

Full-Moon 1031

Chapter 1031 The Real Reason

It was unfortunate for this to happen during this time.

Adhara looked around the battlefield and saw the devastation that scarred the land.

Her breaths were becoming heavier as this tragedy was really bad, a civil war at this time when the fight against the Executor was nearing—it was a big loss for the alliance. Under such pressure, she could only direct the blame to one person.

Drakar, it was he who was consumed by his pride and started this.

Standing at the center of the battlefield, surrounded by the corpses of the deceased, she remained silent without a streak of relief despite her success in stopping the fight. Adhara was able to cease the conflict only because both factions were now only a fraction of their original strength.

Had it been their original size, Adhara would only be dragged into the fight.

But the reason she was still troubled was because the problem was not finished yet.

Even though the fight already stopped, the damage was already done.

Nothing was on her mind except for the aftermath of this situation—the battle had already formed a strain on the relationship between the Tigermen and the Dwarves. Since the toll from this meaningless battle had already reached staggering proportions, both factions now definitely harbored bad blood.

Just from the looks of it, thousands fall in this battle.

It would be hard to vanquish that bad blood and Adhara knows it.

'I was hoping that for once, everything would go smoothly, but it didn't' She sighed heavily.

Knowing that her job here was not done, Adhara was about to head over to meet with King Huvuki to talk about this. She was hoping that he would settle with giving the Tigerman the territory they had taken, but it was unlikely.

Adhara already knew that this was going to be a headache.

Roar!!

Out of nowhere, her attention was pulled to the side when a menacing growl resounded.

Bearing scars across his towering frame, the red-furred Tigerman, reminiscent of Drakar's own distinctive hue, bared his fangs and advanced with palpable anger in his eyes, glaring his intense eyes upon Adhara with immense killing intent.

His chest heaved up and down, showcasing the feral rage burning inside of him.

"Who are you?! Who said that the Dwarves can leave?!" He roared thunderously, pointing at Adhara who intervened in their fight. "None of them is allowed to leave, not until they pay what they have done, and my claws rip their throats!"

Following his roar was the other Tigermen, growling lightly and trembling the heart.

In a calm demeanor, Adhara turned to look at them.

Gazing at the Tigerman who was supposed to be the Warchief, she replied, "If I'm not wrong, your master, Drakar had called your forces to retreat, Watchief. So go and retreat, there was nothing left for you to do here"

"Retreat...? Those damn Dwarves attacked us first!" the Warchief refuted strongly.

But Adhara didn't take offense at his tonality and response.

Since the Watchief was now drowned in adrenaline and anger, judging from the intense red emotional aura that he was emitting, this was not the Warchief talking, but his anger instead, and it would be unreasonable if she asked him to calm down right now.

However, she needed to do something as the other Tigmens were inching closer.

It was obvious that they would strike her soon enough.

Nodding lightly, Adhara tilted her head and exposed the silver star mark on her neck.

At the sight of the faintly glowing mark on her neck, the Warchief narrowed his eyes.

Just when he realized what that mark was, he quickly extended his arms to signal the other Tigmens to stand down. His eyes then shifted back to Adhara and inquired, "Are you from the Silverstar Pack?"

"Yes, I am," Adhara replied, affirming his suspicion.

Upon hearing this, the Warchief scoffed and clicked his tongue in displeasure.

Only when the Warchief realized that Adhara was affiliated with the infamous Silverstar Pack that he snap out of his momentary stupor, swiftly rallied his remaining forces, and retreated to their strongholds.

Despite the evident reluctance, he chose to stand down for the time being.

A moment later.

First and foremost, Adhara went to the Dwarven Kingdom to talk with King Huvuki.

Shockingly, she couldn't meet with King Huvuki and could only talk with his advisor. It was the first time that she had been denied. Adhara tried to press to meet with King Huvuki, yet there was nothing she could do.

Based on the advisor, King Huvuki was busy and couldn't be disturbed.

Reluctantly, she discussed the incident on the border with the advisor instead of the King.

Naturally, Adhara was hoping to talk about this to King Huvuki because she had met him a couple of times and might be able to persuade him to take the backseat for once. Now that she was talking with the advisor, it would definitely be way harder.

Just as expected, it was hard to persuade the advisor with her proposal.

However, she got what she wanted in exchange for some rare materials.

Luckily, Adhara was capable of making the ultimate-grade fire elemental stones for them.

Since her elements were now way stronger, creating these stones didn't take long at all, but consumed her mana a lot. It was to the point that she was exhausted and would need to, for a couple of hours, replenish her mana.

In total, she made about 200 of those ultimate-grade fire elemental stones.

Her realm dropped a little bit because of that, but she did it for the better of the alliance.

Finishing her matters in the Dwarven Kingdom, she trailed her eyes back to the direction of the Tigerman Kingdom, 'Drakar... I need an answer from you about all of this, and whether you like it or not, you are going to give it to me'

Determined, she went back to the Tigerman Kingdom again.

A moment later.

Adhara for the second time headed to Drakar's abode once again.

Currently, Ugrok was already brought by Daniel to be treated in the Tigerman's hospital with the seers tending to him. It was uncertain when he would recover, but judging from his state, it might take days for him to recover.

Looking into her pocket, she saw Flamy there, sleeping soundly after eating her fire.

Now, the only thing she must do is meet with Drakar.

Reaching the door of his abode, Adhara prepared to knock, yet the door swung open of its own accord. She didn't think much about this and proceeded inside, traversing the hallway until she reached the heart of the house, the living room.

Inside the living room, she saw Drakar was there.

He was standing directly by the fireplace, holding a drink while seemingly deep in thought.

But as she descended the staircase, he glanced at her.

"Lady Adhara, am I in trouble?" He asked, twirling his drink elegantly. "Visiting me two times in a day is not normal. If it concerns my absence from your ceremony, allow me to express my regret. I am, by nature, a loner and don't like the crowd"

Not heeding his remark, Adhara asked back, "Why did you do it...?"

"Hmmm? Why did I do what?" Drakar replied in confusion, pivoting his body towards her.

Upon hearing this, Adhara's expression twisted hideously, her eyes burned with the intense flames of her anger, "I'm asking you why you have to invade the Dwarves and even go as far as provoking them, tell me your reason"

"Oh, that... I already told you the reason" Drakar replied nonchalantly.

He went over to the sofa and sat on it.

Even though Adhara was clearly furious at him for causing the deaths of thousands through a meaningless battle, Drakar doesn't seem to be troubled by it at all. "Then let me ask you this, why did you let me win the duel?"

"I decided to not escalate the situation, that's why," Drakar replied, not hiding anything.

Just like what Adhara thought, he really did let her win.

But this answer made Adhara even angrier, "Then why did you start it in the first place?!"

"Why initiate it in the first place...?" Drakar's voice dropped to a low register, and he turned to Adhara with a fierce glint in his eyes. "Our kingdom suffered a significant loss of strength due to fighting in the frontline, potentially leaving us vulnerable. I approached them politely, asking for a token of goodwill, but they refused. I made a second appeal, detailing the dire situations of my kingdom, and yet, they turned me down once more"

"What do you want me to do?! Do you want me to let my kingdom fall?!" He shouted.

Upon hearing this, Adahra was stupified.

A frown made its way to her face as she asked, "Wait, what are you saying right now?"

"I'm not the one who initiated this, Lady Adhara," Drakar retired. "I merely requested a small portion of their territory, the Iron Forest, as a gesture of goodwill for our aid in their time of need. However, they outright denied me, King Huvuki refused my plea without giving me any alternatives"

Learning about this information, Adhara was taken aback.

She never thought that King Huvuki would give such a response to Drakar.

'If he was really telling the truth, giving reasons as to why he needed the Iron Forest to King Huvuki himself, then this is an even more headache' Adhara pondered, the conflict between these two only kept on becoming more troublesome.

Naturally, since the alliance was recently made, the bond was still thin between them.

Drakar couldn't be blamed if he wanted to ask for a token of goodwill.

After all, his forces came to help the Dwarves in clutch and even fought at the frontline.

But then again, since the alliance was formed, Adhara also couldn't blame the Dwarves as helping each other when attacked is a part of the agreement. This was a matter of morals and respect, far from the ink of the agreement.

'I need to somehow mitigate this, or else their chemistry will be ruined...' Adhara bit her lips.

However, doing so was easier said than done.

Eventually, she made her leave after telling Drakar that he should convey to the Elders to prepare in case of a fight in the future with the Executor. Of course, he took this grimly as another fight was coming their way, but he accepted it.

Along the way, her mind was in a mess as she couldn't find a solution to this ordeal.

Oblivious to her, there was someone looking at her in the dark.

"Eh...?" She muttered and looked to the side.

Exploiting her deep absorption in contemplation, a shadowy figure swiftly emerged from the darkness, grabbing her. It happened so fast that by the time Adhara grasped the situation, she found herself ensconced in a secluded alley.

Instantly, her senses kicked in and she became alert.

However, it didn't last long as she recognized this scent coming from the shadowy figure.

"Flunra? What are you doing here?" Adhara asked in surprise.

Since she expected Flunra to be guarding the city, she was caught off guard to see him here.

"I saw Ugrok's condition, did you get into a fight?" Flunra asked demandingly.

Upon hearing this, Adhara's expression stiffens.

Despite the possibility that Flunra was able to help give a solution, she refrained from telling him about the incident. Not that she didn't want to, but because she could already tell that he had something he wanted to say.

"It's nothing," Adhara shook her head. "What about you? What made you come here?"

Flunra expands his senses for a brief moment.

He made sure that nobody was around to listen to their conversation before he turned his attention back to Adhara, "I have something that I need your help with, and we have to go right now or else we're going to be too late"

Adhara frowned when she heard this.

It was not an everyday thing for Flunra to ask her for help in anything.

"What do you need me for?" Adhara asked sternly.

Pausing momentarily, Flunra responded, disclosing the important task at hand, "We've got a mission from the Lunirich God, Iseldra. Our objective is to awaken the Ice and Snow Moon Princess so that we can ask her to help Rex in battling the Executor"

Listening to this, Adhara sucked in a cold breath, "We're going to do what?!"

Chapter 1032 It's Up To Us Now

Adhara needed some time to sit down as she absorbed the barrage of information.

She was told about Rex's intention of not involving them or the alliance with the fight he was going to have with the Executor and his forces, and also the fact that they were going to go and awaken the Ice and Snow Princess.

It was a being equivalent to Rex and the Storm Prince, hailing from the ancient world.

While sitting on a barrel in the alley, she looked at her own hand.

'Considering that my fire has now evolved, I should be strong enough to help Flunra. Also, if I master even the first technique of the Divine Pyroclasmic Emissary spell book, I'm confident in even fighting ninth-rank realm opponents...' Adhara pondered, clenching her hands several times in contemplation.

Naturally, she has grown way stronger.

Since she was now a True Fire user, this also meant all of her spells were stronger.

But as she thought of this, her eyebrows dipped into a frown.

"If we're going to awaken the Ice and Snow Princess, why do you need my help? Surely, only you know the method to awaken her. Are you expecting trouble? From who?" Adhara asked, confused as to why Flunra needed her help.

All of the Supernatural races were under a peace agreement, at least the higher-rank ones.

So she found it weird that there was someone out there who wanted to prevent the Ice and Snow Princess from awakening. With the Executor around, there's nothing wrong in having more strong pions amongst their ranks.

Flunra shook his head, things were not that simple.

"Lunirich Gods worked as one, they were the Gods who ruled over the power of the moon,"

"Just think of them as a council of Moon Gods, and each of them is an individual deity and has a different view from each other. Rex messed with the Blood Moon Lunirich God and thus created a strain between him and the Lunirich Gods. Since Iseldra asked us to awaken the princess, then she also must've offended the others"

Upon hearing his explanation, the dots started connecting.

But the more she understands the dynamic of the Gods, the paler her expression becomes.

"Are you saying that the Gods would try to intercept us...?" She asked lightly.

Flunra nodded firmly, forcing her to suck in a cold breath.

Such news could strike fear in the bravest, to go through means going against the Gods.

Knowing that there was a divine reason the Gods were Gods—living in their celestial realm, the mere contemplation of challenging these beings while they traversed the mortal realm sent a vicious tremor through Adhara's heart, echoing like the beat of a drum.

With quivering lips, she asked again, "Do you think we stand a chance against them?"

"I don't know," Flunra replied with a heavy tone. "But what I do know is that Rex is prepared to go through Hell for us... for you. I've been his opponent once, and I know how fearsome his will burns in order to protect the pack, and what he thinks is right. Adhara, our chances against the Gods are not the real question,"

"The real question is whether you are prepared to do the same for him...?" He revised.

Flunra's question made Adhara's eyes widen.

She came to a realization that she was thinking about the wrong things.

'No matter the chances, even against the Executor or the Gods themselves— if it meant that he can save us, or give us the peace we want, Rex would never hesitate. Despite all odds, his answer would always remain the same. So what's there for me to hesitate?'

Coming to a realization, Adhara stood back up again slowly.

Raising her face up again to look at Flunra in the eyes, she gave a firm nod, "Let's go,"

...

Inside Calidora's castle, the Vampire territory.

Waahh~

Burying herself on the soft cushion of a sofa in a living room was Mavenna, she was wailing and crying like a little baby. Then again, she has been forced to work her ass off by Rex and Calidora, making her absorb the Life Essence of other beings.

Even when she was full, she was still told to gather more Life Essence.

However, the worst of all was the fact that the Life Essences she harvested were not for her.

It was for Rex instead.

Unlike the Drain Touch spell which heavily relies on the meticulous mastery of its users over the spell, often squandering Life Essence by reabsorption into nature, Mavenna faced no such limitations thanks to her innate ability as a Succubus.

Since she eats Life Essence, it was one of her perks as a Succubus.

Due to that, the harvesting process has been extremely fruitful, and they managed to gather a lot of Life Essence and completely wipe out the entire forest. Now, Rex was absorbing the entire thing in a private room straight after getting back.

"I'm pretty sure you're thousands of years older than me, so why are you acting like a kid?"

Graciously sitting on the side was Calidora.

Given that Mavenna had just awakened on the First Breath, it's safe to assume that she was at least 3,000 years old, a stark contrast to Calidora, who hadn't even reached triple digits in the ancient world, the sealing having occurred when she was still a toddler.

But even then, Mavenna was the one crying right now from a day or two of labor.

Pulling herself away, she shot a glance at Calidora, "I remained here to avoid being ordered around by that cruel Tilrith, but now, Rex surpasses even in cruelty. How can have the heart to insist that I keep eating when my belly is already swollen from absorbing so many Life Essences, almost as if I'm pregnant like you?"

"Wow... do you really have to go that way?" Calidora smiled, holding back her anger.

She was irked at what Mavenna was implying.

"Just think of it as your way of repaying Rex for bringing you here, it's not that you are going to work for years," Calidora added, taking a glass of blood and sipping it. "Besides, your work compared to what he's going through right now is way easier"

Upon hearing this, Mavenna turned to look to the side, the direction where Rex resided.

"What is he trying to do with cursed energy, anyway?" Mavenna asked.

Chuckling lightly, knowing that what Rex was trying to do was absolutely out of this world, Calidora replied, "Chaos elements are chaotic, and other elements, the tamer elements were able to be easily controlled. Cursed energy, on the other hand, matches the chaotic nature that the Chaos elements have, so he's trying to merge elemental prowess and cursed energy, creating a new path of power,"

"Is that even possible to achieve...?" Mavenna gaspe in utter shock.

For her, what Rex is trying to achieve sounds impossible.

Essentially, there was a real fundamental reason why the terms Awakened and Witches were separated, and it was because their sources of power were not the same. Just from that alone shows that it's impossible to merge the two professions together.

Knowing that Rex is trying to achieve that, Mavenna highly doubts that it will work.

"I know what you are thinking," Calidora nodded in understanding, "But since it's him, there's a chance that he might actually be able to achieve it—and even if he failed to achieve that, it was not the primary reason he wanted to achieve the ninth-epiphany"

Mavenna's curiosity was piqued.

Since she was here and could see Rex's journey, she was curious as to what is his end goal.

However, Calidora only gave her a mysterious smile.

"Well, I really don't know about it clearly, it was only a guess of mine" She shrugged.

Just before Mavenna could say anything, she continued, "On that note, what about you? Are you going to come and help Rex and the Supernaturals fight the Executor, or will you steer clear from their conflict?"

"Of course, I'm not goi-"

"It's decided..."

Being cut mid-sentence by Calidora, Mavenna raised an eyebrow and looked at her.

"As a payment for living in my castle in these few days, you are going to come with me to battle!" She declared brazenly with a huge smirk on her face. "Do you really think staying here is free? No, only Rex is free to stay here"

"What...?! Princess, that's not fair" Mavenna melted to Calidora's legs.

Mavenna was putting on the most pleading look she could do to soften Calidora's heart, but it proved to be futile. Calidora threw her face away, stating, "You're aware that there's a high chance that the Executor will target his soul. As a Succubus, you can go and attach to him and strengthen his soul"

"If I do that, I would also be suffering the same pain. Don't make me do it!" Mavenna pleaded.

Even with tears and showing a pitiful look, Calidora didn't budge.

She still remained fixed on her declaration, and Mavenna was forced to comply.

As Mavenna wept and pleaded with her to not be involved in the fight, Calidora glanced to the side, a frown forming on her face. In contemplation, she thought, 'Hmmm... Maybe now might be the best time to activate the detection formation in his room, just in case'

Now that she started to know Rex more, she had some suspicions that might occur.

She decided that it was time to activate the detection formation she prepared firsthand.

A moment later.

Rex has been cramped inside a private chamber to train with all his might.

Immersed in the absorption of Life Essences skillfully amassed by Mavenna, albeit there was some need to use forceful methods, he found himself overwhelmed by the abundance of Life Essences that were managed to be gathered.

Easily exceeded his initial expectations.

Merely a few hours prior, he had achieved the seventh epiphany.

Despite the fact that he broke through another realm, the collection of Life Essences stored within the blank stones Calidora gave, now turned green, had diminished only an eighth of its original volume, which was a pitiful amount.

He thought that he would need to go out one more time to reach the ninth epiphany.

But it seems there was no need.

Upon the stone in his hand drained from its content, Rex consolidated the Life Essences that were turned into cursed energy by his Greater Cursed Body. Swirls of dense cursed energy move around the surface of his skin like a serpent.

It was compact and possessed the unpredictable nature of curses.

Soon, the cursed energy moved from his chest area to his head before eventually vanishing.

Gently, he opened his eyes and adjusted to the surroundings.

Nothing was inside the room, there was no furniture or anything, it was completely empty with only himself and his mind. He inhales deeply before wasting no time to look out of the unglazed window.

Seeing that it was still night, he sighed heavily and shook his head.

Huh... I need to calm down.

Fearing that he might've meditated too long and didn't realize the time, he always checked the time by looking out of the window and mentally keeping track of time. Rex feared that he would be too late in confronting the Executor.

Then again, he already told Calidora to notify him if he was taking too long.

But that doesn't diminish his worry completely.

Just as he poised to grasp another stone for further meditation, the corner of the chamber shimmered with a familiar energy. His gaze shifted toward that corner, revealing a gathering of cursed energy—coalescing into a figure he recognized.

Despite the countermeasures of the castle, this figure easily bypasses all of that.

An unnatural and eerie air surrounded this figure.

Most people would know that this figure is very dangerous, but Rex readily recognizes this figure as none other than the Witch who came to visit. Striding closer to him sitting at the center, the Witch then extended her hand.

"Seventh epiphany... still far from the ninth" She whispered lightly.

Upon hearing this, Rex grimaced, "I'm working on it, I'll reach the ninth no matter what"

"Well, you should be, because if not then your plan would be all ruined," the Witch replied in a relaxed manner, but there was a tint of worry in her tone, showing that she cared whether his plan worked or not. "I'm here to inform you that it's ready, I've got the location,"

"Location...?" Rex muttered as his body tensed.

The Witch nodded her head, "Yes, the location. Gistella got it, and it's up to us now..."

Chapter 1033 I Will Kill You

Finding Rex's location is not that hard for the Witch of Chaos to do.

A small portion of her cursed energy was embedded inside Rex's body to act as a tracker, in case she needed to locate him as soon as possible. It was within Rex's consent, as in the motion of his plan, the two of them are on the same side.

So there's no problem in letting her leave a tracker on him.

Moreover, Rex had already expected her to come, conveying exactly this message.

It was time for the final showdown to begin.

A flow of adrenaline quickly sabotaged his bloodstream and made his body tense.

"Gistella did it huh..." Rex mused with both of his fists clenched, a small sense of relief invading his heart. "I was reluctant to use her, but I'm glad that she managed to pull it off. Witch, when you get there, tell her to take a low profile and prioritize her safety"

"Shouldn't you be able to do that yourself?" the Witch raised an eyebrow in confusion.

But this made Rex shake his head dejectedly.

Even though he initially thought that this wasn't going to be a problem, it became a problem.

"No, I can't communicate with her. I guess the Executor put some kind of barrier, knowing full well that I might still be communicating with her," Rex replied, voicing out his assumptions. "I was not expecting him to do this, but it doesn't matter. Then again, I still couldn't believe that he hadn't caught on, and Gistella was still safe there"

Upon hearing this, the Witch chuckled in hubris, brushing his words as nothing.

"What's so funny about what I said?" Rex asked with a frown.

Covering the smile on her face, the Witch assured, "If I were you, I wouldn't be too worried about that. I'm quite sure that the Passue Matriarch is the only thing inside the Executor's mind right now, that's his biggest threat"

"Passue Matriarch...?" Rex muttered in confusion.

Rex knew a lot about the Executors, but he had never heard of the Passue Matriarch.

Already expecting that Rex was not aware of this, because if he did, then he wouldn't be as worried as now, the Witch explained further, "It's the guardian of the Symposium, the mother of the Passues, a Homunculus made by the Ancient Humans. Its power could rival even the powerhouses of the ancient era, and would only attack humans. A lot of people were afraid of it in the past, even including those who are in the twelfth-rank realm"

Such information forced Rex to halt his breath for a moment.

Even at this current moment, he doesn't know anyone who is in the twelfth-rank realm.

He knew that the Elders of the Supernaturals who he encountered were stronger than the ninth rank if not for the First Breath, but he doubted any of them reached the apex. At most, the Elders were around the eleventh-rank realm.

Now that he knows it could frighten the twelfth-rank realm Awakened, it must be horrifying.

But then again, Rex had already seen a fair share of horrifying beings.

Looking at Rex's expression, the Witch then continues, "Before you compare this Passue Matriarch to other horrifying beings, know that this time will be different. You will be scared of it too, Royal Black Prince..."

Upon hearing this, Rex nodded solemnly.

If the Executor is very wary of the Passue Matriarch, then he should be too.

"What do you mean it only attacks humans?" Rex asked again.

Considering the war against the Supernaturals, he found it hard to believe this.

"In the past, the Symposium was located at the heart of the main Kingdom under the ancient human empire, thus Supernaturals are not the problem. It was other humans that wanted to cause chaos who were a problem" the Witch replied.

Rex nodded in understanding.

Now that she put it that way, it makes sense for the Passue Matriarch to only attack humans.

But as she said that, Rex looked down in contemplation.

He never knew about the existence of the Passue Matriarch, it was new for him.

Due to that very reason, he hasn't prepared anything against the Passue Matriarch. However, a question then appeared inside his mind, "If compared with the Executor, who do you think would most likely win?"

"Chaos element doesn't work on it, so the Executor would lose," the Witch replied firmly.

Not a sliver of doubt could be heard in her voice.

So that means the Executor is likely pulling out all stops to reach the Symposium and seize the sacred weapon. When he gets that, the Passue Matriarch shouldn't be a problem to him anymore. He's probably thinking of sacrificing his entire army to buy time for him. Knowing the Executor, such a heartless strategy is well within the realm of possibility.

It was true that Rex was now detached from the humans completely.

Rex had made a place where humans and Supernaturals could co-exist with each other.

But that doesn't mean he was okay with the Executor's strategy.

Additionally, he had already made a tentative commitment to Giana and Prof. K that he would be helping humanity from the Executor's cruelty. In moments like these, he should also think about the welfare of humanity and the implications for their future.

In this case, if the army was destroyed, then Ratmawati City would be in a lot of trouble.

While he contemplates, he also clenches his jaw strongly.

Speaking logically, the best way to tackle this fight is to make way for the Passue Matriarch to confront the Executor, but... I don't want that, I want to be the one—I want it to be these hands that ripped the life out of the Executor's body.

Despite being the logical move, Rex is very reluctant to do that.

He wanted to show the Executor that his concept of power was nothing but nonsense.

It would be the end of their argument of power.

Just then, the Witch interrupted his thoughts, bringing him back to reality, "I will proceed as you have planned—to approach the Executor and prepare the black goat. Given our shared history, he will likely accept me back. However, a friendly reminder from me... If by the time the Executor seizes the weapon, you haven't attained the ninth epiphany, the Gem won't be corrupted successfully"

"You said it yourself, the sacred weapon is a two-piece equipment. Of course, I recognize your strength and believe you can survive, just as I will be able to survive but..." the Witch gestured to their surroundings. "the others will undoubtedly die"

Upon hearing this, Rex's expression darkens almost instantly.

Flashes of his nightmare from the other night resurfaced and terrorized his mind again.

Every single scream from the others was ringing inside his ears.

Among the recurring nightmares that haunted his slumber, this one in particular was etched itself deeply into his consciousness. Its vividness allowed him to recount every detail, every uttered words the others said in that nightmare.

He felt unease by this, but he could do nothing aside from keep on moving forward.

"I know that already, there's no need to remind me," Rex retorted.

Seeing the evident irritation mixed with worry in his eyes, the Witch smiled in content, "Even an animal would work even harder when threatened with death. For you, Royal Black Prince, you don't fear death, I can tell. But there are other things that you fear,"

"I'm merely helping you jolt your mind, and reach the ninth-epiphany" She smirked lightly.

After saying that, she chuckled as her body dissipated.

Even when her entire being was evaporated into nothingness, turning into a smoke of cursed energy, the chuckle still lingered for half a minute longer. Only when it was gone completely that Rex's expression turned serious.

From the conversation with the Witch, he gained more dreadful insights.

It seemed he had more burdens to bear.

Rex sat cross-legged and clasped his hands in front of his face, gauging his current situation.

Currently, Elder Nolacula and Elder Tilrith are prepared to supply me with an army, and even potentially help me directly. Other high-rank Supernatural races were unresponsive, and, it's small, but there was even a chance that they were plotting against me. But with them alone, I should be able to deal with the human army.

But now, in addition to the Executor, I also would need to deal with the Passue Matriarch.

Just from roughly assessing his situation, it was already bad.

A lot of things could go extremely wrong, and he has limited resources to work with.

Damn it! Had I not called into his trap and been honest with Gistella about the existence of the System, my situation wouldn't be this dire! I really miscalculated which ended up with losing the strongest option I had.

If Rex didn't fall into that trap, he would be in a way better position than this.

Now, every feature is closed to him.

However, despite lamenting his predicament just moments ago, a sly grin graced his face. He covered his face with one hand, indulging in a quiet chuckle that gradually escalated into a maniacal outburst of laughter.

Had Calidora and Mavenna heard this, they would've thought that Rex had gone crazy.

Even though it would've been better to have the System, without it will put ourselves on equal grounds, Executor. I lust for your death with my claws. Even with the addition of the human army you brought, and the Passue Matriarch, my claws are inevitable.

I will kill you.

...

Meanwhile, there was an ongoing battle somewhere far from Calidora's castle.

A couple of hundred Red Demons and Vampire could be seen.

Based on the state of the battle, they seemed to be retreating tactfully with a clear fear in their eyes. Most of them came from the older generations, hardened through the horrifying battles in the past, but they still experienced imminent fear.

It was a fear sprouted by the opposing side which consisted of only two figures.

Following the orders from the higher-ups, these Supernaturals came and attacked the supply route belonging to the marching human army led by the Executor. Since they prepared an ambush, the guards, guarding the route were defeated by them.

None of them managed to survive the ambush.

Under the sudden ambush, they were only barely able to react and defend themselves.

Just like that, another supply route was put down.

It would only be a matter of time before the army lacked the resources to push forward.

But as the Supernatural skirmishers were about to go back and report their success, there was a sudden tear in reality that appeared right at their center. Coming out of it was a stuff of nightmares.

Worse of all, they all recognized this monstrous creature that arrived before them.

"It's- It's Lisnguanx!!" One of them shouted in horror.

Realizing what they were facing was one of the minions of Chaos belonging to the Executor, their countenance was instantly drained from all colors before in the next second, all of them retreated like fleeing rabbits.

Boom!

However, one stomp from Lisnguanx propelled them skywards.

Gripping its halberd tightly, the monstrous creature made a cleaving motion that hit all of the Supernaturals that were propelled into the air. Some of them got brutally split in half, dying almost instantly under its power.

But the worst fate happened to those who survived.

"M- MY ARM! Kahhkk—It won't heal!"

"Raarghkk!"

Each of them fell to the ground again and whimpered in crippling agony.

Despite their Supernatural prowess, being able to regenerate even if their limbs were cut off, the damage inflicted by Lisnguanx seemed to be permanent. None of them managed to even see a glimpse of recovery.

Better yet, their wounds only worsened with each passing second.

In the blink of an eye, Lisnguanx was able to render hundreds into nothing but crippled.

Scanning its devious eyes, hidden underneath its full helmet, Lisnguanx cloaked the blade of its halberd with chaos element and made another tear in reality with a smooth slash. Under the onlookers' eyes, hideous smaller creatures started pouring out.

Each vie for violence and hunger, judging from their sadistic smiles alone.

With a raise of its finger, the summoned creatures charged forward, tearing anything in sight.

For a couple of minutes, there were only painful wails and shouts resounding in the area.

Chapter 1034 Nearing the Creek

Under the tide of monsters, the Supernatural skirmishers were chased down brutally.

A lot of them did their best, casting all kinds of spells and innate abilities to flee from the nigh—perfect terror that was summoned by Lisnguanx, but there was no chance. Most of these chaos monsters had a unique property.

In their presence, the Supernaturals found it hard to control their power.

Some of their spells went rampant and exploded in their faces, while others found it hard to even channel the slightest bit of their energy. It felt like an anchor was weighing down their energy from being moved.

Now, the tragedy of the past resurfaced back into their minds.

A couple of them already experienced this, and it was a nightmare to experience it again.

One and the only thing that could counter this disturbance was the presence of a stronger being from their side, but right now, there wasn't anyone who could provide enough cover from this disturbance.

Due to that, they were demolished and had their body ripped apart.

Moreover, the chaos monsters came in different varieties—and excelled in myriad aspects.

A tiny monster the size of a beetle, moving with lightning speed and burrowing themselves into the flesh of the target. Human-sized monsters with a gnarly look—possessing multiple limbs equipped with tentacles or even weapons, and there were even the humongous ones that could rival the size of a house, stomping the defenseless Supernaturals.

It was utter chaos, these monsters were relentless and merciless in their pursuit.

While this was happening, someone was watching closely.

Just about fifty meters to the side of Lisnguanx, covered in the dense floras was Edward.

Even though he should've been handling the other supply routes that were also under the threat of the Supernaturals skirmishers, he took the time to observe what Lisnguanx was capable of doing.

Now, he had his eyes opened wide in shock.

He wasn't expecting that Lisnguanx was akin to a one-man army.

'I stuck to the Executor closely, but I never knew that he was able to summon a monster like this. Regardless of that, this monster—Lisnguanx is very strong, and also has the capability of summoning other creatures to fight alongside it...'

Edward was in a trance as he observed the battlefield with flared eyes.

Despite the Supernatural races boasting a couple of eighth-rank realm entities, Lisnguanx didn't even need to move from its spot and let its minions do the killing. It even looked a bit bored with its arms crossed.

It gave an air that it has never been challenged or hasn't been challenged in a long time.

A natural dominator that was birthed for war.

With the escape failing, desperation started to settle as the remaining Supernaturals turned around and decided to fight back instead. Moreover, with the help of their survival instincts, some even made an attempt to take down Lisnguanx.

One particular figure that stood out was a Vampire that leaped high into the air.

Regardless of the disturbance, she was capable of controlling her blood energy like normal.

She was one of the Vampires who had a high level of mastery over her energy.

Her crimson eyes gleamed with determination as she refrained from hastily tapping into her own blood energy which was extremely limited. Instead, she turned to the blood around her vicinity that was abundant.

Many of her brethren were killed, and there were limitless supplies of blood in this place.

Like summoning a tide of red, the Vampire spreads her arms to the side and lifts all of the blood—creating a massive column. Controlling blood outside of her body was immensely harder than controlling her own blood energy.

But fueled with anger and desperation, she uses everything she has to do this.

Her nose even started to bleed from over-exertion.

Glaring at Lisnguanx, who remained unfazed by the formidable sight of the Vampire going all out—concentrating all her energy into a powerful attack, to destroy her foe. With a powerful motion, she thrust her arms forward, propelling the entire column of blood forward.

It was akin to a Water Elementalist, sending forth a torrent of water to blast their enemies.

Splash!

Ripples of blood energy were created from the impact.

Even the chaos monsters that were near Lisnguanx got blasted away, and the power of the Vampire's attack was evident as some of them were instantly killed—their bodies exploding into several gruesome parts.

An attack that was equivalent to the very peak of the eighth-rank realm.

Only when the entire reservoir of blood was gone, did the Vampire stop with heavy breaths.

However, Lisnguanx was still standing firmly, his hooves rooted into the ground.

Despite everything that she has poured into one attack, it did completely nothing to the Dread of the Shadowtorn Legion. Not even a scratch could be seen, Lisnguanx was fine all around, it didn't even need to be blocked.

At the sight of this, the Vampire's expression ashen quickly.

It was the heat of the moment earlier that made her angry and attacked Lisnguanx blindly.

Now that she snapped out of her trance, she realized that the difference between them was simply too much. Lisnguanx could easily sustain her all-out attack. Just like Awakened in the ninth-rank realm, they couldn't be beaten by anyone other than those in the same realm.

Eighth-rank realm or even a pseudo-ninth-rank realm wouldn't be able to do anything.

After sustaining the attack, Lisnguanx looked at the Vampire calmly.

Hovering in front of Lisnguanx, the Vampire flapped her wings anxiously, her mind racing to devise an escape plan. Attacking Lisnguanx was the wrong move, and she struggled to find another alternative to preserve her life since at this very moment, she was the one who had Lisnguanx's attention.

As she was thinking deeply, she suddenly noticed Lisnguanx's head tilting slightly to the side.

Instantly after that, a bad notion crept into her heart.

Not even minding the Vampire, Lisnguanx turned its attention back to the battlefield, making sure that his minions wiped the Supernaturals cleanly. Realizing that the Vampire turned and decided to make a dash for it.

Swoosh!

Just when she was a dozen meters away, her body stiffened completely.

Her fearful face slowly melted away and replaced with a blank one, and her breath halted.

She cast her gaze downward, only to witness that there was a thin line that separated her entire form into two. In the next second, her body was cleanly split in half before tumbling onto the ground.

Unbeknownst to her, Lisnguanx had effortlessly sliced her the moment it tilted its head.

Only now that the Vampire realized, and death instantly pulled her into the afterlife.

Inspecting this scene from the side, Edward sucked in a cold breath.

'Such power... it's ridiculously strong' He mused inwardly.

He witnessed the exchange from the start.

When the Vampire launched her attack and hit Lisnguanx squarely, as opposed to managing to touch the surface of its armor, the attack was blocked by an invisible barrier covering the area around Lisnguanx like a bubble instead.

It absorbed the entire attack before storing the energy gathered into the halberd in its hand.

Following that, the moment Lisnguanx tilted its head, it struck with its halberd.

Edward could follow its movement, but it was very fast.

Anyone who wasn't expecting Lisnguanx to move very quickly due to its massive size would be in for a big surprise, its speed was capable of catching many off guard. Only those who were alert might be able to anticipate or even block its attack.

But watching its movement gave Edward a thing or two about its power.

'I don't think the attack was a strike it did willingly, it was almost like a natural counter...'

Just before Lisnguanx strikes with its halberd, Edward catches sight of the halberd trembling for a fraction of a second before the attack happens. He suspects the counter was done by the halberd itself, not Lisnguanx.

Knowing that the battle would be over soon, Edward pivoted his body around.

He had his fair share of tasks to complete.

Even though he came to watch Lisnguanx fight out of curiosity, he still needed to move.

Since he had two other supply routes to secure, he better get going.

Swoosh!

Meanwhile, back to the marching army of the Executor.

Standing upright on the platform in front of the palanquin—hands behind his back was the Executor. Gazing upon a structure at the far end of the horizon, he stood with an extremely tense countenance, a departure from his usual nonchalant demeanor.

Nervousness had replaced the calm expression on his face.

Evidently, under the tireless march of the army, they were now nearing the Symposium.

It was time for him to become the emperor, the God of the entire world.

Landing beside the Palanquin was a woman, Brigitta who came with a report, "We approach Dead Man's Creek. Scouts indicate an army ahead, a mere diversion. I could tell that the main force was strategically positioned near the entrance of the creek, aiming to obstruct our path to the Symposium and get the weapon you are destined to attain"

Upon hearing this, the Executor smirked in mockeries.

"I could smell their desperation from far away," He mused lightly. "It seems these animals are reluctant to be what they are destined to be. Slaves will always be slaves, there is nothing that could cleanse them from their filth, so why not cave in already? Maybe the taste of the new era has made them forget their place"

"But this era is only a sweet dream, now... it's time to wake up" the Executor added savagely.

Nothing will change his view towards the Supernaturals.

For him, the Supernaturals are nothing more than slaves that were destined to be beneath.

"Tell the military generals and their supposedly advanced weapons to march ahead and deal with the small army, make sure they are gone before we reach there," the Executor gave his order, letting the military have their shine.

Despite his skepticism, the modern weapons the military has was quite useful.

He was pleasantly surprised by their usage.

Brigitta nodded her head, she would rely upon any command from the Executor.

Looking to the side, she made a hand gesture towards a military captain which was a signal to the military to move ahead. Almost instantly, under the command of the communication line, the tanks and even aircraft were sent forward.

All of them thundered with engines and zoomed forward quickly to deal with the army.

It was also not a small number that was sent forward.

From mentally counting, Brigitta could tell that there were at least a hundred aircraft and more than three hundred tanks and armored artillery being sent by the general to execute the Executor's orders perfectly.

Everyone knows that the military excels at long-range weaponry, they are very effective.

Advanced weaponry allows them to be this effective.

On the other hand, ground troops would be reserved for the main battle.

Not that it was the general's own order to reserve them, but it was the Executor's order.

Even though neither the military generals or even Brigitta understand why the ground troops, the regular military personnel clad in modern vests were reserved while the tanks and aircrafts—which were a hundred times stronger were sent first, they didn't question the Executor.

He may want the task to be completed faster, or maybe because he liked this set-up more

Either way, it's best to not question his judgment.

Looking at the military pieces being deployed with only a word from his mouth, the Executor smiled in satisfaction. He then turned around, heading back into the palanquin, "I'm going to prepare for the big fight ahead, I suggest you too, Brigitta. Also, call Edward and Lisnguanx back, there's no need to defend the routes anymore"

"Yes, my Lord. I'll do as you say," Brigitta bowed deeply as the Executor went inside.

With that out of the way, she casted her eyes to another direction.

A frown appeared on her face as she uttered, "Something is off with King John, I better go check on him and tell him to prepare. After this fight, there's going to be a bloody war, and he would need to contribute..."

In the next second, Brigitta blitzes to the other side, blending in with the wind.

Chapter 1035 Know Your Place

"King John, it's time, we need to arm our-"

Marching to the forefront of the army where King John should have been stationed, Brigitta sought him out to relay the urgent message about preparing for the big fight. However, she abruptly halted, her words stuck in her throat as King John was nowhere to be seen.

Her forehead creased into an evident frown.

In confusion, she turned her head left and right to search for any cues of his location.

But she found none, he wasn't anywhere near.

Refraining from jumping to conclusions, Brigitta asked the Awakened around, hoping that one of them knew where he went. But she was disappointed as none of the Awakened had seen where he went, and this worried her.

Since Mavenna's escape, her mind always went for the worst.

Fearing the wrath of the Executor, she made sure that nothing like that would happen again.

Deserting the army is impossible now, every edge and perimeter of the army was stationed with trusted Awakened who were vigilant and ready to stop any attempt at desertion. It was more of a preventive measure served to maintain order, as the Awakened, Black Hands, and military personnel within the army were here willingly, not coerced.

All of them volunteered to come, and the numbers were way higher than expected.

It seems the Executor's charisma also appeals to a lot of people.

Maybe the thrill of a new leader gave them hope that Humanity would survive or even the fact that the Executor's ruthlessness toward his own people gave a picture of even worse treatment to the Supernaturals which tempted them.

Under the vicious war for more than a dozen years, hatred was still the main fuel of action.

Now that King John was nowhere to be seen, she panicked.

"Don't tell me he also deserted...? I didn't even sense his reluctance, how can he go now?"

Brigitta was starting to panic as if it was King John, he could desert.

He has a high standing in the army, and even if he separated from the army, there were none that would question him. Sure, some Awakened would question and find it suspicious, but it should be obvious that none of them would confront him head-on.

So if it's him, there's a high possibility that he could do desert if he wanted to.

Just as she was stressing, a voice pulled her back to reality, "What are you doing here?"

Upon hearing this, Brigitta quickly pivoted her body around.

Looking at the man behind him, she could heave a sigh of relief as it was King John.

He seemed to be coming back from somewhere and was definitely not deserting, it was only her mind playing tricks on her into overthinking the situation, "I'm glad that you're here, I was fearing that you went somewhere"

"Where else would I be?" King John raised an eyebrow. "Anyway, why are you here?"

"I was only coming here to tell you that it's time, the Executor instructed us to prepare for the fight. Go and alert your legion, I'm also going to do the same with my legion. Good luck!" She replied in a relieved tone before heading back to her section.

Receiving the news, King John turned to look to the front.

On the far end was the supposed creek that surrounded the Symposium of Upper Divinities.

It was the destination before the Executor's plan developed.

"His plan is now going to be getting the sacred weapon, and after this..." A bead of cold sweat could be seen trickling down the side of his face as he gulped harshly. "after this would be phase two, world domination"

Knowing the exact template of the Executor's move, King John couldn't help but frown.

If the Executor attains the sacred weapon, then it's game over.

Climbing back onto his mount at the very front, he looked down in contemplation, 'Gistella told me to wait, but this is really close to the fight. What's there to wait? When will he make his own move? I don't know... but I need to know'

Not knowing anything only made him feel even more anxious inside.

He doesn't know what to do right now.

But it was then he snapped out of his trance when he sensed an unfathomable aura.

Much like him, the other amalgamation of Awakened and Black Hands also noticed the aura and pivoted to gaze in its direction. It was distracting enough to stop the march of the army momentarily—a collective halt.

In a union, the entire army moved and pointed their weapons to the sky.

Since they were expecting a fight, they were highly alert.

Black Hands channeled their unique energies, Awakened summoned their elemental power, and the military pointed their guns. Hovering in the sky was a bronze mass, exuding an aura that seemed to caress their souls with ominous intent.

A horrendous aura that could only be emitted from a sinister being.

Under the onlookers' gazes, the bronze mass separated into two dots before three figures came to be. Judging from the cursed energy, these figures were definitely cursed creatures, a very high epiphany one at that too.

Maybe for the majority, these figures were foreign, but not to some individuals.

King John, for instance, recognized these figures.

'It's supposed to be the Witch of Chaos, there was no doubt about it. But I remember that the Executor was angry and vented out viciously when he realized that the Witch wouldn't bow down to him, so what is she doing here?' He pondered with a frown.

However, he could tell that she came here not for hostile reasons.

She doesn't seem to bore any intent to fight.

Currently, the Witch of Chaos appeared from thin air above the Executor's palanquin.

Everyone deduced that she was here to talk with the Executor for some reason, but while she was hovering above nonchalantly, waiting for the Executor to come out, King John let out a gasp when he saw something surprising.

'D- Did she just give a glance at me...?' King John questioned in surprise.

He was taken aback as the Witch didn't casually survey her surroundings and unexpectedly locked eyes with him, it felt intention, a deliberate glance. It plunged his mind into a spiral of relentless questions.

All were unanswered, and he couldn't get the answer as the Executor soon came out.

Looking at the Witch, his eyes flickered.

It was unclear whether that flicker was a pleasant one or a vicious one.

King John recalled the Executor was really pissed at the Witch for not bowing to him, and given the Executor's excellence at concealing his anger, it was impossible to tell what the Executor was feeling right now.

It could be either seething rage or pleasant surprise.

Descending from the sky, she went over to the Executor with a troubled look.

"The Witch of Chaos... What happened? What have you come here?" the Executor asked as he crossed his arms, keeping a composed look. "Not too long ago, one of your pets came crawling to me, begging to save their Mother. What happened? I thought you made it quite clear to me already that you're not on my side, but that Royal Black Prince's?"

Upon hearing this, the Witch clenched her jaw tightly.

But this reaction from her made the Executor smirk inwardly, he was enjoying this sight.

For a solid minute, there was only silence.

Not a single person made a word, waiting for the Witch of Chaos to say her purpose.

Despite being on the verge of expressing her thoughts several times already, she remained silent, showing her reluctance to say what she wanted to say. It was as though the words she harbored weighed heavily on her heart.

"If you're not going to say anything, then you'll have to excuse me, I have a battle to attend" the Executor pressured, taunting her evidently through his smirk. He knew what the Witch was about to say, but he wanted her to say it herself.

Only then does the Witch force out the words from her mouth.

"Y- You were right..." She said grudgingly.

Locking eyes with the Executor, she pressed on, "I sought freedom on the other side, yet it was not as I expected, the price was too great. I am willing and with your permission... I'll pledge to fulfill my role as all my predecessors have, and aid you in this endeavor"

Just as she said that the Executor couldn't hide his devilish smile anymore.

It was exactly as he predicted.

"What made you decide to come to me now, Witch?" the Executor asked again.

Upon hearing this, the Witch shuts her mouth for a brief moment before she replies, "He- He went ballistic, crazy. His Werewolf side had already taken over, and I sensed not a single cue or the notion that he could win. I'd rather apologize now than being on the losing side,"

Receiving the news made the Executor's smile stretch even wider.

He was clearly ecstatic.

'Yes... losing the System that he relied upon all this time sent him to madness,' the Executor mused, giving himself a pat on the back for this move. 'Do you see now, my brothers...? I'm not worthless, I am not a mere good-for-nothing. If I am what all of you say I am, then how come I'm taking over the world right now?'

'I am as good as all of you can be, perhaps, even better!' He exclaimed inside his heart.

Exhilarated by this situation, the Executor focuses back to the Witch.

"I know that you and your predecessors have never been able to get rid of your selfishness ever since Father domesticated your kind, so I already expected this but..." the Executor's eyes glistened fiercely. "What makes you think I will accept you back?"

Upon hearing this, the Witch, despite her stoic face, felt her own body tense instinctively.

She was not expecting that the Executor would be like this.

However, it was not entirely out of her expectations, "Are you really not going to accept me back, Fifthborn? I understand your capabilities, but are you genuinely willing to venture into that creek without my assistance, especially when I'm offering it right now...?"

Naturally, the Executor knew that he was taking a big risk by coming here without her help.

It was a risk that he had already taken as the rewards were worth it.

But now that he had her offer, it would be even better for him to accept her back.

Regardless of his preparations, the Passue Matriarch is still a big threat, and his spear would be more effective in dealing with it if it was infused with the Witch's power. Chaos element wouldn't work on it, so cursed energy is the answer.

Declining the Witch would be a foolish move on his part.

Pondering for a brief moment, a smile then blooms on the Executor's face, "Of course, I am a kind ruler. I was only joking earlier, you are always welcome to come back. But before that, I want to make sure that you really know your place, Witch"

"Say it, what do you want me to do? I'll even infuse my pets into your spear" the Witch said.

However, the Executor's smile turned savage in an instant.

Under the onlookers' gaze, he stretches his hand out before he points down to the ground.

"Kneel..." He uttered with a commanding tone.

Just as he said that the Witch's expression twisted hideously, and so did her pets.

In the long history between the Witch of Chaos and the Humans, she had only ever knelt before the Supreme One and the Secondborn. No one else possessed the strength to be able to command such respect from the Witch of Chaos.

Now, the Executor wanted her to kneel, and it was inconceivable.

"What's wrong? Are you not going to kneel and show me proof that you know your place—beneath my name?" Looking at the hesitance, the Executor tilted his head, and his fierce eyes burned. "I SAID KNEEL BEFORE ME!!"

Boom!

Chapter 1036 Forced Respect

A thunderous roar echoed as the Executor's voice pierced the air overbearingly.

His voice carried a commanding tone as he pointed firmly toward the ground, demanding the Witch to kneel before him and demonstrate that her allegiance now belonged to him. Despite such a demand that might be tolerated in a private setting, this was in bare public.

For the Witch, this is more of a public humiliation than a showcase of loyalty.

Even her pet, the insectoid-cursed creature that coiled around her showed its aggression.

It wasn't going to let its mother be humiliated like this.

But there doesn't seem to be any negotiation room in the Executor's eyes, it was either she do as she was told or she wouldn't be welcomed back. A dilemma struck the Witch as this was not a simple gesture for her.

Only a few were worthy to receive that much respect from her.

Naturally, the Executor knew that fact and also knew that this would be a big thing for her.

Kneeling is a guarantee for him that she is not going to backstab him.

Moreover, should the Witch kneel at this moment, the Executor would gain initial influence over her children—a natural exchange of cursed power, and it would be a very big deal. It might not surpass the Witch's dominion over them, yet its presence was undeniable.

Due to those reasons, it was hard for the Witch to kneel.

"I am not going to repeat myself for the second time, Witch..." the Executor pressured.

Upon hearing this, the Witch gritted her teeth and reluctantly descended—swallowing her pride whole. Others made a considerable space for the Witch to land before the palanquin, while the Executor's smile grew as he watched this unfolding scene.

He was so ecstatic that his arms were trembling from exhilaration.

'Good... Kneel to me. With this, you'll solidify that I'm as much as dominant as my brothers'

Not even most of his brothers were able to bear the scene of the Witch of Chaos kneeling before them. Only one was able to do that, and it was the Secondborn thus with this, the Executor would be at the same level as the Secondborn.

Landing lightly on the ground, the Witch clenched her jaw and looked at the Executor.

She gave him a look one last time before lowering her head.

All onlookers witnessed the Witch going down slowly to one knee before the Executor.

It was when she was in a perfect kneeling position that the insectoid-cursed creature let out a loud screech, blasting cursed energy from the surroundings. Moreover, for a brief second, a book manifested that caught the onlookers' eyes, including the Executor.

Due to how fast it faded away again, none was able to properly decipher what it was.

But for the Executor, it was clear what the book was.

It was the Grimoire of Chaos, passed down to the chosen successors of the Witch of Chaos.

Relishing in the sight of the Witch bowing down before him, the Executor spreads his arms to the sides, basking in the air of triumph. He felt like he was ascending to the sky, touching the realm of the Gods.

After savoring the taste of the moment, the Executor took out his majestic black spear.

He then threw it, aiming at right before the Witch.

Clang!

Upon hearing the ringing metallic sound, the Witch looked up and saw the black spear.

"Just as you proposed earlier, infuse my spear with your pet" He commanded.

Knowing that she couldn't say no right now, as it was what she promised earlier, the Witch stood up and strode over to the spear. She cast an apologetic look at the insectoid-cursed creature, apologizing for what she was about to do.

Taking a deep breath, she grabbed the spear and infused it with her cursed energy.

Resonating with her energy, the spear began to shake violently.

It went on for ten seconds or so before she pointed her hand toward the insectoid-cursed creature, lifting its massive body from the ground as if she had telekinetic abilities. Naturally, it wailed to break free, but it was futile.

Screechh!!

Nearing the black spear, the Witch made a twisting gesture with her hand.

Following that, the insectoid-cursed creature screeched in agony—its entire body was being extracted and turned into essences of pure cursed energy. With a devastated look, the Witch fused the extracted essence into the black spear.

Almost instantly, the entire body of the spear started to form visible cracks.

Within those cracks were gleaming bronze light.

Until the entire extracted essence was absorbed by the black spear, which was only able to hardly contain the energy, the Witch eventually stopped. Her breath was evidently rigid, and her eyes dimmed, revealing the extent of her exhaustion.

Raising the black spear, she presents it back to the Executor.

Instead of earlier, the aura around the black spear was now corrupted by cursed energy.

Since the insectoid-cursed creature was the one infused into the black spear, it acquired a new ability to corrupt the blood of the victims. A powerful ability of the ninth epiphany, able to pierce those who are not adept in curses easily.

Looking at the new black spear, the Executor uses his energy to grab ahold of it.

He marveled at the aura before cracking a satisfied grin.

But it was then, his eyes darted back to the Witch, "Where is the other one?"

Receiving that question, the Witch frowned and remained silent for a moment. Obviously, the Executor was referring to her other child who was not present, for a good reason that is, 'If I give any excuse, then he would just demand it forcefully from me. Hmm... I need an excuse to make the Executor think that I'm not in control'

Nodding her head, she then answered, "It's not with me..."

"What do you mean it's not with you?" the Executor probed further, squinting his eyes.

Clearing her throat, the Witch then continued, "The Royal Black Prince found out about my intention, and he took the other hostage. I was hoping that when this is all over, you could help me get it back"

Upon hearing the perpetrator, the Executor scoffed in disdain.

"Don't worry, after this battle, he's already dead" He replied, crossing his arms arrogantly.

Afterward, the Executor scanned the surroundings before his countenance transformed into a fierce expression. He glared at the entire army and barked, "What are you all looking at? I never commanded any of you to stop, so keep on marching!"

Startled, the entire army turned their attention away and resumed their march.

The Witch's arrival caught them in a trance.

Now that he had already gained what he wanted, the Executor intended to go back into his own private space. Meanwhile, on the other hand, the Witch kept looking at his back before her eyes flickered with a peculiar light.

It was only then that the Executor suddenly halted in his tracks.

Going to the side of the palanquin, he looked to the far distance with an evident frown.

"What happened? Why did it go berserk...?" He uttered whisperingly.

Judging from his reaction, he seemed to have sensed something happening in the distance, but the entire army remained oblivious. Pondering for a moment, he turned around, meeting the gaze of the Witch, who was equally aware of the disturbance in the distance.

With a quick stride, the Executor went inside the palanquin again and closed the door.

On the other hand, the Witch flew and landed on the palanquin.

A moment passed and the Executor soon came out again, now with a more serious look.

Ignoring the Witch who was standing beside the door, he intended to go somewhere, but the Witch's voice stopped him, "Did you lose your focus or something?" She asked. "Because if you did, corpses would stack there"

"No, something happened to it," the Executor glanced over his shoulder sharply.

However, the Witch was unfazed by his look and continued, "When I came to meet you here, the Royal Black Prince was not around. So, if I were you, I'd be more careful. He's losing his mind from being berserk, but I'm sure he's not giving up"

Upon hearing this, the Executor squinted his eyes cautiously.

Deciding to not say anything, he held the black spear tightly and leaped, vanishing instantly.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the army.

King John was in and out of his head while he rode his mount—his mind was still filled with the fact that the Witch gave him a deliberate glance towards him earlier. He could somewhat tell that she had something to say to him.

However, even until now when the situation already receded, the Witch never came.

It was killing him inside as to what the Witch wanted from him.

A part of him said that it was something about Rex, but the other part of him said that she might have bad intentions towards him. But either way, he only wanted to know the answer in order to ease his mind.

'Maybe I should go to Gistella again, to see if she knew what to expect' He pondered.

But it was then, he felt a brush on his nape.

Feeling the brush on his nape prompted him to look back, and it was only then that he saw a silhouette of a woman, gesturing using her hand to come towards her. Since the pull was, for the moment, quite strong, he decided to follow her.

King John jumped down from his mount and followed the woman's lead.

He went through the gap between legions of the army, grabbing the attention of many.

All of them were marching forward, so naturally, walking in the opposite direction like he was doing right now would grab attention. However, the really odd part was the fact that nobody noticed her, even though she was also walking the opposite way.

It was almost as if she was seeable only to King John.

Soon enough, King John found himself in front of his own palanquin located to the east.

Confused as to why the woman brought him here, he decided to get inside.

He sat inside in silence, still confused about the situation before out of nowhere, he let out a big gasp when a figure suddenly came to be, sitting beside him. It was the Witch, and there was a sinister aura around her.

Just sitting beside her alone sends danger signals to his senses.

"Are you the one that calls me here...?" He asked.

Instead of answering his question, the Witch replied with a command, "Close your eyes"

Upon hearing this, King John's throat tightened with apprehension. He feared that closing his eyes might invite an unfortunate fate, expecting the Witch to kill him. Naturally, considering that the Executor was around, such an act seemed improbable.

But for some reason, he felt that if it was the Witch, she might actually do that.

Although reluctant, he closed his eyes.

It was then that he suddenly felt a chill traversing through the inside of his body, beginning from his torso before spreading throughout the rest of his body. Out of instinct, he opened his eyes to see if he was okay.

However, like before, he was still exactly the same.

"When your guts tell you to, eat this and immediately clench your teeth," the Witch said.

She handed a small black pill, oozing with cursed energy.

Examining the black pill's appearance alone tells King John that it's a kind of poison or other thing with a malevolent nature—able to cause extreme pain or even death. It was quite clear that she was the one who concocted this black pill.

Anything that she made is surely lethal.

Her title is the Witch of Chaos, so trusting anything she makes was nothing sort of foolish.

Nevertheless, he took it from the Witch, disregarding his confusion.

"What is this pill for?" King John asked.

But once again, the Witch evaded his question, stating cryptically, "If you have a strong will to live, then you'll be fine. When your instincts urge you to consume it, then do it. After that, everything will depend on you, so prepare yourself"

Upon hearing this, King John frowned as he became even more confused.

He had questions inside his head, and he wanted the Witch to answer some of them, but when he turned towards her to ask, she was already gone, "Just what is happening right now? I don't understand anything at all..."

Chapter 1037 Please Let Us Help

Something happened at the supply route that was just secured from the usurpers.

In mere moments, the Supernatural skirmishers were absolutely destroyed and brought down by Linsguanx with little to no effort at all. His diversified summoned creatures were way more than enough to deal with this small matter.

Even Lisnguanx was confused as to why the Executor summoned him for this.

Amongst anything, this was an insult to his power.

But when the battle was nearing the end, there was an aura that appeared out of nowhere.

It piqued Lisnguanx's interest as this one is way stronger.

Despite the extraordinary senses that Linsguanx possessed, locating the source of this aura proved to be very tedious. Soon enough, the summoned creatures of chaos began to suffer a sudden stiffening, collapsing to the ground one by one.

All that were affected by this was banished back to the chaos realm.

Such a sight caught Lisnguanx off-guard, but it ignited its fighting spirit to greater height.

Disappointed at the Supernatural skirmishers—barely able to put up a fight, Lisnguanx was hopeful at the one it was facing now. No matter who was the one who possessed this aura, they must be quite strong.

Just then, Lisnguanx looked downwards, at the ground beneath its hooves.

A phenomenon was happening.

While he was being occupied with locating the source of aura—the cause of his summoned creatures of chaos to be banished rapidly, the ground with him at the center was covered in an unpredictable, yet familiar energy.

Lisnguanx recognized the nature of this energy and was instantly ecstatic.

It remained completely still.

Obviously, Lisnguanx wanted to let the figure be the one to attack him first.

But like many others in the world who had made the same mistake, Lisnguanx's downfall was his arrogance. At the moment the entire battlefield was covered by this energy, a blast came and brought forth an amount of energy that spooked Linsguanx.

Nothing of this caliber crossed its mind when it patiently waited earlier.

Just before it was about to move, a whisper entered its left ear, from Lisnguanx to turn.

However, the moment he did that, he saw a shadowy silhouette charging at him.

Despite the swiftness of the shadowy silhouette, Lisnguanx could tell that it was shaped like the Grim Reaper itself, and it was also moving at blazing speed. Oblivious to what happened, Lisnguanx had his vision turned black.

Lisnguanx didn't feel anything, no pain, discomfort, nothing.

At one moment, he was completely fine but in the next, his vision darkened completely.

It was akin to someone turning off the light of the world.

Meanwhile, a loud crashing sound reverberated through the air violently.

Edward who was handling his first supply route paused in his combat, granting the enemies to use this opportunity to retreat from the battlefield. Nevertheless, he remained indifferent, his duty was to safeguard the supply route, not to eliminate all of them.

'Hmmm...? What happened there?' He pondered with a frown.

He found that the loud crashing sound came from Lisnguanx's direction.

Moreover, it was Lisnguanx itself who was letting out a fierce energy that was so dense that it could be felt all the way to Edward's place. But naturally, Edward found this weird as there shouldn't be anyone who could rile Lisnguanx to this extent.

Lisnguanx even looked bored when dealing with the Supernatural skirmishers earlier.

So there's no way someone is strong enough to elicit a strong reaction from Lisnguanx itself.

Despite having his orders, Edward went back to where Lisnguanx was located to check on it, fearing that it might encounter a hidden expert. With the showcase of power to the ones he took care of earlier, the other supply route should be fine.

Edward's fight should reach them since the other supply route was close.

Naturally, they should've been retreating by now.

Returning back to where he was earlier, Edward saw Lisnguanx wildly slamming its halberd repeatedly, akin to a berserker in a fit of rage. It seemed to be very angry, too angry in fact which contradicted its usual composed demeanor.

"Raargh! Help!!"

"Keep that thing away from me!!"

Around Lisnguanx were the human workers who were distributing the supplies.

But now, they were completely run down in terror as Lisnguanx was weirdly attacking them.

It happened suddenly and without any warning.

Hundreds were dead from Lisnguanx's halberd, squashing them into meat paste.

Fortunately, the summoned creatures of chaos Lisnguanx had previously summoned were already banished to the chaos realm by the mysterious aura from earlier. Had they been in full force, the situation would be way worse right now.

'Nothing in the surroundings, it was spotless clean' Edward pondered with a frown.

Scanning the vicinity, he found not a single clue.

Now that Lisnguanx had turned like this, it was evident that something had occurred, and someone was definitely responsible for this. But there was not a single clue to reveal the perpetrator whatsoever.

It was either the person was an expert assassin, or its trace was too faint to be detected.

Either way, Lisnguanx fell to its victim.

"Who the heck did this?" Edward questioned before jumping in.

Roar!!

Looking at the towering Lisnguanx who was the epitome of a battle monger, a human, a low realm Awakened fell to his butt and crawl back in utter fear. Considering his power, escaping from Lisnguanx would be impossible.

He could only watch as Lisnguanx lifted its halberd high above.

Swinging the halberd with the enhancement of its chaos energy, Edward came in clutch.

Clang!

Raising the Soulreaver Lance, the lance that was gifted by the Executor, he squarely blocked Lisnguanx's attack head-on. However, the sheer force of the strike splintered the ground beneath him, ensnaring him in an intense power struggle.

"Stop! You are not supposed to attack Humans!" Edward exclaimed thunderously.

He was hoping that Lisnguanx would snap out of its trance.

Rather than responding to Edward's call, Lisnguanx unleashed a thunderous roar, able to generate a powerful soundwave that blasted the surroundings, leaving all—everyone who heard its might, including Edward, momentarily stunned.

Without delay, it cloaked its halberd and executed another forceful strike.

Knowing that he was in trouble, the ink-like armor that Edward wore moved on its own.

It blocked Lisnguanx's attack, perfectly halting it in place.

Even though Edward was completely stunned, unable to do anything at all due to the low vibration that the roar unleashed—crippling his body, his armor wouldn't let anything bad happen to him.

However, following that, Lisnguanx sent another—even faster strike.

Despite the protection of his armor, Edward was propelled away, rolling across the air.

Landing on two, firm feet, he looked at Lisnguanx and frowned, "I sensed the Witch's aura earlier, and this might as well be her doing. No... I'm quite sure that it was her doing. I don't know what she did to convince the Executor, but she's an enemy"

Edward was quite sure that she was still an enemy.

Knowing that Rex is capable of extreme manipulation, he suspects everything.

Since the Witch spent a considerable amount of time with Rex, there was a very high chance that she was still working with Rex, and this was a part of their plan. "Fine, I'll stall Linsguanx until the people escape before heading back to check"

...

Meanwhile, inside the Silverstar Pack's castle.

A dire piece of news reached the castle's doorstep, stressing Ryze, the one who received it.

It was a message from the Dark Elves who reported that the Executor's army was nearing its last steps to reach the Symposium, and thus, the fight was going to happen soon. However, the problem was the fact that there was no instruction.

Ryze doesn't know what he is supposed to do.

Since the Silverstar Pack members were all absent, he was at the top of the command chain.

Everyone knows of his relationship with the Silverstar Pack.

Naturally, the one who was fitting to be a replacement for the Silverstar Pack was himself.

Of course, there were Prof. K and Giana who were directly a part of the Silverstar Pack.

However, their relationship was not as convincing as Ryze's relationship—being fairly new to the Silverstar Pack themselves. Moreover, Gelmar knew that they were enemies before, thus, leaving the top of command to them was not a probable move.

Sitting on a chair inside a meeting chamber was Ryze, contemplating heavily.

On one hand, he knew that the army should remain in the city.

Rex had advised them to remain behind and protect the city, anticipating a potential assault from the Executor's forces while the fight was going. Furthermore, Evelyn had yet to issue orders for the army to prepare and join the fight directly.

It was obvious as to where the decision is leaning to—staying put.

Due to those reasons, Ryze knew that he would command the army to stay out of the fight.

But the problem was the three generals, Gelmar, Dindora, and Linthia.

All of them arrived precisely when Ryze received the news and suggested that the army was prepared to support Rex in battle. Each of them overseeing a legion, had already made sure that their troop were ready to mobilize at a moment's notice.

Ryze already declined their proposal, but they still pressed him to agree.

Even now, they were still pressing Ryze.

"Be reasonable," Dindora said politely, trying to convey her thoughts. Everyone who became a resident of Dargena City came because Lord Rex, in one way or another, helped them. It's because of him that we are here. I hope you understand because, like us, you are also here because Rex did something for you"

Adding to this, Linthia nodded, "Yes, the city only stands because of him, Sir Ryze"

"Had we stayed behind to protect the city, and in the end, Lord Rex lost and passed away, protecting the city would be futile. In that situation, we, the citizens of Dargena City, would only be awaiting the inevitable doom from the Executor" She added firmly.

Of course, their logic was not wrong.

Staying behind might also be the wrong move, considering the situation.

However, the burden of making such a decision was too big for Ryze, who was not used to this kind of thing. It was then that Gelmar chimed, "Please, say the words. Let us help Lord Rex. We owe our existence to him, and this is the least we could do"

Ryze clutches the handles of his seat in a heavy dilemma.

Despite their logical input, it was still hard for him to order the entire army to go to war.

But suddenly, Rex's voice rings inside his head.

"I know that you are still a kid, and the situation might be too much for you. But to be with me, this is what you will be dealing with daily, and don't forget that you are now a Heavenly Dragonman"

"You need to grow up fast"

Upon repeating these words again, Ryze's expression visibly tensed.

An air of resoluteness washed over him as Rex already warned him that the trials in the near future were going to be very hard, and there was nothing else he could do but grow up soon and take control.

Making a decision also requires him to grow up.

Failing to grow up fast enough meant being left behind, and he didn't want that.

'I am a Heavenly Dragonman, and Rex trusted me to be by his side when he was facing a bad situation, so I must live up to his expectations' Ryze pondered with a deep flicker in his eyes, he wanted to prove himself more than anything.

Additionally, the opportunity was right in front of him.

All he had to do was to reach his hands out and grasp the opportune moment.

"Okay... Send the words to the army, let's prepare for war" Ryze eventually ordered firmly.

Upon hearing this, the three generals' faces lighten up.

Despite having not much hope that Ryze would be up to the task, the three were happy with how this turned out. In excitement, Gelmar went to the side to take a chest that looked quite regal and refined.

Rotating around it was a sacred aura, telling that the item inside was important.

With a slow motion, Gelmar opened the chest.

"Since we're going to war, there's a need for chemistry, and this... this is the missing piece we need in order to have a successful war. What do you think, Sir Ryze? Do you think Lord Rex and even the others would like it?"

"N- No.. they wouldn't like it" Ryze gasped. "They would love it!"

Chapter 1038 Speech of Purpose

Looking at the presented item, Ryze couldn't help but nod his head repeatedly.

He was approving the three generals' works.

Despite not knowing where Rex was able to adopt them from, he made the right decision to recruit them and make them general. Ryze would never thought of making this, and the fact that Rex also hasn't means he also hasn't thought of it.

But even so, the three generals did, and it was a very good thing.

"I figured Lord Rex has no time to ponder deeply for the betterment of the city, so I decided to be the one to help him in that aspect," Gelmar smiled in excitement, he wanted to tell Rex about this but there was absolutely no way he could do that.

Rex was too busy, and Gelmar couldn't find the perfect time to tell him.

Shaking his head, Ryze nodded firmly, "I'm quite sure that he would approve of this"

"Albeit the design will change in the future, as there's no input from Lord Rex in creating this, it's still a start. Our people would need to feel a sense of belonging, and this is—I believe will be a great start" Dindora added, there was a hint of pride in her tone.

Naturally, seeing Ryze's expression made her feel good about this.

"Go and place it on top of the castle, let the citizens see it," Ryze commanded quickly.

However, the three generals looked at each other meaningfully.

Upon seeing their reaction, Ryze raised an eyebrow before Gelmar explained, "Actually... We already expected the answer from you and went ahead and gathered our army beforehand. I apologize in advance, but all of them are outside right now"

Receiving the news, Ryze was at a loss for words.

Even then, he firmed his resolve and gave Gelmar a strong nod, "Okay, lead me to them..."

A moment later.

It was a gloomy day for Dargena City, the heavens brooded, a leaden canvas painted with a stroke of unease. Dark clouds draped the firmament like mourning shrouds, suffocating any hint of the sun which surrendered its warmth to the embrace of shadows.

A sepulchral hush lingered in the air, broken only by the banter of a humongous crowd.

Nature itself seemed to grieve and be influenced by the uneasy atmosphere.

Overcasting the entire city, the air of uneasiness draped over the residents who had dropped their daily activities and gathered in the big space at the heart of the city, below the majestic castle belonging to the ruler of the city, the Silverstar Pack.

From a bird's eye view, the crowd was separated into two distinctive categories.

At the heart of the place stood six legions in a square formation adorned in the resplendent crimson Prudian armor, the product of the factory that had recently completed arming the entire army. Each

soldier emanated a palpable heat, capable of intensifying their auras and bestowing upon them an air of seasoned expertise.

Every enemy that they encounter would think of them as a mystical army.

It was their armor that definitely stood out.

Some of the high-rank Supernatural races aren't able to fully arm the army under them.

Naturally, Dargena City's army—clad in full armor would be quite menacing.

Despite their menacing auras, knowing that war was coming took a toll on them. Some of the soldiers had a hint of fear in their eyes, surely unfit to face hard challenges. It would be quite impossible to go through anything with fear present in their hearts.

Had it not for the armor, the legions would look comparably weaker if they were scared.

Aside from that, located at the edges were the civilians.

Kids, mothers, the elderly—those who weren't able to fight properly were excluded from the army. Despite the dire situation, nothing but those who could give it their all could enter the army, yet the civilians still gathered at the sight.

Each one of them gazed at the assembled army with awe and appreciation.

It was clear that the army would fight for survival in their stead.

At the very least they could do is to appreciate them, and come to watch them depart.

Currently, the soldiers and the civilians were discussing as to why they were called to come here by the three captains themselves. Since they were all told to come ready in armor, they expected that they would be going to a fight.

Due to that very reason, some of the soldiers were extremely nervous right now.

Meanwhile, Ryze was secretly looking down from the castle.

He was about to give a speech and give a sense of purpose to the entire army so that they could be fueled with determination at the prospect of helping Rex. Naturally, his heart was beating so fast right now from nervousness.

Beads of sweat trickled down the side of his face, showcasing his palpable nervousness.

Standing behind him were Gelmar, Dindora, and Linthia.

Even though he wasn't an official member of the Silverstar Pack, he was known throughout the city as a close friend of the pack. Furthermore, his overbearing exploits on the battlefield against the Rastrian Demons have also reached the citizens' ears.

No one doubts that he is very strong, as a Heavenly Dragonman.

Many found it unbelievable that he could contain the bloodline of a Heavenly Dragonman, but with the Silverstar Pack in the way, there's nothing too hard to believe. Since a Werewolf with the ability to turn into a Human exists, Ryze's existence is not too hard to believe.

Because of that, he was not a complete foreign to Dargena City.

Ryze is the only one who has enough standing and could replace the others today.

Casting one last look at the three generals at the back, Ryze took a deep breath and walked out to the balcony to give his speech to the people of Dargena City below. He clenched his sweaty palms and strode forward.

Seeing that a figure came out of the castle, the banter suddenly stopped.

Everyone fixed their eyes on Ryze.

It was a nerve-wracking sensation as the space before the town hall went completely silent.

Clasping his fists strongly, Ryze stood at the edge—before the parapet and looked down at the massive crowd below him. 'I've never stood in front of this many people, I've never been the center of attention, but now I'm about to try and give a speech. I don't think I can do it...'

Upon standing at this many people, Ryze started to doubt himself.

He looked down at the note that Gelmar gave him to help, but it was a blur, he couldn't think.

A natural reaction for someone who hasn't done anything like this.

Ngingg...

Like an increasingly loud siren, his ears were ringing and his breaths becoming heavier with each inhale. He couldn't stand the pressure, and even Gelmar was noticing that Ryze might not be able to deliver anything.

'Stop it...!' Ryze gritted his teeth. 'I don't want to be like this, there's a lot on my back!'

Ryze was aware that his speech would be very impactful to the army.

Failure might cause the army to not want to go and help Rex, or even worse than that, there might be some that decided to desert if forced. Knowing that their opponent would be most likely the Executor himself is also another devastatingly powerful factor.

Most of them who are Awakened ran here because of the Executor, and their family heads.

So it would be hard to convince them.

Due to that, a lot of things might go wrong, and the burden is on Ryze's back right now.

Observing Ryze's struggle from behind, Gelmar was poised to act. None of them, including Rex, could afford the consequences, the stakes were too high for everyone. Thus, Gelmar already devised contingency plans to assume Ryze's role if needed.

If he couldn't deliver as expected, he would step in.

Judging by Ryze's current condition—standing stiffly like a statue, he's not going to deliver.

Deciding to act right now, he suddenly halted his steps.

Sensing his approach, Ryze gestured for Gelmar to stay back, steadying his heavy breaths.

Out of nowhere, the heavy breaths ceased altogether as if he was not nervous from the start before he straightened his back to address the crowd, fully abandoning the note in his hand, and going with his feelings instead.

"Some of you might know me now, but in the past, I am a slave,"

Ryze started his speech, his voice was loud and mighty—amplified by Dindora's magic.

"I was separated from my family and traded as a slave in the black market. I faced the grim prospect of a torturous existence at the hands of a master. Initially, fear gripped me as I sat in the cage, but over time, that terror transformed into a profound sense of helplessness. I resigned myself to the cruel destiny of being sold and worked to death"

"But one day, he came and saved me from that pit of despair. Rex came, Lord Rex came..."

Clutching the fence with unwavering determination, Ryze surveyed the crowd below, locking eyes with each individual. His voice carried the resonance of his emotions, "We are at war... and our futures are uncertain. Yet, etched in my mind is the moment when Lord Rex rescued me from that wretched cage. I am sure that all of you have the same memory of him, a time when Lord Rex came and helped you directly or indirectly"

Upon hearing this, the gatherings of people felt a sensation brushing their hearts.

It was true that they all had that memory.

Coming here was their own choice, and they wouldn't come if they didn't favor Rex.

"Lord Rex has sacrificed everything to forge peace in this chaotic world, and now he stands alone on the frontline." Out of sheer anger, Ryze's body ignited with power, a surge of fiery blaze transforming him into his Heavenly Dragonman form. "Our purpose is clear! We are a united force, tethered by Lord Rex's will. He has paved the way, and it is our duty to stand together and safeguard the foundation he has built!"

One of the crowd responded with a determined shout, slamming his spear into the ground.

Soon, others follow, nodding their heads in agreement.

Despite the fact that it was Ryze who gave the speech, the brief story of Ryze's past made them feel connected as if coming from the same background. His passionate words coming from the heart also greatly help him touch the soul.

It didn't take long before more and more people joined in, shouting in a union.

"Our future might be shrouded in darkness brought by the damned Executor that wanted to ruin the entire world into his tyranny, but we are a united force, and we will charge forward into the darkness if Lord Rex is going there! We owed our existence to him, and we will make sure the Executor feels the wrath of the survivors!" With energy, Ryze punched the air, communicating his burning emotions.

Roar!!

In response, the entire army shouted and slammed their weapons to the ground violently.

To the three generals' surprise, Ryze managed to deliver.

Despite the fact that he was still nothing but a kid, the pressure has made a man out of him and helped him rile up the entire army and gave them a purpose. Feeling the burn, Gelmar quickly made his way out and stood beside Ryze.

"We will bring the end to the Executor's tyranny!" Gelmar shouted at the top of his lungs.

His voice rumbles with the might of his entire being.

Looking down at the people of the city, who call Dargena City their home, Gelmar added, "All remaining forces in the new era will kneel to Lord Rex's order! The Executor, the Humans, or even the Supernaturals who try to obstruct our ways will bow to the might we wield!"

"YEAHH!!"

"WE'LL END THE EXECUTOR!!"

"RAARGGHH!!"

Every single soldier raised their weapons high, determined to destroy their opponents.

"Today... Today will herald the twilight of Dargena City which was created with the vision of peace. With courage and unity, we can overcome anything, and we will pay the price due to Lord Rex for granting us this peace!!"

Chapter 1039 Morgrak Hold

Surprisingly, the speech had a very positive impact on the entire army.

It was all thanks to Ryze's beautiful approach, making him seem more similar and relatable in terms of personal background with each individual soldier. Despite the soldiers coming from varying backgrounds, there was one single thing they had in common.

A red thread that connected them with the others.

Ryze was able to decipher that red thread connecting them as their view on Rex.

Since most of them came from the Burton and Hestar Family, they must've had a very strong bond with the head family, Sir Daniel and Lady Lauren. Assuming that was the correct move, as they were loyal enough to abandon their home.

Leaving the human territory, the place that protected them for years must've been difficult.

But their loyalty prevails and they end up here.

In the past, when Rex was still dealing with the 25 Golden Crest Families, he was also close with not only the head families but also the descendants. Naturally, the Awakened definitely heard some things about Rex from them.

With Sir Daniel and Lady Lauren volunteering to come here, they must've favored Rex.

Reflecting the family they serve, the Awakened would also favor Rex.

From those quick assumptions that he made, he realized that the uncertainty they had about the current situation was not true doubt. It was more because they were not regulated, since the head families were away and left a handful of them behind.

All they needed was a push and clarity which Ryze provided to them directly.

Seeing the army cheering in determination, the smile on Ryze and Gelmar's faces spreads.

Keeping their chin held high, the two turned around and went back inside.

Upon re-entering the castle, as both Dindora and Linthia looked on in surprise, Gelmar cast a glance at Ryze and asked, "Where did that come from...? Sir Ryze, you nailed it. Your speech earlier made the entire army resonate with you, clear with one goal in mind"

Ryze returns the glance before averting his gaze away again, inhaling deeply.

He also didn't know how he could mutter those words, his mind was working automatically.

It was as if someone else possessed his body and delivered the speech.

Shaking his head lightly, he replied, "It came from the heart... I only said what's on my mind"

Gaining his answer, Gelmar's expression brightens for a moment before stiffening in the end. He now realized that what Ryze said earlier was completely true, it was the truth of his own background, a slave who was about to be traded away.

Everything would have gone wrong had Rex not come and saved him from that hell hole.

Now Gelmar knew why his speech resonated with the army.

It was because Ryze was telling every single word from the heart as he was truly thankful.

Dindora and Linthia also exchanged knowing glances, their expressions reflecting both joy and trouble. On one side, they were pleased with the success of Ryze's impactful speech, but their happiness was tempered by the somber reality of his true and difficult past.

It would be inappropriate for them to be happy, knowing that the story was true.

Just like them, Ryze has also become a slave.

In stark contrast to them who were Supernaturals, he was a complete human and yet got hit by the cruel fate of enslavement by his own kind—an affliction more egregious than them. At the very least, Gelmar, Dindora, and Linthia were enslaved by the opposing force.

Meanwhile, he grappled with the bitter betrayal by his own kind.

Unanimously, Gelmar, Dindora, and Linthia feel even more familiar with Ryze.

"Me and Linthia will go down and take control of the army, when you are ready and finished the preparation to depart, we can march," Dindora said firmly. "If we move right now, there should be enough time to reach there before the fight starts"

Listening to this, Ryze nodded before the two of them left.

Now, it was only him and Gelmar, "We should place Sir Kyran in a safer place,"

"Yes, we don't have any choice, we have to leave him here" Ryze agreed.

Opting to confine Kyran in the underground chamber, originally the Witch's chamber, the two hastened their steps toward the designated room. Their pace was brisk, and they managed to reach the bed chamber in no time.

But as they got closer, a frown started forming on their foreheads.

"Did you leave the door open earlier, Sir Ryze?" Gelmar inquired, he felt uneasy about this.

Ryze denied that, "No, I remember closing it behind me,"

Recognizing the anomaly, they shared a meaningful glance before hastily making their way to the bed chamber—barging into the room. As they stepped inside, both were seized by a chilling gasp of horror, seeing the bed was empty.

Nobody was lying there, Kyran was nowhere to be seen.

"What in the world-"

Breaking out of the trance, the two started to look around the room in a hurry.

Even below the bed was not spared from their sweep.

However, even though they already turned the entire place upside down, Kyran was nowhere to be seen which means that he was not inside, "Don't tell me someone came and kidnap him again? No, it can't be, our security is tight in this castle, any infiltrator should at least activate one of the traps I set"

Gelmar was already freaking out, he was stressing over this blunder.

Losing Kyran for the second time must be one of the worst scenarios for Rex after the fight.

But it was then that Ryze intervened, "No, nobody kidnapped him"

Upon hearing this, Gelmar turned towards him and found him pointing at the ground near the unglazed window. He could see a light crack on the ground, signifying one thing, "Did- Did Sir Kyran wake up and go out on his own...?"

"Yes, he definitely woke up, and instantly headed somewhere" Ryze nodded with a frown.

It was quite obvious for Ryze.

Since Gelmar was quite confident in the security of the castle, it would be illogical that some infiltrator managed to sneak inside unnoticed. Thus, Ryze already assumed that Kyran went out on his own.

Knowing what to look for, it's easy to find the crack near the window.

A sign left behind by Kyran's escape.

"He should be fine if he went out on his own, but the question is, where is he heading...?"

...

Meanwhile, on the other side of the Supernatural territory.

Amidst the rugged terrain, where craggy peaks kiss the sky and verdant valleys cradle the berserker ingenuity, lies Morgrak Hold—a thriving orcish bastion of raw power, one of the strongest Orc Villages around.

With the sun rising above the horizon, the village awakens with a pulsating vitality.

Dwellings crafted from weathered timber and adorned with trophies and flags of conquest stand proudly against the backdrop of breathtaking mountains. Pungent scent of roasting meats wafts through the air, mingling with the rhythmic symphony of clanging blacksmiths and the fervent hum of industry.

Orcish craftsmanship were displayed on the market stalls.

Bone carvings, enchanted leathery goods, and weaponry could be seen in every corner.

A definite decorations for a race bred for war.

Looking from a bird's eye view, the entire village spanned vast, covering several mountains around with at least a life of more than a hundred thousand Orcs. It's a great territory for a single clan, living in isolation.

However, their unparalleled might was the cause of their massive expansion.

In this village lies the great Goz Errudh Clan, led by Lurbhuk the Cleaver—a legendary black Orc that has led his people to greatness. Even with the awakening of the older generations, Lurbhuk sustained his position with full blessing.

Naturally, in the world of Orcs, only the big and strong could rule over them.

Enhanced by the support of an impressive eight of nine shamans, the entire village was infused with rituals, saturating the air with primal magic that bestowed blessings upon every inhabitant of this bustling community. Even the village defied stereotypes with its open doors, welcoming other races for trade—a remarkable achievement considering the tribal and animalistic reputation often associated with orc settlements.

Inside the Great Hall, the fortress of Lurbhuk himself, there was a small meeting taking place.

Six clans have already embraced the idea of uniting with the Silverstar Pack and join their new alliance. Considering even those animal-witted chiefs are amenable to such a proposal, we, as a more diplomatic and advanced clan should follow suit," Remarked an Orc in an Orc accent adorned in spiky obsidian armor, expressing concern as he addresses the imposing figure at the center—Lurbhuk himself.

Lurbhuk tapped his beefy fingers on the wooden table in contemplation.

It has been some time since the proposal.

But he was still undecided as this is a big decision, and he had only his clan's safety in mind.

Even then, his reputation as a sensible Orc would diminish if he refuses.

Since the high-rank Supernaturals were only going to treat them as animals of wars, instead of another reckoned force, siding with them is not optimal. Meanwhile, on the other hand, it was different with the Silverstar Pack.

Had he joined them, there's a big possibility that they would be treated way better.

Just as he was about to come to a decision, an Orc barged inside.

One of the Warchiefs went inside with hurried steps, and he instantly turned to Lurbhuk with clear concern on his face, "Lord Chief, there's a problem. A visitor came saying that he wants to trade for our Ironhaert Ale, but he made trouble in one of our breweries"

"Hmm...? He dares?" the Orc beside Lurbhuk stood up, spreading his massive statures.

Lurbhuk, on the other hand, asks, "What is he?"

"I don't know, Lord Chief, but he is comparable in size with us" the Warchief replied.

Upon hearing this, Lurbhuk frowned, for only two races came to mind that could rival Orcs in size, and neither was a favorable prospect. Standing up, knowing that the situation might be escalating at this very moment, he declared, "Take me there, I'll judge the situation myself"

Meanwhile, on the most famous breweries, there was a big commotion.

A gang of five Orcs were surrounding a table.

Each of them possesses formidable sixth-rank realm power, marking them as among the strongest Orcs or a formidable gang from the older generations. Eyeing the black hooded figure seated nonchalantly, the five Orcs tighten their grip on their clubs.

"What did you say to me, outsider?!" One of the Orcs roared thunderously.

Despite the hostility from the Orcs, the hooded figure chuckled.

He didn't even turn his body towards the gang of Orcs and only drink the ale he ordered.

It was obvious that he think nothing of the gang of Orcs.

Enraged, one of the Orc who has his patience completely run out charged forward—lifting his club high in the air for a powerful vertical strike. But as the club descends, the black hooded figure tilted his body back as the attack destroyed the wooden table.

Crash!

Recovering from the attack, the Orc looked at the black hooded figure again.

But in that moment, the veins across his body bulged in anger.

Not even taking this matter seriously, the black hooded figure was still drinking in complete nonchalance, even smacking his lips in satisfaction with the taste of the ale. Naturally, the Orc came to strike again but his body suddenly halted.

Other Orcs was confused by the sight of the other Orc halting in his attack unnaturally.

It was then that the figure turned around.

"Don't misunderstand, I meant it as a compliment" the black hooded figure said as he threw the wooden cup to the side. "After all, in my time, Orcs never used their heads. So I find it quite amusing that animals like you can actually create something like this ale"

Looking at the other Orcs with his feline eyes, the figure smiled devilishly.

"Be thankful that I praise your creation, it might save your lives" the figure added hauntingly.

Following that, the Orc's body beside him splashed into a thousand pieces.

Nobody expected the Orc to explode just like that, and more than that, they couldn't see what the figure did to that Orc and caused his body to explode like that. It took a moment for the onlookers to realize what was happening.

Only when a loud feminine scream resounded that they snapped out of their trance.

"Kyaaaahh!!"

Chapter 1040 Passing By

Some of the female Orcs screamed in horror when they saw what happened before them.

It was a gruesome and unexpected event.

At least a hundred Orcs gathered around the famous brewery, looking at the foreigner before them who was causing a commotion with a gang of older-generation Orcs. Despite not even blinking, none of them caught what the foreigner did to the poor Orc.

But obviously, he did something to cause the Orc to explode like that.

Just when the situation settled in their minds, the Orcs quickly drew their weapons in anger.

None of them could stand the overbearing behavior of this foreigner.

Since they were inside the heart of the Morgrak Hold, they would not tolerate any disrespect, especially one that comes from a foreigner inside the heart of their turf like this. Even if there needs to be blood spared, then they would gladly do so.

Baring their vicious fangs, the Orcs pointed their weapons at the hooded figure.

It's still unclear what the figure was at this point.

Looking around nonchalantly from under his hood, the figure was absolutely enjoying this.

He viewed these Orcs as nothing.

Glancing over to the side, his eyes met with the bartender near the door who came out when he heard the commotion and raised his hand, "Give me another round, I like the taste of your ale, and I'm still planning to have more"

Upon hearing this, the bartender was taken aback.

Even with all the Orcs gathered and weapons pointed, the figure still acts nonchalantly.

But this act made a lot of Orcs hesitant.

If the figure has this much bravery in confronting this situation, then it's very likely that either his background is terrifying or he is a powerhouse. Nobody has that much confidence if they can't handle the repercussions of acting confident.

Just as the situation was locked in uncertainty, the figure's voice resounded again.

"Know that if you try to use that pick, you'll end up like this pile of meat" He declared lightly.

On the right side of the crowd was an Orc that received a glance from the figure, and he was completely stunned on his spot. Mere seconds ago, he was fueled with anger and wanted to attack the figure from the back while the others were hesitating.

However, the figure warned him directly, as if the figure could read his mind.

It made his body freeze, clutching his club tightly.

'H- How did he know I was about to attack...? Eye movement? Sixth sense?' the Orc gulped.

Coming from a fierce Orc clan and having engaged in countless battles, he had mastered the art of subtle warfare, ensuring there were no indications when he was about to attack. Yet, the figure instantly sensed it, and it caught him off guard.

A bead of cold sweat trickle down the side of his face.

Even though it was subtle, the figure's warning seemed to choke on his neck tightly.

"What's going on here?"

Out of nowhere, a commanding voice breaks the tension.

Snapped out of their dazed minds, the gathered Orcs make way for two big Orcs who clearly have a higher standing than the norm. One of them is a Black Orc, the Lord Chief of Morgrak Hold, Lord Chief Lurbhuk himself.

Reaching the very front, the big Orc at the front eyed the figure with squinted eyes.

"Outsider, take down your hood" He commanded sternly.

While the big Orc was trying to get a sense of who they were dealing with, Lurbhuk was also doing the same. He tries to peer under the hood, trying to catch a glimpse of the figure's real identity, 'It's hard to see from here, but I think I see furs... So he's a Werewolf'

Just the glimpse of furs alone tells Lurbhuk about the race of this figure instantly.

Initially, he was undecided between two, Dragonman and Werewolf.

Both races could rival the Orcs in size, and their high-ranking status made it logical for them to act overbearing like this. Now, he realized that it was a Werewolf, and he was troubled by this as the Werewolf's territory was far away from theirs.

Under normal circumstances, there shouldn't be any Werewolf coming to his village.

Glancing towards the big Orc, a smile appeared under the figure's hood.

Against all expectations, even the big Orc himself believed that the figure wouldn't comply with his demand, likely leading to a confrontation. However, much to everyone's surprise, it didn't turn out as expected.

Nodding, the figure pivoted towards the big Orc.

While still sitting comfortably on the lengthy wooden chair, he lowered the hood.

It was only at that moment that the realization dawned on everyone, realizing what Lurbhuk had realized earlier—the figure was none other than a seasoned Werewolf, evident from the battle scars and an aura resonating with the wisdom forged through experience.

On top of that, the figure has a silvery tone to his furs.

But in contrast to his body, the furs on his right arm were tinted by a bleak shade of blue.

Beyond its imposing stature, surpassing that of the typical Werewolf, and the commanding aura that signifies his Alpha status, the Werewolf possessed a distinctive feature—he was missing his left elongated canine fang.

Judging from the wound on its gumline, the absence of his fang was caused by a fight.

Looking at this, the big Orc frowned.

Even though Lurbhuk held the title of the strongest, he is the oldest and his age granted him the ability to recognize the Werewolf before him based on the missing fang. A frown etched across his face, recognizing that this Werewolf is very lethal.

Not the kind to joke around with, the real deal.

"Why have you come to this humble far village, Dorlus...?" the big Orc asked questioningly.

Realizing that the big Orc recognized him, Dorlus smiled in satisfaction.

He quickly made a knowing glance at the bartender, telling the bartender that his order still stood before he answered, "I am only passing by, I'm on a hunt, and there's a place I need to go to. But since everyone is talking about your ale, I figured I had to try it"

"Passing by?" the big Orc repeated, trying to see if he was telling the truth.

Dorlus smiled even wider, "Yes, passing by..."

When the big Orc was about to say something again, an Orc made its way toward them.

Even though the big Orc and Lurbhuk were talking with Dorlus right now, the Orc seemed to still have something to say, "Our people on the west edge of our territory informed us that two unidentified figures were crossing our territory, and they didn't seem to be the regular ones"

Upon hearing this, the big Orc glanced back again at Dorlus.

He suspects that these two figures were the prey that Dorlus was hunting right now.

It shouldn't be a coincidence that those two unidentified figures appeared.

Naturally, the arrival of Dorlus and the two unidentified figures have some sort of connection, and both the big Orc and Lurbhuk could smell trouble in the air already, "Also, one told me that he saw a mark on one of the figures' neck, and it's shaped like a star"

"A star...?" the big Orc frowned, but it only took a moment before his eyes widened.

Possessing a star mark on the neck is not a trait that many have.

Thus, the big Orc and Lurbhuk exchanged glances, knowing who those two figures were.

"Seems like you found my prey," Dorlus suddenly stood up. His sensitive hearing was able to pick on their conversation, and he couldn't help but abandon the ale for a bit. "You there, go and lead the way for me to reach those two figures you talked about"

Listening to this demand, Lurbhuk and the big Orc's countenance turned grim.

Now, they were trapped in a predicament.

One is a powerful Werewolf, while the others are members of the Silverstar Pack.

Both of them need to choose which one to help right now.

... Meanwhile, teetering at the edge of a mountainous terrain were two figures.

Each of them blitzes through the expanse quickly.

If anyone were to see them from the side, they would be able to see two blurry shadows.

Both were moving extremely quickly, showcasing their obvious intention to rush towards a destination. One step from them covered a big distance, and it wasn't clear how long they were moving this fast already.

Naturally, these two figures are none other than Flunra and Adhara.

Since departing from the Tigerman Kingdom and temporarily addressing the issue, warning that any further conflict would impose severe consequences from the Silverstar Pack, the duo relentlessly journeyed to awaken the Ice and Snow Princess and hasn't stopped to take a break even once.

Based on the last report they had on the Symposium, they don't have much time.

It was very probable that the fight already started.

Along the way, while still sprinting with all of her might, Adhara cast a look at Flunra in front of her and asks, "Say, are you really sure that Rex was planning to take on the Executor and the Human army by himself?"

When she learned that earlier, she never stopped thinking about it.

She was worried that if it really was the case, then Rex might be in a lot of trouble right now.

"No, it's still a speculation," Flunra shook his head, it was his careful deducting from the facts that were present. "But I'm quite positive about this, it's something that Lord Rex might try to do, and we couldn't stop him. The only way we can do right now is to help him"

Upon hearing this, Adhara looked down in contemplation.

Just the thought of taking on the Executor and the Human army alone is quite suicidal.

Adhara wanted to talk to him so badly, but she couldn't.

It's been days since she last saw Rex, and now he was said to be with Calidora.

So there's no way that she could convince Rex that the alliance could be used to help him in the fight against the Executor's forces, "Sigh... Why is he always doing something like this? Am I not reliable enough?"

Flunra cast a glance towards her when he heard her mumble.

"It's not that you are not reliable, but it was more to his fears," He said, correcting Adhara.

Contemplating about Rex, remembering all the times Flunra observed him, it was clear to him that Rex was not going to put those he cared about in danger because of his extreme fear of losing more than what he already lost.

As an old Werewolf, Flunra has reached that point in his life along the way.

He knew how that fear could be very crippling.

"No matter how strong and reliable you become, Lord Rex will remain unchanged, he will still act the same. It is only when he confronts his deepest fears—the fear of losing you and all he cared about—that he will truly change for the good" He continued, speaking from wisdom.

Upon hearing this, Adhara was silenced.

Now she understands that asking Rex to change is simply too much for the current him.

'Just know that I will always support you, Rex...' Adhara pondered silently.

Despite wanting to make herself stronger and more reliable in Rex's view, Flunra's words told her that it was wrong for her to do that. If she pressed on with that, then that means she was only being selfish, feeding her own ego.

While she was thinking, Flunra suddenly halted in his tracks, and she bumped into him.

"Keep your vigilance, we're already here..." Flunra whispered.

Adhara peeked from the back and saw that there was a big, ancient temple in front of them.

Her senses were also able to pick up the moonlight energy coming from the temple was very dense, signifying an important figure was residing inside. On the top, there were translucent intertwining strings, visible only to those who could sense moonlight energy.

In addition to that, the entire temple was covered with shards of ice.

Surely, this place is the resting or the sealing place fitted for the Ice and Snow Princess.