

Esper 962

[Esper Harem in the Apocalypse](#)

Chapter 962: The Judgement || Becoming Shadow

It was then, in the depths of his boundless knowledge, that Rudy made a fateful decision. The humans and the beings of other races had lived comfortably for too long, shielded from the consequences of their actions. Their complacency had festered, and now it was time for them to face the harsh realities of existence.

With a heavy heart and a resolute spirit, Rudy chose to bring forth an apocalypse—a cataclysmic reckoning that would shatter the illusions of safety and privilege. It was a decision born of anguish and indignation, a determination to disrupt the cycle of oppression and suffering.

It was a decision born of anger, sorrow, and a deep-seated desire for justice. Rudy had become a force of nature, a harbinger of change, and a guardian of the universe. He would usher in a new era, one in which the powerful would be humbled, the oppressed would find strength, and the world itself would be reborn from the ashes of the old.

As he attempted to glimpse the future more, Rudy's vision extended beyond his own existence. He bore witness to the universe's destiny, a tapestry of both suffering and resilience. His vision had unveiled the grim future, a future where darkness and cruelty still reigned. The very atrocities he had aimed to prevent had somehow manifested themselves even within the very world George had envisioned as perfect.

It was a revelation that left him profoundly disheartened.

Rudy's brows furrowed, and his heart sank as he watched the dark scenes play out. It was a paradox, a twist of fate that left him questioning the true nature of perfection. He had glimpsed the universe's path, but his own destiny remained elusive.

As he contemplated the future, Rudy tried to catch a glimpse of his own path ahead. However, his abilities faltered, and the once-clear visions turned into an abyss of uncertainty. It was as if his future had been veiled, hidden in shadows.

The shadow curse had engulfed Rudy's body in its inky embrace, leaving only a few fragments untouched by its darkness. It was as if he had become a walking embodiment of twilight, a haunting figure with only glimpses of his former self remaining.

The curse's relentless march had completely devoured his limbs, chest, and most of his face. His arms and legs were now grotesque distortions of their former selves, elongated and sinewy, with claws that resembled the talons of some nightmarish creature. The skin that was once his own had become a writhing sea of shadows, with patterns and swirls that seemed to shift and writhe, creating an unsettling, ever-changing tapestry.

His chest bore the full weight of the curse's malevolence, with shadows swirling around his heart and lungs. The outline of his ribs was visible beneath the surface, like darkened bars imprisoning the vital organs within. Even his once-strong torso had been twisted and contorted, leaving him with a macabre appearance that struck terror into the hearts of any who beheld it.

However, amidst this sea of darkness, there were a few islands of respite. One of his hands, his left to be precise, had remained strangely untouched. It was a stark contrast to the nightmarish claw that had replaced his right hand. The fingers of this spared hand remained human, albeit pallid and gaunt, as if drained of life. But they retained their shape and dexterity, standing out as a haunting reminder of what Rudy had once been.

Half of his face also remained untouched, creating a surreal juxtaposition with the rest of his visage. One side of his face was still recognizably Rudy, though it bore a hauntingly pale complexion. His eyes, however, had changed. It was now a piercing shade of crimson, a stark contrast to the vivid blue of his remaining eye. This dissonance added an eerie quality to his gaze, making it difficult to meet his gaze without feeling a shiver of dread.

But amid the encroaching darkness, a few patches of his original form remained. His crotch, for reasons known only to the curse itself, had been spared its relentless assault. It was an incongruous oasis of humanity amidst the surrounding chaos.

A patch on his back, a small oasis of untouched flesh amidst the encroaching darkness, served as a cruel tease of what once was. It was a small island of normalcy in the sea of darkness that now enveloped him. It was a stark reminder of the relentless march of the curse, creeping ever closer to consuming him entirely. Rudy's mind, a fractured battleground between his former self and the curse, clung to these remnants of his humanity as if they were a lifeline.

Rudy had become a living paradox, a fusion of light and shadow, beauty and grotesquery. The curse had woven a macabre tapestry upon his flesh, turning him into a creature of nightmares, with only fleeting remnants of his former self left to bear witness to the tragedy of his transformation.

Rudy gazed at his transformed body with a mix of resignation and determination. It was as if the curse's relentless advance mirrored the impending darkness he had foreseen. The future he had glimpsed, coupled with his own encroaching darkness, left him in a somber mood.

Rudy's expression remained composed, though a tinge of resignation colored his features. He knew the implications of this rapid growth. The shadow was claiming him, merging with him in ways he couldn't fully comprehend.

Rudy's lips curved into a weary smile, tinged with resignation. "I guess this is it," he whispered to himself, acknowledging the relentless advance of the curse. He knew the end was drawing near, but there was a sense of acceptance in his gaze.

With a sigh, Rudy returned to the serene balcony of his castle, gazing out at the universe he had crafted. His heart ached for the girls, the beings of the other races, and all those he had gathered within this sanctuary. It was a haven he had created with love, a refuge where they could thrive and live in peace.

"At least I achieved what I wanted to," he mused aloud, his voice tinged with bittersweet satisfaction. "I've given my girls a dynasty filled with superhumans and beings of other races. Here, they will be safe, secure, and happy, even if I am not there to witness it."

After cloaking his appearance of his former self, Rudy met with Alice so he could drop her off at her house. And then play the role of the Lord.