was a memory—preserved, like a film playing before them.

Then—Abraham's expression changed.

Ada couldn't decipher it.

Joy. Hope. Fear.

An overwhelming blend of emotions flashed across his face.

Without warning, Abraham tossed Dragoth's corpse aside, as if it were nothing.

Then, in a single step—he vanished.

A streak of light burned in his wake.

Only a select few knew what truly happened at that moment.

Abraham had disappeared.

At the time, everyone believed he was still fighting Dragoth. They took advantage of his supposed sacrifice to drive the Ultras back—

And they succeeded.

"I don't understand... where did my father go?"

Rem shook her head.

"I don't know."

A pause. Then, she continued.

"All I know... is that he returned soon after. And when he did—"

A figure fell from the sky, crashing into the battlefield's ruins.

Abraham.

Ada stiffened, a strangled gasp escaping her lips.

This wasn't the same man she had seen moments ago.

The instant he landed, one of Starlight's greatest warriors collapsed to his knees.

The body that had once carried immeasurable power was now broken—beyond recognition.

His right arm—once untouchable—began to crack, leaking a strange, blackened substance.

And then, slowly...

His arm turned to dust.

His blood spilled freely onto the ground.

"Father!"

Ada lurched forward, but she couldn't reach him. This was just a memory.

She clenched her fists, trying to suppress her emotions.

Then—she saw it.

Her father was holding something.

A child's wails filled the air—a baby, barely a year old.

Despite his fading strength, Abraham smiled, cradling the child in his remaining arm.

And just like that—the crying stopped.

A small boy, with soft black hair and pale skin.

"That's... Frey?"

Ada's heart pounded in disbelief.

Her brother?

Here? In this moment?

Frey lay nestled in their father's arms, but Abraham's body was falling apart.

Yet still, he held onto his son as if he were the most precious thing in existence.

Then—a shadow emerged.

A man, clad in black.

His only visible features were his glowing blue eyes, radiating like lanterns in the darkness.

The stranger took Frey from Abraham's grasp.

Abraham smiled weakly at him.

"Take care of him."

His voice was barely a whisper.

Cracks spread across his face.

Even as his body crumbled, his eyes remained locked onto his son.

The cloaked man muttered something, but Ada couldn't make out the words.

And yet—she understood nothing anymore.

She had come looking for answers.

Instead—she had only found more questions.

Because that mysterious figure who had just taken Frey...

Was the same man who had visited her office a month ago.

The same man who had shown her things she never should have seen.

"What is happening? What happened to my father? What kind of enemy could have done this to him?"

Abraham Starlight was far stronger than the legends claimed.

He had annihilated Dragoth, an SS+ ranked monster, without suffering a single wound.

So what kind of force had he faced... to leave him in such a state?

Ada couldn't even begin to imagine.

And then—the cloaked man vanished with Frey.

The story the world knew played out.

Abraham's allies arrived, surrounding him.

All they found was Dragoth's corpse... and Abraham, on the verge of death.

They all believed he had barely survived his battle, suffering fatal wounds in the process.

That was what everyone assumed.

And then—Abraham Starlight died.

The last word he spoke was his son's name.

And so, one of Starlight's greatest warriors fell.

His sword vanished, never to be seen again.

Ada and Rem watched in silence.

"What... happened?"

"I don't know."

Ada clenched her fists.

"Then why show me this past at all?!"

Ada had reached a dead end—what she saw before her was beyond her comprehension.

Rem remained as calm as ever.

"I don't know what happened to Abraham, but he certainly didn't die a natural death. Whether it was the battle against Dragoth or what followed... Abraham was deliberately left alone."

The death of Abraham Starlight raised countless questions—one way or another.

Among those who had glimpsed even a fragment of the truth... there was that person.

Rem gestured toward a figure watching from a distance, a complicated expression on his face.

It was Drogo Moonlight.

After leaving Abraham to fight the enemy's strongest warrior alone and witnessing the man who had been a thorn in his side for years perish, Drogo was left with conflicting emotions.

The man who had overshadowed him for so long was gone, yet he felt no sense of liberation.

Instead, he realized those chains would now bind him forever.

That man was dead... and with him, every chance Drogo had of becoming the strongest had vanished.

Drogo wasn't responsible for what happened. He wasn't the one who conspired against Abraham.

Yet a man of his standing knew.

He knew something was wrong—the way Abraham had been isolated like that...

But he chose to remain a spectator.

"But... my father didn't die because of Dragoth."

Ada's voice wavered.

Rem nodded.

"That's true. Whatever killed Abraham... it wasn't human."

But that didn't change the fact that many wanted him dead that night.

That night... everything changed.

Especially within Drogo Moonlight.

Despair—his dream had been completely shattered.

Regret—for standing by and doing nothing.

Frustration—an unbearable weight on his chest.

And so, Drogo took it out on those around him.

Little by little, he began to change. And when his heart weakened... he became the perfect prey for creatures that thrived on such emotions.

"Impossible..."

Ada muttered in disbelief as Rem revealed the aftermath of the war.

She saw it all, with horrifying clarity—the tyrant, Drogo, shifting into something else.

How many lives had he taken simply because someone annoyed him?

His sexual urges had increased drastically, to the point where he violated some women against their will.

All in a futile attempt to fill the void inside him—a void that could never be filled.

Ada couldn't accept it.

"He was one of the strongest people ever... there's no way he fell like this, not for such a reason..."

Rem nodded.

"You're right. He wouldn't fall that easily."

Suddenly, the librarian raised her hand, releasing a brilliant blue light.

The glow engulfed the memory entirely, shaping an image of something that had remained unseen until now.

Ada's breath caught in her throat.

A strange, dark entity—a woman with an unnaturally pale face and eyes sealed shut by eerie threads.

She was massive, her long black hair flowing like ink in the void.

That entity had bound Drogo Moonlight with dozens of sinister threads.

"What... is that?!"

"A demon."

Rem's expression darkened.

"A vile demon that feeds on negative emotions."

This kind of demon was known as Spey.

Not classified among the higher demons due to their weakness, yet they were dangerously insidious—possessing those with fragile wills with disturbing ease.

And that was the catalyst that fueled the corruption within Drogo Moonlight...

Violence. Lust.

None of it made sense anymore.

That was all Ada could think.

"Did a demon like that control the lord... without anyone realizing it?"

Rem gave a faint, weary smile.

"Of course... that's impossible."

She pointed to someone who had been watching everything unfold from the very beginning.

Ada recognized him instantly.

Baylor Moonlight.

The younger brother. The current lord of the Moonlight family.

He had seen it all. He had known something was twisting his brother's mind.

Yet he did nothing.

No—he did worse than nothing.

He ensured that no one else noticed. He skillfully concealed everything and let Drogo spiral further into madness.

"Why didn't he stop it?"

Ada's voice was tight with anger.

Rem only shook her head.

"Sometimes... humans become far worse than demons."

From rape to mindless slaughter...

Day after day, it escalated.

Until Drogo's number of children grew beyond measure.

The scene shifted again, displaying a particular person.

Years passed.

One after another.

Until they reached a certain event.

A girl, eighteen years old, sat in the heart of a garden, surrounded by dozens of children who gazed at her with eyes full of admiration.

"Rose Moonlight."

Ada recognized her instantly. She was from her generation, after all.

"You're well-informed, Ada Starlight."

Ada nodded.

"I saw her often at family gatherings... She was the lord's daughter. But if I remember correctly... she died."

Rem confirmed her words.

A girl with white hair and striking blue eyes—delicate, breathtakingly beautiful.

The Moonlight family's precious jewel.

Among the children closest to her, one clung tightly to her.

"Seris Moonlight."

She had been just a child back then.

Every child in that garden—both boys and girls—were siblings, sharing the same father... Drogo Moonlight.

But their mothers were vastly different.

Yet among them, only Seris and Rose shared the same mother—sisters by blood.

That was why Rose had been Seris's closest person, especially after their mother passed away under mysterious circumstances.

Ada and Rem watched the heartwarming scene before them.

"Rose Moonlight... That girl was the living proof of Drogo Moonlight's most heinous crimes."

At this exact point, Drogo had begun losing the last remnants of reason, transforming into the mad lord people came to fear...

And committing one of the most horrific atrocities ever buried within the family.

The scene kept shifting—revealing the full, unfiltered truth.