

## **VILLAIN 112**

### Chapter 112 Secrets of Moonlight (3)

The past reveals much... details that many choose to forget.

Sometimes, those forgotten details are so repulsive that you'd wish to erase them from your memory every time they resurface.

A person can change overnight, and sometimes, the desires lurking within a man's heart are utterly destructive.

Before Ada and Rem, that little girl played all day long.

She was so full of life that her smile never left her face, not even for a moment.

"Is this really Seris Moonlight?"

It was as if they were two completely different people.

One was an ice sculpture, devoid of almost all emotion.

The other was a radiant child, so lively that her joy gradually infected those around her.

"That's because Rose was there."

With her older sister by her side, Seris lived her happiest days.

Rose played the role of both mother and sister—perfectly.

Seeing how close the two sisters were, Ada felt a hollow ache inside her chest.

She couldn't help but compare them to herself and Frey.

Unfortunately, because of her brother's difficult personality in the past, she had never been able to build such a bond with him.

Even though it wasn't her fault, she still felt a hint of guilt toward Frey.

Even if he had once been the scum of the earth... he had changed drastically.

Maybe... if she had stayed by his side back then, she could have brought about that change much sooner.

But there was no use in regretting the past.

What mattered was the present and the future, and Ada Starlight knew that all too well.

Rem, ever observant of emotions and auras, took special notice of Ada's fluctuating feelings.

She didn't interrupt her. She simply continued studying the current Lord of the Starlight family.

After all, this was her hobby.

Fortunately, Ada's moment of reflection didn't last long, allowing Rem to continue unveiling the past smoothly.

"Rose Moonlight... beyond her kind nature and beauty, which captivated many, she also possessed one of the greatest talents in the family—right alongside Seris."

Her progress in training was slow because she spent much of her time caring for her younger siblings—whether it was Seris, her blood sister, or the many others who shared only her father.

Despite her limited training, she always managed to keep up... and sometimes even surpassed those who had dedicated their lives to honing their skills.

She was, after all, the daughter of the greatest Wave Controller in the empire.

She was incredibly perceptive, which was why she had some idea of what was happening behind the scenes within the family.

And that was precisely why she clung so desperately to her siblings—she wanted to protect them from what was coming.

But she never realized... the catastrophe would come from the family's leader himself.

The scene shifted, revealing Drogo Moonlight, trembling violently at his desk.

He was alone, the demon's threads tightening ever so cruelly around his throat.

Like a madman, he twitched and convulsed, muttering to himself.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

He kept apologizing in a strange, unsettling manner, his voice hollow.

At times, he swung his arms wildly, as if trying to strike something unseen, while screaming—"Get away!"

Whatever that man had witnessed... Drogo had long since reached the point of no return.

Ada's gaze was drawn to several black flowers scattered across his desk and in various spots throughout the room.

She took note of them, but her focus remained fixed on the broken man before her.

Everything was spiraling in the wrong direction.

And then came the day...

A day when one of Drogo's sons visited his office.

A mere boy, barely seven years old at most.

Just a child, eager to show his father his latest accomplishment.

"Father! Look!"

The boy brought his hands together, shaping water into the form of a delicate flower.

Then, ever so slowly, the water froze, forming a breathtaking sculpture—one that required a certain level of aura control.

Drogo watched with empty eyes, dark circles etched beneath them.

He looked terrifying.

Yet, the boy wasn't scared—not in the slightest.

After all, this was his father.

Slowly, Drogo rose from his chair and walked toward the boy, wrapping him in a gentle embrace.

He didn't even know his son's name.

There were too many of them—so many that he never bothered to remember.

He patted the boy's hair softly.

And just like that, the child smiled.

Because he had gotten what he came for.

But his father never let go.

Leaning close, he whispered into the boy's ear.

"I'm sorry."

In Drogo's eyes, he no longer saw a child.

All he saw was something cloaked in darkness, feeding his hallucinations.

It happened in an instant.

His hand plunged through the boy's chest, emerging from his back—completely drenched in crimson.

The child gasped, a warm breath escaping his lips... followed by a mouthful of blood that gradually grew colder.

His eyes met his father's—his expression filled with agony his young mind couldn't comprehend.

He reached out, trying to say something...

But life abandoned him too soon.

The moment it did, his small body froze solid.

Then... it shattered into mere fragments of ice.

Drogo knelt there for a while, muttering incomprehensible words before rising—his expression unreadable.

Like a drunkard, he staggered through the corridors of the castle.

The castle of Lady Semiramis was akin to a small city, and this section belonged solely to Drogo and his family.

No one else was there.

With every step, Ada noticed more of those black flowers appearing.

The sight disturbed her more and more.

But she couldn't bring herself to say anything.

Not when she was witnessing... this.

One after another, the once-pure Moonlight Estate became stained with blood...

Ada's voice trembled.

"This is madness..."

Children. Adults.

Drogo slaughtered them one by one, tearing them apart.

Each time he finished with one, he turned them into an ice statue...

Only for their frozen bodies to evaporate moments later—reduced to nothing but tiny shards of ice.

Drogo muttered words...

Unintelligible. Foreign.

A language no one had ever heard before.

But its sound alone was horrifying.

And strangely, he only killed the boys.

He never touched the girls.

His sons were so absurdly numerous that it was almost laughable.

But still, he continued to kill them.

And in response, the screams rose—a symphony of terror.

Screams that should have been heard not just inside the castle...

But across all of Winterfell.

Yet, for some reason...

No matter how much the children cried for help—

No one came.

They were utterly alone in that part of the castle.

Many of Drogo's sons tried to fight back.

But who could stand against an SS+ ranked monster?

Some tried to run instead.

But barriers of ice—harder than steel—blocked every path.

The sheer strength of that ice was S ranked and beyond...

There was no breaking through.

They had no choice but to accept reality.

They were trapped with a monster.

Ada and Rem watched in silence—until Ada finally spoke, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Why didn't you do anything?"

"Excuse me?"

Rem blinked, confused by how faint Ada's voice was.

And then, Ada snapped.

"WHY DIDN'T YOU DO ANYTHING? Aren't you the very tool left behind by the Institution itself?! Why did you just sit there, watching, with your hands tied?!"

For the first time...

A bitter expression appeared on Rem's face.

"Do you think I'm watching out of my own free will?"

"Huh?"

Rem shook her head, clenching her fists tightly.

"My power, my abilities... they exist only within this library. I can't interfere with the outside world. I can't leave. All I could ever do was watch."

There was a raw vulnerability in her voice as she continued.

"I'm loyal to my lady. She left me here for a reason... She left me with a prophecy in my hands. A prophecy of the promised day. Year after year, decades passed, and I remained here, waiting. Waiting for three hundred damned years!!..."

Ada stood silent, watching as Rem trembled with emotion.

"Don't talk to me about being powerless... Because no one knows that feeling better than I do—the feeling of watching everything crumble, knowing you can't do a damn thing to stop it."

Suddenly, a distant sound caught their attention.

Rem's words had made them forget, even for a moment, that they were still inside a memory.

The two moved toward the source, only to find a young girl standing protectively in front of a group of boys.

It was Rose.

Rose Moonlight stood bravely before the monster looming over her.

From where they stood, Ada and Rem could see the subtle tremor in her body. She was terrified.

And yet, she stood her ground, pleading with him to stop.

It all happened so fast that she barely had time to process it.

Drogo was nothing more than a vessel for twisted thoughts now—any attempt to reach him was futile.

Rose realized this.

She tried to stop him by force, but what could a mere C-Class Awakened like her possibly do against him?

With a single wave of his hand, he sent her flying.

Rose hit the ground hard, pain rippling through her body from that single, effortless blow.

And before her eyes, the children who had cowered behind her were slaughtered—cut down one after another, their screams fading into the cold air.

She could do nothing but choke back her tears and run.

She stumbled into a familiar room—a cozy space with two beds.

She rushed to a wardrobe, yanking it open. Inside, a young girl sat curled up, hugging her knees in fear.

"Sister."

A trembling voice called out to her, and Rose pulled Seris into a desperate embrace.

"It's okay... I'm here."

She clung to Seris, holding her tightly as the sounds of slaughter echoed from outside.

Hours passed, though it felt like an eternity. Eventually, the screams ceased, leaving only an eerie silence in their wake.

That night, Drogo murdered every boy who had once called him 'Father.'

The blood ran so thick that the once-pure ice took on a new crimson hue.

After committing such an atrocity, Drogo locked himself away in his study. No one saw his face for days.

But the barriers that had sealed them inside remained intact.

And so, they were forced to stay—trapped with the monster that had once been their lord, dreading the moment his door would open again.

It was too much for the young girls like Rose to bear, let alone those as small as Seris.

Ada and Rem watched it all unfold.

At this point, neither of them spoke. Their expressions said more than words ever could.

Especially with the sound of muffled sobs surrounding them.

Throughout it all, Rose never left Seris's side.

She stayed with her, forced to lie to her.

"Everything is going to be alright."

That was what she told her, over and over again.

"What happened outside? What were those screams?"

That was the question Seris had asked.

"There were some bad people outside... We have to hide until they're dealt with."

There was no worse feeling than this—to lie, to reassure someone that everything was fine when you knew the truth was anything but.

Especially when Seris asked, "Why isn't Father stopping them? Isn't he the strongest?"

Rose had no answer.