

Esper 963

[Esper Harem in the Apocalypse](#)

Chapter 963: The Good of the Evil

George and Rudy continued their relentless battle, each wielding incredible power beyond mortal comprehension. Stars twinkled as distant witnesses to this cosmic clash, and galaxies watched in silent awe.

Their confrontation had reached a fever pitch, with energy beams, shockwaves, and titanic blows shaking the very fabric of the universe. It was a duel of gods, and their power echoed through the cosmos.

George's once-human form was now transformed, his skin imbued with a faint, otherworldly glow from the vials he had consumed. He moved with a speed and grace that defied the laws of physics, his every strike a cataclysmic event. But Rudy, with his newfound knowledge from the blue moon fruit, had transcended his limitations. His movements were precise, his counters flawless.

The battleground they had chosen was a distant galaxy, far from inhabited worlds. This was their arena, and they left nothing untouched. Stars were extinguished with a mere flick of their fingers, and planets crumbled like sandcastles beneath their might.

Their banter continued even as they unleashed cataclysmic attacks.

"Is this the best you can do, George?" taunted Rudy, his voice carrying through the vacuum of space. He summoned a black hole into existence, its gravitational pull threatening to tear apart anything in its vicinity.

George, undeterred, responded with an energy beam that rivaled the brightness of a supernova. It collided with the black hole, creating a dazzling display of cosmic fireworks.

"Your tricks won't save you, Rudy," George retorted. He thrust his palm forward, unleashing a barrage of energy orbs that streaked toward Rudy like meteors.

Rudy merely waved his hand, and a shimmering shield of light formed, deflecting the energy orbs effortlessly. "Predictable," he said with a smirk.

Their battle raged on, spanning across galaxies and leaving devastation in its wake. Nebulas ignited into fiery infernos, and cosmic storms of unimaginable power were conjured and dispersed with the sweep of their hands.

As they clashed, they traded philosophical barbs amid the chaos.

"Do you truly believe you can impose your vision of a 'perfect' world on others, George?" Rudy asked, his voice tinged with a touch of sadness. "True perfection cannot be forced."

George, his eyes blazing with determination, replied, "I'll do whatever it takes to ensure a better future, even if it means sacrificing the present."

Their clash reached its zenith when Rudy summoned the power of a collapsing star. It formed a radiant sphere of pure energy that dwarfed even their immense beings. George countered with a gravitational singularity, a force that threatened to compress all matter into oblivion.

As these colossal forces clashed, the very fabric of space-time seemed to groan under the strain. It was a battle of ideals, of gods, and of the fate of the universe itself.

And in the midst of their cosmic duel, the universe held its breath, awaiting the outcome of this titanic struggle between George and Rudy.

While Rudy knew how everything was going to end. George was going to get his so-called perfect world and Rudy was going to fulfill his duty as the Lord.

Amidst the cosmic chaos of their battle, Rudy's celestial form radiated with an otherworldly glow, while George's aura bore traces of cosmic energy as his body adapted. Rudy's solemn voice pierced the cosmic void that surrounded them.

"I have entertained you enough, George. I have given you so many chances to kill me; I even let you hit me purposely a couple of times, but nothing happened. I will now pass my judgment."

George, his face a mixture of determination and frustration, responded to Rudy's declaration, "No, you won't. Even if you stop me, Rudy... you will never get to be happy. Your life will be filled with nothing but regret and sadness."

Rudy's eyes held a deep, knowing sadness as he replied, "I am well aware of the future."

George shook his head, his cosmic-tinged hair shimmering in the astral winds of their battle. He looked at Rudy, his eyes searching for some sign of understanding.

"You don't get it, do you, Rudy? Even if you kill me, you would think you have stopped me. I am not your enemy... or anyone's. If you have the power to read my thoughts or something... then go ahead."

Rudy lowered his gaze, cosmic particles dancing around him. His cosmic form allowed him to touch George's mind effortlessly. As he delved into George's thoughts, Rudy was taken aback. George didn't consider himself evil, despite the horrors he had wrought—killing innocent humans and beings of other races. In his twisted perspective, George had convinced and brainwashed himself into believing he was the savior of the world,

Rudy pondered the possibility that George might be a pawn, manipulated by an unseen master lurking in the shadows.

If Rudy knew who it was, he could see the future of that person. But the only future Rudy had seen was the future of the universe-- not of an individual. He couldn't know everything of the past and the future unless he had wished to see from an individual perspective.

Rudy didn't have that much time and the only future he truly cared about was the future of the universe-- since each and every life was based on the universe itself.

George's smirk widened, and he leaned closer to Rudy, his voice dripping with malevolence. "Let me let you in on a secret."

He paused dramatically, savoring the moment, then continued, his excitement palpable. "As I have been saying, sacrifices are needed, and I wouldn't see Alice as any other than just another sacrifice. Do you know, I have also experimented on Alice as she is my best test subject so far."

Rudy's cosmic form, radiant and powerful, began to waver as if a storm had suddenly engulfed it. His usually unwavering cosmic presence flickered, much like a candle's light struggling to persist against a fierce wind. It was a stark manifestation of the turmoil within Rudy as the revelation that his beloved Alice had been subjected to George's twisted experiments shook him to his core.