

Esper 964

[Esper Harem in the Apocalypse](#)

Chapter 964: Revelation

George's taunt cut through the tense atmosphere like a knife. He scoffed loudly, his voice laced with mockery. "Looks like you didn't see this coming as you claimed to be a 'future' knower!"

"Knowing everything and remembering it are two different concepts."

Rudy's eyes remained fixed on George, his gaze unwavering as he spoke with an eerie calmness. "Well... it doesn't matter anymore since you are going to die here. Alice would be safe now. And let me pay you back for the secret you shared with me. I will let you in on a secret as well."

With a simple wave of his hand, Rudy summoned a piece of paper and deftly folded it into a paper airplane. With a flick of his wrist, he sent it gliding effortlessly through the air until it landed gently in George's trembling hand.

George's fingers, trembling with a mixture of apprehension and curiosity, carefully unfolded the paper, revealing the contents of Rudy's revelation. As his eyes scanned the words, a look of disbelief and shock washed over his face, contorting his features in a painful realization.

"What's this?" George's voice quivered as he asked the question, his eyes locked onto the document, unable to look away from the damning words inscribed upon it. As he continued reading, the words seemed to blur together, and he struggled to comprehend the gravity of what he was seeing.

Rudy watched George's reaction closely, his own cosmic form unwavering in its stoicism. He had revealed a truth that would rock George to his core, a truth that had the power to shatter the very foundations of his beliefs.

It was a document, a report; the same report Kaguya had given him, the same report Maria had misunderstood. It was a report of a parental DNA test and the report said that...

"What...?" George stammered, his voice trembling with disbelief, anger, and a profound sense of betrayal. "Alice is not my daughter?"

The report before him was clear and unequivocal, leaving no room for doubt or denial. It was a parental DNA test, and the results were stark and irrefutable. Alice, the girl he had raised and cared for as his own, was not his biological daughter.

The shock of the revelation coursed through George's body, leaving him physically unsteady. His hands trembled, and he clutched the paper with white-knuckled intensity as if hoping that somehow, the words would change if he held onto them tightly enough. It was a moment of profound emotional turmoil, a devastating revelation that threatened to unravel his very sense of self.

Rudy watched George's emotional turmoil, his own expression unreadable. The cosmic Lord had delivered a crushing blow, and now he observed the consequences. The room seemed to close in on them as silence hung heavy, broken only by George's faltering breaths.

Their eyes locked, George's filled with disbelief and anger, Rudy's with a strange mixture of sorrow and resolve. It was a moment of profound revelation, where secrets were laid bare, and the world around them seemed to fade into insignificance.

The revelation was a bitter pill to swallow, for Alice bore an uncanny resemblance to her mother, a living testament to their shared physical attributes. It was this very likeness that had masked the painful truth for so long, allowing Alice to exist in George's life as his daughter. The deception ran deep, veiled beneath layers of familiarity and affection.

But now, as the document's cruel contents stared back at him, George could no longer deny the damning evidence. The truth was etched in black and white, a harsh reminder of the betrayal that had unfolded behind his back. The woman he had loved had carried another man's child, and George had unwittingly raised her as his own.

As George attacked Rudy with a desperate fury, Rudy let out a frustrated sigh.

Rudy's patience had waned to the point of exasperation. He had toyed with George, allowing the confrontation to drag on, and his cosmic form exuded an air of boredom. His eyes, once filled with cosmic brilliance, now held a weary, distant gaze.

With a dramatic flair that bordered on theatrical, Rudy spread his hands wide, his fingers splayed like a conductor orchestrating a symphony of destruction. The cosmic energies swirled around him, intensifying with each passing moment, and the very fabric of space itself seemed to quiver in response.

He then clapped his hands together with a deafening resonance that reverberated through the universe, a cosmic applause that awakened dormant energies. It was as if he beckoned the cosmos itself to bear witness to the climax of their battle.

"I have entertained you enough, George," Rudy declared, his voice laden with a mixture of annoyance and weariness. He had granted George numerous opportunities, even allowing himself to be struck deliberately, all in the name of extending this contest. But now, Rudy's patience had reached its limit.

As he began to invoke a power that would dwarf anything George had experienced, the words formed on his lips, "Domain... expan—"

But fate intervened with a cruel twist. Before Rudy could complete his invocation, his cosmic form faltered, its radiant luminance dimming. The universe seemed to shudder, and an unsettling stillness descended upon the battlefield.

Rudy's voice trailed off, and a sudden, eerie silence filled the void of space. It was as if time itself had been put on pause. George, his attack halted mid-motion, watched in bewildered horror as Rudy's form began to disintegrate.

The cosmic being that was Rudy, once so imposing and formidable, dissolved like mist beneath the morning sun. His essence melted into the all-encompassing darkness, and he transformed into a pure shadow, devoid of form or substance. It was a sight that struck terror into George's heart, for it defied the laws of nature and reason.

The shadow, deep as the abyss, spread and stretched, extending its inky tendrils through the cosmic expanse. Rudy's remaining human parts, caught in this inexorable transformation, was gradually consumed, his essence merging with the all-encompassing darkness.

George, his fear palpable, stammered as he confronted the entity before him. "What the hell are you...?"