

**Esper 966**

[Esper Harem in the Apocalypse](#)

**Chapter 966: Commencing the Apocalypse || The Final Message**

Shadow Rudy's ominous declaration continued, condemning the actions and intentions of all who dwelled among the tapestry of existence. "O you who have committed atrocities and those who plan to do so," his voice intoned, a spectral whisper that transcended time and space, "O You who think no one is watching you when you commit a crime. O You who think no one is listening you when you omit the words to commence the crime. O You who think is safe after silencing and hiding the evidence of your filthy actions."

The cosmic being's chilling words resonated with a stark and resounding truth that left no room for denial or evasion. "You all will meet your end one day," he continued, his tone a blend of ominous foreboding and stern admonishment. "So why do you try to fight it?"

Shadow Rudy's voice grew even colder, a spectral lament for the state of existence. "I am what I am because of you," he declared, his words etched in sorrow and vengeance. "You made me like this. You stole my life, my future for me. I didn't choose this, but now... it doesn't matter."

The proclamation continued, each word etching deeper into the very essence of those who heard it. Shadow Rudy spoke of the impending end, the reckoning that awaited all existence. "This is the end of everything, this is the beginning of the end of the world," he declared, his voice resounding with a cataclysmic finality.

"You will learn what it means to be alive," Shadow Rudy's words carried a weight that was undeniable. "You will learn how hard it is to survive. You will learn how weak you are. You will suffer and realize that you had the most of life when you had nothing."

And then, the cosmic entity issued his chilling decree, an ominous verdict that sent shivers down the spines of all who heard it. "I, Hereby, announce the end of you all. This is the apocalypse. Cry better, die trying, and suffer endlessly... just like I did. There will be no end to this; but I am not heartless. You will be given powers to save yourself. Use it for good and you may be blessed, and do more bad and be cursed!"

In the wake of these dire words, the universe itself seemed to tremble, as if acknowledging the cosmic power behind them. And thus, the stage was set for an epochal shift, a reckoning that would forever alter the destiny of all living beings across the myriad realms of existence.

In the cosmic theater, the audience of diverse beings awaited their destiny, as the voice of Shadow Rudy proclaimed the beginning of the end, and the universe braced itself for an apocalyptic transformation.

George's voice trembled as he confronted Shadow Rudy. "Why did you do this? What are you going to achieve from this? You called me evil for sacrificing people to create a better world for everyone, and yet... here you are... killing more than me... and they are not even a sacrifice. You call yourself a savior and protector of the world?"

Shadow Rudy's form seemed to waver, the cosmic darkness around him pulsating with a strange, somber energy. "Funny, I don't remember ever calling my human-self a protector of the world. Perhaps,

I did. I wouldn't remember. What I am doing is supposed to happen. Had it been someone else, it would have happened."

His voice echoed with a sense of resignation, carrying the weight of an ancient truth. "This is the duty of the world. To destroy the universe so a new one can be created. However, this universe will take thousands of years to fully perish. I gave them a chance to fight back. Even humans... they will gain powers and become strong, even stronger than the other races... if they don't give up hope... that is."

Shadow Rudy's cosmic gaze turned toward the swirling galaxies, his form becoming more insubstantial as he continued, "Unlike your way, where you killed them and they never had a chance to save themselves or fight back, here they will have full control over their destiny. I didn't choose anyone to die; they will die because of their cause."

A sense of melancholy hung in the air as he spoke, his voice tinged with sadness. "I see this as more of a redemption rather than an ending. Whatever happens in the end... it will all be up to them. My role is done and... I will be gone soon. I do wish this would have happened in a better way. I didn't want my end like this."

He chuckled softly, a bitter laugh that reverberated through the cosmic void. "I wanted to die.... while surrounded by my loved ones... but here I am, spending my final moments with my enemy. I guess even the Lord doesn't get to choose how and when he dies."

George confronted Shadow Rudy, his voice filled with a mix of anger, confusion, and desperation. "Why didn't I win? If the future you saw was true, why am I here?"

A heavy silence hung in the void, making George's anxiety grow by the second. The absence of an immediate response was almost unbearable, as if time itself had slowed to a crawl. Then, Shadow Rudy finally spoke, his words carrying a weight that seemed to echo through the cosmos. "It will happen. In fact, it has already begun."

With deliberate grace, Shadow Rudy extended his hand and gently touched George's forehead. As his fingers made contact, cosmic dust particles began to emit from George's body, swirling around them in a mesmerizing dance of energy.

"Don't forget, you are dead," Shadow Rudy whispered, his voice laced with an eerie serenity. "I turned you into an ever-growing energy, an existence bound by the threads of time and space. You may currently have a humanoid form, but as time passes, you will slowly lose it. You will become a bright star, your brilliance lighting up the universe, and then you will explode, scattering your essence across the cosmos. You will create galaxies and shape the destinies of countless civilizations."

A profound sadness hung in the air, accentuating the gravity of his words. "And as more time passes, you will become something greater, an omniverse unto yourself. This is your punishment, this is your suffering. You will watch civilizations rise and fall, entire galaxies born and consumed by darkness, and you won't be able to intervene. The perfect world you yearned so much to create will happen... almost. But it will never be perfected."

Shadow Rudy's voice took on a finality, his form shimmering with a fading brilliance as his words hung like a solemn requiem in the cosmic expanse. "These are my final words; These are the last words you will ever hear from me. And this is... my final judgment."

As the echoes of Shadow Rudy's final words reverberated through the cosmic expanse, his once-majestic form began to undergo a profound transformation. Slowly, imperceptibly, the shadowy tendrils that composed his being began to solidify. The cosmic dust particles that had danced around him lost their luminescence, falling to the infinite canvas of space like fading stars.

With an ethereal grace, Shadow Rudy curled into himself, his form taking on a fetal-like position amidst the star-studded backdrop of the cosmos. His body became a silent, lifeless silhouette in the boundless void, a testament to the ephemeral nature of existence in this unfathomable realm.

The stars continued their timeless dance around him, oblivious to the dramatic saga that had unfolded. As Shadow Rudy's shadowy figure floated, a poignant stillness descended upon the cosmos. It was a haunting image, a being of immeasurable power reduced to mere stardust.

The story of Rudy as the Lord had ended.