

## Full-Moon 1011

Chapter 1011 Sanguine Bride's Rest

It was an odd request from Calidora, prohibiting him from using energy.

He had no idea where she intended to lead him, and he didn't feel comfortable taking down all of his defenses just because Calidora said so. But again, he couldn't forget the surprising comfort she offered to him willingly when he was ensnared in the clutches of his nightmare earlier.

Despite his jumbled mind earlier, he could hear Calidora's soothing voice.

Added to her harmless air, he decided to comply.

Rex and Calidora started their hike on the small hill, located not that far from the castle.

Glancing to his sides he could see that the surroundings were clearly seen, there were hardly any trees around, only a grassland landscape that stretched to the horizon. No doubt that it was a very beautiful sight in the night.

Like a painting of old age, the scenery was breathtaking.

A carpet of reddish grass, the vast expanse of a star-studded sky, and the glowing moon.

Each of them compliments the other to create this otherworldly sight.

Inhaling the invigorating night breeze, his legs moved on their own as he ascended the small hill, trailing closely behind Calidora. Both were following a rugged path flanked by the famous blood bunyas, their crimson leaves radiating an ethereal red glow.

Judging from the place, Rex suspects that this place is a sacred place for Vampires.

One that could be enjoyed by those with royal bloodlines.

Due to the ethereal glow from the leaves, the road was not as dark as it was supposed to be.

When was the last time I took a stroll normally like this?

Under the oddity of the situation, taking a nonchalant stroll through the night, he wondered the last time he took a refreshing stroll like this. He only remembered that the only time he somewhat felt this rejuvenated was when he bathed under the moonlight on the rooftop of the Ochyra University.

It felt like a long time ago as everything became hectic starting from that moment.

However, that reminisce didn't last long.

Rex, alongside his troubled mind, quickly thought of the Executor and what he was doing.

He's probably marching onward to the Symposium right now.

"Stop thinking about your problems"

Out of nowhere, Calidora's musings without a backward glance, jolted Rex from his thoughts as he lifted his gaze, beholding her back. Currently, she was adorned in a regal black dress paired with a sweeping cape featuring ivory fur-lined edges, draping down only one side of her body.

An outfit that gives her an air of nightly elegance.

Just as her words sank into Rex's head, she glanced backward with a meaningful smile.

"Tonight, your only focus should be on me or the scenery" She added.

Her words contain a haunting enchantment that somehow was able to melt a part of Rex.

Even the sight of her eyes was somewhat capable of freezing his body.

Soon enough, unknowingly, the two reached the top.

It took slightly over twenty minutes to reach the peak of the modest hill—a journey that could have been traversed in a mere second with the use of their powers. However, Rex harbored no regrets about eschewing their abilities, savoring the novel sensation of the climb.

A nice and foreign sensation that he has long forgotten.

Rex observed the peak and noticed the abundance of blood bunyas surrounding the place.

Positioned at the heart of this supernatural spectacle was a fountain or pond containing red-hued liquid, likely blood. Strangely enough, the aroma wafting through the air bore a sweet fragrance, even sweeter than mangoes.

Coming out of the pond was also a steaming red energy, adding a mysterious feeling to it.

Standing in the center of the pond was an intricate and regal coffin.

Judging from its appearance alone, the coffin must be crafted with the rarest black materials to glisten and exude an overbearing aura. Its surface is adorned with intricate blood-crimson rubies and raven-black sapphires, forming the likeness of a winged bat.

It was an emblem of immortal sovereignty.

Additionally, the coffin was hugged by a statue of a woman from the back.

One look at the coffin will expose its macabre elegance, showing that it belongs to a deity.

"Sanguine Bride's Rest is the name of the place" Calidora suddenly explained, educating Rex on the place they were in right now. "It's the place made by my Origin himself, a monument that he made for his wife after her death and the utter vanquishment of her corpse"

Rex was quite surprised, not expecting this to be a monument of death.

Even for Supernaturals like the Vampires, the death of a loved one still hurts severely.

As Rex understood that the Vampire Origin was the architect behind this enchanting locale, he couldn't help but recognize the profound love he must harbor for his wife to craft such a magnificent monument using his own hands when he had others to do it for him.

With this newfound insight into this place's history, Rex looked around with a new light.

Every inch of the surroundings must be made and sculpted with love.

Despite it doesn't concern him directly, the tone that Calidora spoke with made him listen.

She was saying this with such serenity and respect.

No matter how hectic she might've acted, she still refers to her Origin with respect.

Pointing at the pond filled with crimson liquid, she continued, "Legend has it that partaking from the sacred pond bestows not only good fortune in life but also paves clear the way to greater power. Consequently, each time a Vampire visited this place, they would drink from its mystic waters"

Listening attentively, Rex shifted his eyes to the pond.

Even though he doesn't have an Origin, if it's the tradition here to do that, he will respect it.

"Can I drink from it too? I'm a Werewolf" Rex inquired lightly.

Upon hearing this, Calidora cast a smile at him, "Why do you think I brought you here?"

"Valentina, the unfated spouse of the Vampire Origin, is known to be peaceful. She was the driving force behind persuading the Vampire Origin to make peace with other Supernatural races. Valentina doesn't discriminate against other races, so the Vampire Origin wouldn't mind if you drink from the pond" She explained as clearly as possible.

Just before Rex could form a reply, she stepped forward, "But first..."

With a light wave of her hand, her blood energy swirled in front of her with elegance.

In a span of a minute, the blood energy formed a musical instrument.

A beautiful red harp made of blood, bigger than her body.

Closing her eyes for a brief moment, she took a deep breath before opening her eyes again.

Manifesting a seat for herself by the pond, her alabaster fingers, adorned with a crimson glow reached out to the strings before delicately graced all of them with one stroke. At that moment, the instrument crafted of blood magic came to life with pleasing melodies.

Even Rex couldn't help but praise the melodies that she produced.

He had never been moved by a series of musical notes this deeply in his entire life.

As Calidora's fingers plucked each string, her face remained serene, playing ancient notes to pay her tribute to Valentina. Her eyes closed in deep concentration, and the entire hill's peak resonated with a mesmerizing harmony.

Under the melody, the air shimmered, giving a sense of mystical link to all who listened.

It had been quite some time since he had known Calidora.

Despite their initial encounter being that of enemies, as Rex was fueled with his desire to seek vengeance on all Werewolves and make him detest Supernaturals too, their relationship could somewhat progress to something peaceful.

But throughout their relationship, Rex knows little to none about Calidora.

He never asked her.

Moreover, she also never has the intention to tell him about anything.

Nevertheless, right now, Rex saw a glimpse of Calidora that he had never seen before.

Certainly, as the Vampire Princess for fifteen years and counting and hailing from a noble lineage, Calidora, with grace befitting her position, has cultivated a myriad of skills beyond the battlefield.

Among them is her mastery of the harp, a testament to her proficiency in noble arts.

Every melody she produced was nigh-perfect.

Rex witnessed every pluck of her fingers create a swirl of vibrant blood energy around her.

It was akin as if she had the spotlight of the whole world.

A Princess, with raven-black hair, delicate and perfect form, possessing a powerful air, able to master noble arts, and a beautiful face... Calidora has everything. Had this been the first time I'd seen her, resisting any admiration might have been quite a challenging feat as her presence encapsulates an allure that is difficult to overlook.

While he was praising Calidora inside, the blood energy was sucked into the coffin.

Under the influence, the coffin seemed to come to life.

Swish...

Rex could see that the crimson hue encompassing the entire coffin was becoming thicker, and the statue hugging the coffin had its eyes glowing red. It wouldn't surprise him if the statue suddenly came to life like a gargoyle.

After about five minutes of beautiful play, the coffin trembled a bit.

It then died down once again, returning to its serenity as Calidora played the finale.

♪♪♪~

Letting the melodies of the finale resonate in the air for a brief moment, she then eventually opens her eyes gently. She looked at the coffin briefly before she waved her hand again, dispersing the harp alongside her seat.

Her attention then was pulled to the back when she heard Rex clapping at her performance.

"I never knew you were skilled at music," Rex said in pleasant surprise.

Calidora flicked her hair over her shoulder pridefully with her chin slightly raised up when she heard his comment, "I'm of the royal family, of course, playing music is a necessity. What's with the look? Are you mesmerized by me?"

"I think the answer is clear enough" Rex replied nonchalantly.

Just then, Calidora gestured with her finger before she went over to the mystical pond.

Now that she had already paid a tribute to entertain the monument of Valentina, the two of them can drink from the pond and gain its blessing. It was the tradition that every Vampire that came here would also need to pay their tribute.

A sign of respect to Valentina and the Vampire Origin.

Rex was quite uncertain about this as drinking blood was not what he used to do.

Sure, he has savored blood before when he was in his Werewolf form and usually during his berserk state when he was mad enough to eat others. But the aftertaste of blood was never felt good for him, probably due to his disapproval mind.

It doesn't taste bad in his Werewolf form, but his human form has different tastebuds.

Due to that, he tries to avoid having blood in his mouth.

But since this is a sacred place for Calidora, he decided to follow her lead.

For her, making an exception is not that bad.

Rex took a scoop from the sacred pon with both hands and hesitant drank the entire thing.

Upon the mystical water touching his tastebuds, Rex's eyes widened as it was not what he initially thought it would taste like. If Calidora said that this is some kind of refreshment, then he would actually believe it.

It's robust and revitalizing, it's... good.

<Obtained the blessing of the Vampire Origin!>

<The user's luck has been increased>

After drinking from the pond, the two went to the side and sat beside each other.

Before them was the view from the top of the small hill.

Only silence enveloped the two of them.

In a tranquil ambiance, the duo's gazes alternating between the vast distance and the mesmerizing star-lit heavens—a spectacle that retained its beauty despite the upheavals caused by the world's awakening.

The void cracks in the sky serve as another magical decoration to the sight above.

Once in a while, thinking nothing but the moment is nice.

Rex savors the taste of serenity.

He rarely does this anymore, with so much responsibilities on his back

Soon, the serenity was broken.

Calidora was the one to break the silence between them as she reminisced the past, "I always go here when I needed time for myself, not because its beautiful scenery, but because I am always cramped inside the castle, restricted by my parents"

"I never thought that you'd be sitting here with me, and I'm glad you did" She added.

Chapter 1012 Magnetic and Fiery Kiss

From the moment the Vampire race awakens in the new era, Calidora is cramped within the castle. Her parents very rarely allow her to come out, at least not until she has reached the optimal strength to defend herself.

It was natural for them to be that strict towards her.

Awakening in the new era without knowing anything is certainly very dangerous.

Countless possibilities could happen if Calidora wanders around when even her parents are not confident in going out themselves. Until the situation has been assessed thoroughly, it'll remain dangerous, and she couldn't wander out.

Despite her boredom, she understands where her parents' worries came from.

But that became intolerable when nothing changed after fifteen years.

Even though Solomon and Nezero finished assessing and establishing their position in the new era, the two of them remained hesitant to permit Calidora outside. She was, after all, could become a prized target for potential adversaries as the Vampire Princess.

Because of that, Calidora focused on increasing her strength to gain her parents' approval.

At moments when she was down, she went to this hill to calm her mind.

It was the only place she was allowed to go to.

"I never thought that you'd be sitting here with me, and I'm glad you did"

Rex who was lying on the grassy slope with both hands behind his head turned to look at Calidora when he heard this. He saw that Calidora was facing away, avoiding eye contact, and the air also instantly felt somewhat tense.

Albeit the chilly night air, it suddenly felt hot for some reason.

What did she mean by that?

Pausing for a second, he quickly shook his head as he didn't want to think about that.

Out of unease, Rex quickly tried to change the topic.

Clearing his throat, he then asked the very first thing that came to mind, "I remember you called Valentina, the Vampire Origin's wife is an unfated spouse. What's the story behind that? Was she not supposed to be with the Vampire Origin?"

Upon hearing this, Calidora looked up and smiled lightly.

Her face from the side made

Looking at her face from the side made Rex notice more details of her facial features.

One that stood out the most was her gently sloping nose. Her vampiric porcelain skin emits an ethereal glow from being kissed by the moonlight, and her seamless jawline which flows into the alluring arc of her neck, perfects her unparalleled refinement.

Anybody that hasn't seen Calidora before would know that she's a princess.

"No, she was not" Calidora replied, affirming Rex's assumption. "I admire her. She's nothing more than a Vampire from a low-class family. But her dedication to pursuing the Vampire Origin, and her willpower to persevere created a miracle where the Vampire Origin proposed to her, out of all the options that he had. He only chose Valentina and her alone until the moment of her death"

Just as she said that she turned to look at Rex.

For a brief moment, both of their eyes locked together with fiery tension.

"If you ask me, she has lived my dream life-" She continued.

Upon hearing this, Rex's heart began to race as the tension that he was trying to dissipate came back again with even more power. He even subconsciously holds his breath while he waits for Calidora to continue what she is saying.

"A dream life that I'm pursuing right now..."

Like fireworks, he could feel his breaths becoming heavier by the second.

A reaction that he doesn't want to happen.

Rex's mind churned with calculated urgency, recognizing that it was for the best to for the current moment, walk away from this conversation lest something unwanted happen. But even though his mind wanted him to go, his body veered in the complete opposite.

He was rooted on his spot, keeping eye contact with Calidora's hypnotic purple eyes.

Similarly, Calidora also experienced the same internally.

Even though her original intent was to momentarily divert Rex's attention from his problems as this is the perfect time to do that with the state of his cursed source, their conversation suddenly took an unexpected turn, leading them to an unforeseen situation.

It was undeniable that the tension in the air was pulling them close together.

Like a weak magnet, the two slowly leaned close.

An unspoken desire filled the space between them, and their bodies moved with an invisible pull, leaning closer, almost as if on their own accord. A subtle hesitation lingered, but their minds were clouded, lost in the unforeseen yet intoxicating moment.

Under the moonlit night, their lips drew near, and everything else faded away.

Rex knew that he shouldn't be doing this, as he had to keep his promise, but Calidora's lips were irresistible right now. Also, there was something about her that led his instinct to want to be close to her and protect her with all he had.

Moving back right now would be defying the command of his own instincts.

Instincts that he trusted in the most dire of battles he had fought in.

An almost impossible feat.

With hearts racing, the duo surrendered to the pull, sharing a kiss that bridged the present gap between longing and fulfillment. An electric shock travels through their bodies when their lips are pressed against one another.

It was a forbidden indulgence, a stolen moment that would certainly leave a mark on Rex.

A sweet taste like the nectar of a ripe, mook-kissed peach.

Rex doesn't understand how a kiss would illicit this kind of sensation, it was as if the very essence of desire had taken a tangible form. On the other hand, Calidora shared a similar feeling to him which made her crave more.

In reality, after that steaming night, she was desiring more intimacy with Rex.

But she knew that she couldn't do that.

Surrendering to her natural instinct will only serve to push her agenda away, and she decides to suppress the burning desire within herself. However, that defense that she created for the sole purpose of doing that broke down at this very moment.

Despite starting in a hesitant manner, the kiss turned fiery and bold by the second.

Oblivious to them, the Luna energy that Calidora had stolen also swirled around them.

An additional effect on the background that represents their emotions.

'How come this feels way different than before? Is it because he's now conscious?' Calidora pondered amidst the fiery kiss, her cheeks tainted with the rose of blush. 'Maybe... Maybe I should tell him. It will be better to do it now rather than later'

'But... What if he decides to not accept it?' She deliberates internally.

It proves to be very hard to think at this moment.

Calidora couldn't compose herself enough to come to a firm decision.

She was battling internally to determine whether she should tell Rex about the product of that night or not. Of course, she said earlier with confidence that he would undoubtedly accept, but now she's not so confident.

Faced with the actual moment, doubts started to appear.

She couldn't help but wonder what if he decided to not accept since he was not conscious fully during the act, influenced by several effects. Nothing is impossible. Rex denying when he learned the truth is a possible scenario.

'I only gave him a light stimulus, and truth be told, he was the one that jumped me'

On the other hand, Rex also had an internal battle.

Within the clear confines of his mind, Evelyn's admonitions about being cautious with whom he spends his time echoed incessantly, and there was also his promise. But despite all of that, he still found himself succumbing to such actions.

However, he really couldn't do anything to stop his body from moving.

Exerting every ounce of his willpower, Rex tries to slowly pull away from the kiss.

But Calidora consistently made it hard for him to back away by leaning forward, unwilling to let his lips go. In that moment of struggle, their kisses produced a hesitant melody, a dance of desire and resistance.

His sighs punctuated the struggle, while her murmurs of invitation depict the opposite.

After quite a bit of struggle, both of their lips separated.

Slowly, both of their eyes were opened and immediately locked onto each other again.

Under their rough breathing and eye contact, the two remained silent.

However, this time, there was a slight frown on Rex's face as he suspected something.

If he failed to realize it even by now, he would've been a fool. It was evident to him that an elusive element, unbeknownst to him, interfered with his instincts. He blamed it on the fact that Calidora's air turned harmless.

It's not only in my mind, something about her is the cause of this.

Rex is now positive that Calidora did something.



He may be a sucker for woman's temptation, but this has gone beyond normal.

Contrary to what he was thinking, Calidora affixed her determination that she would tell Rex.

"I... I have something to say" Calidora said in a hushed tone.

Upon saying that, Rex's eyes narrowed as he assumed that she would be telling him the truth about what had she done or what had happened to her to cause the change in the air around her, making it challenging for his instincts to categorize her as a threat.

Keeping eye contact, he perked his ears, ready to listen to what she was about to say.

Forming a proper sentence inside her head, Calidora is now ready.

Inhaling deeply, she prepared to speak, only to abruptly cease, her brow furrowing as she came to a realization that dawned at her at the last moment. 'No, I can't tell him about this yet. I was worrying about the wrong thing...'

Seeing her stopping, Rex tilted his head questioningly.

But seeing that she seemed to be refraining from saying what she wanted to say, he could only sigh and stood back up, "It's getting late, let's head back to the castle. You told me to rest for the day, so that's what I'm going to do"

After saying that, Rex turned to leave without waiting for Calidora.

On the other hand, Calidora let him leave.

Even though she really wants to tell Rex about her current state, she decides to refrain from doing that for now, 'If I told him about it, then when the fight with the Executor happens, he wouldn't let me come. I know for a fact that he would need me, but would still stop me from coming if he knew'

'So until the battle against the Executor is over, I will keep this from him' She nodded firmly.

Calidora was worrying about the wrong thing earlier.

Knowing Rex's personality and what he had lost, there was no way that he wouldn't accept.

Thankfully, she realized that before the words came out of her mouth.

If that happened, then Rex would be protective over her and wouldn't let her join the fight.

She was concerned that without her help, his chance of surviving would drop.

'Not now, Rex... I'll tell you when the time is right. Maybe I'm being too paranoid, knowing that you have always come up on top against your enemies. But for some reason, I don't think it would be all smooth sailing for this one'

Rubbing her belly with a slightly guilty expression, she watches as Rex's back disappears.

...

Meanwhile, back to the underground canyon of the Fire Elementals.

A crowd consisting of hundreds of Fire Elementals could be seen gathering around.

Unlike when Adhara and Ugrok came earlier, the Fire Elementals were not scattered around the entire place. Most of them were now created a circle near the platform, seemingly in great interest at what they were seeing.

Numerous explosions could be heard, rattling the entire place.

On top of that, there were struggling grunts of a woman, seemingly in atrocious pain.

Amongst the crowd was Ugrok, also watching the ongoing trial.

Despite his robust physique and intimidating presence, he instinctively covered his mouth and shut his eyes with each resonating explosion. A profound concern etched across his face, compelling him to reach in such an unsightly manner.

But how could he be calm in the face of Adhara undergoing the Fire Elemental's trial?

He could only shiver each time she was injured.

"Ugrok hope Adahra comes out okay. If not, big big problem if Rex finds out" Ugrok mused with a wry smile, fearing for the Fire Elementals' sake knowing that if Adhara was injured severely then Rex would misunderstand and wipe them all.

Chapter 1013 True Fire Blossoms

It was still perfectly clear inside Ugrok's mind.

He still remembered the time when he fought Rex inside the Cluster Domain.

Back then, Ugrok was frustrated and bored within his territory and found Adhara wandering inside the forest and stumbled across him which made him decide to toy with her to better his mood alongside the Ogres under him.

Seeing the injured Adhara, Rex instantly launches his assault in blatant anger.

It's worth to mention that he won the first fight against Rex.

During the night of the Blood Moon, he encountered Rex for the first time and defeated him before being chased by other Awakened who spotted him. So being confronted with Rex for the second time, he was not at all afraid and confident in his victory.

However, Rex proves him wrong and beats the living heck out of him.

Cyclops and Werewolves have one similar power, and that is anger made them stronger.

But Rex managed to overpower him thanks to what he did to Adhara.

Now that the Fire Elemental King was giving her the opportunity to improve her elements, it's good but has the possibility of creating a misunderstanding. Ugrok feared that Rex would be able to sense her getting hurt and came barging here.

Knowing Rex, he would have his own way to reach this place if he wanted to.

Meanwhile, the trial continues.

Previously, the Fire Elemental King explained that Adhara must rely on herself to enhance her elemental prowess and cultivate the True Fire. She could do this through being buried alive within the Flame of Truth.

It was a fire that was created specifically through the Fire Elemental King's true essence.

Her goal was to endure the flame until eight True Fire nuclei were formed.

Adhara needed to endure long enough until these eight True Fire nuclei formed inside her heart media and also her spirit's soul in order to complete the True Fire within her violet flame element.

Due to that, she willingly let herself be burned inside the Flame of Truth.

Currently, she was in her Werewolf form plus her Gladiator form.

Even though her power was soaring high, the burn from the Flame of Truth still prevailed.

Before the platform of the Fire Elemental King, a lethal yet enchanting crimson blaze soared to the underground canyon's ceiling. At the center of the blazing fire, Adhara grimaced, she was striving to withstand the Flame of Truth's intensity.

One could see that her skin was bubbling, like a body of heated water.

It was the most pain she had ever felt in her entire life.

Each time a True Fire nucleus formed, her body blasted a powerful, fiery shockwave.

Like a beating heart, her aura pulsed as this process continues.

Boom!

Another minute passed with another resounding boom coming from Adhara.

She managed to endure long enough to form eight True Fire nuclei inside her spirit's soul and is now halfway through the process. All she needs right now is to endure until the same amount forms within her heart media.

Essences of True Fire course through her skin and gathered at the center of her chest.

Slowly, it seeped into her skin to reach for her heart media.

Like tentacles from hell itself, the essence of True Fire went deeper, heading straight to her heart media. When the tip of these tendrils touched Adhara's heart media, the pain dawned on her instantly and made her hack up blood, her face contorted in pain.

Even her spirit came out of her body in an astral form behind her, letting out a wailing cry.

It was a grim reminder of her internal turmoil.

Contrary to her expectations, the agony of the True Fire nuclei forming within her heart media far exceeded the pain when they formed in her spirit's soul. Blood continued to gush out of her mouth as she crumpled to her knees, gasping for air.

Despite her regenerative ability and resistance, the Flame of Truth started to devour her.

Adhara was obviously reaching her limit.

"Stop! No more!" Ugrok shouted at the Fire Elemental King from the side.

Observing from the outside, he was extremely worried that Adhara would be devoured inside and command the Fire Elemental King to stop. Even though he initially thought that she could handle it, he seemed to be wrong.

No point in going further than this when she could resume another time when she recovered.

It's better to end it here for now.

Forcing through this would only be reckless.

Upon hearing this, the Fire Elemental King raised her hand and mused in a hushed tone when she heard Ugrok's shout and also saw Adhara falling to her knees, "Seems like this is the limit if she couldn't keep up with the damage. Even with her strong constitution, she needs several sessions before completing her True Fire"

On his side, the humanoid Fire Elemental nodded, "I believe so too, this is her absolute limit"

While looking at Adhara, the Fire Elemental King sighed.

'Guess I'll give it to her the easy way. It's good that she wanted to heed to our tradition, but ultimately, she's not strong enough. As a token of goodwill to Rex, I'll complete the process myself' He pondered, deciding that he would help Adhara out a bit.

But as he was about to vanquish the Flame of Truth, a stubborn shout halted his movement.

"Don't stop it!" Adhara shouted, turning her face to the Fire Elemental King.

Surprised by the sudden shout, the Fire Elemental King looked at Adhara and was greeted by her vicious look that is telling him to not stop the trial. He was stunned for a second before a smile crept to his face.

It seemed Adhara wasn't going to give up just yet.

Contrary to the Fire Elemental King, Ugrok was stressed when he heard what she said.

Resisting against the scorching flame that he barely could endure, he advanced toward the Flame of Truth, managing to cover about twenty meters before being halted by the vigilant Fire Elementals, warning him that venturing closer would be fatal for him.

"Adhara! Ugrok thinks stopping is better! Continuing is bad!" He tries to convince Adhara.

However, his words fall on deaf ears.

Adhara's eyes glimmered with resolve as she clenched her jaw, determined to endure the relentless flames to the very end. Her violet flame which was akin to a small candle inside the darkness of the Flame of Truth, gradually flickered and waned.

Slowly being overwhelmed by the seconds.

Moreover, her skin was also slowly being peeled off, exposing her fleshy insides.

But even then, she kept on enduring with all her might.

Seconds stretched to minutes, the trial reached the peak of intensity as Six True Fire nuclei had already formed within her heart media, with only two more to go. However, at this point, she was already on the brink of collapsing.

It has become hard to look at the trial.

Her arms' skin was already relinquished, exposing her skeletal bone.

A couple of parts of her body were experiencing the same while most parts had no more skin anymore, leaving only the gnarly flesh for the onlookers to see. Even her spirit was already knocked unconscious, leaving her alone to sustain the burn.

When the seventh True Fire nucleus was formed, her eyes held a vacant, far-off look.

Clearly, her consciousness was slipping away.

Even the Fire Elemental King was on the edge of vanquishing the Flame of Truth since if Adhara fell unconscious, then it would've been lethal, and death would certainly have been the outcome. So he was hesitating whether he should stop it right now or not.

His eyes were fixed on the last True Fire nucleus which was on the edge of completing.

Another minute or two then it would definitely be completed.

Despite going through several sessions to complete the True Fire within her elements was possible, the resulting quality would undeniably weaker compared to those who finish in one seamless attempt. Should he choose to assist her, the True Fire's quality wouldn't drop as much but would still fall short of the excellence she could attain by completing the trial independently.

But even though it would be a shame to stop it, with one nucleus to go, he has to.

Adhara will not survive the next minute or so.

Once again, when the Fire Elemental King was about to end the trial, the small ember that Adhara fed earlier suddenly jumped towards the Flame of Truth. "Wait! Don't go in there or you might be devoured too!"

Ignoring the warning from the Fire Elemental King, the small ember did the unthinkable.

Not heeding the danger, it leaped towards Adhara.

Perching delicately on Adhara's shoulder, the diminutive fire ember expended its energy to envelop her in a gentle, protective layer of flame. Instantaneously, the thin layer provided a noticeable alleviation of the searing pain she had been enduring.

Blinking her eyes one time, she snapped out of her daze and looked around in blurry vision.

Glancing at her shoulder, he found the small fire ember.

It was suffering the same pain as Adhara and was gradually becoming smaller.

"What- What are you..."

Half-awake, Adhara wanted to ask a question but was unable to form more words.

Eventually, the two suffered through the horrendous minute.

As the minute elapsed, the last True Fire nucleus completed its formation, spreading its light throughout Adhara's entire being before unleashing an even stronger shockwave. It was also different than the previous shockwaves.

Compared to the ones earlier, this one is colored violet, the color of Adahra's fire element.

Boom!

"One..."

Boom!

"Two..."

...

Boom!

"I can't believe it! She has unlocked ten blossoms! Five within her spirit's soul and five in her heart media!" Gaspd the humanoid Fire Elemental beside the Fire Elemental King, shocked by the count of the purple shockwaves that erupted following the completion of the last True Fire nucleus.

A True Fire nucleus could turn into a True Fire blossom.

It was also the gauging factor of the quality of the True Fire that was achieved by an entity.

Since there are sixteen True nuclei for fire elements, theoretically, one has a chance to turn all sixteen True Fire nuclei into True Fire blossoms. But in the span of long centuries, there were only a couple that could reach thirteen True Fire blossoms.

But all of them are cultivated and developed.

Recorded True Fire blossoms when achieving the True Fire was at most ten.

It was only achieved by one person.

Astoundingly enough, Adhara became the second person who unlocked ten instantaneously.

No wonder that the humanoid Fire Elemental was this surprised.

Even the Fire Elemental King couldn't hide his smile anymore, there was relief in his eyes as he was thankful that he didn't fold so fast, or else he wouldn't see such a rare event occur in front of his eyes.

Despite the very big risk, the reward was extremely worth it.

Kaboom!

With another powerful blast, the Flame of Truth was pushed away without the Fire Elemental King needing to do anything. Coming out of it was Adhara. Her injuries were starting to heal at a visible pace, and it didn't take long before she turned to normal.

Around her was her violet flame which was now brimming with newfound light.

It was glistening, and within is dancing flaming petals.

Remarkably, the diminutive ember, now reduced to half its original size, resiliently clung to her shoulder. It had weathered the ordeal and was clearly exhausted, its form can be seen slightly melting on her shoulder.

Fortunately, it found rejuvenation from Adhara, focusing her new flame on it.

Ignoring the onlookers around her who were astounded by what she managed to achieve, Adhara turned to look at the small ember and used her finger to pat it in appreciation, "I wouldn't be able to endure it without you, you have my thanks little Fire Elemental"

Upon hearing this, the small ember smiled and morphed its fire to form a thumbs-up.

Seeing this made her chuckle pleasantly.

Had the small ember not helped her in that last moment, then she would've been knocked unconscious and things could have ended up badly. But now, as she raised her hand to observe her new flame, a smile crept to her face.

"Worth it... All of that pain was worth it" She mused to herself.

Chapter 1014 Worthy Fire Elementalist

Adhara looked at what her fire had become and smiled.

Her fire element, also known as the Fire of Jealousy is a powerful ultimate element that many Awakened were envious of. It has an innate ability to react to her emotions, a powerful ability that would be an immense help during a fight.

It's basically an innate ability that would be very handy in dire situations.

Giving her the power to clutch devastating moments.

Furthermore, the sliver of True Fire inside of her fire element also makes it possible for her to create ultimate-grade elemental stones that were sought out by many, having an opportunity for other Fire Elementalists to cultivate the True Fire to a certain limit.

Overall, her fire element is already strong enough on its own.

But now, it has become even stronger as the True Fire within it is now in complete form.

She could see and feel her fire element has gotten stronger immensely.

If she had been pitted against herself before she completed her True Fire, then she would've been able to overpower her previous self and burn her to ash. Adhara was confident as her current fire was beyond abnormal.

Adhara needs to be careful, she might get burned by her own fire due to how strong it was.

Her eyes flickered at the sight of her new fire, dancing on her palm.

Upon closer inspection of her new fire, her eyes squinted as a distinct sensation permeated her fire mana. It was slightly altered by completing the True Fire, and it was only then that she realized what she had just achieved.

"A- Arcane mana..." She uttered whisperingly in shock.

Despite being able to hold her own against ninth-rank realm opponents, it was all thanks to the Herald Mark that Rex had given to her as the Female Alpha. Her elemental prowess was still stuck at the eighth-rank realm, hardly developing because the requirement to reach the ninth-rank realm is quite hard to achieve.

In order to reach the ninth-rank realm, she must evolve her mana into arcane mana.

Shockingly enough, completing the True Fire brought a pleasant side effect.

With a blink, she snapped out of her trance.

Recovering from her shock, she peered through the lens of her Awakened's vision in order to observe closely whether her fire mana was actually what she thought it was or not, 'I can see that it's

different than Rex's arcane lightning mana. Mine doesn't feel the same compared to his, and it's not because of our different elements either'

'It seems my fire mana still hasn't fully transitioned to arcane mana yet' She pondered.

Despite her mana hasn't evolved fully yet, she was still grateful.

From the looks of it, she was already halfway through achieving Arcane Mana.

Just as she was inspecting her violet fire, she noticed something.

Even though her trial was over and she had already completed her True Fire, there was not a hint of sound in the background, it was complete silence. Adhara traversed her gaze forward and saw that Ugrok, the Fire Elemental King, and the other Fire Elementals were in complete shock, looking at her in silence.

All of them seem to be dumbfounded.

Surely enough, all of them were dumbfounded as this is quite a miracle.

The Fire Elemental King and his vassals marveled at Adhara's feat.

She managed to create an astonishing record of ten True Fire blossoms and become the second person who actually achieved that impossibly hard feat. Just the fact that there's only one that has done what she did in thousands of years speaks for itself.

Most of the onlookers shared a familiar shock.

However, there's a single person who is looking at Adhara in silence for another reason.

Ugrok was the one who had a different reason for his dumbfounded look.

His gaze was directed on the center of Adhara's chest, a source of extreme unease flickering in his eyes. He was looking at a reddish burn mark, the size of a volleyball, marking her once pristine and silky-smooth skin which wasn't there earlier before the trial.

Obviously, it was caused by the awakening of her True Fire blossom earlier.

Naturally, he was concerned at the sight of this.

Even inside he was hoping that the burn mark only scarred Adhara's Werewolf form.

Adhara followed the direction of his gaze and was led to look down to see the vicious burn mark that turned the skin at the center of her chest area light reddish, sparking a frown from her as she didn't realize it until now.

Quickly after that, she turned back into her human form and her clothes came back as well.

Peeking through her clothes she found that the burnt mark was there.

It was only then that her frown deepened.

Fortunately for her healing properties, most of her other injuries were already healed by now.

But the one on the center of her chest remained.

'Why isn't it being healed? Don't tell me that it's going to be a permanent scar?'

Upon realizing that the burn mark was permanent, Adhara bit her lower lip in utter worry.



As a woman, she recognized that a scar in that particular area would undoubtedly be bad for her, potentially diminishing her overall appeal. While a scar from a cut might carry a different appeal, a burn scar presented an entirely unappealing prospect.

Despite the overall increase in strength, she didn't expect to have this kind of side effect.

Just as she was fretting in her mind, the Fire Elemental King approached.

"Congratulations, Female Alpha, you have attained ten True Fire blossoms, shattering the record standing for thousands of years. Rejoice, for your body is blessed to wield fire" He exclaimed, a broad smile lighting up his face as he took pleasure in witnessing such a rare achievement right before his eyes.

In response, Adhara returned the smile, albeit forced as her mind was somewhere else.

Her burn mark definitely troubles her.

Since she didn't know anything about what the Fire Elemental King was talking about, she was supposed to be curious, but her mind was too occupied right now. But even then, it seemed that the Fire Elemental King didn't recognize her troubles.

"Now, try to feel your True Fire blossoms in your heart media" He instructed expectantly.

Upon hearing this, Adhara nodded and closed her eyes.

Probing her heart media, she could feel something, like touching a couple of marbles.

Noticing that she could feel the True Fire Blossoms, the Fire Elemental King added, telling her the next step, "If you can feel your True Fire blossoms, I want you to try and activate them, as much as you can and use them to cast a spell"

Doing exactly that, Adhara channeled her mana to activate the True Fire blossoms.

However, even activating one of them felt very heavy.

It was akin to being pinned down with an enormous object right on her chest.

Adhara exerted her utmost effort, managing to activate only three True Fire Blossoms. In the next very instant, she cast the Fire Scimitars spell. Several fiery scimitars materialized above her, burning with intense violet flames.

But there were only three, a far cry from the usual number she could summon.

Even though there were three, the difference in power was evident.

Compared to the dozens of scimitars she summoned in the past, taken only the rough shape of an actual scimitar, the three she conjured now were bigger and boasted a flawless, very sophisticated form.

Each one of them seemed to be a legendary weapon with beautiful and compact linings.

Looking at the fiery scimitars, Adhara was mesmerized.

Despite the fact that the cost of using a spell increases with her fire element now containing the True Fire, the power it brought forth makes it worth it. She could feel that one strike from the fiery scimitars she summoned could obliterate other eighth-rank realms Awakened at the early stage easily.

Her spell was now nearing the realm of the ninth rank, despite still being an eighth rank.

"How many True Fire blossoms can you activate?" the Fire Elemental King asked.

Upon hearing this, Adhara replied truthfully, "I can only activate three"

"Well, that's one more than I expected. It's a positive thing," the Fire Elemental King nodded in affirmation. "Your True Fire quality is at ten blossoms, it's extremely powerful, but you are not currently in any condition to activate all of them. To activate all of them, firstly, you need to grow stronger and enhance your mastery over your evolved element"

Adhara listens to the Fire Elemental King's explanation attentively.

Her mind was now focused on him.

"Also, here, take this" the Fire Elemental King added, giving her a book that he summoned.

Examining the book she was given, Adhara noticed the Fire Elemental's symbol adorning the cover, and the book itself was crafted from enchanted black wood, very resistant to fire as it didn't burn despite being exposed to the scorching heat of the place.

Moreover, there was a title on the cover that was written in a language she understood.

'Pyroclasmic Emissary'

"I hadn't initially planned to give you this, but since you have awakened your True Fire with ten blossoms, it would be a waste not to," the fire Elemental King continued. "This right here is the sacred spell book of my people. Master its contents, and you'll become an unstoppable Fire Elementalist. Once you're done, return it to me"

Adhara was at a loss for words when she heard this.

Now that she knew what this book was, she instinctively held it with great care.

A fire spell book from the Fire Elemental King himself must be the strongest fire spell that the world has ever seen, especially hearing the confidence and pride in his tone as he handed it over to Adhara, made it more believable.

Snapping out of her trance, she bowed slightly, "I accept this generous offer"

"I'll put good words to the Alpha about your race" She added.

But this made the Fire Elemental King chuckle, waving his hand in hubris, "No need. It would be a mockery to the sacred spell book if I exchanged it for something, so don't. If you really want to thank me, then master the spell as fast as possible and return the spell book to me"

"As you already expected, it's very important to me" He added.

...

God Realm, the Ice and Snow Lunirich God domain.

Ever since Iseldra sent Kyran back to the mortal realm to convey her message, she has been watching the Silverstar Pack's movement from the higher realm, and she was happy with the progression of their decision.

Usually, she would return to her slumber as she usually does.

But with the First Breath and boredom, she wanted her chosen champion to be awake.

In order to do that, she would need to make a pact.

Knowing that Kyran was amongst the inhabitants of deep slumber, she found it fortunate that he was here and decided to make the Silverstar Pack the target. With their power, it wouldn't be long before her champion would be awakened.

Especially seeing a familiar face amongst them, Flunra whom she recognizes.

An entity from the distant past.

Currently, Iseldra sat upon her icy throne, surrounded by a couple of giant white Werewolves and desolation. Before her was a magical screen displaying Flunra's rapid journey across vast distances in search of Adhara who would aid him in his quest.

While watching this, Iseldra clicked her tongue in displeasure.

"If only my idiot siblings hadn't defied the cosmic order and assailed the Royal Black Prince, I would've amassed sufficient divine power to dispatch a celestial envoy to rouse my beloved Princess" She complained, her face contorted in utter vexation.

But then, she calmed herself down with a long exhale.

Opening her eyes again, she looked at the screen with a steady gaze.

"Nevertheless, albeit I was forced to resort to less dignified means, the Silverstar Pack will do. Should they come at me for forging a covenant with them, I shall not yield. Hmph! The culpability lies entirely with them, not me..." She added with a flicker of anger in her eyes.

#### Chapter 1015 Arrival Incident

As the Countess of the Banished Dark Moon mentioned, the collective attack from the other Lunirich Gods that was directed at Rex, transcending the barrier between the God realm and the mortal realm was not done without repercussions.

It was a direct attack from literal Gods, which was unbelievable.

Only a few instances in the past could match the level of what the Lunirich Gods did to Rex.

Gods shouldn't interfere in the mortal realm directly.

Sending a celestial envoy is the normal way of connecting with the mortal realm that will not cause a heavy backlash on them. But it's true that the celestial envoy will only retain a small portion of the associated God's power.

Naturally, Rex should've seen this coming.

In a twisted way, breaking the Lunirich Edict is him interfering with the matters of the Gods.

Surely, the Gods would return the same thing to him.

However, despite their godly selves, what they had done on a whim will not go unpunished.

Not too long ago, after the attack the other Lunirich Gods launched at Rex, Iseldra received an unexpected visitor that came to her dominion. It was the Lunirich God of the Dark Moon, urging her to join forces to deal with the troublesome mortal.

She came in the name of the reputation of the entire Lunirich Gods.

But this serves the opposite reaction.

Enraged by her demanding tone, Iseldra kicked her out and didn't even consider helping.

Initially, she was going to slumber again until the situation became more suitable for her, but this visit made her dissuade from doing that and instead contact the Silverstar Pack for help to awaken her champion.

A declaration that she doesn't care what her other siblings want.

"I didn't take any part of the assail, and yet I too felt its repercussions," Iseldra muttered with divine displeasure, clicking her tongue in disdain. "Despite my benevolence in not voicing my grievances, they still seek my aid? Truly laughable!"

"Here's my answer, dear brothers and sisters" She mocked before turning her gaze down.

Sensing her displeasure, the giant white Werewolves moved.

Not waiting for Iseldra to command them, all of them engaged in combat among themselves to placate her seething wrath. Should her anger escalate, then the requirement to appear her would reach levels of sheer terror.

Due to that, they wasted no time to give her a show to take her mind off of the ordeal.

Located at the left side of her throne was a giant white Werewolf.

It seemed to be awaiting his turn to rumble.

But oblivious to Iseldra, the creature cast a brief, calculating gaze in her direction. Its eyes aglow with crimson light, indicating the influence of an alternate divine energy. Something that she failed to sense.

...

Humming Damned Forest, two miles away from the Dark Elf Kingdom.

Reluctantly, Evelyn found herself compelled to part ways with Flunra, recognizing that the issues within the Dark Elf Kingdom demanded immediate attention. Despite the urgency of awakening the Princes of Ice and Snow, crucial for Rex's future endeavors, it would not be wise of her to disregard her responsibilities.

It was her duty to keep Dargena City running and its political alliances intact.

A responsibility that a Queen would need to bear.

'I'm doing the right thing, even Rex would agree with me' Evelyn pondered.

While striding slowly toward the Dark Elf Kingdom, she was dwelling in her messy mind. She clearly remembered that Rex said to her that she was the Queen-like figure of the Silverstar Pack, and thus, she should be present to handle this kind of issue.

After all, if a civil war breaks out within the Dark Elf Kingdom, it would be very bad.

It would be akin to losing an alliance for good.

Despite the turmoil in her mind, all thanks to the abrupt shift in Flunra's attitude towards her, she endeavored to maintain a facade of strength and quickened her pace, reaching the Dark Elf Kingdom within mere minutes.

Upon arriving there, the guards were shocked to see her approaching without a notice.

Moreover, there were no envoys with her which was weird.

Knowing the background and her standing within the Silverstar Pack, the entire city guard squad had their legs feeling weak. But some of them forced themselves to come down and open the gate for her.

If a Silverstar Pack member came here like this, then it could only mean one thing.

All of the guards knew that she had come to deal with the chaos.

But as the gate was opened, the city guards had a better look at her and realized that she was surprisingly, clad in battle armor. It was the first time for them to see the Luna of the Silverstar Pack clad in such attire.

Expecting a fight, she stands enshrouded in an armor of midnight steel with crimson accents.

Her pauldrons, adorned with the likeness of snarling wolves, lend her the imposing air of a battle maiden. A crimson cloak, emblematic of her namesake, drapes over the functional elegance of her cuirass, the color as deep as her fire elements.

Moreover, her steel gauntlets end in red prudian talons, each one a promise of lethality.

Without the need for her Werewolf form, her gauntlet could rip anything apart.

Lastly, a silver star emblem adorned her breastplate.

It was a set of armor that the workers in the factory had made as a gift for her, forged with the combination efforts of all, and also with the best of the red prudian materials. She wore this out of cautiousness if she ran into a vicious battle.

But in the Dark Elves' perspective, she wore this to give them some discipline.

Just the thought of it made them shiver.

Emerging from the opened gate were approximately three dozen Dark Elves adorned in sleep armor. All quickly rushed out and made a simple royal procession for her, standing in line with upright backs on either side of the gate, creating a passage for Evelyn to enter.

Observing them doing this, Evelyn didn't say a word and walked inside.

Each of her steps clanked against the ground.

Almost in a union, all of the Dark Elf guards bowed as she walked past them.

None of them dared to raise their gaze to look at her as there was an evident vexation in her countenance, showcasing that she was in a rather bad mood. If not noticed from her evident expression, her bad mood could be felt directly through the air that she emitted.

"You, come here" Evelyn mused, pointing at a Dark Elf.

Upon hearing this, the Dark Elf quickly rushed over, "What can I help you with, my Lady?"

"Inform the King of my arrival, I request an audience. Also, I was told that your Elders have awakened. Summon their representative to the castle too" Evelyn commanded with an authoritative tone, prompting the Dark Elf guard to act on autopilot.

He would do anything that Evelyn asked of him right now.

Just as the Dark Elf guard was about to do as he was told, a group of Dark Elves came.

Compared to the regular Dark Elves that Evelyn had seen, these ones were more muscular and bigger than the norm. Even the one leading the group of three has a weird third eye on his forehead, an uncharacteristic trait for the Dark Elves.

"I've overheard your command earlier," the leading Dark Elf uttered as he approached.

Evelyn looked at him with one of her brows raised, "And?"

"I'm not certain if you're in the right state of mind, but let me remind you, human, that this is the Dark Elf Kingdom. It's not the ancient era anymore, so don't delude yourself into thinking you can waltz in here and issue orders" He declared, towering over Evelyn and even crossing his arms arrogantly.

Upon hearing this, the Dark Elf guards felt their hearts tightened.

"S- Sir Olfa, it's fine... I- I think she's okay" the Dark Elf guard beside Evelyn muttered.

His voice was trembling viciously due to the fear gnawing him.

Instead of listening to what the Dark Elf guard said, the one referred to as Olfa looked at him in ridicule, "See...? Look at what that spineless King Jorik did to our people! He has infected others to be as spineless as him, pathetic!"

"Move out of the way" Evelyn sighed, trying to walk past, not wanting to entertain this fool.

But Olfa was angered at the tone that she was using and blocked her again.

Bending down to her eye level, Olfa fixed her with a direct gaze, a smirk playing on one side of his lips, exuding an air of arrogance still. "Do you know who I am? Are you even aware of whom you are addressing, human? I am Olfa, the son of the great Damioch, hailing from the esteemed Shalvin noble lineage. Adjust your tone, or I may find it necessary to relieve you of your tongue"

Despite the provocation, Evelyn did bite and repeated, "Move out of the way"

However, Olfa was at this point, enraged.

"She's pretty. Don't hurt her too much so we can play with her, Olfa"

"Yeah, it'll be a waste to scar her pretty face"

Similarly, the two other Dark Elves who came with Olfa chimed with their disgusting words.

Even Evelyn was irked at their banter, shooting a disgusted look.

Like a thousand cuts, the Dark Elf guards who heard these comments felt like suicide.

Disbelief hung heavy in the air, for how could Olfa and his companions, hailing from an ancient era, remain oblivious to the identity of the one they addressed? The incredulity deepened further

considering the subject in question wasn't merely a member of the Silverstar Pack but also held the treasured Luna of the pack.

Lord Rex's spouse!

It was a well-known fact that the Luna of a Werewolf Pack is very protected and cared for.

Other members could easily be provoked if anyone messed with their Luna.

So the fact that Olfa and his friends did this made their hearts skip a beat.

Additionally, under the gaze of the Dark Elf guards, Olfa reached out his hand to lay a hand on Evelyn. However, in the very next moment, the area around them blasted as the entire place was covered in dust and rubble.

Because of this loud crashing sound, more turned their attention towards the gate.

Many feared that the kingdom was being attacked.

Numerous powerhouses, a mix from the ancient era and new era came rushing towards the gate in a splendid manner, brimming with dark nature energy. But then, as the dust receded, their eyes witnessed an astonishing sight.

"Kahhk!" Olfa coughed a mouthful of blood, his eyes bulging in anger.

Pinned to the ground, his head pressed against the earth and his right arm contorted to the back, on the brink of breaking. A dominant figure was stepping on Olfa, and a single glance revealed the figure was none other than General Theodas himself.

His foot firmly planted on Olfa's back, crushing him from above.

A savage expression decorated General Theodas' expression right now.

Just as he heard the gate being opened, he came to check only to find Olfa messing with the Luna of the Silverstar Pack, Evelyn. It was a shocking sight that his eyes almost popped out of their sockets before he made his way with extreme quickness.

It would be catastrophic for the kingdom if Olfa laid a hand on Evelyn.

"You imbecile! Does your puny mind understand the gravity of what you are about to do?!"

General Theodas shouted with extreme anger.

Upon hearing this, Olfa gritted his teeth and tried to stand up, "Theodas! Get off me!"

"Answer me! Do you know who she is?!" He retorted still.

Olfa, his pride wounded and humiliation evident on his face, glared at General Theodas with a burning rage. "Her? A mere human nobody?! She came here and acted like she owns our Kingdom, and I'm the one who has the spine to correct her!"

"Idiot! She's the Silverstar Pack's Luna!!" General Theodas roared at the top of his lungs.

At that moment, Olfa's eyes widened and he stopped struggling.

Returning his attention to Evelyn, standing motionlessly with a stoic expression, surrounded by the Dark Elf guards that instinctively came to protect her when they saw Olfa was about to lay his hands on her, his initially shocked expression faded into one of pale realization.

Only now that he understands the gravity of what he was doing.

"W- What...? T- The Luna?" He whispered silently, pure terror trembling his voice.

Chapter 1016 The Luna's Standing (1)

Olfa was in complete and utter shock.

He was told that humans were not the sovereign rulers of the world in the ancient era and thought that he could finally exert his hatred and vexation when a human traversed to the kingdom and even bossed around the guards.

Due to his eagerness, he failed to recognize the differences he would've normally noticed.

It should be odd that the guards open the gate willingly for Evelyn.

More so that all of them even obeyed her completely.

Surely, had his mind was not clouded with his eagerness, he would've found this weird.

Despite the cold tension in the air between the ancient families and the royal family of the new era, which General Theodas was a part of, he doesn't seem to be lying to Olfa as even the guards instinctively came to protect Evelyn.

Not that she couldn't defend herself, but out of fear for themselves.

Antagonizing the Silverstar Pack spelled inevitable doom.

The Silverstar Pack served as both a protective umbrella for the Dark Elves against the other high-rank Supernatural races and also a formidable force in their own right. Engaging against the newly formed third party of the new era would be a recklessly foolish endeavor.

Even Olfa knew that as he was educated of their feats the moment he was awakened.

It was then that he felt the pressure on his back building.

General Theodas didn't press him more than he needed to, but the weight on Olfa's back was gradually intensifying, and it all came from Evelyn's cold, penetrating state. Her silent, icy gaze conveyed more condemnation than any words could.

A formidable response to Olfa's impudent transgressions.

"Forgive his impudence, my Lady," General Theodas turned to look at Evelyn and apologized for Olfa. "He is nothing more than a brat who doesn't know his place. Please, if you let this one go, then I will make sure that nothing like this will ever happen again"

Upon hearing this, Evelyn turned to look at General Theodas before she stepped forward.

The Dark Elf guards that surrounded her makes way for her.

As Evelyn drew near, Olfa and the two other Dark Elves hurling insults at her found their previous bravado waning. Her aura now resembles that of an executioner, punishment's harbinger, the one who would determine their life and death.

Frankly speaking, if she wanted to, she could technically do anything to them right now.

Such was the power she held as the Silverstar Pack's Luna.



Keeping her graceful composure, Evelyn looked down at the pinned and terrified Olfa.

"Olfa, son of the great Damioc of the Shalvin Family..."

She repeated what she was told earlier, her words alone were able to make Olfa's blood run colder than the North Pole. He now realizes his mistake of arrogantly declaring exactly who he is in front of Evelyn.

Not only does he bring trouble to himself, but he also brings trouble to his entire family.

"Do you admit your wrongs, Olfa of the Shalvin Family?" She asked.

"Yes!" Upon hearing this, Olfa repeatedly nodded his head while still being held down by General Theodas, begging for mercy. "I have wronged you, my Lady. If you show mercy to me right now, I will repent and try to never make a mistake like this ever again!"

Evelyn nodded, she could see the palpable regret in his eyes.

For a brief moment, Olfa had a smile on his face, thinking that he would be pardoned.

But that exhilaration was short-lived as the air around her turned colder.

"Since you acknowledge it, what befits an appropriate punishment in your view?" She mused lightly, yet Olfa's body couldn't help but tense. "Certainly, there must be a consequence to ensure the lessons are learned and your errors are not repeated, don't you agree?"

Despite her soothing and graceful tone, there was a hint of lethality in it.

Knowing that this might not end well, General Theodas decided to intervene in the banter.

"Ah—there's a traditional punishment we Dark Elves adopted. He would be whipped on his exposed back with an enchanted thorny vines against the crimson pine tree until ten leaves fall from its branches" He proposed, trying to help Olfa.

Not that General Theodas undermines what Olfa did.

Olfa was in the wrong, but it's preferable nothing too bad happened to him.

Upon absorbing this, Evelyn nodded with subtle approval, her gaze reflecting that she was inclined to accept that. But then, a glint appeared in her eyes, as if a realization had dawned upon her out of nowhere.

"Sir Olfa may have proposed something worthwhile earlier" She remarked, turning to Olfa.

Looking at her peculiar eyes, Olfa gulped harshly.

With a sweet and velvety smile, Evelyn then continued with an inquiring tone, hiding the true feeling that she had within, "If I remember correctly, you said earlier that you would relieve me of my tongue. Am I remembering it right?"

Breaking free from General Theodas' hold, Olfa quickly prostrated on the ground.

He pressed his forehead strongly against the ground in repentance and shook his head viciously, not wanting that to be his punishment, "No, you must've heard it wrong, my Lady. I never said something like that"

"Are you calling me a liar, Sir Olfa?" Evelyn asked again, her eyes squinting.

Olfa's body trembled uncontrollably at this.

He subconsciously knew that he had messed up way more than he could chew right now.

Nothing could save him from this situation.

Even if his father came and tried to appease the situation, there was absolutely no way that he was able to end this without offending Evelyn. Moreover, the onlookers who heard what she said felt a shiver run down their spine.

None of them could imagine seeing Olfa's tongue being cut off without flinching themselves.

It seemed to them all that the punishment was settled already.

However, at the peak of the tension as Olfa already started to weep silently, not expecting that his bravado would lead to a severe consequence—having his tongue severed—the air that seemed to choke the onlookers' throats dissipated completely.

A graceful smile came and adorned Evelyn's beautiful and flawless face.

Just like that, all of the lethality she emits disappears.

"Don't be scared too much, Sir Olfa," She said with a lighter tone. "I'm not equipped to do such acts myself. After all, I'm not as vicious as some might think. Of course, if it were the Alpha, he would not have waited long to gauge your tongue out"

Upon the brief mention of the Alpha, Olfa crawled to Evelyn's feet.

"Please, my Lady, the Alpha doesn't need to know. I will repent!" He begged in desperation.

His life would've been over if Rex knew what he said to Evelyn.

Looking at this, Evelyn's kneeled down and helped him to sit up with the same, enchanting smile on her face, "Fear not, I am not that kind of person. I will make sure that the Alpha doesn't know because I already make sure you will not make the same mistake"

"Y- Yes! You have my gratitude!" Olfa quickly thanked her despite being confused briefly.

He doesn't know what Evelyn meant by that.

But as long as the Alpha wouldn't know about this, he should be fine.

"Now if you'll excuse me, I have somewhere to be" Evelyn stood up and left the place.

She walked past Olfa and his two companions.

Of course, she didn't forget to give the two an expressionless look before smiling at them.

Both were not brave enough to look at Evelyn's smile.

Feeling elated that he was blessed by a miracle by nature itself, Olfa looked skywards with a brimming smile on his face. He was glad that nothing bad happened even though if the situation was reversed, he would've cut the person's tongue already for saying what he said to Evelyn.

It was too disrespectful, especially for someone of Evelyn's standing.

'Huh... Guess it was only the Alpha that was vicious, the others are probably second-rate'

Oblivious to him, Evelyn gives a meaningful glance at General Theodas.

Her glance alone made General Theodas sigh as he understood what she meant entirely, and in obeying her order, he approached the elated Olfa before he slapped him so hard on the face, toppling him to the ground.

"What are you-?!"

Just before Olfa could say anything, General Theodas struck the back of his neck.

A strike that knocked Olfa unconscious instantly.

Evelyn's signal was for him to do the punishment himself.

Clearly, the first slap to Olfa was a personal one as he was still in disbelief that Olfa could end up offending Evelyn. Moreover, he also did the same thing he did to Olfa to the other companions as they too would suffer the punishment.

He knew that it was the only thing that would appease Evelyn's silent wrath.

Then again, this is a bad time for them to offend her.

Due to the argument she had with Flunra, she was obviously left in an extremely bad mood.

Not lingering any longer as there were onlookers watching him doing this, General Theodas carried Olfa over his shoulder and the two other Dark Elves before he dashed away, taking them to a more secluded place for the punishment.

While Evelyn, on the other hand, heads to the castle to meet with King Jorik as she planned.

But as she walked, a group of people came rushing over to the gate.

One of them bore stark similarities to Olfa.

It was as if she was looking at an older and more mature version of Olfa.

Coming across each other, Evelyn and Olfa's father, Damioc made eye contact in a standoff.

Damioc heard that Olfa made a commotion near the gate, and he was reported that the one he supposedly offended was the Luna of the Silverstar Pack. After receiving the news, he made haste to the scene but it seemed he was too late.

Looking around the place, Olfa was nowhere to be seen.

Even some of the crowd was already leaving, depicting that the ordeal was over.

"Damioc Shalvin..."

"Lady Evelyn..."

Both of them greeted each other meaningfully.

Unlike Olfa, Damioc recognized Evelyn instantly due to the fiery red hair that she possessed.

It was the stark characteristic of the Silverstar Pack's Luna.

On the other hand, Damioc was also surprised that Evelyn knew his name.

Surely this was Olfa's doing.

However, from that alone, he could already made a guess of what had happened.

Smiling lightly, Evelyn made her way onward without saying a single word again. But when the two were shoulder to shoulder, she stopped and tilted her head to the side a little, "He volunteered to be punished, and it's not death, you have nothing to worry about. But if you try to stop it, I can't guarantee that it won't end badly so I suggest you wait"

"I understand" Damioc replied grudgingly.

Despite he was unwilling to let his son be punished, there was nothing he could do.

Touch Evelyn and the entire kingdom will be razed to the ground.

At this point, he should be thankful that Evelyn didn't decide to kill his son.

Had he known the actual things that Olfa and his companions were saying to Evelyn earlier, Damioc would've felt extremely lucky that Evelyn didn't pursue the matter. Threatening and even verbally harassing her is not a small offense.

Once again, if Rex knew, there would be a bloodbath.

Evelyn decided to let this matter go, however, was not because of her kindness.

It was because she could use this in the meeting she will have later.

A trump card if the older generations of Dark Elves try to be overbearing with her.

Realizing that Damioc is more level-headed than his son, Evelyn smiled before she turned her gaze forward again, "Shalvin Family, huh... I'd like to apologize upfront, but this incident will be heard by the Alpha. If I were you, I'd think of a way to appease his inevitable anger"

After saying that, Evelyn simply walked away, leaving Damioc rooted on his spot.

Chapter 1017 The Luna's Standing (2)

High-standing figures are currently present to attend the sudden, out-of-the-blue meeting.

A request from an unexpected visitor.

Under the request, ten figures were called to a secretive parlor.

It was an expansive room shrouded in mysterious gloom, echoing the grandeur and ominous allure of the Dark Elves. High, arching windows stretch towards the ceiling, partially covered by heavy, whispering drapes.

Statues of legendary Dark Elves adorned the walls, depicting scenes of ancient lore.

At the room's heart lies a long, onyx table.

Its surface is reflective and cold, lined with chairs that resemble thrones, each carved from the rarest dark wood and endowed with high, clawed backrests. An array of candles, dancing like captive spirits, provide a dim, flickering light that casts, treacherous shadows across the floor.

Moving lively, these shadows mingle with the soft glow that the table emanates.

Sitting on each of the chairs were the ten high-standing figures.

Evelyn sat at the power seat at the left edge of the table, far away from the door, with Lady Lauren standing right beside her. On the other hand, King Jorik sat at the power seat at the right, with a royal Dark Elf advisor beside him.

Positioned at the body of the table were the Elders, representing their high-ranking families.

Out of the six of them, there was one familiar face.

Damioc was one of them, and he was evidently avoiding turning in Evelyn's direction as he could feel that she was looking at him. A tense air loomed in the air because of their exchange, and the others could feel it directly.

Surely, Damioc was ashamed of what his son had done to her.

It was a fatal mistake.

'Lady Evelyn... Is that really the Luna? She looked so young'

Sitting at the right side of the table, sizing Evelyn up and down was a beautiful Dark Elf.

For many, she is the embodiment of her race's enigmatic beauty.

Her skin is a luminous shade of pale silver, a perfect match with her white hair that cascades down in a meticulous braid, hinting at a disciplined nature. She wears a black dress with sheer sleeves that billow softly and graced with intricate golden earrings that speak of her status.

Overall, her demeanor was that of quiet power, a silent storm personified.

She was Bevryth, the head of the Aldri family.

Looking at the supposed Luna in the flesh, Bevryth was both surprised and confused.

Knowing the nature of the Silverstar Pack, they also retain their human nature, and even in human lifespan, Evelyn still looked very young. 'If it's her, then this must not be too hard to do. It'll go smoothly'

After thinking that, Bevryth made subtle eye contact with another Dark Elf across her.

He nodded in response before returning to silence again.

A silent minute has passed, and none of them uttered a single word in this minute.

Only the sound of the repeating, resonating click of Evelyn's armored talons could be heard in the background, punctuating the tense silence that enveloped the room as her piercing gaze swept across the assembly of Dark Elves.

From the looks of it, they were all aware of the incident that transpired at the gate.

Earlier, Lady Lauren has already briefed her about the Elders.

Lady Lauren observed that the Aldri, Sanzo, and Diaro families were the most hostile in the current situation. All of them tried to cause trouble to King Jorik's family but were thankfully intercepted by General Theodas.

But as it was barely a month since they awakened, these are only the tastings.

It wouldn't be a surprise if those three families tried to do something to disrupt this meeting.

Eventually, King Jorik decided to be the one to break the ice.

"Have you been hurt anywhere, lady Evelyn?" He asked, concern in his tone.

Upon hearing this, Evelyn tilted her gaze to him before her fingers stopped with one louder click that echoed throughout the room, "No, I am fine. General Theodas came in the nick of time, and I appreciate it"

King Jorik nodded in relief, he feared that Olaf had already grazed her somewhere.

"As the sovereign of the Dark Elves," He solemnly placed his hand over his chest, a gesture underscoring the sincerity of his words, "I extend my deepest apologies for the regrettable incident you endured in my realm, Lady Evelyn. I earnestly hope you can find it within in you to grant me and my people forgiveness"

Despite the tie between King Jorik and the Silverstar Pack, this is his fault.

It was the wrongdoings of his people, and as a King, he was also the one to blame.

Nevertheless, the anger Evelyn had earlier was not directed at King Jorik too much, knowing the situation he was facing right now. But as she was about to accept the apology, her eyes darted to the other Elders of the Dark Elves.

A look of disapproval was etched on their contorting faces.

'Hmm... Seems like King Jorik specifically said that to establish his position' Evelyn pondered.

The Elders exhibited their displeasure overtly as King Jorik promoted and emphasized his role as the Dark Elf King in the presence of a Silverstar Pack member. Such an act clearly aimed to solidify his position.

A declaration to others that he was now the undisputed ruler.

Just from his apology alone, the air around the Elders becomes hostile instantly.

But it was at that moment that Evelyn stepped in.

"I sought an audience because of the news I heard unfolding in the Dark Elf Kingdom, I am here to see if there was a way to resolve this matter, one that would restore the harmony your kingdom once enjoyed" She explained, opening up a conversation.

Evelyn hoped that this meeting would lead to a favorable conclusion for all.

One that would end the Dark Elf's dispute.

Already expecting what she was here for, King Jorik could only sigh lightly.

None of them seemed to want to explain the problem to Lady Evelyn, and it was only then that King Jorik's advisor stepped forward and was the one to explain it. He would not allow Evelyn to wait another minute for them to explain.

It would be disrespecting her further.

Evelyn listened to the problem that existed between King Jorik and the Elders.

A problem centered on the King's position, where King Jorik was said to be unworthy of that position, not due to his lack of strength, but rather because his blood doesn't contain noble lineage, and leaving him as the King would be breaking the longstanding tradition.

King Jorik's advisor explained the bloodline of each noble family to Evelyn.

She was educated in the families of the Dark Elves.

Several times already, there were heated debates that only intensified by the second.

Lady Lauren was forced to become an intermediary in Evelyn's stead to keep the meeting civil, there would be no fight in front of Evelyn. Fortunately enough, the Elders were quite compliant and didn't escalate things.

On the other hand, Evelyn was left in contemplation.

Now she understands that what the Awakened who reported to her said earlier was true, a fight would really soon break out if this matter is not settled somehow. If that happens, it would be the doom of the Dark Elves, at least if no one gives up.

From the looks of things, it's unlikely that either of them would give up.

"Isn't it better for the stronger one to be in charge?" Evelyn muttered questioningly.

It was then that Bevryth leaned forward to the table and answered instantly, "Unlike your kind, we, the Dark Elves favored nobility more. Our ancestors have been blessed by Dark Nature directly, and thus, the blessing of Dark Nature course in our blood. Jorik doesn't have that, so he's unfit to be our King"

"While you were slumbering, I kept the Dark Elves alive across multiple catastrophic events. I deserved to be King. Bringing up nobility is unfair, the blessing happened thousands of years ago, and none of you were directly blessed. All of you are only using it as an excuse to take the throne"? King Jorik retorted, not backing down.

Upon hearing this, Bevryth scoffed, looking at King Jorik with clear hostility.

"W- What if..."

Out of nowhere, one of the Elders that was silent all this time opened his mouth.

In that very second, all turned their heads to him.

Realizing that he had become the center of attention, his eyes widened.

Surely, speaking at this moment would definitely draw the others' attention towards him, yet he doesn't seem to expect to be the center of attention. It's very hard to believe that he was one of the most influential figures in the Dark Elf Kingdom.

Looking at this Elder, Evelyn recognized him to be the head of the Khuurtid Family, Silva.

One that Lady Lauren doesn't seem to be worried about.

'Compared to all the other Elders, he looked the most harmless. He was panicking, and even his body was trembling. Is he really a head family?' Evelyn judged inwardly, seeing that he didn't show any trait befitting of a head family.

As a head family, he should've been adept in meetings such as this.

"W- What if there will be a temporary King until this matter is resolved?" Silva proposed.

But even though it was a decent proposition, King Jorik shuts that down in an instant, "No, I will not accept a temporary King. I will not comply with anything that would lower my position as the King, it will not happen"

"How- How about a second King? You will still be King" Silva countered.

Upon hearing this, King Jorik paused, but he didn't seem to react as strongly as before.

Immediately after that, Silva suddenly made eye contact with Evelyn.

Despite his meek nature, he seemed to be conveying or signaling something to her through this eye contact. In response, Evelyn stood up and declared the conclusion of this meeting, one that all of them were accepting.

"It's settled then. We will be appointing the second King, and the ones present in this room will be voting. Are there any objections?" She swept her gaze across the room and found that none of them raised their objections.

Finding that there was nothing more, Evelyn sighed lightly in relief.

'I need to stay here until the second King is appointed. I could appoint the second King right now, but that would be too meddling, so this way is the best' She pondered, nodding as this was the best she could do for them.

But as she was about to conclude the meeting, one Elder spoke up.

He was sitting across Bevryth, "Wouldn't it be better if the witness be Lord Rex himself?"

"Hmm...?" Evelyn raised an eyebrow in confusion.

Soon, the Elder shifted his gaze to Evelyn before proceeding, "Well, there's a potential issue that one party might back away at the last second, and that would be a problem. If Lord Rex were present, none of us would retreat. So, I'm curious, where is he?"

Upon hearing this, Evelyn's expression darkens.

"Are you underestimating me?" She retorted back, bubbling anger slowly rising within.

The Elder nonchalantly shrugged and took a deliberate step to the side, facing Evelyn who was still standing by her seat. He extended his arms, and a radiant bronze glow enveloped him as potent energy surged through his being.

In addition, an eerie vertical eye emerged on his forehead.

With a smile, he continued, "Forgive me, but I don't think you can enforce this agreement"

Swoosh!

Out of nowhere, his entire body blurred.

Evelyn felt a light pinch on her cheek before a voice came from her back.

"After all, you couldn't even react to me. During the day for the second King was appointed, you wouldn't be able to enforce if one back out, Lady Evelyn..." He sat on the staircase behind Evelyn's seat, leading to the scenery of the outside.

In his hand was a black dagger, liquid could be seen dripping from its tip.

Out of instinct, Evelyn reached to her cheek.

Pulling back her hand down, she was surprised to see blood, the Elder actually attacked her!



"Hah... this is going to be a problem" She mused inwardly.

### Chapter 1018 The Luna's Standing (3)

It took a hard second for the others to register what had happened.

Caught momentarily off guard, all of them turned their attention to Evelyn, stunned in place as her gaze remained fixed on her fingertips. A crimson slit adorned her right cheek, a small trickle of blood marking its path downward.

Silence enveloped the entire dining hall once again.

But in the next second, King Jorik flared his eyes open in utter shock.

BAM!

In a fit of insurmountable rage, he slammed his hand to the table, glaring at the perpetrator.

"Korvak!! Have you gone mad?!" King Jorik shouted mightily.

Under no circumstances that he expect Korvak, the head of the Sanzo Family would dare to do something so outrageous. Attacking Evelyn, even though it was to make a point was not something that is passable to do.

A move like that might spell the doom of the entire kingdom!

Keeping his nonchalance, Korvak smirked evilly, "Settle down, brat. I know what I'm doing"

Seeing no remorse in his eyes, King Jorik couldn't stand still.

Even though the Elders have more experience than him, they don't know Rex as well as King Jorik does. None of them knew how much he cared for his pack members, and even a small pain would be treated with full force.

Injuring Evelyn would be punishable by death, there was no doubt about it.

Gritting his teeth angrily, King Jorik channeled his energy, preparing himself for an attack.

But it was at that second, his eyes widened in horror.

"Huaakh!"

Splash!

King Jorik spat a mouthful of blood and fell down to his seat again. He covered his mouth in utter shock, completely caught off guard as something was blocking him from channeling his energy, causing an internal backlash whenever he tried to do that.

Realizing this, he felt a throbbing pain on his forearm.

He quickly took a look and found a small gaping hole there that he didn't even realize.

It was akin to an injury left behind by a needle.

Examining it closely, he noticed that it oozed a green substance. King Jorik then inspected his armrest and discovered a minute needle—a slender, almost imperceptible object if one was not aware.

"Poison..." King Jorik uttered in realization.

Looking at the other Elders, he found that there were some who seemed shocked too.

However, one of them doesn't, and that is Bevryth.

Slowly turning to Korvak again, still looking at him playfully, King Jorik's frown deepens.

"Bastard... So this is not only about my position as King? I thought we already settled this, Korvak. We shouldn't sever our ties with the Silverstar Pack! If we did, then we would be back to the start all over again" He roared in vexation.

Korvak's smirk widened upon his revelation, and with a mere flick of his fingers, the windows blasted as a group of figures stormed in, surrounding the table. Clad in brass attire, covering all but their eyes, it was evident that they were assassins.

All boasted eighth-rank realm power or above.

Even some managed to reach the ninth-rank realm, making their lineup exceptionally strong.

Shing!

In a frightening union, all of them draw out their short swords.

Judging from their decisive movements, it was clear that all of them were expert assassins.

"If you believe that forming a pact with the Silverstar Pack is a credential worthy of being a King, you're sorely mistaken, Jorik. It only proves the extent of your ignorance" Korvak said, shooting King Jorik a disdainful look.

Despite his anger, knowing that this was a bad move, King Jorik couldn't do anything.

His power was completely blocked by the poison.

'No... No matter what, I'll have to protect Lady Evelyn at all costs!' He thought determinedly.

On the other hand, Evelyn who was the target of this incident looked around.

Albeit surprised, not expecting the Dark Elves were really do this to her knowing who she was, she could tell that the reason for this was not because of the agreement. Evelyn was quite sure that Korvak was doing this for something else.

Looking at the assassins, she became even more certain.

'I can sense their killing intent' Evelyn frowned but then paused. 'So that's what this is about'

Glancing over her shoulders to look at Korvak, she then inquired with a somewhat cold tone, undisturbed despite being trapped and outnumbered, "So tell me, Korvak, this is not about enforcing the agreement, is it?"

"You're right, I don't give a damn about the agreement" Korvak replied in scorn.

Following that, another Elder stood up.

It was Bevryth who stood up, there was the same smirk on her face.

"Seems like the Luna already caught up," She remarked, offering a daunting smile. "Yes, this is not about the agreement. We heard that the Alpha is going against the Executor and also that there exists a personal feud between them. I'm sorry to say this, but he'll definitely lose. In the end, the Executors always prevail. Always..."

"He's reckless, and I'll be damned to let our race fall alongside him" She added.

Evelyn was irked when she heard this.

Even with the lingering doubt about Rex's chances against the Executor, the unwavering certainty displayed by Korvak and Bevryth of his inevitable loss grated on her nerves so much. "Attacking me will only create another powerful enemy for your race. Are you truly sure about this? Even as we speak now, the Alpha might be on the way here"

"All because of this little graze your accomplice did to me" She pointed at her cheek.

Upon hearing this, Korvak chuckled in ridicule.

He stood back up again and descended the staircase with looming confidence.

"Your threat will not work, my Lady. We know that the Alpha is absent" He jeered lightly.

Evelyn couldn't help but frown when she heard this.

'How did they know about that?' She pondered with a frown, confused as to how Korvak managed to get his hands on that information. But then, her frown deepens when she remembers that she sent someone to the Dwarf Kingdom to call for him.

'Surely, there were many witnesses there. He must know it from the Dwarves'

Now, she's really in trouble.

Rex is currently training with Calidora and might miss a light scratch that Korvak inflicted on her. Additionally, he might be too late to come here even if he did sense it. Evelyn would be gone from here when he came.

"What do you want from me?" Evelyn eventually asked.

Bevryth summoned her weapon, a scythe before she replied, "We should always be on the side of the high-rank Supernaturals, they are the only ones capable of surviving against the human forces. Naturally, we're going to bring you to them and confess our wrongdoings"

"Do that and you will be severely punished by them" Evelyn squinted her eyes.

However, Bevryth and Korvak don't seem to be worried.

Shrugging his shoulders, Korvak retorted, "It's better than certain death with your pack"

Upon hearing this, Evelyn steadfasts her feet.

Now she knows that there's nothing she can say to make them change their minds.

Swoosh!!

In retaliation, Evelyn's body quickly turned into her Werewolf form. She also seamlessly uses her gladiator form, turning the furs on her head into fiery flames, amplifying her aura to new heights. Even though there was absolutely no way that she could get out of this, with Korvak and Bevryth sitting in the ninth-rank realm, she wouldn't let them take her easily.

Witnessing this, Bevryth frowned cautiously.

'Her aura... It's surging to the pinnacle of the eighth-rank realm. How can someone so young, as young as her, wield such extraordinary power? Achieving such heights in both elemental prowess and physique, she's really powerful' She pondered with a hint of concern.

Bevryth was not worried about Evelyn's power.

Instead, she was more worried that they might've made the wrong move.

Naturally, Bevryth gave the credit to the Alpha to make her this strong. So there was a slight doubt arising within her, but then again, it was already too late to turn back as they already did something unforgivable to Evelyn.

"Don't retaliate, Luna. Come with us, and we'll make sure to not hurt you" Korvak mused.

But Evelyn replied with a scoff, "If you want to take me, then it'll be over my dead body"

Expecting her to say that, the two moved at a blitzing fast speed.

Clang!

Out of nowhere, Korvak and Bevryth were surprised to find their attacks blocked mid-track.

Standing before them was King Jorik and Silva.

Both of them already expected King Jorik to come and protect Evelyn, but the fact that Silva came and did the same was shocking to them. "Silva?! Get out of the way, you should know better than to stop us right now!" Korvak exclaimed.

"I- I'm sorry, but I was told to protect her" Silva replied, still with the same nervous tone.

Following that, Lady Lauren quickly cast a spell.

Despite not expecting the situation to escalate this way, she quickly moved and created a mental link with Evelyn, Silva, and King Jorik to enhance their physical prowess. She would help them from the sidelines, providing support when needed.

Just like that, the assassins swarmed them.

Not wanting to get caught in the way, the other Elders made their way to the side.

All of them, like King Jorik, were also poisoned by Korvak and Bevryth which rendered them ineffective in the situation. It was a special poison specifically made for them as that is what the Sanzo family does.

Korvak and his family specialize in assassination, so poison is also one of their skills.

On the other hand, Evelyn darted her eyes at the incoming assassins.

Crossing her arms in front of her, she then chanted, "Fire Demoness Art, Beauty of Hell..."

Swoosh!

Upon the incantation, her claws burned with violent crimson flames.

Guided by her battle instincts, she confronted the incoming assassins, who moved like fluid water and targeted her blind spots, with her lethal claws. In the initial ten seconds, Evelyn's reflexes prevailed, allowing her to send a couple of assassins crashing to the wall.

Each one of them, however, stood right back up and continued to attack.

It was Evelyn's first time fighting this many entities with the same power level as herself.

Naturally, she was soon overwhelmed.

All of the assassins' movements were too elusive, it was hard to catch or even hit them.

"Don't hurt her too much! Keep it to the minimum!" Korvak shouted.

Heeding his command, the assassins sheathed their weapons back and changed their attack from filled with killing intent to aiming to knock Evelyn out. But as the fight continued, Evelyn glanced to her right, sensing something approaching.

"Lady Evelyn!" Lady Lauren exclaimed and stood as her shield.

Despite the barrier that she summoned, Bevryth broke through and tackled the two of them.

Crash!

Evelyn, Lady Lauren, and Bevryth broke through the wall.

Plummeting from the lofty heights of the castle, Bevryth showed no mercy, delivering a kick toward Evelyn in mid-air. However, once more, Lady Lauren stubbornly intervenes and puts herself in between them.

She took the kick as both were sent hurtling down, their impact shaking the very ground.

Groaning lightly, Evelyn regained her standing before her senses spiked.

Looking up, she saw Bevryth was already attempting to deal the decisive blow to knock her.

"Dark Nature Arcana, Lethal Axe!"

Bevryth's heel pulsated with a concentrated surge of dark nature energy, ablaze with an intensity similar to fire, as she thrust her leg downward, targeting Evelyn. Anticipating the assault, Evelyn was well-prepared to deflect the impending strike.

However, Lady Lauren already pulled her wrist and tossed her away.

Crack!

Kaboom!!

Rolling on the ground, Evelyn looked up and saw Lady Lauren being stepped on by Bevryth.

She was groaning painfully.

Her collarbones and ribs were broken judging from the depth of Bevryth's step.

"Don't make it harder for yourself, surrender yourself, Luna" Bevryth mused overbearingly.

Upon hearing this, Evelyn's expression darkens.

Bevryth presumed that Evelyn had conceded, observing her bowed head in apparent defeat.

However, in that crucial moment, she hastily shielded her ears as a piercing sound assailed her, nearly shattering her eardrums. It came out of nowhere and brought an excruciating pain beyond imagining.

'Sound attack? Is she also a Sound Elementalist?!' Bevryth exclaimed inside her head.

Just as she raised her gaze to look at Evelyn, her body froze.

"Don't kill her, Flunra..."

Instead of being greeted by the same sight, Bevryth was greeted by a massive Werewolf.

Her eyes were staring straight at its canine teeth, dripping with deadly intent.

"W- What...?"

Chapter 1019 Near-berserk State

Due to the incident that happened because of Olfa, the guards on the walls were in dismay.

All of them were feeling relieved as nothing bad happened.

But it was around the same time that their attention was pulled to the castle at the heart of the kingdom. A blast happened, and it tore a hole in the upper portion of the castle before three figures emerged and fell down to the ground.

It wasn't seen only by them either, the other Dark Elves also witnessed this incident.

Judging from the rampaging energies, there seemed to be a fight.

While the Dark Elves from the ancient era remained unperturbed by the spectacle of Evelyn falling from a high altitude, and being attacked by Bevryth, the Dark Elves on the wall who were mostly from the new era felt a constriction in their throats.

Upon realization, all of their eyes bulged in utter horror at what they were seeing.

Earlier, they had dodged a bullet by a hair's length.

However, it seemed they were destined to offend Lord Rex, seeing Evelyn was attacked.

"W- We must tell General Theodas!"

"No, by King Jorik's decree, we will put our bodies to protect the Luna!"

Determined to help Evelyn, the Dark Elf guards readied themselves to jump down.

But in that very second, a supersonic wave reverberated, grating their eardrums and potent enough to compel them to abruptly halt, instinctively shielding their ears. It was deafening, rendering them motionless, caught off guard by the overwhelming noise.

One of the stronger guards glanced out to the horizon with an evident frown on his face.

Despite the pain, his vision was focused enough to see the devastation.

On the very far horizon and closing in with lightning speed, the Dark Elf guard witnessed the forest split into two. Jutting and robust trees were spread to two sides, creating a clear path of flattened and destroyed nature.

"What in the world...?" the Dark Elf guard uttered in shock.

Another also noticed this and clenched his sword tightly, "I- Is it an attack? From who?!"

None of them has ever seen something like this before.

It was akin to an invisible object to the naked eye, penetrating the forest like a fleeting arrow.

Each one of them felt a chill running down his spine, the kind of chill that would only be present at the sight of death. It only takes a couple of seconds for this invisible object to travel the dozens of miles distance between it and the castle walls.

The Dark Elf guards halt their breaths when the devastation reaches the end of the forest.

Swoosh!

A piercing sound of wind blasted their ears before it was silent for a fraction of a second.

However, it was only the calm before the storm.

Crash!!

Following that silence was the entire city walls trembling violently, akin to being at the center of an earthquake. It was so powerful that the entire Dark Elf guards stumbled and fell to the floor, reaching for anything they could to not fall.

It lasted for a few seconds before it returned to normal again.

"What in the world hit us?!"

"I don't know, it was invisible or too fast for us to see!"

Despite the oddity of the situation, the Dark Elf guard quickly gets back to their feet.

Trained to face numerous dangers, they were quick to recover.

Observing the surroundings, one Dark Elf guard stood up and looked down at the walls. He then let out a haunting gasp before he quickly called for the others, pointing at the body of the walls in a panic.

When the Dark Elf guards gathered to look, they all also had the same reaction.

All of their mouths were agape in shock.

Gazing downward, the Dark Elf guards beheld the utter devastation of the city's protective barrier, now reduced to shattered fragments of energy. Additionally, the once-imposing wall lay torn, a conspicuous breach marking the entry point where the unseen force effortlessly penetrated their defenses.

Since the barrier is as strong as a ninth-rank realm, the entity must be at least that strong.

Meanwhile, near the center of the city.

It happened faster than a fraction of a second.

All of the onlookers were initially stunned by the unexpected conflict coming from the castle.

However, they were then abruptly thrust aside by a raging gust of wind, forcefully propelling them away from the scene as if they were nothing. Not only them, but the gust of wind also lays waste to the entire structures it comes in contact with.

Only then that the perpetrator of all of this become visible, it was Flunra.

Sensing that Evelyn was attacked, he instantly bolted here.

Flunra didn't expect that he would need to be worried about Evelyn going to the Dark Elves, but he reacted quickly and didn't hesitate to use Isobel the Void Walker's power. Under the influence, he was moving faster than anyone in the First Breath.

It took him mere minutes to reach the Dark Elf Kingdom, even though he was quite far.

He feared that Evelyn might get hurt or even killed.

Losing her at this crucial moment would be devastating, the impact would be too much.

Rex's mind would take a solid hit if that happened.

Due to that, he came rushing as fast as he could with fuming anger boiling his bloodstream.

Back to the present.

"Don't kill her, Flunra..." Evelyn mused lightly.

Just earlier when the fight started, she keenly perceived Flunra's rapid approach, allowing her to intervene swiftly and prevent him from killing Bevryth. Despite Bevryth's offense, Evelyn doesn't want her to die yet.

It would be unfortunate if Bevryth died before she could use her.

Seeing Flunra's claws nearing her neck, Bevryth gulped harshly.

Her throat felt dry as she could feel the immense killing intent shot from Flunra's eyes, and also the wrath through his rough breaths, brushing against her face. Even the thought of moving her finger made her nervous.

'W- Who is he? Unlike Evelyn, this one is very—very dangerous' Bevryth thought fearfully.

Compared to Evelyn, the air around Flunra was sharp and lethal.

Not to mention that his aura could match hers, who was at the peak of the ninth-rank realm.

Looking at Flunra, who was in his Werewolf form already, not responding to her words made Evelyn raise her hand, signaling to Bevryth to not do anything. She was conveying through her eyes that it would be unwise to move, even a little bit.

But even then, it was obvious that Bevryth was too nervous to not move.

She wanted to get out of this position right now.

"Flunra, listen to me," Evelyn called out, slowly approaching him from the back. "I know what she did is wrong, but killing her would be a waste. Calm down, I will deal with this, you don't have to go any further"

Despite her plea, Flunra was still breathing heavily, glaring at Bevryth like death's emissary.

Gently, Evelyn holds Flunra's shoulder, trying to calm him down.

In the midst of preparing to envelop his frenzied form with her Luna energy to appease his anger, the assassins, alerted to Bevryth's situation, swiftly descended through the gaping breach in the castle.

"Move! Cover for her!"



Fifteen assassins poured out and went straight to Flunra.

Upon seeing Flunra's form, they unsheathed their weapons again in an instant.

Since it was not Evelyn and sensing the dangerous aura that Flunra emitted, all assassins didn't waste time to draw their weapons. Each of them chanted and used their dark nature energy to coat their weapons.

Evelyn looked at them and waved her hand in panic, "Stop! Don't come near!"

Despite her warning, it was already too late.

Sensing the killing intent directed at him, Flunra's aura expanded to a terrifying degree.

His Herald Mark was activated, surging his power to new heights.

Swoosh!

Instead of backing away, the fifteen assassins launched their assaults from all sides, putting more effort into their attacks with high vigilance. Time slowed down as Bevryth saw that the assassins surrounded them from all sides.

All of them poised a strike at Flunra's vital points.

Following that very second, she tilted down with her eyes widened.

Splash!

Bevryth didn't even see what happened but reacted when the assassins' bodies exploded.

All of them turned into pools of blood airborne, their bodies were turned into meatpaste, only leaving behind their weapons, clanging against the ground as if in a macabre symphony. She tilted her face down before blood drenched her entire body, halting her breath momentarily.

'N- Nothing... I couldn't see his movement at all!' Bevryth explained inside her head.

Shockingly enough, the difference in power between them was vast.

It was at that point, her body started to tremble visibly.

Even though she was way stronger than the assassins who were mainly around the eighth-rank realm as a family head, she wasn't able to kill them all in less than one second. It was unachievable for her.

But Flunra, on the other hand, did that without breaking a sweat.

An evident indicator that he was way stronger than her.

Realizing the power that Flunra possesses, fear starts to creep inside her mind.

Evelyn discerned this change as the two made subtle eye contact, Flunra still towering over her. At that moment, Evelyn shook her head lightly, signaling to Bevryth that despite her new and sensible fear, she shouldn't move from her spot.

For the first time, Flunra was in a near-berserk state.

She had only realized it now, the look in his eyes was absent from his usual light.

However, pressured by fear, Bevryth turned around and tried to flee.

Roar!!

Instantaneously, Flunra grabbed her head and slammed her into the ground, planting her face into the cobblestone. He kept slamming her face to the ground repeatedly, rendering Bevryth helpless under his grip.

Blood splattered with each slam, portraying an absolutely gory scenery.

"Do you think!"

Crash!

"You can hurt!"

Crash!

"The LUNA?!!"

Krrkk!

Not stopping at that, Flunra threw her into the air before he jumped skywards.

Cloaking his claws with moonlight energy, he kicked the air behind him and propelled himself to Bevryth, piercing her through with his claws. Following the momentum, both crashed back into the castle and reached the dining hall where the others were still fighting.

Immediately, the fight stopped at their entrance.

Korvak who was on the verge of beating King Jorik separated at the crashing sound.

Glancing to the side, he found two figures covered in dust.

When the dust receded, the two figures became clear to the onlookers.

Flunra slowly stood up and boasted his towering and menacing appearance before raising Bevryth with his claws inside her chest. Blood dripped down to the ground as Bevryth did everything she could to break free.

But it was futile, she couldn't budge Flunra's claws or arms.

Giving a quick glance at the people inside the room, he quickly pulled his claws out.

In the moment Bevryth's body falls down in slow motion, he sends another slash that hits her torso squarely, sending her crashing away to the other side of the room. Silence enveloped the entire place as they witnessed what Flunra did.

Bevryth was planted into the walls, and her expression darkens.

Slowly, her body slid down to the ground, leaving a gruesome trail of blood on the wall.

Flunra gave her no chance to retaliate.

He didn't even give her time to cast a single spell before getting knocked out.

Realizing who it was, King Jorik who was battered and bruised started laughing maniacally, plastering concern to Korvak's face. "I told you... Touch the Luna and you'll pay the price. Do you really think only the Alpha is the concern? If so, then you're sorely mistaken"

"Meet Flunra, the right-hand man. But for you, he's an executioner" He added mockingly.

Upon hearing this, Korvak gritted his teeth.

He turned to look at Flunra as his heart began to thump even faster.

"Damn it!" Korvak cursed, inspecting Flunra up and down in worry. "It's not even five minutes, and he managed to reach here already? Just who in the dark nature's name is he? How can he react so fast?!"

Chapter 1020 Three Phases

Initially, the news of Rex being aimed at by the Executor reaches the Elders' ears.

Almost instantly, all of them trembled in utter fear.

Even though they were also educated in the Silverstar Pack's standing by the chosen Dark Elves that King Jorik assigned, none of them believed that Rex would win against a being that is depicted as pure evil.

He would not win against the Executor.

Naturally, the Elders told King Jorik that siding with the Silverstar Pack was a bad idea.

If Rex lost, the Dark Elf Kingdom would crumble alongside him.

All of the Elders harbored a collective hope that King Jorik would go along with their heavy but reasonable demands, severing ties between the Kingdom and the Silverstar Pack. But surprisingly, he staunchly and unequivocally refused to do that.

Unlike the Elders, King Jorik is a visionary, desiring a bright future.

From the dawn of time, the Dark Elf Kingdom has always been a servant to other races.

King Jorik doesn't want his people to live a life like that anymore.

On the bright side, emerging as a formidable force in the new era, the Silverstar Pack brings a promising avenue toward realizing his vision. Forming an alliance grounded in equality was the path King Jorik had long sought.

To reach his goal he must take a risk, and the Silverstar Pack is his bet.

Albeit the tension was present between them from the start, with King Jorik as King, this act of refusal to comply with the Elders' demands started a bigger conflict. Now, the conflict has grown into a severe one.

The Elders took him as a madman and vowed to drag him down from his throne.

But even with their strength and experiences, the current situation greatly favors King Jorik.

He has most of the resources as the King.

Korvak found it hard to get his hands on King Jorik.

Most of the military forces were comprised of Dark Elves from the new era.

Due to that very reason, the military force of the Kingdom leaned to King Jorik heavily.

Even though the noble families from the ancient era had quality with their higher realms, they were severely lacking in terms of numbers against King Jorik's force, the quantity was simply too much for them.

Thus, they were waiting for an opportunity to assassinate King Jorik.

It was also a part of the Elder's plan to somehow reconcile with the high-rank Supernaturals.

Having come from the ancient era, their bias leaned to that side.

Unlike the high-rank Supernatural races, they don't know the Silverstar pack personally.

Fortunately, Evelyn arrived at the opportune moment, prompting the Elders to swiftly enact their plan to eliminate King Jorik. It was also perfect timing as they could capture the Luna and offer her as a conciliatory gesture to the high-ranking Supernatural races.

Most of the noble families were on Korvak's side, albeit some were not fully on board.

But they were now regretting their decision.

Looking at Flunra, beads of cold sweat could be seen tracing down the side of Korvak's face.

He was concerned as Flunra's appearance was a surprise.

'With the Alpha attention to the Executor, and the rest of the pack members occupied with preparations for the impending battle,' Korvak mused, swallowing nervously, 'why has this thing reached here this fast? I assumed we'd have time to escort the Luna to the Vampires and seek their protection'

Sweeping his eyes around the room, Flunra closed his eyes and took a deep whiff.

When his eyes opened, he fixed his gaze on Korvak.

Korvak felt an inhuman chill running down his spine, the wrathful gaze that Flunra is wearing right now influenced his body physically, 'So much killing intent... How many creatures has he killed? Is he from the ancient era?!'

After thinking that, he turned to look at his black dagger, smeared with blood.

It was obvious that Flunra was looking at him for a reason.

During his banter earlier, he used his dagger to scratch Evelyn's cheek.

Obviously, Flunra, with his sensitive Werewolf senses was able to pick that up quite easily.

'Shit! I need to get out of here!' Korvak yelled inwardly.

But when he was about to cast another spell to escape, his vision got swept to the side.

Crash!

"KAAHHRHKK!!"

In a split second, Flunra was able to close in the distance, grab his head, and slam him to the wall. He pressed Korvak's head against the wall and a few cracking sounds could be heard, depicting the damage he caused within Korvak's skull.

Grabbing Flunra's unbudging arm, he struggled to break free.

Korvak looked at Flunra with immense fear, the speed that was depicted terrified him.

However, there was still survival light in his eyes.

Despite the pain of his skull being crushed, Korvak made a move.

Not wanting to be killed right here, he made a hand sign to cast a chantless spell.

Cloaked in bronze energy, Korvak executed a rising knee, targeting Flunra's arm or head to disorient him. However, Flunra effortlessly blocked the strike with his other arm. Seizing the opportunity, Korvak's eyes flashed as he swiped his black dagger towards Flunra, compelling him to defend with the hand he had previously used to grip his skull.

Surprisingly, it worked, Flunra let go of his head.

But it didn't last long as after blocking the attacks, he once again slammed Korvak's head.

It was a humiliating sight for the Elder as he was pinned by Flunra.

"Raaarrghh! Don't underestimate me!!"

In a fit of rage, the third eye on his forehead blazed with intense light, unleashing a powerful laser beam aimed at Flunra's hand. It was his strongest spell, able to induce a curse of pain, and also possessed the capability to cleave even an unsuspecting ninth-rank realm into two.

Korvak even laughed maniacally as none in the same realm would be unscathed by this.

Not even someone like Flunra could shrug this off easily.

Just as he was anticipating being let go before he could make his escape, his smile gradually faded as he observed Flunra's hand, which still tightly gripped his face, becoming enveloped in an ominous shroud of dark moonlight energy.

Out of sheer horror, Korvak witnessed his laser did nothing to Flunra's hand.

It only left behind a superficial heated trail on his hand.

Splash!

Once again, Korvak shouted at the top of his lungs out of pain.

Flunra didn't waste any time and stabbed the third eye with his claws, rendering it useless.

Pressing Korvak's head stronger into the stone walls, he then grabbed the black dagger and shattered it with one hand. Flunra knows the source of Dark Elves' strength, their weapons are a direct source of their connection with the Dark Nature.

Now that it was shattered, Korvak was weakened severely, his aura diminished visibly.

Leaning his face forward at the pinned Korvak, shaking uncontrollably out of fear, a menacing growl escapes Flunra's mouth as his eyes glistened ferociously. His warm, wrathful breaths brushed against Korvak's skin.

"Tell me, Dark Elf... Where is your confidence now?" Flunra asked raspily.

Upon hearing this, Korvak's expression softened.

His plan was completely in the garbage with Flunra's arrival, he now sought for mercy.

Gripping his face tighter, Flunra continues with a devilish expression, "Where is it? Where is your confidence that made you dare to attack our Luna? Show it to me! Let me see the root of that confidence!"

"SHOW ME!!" He roared angrily, his aura climbed so high that the entire castle trembled.

Even the floor was starting to sink under his might.

Flunra looked to be possessed right now, his mind degraded into the essence of anger.

At the sight of this, the onlookers unconsciously stepped back.

To think that a couple of ninth-rank realm entities were stepping away from Flunra's vicinity is quite a shocking sight. But then again, despite sharing the same realm, Flunra clearly outshone them in every conceivable aspect.

It was not a contest.

His freakish strength coupled with his Herald Mark made him a fearsome beast.

"I-I'm sorry..." Korvak muttered, and regret started to settle in.

Upon hearing this, however, made Flunra even angrier as he opened his mouth and dug his canine teeth into Korvak's shoulder. He started munching on Korvak's flesh, savoring the taste of blood in his berserk state.

Meanwhile, Evelyn jumped back into the dining hall and witnessed what had happened.

She saw Flunra was tearing Korvak apart with his sharp teeth.

Knowing that it would be bad if Flunra kept becoming more berserk, and potentially taking out the other Dark Elves in the room, Evelyn's body flickered with a beautiful violet light as she turned into her Luna form, albeit incomplete.

Making a quick dash, she focused her Luna energy onto the tip of her index finger.

Using that index finger, she shot the energy into Flunra's body.

Swish!

Growl!

Flunra glanced over his shoulder in annoyance when he felt the Luna energy infiltrating his body. But at that exact moment, Evelyn moved closer and directly injected her Luna energy with a touch, overwhelming Flunra's berserk mind.

It takes a couple of seconds for the Luna energy to take effect, tensing Flunra's body.

Eventually, Flunra started panting heavily.

Now that he has snapped out of his berserk trance, he lets go of Korvak.

Calming down for a solid second under the gazes of the people present in the room, he then raised his gaze and looked at Korvak again. He reached out his hand and lifted Korvak by the head, still filled with malicious intent.

Seeing this, Evelyn shook her head, "No, you shouldn't kill him"

"No chance, Lady Evelyn. I could spare the others, but not this one" Flunra replied firmly.

He will not let Korvak live after what he has done.

Although she was still reluctant to let Flunra kill Korvak, she decided that she wouldn't press further, seeing Flunra's gaze that was as sharp as a blade. Since Korvak has crossed the line, there shouldn't be a problem in killing him.

But to be sure, Evelyn turned to look at King Jorik.

Noticing her gazing at him, King Jorik nodded his head, gesturing that he was fine with this.

Losing Korvak is more of a favor for him at this point.

Flunra went over to the other end of the table, right in front of the hole in the wall before he raised the half-dead Korvak—half of his body torn to shreds, and made eye contact with the Dark Elves present in the room.

He made sure to look every single one of them in the eyes.

"I don't know what is going on inside your Kingdom, or what the Luna said to you. But let me make myself clear," Flunra said, the Herald Mark on his arm still glowing with power. "Doing anything to the Luna, no matter how small the harm will be, is punishable by death. There's no exception. Also, I need all of you to understand that there are three phases"

"The first phase is when we send an emissary to handle whatever the problem is. Second, if the problem escalates, I will be the one to come. I am the warning of the Silverstar Pack. For your own sake, let it end at me as if you still search for problems, the Alpha will be the one to come,"

Putting on a serious expression, he continues, "If he comes, your lives will be forfeited"

Upon hearing this, the onlookers gulped.

Just the thought of the Alpha, Rex himself coming here makes their blood run cold.

Flunra's appearance alone single-handedly dealt with the fight breaking out rather easily, and none of them wanted to know how terrifying Rex would be if even Flunra said that he was a lot worse than him.

After explaining that, Flunra turned to Evelyn.

"Please, come with me for a second. I need to talk to you, Lady Evelyn" He said softly.

Frowning in confusion, Evelyn nodded before the two of them left.

A moment later.

Right in front of the castle gate, a crowd was gathered, blending individuals from both the new era and the ancient era. Despite their disparate origins, a unanimous reaction swept through the crowd.

Each one of them fixed their fearful eyes at a wooden stake.

On that wooden stake was a crucified individual with all his limbs detached from his torso.

It was Korvak who was already punished with a gruesome death.