

## Esper 961

### [Esper Harem in the Apocalypse](#)

#### Chapter 961: Damned Existence

In the heart of the serene halo garden, under the soft luminescence of the moon, Rudy held the enigmatic blue moon fruit in his hand, a relic of the past with powers that had once held the world in awe. He examined it closely, the deep azure color and the faint, ethereal glow that emanated from its skin. This fruit had been the source of so much knowledge and potential, but it had also brought about chaos and destruction.

He pondered the ancient rivalry between the Lord and the beings of the Blue moon, a conflict that had spanned the unfathomable expanse of the universe since time immemorial. This enmity was deeply ingrained in their very existence, an unyielding destiny that neither side could escape.

Jane had been fated to become Rudy's enemy if she had accepted the blue moon fruit, an outcome he had sought to spare her from. He had saved her from a destiny she had never asked for, choosing instead to free her from the binding influence of the blue moon.

Yet, Nyxia, born of the same blue moon, had willingly embraced her role as a being of the Blue moon. She had forged her own path, one that intertwined with her newfound identity as the Lord. She had become a unique fusion of both worlds, a living paradox in the cosmic tapestry.

Now, Rudy held the blue moon fruit in his hand, contemplating the possibilities it held. He wondered if consuming it would transform him into one of the beings of the Blue moon, just as it would have with Jane had she chosen differently. Or perhaps, the power of the fruit was only meant for those born beneath the blue moon's luminous gaze, individuals like Jane and Nyxia.

It was a question that held no clear answer, and Rudy's curiosity burned within him like a beacon in the night. The allure of ultimate knowledge, of understanding the very fabric of existence itself, was a temptation he could not resist. Consequences be damned, he was ready to face whatever lay ahead.

With a resolute nod, Rudy raised the blue moon fruit to his lips. The moment it touched his tongue, a surge of energy coursed through him, transcending the physical boundaries of his being. It was as if the universe itself had opened its secrets to him, revealing the intricate tapestry of reality in all its splendor.

For a timeless instant, Rudy's perception expanded beyond the confines of space and time. He glimpsed the birth and death of stars, the rise and fall of civilizations, and the ebb and flow of cosmic forces that shaped the cosmos. The knowledge flowed through him like a torrent, overwhelming and awe-inspiring.

As he consumed the blue moon fruit in its entirety, a profound transformation began to take hold. The boundaries that had separated him from the beings of the Blue moon blurred and faded. Rudy felt himself becoming a bridge between two worlds, a being uniquely poised to understand and shape the destiny of the universe.

In that moment, Rudy had become both the Lord and a child of the Blue moon. He was a paradox incarnate, a living testament to the boundless potential of existence. The cosmic tapestry had woven a new thread, one that defied the limitations of fate and forged a path all its own.

With newfound knowledge and power coursing through his veins, Rudy looked up at the starry sky, his eyes reflecting the depths of the cosmos itself. The universe lay before him, a canvas waiting to be painted with the strokes of his will. Rudy had become a master of destiny, a force that transcended the boundaries of mortal comprehension.

And with that power came a solemn responsibility, for Rudy now held the knowledge of the ages within him. He had become a guardian of existence, a sentinel of the cosmos, and a beacon of light in the endless expanse of the universe.

Amidst the infinite expanse of knowledge and time, Rudy's consciousness was adrift, traversing the annals of history and the unfathomable depths of the future. He had become a vessel of omniscience, a witness to the unspoken atrocities committed by humanity and the beings of other races throughout the ages.

A profound sadness welled up within his heart. He witnessed the dark and hidden chapters of history, the inhumane acts committed by humans and other races alike. Crimes that had gone unnoticed, the tyranny of the powerful, the suffering of the innocent—it was a tapestry of despair that stretched across time.

The images and memories flooded Rudy's senses, each one more gut-wrenching than the last. He saw the pain etched into the faces of the oppressed, the tears shed by the helpless, and the cruelty inflicted by those who wielded unchecked power. It was a revelation that shook him to his core, for he had believed in the potential for goodness within all beings.

But as he delved deeper into the annals of history, he realized the depths of depravity to which some could sink. It made his blood boil with a righteous anger, an anger born of the injustices he had witnessed. He longed to bring those responsible to justice, to right the wrongs of the past.

Yet, the past was just that—irreversible and unchangeable. Rudy's newfound knowledge extended not only to history but to the future as well. He saw the crimes that lay ahead, the horrors that were yet to unfold. It was a bleak and grim vision of what was to come, a future marred by suffering and chaos.

But as he ventured further into the future, his sorrow turned to seething anger. He witnessed the continuation of these atrocities, the perpetuation of suffering, and the callousness of those in power. The future held no redemption, no solace for the downtrodden. It was a bleak and desolate landscape, where the innocent paid the price for the sins of the past.

"Be damned the will, be damned the duty, be damned..."