

**Esper 965**

[Esper Harem in the Apocalypse](#)

**Chapter 965: Shadow Lord**

The shadow that was once Rudy remained silent, a formless void that seemed to defy comprehension. It hovered ominously in the empty space, an enigma that left George's mind reeling with unanswered questions. What had become of the cosmic being known as Rudy? What did this shadowy entity want?

As George gazed upon the abyssal form before him, he could only wonder if this was the ultimate fate that awaited him as well. Rudy's transformation into an all-encompassing shadow was a sight that sent shivers down George's spine. The once cosmic being, a figure of radiant power and knowledge, had now dissolved into a formless void of pure darkness. The essence of Rudy, his very being, was being devoured by this all-encompassing shadow.

The terror that gripped George's heart was unlike anything he had ever experienced. He had faced cosmic battles, clashed with titanic forces, but this... this was something otherworldly. It was as though Rudy had tapped into a power beyond comprehension, a darkness that transcended the boundaries of the known universe.

In a voice that seemed to emanate from all directions at once, Rudy spoke, his tone cold and detached, "I am the embodiment of the void, George. A shadow that exists beyond the confines of reality. You asked what I am... I am the end, the oblivion that awaits all things."

George's mind raced, desperately trying to grasp the gravity of the situation. Rudy had transcended into a form that defied all logic, and it was clear that he wielded powers that far surpassed anything George had ever encountered.

"I am the true form of the Lord... I am the Shadow Lord!"

As the shadowy tendrils of Rudy's form extended towards George, a chilling realization washed over him. He was facing not just an adversary, but an existential threat to his very existence. The rules of their cosmic battle had been shattered, and George was left grappling with a foe whose nature was beyond his comprehension.

In a final act of defiance, George summoned every ounce of his remaining strength and launched a devastating energy beam at the encroaching shadow. But his attack passed through Rudy's form as if it were insubstantial, dispersing into the void without leaving a mark.

Rudy's shadowy presence drew closer, and George felt the all-encompassing darkness swallow him, consuming his consciousness and his very essence. As the shadow closed in, George's thoughts became disjointed, his memories fragmented.

In his final moments of awareness, George could only wonder if this was the end he had so fervently sought to avoid. The universe itself seemed to tremble as Rudy, now an entity of absolute darkness, claimed victory over the cosmic battle that had raged between them.

And then, in a blinding surge of darkness, George's existence was extinguished, leaving only a void where once a cosmic being had stood. Rudy, now one with the shadows, remained as the sole witness to the culmination of their epic struggle, a battle that had transcended the boundaries of time and space.

With a resounding snap that echoed through the infinite void, George suddenly reappeared in front of Shadow Rudy. The abruptness of his reappearance left him momentarily disoriented, his surroundings shifting from the darkness of death to this eerie, shadowy realm.

After George's swift return, he found himself standing once again before the enigmatic Shadow Rudy. His bewildered gaze darted about as if searching for clues in the featureless abyss that surrounded him.

His hand, trembling with uncertainty, moved to pat his own body. His fingers met flesh, and a bewildered expression settled upon his features. Incredulously, he muttered, "How... I thought I died..."

Shadow Rudy, a void of darkness that seemed to echo with the echoes of infinity, observed George's disoriented state with an unsettling serenity. There was no trace of emotion in those shadowy depths as he replied, "You did. Welcome back."

A sinister, almost malevolent aura exuded from Shadow Rudy as he continued, his voice a disconcerting whisper that reverberated through the emptiness of their surroundings, "I wanted you to watch me create 'my' dream world. I can't let you die without making you suffer. Watch how your dream of creating the perfect world crumbles right before your eyes.

In the vast cosmic expanse, Shadow Rudy, now a chilling silhouette against the starry backdrop of space, projected his eerie voice across the universe. His words reverberated through the fabric of existence, reaching every corner of reality, piercing through realms and dimensions. It was a proclamation that echoed in the ears and the very souls of all living beings.

"O, you foolish beings living ignorant lives," Shadow Rudy began, his voice a haunting resonance that transcended language barriers and comprehension. In every corner of the multiverse, humans, extraterrestrial beings, and entities from realms both near and far, heard his echoing words. The voice was incoherent, a cacophony of dialects and tongues, yet a profound understanding coursed through them all.

Kings, their crowns weighed with authority, and commoners, their hopes and dreams intertwined with the tapestry of life, listened with bated breath. Slaves, with shackles that had bound them for generations, and the free, who reveled in their liberties, were equally captivated. The rich, their wealth as vast as the stars, and the poor, struggling to make ends meet, shared in this moment of eerie unity.

The old, bearing the wisdom of time etched into their wrinkles, and the young, their futures ripe with untold potential, were drawn to the celestial message. The strong, their bodies chiseled by determination and discipline, and the weak, fighting an uphill battle against the odds, felt their souls stir with an inexplicable force.

From every corner of existence, beings of various races and backgrounds, united by the enigmatic voice that reverberated through the cosmos, raised their eyes to the heavens. They stood in eerie harmony, as though a cosmic force had synchronized their actions. None of them exchanged glances or sought the source of this ethereal voice, for they all knew, instinctively, that it hailed from the celestial expanse above.

And so, they listened, each heart and mind touched by the words of the cosmic entity, their destinies irrevocably intertwined in the impending reckoning that would reshape the very fabric of existence.