

## **VILLAIN 131**

Chapter 131 Madam A (1)

"They say... misfortunes never come alone."

...

Inside the Moonlight Manor...

Panic spread among the members of the prestigious family as they rushed through the grand halls, their expressions filled with unease.

"What the hell is going on?"

"No idea! Someone is causing chaos all over the manor!"

"Damn it."

As they raced toward the source of the disturbance, murmurs of concern filled the air.

"First, those tremors from underground... and now this? Something's definitely off."

"Well... I heard they were going through with it today. You know... that kid from Starlight."

One of them immediately furrowed his brows upon hearing those words.

"Are you telling me... all this chaos is because of that brat?"

After all, he was nothing more than a C rank.

"Wait."

Suddenly, an oppressive force crashed down on them, bringing their movements to a halt.

Their expressions shifted instantly, fear flashing across their faces as they recognized the towering figure before them. In unison, they bowed.

"Lord Heisenberg... We didn't expect to see you here."

The colossus standing before them was none other than Glen Moonlight, known as Heisenberg—

The third strongest in the family.

The very man who had nearly killed Frey not long ago.

Heisenberg ignored their greetings and got straight to the point.

"Where is my son?"

One of the men stepped forward—a young man with sky-blue hair and glasses. He had a sharp appearance, somewhat handsome, and his strength wasn't bad for a B+ rank.

"Ah, you mean Lord Zephyr Moonlight? If I'm not mistaken, he was assigned—along with others—to lure out Frey Starlight. He should have completed his mission successfully and returned by now."

Just as he finished speaking, another explosion erupted nearby.

"Again...?"

The bespectacled man scowled but quickly composed himself in front of Heisenberg.

"My apologies. It seems someone is stirring up trouble inside the manor. We'll handle it immediately and—"

"No need."

Heisenberg's voice cut through the air like a blade. His gaze was fixed in the direction of the disturbance, as if he could see straight through the walls.

"The one causing this commotion isn't an intruder. Just a mere fledgling at C-rank."

Without another word, Heisenberg turned and started walking away.

"I'll deal with him myself. Now that I've confirmed my son's status..."

At first, he moved at a slow, deliberate pace—

Then, in an instant, he vanished.

His target was clear—

The source of all this chaos.

Danzo.

The third person to get entangled with Frey.

While the battle raged below, Danzo had been wreaking havoc above.

And now, an unstoppable force was heading straight for him.

Heisenberg had come for his son, who had lost contact some time ago.

He had just been reassured of Zephyr's safety—

And yet, deep in his gut, a gnawing unease remained.

As if a dagger were pressing against his heart.

To push that feeling aside, he focused on dealing with the troublemaker.

But in truth... a squad had been sent to lure out Frey.

And yet—Frey had only encountered one person.

A woman.

A woman who could only be described as a demon.

Given who stood in their place, it wasn't hard to guess what had happened to that squad.

Heisenberg's presence grew heavier with each step toward Danzo's location.

But just before he reached him—

Inside one of the vast corridors of the manor—

He suddenly stopped.

His expression twisted.

His eyes widened, and his fists clenched tightly.

Before him—

Dozens of his kin lay dead.

And among them—

His son's severed head, positioned like a twisted masterpiece painted by a deranged artist.

A sight so horrifying, not even his worst nightmares could have conjured it.

Beneath his thick skin, veins bulged as raw power erupted from his body—

A crushing aura surged outward, shaking the entire manor to its core.

Everyone inside froze, forced into momentary paralysis.

And among them—some recognized that monstrous presence.

"Gravity Pressure... Lord Heisenberg?!"

Even within the Moonlight Family, few had ever seen Heisenberg in person. He operated mostly from the shadows.

But gravity pressure of this magnitude...

Only someone of his caliber—an SS- ranked behemoth—could generate such overwhelming force.

Rage seething beneath his skin, Heisenberg's senses expanded, sweeping through the manor in an instant.

He saw them all.

Thousands of presences, their every detail laid bare before him...

All except one.

Far away...

A girl moved silently, slipping through the chaos unnoticed.

Yet no matter how deeply he probed—

He couldn't sense her level. He couldn't trace her origins.

That alone was enough.

Enough for Heisenberg to reach a conclusion.

It was her.

She was the one who did this.

Without hesitation, he bulldozed forward, tearing through everything in his path—walls, corridors, foundations—reducing them to rubble as he closed the distance.

The Moonlight Manor, Paradiso, was an impenetrable fortress, its foundation sculpted from the eternal ice of the First Lord, Semiramis Moonlight.

Externally, it was nearly indestructible—

But inside, its structural integrity was far more fragile.

For a monster like Heisenberg, breaking through was effortless.

And there she was.

A peculiar girl, strolling leisurely, as if savoring the destruction around her.

She looked about seventeen—white hair, blue eyes, a faint blush on her cheeks.

An ordinary girl from the Moonlight Family.

But then—

She tilted her head slightly, as if sensing something.

"Hm?~"

Before she could react—

A fist, carrying the full, unrestrained might of Heisenberg, crashed into her.

The impact sent her rocketing backward, slamming into the wall and carving a massive crater into its surface.

He didn't stop.

Heisenberg lunged again.

He didn't care if he was mistaken—

His instincts had never failed him.

And right now, his blood boiled with rage.

Fist after fist rained down—

Tens, no, hundreds of devastating strikes.

He tore through the manor's walls, each blow obliterating another layer of stone, grinding her beneath the sheer force of his relentless assault.

A one-sided massacre.

The onlookers were frozen in disbelief.

Why was Supreme General Heisenberg ruthlessly beating down a seemingly frail girl?

But they didn't know the truth.

When the destruction finally settled, Heisenberg exhaled, releasing a thick cloud of hot steam from his nostrils.

He stood amidst the ruins, his sharp gaze locked onto the spot where he had buried the girl beneath the rubble.

No expression.

No relief.

Just cold, calculated silence.

A one-sided massacre?

Bullshit.

He knew.

A calamity was coming.

Because from the very first strike—

Through every earth-shattering blow—

Not a single drop of blood had been spilled.

"Oh, dear... oh, dear~"

His fingers curled into a fist.

She was still alive.

The girl emerged from the debris—

But something was different.

The upper half of her face had been completely torn away, her clothes in tatters—

And yet...

Beneath the shredded skin, her true form was revealed.

Deathly pale flesh.

A single crimson eye gleamed beneath the ruined mask, locking onto Heisenberg—

A chill slithered down the giant's spine.

"What's wrong?~"

Her voice was sweet, teasing—like a predator toying with its prey.

"Did my presence... bother you somehow?"

A soft chuckle.

She strolled forward, light on her feet, unbothered.

"Or maybe... you're just angry?~"

Her laughter swelled, a twisted melody of amusement.

"Or perhaps... you simply love me? ♥□"

Heisenberg responded immediately.

Spreading his stance, he slammed his fists together, his glare burning with murderous intent.

"Die."

At his command, a concentrated blast of gravitational force erupted, disintegrating everything in its wake.

A transparent wave of energy swept forward, reducing stone to dust.

In response, an ominous black aura flared to life around the girl, forming a shield against the cataclysmic attack.

The impact shattered the entire corridor—

And yet, she remained.

Unscathed.

Seeing that...

Heisenberg's worst fears began to take shape.

"Why the hell are you here, Madam A?!"

Heisenberg's roar shook the ruins, his teeth grinding in fury.

His opponent—one of the Four Lords of the Ultras.

The highest authority of their eternal enemy.