

Esper 951

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Chapter 951: Duty as the Lord

Once again, Rudy's demeanor remained unyielding, his body language resolute. He calmly reiterated, "Doing such a thing would be like playing god."

George, increasingly agitated by Rudy's unwavering stance, could no longer contain his frustration. His face reddened, his fists clenched at his sides, and his voice thundered through the cosmic expanse. "I'm trying to make this world better!" He bellowed. "It's my dream, and I'll do whatever it takes to see it realized. I'll make sacrifices, countless sacrifices if I have to, and the generations to come will appreciate what I've done for humanity!"

With a hopeful yet commanding tone, George once again implored Rudy to join him. "Rudy, with the Lord's power, turning my dream into reality would be effortless. I'm willing to offer you a generous proposition—you'll rule alongside me, sharing 50% of this new world. After all, you're human, and your loyalty should be to our kind, not those other races."

His words rang with conviction as George continued, painting a vivid picture of their future. "Once the human race has achieved perfection, mastering these incredible powers, we'll be prepared to face any invaders—the other races who might attempt to breach our world. We'll not only defend our realm but conquer others, asserting dominance over these alien races. It's a reckoning for humanity, a reclamation of our rightful place."

George's eyes burned with determination as he gazed at Rudy, awaiting his response to this audacious vision of a world reshaped by their hands.

As Rudy spoke, his demeanor was both solemn and resolute. His body language was composed, contrasting George's fervor. Rudy shook his head slowly, his eyes reflecting a mix of sadness and determination.

"Your dream, George," he began, his voice a soft murmur amidst the cosmic expanse, "it's a hopeless one. I am the Lord, yes, but not for humans. The human race was forsaken by those who came before me, and I won't defy that legacy to offer humanity a brighter future."

As he continued, his voice carried a somber tone, emphasizing the gravity of his words. "In fact, what humanity has achieved so far... it's not deserving." His words echoed the sentiment that humans, despite their potential, had often misused their powers. "Consider this, George, everything humanity has ever invented merely echoes creations that have existed for eons. Humans have a habit of reinventing, repackaging the ancient as the new."

Rudy's eyes locked onto George's, his gaze unwavering. "Your desire to grant humans even more dominion over the world, have you not pondered why they were created without powers in the first place?" His words carried a note of skepticism. "It's a question worth exploring, don't you think?"

He paused again, his voice softening with a tinge of melancholy. "If I do my duty as a Lord earnestly, then I shouldn't even be interacting myself with humans, but I am, and therein lies my struggle." Rudy's

sense of duty and the burden of his cosmic role weighed heavily upon him. "But alas... I am indeed a human." He admitted to his innate connection to humanity. "There is a bit of humanity left in me, and believe me... I am ready to toss it away when the time comes."

The sincerity in Rudy's voice was undeniable as he spoke of his own dream, one that transcended any single race. "Our vision for a world where humans hold absolute control is indeed intriguing, one that would make anyone worship you. But I, too, have a dream, George.

I also have a dream world I want to create, but that's not limited to the human world. I can't favor one race over the other." Rudy's vision extended beyond the boundaries of any single species. "I have to treat, judge, and punish everyone equally. My dream world... or rather universe is different from yours... but still somewhat similar."

In his words and demeanor, Rudy displayed the complexity of his character—a Lord torn between his human origins and the cosmic responsibilities that came with his powers.

George's curiosity spurred him to inquire about Rudy's vision for the universe. He was eager to understand what Rudy had in mind and perhaps, in some way, sway the Lord's perspective.

"What kind of dream world do you seek to create?" George questioned, a glint of skepticism in his eyes. "Don't tell me you're considering some half-baked solution where all the races coexist together. That's simply impossible; the rifts between them run too deep. Tell me, Rudy, what utopia do you intend to craft, and what advantages will you grant to the humans over the others?"

Rudy, typically reserved, took a moment to ponder George's persistence before deciding to reveal a fragment of his intentions. "It's not a utopia, George," he confessed quietly, his voice resonating across the cosmic plane.

George, baffled and slightly alarmed, inquired further, "What do you mean, not a utopia? What are you planning?"

The Lord's explanation was concise but enigmatic. "I aim to create a world that can be seen as a dystopia," he declared.

This statement sent shivers down George's spine. "A dystopia?" he repeated, a mixture of confusion and apprehension evident on his face. "What are you talking about?"

Rudy clarified his unconventional vision. "The human race, as well as the other races, have grown complacent, George. It's time for the Lord to intervene. What they're currently doing is merely 'living,' but I intend to return them to a state where they're content with 'surviving,' where they realize the true essence of being alive."

George's eyes widened, and he remembered a prophecy from the Book of Prophecy that had mentioned a cataclysmic event. Staring at Rudy in shock, he muttered, "You want to... bring an apocalypse?"

However, Rudy remained stoic, not confirming or denying the statement.

George's realization struck him deeply. "So the prophecy was true," he murmured, shaken. "But why, Rudy? You possess the power to eliminate all evil and create paradise. Why opt for something so... catastrophic?"

"That's what my duty as the Lord is," Rudy responded, his voice steady and resolute. It was a solemn acknowledgment of the responsibilities he believed he should bear as the most powerful being in the universe.

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Chapter 952: George's Ultimatum

George's voice quivered with a mix of anger and disappointment. "You're the evil one here, Rudy! You want to bring an apocalypse upon the world!"

Rudy's response was surprisingly nonchalant. He shrugged, as if the accusation of being evil didn't faze him. "I never claimed to be a good person, George."

The tension between the two continued to escalate. George was unwavering in his belief that his dream was for the betterment of humanity, while Rudy's intentions appeared malevolent.

George's tone softened momentarily as he reminisced, "You know, Rudy, you're like a son to me. I've watched you grow since you were a kid. We could have worked together to make a better world for everyone."

But Rudy's resolve remained unyielding. "You can't stop me, George."

Confidence emanated from George as he asserted, "I can and will defeat you. The way to kill the Lord is mentioned in the Book of Prophecy."

Rudy's scoff cut through the tension like a blade. "Try me."

The battleground between George and Rudy crackled with energy as their epic battle unfolded. Rudy, with his cosmic powers at his command, summoned and manifested formidable forces with a mere thought.

A blazing comet hurtled towards George, trailing fire and destruction in its wake. With a swift motion, Rudy had conjured this cosmic projectile. George's eyes widened in alarm, and he summoned a protective barrier in the nick of time. The comet collided with the barrier, erupting into a cataclysmic display of flames.

Rudy, undeterred, created an army of celestial warriors made of pure energy. These ethereal beings descended upon George with a cacophony of otherworldly chants. George fought back valiantly, calling upon his own powers to create a defensive shield of pure light. The clash of these opposing forces sent shockwaves through the battlefield, shaking the very ground they stood on.

Rudy then decided to manipulate the very fabric of space itself. He created gravitational vortices, causing distortions in the space-time continuum. George found himself struggling against these gravitational forces, his movements slowed as if the very universe conspired against him. It was as if Rudy had harnessed the fundamental laws of existence to his advantage.

But George was not one to be easily defeated. With unwavering determination, he summoned his own powers to counter these cosmic onslaughts. He created beams of brilliant energy, launching them with precision towards Rudy's manifestations. Explosions of cosmic energy lit up the battlefield as these forces collided.

Rudy, undeterred, manifested a swirling vortex of power, attempting to draw George in. With a swift burst of energy, George created a protective bubble around himself, pushing back against the relentless force of the vortex. It quivered and rippled, but he held it steady.

Closing the gap between them with incredible speed, Rudy delivered a rapid flurry of strikes. George blocked and parried as best he could, but the sheer ferocity of Rudy's assault sent him drifting backward, his movements labored in the vacuum of space.

Summoning his last reserves of energy, George concentrated his power into a focused beam that streaked toward Rudy. Rudy, taken off guard, managed to divert it with a casual wave of his hand, but the force of the redirection sent him drifting backward, momentarily disoriented.

In the vast expanse of space, the battle raged on, with George determined to defend himself against Rudy's relentless onslaught. It was a struggle for survival in the desolate cosmic arena, with each clash of power sending shockwaves through the void.

As the cosmic battle raged on in the cold emptiness of space, George came to a stark realization. He was outmatched, outgunned, and no matter how hard he fought, he would never get close enough to Rudy to deliver a decisive blow. With desperation gnawing at his heart, he made a fateful decision – to run, to flee from this cosmic clash.

Seeing George suddenly turn and streak away from him, Rudy raised an eyebrow in curiosity. He could have easily caught up to George, but something about this sudden escape intrigued him. He decided to follow, staying at a distance and maintaining his cosmic form to observe.

Deciding to play this game by George's rules, Rudy watched from a distance as George's fiery descent lit up the Earth's atmosphere. With a resounding crash, George landed squarely in front of his own house. Without a moment's hesitation, he dashed inside.

Returning to Earth in his cosmic form would likely cause panic and chaos. He concentrated and gradually reverted to his normal human form, a decision that he hoped would avoid undue attention. Rudy followed, stepping onto the familiar soil of Earth. His footsteps fell silently, his imposing presence concealed.

Rudy followed George into the house, moving with an uncanny sense of familiarity through the rooms. The house was exactly as they had left it before their battle had erupted. Rudy's keen eyes caught sight of the empty coffee cups on the kitchen platform, a stark reminder of the mundane world they had temporarily left behind.

Without wasting a moment or casting a single glance around, Rudy ascended the stairs. He moved with purpose, as though he knew precisely where to find George. The creaking steps gave no hint of his presence as he climbed the staircase.

When he reached the top of the stairs, Rudy found George standing just outside Alice's room. His expression was a mix of determination and concern, his hand hesitating at the door handle. Rudy's sudden appearance seemed to startle George, who turned to face him with a mixture of surprise and resignation.

In the dimly lit hallway, tension hung heavy as Rudy confronted George, who stood outside Alice's room, visibly drained and on the verge of collapse. Sweat trickled down George's face, his breath labored from the intense chase through space.

As Rudy drew nearer, George's pallor grew even more pronounced. Panic flickered in his eyes, but he managed a sinister smirk as he pointed a trembling finger toward the door of Alice's room.

"If you step any closer, I will unleash a powerful energy beam in Alice's room!" George's voice quivering with a mix of exhaustion and desperation, he issued a chilling ultimatum.

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Chapter 953: Gruesome Act of a Father

In that tense moment, the space outside Alice's room crackled with an eerie energy. George, his hands trembling with a mix of fear and determination, pointed them menacingly towards Alice's door. His voice quivered as he issued a dire warning to Rudy.

"Don't you dare take another step, Rudy," George growled, his eyes locked onto Rudy's. "I have an energy beam ready, and I won't hesitate to use it if you make any move."

He went on to describe the horrifying consequences of his energy beam. His words were chilling, painting a gruesome picture of what would happen if that deadly force touched a normal human. The graphic imagery he used made it clear that he wasn't bluffing.

The gravity of his threat was palpable. As if to emphasize the devastating power he held, George continued in a voice laden with dread, "You have no idea what this energy beam can do. If it touches a normal human, it's instant and agonizing death. Their flesh will sear and sizzle, peeling away from their very bones. Internal organs will liquefy, turning them into a grotesque, gooey mess. Even their bones won't survive; they'll crumble into ashes."

"And let's not forget, Rudy," George hissed, his voice strained, "that the same fate awaits Alice if you don't grant me what I need. All of this, everything I've done, is for the greater good of humanity. Spare me, Rudy, and let me create a better world."

The threat hung heavily in the air, a stark reminder of the power George held in his trembling hands. He pinned the responsibility for Alice's fate squarely on Rudy's shoulders.

Amid the heavy silence, Rudy's expression remained eerily stoic, his eyes locked on the door behind which lay Alice. He followed the trembling trajectory of George's hand as it pointed the lethal energy beam directly at her door. In a hushed tone that sent shivers down the spine, Rudy posed a chilling question, "You would kill your own daughter to save yourself?"

George's reply was chilling, his voice quavering as he denied that this was about self-preservation. "No, no, you misunderstand," George stammered, his gaze darting between Rudy and the door. "This isn't about me, it's about... it's for the greater good. Sacrifices must be made for the future of humanity."

George's response was as unsettling as the situation itself. He vehemently denied that his actions were driven by self-preservation. Instead, he painted them as a grim sacrifice for the greater good. His voice quavered as he argued that his death would pave the way for Rudy to bring about an apocalypse that

would spell doom for all of humanity. He justified his actions by labeling Alice as a necessary sacrifice in his quest to create his dream world, for the betterment of all.

Rudy's voice remained cold and composed as he issued a haunting challenge, "Then do it, George. Unleash your energy beam upon her. Let's see if you can live with the consequences of your actions."

In the tense standoff, George found himself bewildered by Rudy's reaction. He had anticipated a different response, one where Rudy might beg him to spare Alice's life, driven by their deep affection for each other. After all, he knew how much Alice loved Rudy and how inseparable their bond was.

George believed that by threatening Alice's life, he would force Rudy to back down, to yield to his demands. But instead, Rudy issued an audacious challenge, defying George to carry out the very act he had threatened.

As George hesitated, searching for any sign of concern, for a flicker of hesitation, but found none. He began to doubt his own strategy. Had he miscalculated? Did Rudy truly believe George was bluffing, that he would never go through with it?

Anxiety gnawed at him as he contemplated his next move. He had viewed Alice as a mere tool, a means to an end, but the situation had taken an unexpected turn.

With a loud and anguished groan, George unleashed the deadly energy beam into Alice's room. The beam tore through the door and everything in its path, obliterating whatever lay within. The room was consumed in a cataclysmic explosion, leaving nothing but smoldering ruins.

George's gambit had irrevocably changed the course of their conflict, and the consequences of his actions hung heavy in the air like an ominous cloud.

George, having unleashed the devastating energy beam, felt utterly spent. His powers had been pushed to their limits, and it took a toll on him. He fell to his knees, gasping for breath, his trembling hands supporting him as he looked upon the obliterated space where Alice's room had once stood.

Exhausted, he turned his gaze toward Rudy, expecting to find his adversary equally devastated. George had hoped to see Rudy shocked, speechless, perhaps even broken by the gruesome death of his beloved Alice.

He had hoped that by sacrificing Alice, he could break Rudy's spirit, force him to yield to his demands. But what he saw left him utterly baffled.

But to George's profound bewilderment, he was met with a sight he hadn't anticipated. Rudy was not in shock or despair; instead, he was smirking. It was a sinister, triumphant smile that stretched across Rudy's face, sending chills down George's spine.

His eyes glinted with an unsettling mix of amusement and malevolence, as if the destruction of Alice's room had triggered something within him.

"You... you heartless monster," George stammered, his voice wavering, struggling to comprehend Rudy's reaction.

Rudy's smirk only widened, and he chuckled darkly. "George, you truly have no idea what you've done, do you?"

"What do you mean?" George asked with a confused look on his face. "I just killed Alice. I know you loved her! I have videos of you and her kissing and making out in her room... on her bed!"

"That's creepy pervert behavior right there."

"How can you still smile...?! Were you just playing with Alice's feelings?"

Rudy shrugged his shoulders and said, "I just wanted to pass some time. Alice was naive and gullible. It didn't even take me a single effort to seduce her, you know?" Rudy's smirk grew wider.

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Chapter 954: Angry Rudy

"You are lying! What have you done? Why are you smirking?!"

George's confusion and anger intensified as Rudy continued to smirk and taunt him. He couldn't comprehend Rudy's callous attitude, especially considering the horrific act that had just transpired. His accusations about Rudy's involvement with Alice only fueled his rage further.

George's eyes widened with a mixture of hope and dread as he watched Rudy extend his hand towards Alice's room, which had been reduced to rubble just moments ago.

As Rudy invoked his power, George's heart raced, torn between the desire for Alice's return and the fear of what might come next. To his astonishment, the room began to reform, the scattered debris reassembling itself like pieces of a puzzle. Even the door closed as if it had never been breached.

Dumbfounded, George stared at the miraculously restored room, unable to comprehend the extent of Rudy's abilities. He hesitated for a moment, then cautiously approached the door, his hand trembling as he turned the handle and pushed it open.

The room was exactly as it had been before, every detail painstakingly recreated. George's mind reeled, torn between disbelief and gratitude. He turned to Rudy, his expression a tumultuous mix of emotions. "How... how did you do this?" he stammered, his voice a whisper.

The room seemed to hold its breath as George cautiously approached the bed, his heart pounding loudly in his chest. The sight before him was baffling and surreal. There, on the bed, lay a peacefully sleeping figure, fully covered by the blanket. It was Alice, his beloved daughter, the same daughter he believed he had obliterated only moments ago.

Trembling, his mind awash with a mixture of emotions, George couldn't resist the overwhelming urge to confirm his daughter's well-being. Slowly, he extended his trembling hands towards the blanket, his breath caught in his throat. With each inch that the blanket was lifted, his heart raced faster.

With painstaking care, he began to lift the blanket, inch by inch, anxiety gnawing at his insides. He needed to see, to confirm that his daughter was truly unharmed, that the gruesome act he had committed moments ago had been undone by Rudy's mysterious power.

And then, as he finally uncovered the figure, his eyes widened with disbelief. His entire body seemed to jolt as if struck by lightning, and he stumbled backward, shock etched into his features.

Under the blanket, where his daughter should have been, lay Rudy, the Lord, the source of all the chaos and turmoil that had unfolded. As the blanket was lifted, Rudy's eyes snapped open, and he greeted George with a mischievous "Boo!"

The room was charged with tension, and George stood there in utter shock, his mind reeling from the bizarre revelation. His words stumbled out of his mouth, barely coherent as he stammered, "Wh-what...? But... Alice... you... she..."

Rudy, ever the picture of nonchalance, sat up on the bed, stretching his arms lazily into the air and yawning as if he'd just woken up from a peaceful slumber. He locked eyes with George and spoke with a hint of amusement, "Relax. I simply teleported into Alice's bed. How many nights do you think I've spent with her in her room while you slept downstairs?"

George's confusion deepened, his shock slowly giving way to realization. His eyes widened as he put the pieces together. Rudy's calm demeanor earlier, his lack of concern when George threatened Alice – it all made sense now. Alice had never been in her room to begin with.

Rudy had already anticipated such a cowardly move from George and he was well prepared to counter anything George might possibly do.

George's heart sank like a stone in his chest, and he found himself unable to speak for a moment. He had been played for a fool, a clown in Rudy's grand performance.

In a surge of anger and frustration, George demanded, "Where is Alice?!"

Rudy, that infuriating smirk still dancing on his lips, merely shrugged his shoulders and taunted, "Why don't you go and find her, George? If you can."

Fury coursed through George's veins as he attempted to attack Rudy once more, his hands raised in a desperate attempt to summon the devastating energy beams that had served him so well before. But as he unleashed his power, instead of the powerful beams he'd summoned before, only feeble sparks and splinters of energy fizzled out, like fireworks gone awry. The well of energy had run dry, and he was left with nothing more than impotent rage.

Realizing the dire situation, George's survival instincts kicked in. He bolted out of Alice's room, rushing down the stairs with panic in his eyes. He burst into his own room, rifling through closets and drawers in a frantic search for something of great importance. The room quickly devolved into chaos as he tossed aside clothes and belongings in his desperation.

Finally, George located what he sought—a box filled with dozens of vials, each containing a mysterious substance. With trembling hands, he extracted all the vials, leaving a single one clutched in his palm. Attempting to unscrew the cap was an exercise in futility, given the shaking of his fingers. So, George made a drastic decision. He crushed the vial in his hand, the glass shattering and mixing with his blood.

Without hesitation, he brought his hand to his lips and ingested the liquid, swallowing it down. He flung the remnants of the shattered vial aside and winced as he extracted bits of glass embedded in his palm.

Just then, Rudy entered the room, his calm demeanor a stark contrast to George's frenzied state. "Alice isn't here, father-in-law," he announced casually.

Startled and infuriated, George unleashed a colossal energy beam at Rudy, who was caught off guard. The powerful blast obliterated the house, sending debris flying in every direction and shattering the serene surroundings. Rudy was sent hurtling through the air, miles away from the epicenter of the devastating attack.

"I won't let you destroy the world! I will do anything to create my dream world!" George yelled on top of his lungs as smoke escaped from his hands.

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Chapter 955: Wake Up To Reality

Rudy crashed through the dense forest, his immense power sending shockwaves through the trees. He plowed through the thick foliage, leaving behind a trail of destruction in his wake. The sound of splintering wood and rustling leaves filled the air as he fought to regain his balance.

Breaking through the tree line into the open sky, Rudy's expression twisted into a mask of fury. He had mistakenly assumed that George had exhausted his powers, a miscalculation he wouldn't make again.

With a determined scowl, Rudy adjusted his position mid-air, audibly cracking his neck and shoulders as he readied himself for the confrontation ahead.

In an explosive burst of power, he launched himself back into the sky, a sonic boom emanating from his rapid ascent. The force of his departure obliterated the spot where he had been just moments ago, leaving behind a smoking crater.

Within a heartbeat, Rudy descended upon the remnants of George's house. The final remnants of the once-proud structure were no match for his cosmic might, crumbling to dust as he made his landing.

There, amidst the debris and devastation, Rudy and George locked eyes once more, their gazes filled with a deadly intent. The battle was far from over, and both were determined to emerge victorious, whatever the cost.

George, with beads of sweat forming on his brow, swiftly retrieved two more vials from his pocket. The desperation in his eyes was unmistakable as he consumed the mysterious substance contained within them. As the liquid coursed through his veins, his body underwent subtle yet discernible changes. His skin took on a slightly altered hue, and he seemed to grow more robust and muscular, a physical transformation indicative of newfound strength.

George's movements quickened, and a surge of power coursed through him. With a fierce determination in his eyes, he locked his gaze onto Rudy, who stood before him with an unwavering resolve. George's voice trembled with a blend of fervor and madness as he declared, "Have you ever encountered a scientist willing to experiment on himself? I hold every life in equal measure, even Alice. I'll sacrifice anyone necessary to bring about a perfect world!"

With these words, George unleashed a devastating attack, the energy he channeled surging outward in a cataclysmic explosion. The shockwave from the blast rippled through the area, obliterating houses, buildings, and even parts of the surrounding forest. In that moment, George believed he had found the weapon to defeat Rudy, tenfold more potent than before.

But Rudy, seemingly unperturbed, raised a single finger with casual precision. With a flick, he nullified the entire onslaught of energy generated by George's attack. The once-destructive force dissipated into nothingness, leaving Rudy standing unscathed in the aftermath.

Rudy's voice dripped with unimpressed disdain as he continued to address George. "Are you done playing, George?" he inquired, his tone carrying a sense of finality. "Do you truly believe you, or anyone from your team, or your test subjects can defeat me? I am the Lord, the most powerful being to exist. There is no way a puny human with a helpless dream can win against me."

George's frustration boiled over, causing him to clench his fists and glare at Rudy. He pondered his options, searching for a strategy to outsmart the indomitable being before him.

Rudy's patience wore thin as he released a disappointed sigh. He made his stance clear: "Wake up to reality. Your dream of creating a perfect world is flawed. Nothing ever goes as planned. Do you truly believe that people of the future would look at you as a hero who brought a revolution to the world?" His words hung in the tense air, challenging George's grand vision of a perfect world.

As Rudy's words hung heavy in the air, George found himself grappling with a truth he had yet to confront. He remained silent, his earlier fervor drained in the face of Rudy's unwavering logic.

Rudy continued, his voice measured and resolute, "How many revolutionists are being honored by the current generation? They fought for so many things, they fought for freedom, they fought for the future, but tell me... George, who remembers them and feels thankful for what they did?"

George had no immediate answer.

"You will be treated the same," Rudy asserted. "There will be jokes and false stories about you. Yes, some will think of you as a god, like they currently do, while others will think of you as a madman who wanted to shape the world according to his vision."

Frustrated by Rudy's words, George retaliated, "And what would they remember you as? You are clearly worse than me! You want to destroy the world, not me! You are just a hypocrite kid who has Rudy responded coolly, "So be it. I won't deny anything you say. I don't have to, nor do I care. It doesn't affect me. I know what I am. I don't favor one race over another, while you are killing both humans and beings of other races, just to get what you want. Your goals are selfish while mine aren't. I don't plan to punish one race and spare another. They all will be treated fairly and equally."

George pressed further, "If you mean that, then why did you save the humans and the others from the experiment facility? There was no need for you to do that. If you wanted to stop me and my plans, you could have simply destroyed the entire facility without saving anyone. You could easily do that, so why did you save them?"

Rudy's response was enigmatic as he stayed silent for a moment, scratching the back of his head. He shrugged his shoulders and nonchalantly said, "Let's fight, George. Let's end this. I want to go home and eat something. I am feeling hungry."

As George charged up his energy, anger and frustration seething through him, he retorted, "You say I'm running from answers, but you're running from justice!" With those words, he prepared to unleash another energy beam at Rudy.

Rudy sighed audibly, almost as if he was bored by the repetitive attacks. He taunted, "How many times will you use the same attacks? It gets boring, you know?" A smirk danced on his lips, and he scoffed, adding, "Could it be that this is the only move you can use?"

George's patience snapped at Rudy's mockery. "Shut up!" he yelled, frustration clear in his voice. "So what if I only know this move?!" With that declaration, he unleashed the attack.

However, Rudy had underestimated George's cunning. The attack wasn't aimed at him. As the dust and smoke cleared, Rudy realized with horror that George had used the energy beam as a distraction. George had already made his escape.

Rudy wasted no time. He chased after George, but what he found grown arrogant of his powers!" made his heart sink. George was targeting Rudy's house, the place where Rebecca and Lucy were peacefully sleeping, unaware of the impending danger.

"I was wondering when you would come!"

George's arrogance knew no bounds as he noticed Rudy's arrival. With a disdainful scoff, he aimed his devastating energy beam at Rudy's house and, without a shred of hesitation, obliterated it into a fiery spectacle right before Rudy's disbelieving eyes. The once tranquil abode of Rebecca and Lucy was reduced to a smoldering ruin, and the shockwaves rippled through the surroundings, leaving nothing but destruction in its wake.

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Chapter 956: Beckoning the Angry Lord

Amidst the backdrop of destruction and the smoky remnants of Rudy's obliterated home, a tense and malevolent confrontation unfolded between George and Rudy.

George's voice dripped with arrogance as he reveled in the chaos he had wrought. His taunting words carried the weight of his malevolence, and he sought to inflict emotional pain upon his foe. "How do you feel now, huh?!" George jeered, his satisfaction palpable. "This is what happens when you don't mind your own business! How does it feel to see your mother and sister die in front of your eyes, all because of your actions?! Had we not crossed each other's path, they would have been alive!"

Rudy, his face etched with disbelief and rage, turned to George, his voice strained as he struggled to comprehend the senseless destruction. "What was the point of all this?" he demanded, his words laced with a potent mixture of sorrow and fury. "Did you think killing my family would stop me from killing you? You just made me even more angry. How stupid can you be to do something like this and think you will be spared?"

George's cold laughter cut through the air, a stark contrast to the chaos and destruction around them. "Oh, I know I won't be spared," he retorted with a chilling nonchalance. "But I wanted you to experience the feeling of loss. You can kill me however you want. I don't care. I will die happily knowing I destroyed your happiness. And oh yeah, oh yeah, this time I won't let you use your power to restore anything!"

With a sudden and reckless motion, George hurled a car towards Rudy, who hung suspended in the air. He leaped after the vehicle, his intent clear: to engage Rudy in a direct and devastating confrontation.

Rudy hovered in the air, his expression unchanging as he confronted.

Rudy hovered in the air, his expression unchanging as he effortlessly sliced the car in half with a casual finger swipe. However, the true horror began when the car was divided; the spatial rift continued, affecting everything that came into contact with it, including George.

With a heart-wrenching sight, George's upper and lower halves tumbled to the ground. The sheer agony painted his face as he watched Rudy, still aloft in the air, unharmed. The thud of George's body hitting the ground echoed in the eerie silence of the battle.

George's body lay severed on the ground, a grim testament to Rudy's devastating power. George's upper and lower halves, now disconnected, served as a cruel reminder of the consequences of his actions.

Blood oozed from George's wounds, pooling around him as he struggled to maintain consciousness. His vision blurred, and the pain was excruciating. But George's determination remained unbroken.

Frantically, he scanned the scene for the lower portion of his body. With a grimace of effort, he began the arduous task of dragging himself toward the lower half of his body. Every movement sent waves of agony through him, but George was resolute. His eyes locked onto his severed lower half, his only chance at survival.

His trembling hands reached out, grasping and pulling until he finally united his upper and lower sections. It was a grotesque and surreal act of self-restoration, all while Rudy observed with an eerie amusement.

George fumbled with trembling hands, retrieving the remaining vials from his pocket.

George's groans filled the air as he consumed the remaining vials from his pocket. The strange substance coursed through his veins, initiating a slow and painful regeneration. Rudy's amusement remained unabated, and he seemed content to let George struggle in the aftermath of their brutal encounter.

In the midst of this gruesome showdown, once George had successfully regenerated his lower half, Rudy wasted no time in resuming his relentless assault. With a casual flick of his finger, he conjured an air bullet that shot forth with deadly precision, piercing George's leg. The pain was excruciating, and George couldn't help but unleash a torrent of curses at Rudy.

"You sadistic piece of...!" George's voice was a furious roar as he berated Rudy for his ruthless tactics. "You could've attacked me when I was vulnerable during regeneration, but you waited until I was whole again, you sick bastard!"

Rudy's response was marked by an indifferent shrug, his expression devoid of remorse. "You're the one who said, 'You can kill me however you want,'" he retorted coldly. "I merely tried to spare you from needless pain, but it seems you're quite resilient when it comes to staying alive."

As George ranted, his body's enhanced state kicked into overdrive. The vials he had consumed had pushed him beyond his limits, driving him into a frenzied overdrive. His senses sharpened, his speed surged, and his strength became superhuman. George had crossed a threshold into a state of hyperactivity, making him a formidable force despite his injuries.

However, Rudy wasn't one to back down. Without hesitation, he conjured a larger air bullet, one that not only pierced George's leg but also shattered bones in its destructive path.

After another impressive regeneration, George slowly climbed to his feet, his body now fully restored and his determination unwavering. He gazed up at Rudy, a glint of challenge in his eyes as he questioned, "Why don't you fight fair and square, huh?"

Rudy couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at the suggestion, his lips curving into a wry smile. He found it rather ironic that George, who had resorted to all sorts of unconventional tactics throughout their battle, was now calling for fairness.

"Fight without using any magical attacks? Fight like two men would?" George's words carried the weight of a sincere challenge, a desire to settle this confrontation with a test of physical prowess, not supernatural abilities. "Let's see who wins, then... kid..."

With a nod of agreement, Rudy descended from his heightened vantage point to stand firmly on the ground, a faint but confident smile touching his lips. The prospect of this final showdown, where sheer physical strength and skill would determine the victor, added a new layer of intensity to their battle, setting the stage for a test of endurance, resilience, and raw power between two formidable opponents.

[Esper Harem in the Apocalypse](#)

Chapter 957: Rudy versus George

George and Rudy locked eyes, preparing for a battle. The sheer anticipation of this clash was palpable.

Without a word, George lunged forward, his speed enhanced to superhuman levels. His fists, wrapped in energy, shot toward Rudy like thunderbolts. Rudy, however, was no slouch. With a graceful sidestep, he narrowly avoided George's lightning-fast strikes, causing the ground to shake as George's fists pounded the earth.

George, not one to be outdone, pivoted with uncanny agility, launching a devastating spinning kick at Rudy's head. The air whistled with the speed of his attack, but Rudy was ready. With cat-like reflexes, he ducked under the kick, narrowly avoiding decapitation. The sheer force of George's blow sent shockwaves through the area, shattering windows and reducing parked cars to twisted wreckage.

But Rudy wasn't just evading; he was counterattacking. A blur of motion, he unleashed a series of rapid, bone-crushing punches and kicks. His strikes were precise and lethal, a testament to his mastery of martial arts. George grunted in pain as each blow landed, sending him stumbling backward. It was as if Rudy had unlocked a hidden well of martial prowess, and he was using every ounce of it against his opponent.

Determined not to be outmatched, George focused his superhuman strength. His body shimmered with newfound energy, and in an instant, he closed the gap between them, delivering a thunderous uppercut that sent Rudy soaring into the air. The sonic boom from the impact rattled windows for blocks around, sending the cars and the sign boards flying.

Rudy, however, wasn't one to be bested so easily. With an agile flip, he righted himself mid-air and came hurtling back toward George. Their fists collided in a shockwave of power that sent shockwaves rippling through the area. Buildings swayed dangerously as if caught in an earthquake.

The combatants danced through the cityscape, their movements almost too fast for the eye to follow. Rudy's graceful strikes clashed with George's brute force, creating a whirlwind of destruction. Skyscrapers crumbled, reduced to rubble under the onslaught. Cars exploded into flames. Glass shards filled the air like deadly confetti.

And all the while, their battle raged on.

George's relentless determination clashed with Rudy's unmatched agility. They punched and kicked, parried and countered, a storm of fists and feet that showed no signs of abating. The sheer intensity of their combat seemed to defy the laws of physics. They moved through the air as if it were solid ground, their blows creating shockwaves that rattled the very foundation of the city.

Amidst the backdrop of a sprawling metropolis, the battle between George and Rudy had destroyed the city completely.

George and Rudy, both rejuvenated by their extraordinary abilities, circled one another amidst the ruins, their eyes locked in a fierce, unwavering stare.

With a roar that seemed to shake the heavens, George lunged forward, fists clenched and muscles rippling. His speed was astounding, closing the distance between him and Rudy in an instant. His first punch, aimed straight at Rudy's face, could have shattered steel, but Rudy moved like a phantom, a blur of motion as he sidestepped the attack with incredible finesse.

In retaliation, Rudy delivered a devastating kick to George's midsection, a forceful blow that sent him hurtling backward. The very air crackled with the sheer energy of their movements. George crashed through the façade of a towering skyscraper, sending glass and debris cascading from the building like a deadly waterfall. The structure groaned and quivered before succumbing to gravity's cruel embrace, collapsing in on itself with a thunderous roar.

With a mighty leap, George burst forth from the rubble, shards of glass and concrete cascading from his form like a god of destruction. His eyes blazed with fury as he charged at Rudy once more. Rudy met his assault head-on, their fists clashing in mid-air with a bone-jarring impact that sent shockwaves rippling outward.

The resulting shockwave sent shockwaves through the area, shattering windows and reducing structures to rubble within a massive radius. The metropolis was being reduced to a chaotic maelstrom of destruction as their battle raged on.

Each punch and kick they exchanged carried the force of a freight train, echoing like thunderclaps throughout the city. Rudy's agility was his greatest asset, his lithe form moving gracefully around George's onslaught. George, on the other hand, possessed raw power, each of his strikes capable of leveling a city block.

The battle took them soaring into the skies, their forms mere blurs against the backdrop of the sunlit heavens. Rudy's aerial maneuvers were breathtaking to behold, a dance of grace and power as he darted and weaved through the air. George pursued relentlessly, determined to land a blow on his elusive foe.

A mid-air collision between the two sent shockwaves rippling through the area, creating a sonic boom that reverberated across the city below. The sheer force of their collision created a shockwave that obliterated skyscrapers, sending them crashing to the ground in cascades of debris and smoke.

Undeterred, they continued their battle in the skies, defying gravity itself. Rudy conjured gusts of wind that he hurled at George with pinpoint precision, creating cyclones of destruction in his wake. George countered with devastating blows that rocked the heavens and ruptured the very fabric of reality.

Their battle descended upon a massive suspension bridge, its towering cables and steel girders groaning under the stress of their incredible powers. Rudy somersaulted through the

air, his body a blur as he delivered a barrage of kicks that struck George from all angles. But George's durability was legendary, and he endured the onslaught, his resilience unflinching.

With a ferocious battle cry, George unleashed a seismic shockwave from his fists, a shockwave that rippled through the bridge's structure. The entire span buckled and twisted, cables snapping like frayed nerves as the colossal structure began its descent into the abyss below.

The very ground trembled as the bridge's collapse sent shockwaves radiating outward, creating a domino effect that brought down nearby structures and infrastructure. Smoke and dust filled the air as an apocalyptic scene unfolded before the eyes of the city's empty streets.

Their battle now took them to another city, where the destruction they wrought was on an unimaginable scale. Skyscrapers crumbled like sandcastles in a storm, and streets were reduced to rubble-strewn wastelands. The cacophony of their battle echoed for miles, a deafening symphony of chaos and destruction.

But through the devastation, a relentless determination burned in their eyes. George and Rudy were superhuman titans locked in a battle that transcended comprehension. Each blow, each clash of their powers, brought them closer to the precipice of annihilation.

It was a battle for the ages, a clash of titans, and the cities bore witness to their cataclysmic struggle. As they continued to unleash their earth-shattering attacks, the metropolis crumbled around them, a testament to the awesome power of their conflict.

In the midst of the chaos and devastation, the fate of the cities hung in the balance. Would they survive the relentless onslaught of two beings who could not be killed, or would they be reduced to nothing more than memories, a testament to the colossal clash that had played out within their empty streets?

'Hmm... Empty... streets? Why are they empty? Where are all the people?'

[Esper Harem in the Apocalypse](#)

Chapter 958: Lifeless World

Amidst the relentless clash, the cacophony of destruction was deafening. Buildings crumbled, streets shattered, and the very earth quaked under the duress of their battle. Yet, in the eye of this apocalyptic storm, the two superhumans traded verbal blows alongside their physical ones.

Rudy, hovering above the maelstrom of chaos, spread his arms wide, as if conducting a symphony of annihilation. "How does it feel to destroy city after city? Didn't you say you wanted to create a perfect world? All I can see you doing is bringing destruction."

"I am not the one who did all this!" George retorted, his voice a thunderous counterpoint to the devastation around them. "It was you!"

Rudy raised an incredulous eyebrow, his expression one of bemusement amidst the cataclysm. "What do you mean?" he scoffed, shrugging his shoulders dismissively. "I always fight in space so that no life would be lost. It was 'you' who came back to Earth, not me. It was 'you' who destroyed your house and my house and the surroundings with your energy beams, not me. It was 'you' who challenged me to have a melee fight which led to the destruction of cities, not me. I haven't done anything except defending myself."

George's face contorted in frustration, his words a fiery retort. "So what? As I have been saying, sacrifices are always needed for the greater good. Consider everyone who died as a sacrifice."

"Oh?" Rudy chuckled, the sound incongruent with the chaos below. "So everyone who dies because of 'you' is a sacrifice. Well, that's quite convenient, ain't it?"

Their exchange of words was punctuated by explosive bursts of power. George swung his fists like battering rams, sending shockwaves of force rippling through the city. Rudy countered with agile evasions and swift counterattacks, every move calculated to minimize collateral damage. Yet, it was clear that the very nature of their battle defied any attempt at preservation.

Amidst this epic showdown, the city below them lay in ruins. Skyscrapers that had once scraped the heavens were reduced to shattered husks, and streets were little more than debris-strewn warzones. Smoke and dust choked the air, making it difficult to discern day from night.

Rudy's words held a cold truth. While George had claimed to be fighting for the greater good, the wake of destruction he left in his path seemed to contradict that very ideal. It was a grim paradox of a battle between two superhumans, each with their own vision of the world's future.

With each punch and kick, each earth-shaking shockwave and sonic boom, their battle etched a scar across the city's landscape. It was a testament to the awesome power of their conflict, a power that seemed to have no bounds.

As the battle raged on, both men seemed unyielding, their determination unwavering. They traded blows that could level mountains and unleashed energy attacks that could eclipse the sun. The very earth trembled beneath their feet, and the sky itself seemed to weep at the devastation below.

In the midst of the relentless battle, Rudy's voice cut through the chaos like a scalpel. "Even if you consider all the casualties as sacrifices," he began, his fingers forming air quotes around the word 'sacrifices,' "what about the people who survived and see you as evil? Would they think your 'perfect' world is a paradise while they lost their loved ones for no reason and considered as a sacrifice by the creator of the so-called perfect world?" Rudy's words hung in the air, heavy with accusation.

"That doesn't matter," George growled, his eyes narrowing with anger. "Everyone who opposes my idea of the perfect world is my enemy. Everyone who tries to stop me will be annihilated, just like how I will kill you!"

Rudy chuckled, a mirthless sound that resonated amidst the ruins of the city. "Oh? So your perfect world will be built on the blood of the innocent and your lies?"

"Shut the fuck up!" George's voice trembled with rage. "You can't please everyone! Not everyone deserves a perfect world, of course!"

Rudy's smirk widened, and he clapped his hands mockingly. "Wow, you copied my line."

"What?" George's brows furrowed in confusion.

"Not everyone deserves a perfect world, nor will they ever admire it," Rudy quoted himself, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "Why are you copying the idea of my dream world, huh?" He scoffed.

George's response was venomous. "Well, it doesn't matter. No one will ever know how many enemies I killed, and those who learn the truth will be killed as well. No one will ever be there to oppose me once I am done killing you!"

Amidst the relentless exchange of blows and the chaotic destruction they left in their wake, a disconcerting realization gnawed at George's consciousness. It was a gnawing feeling that had been there for a while, but it finally clawed its way to the forefront of his thoughts: the eerie absence of life.

In this battlefield of superhumans, George hadn't seen a single living being – no humans, no animals, not even insects. It was as if the cities they had razed were devoid of life, frozen in an unnatural silence. His keen senses, heightened by the power he had harnessed, could detect nothing, no heartbeat, no breathing, nothing that hinted at the presence of life.

Frustration and confusion welled up within George, and in a brief respite between their clashes, he couldn't contain his unease any longer. He turned to Rudy, his voice tinged with desperation, "What have you done? Where are all the humans?"

Rudy, hovering mid-air with an air of detachment, simply shrugged his shoulders in response. "They are where they should be, busy with their life, with their loved ones, working, sleeping."

George's brows knitted further, unable to comprehend the absurdity of the situation. "Then why aren't they around? Why is there no one here?"

Rudy's response was laced with mockery as he chuckled darkly, his expression smug. "Why would they be on a random, far away planet in another universe?"

A heavy pause hung in the air as George struggled to process Rudy's words. "What...? But this is Earth!"

Rudy's condescending tone remained as he continued to unravel the truth. "Of course, because I made it like that."

George's shock was palpable. His eyes widened as the pieces of the puzzle fell into place. He realized that the entire environment they had been fighting in was nothing more than an elaborate illusion, a replica crafted by Rudy's cosmic powers.

"I created a replica of our galaxy while we were fighting in space," Rudy explained casually, his smirk never leaving his face.

In that moment, it was as if the rug had been pulled out from under George's feet. The grand battle, the relentless destruction, the cities they had annihilated – it had all been Rudy's trick.

George felt like a clown, a pawn in Rudy's grand play. His righteous pursuit of a perfect world, his determination to defeat the Lord and achieve his vision, had all been reduced to a charade orchestrated by the very being he sought to challenge. The realization was a bitter pill to swallow, leaving him not just physically but emotionally battered.

As the truth settled in, George could only watch, helpless and bewildered, as Rudy continued to hover above him, the embodiment of power and deception. It was a revelation that transcended the physical battle, highlighting the intricate mind games woven into the fabric of their conflict.

"Did you truly think you would be standing in front of me in one piece if you had actually killed my beloved Rebecca?" Rudy asked in an emotionless voice.

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Chapter 959: Omniscience

With the battleground in ruins and their epic battle momentarily halted, Rudy landed gracefully in front of George, his gaze piercing as he locked eyes with his adversary. The air was thick with tension as Rudy began to speak, his voice carrying a somber weight.

"I know everything that will happen. I know what you will do next. I know what you will say next," Rudy intoned solemnly.

George, though taken aback by Rudy's claim, was quick to retort, skepticism in his voice. "That's impossible. Even if you have all the powers, there's no way you have the power to see the future!"

Rudy's expression remained stoic as he replied, "I am not going to convince you to believe that."

The very notion of someone possessing the ability to foresee the future was beyond George's comprehension. He clung to the belief that knowledge of the future could be altered, that countless possibilities existed, ready to be shaped by his actions.

"And even if you are telling the truth," George asserted, his voice firm, "there are always thousands of possibilities. I can change the future if I know what's going to happen!"

Rudy's response was unwavering. "I am not doing a parlor trick where you will be given possible outcomes of the future. I only saw one future, and that is certain. It will happen. You can't change it, no matter how hard you try... because the change you try to bring might very well be the future I saw."

George's laughter rang out, a mix of defiance and desperation. "Then so be it! You said you saw the future where I created my world, right?! Doesn't that mean I killed you?!"

But Rudy, ever the enigma, anticipated George's response. With a smirk that sent shivers down George's spine, Rudy concluded George's thought before he could even speak it. "And now you will say—'Looks like you weren't as strong as the book of prophecy mentioned.'"

George's jaw practically dropped in astonishment. Rudy's insight into his thoughts and words cut through his defiance, leaving him disoriented and vulnerable. Rudy's claim about knowing the future was no longer a mere assertion; it was a chilling reality that George could no longer deny.

In that moment, George realized the immense power and knowledge that Rudy possessed. He was pitted not only against a formidable opponent in terms of physical strength but against someone who seemed to hold the very strings of fate in their hands. It was a revelation that left him with a sinking feeling, as he grappled with the unnerving idea that his every move, every word, had already been seen and accounted for in the tapestry of destiny that Rudy controlled.

The revelation that Rudy possessed the ability to foresee the future had left George in a state of perplexity. He couldn't help but wonder why, if Rudy truly had such knowledge of future events, he had not been aware of George's true identity as an enemy and a member of the clandestine facility. It was a nagging question that gnawed at George's mind, sowing seeds of doubt about the authenticity of Rudy's claims.

As George weighed the implications of Rudy's powers, he found himself at a crossroads, torn between belief and skepticism. Rudy's accurate prediction of his thoughts and actions was undeniably disconcerting. The creation of an empty, precise replica of the galaxy stood as a testament to the veracity of Rudy's claims.

Yet, George could not ignore the possibility of deception. The thought that Rudy might be using this claim of clairvoyance as a psychological tactic to undermine him lingered in his mind. Trusting Rudy's words meant relinquishing a degree of control, and George was not one to surrender easily.

However, something had shifted within George. The revelation that his vision of a perfect world could indeed come to fruition, even if it meant Rudy's demise, filled him with an unprecedented sense of purpose and determination. The prospect of achieving his dream world, where he could mold humanity according to his ideals, was intoxicating.

With newfound conviction, George abandoned the pretense of hand-to-hand combat, violating their agreement, and summoned his energy beams once more. The rules of fair combat were disregarded as his attacks surged toward Rudy with unrestrained force. George's intention was clear: to obliterate Rudy, the one standing in the way of his perfect world.

The battleground became a chaotic arena of clashing powers and titanic forces. Buildings crumbled, landscapes shifted, and the very fabric of reality seemed to tremble under the weight of their clash. The destruction was colossal, a reflection of the intense battle raging between two beings of immeasurable power.

After launching his devastating attack, George couldn't contain his victorious laughter. He gloated at Rudy, his voice tinged with arrogance. "Did you foresee this too, huh?!"

However, Rudy's response was far from what George expected. Instead of being affected by George's assault, Rudy remained eerily calm. His gaze bore into George's with an unsettling intensity, and he slowly raised a finger into the air.

George watched, curiosity mixed with apprehension, as Rudy's finger moved. It didn't take long for George to realize the horrifying truth. The moon, Earth's faithful companion, was now descending

perilously close to the planet's surface. It was an act of power beyond comprehension, a testament to Rudy's cosmic abilities.

Terror gripped George as he comprehended the gravity of the situation. He turned to Rudy with panic in his voice, urgently pleading, "Rudy, you can't be serious! If that moon crashes into Earth, it will obliterate the entire planet, possibly even the nearby planets in the process. We'll both be killed!"

In response, Rudy merely offered a sardonic smile, his demeanor unshaken. "Don't worry, George. I already know what you'll do next. You'll run away, trying to escape Earth's atmosphere to save your own skin."

As George looked back at Rudy, he realized with a sinking feeling that Rudy had indeed seen through his intentions. Panic flooded him as he hastily retreated. He propelled himself away from Earth, leaving the atmosphere and entering the chilling expanse of space.

From this vantage point, George bore witness to the catastrophic collision. The moon, now mere moments from impact, collided with Earth with cataclysmic force. The once-beautiful blue planet shattered into countless fragments, like a fragile eggshell, and a deafening explosion reverberated through the cosmos.

The shockwave from the collision raced after George, obliterating even neighboring celestial bodies in its path. George fled further into the depths of space, unable to shake the image of Earth's annihilation from his mind. All that remained in his vision were the distant stars, devoid of any hint of the once-vibrant cosmos that had surrounded Earth.

George's voice trembled with disbelief as he muttered, "Did he commit suicide?"

Rudy, who had reappeared seemingly unharmed, raised an eyebrow. "Why would you think that?"

Baffled and incredulous at the sight of Rudy standing before him, George couldn't contain his questions. "How did you survive that?! The shockwaves of the explosion obliterated nearby planets, and you were right in the midst of it. How can you possibly be alive?"

Rudy couldn't help but taunt, a smirk playing on his lips. "I thought you knew a way to kill the Lord, huh?"

[Esper Harem in the Apocalypse](#)

Chapter 960: Before the Battle || The Halo Garden

In a quiet moment before Rudy's departure to Alice's house, he found himself standing on the castle's balcony, high above the magnificent kingdom he had built. The kingdom was a testament to his vision of unity among humans and beings of other races, a vision that had come to fruition with the help of his extraordinary powers.

His expression was solemn, not betraying any hint of joy or sadness, but rather a profound sense of duty. As he gazed out at his thriving dynasty below, he knew that his responsibilities were far from over. His power, while nearly boundless, was both a gift and a burden.

Rudy's eyes then drifted upward to the vast expanse of stars that adorned the night sky. It was a sight he often found himself pondering, a reminder of the immense cosmos beyond the confines of his kingdom.

With a purposeful stride, Rudy made his way to the halo garden, a lush oasis floating gracefully above the castle. Here, he tended to the most precious of his charges, the newborn babies he had saved. These infants, from various races, were now under his care, and he watched over them with a sense of responsibility that transcended his powers.

In the tranquil sanctuary of the halo garden, the babies were kept entertained by the gentle spirits Rudy had summoned. They danced and played, their innocent laughter filling the air, a stark contrast to the world Rudy had known before his ascension.

Yet, Rudy's work was far from done. As he strolled among the floating gardens, he considered how to enrich this garden even further. His gaze fell upon an empty patch of soil, and an idea began to form.

Rudy held in his hand a tiny, glowing red seed, the very essence of the mystical red moon fruit that was so coveted in his realm by his vampire girls. With a purposeful gesture, he buried the seed deep within the soil. His fingers became like a hose, and he gently watered the earth, watching as liquid sparkled and flowed from his hand, nourishing the hidden treasure beneath.

Time itself seemed to bend to Rudy's will as he fast-forwarded the seed's growth. In a matter of moments, the plant emerged, its form rapidly expanding until it became a magnificent tree. The branches bore clusters of the legendary red moon fruits, their crimson glow illuminating the garden.

Rudy repeated this process with dozens of seeds, transforming the once-empty space into a flourishing red moon fruit orchard. It was a testament to his ability to shape and nurture life, to create beauty and abundance with a mere thought.

In the midst of the lush red moon fruit orchard, Rudy plucked one of the crimson orbs from a nearby branch. It glistened in the soft, otherworldly glow of the garden. Holding it delicately in his hand, he couldn't help but marvel at its beauty.

With a small, contented smile, Rudy brought the fruit to his lips and took a bite. The flavor burst over his taste buds, a sweet and slightly tangy sensation that seemed to tingle with a hint of mystery. He savored each mouthful, relishing the unique taste of the red moon fruit. It was a flavor that held a special place in his memory, a connection to a time when things were simpler, yet no less magical.

"Mhm~ Just as I remember," he murmured in satisfaction after swallowing the first bite. Without hesitation, he indulged in another, the juiciness of the fruit a delightful contrast to the ethereal setting.

After he had consumed the entire fruit, Rudy couldn't help but feel a sense of contentment wash over him. It was a simple pleasure, one that reminded him of the simpler moments of his past.

"The girls are going to love this," he mused aloud to no one in particular, imagining the smiles on their faces when they tasted this unique delicacy.

Yet, as Rudy reveled in the sweetness of the moment, a sudden thought pierced his consciousness, like a distant echo of a warning he had once received.

Nyxia's words resurfaced in his mind, her caution about the impending blue moon phase. She had shared with him the secrets of the blue moon fruit, its power to grant knowledge not only of the past but also of the future. It was a power that could be wielded as a formidable weapon in the wrong hands.

Rudy looked at the remaining red moon fruits hanging from the branches, his mind racing with curiosity. Why did the blue moon fruit possess such unique abilities while the red moon fruit did not? It was a question that piqued his interest, but he was not consumed by the need for an answer. After all, the chapter of the blue moon and its fruit had been closed for good, or so he had believed.

With a sigh, he lowered his gaze to his empty hand.

"The blue moon possessed the power of knowledge," he reflected, his voice tinged with a touch of melancholy. "Knowledge of not only the past but also the future. A power that could shape destinies and alter fates. A power that could be a blessing or a curse."

In the past, he had destroyed the blue moon tree to save Jane, breaking the cycle of the moon's influence over her. She was no longer the princess of the blue moon, and her connection to its power had seemingly faded.

However, the knowledge of her true nature, as a child born under the blue moon's influence, remained a shadow that loomed over her.

"She may never have the chance to partake of the blue moon fruit," Rudy thought somberly. It was a fate he had accepted for her, a choice he had made to protect her from the alluring yet dangerous allure of ultimate knowledge.

But then, as if summoned by his thoughts, the impossible happened. The blue moon fruit, the very embodiment of a power he thought was gone forever, appeared in his hand.

"But I do..."