

Full-Moon 1041

Chapter 1041 Arriving at the Ice Temple

As the two climbed the slope, an ancient temple unveiled itself before them.

It was encased in vegetation, showcasing a lack of maintenance for an unknown amount of years. Despite the mosses and lichens that have spread across the ancient temple, its walls were robust and glowing—not weathered at all.

On top was a dome, stretched skyward, the source of the intertwining strings of energy.

Four solemn pillars guarded the entrance, standing sentinel beneath the weight of centuries. Each pillar, a stony witness to the passage of epochs, cradled the ethereal glow of azure, icy flame torches that flickered with an otherworldly radiance. It gave the luminescence as if the temple came from another dimension.

Knowing what lies inside, Adhara and Flunra don't find the appearance surprising.

"I have a question," Adhara said as the two kept on traversing the rocky, and uneven terrain. "If the Supernaturals in the ancient era were sealed by the ancient humans, why is that such a grand temple was made?"

Flunra raised an eyebrow, confused by what Adhara was saying.

"I mean, if the ancient humans are as bad as everyone is saying, then how come they were kind enough to make a grand temple for the Ice and Snow Moon princess? Almost as if they respected her" Adhara continued, clarifying her question.

Naturally, her question was quite logical.

Taking the Executor as the prime example of the ancient humans, this is quite honorable.

Had the ancient humans fitted with the display that the Executor was presenting now, it was very hard to believe them to make such a grand temple for a Supernatural. Thus, their choice for a containment site for the Supernaturals would be more likely to have been the ground, or perhaps even some sort of monument to mock the Supernaturals' weakness.

Upon hearing her question, Flunra was also put into contemplation.

'Hmm... She's right, this doesn't make sense' Flunra frowned, realizing the oddity of this.

Now that she said that, he was also confused.

Just like what Adhara thought, the ancient humans wouldn't expend effort on constructing an elaborate temple for the Ice and Snow Princess. While this might be plausible if they are talking about the Origins, given their revered status, even within the ancient human empire,—it was not possible in this case.

For a mere princess, she's simply not strong enough to earn the ancient humans' respect.

So this was certainly very odd even for Flunra.

"I survived the hunt of ancient humans for a long time before being captured and sealed. I'm lucky enough to survive the ordeal. Nevertheless, I believe I was among the early ones that was caught by

the ancient humans, right after they transitioned from killing us to sealing our kind," Flunra answered.

Remembering that time manifests a slight headache for him.

It was fuzzy, and he couldn't remember much.

Flunra tried to remember more but that only made the headache worse for him, but he could still remember he was one of the early ones to be captured after the transition. Additionally, he also remembers running as fast as he could.

He couldn't picture where, but there was this loud sound of blazing flame and water.

Almost as if a flowing water and a fire is right beside his ear.

"Eughh..." Flunra grunted.

Adhara swiftly approached him as he stumbled, clutching his throbbing head in fatigue from trying to remember the past. "I don't know. I don't have the answer as to why the temple was constructed in this manner" Flunra confessed.

"It's alright, you don't have to know all the answers" Adhara replied comfortingly.

She didn't think her question would cause this.

Deciding to let him rest for a little bit to ease his mind, a frown crept to Adhara's face as she looked at Flunra with a peculiar expression, 'If Flunra couldn't remember what had happened in the past, then I assume most, if not all, also couldn't remember much'

But then again, sealing the entire Supernatural race is a substantial event.

A lot must've happened during that time.

After taking a brief break, both continued their climb and reached a flatland.

In order to reach the staircase, leading to the ancient temple's entrance, they needed to go past a pristine lake that mirrored the temple's antiquity. On the edges were cascades, they were the pathway of flowing water that fueled this still lake.

Looking at the water's depth, Adhara and Flunra could sense auras inside.

Obviously, these auras were a sign of the mutated animals inhabiting the depth of the lake.

Flunra kneels on the edge of the lake and dips his index finger inside.

He harnessed the moonlight energy from his core, guiding it down to his index finger visibly before a peculiar phenomenon unfolded. Upon contact with the lake water, his energy made the water freeze, solidifying it and extending about two inches from his submerged finger.

Seeing this, he nodded and stood back up again.

Just as he was about to say something, Adhara's body was already burning with flames.

"Going through the water is too dangerous, we don't know what kind of mutated animals are inside" She said before preparing herself to leap over the lake. Since it was not that far away, it wouldn't be a problem for her to leap the distance.

Flunra turned around, trying to stop her, "Wait!"

Swoosh!

However, he was too late as Adhara blasted the ground beneath her and made a leap.

Adhara cast a confused glance at him when she heard him trying to stop her, but it was only then that she looked up, sensing an energy materializing as she got higher, "Hmm...? What is that?" She mused to herself.

Only then that she realize that there was an invisible ceiling made of moonlight energy.

Crash!

She crashed onto it, sending a ripple across the entire ceiling.

Not expecting to hit anything, she began free-falling, heading straight into the lake's heart.

As she was about to hit the lake, Flunra sprang into action, stepping on the water's surface as though it were solid ground. With precise timing, he caught Adhara just before she made contact with the water.

Catching her in a princess-style embrace, he looked at her in concern, "Are you okay?"

"Of course I'm okay, that fall wouldn't do anything t-"

Midway through her sentence, Adhara's eyes widened as she beheld a colossal monster in the lake. Its massive jaws, stretching as wide as an entire house, opened menacingly right beneath the water's surface, right below Flunra's feet.

Had Flunra didn't catch her, she would've been swallowed whole by this monster.

But weirdly enough, the monster only waited there.

"Fear not, it wouldn't come out of the water," Flunra assured. "Only Werewolves can get past this lake by employing moonlight energy to freeze its surface. For anyone else attempting to reach the temple by swimming across, the monster will devour them. A leap would also lead to a collision with the ceiling, and the inevitable plunge into the water, ending with the same fate"

If it had jumped out of the water right now, it could've swallowed both her and Flunra whole.

"Fear not, it wouldn't come out of the water," Flunra assured. "Only Werewolves can get past this lake by employing moonlight energy to freeze its surface. For anyone else attempting to reach the temple by swimming across, the monster will devour them. A leap would also lead to a collision with the ceiling, and the inevitable plunge into the water, ending with the same fate"

Upon hearing this, Adhara raised an eyebrow, "How do you know all of that?"

"I've seen a similar trap pattern in the past," Flunra replied, his voice was quite nonchalant.

Flunra put Adhara down slowly, instructing her to focus her moonlight energy at the base of her feet. It was a test of mastery over her moonlight energy, and she struggled for a little bit before eventually managing to stand on her own.

Splash!

But then, Adhara yelped when she lost balance and dipped her right foot into the water.

Her reflex saved her as she balanced her energy again.

One small mistake and the entire lake water waded as the monster moved excitedly.

Just this alone shows that the monster is massive as it is capable of unsettling the entirety of the lake with a slight motion, eagerly anticipating Adhara's distraction and the potential of her falling into the water.

"Be careful, keep your focus firm. Make sure the energy in each foot is balanced" Flunra said.

Adhara nodded and tried to do exactly that.

Eventually, the two continued on, and they headed to the other side of the lake.

Surprisingly, the closer they got to the other side of the lake, the heavier their bodies felt as if there was an anchor tethered to their feet—pulling them down. Anyone attempting to make a dash across the lake would find themselves forcefully plunged into the water.

Its end result will be the same, devoured by the monster.

"Are these traps set to protect the Ice and Snow Princess' body?" Adhara asked.

Flunra nodded, anyone can come and kill her, so some sort of protection should be present.

"Yes, these traps are necessary. Anyone could exploit the vulnerable state of the Ice and Snow Princess. Normally, the Werewolves should be guarding this place, but it seems the location of this place hasn't been discovered by Baralt or the Storm Prince yet: He replied.

Upon hearing this, Adhara nodded her head a couple of times.

But then, a thought came to mind, "What if a Werewolf came and wanted to harm her?"

"No, that won't work either. The traps will sense their malicious intent, it was wired that way and would treat them as if they weren't Werewolves. A foolproof method with no loopholes" Flunra replied, quickening his pace as they neared the last ten meters.

It would be very heavy, and maintaining balance would be very hard.

Thus, covering the last ten meters as fast as they can would be the best possible option.

Swish!

Adhara firmed herself and controlled her own moonlight energy to gain a better grip on her stand before she looked forward, ready to make a dash of the last ten meters. She saw on the front that Flunra was nearing the edge already.

But as she was about to make a move, something light touched her shoulders.

Glancing at her shoulders, she noticed a series of translucent fragments, resembling shards of broken glass, hitting her shoulder gently before falling down and vanishing on the water's surface as if they were never there.

Seeing this prompted a frown on Adhara's face.

Curious, she looked up and saw that the translucent ceiling was still rippling.

It seemed her collision's effect with the ceiling earlier is still going.

'Is it breaking...? But considering what Flunra said earlier, the ceiling should be very durable. I didn't exert much force in that leap, there's no way it could be so fragile and break from that. So why is its surface still rippling like this?' Adhara wandered in confusion.

Not a shot that the ceiling is that weak when she didn't even use her full strength.

Nevertheless, her eyes were not lying.

Adhara observed the ceiling before her eyes landed on a spot right above her, the source of the translucent fragments that hit her shoulder earlier. It was hard to see from her position, but it seemed like there was a hole in the ceiling.

Upon seeing this, she squinted, trying to figure out if she was looking at it wrong or not.

However, her trance was disrupted by a shout.

"Come, Lady Adhara! It's going to be heavier the longer you stay on the lake!" Flunra, at the very front, standing on the other side of the lake shouted—warning her that she would not be fine if she stayed there for too long.

Adhara turned to look at Flunra and shouted back, "Okay! I'm coming!"

Giving one last look at the ceiling, she focused on her moonlight energy and made a dash.

Swish!

It didn't take long before she reached the other side safely.

Now that they were already past the traps, they could enter the ancient temple.

Given that it's merely the seal location for the Ice and Snow Princess, the temple shouldn't be excessively large, and the number of remaining traps should not be too many. Exchanging a nod, the two ascended the staircase, making their way to the entrance of the temple.

Unknown to them, a dozen of meters to their side, there was a small crack in the ground.

It was as if something landed on the ground roughly.

Chapter 1042 Warden of Ice

Swoosh!

Screech!

Adhara made a strong fiery swipe, elongating only her claws to attack an incorporeal enemy.

Reacting to her attack, the incorporeal creature turned into smoke.

"What the heck are they?!" She shouted, darting her eyes left and right cautiously.

Not too far from her, a couple of steps away from her back was Flunra who was also fighting the same beings that were attacking him relentlessly. His reflex and battle instincts were on point, but the enemies were a tricky one to beat.

"I think they are Moon Wraiths, empowered by the Ice and Snow Moon" Flunra shouted back.

Currently, the two were surrounded by light blue mist.

Upon stepping inside the temple and being greeted with a circular, spacious hall, they were caught off guard when light blue mist seeped out of the ground and encompassed them. It rendered their sense of direction chaotic.

Following that, the mist brought along these Moon Wraiths that instinctively attacked them.

With their sharp claws, their attacks left blood marks.

In addition, attacking these Moon Wraiths proved to be quite futile.

Each time Adhara and Flunra launched an attack, their bodies dissipated into a veil of azure mist, swiftly reappearing in a different location, concealed within the mist's shroud. However, when caught off guard, the Moon Wraiths were able to injure them.

It was completely unfair, and they were stuck in this troublesome situation.

Running to the next room is the ideal move, but it's hard to navigate with this thick mist.

Seeing that three Moon Wraiths were heading towards her in a swirling smoke, Adhara made a move, channeling her fire elements to cast the Ring of Fire spell, summoning a wall of flame around her to protect her from the Moon Wraiths.

Additionally, she also uses her wind elements to strengthen her violet flames' heat.

'With this, the Moon Wraiths shouldn't be able to reach me. I need to find a way out of this'

Just as she thought of that, her eyes widened at the sight of three Moon Wraiths effortlessly piercing through her wall of flames and closing in for an attack. Adhara managed to block the one advancing from the front, but the other two left scratches on her right thigh and across her back, respectively.

"Arrghh...!" She grunted, biting her lower lip in pain.

Knowing that she was in trouble, she quickly made a leap back to create some distance.

Unknowingly, her back collided with Flunra's back.

Both of them sustained numerous scratches across their bodies which were now healing at a visible pace, closing in an instant. Observing the Moon Wraiths, moving nimbly left and right in the form of swirling smoke, Adhara and Flunra exchanged glances.

In the next second, the two instantly turned into their Werewolf forms.

Even though their auras increase exponentially, the Moon Wraiths think nothing of it.

Swoosh!

Bouncing in a zig-zag pattern while still in the ethereal smoke form, two Moon Wraiths made their move to attack. One targeted Flunra, and the other set its sights on Adhara. Just as the two Moon Wraiths were closing in, at the last moment, the corner of Flunra and Adhara's lips curled into smirks. Only when the Moon Wraiths' claws were near, they made an instantaneous move.

Faster than the Moon Wraiths, Adhara and Flunra exchanged places.

Executing a seamless pivot, the duo turned their hips and swapped positions, each targeting the other Moon Wraith with lethal intent. Surely enough, the Moon Wraith was surprised by their sudden movement, and in the blink of an eye, they were slashed into smithereens.

Before they could mount any defense, they suffered a ruthless attack.

Slash!

Clank!

Adhara's and Flunra's eyes flickered when their plan of attack worked.

Upon enduring an attack from them, the Moon Wraiths turned into a statue of ice and broke.

It was obvious that the Moon Wraiths were dead.

Looking at this, the smirk on Flunra's and Adhara's faces stretched wider.

Observing the Moon Wraiths' movements earlier, the two found that even though they were quite a troublesome opponent to deal with, their attack pattern was basic. Moreover, the fact that they would need to turn solid to land an attack on Flunra or Adhara is what gave their weakness away.

Judging from that observation, the factor of surprise is the key.

When the Moon Wraiths were about to attack them, Flunra and Adhara used their bodies to cover the other, and this method was able to catch the Moon Wraiths off guard, preventing them from being able to react in time.

From the Moon Wraith's perspective, their attacks come out of nowhere.

At the sight of this, the remaining Moon Wraiths backed away.

However, Flunra and Adhara lowered their stances as it was time to reverse the tide.

With a blazing swiftness, they dashed at incredible speed, mentally marking the positions of the remaining Moon Wraiths. Since their forms take the shape of a Werewolf, characterized by crimson eyes, it's easy to pinpoint their location.

Not even needing to communicate directly, the two aimed at one Moon Wraith at a time.

Stomping on the ground, Flunra made a fearsome tackle.

Opening his arms to the side and claws out, he tried to catch the targeted Moon Wraith.

Naturally, the Moon Wraith's survival instinct was triggered as it puffed into smoke and made a swift retreat to the side. However, as it materialized into a solid form, Adhara was already poised to eliminate it, unleashing the Fire Maelstrom spell.

It didn't realize that the ground it stepped on was already marked with a faint circle of fire.

Boom!

Almost instantly, the ground exploded into a violet flame vortex.

Under the spell, the Moon Wraith was completely engulfed by flame as it screeches in pain.

Only when the spell receded that an ice statue could be seen.

Doing the exact same thing, Adhara made a decoy attack to fix another Moon Wraith's focus before Flunra appeared from behind, impaling the Moon Wraith from the back. He then raises the Moon Wraith before biting its neck and ripping its body apart brutally.

Flunra and Adhara worked in harmony, and they were too resilient for the Moon Wraiths.

Despite the swift arrival and assistance of the other Moon Wraiths, who caught up with their plan of assault, their attacks proved futile against the fearsome duo. Nothing, not even the gnarly wound of a severed arm stopped them from attacking.

It spooked the Moon Wraith seeing that their regenerative abilities were immaculate.

Eventually, Adhara and Flunra cleared the entire Moon Wraiths.

Gasping for breath, the two looked at their surroundings and found the light blue mist was gradually being drawn back into the ground. Its dissipation marked the defeat of the last Moon Wraiths at their hands.

"Ergh- It took longer than expected," Adhara muttered, looking at her severed arm.

Her severed arm was recovering rapidly.

A regenerative ability that even the ninth-rank realm Awakened can only dream of.

Upon hearing this, Flunra nodded, "It's fine, this is a good sign. Since the defensive formation was still intact, we were the first to be here, nobody was here before us. Now, let's search for the princess' sealing tomb. When we find it, protect me, I'll awaken her myself"

Just as he said that the ground suddenly rumbles, forcing them to stumble to keep balance.

Surprisingly, the ground started to ascend.

Hunkering down, Flunra and Adhara held onto the floor as the central part of the ceiling, let out a rumbling sound and opened in a circular pattern, revealing an inner chamber concealed within the dome. Eventually, the two passed the open and entered the other room.

Boom!

A loud resounding sound was made as the ascending ground hit the ceiling.

Observing the new room, the two found that the ground was covered in shallow, clear water.

It was only ankle-length deep.

Furthermore, the entire place was shaded in a light blue hue, the sunlight was filtered by the glass-like dome and turned into this bluish light that illuminated the entire place. Surrounding them were white pillars, all leading to the other end of the room.

A staircase leading to a platform where a figure was lying motionlessly.

Clearly, the figure must be the sealed Ice and Snow Princess who they were looking for.

Despite her being sealed and rendered in a slumbering state, her power manifested to the naked eyes as delicate snow particles that enveloped her, maintaining her form in a pristine and divine manner.

Even in this slumbering state, she retained her beauty and icy grace.

At the sight of this, Adhara and Flunra approach the staircase, wanting to finish their job.

If they completed their job, they could ask Iseldra for a favor.

Helping Rex in his battle against the Executor shouldn't be too much of a favor.

Flunra and Adhara halted in their steps when they saw the two statues on either side—one was a bulky humanoid statue with armor, holding an ice anchor as a weapon while the other was a lean humanoid statue with a bow, came to life.

Boom!

Boom!

Each of their step rumbles the ground, depicting the weight of their form.

Ice Golems were the guardians of this temple.

Judging from the moonlight energy that these two Ice Golems were emanating, way denser than the Moon Wraiths, Adhara could already tell that these two were substantially stronger, possibly nearing the mid or peak ninth-rank realm.

"We'll deal with them first before I start the awakening process," Flunra said firmly.

However, Adhara shook her head in response.

"No, leave these two Ice Golems to me," She asserted with unwavering confidence. "Earlier you said that the faster we finish this, the better. We have no clue when the battle will start, so trust me and start the awakening process, I'll be the one to protect you"

Upon hearing this, Flunra raised an eyebrow.

Since he has been with Adhara for some time, he's familiar with her strengths and limits.

Going against these two Ice Golems might be a little hard for her.

'I don't think even if she uses her Herald Mark, she would be able to occupy these two Ice Golems herself' Flunra pondered, but then he squinted, seeing that the fire element around Adhara's body morphed into something greater. 'What is that...?'

Swoosh!

Not pulling anything back, Adhara activated her newly created, True Fire Blossoms.

She managed to activate three out of ten and boost her power to a terrifying new height.

Coupled with that, her Anti Werewolf bloodline was riled up, creating a seething white steam out of her body before blasting a white energy shockwave to the surroundings. Her powerful shockwave hits the Ice Golems and shockingly sends them stumbling back.

At the sight of that, Flunra nodded her head.

'With their reliance on moonlight energy, the Ice Golems would find themselves severely disadvantaged in a confrontation with Adhara and her Anti-Werewolf bloodline. I guess, leaving the Ice Golems to her wouldn't be a problem' Realizing that, Flunra stepped back.

He made ample space for Adhara to attack the Ice Golems.

Roar!!

Baring her fangs and claws, Adhara lets out a thunderous roar before launching her assault.

In retaliation to her assault, the Ice Golem armed with a bow unleashed an ice arrow charged with dense moonlight energy. It sliced through the air with a formidable force, creating light, haunting whistling sounds.

Naturally, the potency of this ice arrow is palpable.

Without a doubt, it was capable of killing even a ninth-rank realm Awakened.

However, the potency of Adhara's fire has surpassed the normal limitation. In a fraction of a second, she injured three intricate fire scimitars, and one swing effortlessly deflected the incoming ice arrow.

Just as she successfully dodged the ice arrow, the other Ice Golem made its move.

It struck down with the ice anchor with both hands.

Crash!!

Adhara maneuvered nimbly and dodged the attack, leaping up strongly.

Raising her gaze, she found another ice arrow was inches away from hitting her mid-air, but her eyes flickered and with nothing but a glance, her fire consumed the entire ice arrow and melted it into nothing.

Smiling excitedly, reeling at her newfound power, she propelled herself with an explosion.

Boom!

In a blurry fashion, she reached the Ice Golem with a bow easily.

Cloaking her claws with both her elemental prowess and her bloodline's energy, she made a ferocious swipe that instantly cut the Ice Golem into four pieces of ice. Her claws were akin to a heated steel that easily tore through butter.

Not stopping at that, her figure disappeared again.

Adhara uses her fire elements to create multiple explosions to change direction quickly.

Her movement became even faster, she darted from left to right and right to left around the Ice Golem with extreme speed. As she gained good control over her new power, she began to slice the last Ice Golem multiple times.

Not being able to react at all, the Ice Golem found numerous slices across its body.

Blurred in from nowhere, Adhara stands behind the Ice Golem.

Just as she fully reverted back into her human form, the last Ice Golem's body exploded.

Clank!

Chapter 1043 Dorlus the Seer (1)

Under the vicious slashes delivered by Adhara's heated claws, the Ice Golem was shattered into a million shards of ice. Even with their formidable powers, the Ice Golems proved not a match for Adhara's potent combination of powers.

In a sense, for the Ice Golems, fighting Adhara was the worst probable match-up.

Akin to a honey badger fighting a snake, it's incomparable.

Not only does Adhara's fire outclass their durability, but her presence also weakens them.

Due to that, it didn't take long for Adhara to take them down.

Flunra, on the other hand, was really pleasantly surprised to see that Adhara handled the Ice Golems with relative ease. He couldn't believe that he was contemplating whether she was able to take down the Ice Golem earlier when in reality, she could easily do so.

"I guess the trip has been worth it for you" Flunra mused teasingly.

Upon hearing this, Adhara pivoted around and smiled, "Yes, the Fire Elementals are a savior"

"Glad that you've gained stronger in the nick of the moment before the big fight," Flunra said before he walked past her, heading to the staircase. He will now begin to awaken the Ice and Snow Princess, "Oh, I forgot to tell you, when I start the process, I can't stop so you have to protect me at all costs"

Adhara nodded, if it was against the likes of these Ice Golems, she was not worried.

But as he took the first step on the staircase, something happened.

Looking at the ice shards that were the remnants of the Ice Golems, Adhara put on a frown when she saw them gathering together again. It didn't take long before they reconstructed their bodies, and stood beside Adhara once again.

Seeing this, Adhara clicked her tongue in displeasure.

It happened in about half a minute or so.

Just as usual, things were not that simple, and the Ice Golems recovered completely.

Observing the situation, it became apparent that Adhara would have to persist in dismantling the Ice Golems until Flunra finished awakening the Ice and Snow Princess. Despite her fight earlier with the Moon Wraiths, she doesn't feel fatigued.

So, it's not going to be a problem to take down the Ice Golems multiple times.

However, as she bent her knees with the intention to take them down again, her ears perked.

Also sensing the imminent threat, Flunra descended the staircase, reaching Adhara's side, and deftly pulled her down. Prone on the watery ground, both shielded themselves right before the Ice Golems were destroyed once again.

Both Ice Golems exploded into small grinds of ice, and it happened in the blink of an eye.

Instinctively, Adhara and Flunra looked to their backs.

Clarity dawned upon them as the realization settled, someone else was in here with them, it was the very entity responsible for destroying the Ice Golems. Oddly, upon investigation, the two discovered their six were devoid of anyone, only a vacant space.

But it was then that Flunra and Adhara's eyes widened, sensing a clear aura behind them.

Swiveling their heads in unison again, they drew sharp breaths at the sight of a figure.

Lifting their eyes to the platform, Adhara and Flunra beheld a figure cloaked in black, seated atop the Ice and Snow Princess' body with an air of arrogance. He lounged with both arms casually draped over his knees, a discernible smirk playing on his lips.

He was looking down at Flunra and Adhara from a high position.

Additionally, since he was sitting on the princess, he must not have any respect for her.

"I thought you said nobody with bad intentions could come here," Adhara whispered silently, still cautiously looking at the figure. "I don't know about you, but he's sitting on the princess, so he definitely has bad intentions. How come he managed to get here?"

Upon hearing this, Flunra frowned, "He must've torn through the traps..."

Adhara couldn't hide her frown anymore.

Now that she realized that there was someone else inside with them, her mind was thrown back to the front of the temple where she found a crack on the translucent ceiling. 'So it's not that I'm seeing it wrong, this person is the one who broke in'

Realizing that, she looked up at the dome ceiling and found that there was also a hole there.

It was located high above, so Flunra and Adhara didn't see it initially.

'He jumped and tore through the trap earlier and also the dome ceiling...' Adhara pondered.

She now knows how the figure gets here.

Maintaining heightened vigilance, not knowing what the figure was here for, Flunra advanced lightly, fixing the figure with a piercing gaze, "Identify yourself and declare your purpose, or we'll be forced to attack" He demanded in a firm and resolute tone.

Every single muscle in his body contracted, ready for a battle at a moment's notice.

Inwardly, Flunra already had a suspicion of what this figure's purpose was.

For all he knows, this figure might be sent here by the other Lunirich Gods to intercept them.

"Out of countless years of civil war within the Werewolf Empire, the great game of power the Princes and Princesses dwell to attain the favor of the Origin, I never would've thought that the undying protector of the Dark Prince fell to the Silverstar Pack's temptation. I have to say, I'm really disappointed, little Arnulf..."

Suddenly, the figure opens its mouth, directing his words to Flunra.

Upon hearing this, Flunra's eyes widened completely as he took a step back in shock.

Adhara who saw this looked at Flunra in confusion, but she soon was also shocked when she saw that there was fear in Flunra's countenance. It was not shock that made him step back, it was sheer fear.

Realizing this, she turned to look at the figure, 'Who is he? How can he scare Flunra like this?'

Never has she ever seen Flunra being scared of anything.

Even when confronted with Rex himself, he had never been scared instantaneously like this.

So seeing that the figure was able to make him act like this greatly surprised Adhara.

Meanwhile, Flunra's vision blurred and throbbed with horror as he gazed at the figure, 'N- Nobody calls me that except for... No, it's impossible. It can't be! He's supposed to be dead! I've seen it with my own two eyes, how is he here?!

Flunra exclaimed inside his head, recognizing who he was dealing with.

His expression turns pale as if he had seen a ghost.

Out of everyone that could've come here, the one who came was the worst of them all.

"Who are you?! You can't be him!" Flunra shouted, his voice trembling.

Upon hearing these words, the figure smiled beneath the hood before he slowly reached his hand to unveil his face. It was only at that moment that Flunra's heart skipped a beat when he saw the figure's face, confirming the figure's identity.

It was not wrong, his suspicion was not wrong, the figure turned out to be Dorlus!

Gritting his teeth, Flunra pointed at him, "Y- You're supposed to be dead!"

"Come on, Arnulf. Out of anyone, you shouldn't be surprised to see me alive when you have been able to survive countless impossible situations. If you can do it, then so can I. Or is this another way for you to say that I'm inferior to you?" Dorlus replied, his tone playful.

A bead of cold sweat flowed down the side of Flunra's face, the situation was very bad.

"Who is he, Flunra?" Adhara asked from the side.

Pausing for a second, Flunra swallowed hard before uttering in a hushed tone, "He's one of the Storm Prince's guardians, Dorlus the Seer. I believe we can survive a fight against him, but if we want to go past him and awaken the Ice and Snow Princess, then we'll most likely die here..."

Adhara was taken aback when she heard Flunra's answer.

Not once had she seen Flunra be this pessimistic, and that just shows Dorlus' power.

"I am the weakest among all guardians, and I only excel in surviving. My saving point is the use of ancient runes, but other than that, I'm below average" Flunra confessed, reciting his position in the past. "Dorlus, on the other hand, has everything. Talent, resources, and even knowledge, he has it all... he's the better version of me"

Listening to this, Adhara now roughly grasped their situation.

Similarly, realizing that Dorlus was way better in every way gave her a goosebump.

Even now, she doesn't know if she could beat Flunra in a one-on-one especially since he also has a Herald Mark from Rex. So knowing that Dorlus is way stronger than Flunra is somewhat terrifying, a taller wall than Flunra.

"Don't listen to that rubbish, he's being modest" Dorlus chimed with a chuckle.

His eyes gleamed blue as he stood up.

Jumping down from the platform and landing gracefully near the staircase, his smile spreads wider before he continues, maintaining unwavering eye contact with Adhara. "But regarding that, I am the better version than him, I can attest that he's telling the truth..."

Upon hearing this, Adhara's eyebrows dipped into a frown as she went into her battle stance.

"Are you here to stop us from awakening the Princess?" She asked.

Tilting his head to the side leisurely, Dorlus nodded in confirmation, "Yes, yo-"

Swoosh!

Right as he said that, Adhara made a move and dashed straight at him with killing intent.

She managed to cover the distance between them in half a breath, her claws were poised to claw Dorlus' face and tear it to pieces. But when her claws were about to land, Dorlus made a light movement to dodge her attack.

Despite her swift speed, Dorlus was able to dodge her attack easily.

Recovering from the evaded strike, Adhara blasted a fire explosion from her hand, halting her momentum in mid-air. In a fluid motion, she executed a flawless roundhouse kick with her left leg, precision aimed at connecting squarely with Dorlus' face.

But once again, Dorlus ducked down to dodge her kick.

It made Adhara's eyes widen as the attack she did should have been quite unexpected.

Not stopping at that, the ground underneath Dorlus' feet glowed with fiery intensity before it exploded powerfully. Adhara made a somersault back and landed beside Flunra again with a satisfied smile on her face.

'Good. No matter how quick his reflexes are, he couldn't dodge that' Adhara nodded.

Even an expert would fall for a three-consecutive, flawless attack.

"A Werewolf with fire abilities, I've heard that the Silverstar Pack is a gathering of a bunch of weird Werewolves. Now that I'm seeing it firsthand, it's even more ridiculous than I expected" Out of nowhere, a voice resounded, stiffening Adhara's body.

Glancing over her shoulder, she found Dorlus standing not too far from her, unharmed.

Once again, he managed to sense Adhara's intention.

'How is this possible...? I masked my intent for each strike, there was no way he could have sensed it. What's going on? It's almost as if he can peer into the future' Adhara lowered her stance, her instincts blaring warnings of imminent danger.

As she thought of this, she started to connect the dots to his nickname.

Flunra said that he is called Dorlus the Seer.

"Don't tell me he could actually see into the future?" Adhara gasped, finding this impossible.

Upon hearing this, Flunra who just snapped out of his fearful trance shook his head, "No, it's not that he can see into the future, but Dorlus is extremely gifted in battle instincts. His body could naturally sense every change in energy and muscle movements in great detail, giving him the ability of prediction, almost as if he could see into the future"

Such a gift made it possible for Dorlus to become one of the strongest guardians.

With his help, it was very hard to kill the Storm Prince.

Listening to this, Adhara's expression darkens, and she bit her lower lip strongly.

"I have no time for this," She uttered, clenching both of her fists tightly. Soon, her scorching aura gradually soared, responding to her fiery emotions. "I need to be by Rex's side, who is doing his best to keep us safe. I don't want him to be all alone..."

Boom!!

Adhara's body exploded with extreme heat as she raised her gaze to glare at Dorlus.

"If you are bent to intervene, I'll kill you. Anyone who stands in our way, I'll kill them all!"

Chapter 1044 Dorlus the Seer (2)

It's safe to say that the incident in the Dwarven Kingdom left a bad taste in Adhara's mouth.

She still hadn't come to a proper resolution regarding that problem as there was an important matter that came her way. Flunra, for the first time, came and asked for help from her, doing the task given by the Ice and Snow Lunirich God, Iseldra.

A task that if gone smoothly, would be a huge help for Rex.

Furthermore, it was also time-sensitive as the fight might already started right about now.

Both Adhara and Flunra had no way of knowing right now.

Due to those very reasons, Adhara's patience was running thin as she wanted to quickly go back home to address the army that was probably being on the defense. But right now, she wanted to lead them to the Symposium.

No matter what Rex said, he shouldn't do this on his own.

Regardless of his fear of losing those dear to him, they were a team and also a family.

If he went to war, then the entire Silverstar Pack would go to war.

At this point, the likelihood of an attack on Dargena City by the Executor's forces is minimal.

None of the vigilant sentries positioned within the city's territory and beyond have detected any signs hinting at an impending attack, and with the battle so close at hand, it was quite safe to assume that the Executor was focusing on the Symposium fully.

So there's no need for the army to stay behind and leave Rex alone on the battlefield.

Everything was uncertain and chaotic right now.

Above everything, time is of the essence right now, and the prospect of someone stalling her time to go back and reinforce Rex heats her blood to the boiling point. In a fit of anger, she swore in her heart that she would take down Dorlus.

"Don't even try, you couldn't touch me, even if you pour your all" Dorlus mocked.

He was not threatened by Adhara's aura at all.

"Let's stick with our initial plan. I'm going to stall, and you will awaken the princess" Adhara mused with a resolute tone, her eyes burning with the passion of making sure that Dorlus or anyone else did not disturb Flunra in awakening the princess.

Upon hearing this, Flunra nodded, deciding to collect himself as this was a crucial moment.

Glancing back at Dorlus, Adhara smiled, "How can you be so sure?"

"It's obvious, you are not at my level. Don't waste your energy and surrender" Dorlus replied.

But this made Adhara's expression contorted viciously, her body—covered in pristine white furs started to flicker with violet flame. A violet fiery snake manifested and coiled around her waist as she activated her Gladiator Form.

Swoosh!

BOOM!!

Adhara's aura climbed even higher, cracking the ground beneath her feet.

"Since when have I shown you my full power...? Don't be arrogant, old man. If you're rusty, it would be such an embarrassment if you died at the hands of someone who isn't even a tenth of your age" Adhara taunted, readying herself for a battle.

Responding to this taunt, Dorlus laughed hysterically, his eyes flickered with excitement.

He grabbed his own face, his shoulders moved up and down with the rhythm of his maniacal laughter. It had been quite some time since anyone had taunted him like this, a young person at that which made him praise Adhara's bravery.

Most would've run in fear if they heard Dorlus' name.

Swish...

It was then that Dorlus' moonlight energy started to seep out, and its density was palpable.

Under Adhara's gaze, the energy gathered and turned an astral Werewolf.

Looking at this, she frowned as this manifestation of Dorlus' moonlight energy was extremely similar to a spirit that a sixth-rank realm or above Awakened would have. Moreover, its effect was also the same as Dorlus' aura also got a substantial increase.

Dorlus licked his claws, savoring the prospect of showing Adhara the difference in power.

"Come..." He mused raspily. "I'll expose your inferiority"

Swoosh!

Erupting from their own respective positions, Adhara and Dorlus surged toward each other.

Both collided in a fierce clash that generated a forceful shockwave, resonating through the entire area, marking the commencement of their intense battle. A clash of fire elements and moonlight energy, each vie to assert its dominance over the other.

Upon the start of the fight, Flunra quickly headed to the platform once again.

He decided to trust Adhara in this one.

Standing beside the Ice and Snow Princess' body, trapped in a slumbering state, Flunra took a deep breath and assembled his own thoughts, 'I'm sure the awakening process is similar to awakening the other Elders, there's a need for an energy source to disperse the energy that is responsible to sealing her'

Nodding his head, he flicked his hand and summoned a bluish light.

It was the item gifted by Iseldra to Flunra, the energy source to wake up the princess.

A moment is all it takes for the bluish light to form a beautiful and intricate blue tiara, fueled with the Ice and Snow Moon energy. Swiftly, Flunra helped the sleeping princess to wear the tiara before he started crafting ancient runes across the stone bed.

Gradually, the tiara was ignited, and the awakening process started.

Under Flunra's meticulous guidance, the Ice and Snow Moon energy permeated the princess' form and gradually dispelled the sealing energy. It was quite slow, and based on its speed, it was going to take Flunra at least ten minutes or perhaps even longer.

Normally, ten minutes is not a long time.

But in this specific situation, ten minutes would be a long, and hard-drawn fight.

Meanwhile, the fight between Adhara and Dorlus continues.

"Raargh!!"

Bam!

Crash!

Adhara let out a powerful grunt, slashing Dorlus with her fiery claws, sending him crashing away into the wall and subsequently catapulting him out of the temple. She was in luck and managed to land one powerful attack, despite Dorlus being able to block it.

'So hard... His skin is like an actual armor. It was as if his body was made to fight' She frowns.

Feeling the breeze of the air, Dorlus realized that he was now outside.

He was distracted by Flunra, beginning the awakening process, and was severely punished.

Just as he was about to go back inside, a shadow encased his body.

Lifting his gaze, he beheld Adhara looming directly above him, her incandescent white eyes brimming with lethal intent. In a swift motion, her eyes flashed, focusing the power of her bloodline onto Dorlus, and momentarily disorienting him.

Seizing the opportunity, she executed a merciless, fiery axe kick.

Crash!

Dorlus hurtled downward, akin to a plummeting comment, and collided with the ground.

His collision carved a sizable crater upon impact.

On the other hand, Adhara looked down at the cloud of dust with a frown.

'No matter how fast I went, or how perfect my movements were, I couldn't land a solid hit. He blocked every attack. His ability made his defense rock solid' Adhara pondered uneasily, she could feel no notion of winning against Dorlus.

Maybe from the onlookers' perspective, she seemed to be winning.

After all, she managed to hit Dorlus several times, and even have the momentum on her side.

But in truth, she was not winning this fight.

Each of her attacks was blocked by Dorlus, minimalizing the damage output to nothing.

Just when the cloud of dust receded, Dorlus' figure could be seen again. He remained on his feet, standing at the center of the crater, and even remained smiling—revealing that he was not hurt at the very least.

Looking at Adhara, who landed fifteen meters away from him, Dorlus smirked mockingly.

"Is that it? All that confidence only amounts this much?" He sneered.

Responding to this, Adhara seamlessly resumed her battle stance. She was still probing the surface of Dorlus' power, studying him, and hadn't gone serious yet. So far, she realized that Dorlus was hardly affected by the anti-Werewolf energy she emitted.

A surprising finding as back then, Gistella had her eyes bleeding and exploding.

However, it could still disorient him for a brief second.

Focusing back on Dorlus, seeing that he was readying to make a move himself, Adhara raised her guard. Anticipating a direct assault, her eyes widened as Dorlus unexpectedly leaped up, scaling back to the temple with extreme speed.

Using his elongated, sharp claws, he climbed the temple with a clear intention in mind.

Snapping out of her trance, Adhara gritted her teeth.

"Come back here, coward! I am your opponent!" Adhara shouted thunderously and chased after Dorlus who was heading back to the dome, knowing full well that Flunra was currently awakening the Ice and Snow Princess.

It was his utmost priority to stop that, so he decided to not waste time with Adhara.

Exerting every fiber of her being, Adhara tried to match Dorlus' speed, and she was slowly closing the distance. However, the inevitable reality became apparent—Dorlus would most likely reach Flunra first before she could intercept him.

'No, I won't let him!' Adhara muttered inwardly with newfound vigor.

Digging her claws into the walls, she contracted her arm muscles and threw herself upward.

Swoosh!

Like a bullet, she was closing in on Dorlus swiftly.

Intuiting her proximity, Dorlus' body blurred with remarkable speed as he released his grip on the walls, propelling himself downward. Swiftly, he kicked off the wall and descended before landing an elbow directly on Adhara's face, sending her head recoiling to the side.

Bam!

Such a force created a painful sound of flesh hitting flesh.

Adhara was disoriented for a second, her brain inside her skull was rattled, but she quickly blinked her eyes and retaliated. Grabbing Dorlus' wrist, she intends to throw him down but her grip is swatted away.

"Hmmp!"

Bam! Crash!!

Pivoting his waist, Dorlus sent a swiping slash with his right.

Having nothing to hold, Adhara was hurtled back into the ground, embedded into the earth.

Following that, using the opposite momentum generated by swiping at Adhara, Dorlus turns and continues back into the dome. His movement and pattern of attack were immaculate, he thought of every single detail for maximum efficiency.

It was a showcase of his experience and extremely high talent in combat.

"Defeating you with strength would be too easy," Dorlus said as he continued his climb. "So I decided to play another game. Use everything you got to stop me from reaching Arnulf, and don't worry, I promise I would only try to shake you off, not attack you for real"

Upon hearing this, Adhara crawled out of the rubble and glared at Dorlus.

Teetering on the edge of losing her mind, Adhara felt the tendrils of sheer frustration start to get into her. Dorlus' evident mockery intensified her inner turmoil. Rather than opting to do a direct attack to showcase her inferiority, he chose a more insidious approach, further fueling her distress.

Showing how helpless Adahra is to stop his advancement would give a clear picture.

A clear picture of how inferior Adhara is in comparison to him.

Realizing that she couldn't do anything to Dorlus if she didn't go all out, her body started to let out a steaming red energy. Her moonlight energy was now tainted with the color red, as she activated her Herald Mark.

Her breath turned crimson, and red linings started to spread like roots from her Herald Mark.

On the other hand, Dorlus reached the hole into the dome.

Peering into the big hole, he found Flunra was focusing on dispelling the sealing energy from the princess' body, and a smile crept to his face as this would be the opportune time to pay back Flunra for all the vexation he felt from the past.

Guardians of the Werewolf Princes and Princesses fought all the time.

Naturally, Flunra has fought against Dorlus in the past, and it always ended inconclusive.

It was hard to admit, but Dorlus must acknowledge that Flunra has an extraordinary knack for survival, making him the most resilient Werewolf Dorlus had ever encountered. Due to that, every confrontation with him concluded without a clear victor.

Flunra was always able to escape, even when he was severely wounded.

But now, escape is impossible for Flunra.

Since he was now awakening the princess, he couldn't take his focus and hands off of her.

Doing so will spill failure into the awakening process, and the energy source he used for this moment would be wasted. If that happened, then there's no way of awakening the princess again, and it will be Dorlus' win.

"I'm going to have fun torturing you, Arnulf..." Dorlus muttered with a sadistic smile.

Chapter 1045 Dorlus the Seer (3)

Sensing that there was a figure behind him, Flunra began to sweat profusely.

He could already smell the scent coming from that figure, as well as the conspicuous air of malevolence, leaving no room for doubt. It was not Adhara behind him, but Dorlus, eager to do horrible things to him who was stuck in a vulnerable state right now.

Unable to move his arms away, Flunra was completely defenseless.

'Why does it have to be him...?' He muttered inwardly, cursing the bad luck they encountered.

If it was other Werewolves, then this wouldn't be this hard.

Just as he thought of that, a rapid sound of footsteps could be heard as Dorlus sprinted toward him with a sadistic smile adorning his face. Leaping up, he cloaked his claws with moonlight energy and swung his claws strongly.

Clang!

A barrier appeared, protecting Flunra from the attack.

Knowing that there was a high chance that Adhara wouldn't be able to stop Dorlus, Flunra took a preemptive action. Earlier, he had bitten his own arm and spat blood onto the ground, intending to carve an ancient rune with his toes.

He couldn't do it with his hands, so he had to make do with what he got.

Naturally, the ancient rune was weaker than usual.

Carving the ancient rune with his toes surely affected the smoothness of the line.

It made the output weaker, but it was still sturdy enough.

Even with the safeguard of the ancient rune, Flunra, faced with an undeterred Dorlus, could only watch as the latter wore an unmistakable smirk. Dorlus extended his claws, effortlessly shattering the protective barrier. On the back of his hand, there was an ancient rune.

An ancient rune that pulsed with formidable power.

Just like Flunra, Dorlus was also capable of using ancient runes.

Expecting a barrier from the start, Dorlus strengthens his attack with his own ancient rune.

Breaking through the barrier, Dorlus stood right behind Flunra.

Slowly raising his claws skyward, he made a powerful swipe that dug deep into Flunra's bare right shoulder. It forced Flunra to let out a painful grunt. He ignored the pain, and desperately kept his focus on the princess.

"Now, there's no way out for you," Dorlus whispered raspily.

His voice dripped with threat.

With sadistic intent, Dorlus cruelly pressed down, extracting his razor-sharp claws out of Flunra's shoulder deliberately, inflicting slow and agonizing pain. Ensuring maximum torment, he sliced through Flunra's collarbone roughly, snapping it in the process.

Looking at Flunra, seething in pain, Dorlus chuckled maniacally.

He placed his bloodied claws in front of his face, smearing Flunra's blood to his own face.

One will instantly suspect him as a lunatic from the way he looks right now.

"I'm going to inflict Hell's pain on you, Arnulf. For all the humiliation you inflicted on me in the past, I will repay it tenfold!" Dorlus said, savoring the sight of Flunra's vulnerability. But when he was about to move again, Adhara came blitzing from the hole in the wall.

Swoosh!

Unlike before, she was not going to pull any punches back and go all out.

"GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF HIM!" Boom!

Her entire body was now infused with a mix of blood moonlight energy and her fire elements, and both energies were responding to her emotions right now. Beneath the stress, her power climbed to even the mid-ninth-rank realm.

Even the walls, protected by the Ice and Snow moonlight energy, started to visibly melt.

Adhara emanates heat more potent than ever before.

Concentrating her all into her claws, she attacked Dorlus from behind.

Just like before, he was able to block her attack. But though he wanted to stand his ground, sustaining Adhara's attack, he was surprised to find that his entire body was pushed about ten meters to the side before stopping.

It was a clear indication that Adhara had reached a higher ceiling of power.

"Don't get in the way of a reunion, Female Alpha" Dorlus muttered, veins bulging on his neck.

Upon hearing this, Adhara responded with the same ferocity, "Yeah? Make me!"

Roar!!

For a brief moment after the roar, time slowed down in Adhara's vision.

She observed Dorlus' entire movement, from the twitch in his muscles, the movements of his eyes, and even the flow of his extremely dense moonlight energy. Everything was taken into account as she tried to predict how Dorlus would attack.

However, in the next second, her eyes spread open in utter shock.

Dorlus made a normal dash toward her, but the worrying part was the speed of his dash.

Adhara could see him closing in rapidly with her heightened vision, but her body was not at the same level of speed as her perception. She tried her best to make her defense, making several fire explosions to propel her body out of the way of Dorlus' attack.

But it was utterly futile, Dorlus was moving too fast for her.

Slash!

Gritting her teeth, she saw her right arm fly across her vision, detached from her body.

Not stopping at that, Dorlus grabbed the back of her head before making another quick dash towards the wall, planting her face on it. Mercilessly, he did it a couple of times, making the crack on the wall bigger and bigger.

Crash!

Slamming one last time, he then kicks Adhara right on her spine and blasts her out.

Looking back at Flunra, he saw that the princess' body was already glowing, and it was not a good sign for Dorlus. Sprinting back at Flunra, his eyes flickered as he raised his claws, trying to pull Flunra away from the princess.

But before his claws could reach Flunra, someone held her arm, stopping his attack.

"Persistent ant! You're no match for me!" Dorlus roared.

It was Adhara who caught his arm, stopping the momentum of the attack perfectly.

Despite having one of her arms missing, recovering at a snail's pace, Adhara was determined not to let Dorlus touch Flunra, just as she vowed. She was unwavering, ready to sacrifice a limb or two if necessary, refusing to give up.

Swoosh!

Summoning a fire scimitar, she tried to stab Dorlus right on his spine.

Obviously, she was intending to cripple Dorlus and buy some time for Flunra to finish.

However, her attempt was deflected by Dorlus' moonlight energy's manifestation, it was able to act like a spirit and protected him from her attack. An outburst of fire exploded upon their collision, but it was clear that Adhara's fire scimitar was on the losing side.

Splash!

Under the fierce tension, her fire scimitar cracked and dissipated.

'If only I could use 5 or even 4 of my True Fire Blossoms, I would've definitely won that clash'

Adhara regretted that she didn't have time to train and get accustomed to her new, fire, as if she had time, there was no way she could lose that clash. But now that she could only use 3 True Fire Blossoms, she has to face reality.

Bam!

Just as he promised, Dorlus didn't aim for a kill and only kicked her away from him.

But there was clear annoyance in his countenance.

Adhara's persistent attempt irked him, and it's unclear if he would keep his promise for long.

Splash!

"KRAARGGHH!!!"

Dorlus didn't waste any time and stabbed Flunra's back with his claws, gripping Flunra's bare spine tightly within his grasp, "Make it easy for yourself and let go of the princess. You know that going against my word is a bad idea, and for your sake, let go of her"

Gritting his teeth, Flunra's eyes began to tear up from the pain was excruciating.

It was hard to keep his focus on the princess.

Even then, his loyalty for Rex is unflinching, he already worked so hard to prove himself to Rex, and there's no way this level of pain would make him yield, "Over my dead body, Dorlus, I'm not letting go. If you want me to stop, you'll have to kill me"

Crack!

"GRAAARGGHH!!"

"Bad decision, Arnulf..." Dorlus muttered as he tightened his grip on the spine.

His grip produces a light, bony cracking sound, a sign of lethal damage to Flunra's spine.

Though he was trying to make Flunra yield and let go of the princess, Dorlus couldn't help but frown himself as he couldn't believe what Flunra said to him, 'He has always been the kind of person who worships survival over anything. If the situation is helpless, he is sure to flee. How come it's different now...?'

Dorlus was caught off guard by Flunra's answer, it was unexpected.

But this made him become more curious about Rex who made Flunra willingly go this far.

Respect must be present for Flunra to be this stubborn.

Simultaneously, Adhara was still relentlessly launching attack after attack, trying to break through the moonlight energy's manifestation. Blood sprayed across the floor from her severed arm, yet she was still running and attacking with manic determination.

Adhara became feral, the fierce anger mixed with frustration inside her was on full display.

Moreover, the sound of Flunra's scream also fueled her.

From his wailing scream, she could hear the deep pain that he was feeling right now.

Pssshh...!

Her anger ignited her Herald Mark even greater, the red linings across her body started to pulse with even more power, increasing her physical stats to a terrifying degree. With a low grunt, she cracked the ground beneath her feet and made a dash.

'I had no choice, to Hell with the repercussion!' Adhara's eyes bulged furiously.

Realizing that the situation requires her to do absolutely anything, lest Flunra was going to be killed by Dorlus, she has no other choice. Garnering every single spirit energy and fire mana that she could muster, she fused all of it into the violet snake on her waist.

"Pneuma Spell, Slither Chains of Jealousy!"

HISS!!

Feeling the increase in power, the violet snake hisses and darted forward.

Having no other option, Adhara decided to use her third circle Pneuma Spell to attack.

Etching a trail across the floor as its size expanded, turning bigger by the second, the violet serpent swiftly coiled around the manifestation of moonlight energy, transforming into chains that securely shackle it in place.

Letting out a thunderous hiss, it started to tighten its wrap.

Under the pressure from the violet serpent, the manifestation of moonlight energy shattered.

Having accomplished its task, the serpent coiled back towards Adhara, shrinking in size to wrap its form around her arm. It transformed into a battle glove with an open snake-head shape before she delivered a powerful swing at Dorlus.

Contrary to earlier, the air began to tremble, depicting the greater strength she emits.

Even the white sphere in the sky reacted and started its suppression.

Since the First Breath was still in effect, neither the Awakened nor the Supernaturals dared to use their strongest spells or skills, fully aware that doing so would have repercussions. It was the white sphere in the sky's job to make sure those who tried were punished.

But pressured by the situation, Adhara suffered through the suppression.

Her eyes, nose, and ears started to bleed as she fought back against the suppression.

Naturally, her attack alerted Dorlus who was still having fun torturing Flunra. He pivoted his head around and saw that Adhara was already nearing, her claws were conspicuously a few inches away from piercing his eyes.

From the sidelines, there should be no way Dorlus was able to dodge this attack.

However, when the attack was about to hit, he smirked.

A mysterious pale blue energy started to manifest around his body, and there was an eerie glow coming from his shoulder that propelled his aura to a terrifying degree. Even Adhara was surprised when she saw this at the last moment.

SWOOSH!

BOOM!!

Following a brief silence, a massive explosion happened.

It wrought devastating havoc, tearing through the entire dome and vaporizing the ankle-length water on the floor. Nothing was spared from its fierce shockwave, and even Flunra needed to exert more strength to maintain his footing.

Surely, with such an attack, Dorlus wouldn't be able to come out of it unscathed.

Chapter 1046 Helpless Predicament

Flunra protected himself from the explosion with his own moonlight energy.

Struggling to maintain his footing against the forceful shockwave threatening to blow him away, he managed to persevere thanks to the violet snake that came suddenly. It lent its support, aiding him in preserving his balance on the ground.

Had it didn't help, it's uncertain whether Flunra was able to endure the shockwave.

It took a moment before the fiery remnants disappeared.

Glancing at the princess quickly, he sighed in relief seeing that she was completely fine.

Just as expected, there was a protection mechanism around her.

None of the shockwave and fire from the explosion managed to reach the edge of her body.

Observing his surroundings while still having his hands remain on the princess, cleansing her from the sealing energy—Flunra found that the once dignified place had completely changed into a ruinous and scorched room.

Black spots could be seen across the walls and ground.

However, his eyes didn't focus on the devastation and instead searched for Adhara.

Flunra had to make sure that she was okay.

On the periphery of his vision, he saw a silhouette slowly standing up. Initially, he thought that the silhouette was Dorlus, but he was pleasantly surprised to realize that it was Adhara. She endured several wounds, and her severed arm was also halfway to regenerating back to normal.

Aside from that, she seemed to be fine, she'll definitely live without a problem.

"Where is he?" She mused, sweeping her eyes around cautiously.

Upon hearing this, Flunra also searched for Dorlus' whereabouts, he's definitely not dead yet.

Knowing what he was capable of firsthand, Flunra is sure of that.

Eventually, Adhara saw a crack on the other side of the wall, and there was a figure planted in it. Obviously, the figure was none other than Dorlus. With a somewhat rigid motion, Dorlus grappled to get off the wall before landing on his feet again.

It was clear that he was not fine from Adhara's attack.

Adhara could spot several burnt marks across his body, exposing the second layer of his skin to see. Blood could also be seen trickling down the corner of his mouth, depicting clearly the internal damage he suffered.

However, the aura around him was still the same, or perhaps even more dangerous.

Receiving that attack was surely not a great experience.

Breathing roughly through his mouth, Dorlus raised his gaze to meet with Adhara's.

His face was burnt hideously, the damage from the explosion made his face disfigured, but Adhara and Flunra couldn't help but frown seeing that there was a glowing mark located on his shoulder, catching their attention.

Squinting his eyes, Flunra tried to decipher the mark.

'His family rune should be located at his back, not his shoulder' He pondered with a frown.

But when he took a proper look, his eyes widened in horror.

"Had I not deployed it sooner before your attack, I admit, I underestimated your attack and might have suffered severe injuries. You've got some guts to defy the First Breath, Female Alpha," Dorlus declared abruptly, his lips slowly curling into a smile of madness.

In the next second after he said that, the mark on his shoulder glowed vibrantly.

Almost instantly, his wounds were healed back to normal.

"K-Kingly energy?" Simultaneously, a mysterious energy brushed against Adhara's skin, her eyes were forced to widen in realization at what the mark was, "A Herald Mark... He also has a Herald Mark, and what's with its kingly energy? It's cold yet scorching at the same time"

Despite finding the kingly energy weird, Adhara felt like she had sensed it before.

Boom!

Out of nowhere, Dorlus' body exploded with his kingly energy.

Adhara quickly moved forward and stopped right in front of Flunra, she then raised her only arm to block the incoming kingly energy. She hisses in pain as her arm and body are burned greatly by the kingly energy.

Upon lowering her arm, she saw that the walls around Dorlus were turning into blue ashes.

It seemed the kingly energy devoured the Ice and Snow moonling energy.

But it was then that Adhara realized what is the moon behind Dorlus' Herald Mark.

Yule Moon.

Realizing that it was the Yule Moon, Adhara's expression paled, she distinctively recalled that during the Yule Moon, Rex, herself, and Kyran went down to the underground canyon, hiding from its light.

Had they been exposed to its embrace, they would have turned into ash.

No Werewolves are an expectation from this, that is except for Kyran's Werewolf form.

"Impossible... Yule Moon doesn't take sides!" Flunra exclaimed.

However, his breath got stuck in his throat when he realized a haunting possibility.

Beads of cold sweat trailed down the side of his face as he looked at Dorlus in horror, he now realized that the situation had turned dire—when he thought that it couldn't be, 'Don't tell me the one that wanted Lord Rex dead is actually the Yule Moon Lunirich God?!'

Rumble!

A thunder rumbled inside Flunra's mind when he came to this realization.

Such an occurrence is unthinkable.

Despite Rex's stubbornness and blasphemies against the Lunirich Gods, he couldn't come to believe that he managed to gain the attention of the Yule Moon. Out of the Lunirich Gods, he was the most troublesome one.

It was because the Yule Moon had never favored or championed any Werewolf.

Many believed that the Yule Moon Lunirich God represented balance and harmony.

Because of that, Flunra swallowed harshly as this had become very dire.

Adhara raised both of her hands—returning to her battle stance when she saw Dorlus going down, crouching with both of his hands spread, touching the ground. It seemed to be some sort of stance, judging from the killing intent oozing out of him.

Realizing the change, Flunra snapped out of his trance and looked at Dorlus.

His pupils dilated at the sight of this stance.

Flashes of the past came rushing into his mind as the past trauma resurfaced again.

He vividly remembers what happened after Dorlus went into that stance.

Quickly, he shouted a warning at Adhara, "RUN! DON'T CONFRONT IT HEAD-ON!"

"Female Alpha, you're getting annoying..." Dorlus muttered silently, his eyes shot a massive amount of killing intent towards Adhara. "I have no time to spare for you, and since you're a persistent one, I apologize for not being able to fulfill my promise"

Upon hearing this, Adhara frowned as she could feel her blood run cold.

Even then, she was not going to go down easily.

Swoosh!

Circulating the power of her bloodline as the singular proxy of the White Omircron, she shot a white beam, made entirely of the White Omicron's energy towards Dorlus. She was intending to disorient Dorlus from charging his attack.

Knowing that it worked before, she was confident that this would be enough.

It should be enough to buy her time to attack first.

But as the white energy encompassed Dorlus' body, reacting strongly to the fact that he was a Werewolf, a weird phenomenon happened. In spite of the white energy trying to dig into his body, another force prevented it from going through.

Slowly, Dorlus' Herald Mark spat more energy and pushed back the white energy.

A feat that none has been able to do.

Even back when she evolved for the first time, she could influence everyone with the power of her bloodline—including Rex. He might not look affected, but Adhara knew that she could influence him if she wanted to.

Naturally, he would be able to sustain it better than the other.

Yet, it's impossible for him to nullify the power of the Anti-Werewolf bloodline fully.

On the other hand, Dorlus' Herald Mark was able to do precisely that.

Championed by the Yule Moon's power, the white energy was nullified, and her bloodline had no impact on Dorlus' form. He was free from the weakening effect, and this realization made him smirk evilly.

"Adhara! It's not worth it! We'll retreat now!" Flunra exclaimed in horror.

He was not going to take the gamble of awakening the princess at the cost of Adhara's life.

However, Adhara rebutted, "No! Keep your hands on her, no matter what!!"

Ignoring the argument the two were having, with Adhara being stubborn, wanting to provide Rex with the help he needs to ensure his survival—and Flunra on the brink of abandoning the task from Iseldra, Dorlus made a devastating move.

Boom!

Crack!

Under his might, the ground cracked as he dashed onward, breaking the sound barrier.

His dash sounded like a fighter jet at full speed.

Sensing the incoming attack, Adhara swiftly directed the violet serpent to shield herself and Flunra with its coiled body. Unable to spot Dorlus and facing an intense crisis, she made the decision to employ this defensive measure.

It would at least give a layer of defense for any attack that came their way.

Darting her eyes around, her heart began to thump harder.

'Where is he? I can't sense him anywhere, there's no trace of him!' She exclaimed inwardly.

Even though Flunra was still constantly beckoning her to run away in the background, fearing that she would lose her life, Adhara clenched her jaw and pressed on in alert. Only then that she pivot her body around, sensing a danger coming from her back.

At that moment, her eyes flashed, and she took in one last breath.

Through her eyes, Adhara witnessed Dorlus rending a hole in the violet fiery serpent's form, delivering a piercing blow to her stomach with his radiant blue claws. Despite the vividness of the scene, it felt eerily akin to an illusion, as in reality, nothing transpired.

'What is this, vision...?' She murmured, trying to grasp the line between reality and illusion.

But in the next second, she blinked her eyes.

Swoosh!

Just like she envisioned, Dorlus tore a hole and moved in for the kill.

It was exactly like the vision she had seen earlier.

However, even though she knew what was about to happen, her body couldn't react to it.

Splash!

"Haargghh!"

"ADHARA!!"

For a second there, her vision blurred before an excruciating pain infiltrated her body.

Grasping the situation she was in through a blurred optic, she saw Dorlus standing right in front of her with an icy expression. Her eyes then trailed down and saw his claws stabbing her chest, right below the neck.

Blood gushed out of her mouth as her body started to connect to the damage she suffered.

In reflex, Adhara grabbed Dorlus' arm.

She tried to pull his arm out only to be disappointed by her minuscule strength.

"Dorlus! I'm right here!!" Flurna shouted, his voice was hoarse from all the shouting earlier. "I am the one who you are after, the awakening process is almost finished!! Come and get me, or you'll lose the chance to kill me again! Leave her and fight me!"

Upon hearing this, Dorlus chuckled devilishly, savoring Flunra's desperation.

"What's this...? Since when are you attached to those you protect? This isn't like you, Arnulf" Casting a glance at Flunra, his smirk spread even wider and lifted Adhara off the ground.

Gritting his teeth to the point of veins bulging with ferocity, Flunra wrestled internally. His desire to release the princess clashed with the hesitance induced by Adhara's compelling gaze, leaving him ensnared in a predicament.

"I can see that the process is still short 3 to 4 minutes, plenty of time to torture you after I finished her off. I'll make this day a nightmare for you, Arnulf," Dorlus threatened, enjoying every second of this situation.

Unable to bear to look at Adhara's condition, Flunra turned to the princess again.

His attention was split between awakening the princess faster and checking Adhara's state.

Just then, the veins in his eyes bulged when he saw Dorlus summoning something.

Exerting delicate control over his dense kingly energy, backed by the Yule Moon, he conjured an astral spear—its jagged spearhead lethal before it turned solid. Flunra doesn't know what Dorlus was trying to do, but he doesn't want to know.

He was afraid of Dorlus' next move.

"Please, don't do this," Flunra pleaded earnestly. "The Executor already became a common enemy, and there's hope for peace once he's defeated. If you proceed, the war will resume. Please, it's me that you want. You can do anything to me, but just leave her..."

Listening to Flunra's pathetic and soft plea, Dorlus looked down momentarily.

It appears he was contemplating his action.

However, he soon raised his face again, exposing his lethal intent, "No, this is it, Flunra..."

"By the decree of the Lunirich Gods, I will execute"

Chapter 1047 Veil of Death

It has been a constant and unending war since the dawn of time between everybody.

Flunra was birthed amongst the first generation, and by the time he could stand on his two feet, he was already plunged into a world of violence. He and the other Werewolves initially were fighting the Demons and Angels.

Both races were the most dominant forces in the early days.

During that time, mutated animals were also a fierce contender for the top of the food chain.

Everywhere he goes, the danger of death always loomed over him.

Origins and their forces clashed over territories and resources, expanding their nations and annihilating anything that stood in their path. By the time Flunra was twenty years old, the sight of blood and death had no impact on him anymore.

It had become the norm, this is simply life.

Sometimes, due to the threat of the mutated animals, there was a cease-fire between them.

A hopeful semblance of peace.

Flunra has tasted peace and doesn't know how to feel.

However, things changed for the worse when Humans started to gain power.

Joining the great game to rule the entire world, the Humans soon dominated the entire fight and expanded massively. Each of the existing Supernatural races was defeated, and slowly had their territories taken by the Human empire.

All due to a single Human that changed the entire course of the war.

From that point on, the Supernatural races banded together and wage war against Humans.

Moreover, from that point on, war has never stopped, even once.

Nothing will change as everyone is busy thinking for themselves—one has vied for peace.

But it was different now.

Due to the stroke of luck or fate, Flunra found himself becoming a member of the notorious Silverstar Pack, with an Alpha that had a desire, albeit unclear, for peace. Rex has shown an extraordinary talent, forcing Flunra to believe that he might be the one.

In his era, peace might actually come true.

Only the strong is respected in this world, and Rex has the potential to suppress everyone.

Just like the Human who dominated all Supernatural races in the past.

An opportune moment also came with the awakening of the Executor. Flunra realized that the Executor was not favored by the Humans of the new era, reflected by Giana, one of the pillars of humanity came seeking Rex's help. If anything, with the Executor acting as a common enemy, peace might actually sprout.

Peace will be more likely after the Executor's demise.

It was unclear whether this desire for peace stemmed from a hidden desire deep within him or from a profound respect for Rex, making his desires align with Rex's. Nevertheless, Flunra understood that if Dorlus continued, the prospect of peace would vanish in an instant.

"By the decree of the Lunirich Gods, I will execute"

Positioning the radiant blue spear in front of the weakened Adhara, Dorlus' eyes flickered.

He was exuding the hue of violence, undisturbed by Flunra's plea.

"No... Please, Dorlus! It could be me, don't do this!"

Flunra's one last shout acted as a signal for Dorlus as he ignored the plea and infused more moonlight energy into the spear. In a jolt of the moment, the spear fired forward with a fast motion, hitting Adhara's stomach cleanly.

Splash!

BOOM!

"NO!!" Flunra screamed in horror, he couldn't believe Dorlus really went for it.

Beneath the relentless thrust of the spear, Adhara's eyes widened in agony. A mouthful of blood escaped her lips as she was violently hurtled, crashing into the wall with a powerful shake—impaled through the abdomen brutally, pinning her on the wall.

Like a blossoming flower, her blood splattered behind her, dying the wall with gore.

In slow motion, Adhara's body reverted back to her human form.

She was hissing in extreme pain before her head hung low, and her body lost its strength.

"W- What have you done...?" Flunra uttered whisperingly.

Dread gripped him tightly as he beheld the horrifying spectacle, a silent scream trapped in his throat as his gaze locked onto the nightmarish scene. Both of his eyes reflecting pure, unbridled terror of the consequences of this moment.

Upon seeing his expression, Dorlus, in a twisted way, was very amused.

"Fear not, Arnulf. I made sure her demise won't be swift," Dorlus said with chilling composure as he nonchalantly approached Flunra once more, seizing his head. "I made sure to make her demise a slow descent into agony, allowing you the pleasure of witnessing the gradual death brought by the White Omicron, while I torture you slowly... and painfully..."

Despite the threat, Flunra's ears were ringing violently right now.

He couldn't hear a word he said.

Moreover, even if he heard what Dorlus said, he wouldn't break down in fear of the threat.

Flunra was more fearful of the consequences if Adhara met her death.

Even though Dorlus was already smacking his lips in anticipation, readying himself to torture the living hell out of Flunra to repay all he did in the past, Flunra only fixed his eyes onto the pinned Adhara on the wall.

Blood kept on drizzling down the wall from her impaled stomach.

It was a brutal scene that numbed his mind.

However, a string of sanity snapped him out of his daze before his eyes regained their light.

Diverting his gaze from Adhara, his resolute eyes fixed back upon the princess. No matter what, he was determined, fully committing to fulfill Adhara's wish by successfully awakening the princess, and finishing the task given by Iseldra.

Swoosh...

Just like that, he began to put all of his focus on awakening the princess.

Observing Flunra desperately pouring all his efforts into completing the awakening process, Dorlus laughed as he had never seen Flunra this pathetic. Even in the face of death, he had never exhibited such profound desperation in his countenance before.

He always kept his composure and found a way out of the impossible.

Now, Flunra already accepted that there was no way out, and did the only thing that matters.

"Good, keep trying, Arnulf," Dorlus uttered in satisfaction. "Don't break down on me, I want to have some more fun with you. It'll be too disappointing if you lost your mind already before I could torture you"

Licking his blue claws, Dorlus advanced and swung vertically, aiming at Flunra's shoulder.

Slash!

He aimed at the shoulder that was already wounded from earlier.

It forces Flunra to writhe in pain.

Even then, he perseveres through the pain, desperately praying for the princess to wake up.

With the current state of the situation, only the princess could help.

Only the Ice and Snow Princess could hope to defeat Dorlus, a third-generation Werewolf, possessing incredible strength and combat power. Not even Flunra, with all of his growth, could hope to defeat Dorlus.

Flunra needed help in order to do that.

Maybe if Adhara was still fine and they fought together, there's a chance to win.

But now, fighting Dorlus alone, the chance of winning is very small.

In the next few minutes, there were only Flunra's screams filling the entire place as Dorlus' atrocities commenced—testing Flunra's regenerative abilities to the fullest. He was toyed with and tortured, suffering gruesome wounds over and over again.

Dorlus was completely sadistic, and brutal.

He waited for Flunra's wounds to recover, before torturing him again.

His spite for Flunra, who always slipped out of his hands in the past, made him act like this.

Additionally, Dorlus came prepared, taking out a pouch of silver powder.

It was not a regular pouch of silver powder either, it was enchanted, capable of hurting any Werewolf five times than normal silver powder would. Casting a devilish smile, he grasped Flunra's muzzle and force-feed him the enchanted silver powder.

Flunra felt his mouth and throat melting, trying to spit out the silver powder but couldn't.

Completely different from messy torture, Dorlus feeds him enough silver powder so that his regenerative abilities won't be overwhelmed—creating a perpetual state of pain as the silver powder wrestles with the regenerative abilities equally.

Just from this alone, it was clear that Dorlus was already preparing himself for this moment.

He already planned to do this from the start.

Meanwhile, Adhara choked on her own blood, gasping for breath roughly.

Every part of her body was hurting severely, the pain made her extremely weak, showcasing the extent of the damage she suffered. Moving her hand was akin to moving a heavy anchor, and each movement caused a sharp pain.

A crimson cascade painted her world, draining her vitality.

Despite the pain, she could hear each of her heartbeats in her ears, echoing in the hollow cavern of her weakening body. Darkness crept, her world blurred, and her senses dimmed, with the cruel reality of mortality clutched her.

'How- How long did I pass out...?' She muttered inwardly.

It was obvious that she passed out earlier.

Moreover, she also couldn't remember what had happened to her.

Adhara only remembered seeing Dorlus piercing her chest and hauling her from the ground.

After that, she couldn't remember anything.

Time slowed down in the harrowing moment, and the boundary between life and death was blurred. Breathing heavily—each causing a sharp sting, she struggled and raised her gaze to look to her front.

Even through her blurred vision, she could tell that Flunra was in trouble.

His screams of agony echoed inside this dome.

Realizing that the battle persisted with the princess still unawakened, Adhara's instinct took over and forced her to raise her hands and grab ahold of the spear. Despite her attempts to extract it, more blood spewed from her mouth and stomach.

It made her even weaker as her regenerative abilities were blocked completely.

Dorlus infused the power of the Yule Moon into the spear.

Swoosh!

Looking down at the spear, she saw the small Flamy was extremely worried about her.

Flamy tried to overpower the Yule Moon's power with its own fire to no avail.

Adhara smiled weakly when she saw this, trying to tell Flamy that she was fine even though she was clearly not fine. Regardless of her burning desire to break free and help Flunra, she realized that she couldn't do it.

Her body reached its limit.

Dorlus was too strong, and the Yule Moon's power was too strong.

On the tip of her breath, she tried to keep her eyes open, desperately trying to stay awake.

She feared that if she passed out, she wouldn't wake up anymore.

'Am I dying...?' Adhara uttered as her breaths started to become shorter and shorter.

Keeping her eyes forward, she reached out her shaky hand, conjuring a violet-purple fireball—the last vestige of her fire powers that she could gather. Not even taking the time to aim, she fired the fireball, striking Dorlus squarely in the back.

Boom!

In a desperate attempt to help Flunra, this is all she could do right now.

Undisturbed by the purple fireball, waving it as nothing but a tickle to his back, Dorlus turned before he laughed maniacally, seeing that Adhara was still defiant even in the face of death, and it was quite pitiful to see.

"Look at her, Arnulf! Watch as she breathed her last breath" Dorlus exclaimed.

He grabbed Flunra's head, forcing his exhausted eyes to look at Adhara—pinned on the wall.

Closing his ears, Dorlus added, "Any second now... Let's watch and bid her goodbye"

"L- Lady Adhara..." Flunra uttered weakly, his body torn to shreds.

Despite the deadly predicament they were in, Flunra's eyes flashed back to life as Adhara's unyielding will gave power to him. He pressed on to awaken the princess in defiance, giving nothing except awakening the princess his focus.

But seeing that the tiara was aglow brightly, Dorlus decided that it was enough.

He would resume this after he stopped the process.

Brandishing his predatory claws, stained with the amalgamation of Adhara's and Flunra's blood, he poised them menacingly before Flunra's eyes, wearing a malicious smirk, "Now, come and bid your farewell to your arms. Know that this time, unlike the past, you won't be able to regenerate them..."

Upon hearing this, Flunra gritted his teeth as he watched Dorlus slashing at his arms.

If he lost his arms, then it's over, they would fail miserably.

On the other hand, Dorlus' smile spread wider and wider as his claws were nearing Flunra's arms, intending to sever them. However, in the last second, the sharp part of his claws met against a steely resistance.

Clang!

"What...?" Dorlus raised his eyebrows in utter shock.

Chapter 1048 The Third vs The Seer(1)

Noticing that now was the perfect time to stop the awakening process, Dorlus came striking, aiming at Flunra's arms that were dispelling the sealing energy. But he was caught off guard when his claws were met with a steely resistance.

He saw that his claws were stopped by claws.

One that he didn't expect since there was only Flunra and Adhara inside this dome.

Raising his gaze, he locked onto another's gaze.

Grr...

Dorlus sucked in a cold breath when he saw that there was a figure right in front of him that protected Flunra from his strike, and the reason that he was shocked was because he didn't sense anyone nearby.

Even though this figure was standing before him, he didn't exude any presence.

It was as if he was a glitch in reality.

A being that was not supposed to be in this world which made him possess no presence.

Bam!

Out of nowhere, Dorlus got swatted away.

Planting his feet into the floor, halting the pushing momentum, Dorlus blocked the attack but couldn't help but frown as an unexpected visitor came to stop him. He observed the figure's form and found that he was supposed to be a Werewolf.

Planting his feet into the floor, halting the pushing momentum, Dorlus blocked the attack but couldn't help but frown as an unexpected visitor came to stop him. He observed the figure's form and found that he was supposed to be a Werewolf.

But oddly enough, he hasn't seen any Werewolf that resembles this unknown Werewolf.

'Four eyes, and azure furs...? What kind of Werewolf is he?' He pondered.

Hailing from the third generation of Werewolves, during the most intense time of the ancient era, there were numerous mutations that were unlocked by his comrades that didn't really fit into any normal Werewolf.

Dorlus has seen a fair share of weird mutations throughout his life.

Even he, in the fierce pressure of battle, had gone through an evolution of his senses.

He unlocked an ability, many suspect as a foresight ability.

But even then, he has never seen a mutation as severe as the Werewolf before him.

Having two sets of eyes was not exactly a mutation seen normally, even amongst the other Supernatural races. More importantly, the sudden appearance of this Werewolf made him raise his guard.

Dorlus could tell that this Werewolf is different than Adhara and Flunra.

On the other hand, Flunra was also taken aback by the Werewolf's sudden arrival.

It was a moment ago that he thought it was the end.

Just when he observed the Werewolf beside him, looking at him with a profound gaze, his eyes widened as he realized who it was. A person that he had never thought would come and save the day, considering his condition.

"Kyran...? How did yo- Huahkk!" Flunra coughed blood in the midst of his sentence.

His body was suffering from the wounds.

Additionally, the Yule Moon's power has the property to block his wounds from regenerating.

A troublesome property that made persevering even harder.

Upon seeing him coughing blood multiple times, Kyran remained silent and turned around.

"Do what you have to do, I'll deal with the rest" He muttered firmly.

Flunra who was seeing him act like this was dazed, he remembered that Kyran wouldn't be this calm in a situation like this. 'Something about him changed, I can tell almost instantly. It feels like he was more composed, or should I say more mature...?'

Seeing Kyran like this raised a couple of questions in his head.

On one side, he suspected that Kyran was possessed, and someone else was in his body.

However, judging from his eyes, it doesn't seem to be the case.

But the dependable air around him was evident, Kyran had undergone an immense change.

It was safe to assume that something happened while he was slumbering.

Realizing that he has no time to be distracted by anything other than focusing on awakening the princess, Flunra turns his head away and continues the process. He didn't want to waste the opportunity Kyran provided for him.

"Which clan are you from? I've never seen you before" Dorlus inquired demandingly.

Due to the air around Kyran, Dorlus mistook him for someone from the ancient era.

Keeping his frigid yet deadly composure, Kyran stared at Dorlus for a poignant moment prior to redirecting his eyes to Adhara. She remained brutally pinned to the wall, her head hanging low, blood adorning every inch of her body and dripping to the ground.

Each ticking sound as the droplet of blood hits the floor echoed throughout the place.

Surprisingly, there was no change in Kyran's expression.

Despite the agony and brutality that Adhara had suffered, there was no change in his face, it was still stoic and undisturbed. However, he looked at Adhara for long seconds, as if he was drilling this sight into his mind.

Pointing at her with his index finger, Kyran's gaze went back to Dorlus.

"Is that your doing?"

"You haven't answered my question, what makes you think I'm going to answer yours?" At this moment, Kyran's nonchalance irked Dorlus greatly.

Considering that he was seeing his supposed pack member rendered into this pitiful state due to Dorlus' claws, his reaction was very underwhelming. However, despite Dorlus' refusal to answer his question, Kyran did nothing but repeat his question.

"Is that your doing...?"

Unlike earlier, his tone has a chilling feeling to it.

Feeling the chilling sensation from Kyran's tone, Dorlus subconsciously took a step back.

But in the next moment, he looked down at his body in shock.

Dorlus couldn't believe that his danger instinct was riled up so much from that tone that his body took a step back, it caught him off guard as he rarely reacted like this, considering his vast battle experiences in fighting ridiculously strong opponents.

'What is this? If he knows Arnulf and the Female Alpha, then he must be another member of the Silverstar Pack which means he's supposed to be a young Werewolf. So how come it felt like I was facing another seasoned Werewolf, this doesn't make sense' Kyran is a complete anomaly in Dorlus' eyes.

Every fiber of his being tells him that Kyran is very dangerous, regardless of his young age.

Additionally, even Kyran's body screamed battle experience.

Despite only standing still, questioning Dorlus without displaying any emotion, Kyran exuded an unmistakable readiness for whatever might unfold. Dorlus could tell that if made his move right now, there would be a brutal counterattack waiting for him.

However, it was then that Dorlus shook his head.

'I have the power of the Yule Moon, there's no Werewolf stopping me!' He smirked inwardly.

Gaining the blessing of the Yule Moon's Herald Mark, he essentially possessed Adhara's own bloodline, a definitive counter to any living Werewolf. Instead of the White Omircon's crippling energy, he has the Yule Moon's kingly energy.

His energy alone encapsulated the very essence that instilled fear in Werewolves.

Due to that, he shouldn't be threatened by Kyran.

"I don't care who you are, but coming here was a grave mistake! You'll end up just the same as your Female Alpha!" Dorlus shouted thunderously before he made his move, blitzing the distance between them in a feral manner.

Since he defeated the Female Alpha, no other pack members would be able to stop him.

A Female Alpha is the second-strongest, and Kyran is definitely weaker.

Or at least that is what Dorlus thought.

Swoosh!

Just as he nears Kyran who was still standing still in place, Dorlus' eyes flashed, sending his crippling energy straight towards Kyran. His energy was capable of blocking Adhara's power, so it would have a devastating effect on someone like Kyran.

Kyran looked at the incoming blast of energy without a change in expression.

Upon impact, he stood motionlessly, taking the entire blast.

Seeing this halted Dorlus' breath in his throat as he couldn't believe Kyran was able to resist the Yule Moon's power. He should at least be influenced, as the burning heat from its power could affect any Werewolf.

Moreover, Dorlus also saw the Yule Moon's energy was giving Kyran a small boost in power.

It was an odd and surprising sight.

Even though there was an extremely small amount of Werewolf in the past, possessing slight or even full resistance against the Yule Moon's moonlight, none of them was able to harness its power as Kyran did.

Additionally, Kyran doesn't seem to be trying to.

He was completely nonchalant, akin to his own body automatically doing the work for him.

Just as the distance between them shortened to ten meters, Kyran moved.

Responding with the same ferocity as Dorlus showed, he accelerated onward with extreme speed. But this doesn't intimidate Dorlus, his eyes observed each of Kyran's limbs, making predictions about Kyran's attack.

'I have superior durability, I'll focus on power' Dorlus nodded and clenched his fist.

Cognizant of his enhanced skin, a perk he gained from being birthed as the third-generation Werewolf, Dorlus opted not to evade Kyran's impending attack. Instead, he concentrated his focus solely on delivering a powerful punch with all his might.

Aside from his durability, this would also show Kyran the difference in strength.

But as they were about to clash, something odd happened.

Bam!!

"Kaahkk?!"

Dorlus' head recoiled to the side when a powerful punch landed right on his face.

On top of that, Kyran executed a swift maneuver when Dorlus' punch was inches away from making contact. He deftly ducked down, evading the punch entirely. Dorlus was caught off guard, and the punch was also heavier than he initially thought.

Gritting his teeth, he pushed the punch with his own face and launched another attack.

Bam!

Similarly, the next exchange ended up the same.

Evading yet another attack, Kyran managed to stab his claws into Dorlus' stomach cleanly.

Blood spewed out, forcing a rough grunt out of Dorlus' mouth.

'How? My senses... they could only predict his attack a fraction of a second before it landed, leaving me no time to dodge. Normally, I could foresee the attack two or three seconds prior, so what's different about him?!' Dorlus growled in anger.

Having his signature ability nullified, it was natural that he was burning with fury.

Swoosh!

Making a swift horizontal swipe in an attempt to catch Kyran by surprise, Dorlus was the one to be surprised as he was met with a nigh-perfect dragon tail, sweeping his legs off the floor cleanly. Following that, Kyran placed his hand on the floor, infusing it with his energy.

Dorlus sensed something coming before his eyes flashed at the sight of a thick icicle.

Clang!

"Arrggh..."

Not expecting that Kyran would have some sort of ice power, Dorlus took a blow solidly to the stomach, sending him flying. He landed twenty meters away, clutching his throbbing abdomen, shooting Kyran a menacing glare.

Had it not for his armored skin, that dark blue icicle would impaled him easily.

Even then, a crack formed on his armored skin.

'It's his mastery over his energy...' Dorlus pondered with a frown, realizing the method that Kyran employed to bypass his foresight ability. 'His non-existent aura masked his energy, but that wouldn't remain like that if he's in a fight. An accumulation of energy would reveal his aura and intention to me, so he created this method to counter me'

Kyran's control over his energy is immaculate, and Dorlus realizes that.

During the initial phase of dashing into attack, Kyran evens out his energy across his body.

A move to mask his aura and intention perfectly.

Just when he was about to attack, he flowed his energy into the limb he was using to make the attack in an instant, and this caused his attack to come out faster, and unpredictably. It was the reason why Dorlus only managed to sense the attack for a fraction of a second prior to the attack connecting.

Such a move shouldn't be accessible to someone like Kyran.

Only those who have hundreds of years of energy control experience could achieve this.

For Kyran to be able to showcase that level of control is impossible.

However, the evidence was right before his eyes to see.

Kyran bypassed his foresight ability easily.

'Not only his control, but his combat skills were also very high. I can tell that he had endured countless fights in his time' Looking at Kyran who raised to his feet again, still with his stoic expression while Dorlus was reduced to the ground with wounds, a frown came decorating Dorlus' face.

Resoluteness crossed his eyes as he stood back up again, his expression turned serious.

'Something is off about him. He's strong... I need to take him seriously'

Chapter 1049 The Third vs The Seer (2)

Flunra took a glimpse of what was happening on his back and was taken aback.

His jaw was on the floor at the sight of Dorlus on the other side, covered in bloodied wounds while Kyran stood unscathed on his spot. Flunra had heard that the fight had begun, but he had not anticipated this unexpected outcome.

'I can't believe it... was he able to drive Dorlus back?' He questioned in disbelief.

Everything in his mind was jumbled for a second.

Surely, he recognized that Kyran had changed from the moment Flunra laid eyes on him.

It was evident that there was an explicit air around Kyran that indicated his change, almost as if he had become a completely different person. Not a trace of his usual demeanor was there to see, there was no childish feeling to him anymore.

Kyran had matured in the span of a month or so, which was unbelievable.

But now that Flunra saw what he did to Dorlus, it seemed his combat prowess also changed.

None knows what Kyran had endured in the Ice Realm.

From the moment that he was rendered into eternal slumber under the Ice and Snow Moon's power, he was thrust into a world of violence, forced to be an entertainment for Iseldra in her gladiatorial pit.

Conditions inside the Ice Realm were also determined in a hierarchical manner.

Only the winner gets a better treatment.

In the beginning, Kyran found himself ensnared within the coldest part of the Ice Realm, a place so cold it induced uncontrollable shivers even in a Werewolf like him. He heard that Werewolves that were trapped in the grasp of eternal slumber have the possibility of dying.

Now he knows that the Werewolves that died were the losers in the Ice Realm.

Stuck in the coldest part, death was already nearby for them.

However, Kyran didn't succumb to that fate and rose through the ranks with his own power.

All the time he was stuck in the Ice Realm, time passed by in a blur.

Kyran had lost track of how many sunrises he had seen inside the Ice Realm, but he was sure that he was stuck there for years. Conservatively, he might be stuck there from somewhere around thirty to fifty years.

Maybe his body remained that of a kid, but his mental journey was long and painful.

Naturally, he became a changed man after that.

Furthermore, the myriad battles he had endured against formidable adversaries within the confines of the Ice Realm which he won, and suffering horrifying injuries he would need to sustain in solitude inside his cage was akin to intense regiment for him.

Every aspect of his being was honed to a terrifying degree.

Battling all those Werewolves helped him perfect his fighting style and battle instincts, the injuries he suffered and unattended made his regenerative ability stronger, and the time he spent training for the fight increased his mastery over his energy.

It was the most hazardous time of his life.

His desire for survival was tested numerous times through violent approaches.

With each passing day, Kyran's belief that Rex would somehow be able to get him out of the Ice Realm dwindled. But still, the burden of guilt stemming from the mistakes he had made, burdening Rex with additional troubles, remained steadfast within him.

Only the drive of guilt kept the fire of survival burning inside of him.

Had not it been for that, Kyran would've surrendered his life, and been killed already.

Suffering is the only path that leads to more power.

Rex had shown that to be true.

Due to the suffering he felt for tens of years, it was obvious that Kyran had become stronger.

Not a trace of his past self remained inside of him.

Any weaknesses and naivety have been cleansed from every fiber of his being.

Like a ferocious tiger, Kyran's eyes flickered with immeasurable killing intent before he made a quick dash to resume the fight between him and Dorlus. In the next instant, the two were locked in a fierce battle to the death.

Kyran's strikes were flawless and strong, his movements became as fluid as water.

It gave Dorlus a hard time to properly match his speed.

Not because Kyran was faster, but because his attacks were reinforced and scarily effective.

Crack!

Crack!

Additionally, Dorlus also had other things that occupied his senses.

On top of Kyran's relentless attack, targeting every vulnerable spot with remarkable precision and ferocity, his attack wasn't confined to mere physical strikes. Malevolent icicles erupted from the ground with each blow, constricting Dorlus' mobility and narrowing his options for evasion.

Under the pressure, Dorlus knew that one wrong move and he would be in trouble.

Roar!!

Sensing three icicles heading towards him, including Kyran, Dorlus let out a thunderous roar that managed to shatter all the icicles that were trying to impale him. Following that, with a quick tilt of the head, he dodged Kyran's swipe.

Catching an opportunity, he makes use of it, "Indirect Moon Ability, Triple Assault!"

Swish!

In a newfound vigor, Dorlus made use of his ancient power.

Despite he made sure that the Indirect Moon Ability he cast wouldn't be strong enough to incite the white sphere of the First Breath, it made his attack much stronger as he delivered three swipes in an instant.

Kyran crossed his arms to block the attack and got flung crashing back.

Managing to hit Kyran squarely, Dorlus smiled manically.

He was sure that Kyran wouldn't be able to take too much of his attack.

But in the next moment, the frown returned to his face when he saw Kyran rotate his body and gracefully land on the wall, right beside the pinned Adhara. Holding the spear's handle, he closed his eyes and commenced something.

In front of Dorlus' gaze, Kyran sucked the Yule Moon's energy from the spear.

None of the Yule Moon's energy remains infused in the spear.

With the absence of the energy, Adhara's wound started to heal normally again.

This made Dorlus grind his teeth in anger.

Even though he was satisfied that he landed a solid attack, Kyran turned out to strategically allow the attack to connect—a resounding slap across Dorlus' face as this move effectively managed to save Adhara.

She may not be able to help the fight, but the threat of death disappears.

"Insolent brat!"

Succumbing to his fury, Dorlus' kingly energy became chaotic as he went down to a stance.

It was the same stance he did before severely injuring Adhara.

Upon seeing this, however, brought a smirk onto Kyran's face as he descended back down.

He didn't forget to pull the spear out of Adhara's stomach before gently laying her down on the ground as if she were the most fragile of glass. A Werewolf's vitality is very strong, and nothing can stop them aside from the most lethal of injuries.

Decapitation or a violent strike to the heart is an effective way to kill a Werewolf.

But even then, sometimes, a Werewolf could survive that.

One and the only thing that could make it hard for a Werewolf to survive is silver.

Having fought a civil war for countless years, Dorlus knows this fact, thus he takes out the enchanted silver powder that he used for Flunra earlier again. Coating his blue claws with it, his claws became sparkling.

Raising his violent gaze, he vanished from his spot like a ghost.

Even Adhara couldn't react to this move, Dorlus was moving too fast for her to react.

It was Dorlus' signature move that could only be used in the night by using the surrounding's moonlight energy to his advantage. With his mastery over the moonlight energy, he was even capable of alternating the moonlight energy around him directly.

Using the abundance of moonlight energy in the night, he enhanced his speed substantially.

At this moment, he was even comparable to Flunra's speed with the help of Isobel's power.

Swoosh!

Kyran's ears perked as Dorlus came in for the kill.

Clang!!

Coming from the right with extreme speed, Dorlus made a ferocious swipe but was blocked by Kyran once again—causing his eyes to widen, 'His senses are too sharp! I masked every lethal intent and aura, but he could still sense me coming from a mile away! But I don't think his eyes or intuition are the ones responsible for his sensitive senses'

Pondering for a brief second, his eyes then widened in realization.

Just earlier, Kyran came attacking him with a method that easily counters his insight ability.

Since this is the first time the two clashed, it was unnatural for Kyran to be able to devise a method like that without knowing Dorlus' power first. 'His hearing is his strongest point, the sense of hearing made him this sensitive'

Dorlus already ruled his other senses from the equation.

He could easily rule out the sense of smell, touch, and taste, leaving only hearing and sight.

Based on the fact that Kyran seemed to be angry, although he hid it very well—when he saw the state Adhara was in, Dorlus could also eliminate the sense of sight. If Kyran had watched the fight from the sideline, then he would've intervened before Adhara was hit by the lethal blow from Dorlus.

Thus, hearing was the only sense left.

In a fight between Werewolves, Dorlus know the importance of crippling his opponents.

Due to how feral and durable Werewolves are, it was not rare to see a fight between them lasting hours or even days. Dorlus, understanding this, honed the strategy of targeting his opponents' senses to end the fight faster.

He shouldn't come in for the kill instantly.

Preferably, he would aim at the eyes, nose, or ears to make the fight easier to finish.

Swoosh!

Splash!

Dorlus' expression contorted as while he was pondering, Kyran didn't sit idle and gauged out one of his eyes. He smirked savagely with Dorlus' left eye in his hand, and without hesitation, he crushed the eye.

Knowing to target the senses, Dorlus gritted his teeth as he glared at Kyran in immense fury.

'Grr! He's also accustomed to fighting Werewolves!' Dorlus screamed inwardly.

Exactly like him, Kyran also knows what to target.

Roarr!!

Disregarding anything around them, the battle was destructive and covered a lot of ground.

Shards of dark blue ice and cracks started to increase in number.

Both of them moved from left to right and returned to their original spots while still swapping blows. From an onlooker's perspective, their movement was like a blur. It was as if they were teleporting across the entire place.

Amidst the fight, Kyran was smiling inwardly.

It was his plan to lure Dorlus into a fight, making him forget what Flunra was doing.

Kyran was aware that the Werewolf he was fighting was powerful, but this also meant that pride played a significant role in Dorlus' demeanor. Provoking him through an act of mockery should be enough to anger him, and force him to forget what he came here to do.

With helping Adhara earlier and taking an eye, Dorlus has taken the bait.

Boom!

Boom!

Crash!

Dodging a straight punch from Dorlus, Kyran was about to counterattack.

But as he was about to do that, his senses were sending danger signals to his brain, forcing him to look to the side. His pupils dilated seeing a gathering of kingly energy located at the tip of Dorlus' fingers.

Realizing what Dorlus was doing, Kyran threw his body sideways.

He did that in the nick of time as a series of blue beams were shot from Dorlus' fingertips.

If he hadn't moved out of the way, his right ear would've been struck by it.

Contorting his torso, Kyran grunted as he delivered a perfect roundhouse kick while he was still in mid-air. A frown creased his face as he swung his legs in full force, only to be grabbed by Dorlus' sharp claws.

A couple of minutes had passed as the two battled.

And in that couple of minutes, Kyran has never made a single mistake, until now.

"I admit, your control over your moonlight energy is very high, even higher than mine. But you using it with precise control to mask your next attack while simultaneously fighting, it's tiring, isn't it?" Dorlus smiled maniacally.

Kyran might be able to bypass his foresight ability, but this also causes him to fatigue faster.

Only a couple of minutes and he was already slipping.

"I can slowly sense your attack, you're getting tired," Stumbling across Kyran's weakness, Dorlus' eyes flickered with malicious intent as his grin spread ear to ear. He could feel that the tide of the fight was shifting towards him. "You're in trouble now..."

Chapter 1050 Glimpse of Defeat

Kyran was reluctant to admit this, but Dorlus was absolutely right.

He tried to conceal it behind his stoic expression, but from the outset of the battle, there was a clear indication that fatigue was catching up to him faster than he desired. Controlling the energy within him to this degree has its ups and downs.

In order to bypass Dorlus' insight ability, Kyran had to sacrifice his endurance greatly.

Realizing the situation, Kyran tried to retaliate.

But Dorlus moved even faster, slashing Kyran in the face, hurtling him away like a bullet.

Kyran was forced to hiss out of his mouth as his expression contorted in agony, the slash left a bloody mark across the side of his face. He tried to recover from the attack, but Dorlus was already right by him.

"Indirect Moon Ability, Triple Assault!"

Swoosh!

Slash!

Chanting his moon ability, Dorlus executes three slashes simultaneously.

Blood was drawn, creating a gory arc in the air as Kyran's skin exploded from the slashes.

Looking down at his torso, he could see that he was wounded severely.

Even though the wounds were deep, ripping his internal organs, Kyran's regenerative ability came to work and closed the wounds almost instantly. But also almost instantly, Dorlus did another set of slashes, tearing open the wounds that were just closed.

It happened several times, disorienting Kyran from the loss of blood.

Moving with more vigor at the sight of a change in Kyran's expression, Dorlus stomped the ground, cracking it as he made a dash and used his claws to impale Kyran. His claws made entry at Kyran's abdomen and made a clean exit on the back.

Kyran clenched his jaw and grabbed Dorlus' arm, his expression twitching in pain.

"Let's see how long you are going to hold out," Dorlus mused savagely.

Swish!

Showing no mercy, Dorlus guides the kingly energy inside of him into his arm and infuses it into Kyran's form through the entry wound. It made Kyran's grip on his arm tighten, making Dorlus let out a laugh as he could tell that it was working.

He knew that Kyran was resistant to the Yule Moon's energy, but it was not complete.

Dorlus suspects that there should be a limit.

It may be true that Kyran could shrug off the Yule Moon's light as if it was nothing, but direct exposure into his body of the Yule Moon's energy is a different kind of exposure. Not even his mutation could resist this completely.

Making eye contact with Dorlus fiercely, Kyran gritted his teeth and made a move.

Slash!

In a burst of the moment, Dorlus saw his arm was severed.

Kyran's burst of energy was capable of tearing through his armor skin and severing his arm as if it were nothing. But as Kyran leaped back to create some distance, Dorlus smiled as it was clear to him that this was a desperate move from Kyran to get away.

Focusing his kingly energy on his arm, he regenerates it instantly.

An unnatural way of regeneration.

Just like that, with the fatigue catching him, the battle has turned one-sided for the worst.

Even the most veteran and skilled expert would gradually lose their ability with the presence of fatigue or exhaustion. It could be seen as Kyran finding it harder and harder to defend his vulnerable points from Dorlus' assaults.

On the other hand, Dorlus with countless experiences has incredible stamina.

Despite suffering many injuries, he doesn't feel tired at all.

Leaping back as he dodged a vertical slash from Dorlus, Kyran cast a brief glance at Flunra and found him still awakening the princess, 'I don't think he's nearing completion yet, but I don't need to buy time for him to finish, a couple more minutes should be enough'

In a desperate attempt, he looked for some ways so that he could prolong this fight.

Unfortunately, the place was completely open.

Nothing could be used to his advantage, there were only the pillars near the staircase.

Sprinting towards the pillars, Kyran kept positioning himself behind the pillar to avoid a head-on confrontation with Dorlus. He was doing well until Dorlus' patience ran out and blasted all of the pillars with an energy slash.

Crash!

With nothing standing between them, Dorlus came in for a strike.

Dodging numerous violent slashes that were akin to a hundred glistening lights to the naked eyes, Kyran made a wrong step and stumbled. He lost his footing as Dorlus raised his claws and delivered a powerful vertical slash, like a hammer fist.

BAM!

"Kaahkk!" Kyran spat a mouthful of blood.

Despite blocking the attack, the force and energy travel through his arms and damage his internal organs. Moreover, the bones in his arms made cracking noises. Unlike the normal layer of skin that protected his bones, Dorlus has armored skin.

Naturally, every hit he delivered was amplified in force because of that.

In a fierce retaliation, Kyran thrust his claws forward, aiming for Dorlus' exposed throat.

But with his insight ability, Dorlus sensed this attack before it happened.

Crunch!

Kyran found himself unable to react swiftly as Dorlus' canine teeth sank into his arms.

With a forceful pull, Dorlus tore Kyran's arm from his torso before proceeding to bite into his shoulder, ripping away a huge chunk of flesh. It was brutal, blood already formed a malicious pool underneath Kyran's body.

Not even stopping at that, Dorlus started clawing at him mercilessly.

A disturbing fleshy sound resounded for a moment as Kyran was torn to shreds.

Despite his training inside the Ice Realm, the experiences Dorlus has prevailed as the victor.

Eventually, Dorlus stopped at the sight of Kyran's form in shambles.

It was hard to recognize him now, and the heaves done by his chest were the only sign that he was still alive. Looking at this, Dorlus scoffed in contempt. In their vicious clash a moment ago, Kyran didn't sit still and retaliated too.

Kyran was still fighting back even though he was pinned in a dangerous situation.

Looking at this, Dorlus could tell that he had been in this situation countless times already.

An expert in battle were marked not only in their battle techniques or approach to a fight but also their unwavering focus regardless of how dire the situation they were in. It was a crucial trait that separated them from non-experts, those who were not used to fighting.

Kyran, despite sustaining deadly injuries, continued to press on.

He demonstrated his prowess by remaining vigilant for opportunities to bring Dorlus down.

Dorlus' gauged eyes was recovered in the moment, but got stabbed again. He was bleeding everywhere, and had his abdomen disemboweled because of Kyran's relentless vitality and willpower.

But he remained standing in the end.

Spitting blood to the side, feeling pain across his body, Dorlus snorted, "Hmph! Even with all your mutations, you wouldn't be able to survive this much damage. Knowing your limitations is a must, let this be the last lesson before your death"

Knowing how dangerous Kyran was, Dorlus wasn't going to let him survive.

It was clear to him now that Kyran was a very crucial member of the Silverstar Pack.

Leaving someone like him alive would only be asking for trouble in the future.

A frown crept to Dorlus' face as in his perspective, the fight he had with the Silverstar Pack slightly terrified him. Having the power of the Yule Moon, he expected to be able to toy with the Silverstar Pack rather easily.

After all, the Yule Moon's power is unparalleled, a counter to any Werewolves.

Just as anticipated, Adhara couldn't do anything when he unleashed the Herald Mark, using the Yule Moon's kingly energy. She tried her best, and surprisingly, managed to shock Dorlus with her strength.

But in the end, she fell and lost the battle.

However, it was starting to get out of hand when Kyran came into the picture.

Kyran held the upper hand against him, even with the assistance of the Yule Moon, and only lost narrowly due to fatigue. Had his stamina been at its peak, there was a very high chance that he would win this intense battle.

Such a realization terrifies Dorlus, realizing the potential of the Silverstar Pack.

Now he understands that the rumors were not lying.

Dorlus even believed that the rumors were too watered down, the Silverstar Pack is scary.

It seemed the pack was not in the slightest bit, a pushover.

'Had they not offended the Lunirich Gods, they would make a mighty ally' Dorlus pondered.

Clenching his jaw, Dorlus manifested another spear using his kingly energy, intending to do what he did to Adhara. He used the spear instead of his own claws because the spear was a dense embodiment of the Yule Moon's power.

Naturally, it could suppress any Werewolf's abilities.

Had Adhara was not saved from the spear by Kyran, her body would slowly turn into ash.

Aiming at Kyran's heart, he raised the spear skywards.

With a fierce flicker in his eyes, he swung in full force but suddenly halted mid-way.

Swoosh!

Dorlus snapped his neck to the side and saw that the princess was already levitating, Flunra was nearing completion of awakening her. It was only then that Dorlus clicked his tongue, he was too busy with Kyran that he forgot about Flunra.

'If it had gone a little bit longer, then I'm going to be in trouble' Dorlus thought inwardly.

Casting one last look at Kyran, he nodded.

From the looks of it, Kyran wouldn't be able to continue fighting for quite some time.

Pulling the spear back, he changed target to Flunra.

Swoosh!

He threw the spear with all his might and shattered the sound barrier.

On the other hand, the spear was rotating mid-air, enhancing its penetration power as it flew swiftly like a blur toward Flunra. Since he couldn't move from his spot, he couldn't dodge the spear and got stabbed in the back.

"Huaakhh!"

Blood splurged out of his mouth, drenching the princess in front of him.

But the blood wasn't able to touch the princess as she was protected by a protective barrier.

Flunra was still riddled with unhealed wounds from all the torture that Dorlus did to him, even his throat was brutalized, still burning from the enchanted silver powder. He couldn't muster his voice, and all he could do was gasp for air.

He resisted surrendering to the relentless pain.

Despite his willpower is still going strong, there was a limit to how much his body can take.

Slowly, his legs gave out and he fell to his knees.

Another strike from Dorlus and he would be done, he would reach his physical limit.

Not wasting a single, more second, fearing that the princess would wake up soon, Dorlus let out a tired sigh and approached Flunra. Along the way, he coughed blood a couple of times, showing that he was not okay.

'I need to finish this quickly. Seems like I'm hurt more than I thought' Dorlus thought.

Soon enough, Dorlus ascends the staircase.

With the help of the Yule Moon Lunirich God, he beat three Silverstar Pack members.

A feat that many will consider as God-like in this new era.

Just as Flunra came to vision, writhing at his last stand, Dorlus smirked and ascended faster.

As he was about to take another step, he saw something.

"A Fire Elemental...?" He mused lightly, seeing a small fiery creature blocking his way.

In the next moment, Flamy made a leap, reaching Dorlus' head level before its body ignited into a small explosion, causing Dorlus to stagger backward. He waved his claws, clearing the smoke, only to be taken aback by the unexpected sight of a fiery tail hurtling towards him.

Bam!!

Dorlus got swatted from the staircase and rolled on the ground before stopping.

He raised his gaze before he suddenly coughed a mouthful of blood.

"Kaargghk?!"

Glancing down at his abdomen, he discovered a dark blue icicle, the size of a thigh piercing through him. With a surge of realization, he clenched his teeth and lifted his gaze, only to spot a figure standing by the staircase.

Kyran was the one standing by the staircase.

Saying that he was standing was an exaggeration as he could hardly stand.

Only with the help of an icicle behind him to lean on, and another one as a brace to his arm, he stood with a daunting expression, casting a mocking smirk at Dorlus, "Not yet... Not yet... As long as I'm breathing, you're not getting past me"