

Full-Moon 1051

Chapter 1051 Brutal Final Resistance

It was an incredulous situation, Dorlus was grinding his teeth in anger.

'I already hacked him to pieces...'

'I already tear his muscles, broke his bones, did an extreme level of damage to his internal organs, and yet he... he can still move?! His wounds are not healing, but he can still move?!'

'Impossible!!'

Roarr!!

He had already made sure that Kyran wasn't going to disturb him anymore, the condition he was in was simply too much for anyone to stand much less keep on fighting. But beating the odds, Kyran stands in his way once more.

Nothing about Kyran seemed to be fine.

One look is enough to tell that Kyran was like a walking corpse.

Blood and fresh wounds adorned his entire body from head to toe, his condition was brutal.

Even some pieces of his flesh dangle, adding to his grotesque form.

Anyone who sustained the level of damage Kyran suffered would find themselves unable to keep their consciousness. Not even those who have special regenerative abilities would be able to do what Kyran did.

Dorlus being surprised is completely justified as this was a very unnatural sight.

Glancing over his shoulder, another surprise greeted him.

Despite choking in her own blood, Adhara was pointing her hand toward Dorlus, displaying that she was the one who did the initial attack. Since she couldn't move, she controlled the violet serpent to do a tailwhip at Dorlus right after Flamy's explosion.

It was thanks to Kyran that she was able to vaguely recover slightly.

But even then, her fate remained uncertain.

Although it was true that the infused spear was not impaling her stomach again, there was still Yule Moon's energy leftover circulating inside her body. It was still tampering with her regenerative ability, weakening it severely.

Due to that, her fate was still uncertain.

It was either her regeneration ability to prevail first, or she succumbed to her wounds first.

Realizing that Flunra was slipping, struggling to maintain his balance on the platform, Kyran acted swiftly and summoned an icicle to support him to stand. But, in the same instant, he saw Dorlus destroy the icicle piercing him into a million shards.

He was definitely hurt by this attack.

Dorlus let down his guard and suffered for it greatly, leaving him in this vulnerable state.

However, compared to the others, he was still way better.

Knowing that it was not the time to play around, as he might actually lose, Dorlus conjured another spear and with a swinging gesture, shot the spear towards Adhara. He intends to take out each one of them for good.

Anticipating this kind of attack, Kyran summoned a wall of ice, parrying the spear perfectly.

Clang!

Clashing with the wall of ice, the spear spun in the air before stabbing the floor.

Subsequently, Kyran chuckled scornfully, revealing blood-stained, sharp teeth.

"Weapons, really...? I thought ancient-era Werewolves loathes the use of such tools, relying solely on their claws, and deeming any Werewolves who wield weapons as no more than a bitch. Now, seems like I found one of the bitches of the ancient era" He mocked.

Upon hearing this, Dorlus grinds his teeth in anger and lets out a thunderous roar.

He couldn't believe that he was being mocked right now.

"What do you know about the ancient era?! I'll kill you!!!"

Swoosh!

In a fit of rampage, he sprinted towards Kyran on all fours with bloodshot in his eyes.

Having successfully redirected Dorlus' attention, Kyran extended his hand, conjuring a dozen thick and razor-sharp icicles that shot forth. Masterfully manipulating each one, he aimed to halt Dorlus in his tracks.

With time on his side, all he needs to do is to stall a little bit more.

Crash!

Boom!

Crash!

Dorlus, ignoring the pain across his body parried and blocked the icicles with his claws.

Now, his insane reflex and battle prowess were on full display.

Each swing of his claws was too fast for the eyes can see, and was able to shatter one or two incoming icicles. He danced with the help of his vast experience, perfectly protecting himself from the icicles while still pressing onward, closing the distance between him and Kyran.

But in the midst of this fight, he briefly checked his abdomen.

'Hmm...? It's not healing?' Dorlus realized that the hole in his stomach was not healing.

Just as he thought, Kyran's mutation was based on the Yule Moon.

Glaring at Kyran who was standing in place while using his hand to control the sharp icicles, Dorlus frowned as he came to an understanding, 'His birth moon is the Yule Moon, so that is why he's resistant to the Yule Moon's weakening effect from my Herald Mark. Such a person shouldn't exist, he needs to die!'

Stab!

Occupied by the thoughts in his mind, Dorlus made a wrong step back.

His left foot was stabbed, forcing a groan out of his mouth as he was pinned in place.

In the next moment, time slowed down as five icicles headed his way.

Crash!

Kyran's eyes flickered with anticipation as five more icicles struck Dorlus, creating a strong blast that shattered the ground beneath him. His exhausted eyes glisten with a bluish hue, showcasing his excitement at the possibility that this might actually end Dorlus.

Debris was shot like bullets around the place as Dorlus was shrouded in smoke.

Peering into the ceasing smoke, Kyran squinted his eyes.

But like a flash before being struck by a lightning strike, time slowed down, and his eyes flared open at the sight of Dorlus, cloaked with the Yule Moon's kingly energy—heading towards him with extreme speed.

Swoosh!

Coming out of his claws were beams that Kyran managed to barely dodge by a hair's length.

All of the icicles that supported him shattered and he fell to the floor.

Not being given even a moment to recover, Kyran witnessed Dorlus, his body riddled with gruesome holes, leaping into the air and descending with full force. His claws became a blur as he swung down, striking Kyran's position.

Crash!

"RAARGGH!!" Kyran shouted in excruciating pain.

He tried to dodge the attack, but he was too late to react and got one of his legs cut off.

With fearsome determination, Dorlus followed with a finishing attack.

Just as he did that, however, a violent gush of cold wind infiltrated the entire place suddenly.

Sensing the encroaching chill in the air and the climbing presence of Ice and Snow moonlight energy within the temple, Dorlus lifted his gaze in panic. He saw the tiara glowed intensely, it signifies that it had entered the completion phase.

If he didn't stop the process now, the princess would wake up.

Discarding everything else, Dorlus tried to quickly make his way to the platform.

Even then, he didn't forget to stomp Kyran on the head, cracking his skull and also the floor.

But, out of nowhere, Flamy came again.

Hiding all this time for another opportune moment, it intended to blast Dorlus away again.

"Annoying little pest, get out of my way!", Dorlus roared.

Unlike its attempt earlier, Dorlus was on alert and quickly swatted Flamy away.

Slap!

Flamy's miniature form was violently thrown, producing a disconcerting squelch as it collided with the wall before collapsing to the ground. Judging from its deflated form, half its original size, it was definitely injured greatly.

Clicking his tongue in displeasure, Dorlus continued onward.

Fate, it seemed, had a perverse sense of timing, throwing another obstacle in his path.

It was as if Lady Luck was not on his side.

Looking down, he saw Kyran, who was already breathing weakly grab ahold of Dorlus' ankle with a massive grin on his face. He cast Dorlus a look that seemed to say, 'I told you that you will not get past me until you kill me'

Vomiting out blood, Dorlus grits his teeth and intends to crush Kyran's head and kill him.

But before he could do that, his body was pushed from the back.

Boom!!!

Desperately trying to resist the blast, Dorlus turned to look at his back before he went pale.

He was too late.

Out of fear that Flunra might get away again like he always did in the past, Dorlus left him to commence the awakening process so that he wouldn't get anywhere. Moreover, Dorlus also underestimated the Silverstar Pack and decided to torture Flunra.

It was a grave mistake for him to do that.

Now, everything has gone south, and he could only watch in cold feet

'No, this can't be happening... If it were only a matter of the Prince, I can definitely seek his mercy. But this involves the Yule Moon Lunirich God... there's no room for mercy if I fail! Th- This is not happening!' Dorlus screamed silently within the confines of his mind.

A cold shiver ran down his spine at the prospect of his fate.

Everything would come crashing down for him if he couldn't fix his very grave mistake.

However, he was too late, he couldn't think of anything right now.

Kyran looked up before his pupils dilated.

Standing on top of the platform was a mature woman with a pure essence of coldness.

She was the Ice and Snow Princess.

Upon awakening from her slumber, her skin that was covered in cold ice shattered, exposing her actual skin as fair as a snowflake. She was draped in a baby blue gown that mirrored the tranquil hues of a winter sky.

Her gaze, as cold as ice, pierced the air, revealing an ancient wisdom.

Moreover, her Ice and Snow moonlight energy was so dense that it materialized into the form of snowflakes, conjured with magical prowess that cascaded around her, adorning her regal form. Each

delicate piece danced in harmonious obedience, a testament to her control over the frost-kissed elements.

Also, her aura was potent and mature like a relentless snowstorm.

It was clear that she was the one who inherited the power of the Ice and Snow Moon.

A champion who was chosen by Iseldra herself, a Demi-God.

Looking at the sight of her awakening, Kyran chuckled maniacally on the back.

Even Flunra was doing the same thing, savoring the dread and fear that was palpable to see on Dorlus' face. He was scared shitless at the sight of the Ice and Snow Princess. Not due to her power, but because of what awaits him back home.

Blinking her eyes a couple of times, the princess tries to adjust to the surroundings.

After a couple of seconds, her cold gaze swept the entire place.

Her crystal blue eyes eventually settled on Dorlus, who was looking at her with extreme fear.

"What transpires here...?"

An eloquent voice could be heard as the princess opens her mouth.

Even though she was quick to realize that she had been awakened, she didn't expect to see bloodied Werewolves and Humans at the first stroke of her awakening. But it was then that she paused before her eyes flickered with clarity.

Now, her gaze towards Dorlus turned from questioning to sharp.

It seemed she now knows about the situation, possibly through Iseldra explaining it to her.

Grit!

Swoosh!

Dorlus channeled every ounce of his kingly energy throughout his entire body and made a quick dash straight at the princess. His eyes were burning with desperation, wanting to fix the situation and avoid a brutal fate.

"I have the Yule Moon's power! Even a princess is not a match for me!!" Dorlus shouted.

Making use of the Yule Moon's power, he went in for a strike.

As she observed the approaching Dorlus, a guardian renowned for his strength in the ancient era, the princess readies herself to retaliate. She might be rusty from being trapped in years of slumber, but she was not to be underestimated.

However, before she could make a move, her attention was pulled elsewhere.

Dorlus also saw her suddenly glancing skywards.

Since he was attacking her, this glance seemed a bit odd, but he didn't care and continued.

Responding to his burst of energy, that climbed higher and higher, reaching the boiling point, the white sphere in the sky shot a suppression force towards him. But even then, Dorlus grits his teeth and perseveres.

'Even if I will be scorched by the White Eye, I will not stop!' Dorlus exclaimed inwardly.

His eyes were fixed on the princess' tiara.

"RAARGGHH!!"

Crash!

CLANG!!

With a vicious swipe of his enchanted claws, he made a last-ditched effort to fix his mistake.

But his effort was rendered futile.

Someone came crashing from above and landed in front of the princess and blocked Dorlus' attack with relative ease, and the sight of this person struck fear in Dorlus' heart. More than his fear over his brutal fate.

"R- Royal... Black... Prince...?"

Chapter 1052 Mercy on Your Soul

Dorlus was pouring everything he had into one final and detrimental strike.

Even though he was blessed by the Yule Moon through the Herald Mark, there was only so much his body could take, there was a limit. As he strained to control an excessive amount, the toll on his body became evident, reaching a severe limit.

His blood vessels expanded to the breaking point.

Blood could be seen drizzling out of every hole in his body as he tried to persevere.

In addition, the agony doesn't stop there.

Sensing the climb of his aura that was breaking the limiter of the First Breath, the White Eye, or the white sphere in the sky immediately shot a suppressing force at him. Visibly, his skin was melting rapidly due to how intense the suppression was.

Without the presence of the Ice and Snow energy, the effect would be devastating.

Had the princess not awakened yet and Dorlus went into this overload mode, the probability of surviving this ordeal for the others would have plummeted severely. However, due to the princess, that outcome was avoided.

Right now, Dorlus was truly pouring his all, disregarding the damages he was suffering.

One hope remained in his mind.

Dorlus hoped that if he managed to destroy the tiara, the princess would go back to sleep.

It was unlikely, but the possibility is there.

For him, with all hope lost, even a semblance of chance would become his beacon of hope.

"RAARGGHH!!"

Pulling nothing back, Dorlus made a strike with full force.

But his last remaining hope was shattered when a figure landed right between him and the princess, effortlessly blocking his full-force attack. Despite the surging Yule Moon's energy, the strength

pulsating through his muscles, and the momentum of his dash, the figure that landed in front of him adeptly nullified his attack.

He halted the attack perfectly.

Making contact, the Yule Moon's energy was about to burst into a massive shockwave.

An effect of Dorlus' strike.

Everyone, including the princess, was preparing for the incoming shockwave.

However, the entire temple rumbles violently almost as if there was an earthquake happening as a devastating amount of moonlight energy floods in like a raging tsunami. It didn't take long before the moonlight energy created a dense cocoon that trapped Dorlus and the figure inside its embrace.

Swoosh!

Despite the Yule Moon energy's attempt to explode, it was suppressed and vanquished.

It created nothing but a light gush of warm wind.

Staring at his wrist ensnared in an iron grip, Dorlus shifted his gaze towards the figure, and it was then that a sinking feeling struck his heart. Out of all Silverstar Pack members, he made sure to memorize all of their distinctive features.

Flunra and Adhara were the easiest to recognize.

One is riddled with scars while the other controls violet flames.

Because of his disappearance, Dorlus didn't recognize Kyran as many thought he was dead.

However, the Werewolf in front of him was the easiest to recognize.

Additionally, aside from being the easiest to recognize, he was also the worst one to meet.

'Devilish horns... Upright back... Overwhelming aura of suppression...' Dorlus swallowed hard as there was no mistaking the Werewolf before him, the worst one of them all, the one whom the Lunirich Gods wanted to kill, and the rival of the inhuman Executor.

"R- Royal... Black... Prince...?" He uttered through a constricted throat, his voice trembling.

Standing before him was none other than the Alpha of the Silverstar Pack, Rex Silverstar.

With his hulking body, Dorlus was evidently taller and bigger.

Compared to the Royal Black Prince, Rex, Dorlus was a foot taller than him. But standing right in front of Rex, he was feeling the complete opposite. He felt like Rex was towering over him, and he was nothing more than an insect underneath Rex's crimson eyes.

It had been a long time since he had felt this helpless.

Not even the Storm Prince was able to induce this level of helplessness.

On the other hand, the Ice and Snow Princess looked at Rex with slightly widened eyes.

She finds it surprising at the amount of moonlight energy he has.

It managed to overpower and swallow her moonlight energy completely.

Although it held true that since she had only been awakened, her power was not anywhere near her normal, the disparity was too much. Even if the princess was restored to full power, her moonlight energy would probably only be the same or slightly higher.

Recovering from her daze, the princess asked, "Are you a new Prince?"

Finding that she had never seen her before, she questioned whether Rex was a new prince.

It was also weird that she couldn't sense any kingly energy from him.

Every single Prince and Princess would have a King Mark backing them, so naturally. Not the regular King Mark either, their King Marks were even more potent. Naturally, the presence of thick kingly energy is what distinct them from the rest.

But Rex doesn't have that, he seemed normal except for his level of moonlight energy.

Instead of answering, Rex remained silence, not giving the princess an answer.

Pausing for a second, he swept his eyes around the place and saw the devastation.

He was surprised as he found Flunra lying near the platform, his body marked by unhealed wounds inflicted by slashing claws. Additionally, another layer of shock was added when Rex saw Kyran's presence, finding that he was already awakened from his slumber.

However, that shock was short-lived as he realized Kyran's state was even worse.

It was hard to believe that he was alive right now.

Such terrifying resilience was very shocking, but the biggest shock was laid at the very back.

A figure was lying in a pool of blood.

Just a glimpse of the figure sparked a change in Rex's face.

Not even uttering a single word, his body blurred and reappeared beside the figure.

Rex, at the sight of Adhara's condition, reverted back into his human form and knelt beside her. His entire body trembled before he hesitantly extended his shaking hands to gently lift Adhara's head and check her condition.

It felt very light, he could feel how weak Adhara's body had become.

With every weakening breath, her life slipped away.

Feeling a familiar aura, Adhara's eyelids trembled and slowly opened.

As her eyelids were opened, Rex held his breath at the sight of her weak and fragile eyes.

Her once vibrant eyes, now dim with pain, met his gaze, and he felt the agony carve into his heart. A cruel twist of fate stained her body and armor in crimson. Feeling the wet sensation on his hands, Rex looked down and saw the unhealed big hole in Adhara's abdomen.

Lifting his hand to his face, his heartbeat became faster at the sight of the blood.

Adhara's blood.

Desperation was etched across his face.

Rex's eyes mirrored the torment in his soul, viewing the woman he loved slowly succumbing to the merciless hands of mortality. Her blood-soaked fingers reached for his face, a silent plea that made Rex begin to tear up.

His expression became stiff, and his eyes bulged.

Grabbing ahold of Adhara's hand, tears began to stream down as he cried in silence.

He cried a man's cry.

With great struggle, he forced out some words, "I can't lose you too, Adhara"

Upon hearing his vulnerability, Adhara managed a weak smile.

She tried to squeeze Rex's hand, trying to give him some strength before she uttered, "I'm not going to go anywhere, don't worry..." She uttered weakly, assuring Rex that her death would not be today, at this temple.

It doesn't seem like she was telling the truth, but she tried her best nevertheless.

Keeping eye contact, Rex nods his head firmly.

Despite he was skeptical as to whether Adhara was telling the truth or not, her eyes seemed to be asking him to trust her, and he would even though it was very hard. Pausing briefly, she continues with the same feeble tone.

"Rex," She called, forcing Rex to focus on her. "I'm scared..."

Deg!!

What...?

When he heard the words that came out of Adhara's mouth, his heart skipped a beat.

I've heard that before. No... this is impossible.

Adhara's words seeped into his ears, echoing inside Rex's mind and plunging his heart into a deep abyss of dread. At that moment, the air thickened, a suffocating premonition settling over him, spiraling his mind into chaos.

His pulse quickened, and the world seemed to freeze.

A chilling realization dawned upon him as the boundary between dream and reality blurred, enveloping him and paralyzing every fiber of his being. Rex remembered his last out-of-place nightmare, which drastically changed from the normal.

In that nightmare, he distinctively heard Adhara uttering the exact same words.

Due to this realization, Rex was left breathless as the nightmare's script turned into reality.

Rex couldn't muster a single word as his expression turned pale, the weight of fear bearing down, encapsulating him in the cruel dance of his subconscious fears materializing before his very eyes.

But he was soon snapped out of his daze when Adhara's voice resounded lightly again.

"Do what you have to do..." She mused before closing her eyes.

From the onlookers' perspective, the air around Rex transformed from passivity to seething intensity at Adhara's last exchange. His dense moonlight energy, coupled with the gleaming lunar light and crackling of black lightning adorned or cascaded down his entire form.

Such a combination of energy bore heavily on the air inside the temple.

Even the princess felt her throat was being choked by the aura that Rex was emanating.

It was obvious that his anger was slowly rising by the second.

Had the System remained at his disposal, he could've done something to neutralize Adhara's condition. But he couldn't, there was absolutely nothing he could do except repel what was left of the Yule Moon's energy inside her body, which he already did.

Just as he did that, a column of blood appeared right beside Rex.

As if it had a mind of its own, this column of blood started to take shape into a woman.

Casting a glance at Rex, who was kneeling on the side, the woman, without uttering a word, made a subtle gesture and summoned a purplish energy with a soothing nature. Not wasting a single second, she controlled and infused that purplish energy into Rex's body.

"Don't let your anger take over, control it" the woman, Calidora said to him.

Calidora was ready to assist, had the situation called for it, and calm Rex down. She controls a big chunk of the Luna's energy, so she is capable of soothing his anger, "I know you're a lunar clone, only a lunar clone. But if you succumb to your anger, it's still going to be bad"

Upon hearing this, Rex could be seen taking a couple of deep breaths.

But his aura didn't recede at all, it was still rampaging violently.

"Can you try and heal Adhara?" Rex asked with a cold tone. "I'm going to take care of this"

Knowing that it was more of a command rather than a question, Calidora nodded before she went over to Adhara and tried to heal her using the Luna's energy. She did this, ignoring the onlookers who were still present.

Rex slowly pivoted around and exposed his bloodshot eyes, staring straight at Dorlus.

Such a sight from Rex was the last thing many saw before their deaths.

From the looks of things, Dorlus wouldn't be an exception either.

"May the Origin bestow mercy upon your soul, the princess uttered lightly and hovered to the side, distancing herself from Dorlus. "For I doubt he shall give even the slightest glimpse of mercy. Dorlus the Seer, the third guardian of the Storm Prince, even with your renowned foresight, impending death from him is an inevitability you cannot elude"

"Goodbye..." She ended as the princess watched from the sight.

On the other hand, Dorlus felt a crippling fear that rooted his legs in place, unable to move.

'Had I not wasted my time, this wouldn't have happened'

'I can't muster any strength, my energy is completely depleted...'

'I can't see properly, my body is taking the toll...'

'I'm- I'm...'

At the sight of Rex's bloodshot crimson eyes, Dorlus subconsciously halted his breath.

'I'm dead...!'

Chapter 1053 Sing to your Gods

Dorlus' breathing quickens with regret gripping tight.

Under the crimson-piercing gaze, he could feel the Origin's blessing disappearing.

A vivid transformation unfolded before the onlookers' eyes—Dorlus' once light blue eyes, the eyes that were brimming with the Yule Moon's power, gradually shifted to a delicate shade of light yellow, the very hue that marked the lowest rank in the Werewolf hierarchy.

It was the color of an Omega.

Viewing this change, the princess closed her eyes, knowing that it was the end for Dorlus.

Fate already abandoned him.

Such a change was believed to be a sign of inevitable death.

Only a powerful Alpha could experience such a change, the moment of their death, the eyes would reflect the doom they were about to face. Dorlus himself couldn't feel this, but others watching already knew that his story ended here.

Arrogance and hatred got the best of him.

Motivated by the will to survive, knowing that there was a myriad of possibilities awaiting him in the new era, Dorlus let out a desperate whimper and hastily darted through the breach, he made a last attempt to escape this situation.

Tears welled in his eyes, a poignant reflection of the emotions driving his escape.

He exited the temple and crashed onto the ground roughly.

But fueled by the fear of impending demise, he pressed on, disregarding his wounded body.

'I don't want to die!' Dorlus screamed inside his head.

Exerting the last remnants of his remaining energy, he clung to the hope that, by a stroke of luck, he could survive this crippling ordeal. He lets out a distressed howl, begging the Storm Prince to intervene and grant him salvation as he limped away.

However, his call was only replaced by absolute silence.

Just as he was only about meters away, a chilling air brushed against his nape.

Glancing over his shoulder, his eyes widened.

Slash!

"Graarggghh!!"

Dorlus' right leg was completely severed as he fell to the ground, seething in extreme agony.

Painstakingly, he began to crawl like a worm.

"Let's see how long you are going to hold out," Rex whispered from the back.

He managed to suppress his anger and avoid going berserk, but it didn't at all, diminish.

It didn't lose its burn, even a little bit.

Rex strode slowly while looking down at Dorlus who was crawling away with tears streaming down his face, the bleak aura coming from him was the most intense Rex had ever seen. He could see vividly how much Dorlus feared death.

Such an unsightly sight for the end of the notorious Dorlus the Seer.

"My Lord... Help me..."

"Anyone... Help me..."

Disregarding the plea that came out of his mouth, Rex made a vicious strike once again.

Slash!

Another one of Dorlus' legs was cut off, leaving him leg-less.

Even though he has robust vitality, still able to crawl despite losing so much blood already, it is evident that Dorlus is becoming slower and slower. He kept trailing his eyes forward, trying to find anything through a blurred vision.

Reaching out his claws, he made another pull to crawl onward.

But every part of his body was now numb, and Dorlus lost the ability to think properly.

He didn't even know where he was right now.

Doing another reach, his claws were met with a wet sensation.

Upon feeling this sensation, Dorlus lifted his gaze one last time before more tears drizzled on his face like a rushing stream as he beheld an expansive lake. At any other moment, making a leap across this lake would be easy for him, but now, it was akin to seeing the boundless sea.

He couldn't go any further.

It was the end of the road for him, nowhere to go.

Still weeping with utmost dread, he looked up to the moon in the sky.

Above, the moonlight acted as a spotlight, almost as if it was watching the brutal show.

"Go on," Rex's haunting voice reverberated through the air again. "sing to your Gods. Go and ask them... Beg them to help you survive. We'll see whether they give a damn about a mortal like you, clinging in the thread of minuscule death"

Listening to this, Dorlus did exactly that, looking at the moon and begging the Lunirich Gods.

However, in the next second, his vision was blocked by a lunar spear.

Splash!

Possessing no sign of mercy, Rex manifested a spear with lunar light.

He stabbed Dorlus' hand with it brutally.

More pain infiltrated Dorlus' pain receptors as he pressed his forehead against the ground.

Rex came crouching and seized Dorlus by the head, lifting his head up and forcing Dorlus to stare directly into his bloodshot crimson eyes, "So, how does it go? What tidings have they conveyed? Will your Gods extend their salvation to you?"

Only receiving Dorlus' painful eyes, Rex growled and let his head go roughly.

Glaring at the glowing moon, he manifested another spear.

It was the second time the Lunirich Gods had tried to screw him over, and this second time was the worst. Rex already bore anger towards the Lunirich Gods, but it was more to Kaiser rather than the other Lunirich Gods.

But now, another one had entered his kill list.

Yule Moon, huh... With this, I declare war against you too.

Raising his lunar spear above, a ghostly figure made an appearance behind him like a spirit.

The Countess appeared like the embodiment of shadows.

Clasping her hands around the spear, she infused the power of the Banished Dark Moon.

Gradually, the bluish hue of the spear's body transformed into a deep, tainted shade, causing it to quiver in Rex's grasp until the corruption permeated the entirety of its body. Soon, when it was done, he flipped Dorlus' body with his leg.

Forced to be facing up, Dorlus saw Rex, pointing the spear down with both hands.

With a contraction of his muscle, he stabbed the spear downward.

Piercing through the center of Dorlus' chest, a powerful blast of moonlight energy happened.

Stab!

Kaboom!!!

Like a tempest of dark wind, it constricted before exploding.

An expansive cataclysm of malevolent wind spiraled upon the spear's connection, unleashing a crescendo. The energy burst forth, obliterating everything in its wake. Shadows danced in a wild manner as the devastating force swept through, leaving the once-still air trembling in the aftermath of divine wrath.

Even those who are in the temple could feel the entire building shaking.

But all of them knew what was happening.

Dorlus is dead, there was no escape if someone managed to latch into Rex's killing intent.

Soon, the force receded, showcasing Rex still in his previous spot.

Right underneath him was Dorlus, what's left of him at least, stabbed by the corrupted spear in a grandeur manner—died as a sacrificial message of war towards the Yule Moon Lunirich God from Rex himself.

Pausing for a second to breathe, Rex backs away and sees the devastation he caused.

His aura gradually diminishes alongside his anger.

To think that he was capable of exerting an aura that was capable of suppressing even the princess was surprising, even for himself, especially since he was nothing more than a lunar clone, with his real body far away from this place.

Giving one last look at Dorlus and the moon, he turned and headed back into the temple.

Upon reaching back, Rex swept his eyes across the place.

He found that Adhara was still being healed by Calidora on the side, while Flunra had passed out from his gruesome injuries. Considering how much pain and damage he suffered, it was surprising that he could hold out this long.

Only when the princess was awakened that he was slowly losing his consciousness.

But even then, he was fine and still breathing.

Though the battle concluded without dire consequences, with all of them still alive, patently, all of them were out for the count. Resting would expedite their recovery, yet it was apparent that several days would be required for a meaningful recuperation.

If he had the System, they would recover quickly, but that's not possible right now.

Rex looked at them before he clenched both of his fists.

I'm right. Making the decision to exclude them from the fight against the Executor is the right decision. With them in this kind of state, it's unlikely they'll participate in the big fight. Maybe I should call Gistella back to monitor them, making sure they refrain from any rash actions.

Pondering in silence, his attention then was pulled to his right, to a figure.

Sitting while leaning on a broken pillar was Kyran.

Approaching him with steady steps—ignoring the princess, Rex stops in front of Kyran with a peculiar look on his face. He had little expression, but it was clear that he commended Kyran for staying awake despite the level of wounds he suffered were the worst.

Everything about him was mangled, but he was still awake.

Dorlus... He was extremely injured when I got here, and barely had any strength left.

Casting his eyes around to view the broken icicles and shards, Rex turned to look at Kyran again. Kyran should be the one who injured Dorlus the most since he was in this state and also the one who remained stubborn in stopping Dorlus from reaching Flunra.

It was then that the corner of Rex's lips curled into a one-sided smirk.

"Had you given me another minute, I would've definitely won," Kyran chuckled in hubris.

At first, he believed that he would only need to buy time until Rex arrived, assuming that the princess would take longer to be awakened. Ultimately, he was mistaken, the princess was awakened first before Rex reached the temple.

"You've changed," Rex replied lightly. "I can sense that you now have a predatory instinct"

Upon hearing this, Kyran lifted his head and smirked proudly.

Coughing a mouthful of blood, he then answered, knowing that Rex was acknowledging that he had grown up, and matured, "Now- Now that you said that, I really want to go back home. I want to see if I can understand Delta like you did"

Kyran chuckled again when he said that.

He now realizes that his struggle inside the Ice Realm was not for nothing.

Had he lost his hope inside Iseldra's domain, resigned to death, or even not trained as hard as he did, then this battle would've ended horrendously. But thanks to his effort and hard work, Kyran was able to change the tide of the battle.

Despite his struggle, he managed to buy enough time until the very end.

"Concentrate on recovering," Rex urged. "I want you to look after the others, including Evelyn who should be back in the city. Make sure they stay in the castle for the next several days, I will send Gistella back to help you, so don't fail this"

Listening to this, Kyran looked at Rex in silence.

Ever since he accepted Iseldra's condition, he was trapped between slumber and awake.

Kyran heard all of the discussion the others had inside his chamber.

So he roughly knew that there was a big fight nearing between Rex and the Executor. Rex, finding Kyran's intent gaze as nothing peculiar, pivoted his body around and went to the princess who patiently waited. Filled in by Iseldra herself, the princess knew that she made a deal with the Silverstar Pack.

But it seemed the Alpha didn't know about this, so she needed to address that first.

Upon seeing him approaching, the princess opened her mouth.

"I understand that this situation might be surprising for you, Royal Black Prince, but the deal was made without any forceful methods. We simply gave them a proposal, and they decided to accept the deal willingly" She started, clarifying the situation.

However, Rex stopped a distance away from her with a chilling gaze.

Judging from his expression alone, it doesn't seem like his anger already receded fully.

"Don't play games with me," Raising his finger, Rex uttered in a rasping tone. "You exploited my pack for your own gain, without my presence and approval. Don't act all innocent, your proposal is the cause of this, and I'm not going to take it lightly..."

At the sound of this, the princess couldn't help but frown.

For all she knows, this might be the beginning of another fierce fight.

Chapter 1054 Reverse Extortion

Despite trying to, the princess couldn't read Rex's mind.

It was masked underneath the facade of chilling anger, and there was no guarantee that the civilized manner was the route he would take to handle this. Judging from the approach Rex took to kill Dorlus, there was a big chance that he would take the rough route.

Since he spends little to no energy killing Dorlus, Rex is basically still ready to go again.

With his pack members in shambles, he lacked no motivation to attack.

Alerted, the princess saw Rex was about to take a step.

But the speed he exerted surprised the princess as the moment the heel of Rex's foot hit the ground, his body blurred and his crimson eyes reappeared inches away from her face. It was a move that completely caught the princess off-guard.

'He's only a lunar clone, yet he's this strong?' She gasped at the power of the new prince.

Making direct eye contact, Rex then said, "I'm talking to you, Iseldra..."

Upon hearing this, the princess frowned.

Not many Werewolves knew the real name of the Lunirich Gods, there were only a handful of Werewolves that were aware of one or even some divine names of the Lunirich Gods. Out of all of them—most certainly, none would dare to say the Lunirich Gods' name out loud.

However, this doesn't apply to Rex at all.

On top of saying the Lunirich God of Ice and Moon's name aloud, he said it with no regard.

Such bravery doesn't exist in the ancient era.

"Don't take her name lightly, Royal Black Prince!" the princess bellowed.

Reacting to her riled emotions, her pristine white gown flutters with deadly, icy power.

Swoosh!

But it didn't affect Rex at all, he wasn't threatened.

"I'm not talking to you, princess. Let Iseldra possess your body" Rex instructed demandingly.

Listening to this made the princess' expression darken, seeing that he was also taking her lightly. But in the next second, without her permission, a divine energy infiltrated her body, assaulting her with discomfort that made the veins in her neck bulge.

Rex watches this without a change in expression.

Eventually, the princess's eyes were opened again—now bore a completely different tone.

Her gaze now contains sharpness and regal authority of otherworldly powers.

"Such accusation is unsightly, mortal," She resumed, her voice tinted with an astral feeling to it, showing that it was not the princess talking but rather Iseldra herself. "I harbored not such feeble intent of exploiting your pack"

Upon hearing this, Rex puts on a sardonic smile, finding her a blatant hypocrite.

He didn't buy her words even for a second.

"If my memories serve me right, I came to your realm not too long ago with the intention to ask you for help. Regrettably, you didn't even let me speak and kick me out" Rex retorted, recounting the incident when he sought her aid. "However, when my pack was vulnerable, you decided to come

and generously proposed them a deal? I may not know you well, but I am certain that generosity does not rank among your divine traits"

A moment earlier, Rex sensed that the others were in a fight.

Fearing that the Executor might already make a move on them, he quickly takes control of the lunar clone he left behind in the castle to go check on them. But he came to a surprise, as he saw Adhara, Flunra, and Kyran inside a temple.

Unlike what he asked them to, they left the city and went to a temple.

Not a regular temple, it seems, since it was completely filled with Ice and Snow energy.

Just from that alone, he knew that Iseldra was involved.

Instantly, Rex assumed that Iseldra had offered them something, likely assistance to him to fight against the Executor in exchange for awakening the princess. Had Iseldra mentioned this to him when he visited the Ice Realm, then she would have been genuine.

But now that she only told this to his pack members, it was clear extortion.

"I know that even if my pack succeeded, you will not fulfill your part of the deal" He added.

Listening to this, Iseldra's lips curled into a smile.

"Quite a sharp-minded, I see," Iseldra muttered, amused by Rex's deduction. She daunted a finger on her chin before she continued, "However, from the start, I never promised anything to your pack. I did your pack a favor by letting that little Devil back there, awake, before even asking your pack to awaken my princess"

"From the way I see it, I'm doing your pack a favor," Iseldra teased, her smile blossoming.

Others might be persuaded by her, but not Rex.

"A favor? Don't make me laugh you selfish whore" Rex cursed dauntingly.

Upon hearing this, Iseldra's expression was ashen as she couldn't believe what Rex called her. She may let it slide for him to call her by her name blatantly, but calling her a whore is something else entirely.

An offense punishable only by the most painful death.

"I suggest minding your tongue, mortal..." She muttered in a rasping, dangerous tone.

tilted her head, killing intent oozing violently.

In a mortal guise, the Goddess' serene visage contorted into wrath. A sudden storm brewed within the confines of her eyes as she subtly tilted her head. Rex could feel the air cackled with the killing intent of a God, her gaze piercing him for daring to besmirch her divine name.

Moreover, the weight of celestial displeasure bore down on his shoulders.

Under the lethal gaze, even Rex could feel every fiber of his entire being quake violently.

Despite his power, the one before him is a literal Goddess.

But even though the pressure coming from her almost made his legs give out, with a trail of cold sweat running down the side of his face, Rex stood his ground, "Should I be scared by this? What are you going to do, kill me?" He chuckled in contempt. "You're welcome to try"

Crack!

Listening to this, Iseldra's eyes turned colder but there was no sign of attacking.

She remained in place with a distasteful look.

"Don't even attempt to scare me, Iseldra. I know that you can't do anything to me," A smirk crept to Rex's lips as he said this. "I know things... I can read minds, so even if nobody was telling me, I can get my hands on information, even if that information is about the Gods"

Iseldra couldn't help but frown at this statement.

Even though it was impossible, his demeanor and tone suggest that he really knows things.

However, this particular information Rex knew from the Countess.

Not too long ago, after the combination attack from the Lunirich Gods at the Endless Field of Hyacinth, the Countess told him that the Lunirich Gods would suffer a backlash from directly involving themselves in the mortal world.

Seems like using their own powers to attack a mortal is against the law of the world.

From that alone, Rex is positive that Iseldra couldn't hurt him.

Additionally, his assumption was reinforced by the fact that Iseldra came to his pack in order to seek help in awakening the princess. Had the entire Lunirich Gods were not influenced by the backlash, then she should've done this through other methods.

Seeking help from mortals shouldn't suit her taste, so Rex is confident about this assumption.

I'm uncertain how the Yule Moon Lunirich God managed to dispatch an emissary to assail the others, but he appears to be an exception. Despite my provocation, Iseldra didn't seem to be planning to attack me, it seemed she was not exempt from the backlash like the Yule Moon Lunirich God.

Just as he was thinking, Iseldra turned to the side, clicking her tongue in displeasure.

"Nevertheless, this is where we part," She said, intending to leave.

But Rex was not going to let her go after she exploited his pack this easily, he grabbed her chin and stopped her in her tracks. "Get your filthy hands off of me, mortal!" Iseldra roared, trying to swat Rex's hand.

However, Rex was quick to grab her wrist and pinned her to the wall.

"I'm not going to let you go after what you make my pack go through," Rex declared, a fierce glint in his eyes. He strongly pressed Iseldra against the wall and asserted, "Since you made the deal without me present, it's not valid. I'll introduce my condition: in return for awakening your princess, she must assist me in my fight with the Executor. Do we have an agreement?"

"Just you wait, Royal Black Prince. I'll make you pay f- Kahkk!"

"I said, do we have an agreement?"

Finding that Iseldra was still retaliating, Rex kned her in the guts and strangled her neck.

Putting more strength into his hand, choking Iseldra in this mortal form, Rex said, "Make the princess vow an oath to her Origin that she's going to aid me. Forcing you to obey my wish would be impossible, but that doesn't apply the same to your princess"

"Unlike you, she's bound to the mortal world and can be influenced," He added sinisterly.

No matter how much he tries, there's no way he could force Iseldra.

But the princess, on the other hand, remained bound to the mortal realm, and an oath to her Origin would most likely be a foolproof method to force her to aid him. Rex doesn't want this exchange to end up like this, yet there doesn't seem to be another way.

Rex observed Iseldra's expression and found that she was still stubborn.

It didn't seem like she was going to accept.

Sighing inwardly, he elongated his sharp claws and poised them right above Iseldra's heart.

"Make your decision now, or I'll make your princess slumber again," Rex said with a menacing undertone, leaving no room for levity. "But this time, she will slumber for eternity. Know that if your resolve involves me not daring to do that, I advise you to reconsider,"

Stab!

Feeling a sharp pain, Iseldra's eyes widened, not because of the pain, but shock instead.

Looking downward, she could see Rex's claws were embedded into the center of her chest.

Also, she could feel his cold, steely claws grasping her heart directly.

Even though she wouldn't be affected by this, since she was possessing the princess' body right now—when she went out of this body, the princess would undoubtedly die. An event that she could not allow, not when the princess had only just awakened.

"Many Lunirich Gods are already opposing me, and adding you to that list is barely a threat"

Upon hearing this, Iseldra gritted her teeth.

Since she was controlling the body, she couldn't retaliate with her divine energy, or else she would evoke another backlash. But even then, she still smiled dauntingly, "Don't think for a second that my princess is weak, she could still break free, and you're just a lunar clone"

"Really...?" Rex whispered, clutching her beating heart tighter.

He couldn't fathom how stubborn Iseldra could be, but considering that she was the coldest in the Lunirich Gods' rank, at least in his opinion, he shouldn't be surprised. "Your princess had only awakened, and is probably still very vulnerable, seeing that she flinched at that Yule Moon-empowered Werewolf's final attack. But if you're so confident in her prowess, should we proceed and see how this will end?"

"If you are wrong, your princess will perish. As for me, well... it's inconsequential, isn't it? Just like you said, I'm only a lunar clone" Rex taunted, dismantling Iseldra's stubbornness, brick by brick, and the cracks were starting to show.

Rex has all to win in this bout.

Even if something did go wrong, Kyran is already recovering neatly, and can still fight.

In case he falls, he could protect the others easily.

Knowing that even if he loses against the princess, she will definitely be in her last breath, the threat of the princess exacting her revenge on the others is basically non-existent. Kyran will easily dispatch her then.

On the other hand, Iseldra has everything to lose.

It's not like she could instantly replace the princess if she dies in this battle.

Despite her reluctance, palpable to see in her twitching expression, Iseldra finally sighed and without saying anything, left the princess' body. She waved her white flag, "Hooh~ Leaving instantly out of embarrassment? I didn't know a Goddess could act cute" Rex muttered with a gradually widening grin.

Chapter 1055 What is he doing?

I don't want another enemy, but I can't let her get away after what she did.

Rex grimaced as he turned to look at the others, teetering in pain from the brutal fight.

He had no choice but to not let Iseldra go without paying more for what she had done, and in Rex's eyes, the price of the princess helping him compared to the pain that the others suffer is still not even close to equal.

If anything, he was very generous in letting Iseldra go with only that.

Letting her go away after what she had done would be irresponsible of him as the Alpha.

Maybe I should've asked for more, a King Mark would be really great right now.

Shaking his head, deciding to not be greedy and be thankful that he managed to obtain help from the Ice and Snow Princess—all thanks to the others, he sighed heavily. Even though he wanted the others to be safe, he couldn't force them to do that.

Partially, it was his fault for disregarding their feelings towards him.

Knowing that all of them wanted to help him, Rex decided to exempt them from the fight.

Despite it being for the sake of themselves, it was still heartless.

But the timing is quite perfect, do they know that my fight against the Executor is near?

As he thought of that, the princess coughed blood.

"How long are you going to hold my heart? We have a deal" She uttered lightly.

Upon hearing this, Rex snapped out of his daze and became aware that his claws were still embedded in the princess' chest, claspng her heart. Gently withdrawing his hand, she then could finally breathe freely.

With a bite to her lower lip, the gaping hole in her chest closed visibly.

It was almost as fast as Rex's regenerative ability.

Not even wasting a second, the princess made an oath as promised to the Werewolf Origin.

His power bonded her soul until she helped Rex fight the Executor.

Even though she was making an oath right beside him, all the words she said were muffled as Rex's eyes worriedly traversed in Adhara's direction. He was evidently worried that she might experience something unexpected.

Rex has never seen Adhara reduced to this extent, this was his first time.

Naturally, being worried is unavoidable.

"Give me your clan's mark so we can communicate," the princess suddenly said.

Averting his gaze back to her, Rex raised an eyebrow in confusion, "Hmm? My clan's mark?"

"Yes, your clan's mark," the princess looked at him weirdly.

Pointing at the Silverstar Mark on his palm with her gaze, Rex realized what she was talking about before a furrow formed on his forehead, "This isn't a clan mark, it's my pack's mark. If you are marked with this, you will become a part of my pack"

"Pack mark? I never knew such a thing existed" the princess muttered in surprise.

Usually, a Werewolf would have a clan or family mark.

It was bestowed on them at birth, as an identification, and also a power boost.

Despite being intrigued by the unconventional nature of the Silverstar Mark, she shook her head and offered her hand, "It's fine, mark me with it. My pack hasn't been awakened yet, and even with your mark, I won't be a true member of your pack, given that I am the true Alpha of my own"

Surprised by the proposition, Rex decided to go with it.

I think it's fine, she won't evolve into a human hybrid since I will not be giving her my blood.

Nodding, he marked the princess on her wrist with the Silverstar Mark.

Almost instantly after that, a notification appeared.

<A Princess has been added to the user's pack as a temporary member!>

<Bonus stats gained have been doubled to 10%>

Rex was surprised by this.

Looking down at his own body, he could see his muscles and veins contracted a few times.

He could feel his body being forged stronger like steel.

With every addition to his pack, he would gain a 5% increase in overall stats, a fact he knew of from the beginning. However, he never knew that adding a Princess or Prince would give him double the additional stats.

But then again, this is the first time gain a member like the princess.

Is this a way for the System to encourage me to add Prince and Princesses into my pack?

Judging from the increase, this might as well be the case.

Had the System not planned on encouraging him to add more strong members such as a princess or a prince, then it shouldn't have given him double the stats. Nevertheless, Rex could assume that this was the case.

"What's happening to you, Royal Black Prince?" the princess asked, seeing this occurrence.

Undisturbed, Rex waved his hand lightly, "Call me Rex. Our standing is practically the same, so there's no need for you to use formalities. For your question, it's nothing that you need to worry about"

"If that's the case, call me Thalia" the princess, Thalia replied, doing a princess bow.

Glancing to the side, Rex found that Adhara was waking up.

Excusing himself to Thalia, he quickly made his way to Adhara to check on her.

Seems like the Luna energy that Calidora possessed, albeit minuscule compared to Evelyn's Luna energy, was able to heal Adhara enough. Her eyelids trembled for a bit before opening, slowly realizing that Calidora was before her.

At the sight of her, Adhara frowned in complete confusion.

But it was then she realized the soothing, violet energy dancing around Calidora's body.

"How did you-?"

Observing the Luna energy put Adhara in pure shock.

Having no time to talk about other things aside from the war with Evelyn, she was not aware that Evelyn had lost a portion of her Luna energy. It was simply inconceivable for her to see Calidora, acting as if she was the Luna.

"Don't think too much, you're still hurt," Calidora replied with a flat tone.

Unlike Rex, there was no concern in her eyes.

Just then, before Adhara could say anything else, Rex came and knelt beside her in worry.

"How are you feeling?" He asked tenderly.

Snapping out of her shock, she made eye contact with Rex before she put on a smile.

It hasn't been that long since the two of them were separated from each other, but it felt like an eternity for Adhara. Now that the situation calmed down, with Dorlus deceased, her eyes began to tear up at the sight of Rex's face.

"I'm going to be fine, all thanks to Kyran," Adhara replied softly.

Every word that came out of her mouth made her abdomen sting, but she could manage.

Reaching out her hand to hold Rex's face, which seemed to be marked with exhaustion, her smile spread wider. A million emotions came rushing towards her like an endless tide before she uttered in a soft whisper, "When I heard from Ryze about your situation, I was afraid for you. I couldn't sit still, I had to do something—I'm sorry..."

Upon hearing this, Rex shook his head, "It's alright, all that matters is you're okay now"

At this point, he couldn't blame her for this.

If I was in the same shoes—I heard her getting into trouble, then there's no chance I'm going to stay behind and do nothing. Alas, she might even learn to act like this from me, so there's really no blaming her.

Moreover, I got Thalia's help because of this, so this ended up great.

Just as he thought of that, Adhara's words from earlier echoed inside Rex's mind loudly.

An exact saying that he heard from his nightmare.

"Rex, I'm scared..."

Subconsciously, this made him tighten his jaw as the fear he felt earlier was very palpable.

Despite wanting to believe that it was a terrifying coincidence, he couldn't.

It was supposed to not be real, it should be nothing more than a nightmare, but Adhara made it feel very real for him. Following the order in his nightmare, the others would be next. All of them are going to suffer a horrifying fate under the Executor's lethal hands.

No, I'm not going to let the others join my fight. Fearing what would happen if they joined, Rex has come to a decision.

Swoosh!

Out of nowhere, Rex was surprised to find a small ember of fire landing on Adhara's chest.

A look of worry adorns its face when it sees Adhara's condition.

But soon, the small ember, Flamy turned and flickered its fire at Rex in hostility.

"What is it? A Fire Elemental?" Rex muttered with a frown.

Upon seeing Flamy, Adhara's countenance brightened, and she gently rubbed the small fiery creature with her trembling hand, "It's a gift from the Fire Elemental. I visited them, but when I was about to leave, this little fella wanted to come with me, and I couldn't resist bringing it along"

Fire Elemental, huh... I did sense strong fire mana around here, she must've gotten stronger.

Nodding his head, Rex suddenly made eye contact with Flamy.

It was then that Flamy went over to Adhara's cheek and rubbed itself on her.

While Flamy was doing this, Flamy was still keeping eye contact with Rex.

Flamy seemed to be showing and rubbing its affection with Adhara on Rex's face blatantly.

Looking at this, Rex was for some reason, annoyed by it.

The fuck? Is this small thing actually taunting me for real?

Although he was about to get up since he had no time to waste—forced to manually control his lunar clone when he sensed the others were in trouble, the vein on his face bulged visibly before he reached out, and flicked Flamy forcefully.

His flick sent Flamy rolling across the floor, catching Adhara off guard.

"What was that for?" She bellowed in surprise.

But Rex waved his hand, dismissing what he had done as he didn't want to talk about it.

Now that it seemed Adhara would be just fine, and the others were also going to be fine— taking into account that while he was checking on Adhara, Calidora took the initiative to help heal the others, it was time for him to go back to his actual body.

Rex was in the middle of something, and he needed to go back.

On the other hand, Calidora was here for real, she didn't use a blood clone to be here.

Expecting that the others might be hurt, Rex told her to come to the temple with her actual body. If she sent a blood clone, then she wouldn't retain the Luna energy, and she wouldn't be able to heal the others.

Standing on his feet again, he turned to look at Calidora.

"Are you finished healing Kyran and Flunra?" Rex asked, slowly approaching her.

Upon hearing this, Calidora nodded her head.

Looking at the others, she could see that Kyran was healing rapidly while Flunra was still unconscious, but was getting better visibly. Both of them didn't need help to regenerate, they were going to be fine.

"Are you sure they don't need your help more?"

"Yes, they will regenerate on their own, it's going to be fine"

"So, are we done right now...?"

"I don't know, are we?"

Out of nowhere, tension lingers in the air between them.

But in the next quick second, Rex made a surprising move, catching everyone off-guard.

Swoosh!

Calidora held her breath when she saw a hand reaching for her neck.

Reacting perfectly, she managed to leap back and swat the hand away.

Just when she believed she had evaded danger, she found herself forcefully pinned against the wall. Rex pressed his forearm on her neck with a vicious glint in his eyes—an unexpected and sudden assault.

"Kaahk!" Calidora grunted but had a smile on her face. "I know you're going to do this"

Upon hearing this, Rex smiled back, "Then don't resist,"

"Not a chance, I won't let you do this to me, Rex. Let me come," Calidora asked.

However, there was no way that she could persuade Rex of this.

Charging his hand with immense moonlight energy, his elemental prowess, and red force, he seemed to be going at it for real. He wasn't going to underestimate Calidora, aware that she was not someone to be underestimated.

On the other hand, Adhara, Thalia, and Kyran who were watching were confused.

Not one of them expects Rex to attack Calidora.

"What is he doing...?"

Chapter 1056 Mixed Feelings

"Is this why you insist on making me come here?" Calidora asked, resisting against the press.

Before coming here, Rex asked her to come with him.

Even though there was nothing here that he couldn't handle, as the Executor was marching to the Symposium, he asked Calidora to accompany him. Calidora was skeptical about this, but she thought nothing of it and decided to come with him.

Now, she realized that she should've trusted her first instinct.

"Well, you could say that," Rex mused with his aura climbing higher and higher. "Bringing you here is killing two birds with one stone—Your Luna energy will be helpful, and it also save me the time to plan to take you down"

Upon hearing this, Calidora's smile curled into a maniacal smile.

Her eyes slowly turn crimson from violet, a sign of her Eyes of Terror's power activated.

Additionally, cursed energy started to encompass her body.

Rex could feel the effect of her power taking a toll on his body almost instantly.

It's like last time. I can feel my chest tightening, and my mind becoming dizzy. I should refrain from meeting her gaze—those Vampiric Eyes are still a problem. Also, her cursed energy still remains stronger than mine, so I need to use my superior speed to catch her off-guard.

Fighting Calidora has always been an insurmountable challenge.

Back then, she always kept pace with his growth of power, making it hard to take her down.

However, that shouldn't be the case right now.

On the other hand, Calidora, ablaze with determination and fully aware of what Rex was trying to do, had a sudden widening of her eyes. She remembered what Dimitri told her, and was instantly afraid of utilizing her cursed energy.

'I couldn't use too much of my cursed energy right now' She pondered, biting her lower lip.

Knowing that her child would be in danger if she went overboard, then she decided to nullify her cursed energy completely. Even though resisting Rex's assault without it would be very hard, she simply had no choice.

Catching her inside her mind, Rex tried to hit the back of her head.

But Calidora managed to react and dodge the attack.

Slipping away from Rex's clutches, she summoned her dark wings before she rolled to the side. Recovering a distance away, she opened her eyes in alert, ready for a follow-up but found Rex was still standing on his spot.

Annoyed, Rex straightened his back and shot a menacing look at her.

"Don't make this hard on yourself, or you'll force my hands," Rex uttered, his tone low.

Upon hearing this, Calidora clicked her tongue in displeasure.

Despite knowing the disparity between them was quite wide, the one in front of her was not but a lunar clone—she was still confident in herself to take down a lunar clone. "Did you perhaps forget that I have the upper hand in the dynamic between us? If I wanted, I could stop you with only a flick of my fingers"

Giving no answer, Rex instantly made a dash towards her again.

'Hmph! I won't let you treat me the way you treated your pack members. If you're going to be stubborn, then you leave me with no choice' Extending her hand forward, she utilizes a small portion of her cursed energy to halt Rex in place.

Calidora is still stronger in terms of cursed energy.

Since they were bound together, she could stop Rex through their bond rather easily.

In addition to that, it also wouldn't take too much of her cursed energy.

An aura of cursed energy enveloped Rex's body, throbbing with the cadence of the Eternal Curse. Focusing on that energy, Calidora seized control—compelling Rex to halt. Having no doubts, Calidora managed to exactly do that.

Rex could feel his body being tightly constricted under the influence.

Just as Calidora said earlier, she stopped Rex's momentum.

However, the very essence of his being trembled before a smirk slowly crept to Rex's face.

Swoosh!

Splash!

"What-?!" Calidora exclaimed in surprise.

Out of nowhere, an overwhelming surge of energy disrupted her command over Rex, making her control over Rex useless as she failed to stop him for longer than 2 seconds. She was stuck in a trance, but in the next second, a fierce dizziness assaulted her mind.

It was only then that she realized what was going on, 'Mind Path? He took the Mind Path?!'

Calidora doesn't know which curse path Rex took.

He deliberately kept this a secret from her, knowing that this moment would come.

Knowing that the mind path would be able to help him resist all kinds of cursed trickeries, he decided to go ahead with it and use that to block Calidora's control over him. If she summon her cursed zone, then it would also be less potent.

All thanks to Rex choosing the Mind Path as his curse path.

Boom!

Not giving her time to breathe, Rex started to attack her relentlessly.

His attacks only comprised trying to grab Calidora so that he could knock her out for real.

Rex doesn't have any killing intent in his strikes.

But this only serves as more confusion for Adhara and Kyran as this fight doesn't make sense, they can't comprehend why Rex was attacking Calidora, especially since Rex was going at it without a trace of killing intent.

Having arrived together, the sudden conflict caught the others off-guard.

Meanwhile, the battle continues.

It was not destructive, but Rex and Calidora used the entire dome playing cat and mouse.

Finding his opportunity, Rex reaches out his hand to grab Calidora's collar but sees that she leaned in for a bite after grabbing his hand instead of dodging like she did throughout this fight. Knowing what she was intending to do, Rex quickly retracted his hand back.

"No blood for you, Calidora"

"Tch! I promise I'll be careful, stop this, and we can talk this out!"

Recounting his last battle with Calidora, Rex was alert to anything she might do to escape.

I can't let her bite me, or else she'll get stronger.

He knows that if Calidora gains his blood, she will gain a temporary boost.

Rex remembered that because that ability was one of the most prominent factors that made it hard to fight her, and giving her the chance to gain that boost would be stupid of him. If he let her, it would only prolong this fight.

Something that he couldn't afford.

It seems Calidora knows that which is why she focuses on escaping right now.

Clenching his entire body, Rex continues his pursuit.

However, amidst the pursuit, he saw something weird about Calidora.

I've fought her a couple of times already in the past, but I've never seen her use that kind of expression. Rex pondered, seeing that there was a tinge of fear in Calidora's face. Also, I didn't realize it before but every time I attacked, she protected her abdomen fiercely. She reacted fiercely whenever my hand was close to her stomach.

Although he was too focused on catching her earlier, he now recognized this weird reaction.

He was only trying to catch her, so fear is unnecessary.

Furthermore, even if he managed to land a punch or impale her stomach, she had no reason to fear as she wouldn't die that easily. Even if he decapitated her, the Eternal Curse binding them would not allow her to die.

Due to that, Rex was confused as to why she was being fearful right now.

But then again, I don't have that much time before the battle starts. I'll end this right now.

Nodding lightly, Rex's aura changed entirely.

Upon seeing this change, Calidora gritted her teeth angrily—she pointed at Rex with her finger and shouted, "I volunteered to help you and even give you a safe place to stay, and this is what you are repaying me back with? I told you that I'm coming, so don't do this!"

"It's un-negotiable, Calidora. I'm sorry," Rex apologized as he raised both of his hands.

Swoosh!

Cracking the ground beneath him, Rex made a straight dash.

Rex didn't use anything fancy and did a simple straight dash that Calidora could see clearly.

Stubborn, Calidora readies herself to avoid this attack.

Engrossed in her unwavering focus on the advancing Rex, she failed to notice that a puddle of water started forming beneath her, and the realization struck too late as she found herself entrapped inside a cocoon of water.

Making use of her unwavering focus, Rex used his water element and caught her by surprise.

Casting the Splashing Cocoon spell, he manage to capture her.

Vampires, regardless of their era of origin, are inherently vulnerable to water elements. It was a lesson Rex had learned from his early days at Ochyra University. Submerged in the cocoon, Caliodra found herself defenseless, succumbing to the threat of drowning.

Despite the smoothness of his attempt, Rex found it surprising that she was easily trapped.

He already prepared more Splashing Cocoon spells, expecting for her to break free from the first one, but it seemed there was no need to use them. Calidora tries to use her blood energy, but this only causes the small wings on her waist to flicker.

Following that, her blood energy dissipated, unable to be used.

Even though he didn't know what was going on, he decided to use this opportune moment.

Blitz!!

Crack!!

Rex didn't waste any time to summon dozens of black lightning strikes that split the sky open, striking the water cocoon, and electrocuting Calidora inside of it. She could be seen stunned by the lightning strikes, unable to move her body.

Seeing this, Rex closed the distance between them and reached out his lightning hand.

At that moment, the cocoon was opened.

Giving a pathway for Rex's hand, Calidora could only look at him helplessly.

"You're giving me mixed feelings now..." Calidora mused, trying to resist the spasms.

Upon hearing this, Rex only smiled before he quickened his pace.

Remaining silent, he fires a black lightning strike from his fingertip to her forehead squarely.

Blitz!

Enhanced by the cocoon enveloping her form, backed by his mid-ultimate grade element, the Grey Water of Radiant, her mind experienced a searing shock before consciousness slowly faded away, rendering her body limp within the cocoon's confines.

Letting her go from the cocoon, Rex caught her as her eyes began to close shut.

"You got what you wanted, and this is the price you have to pay," Rex replied softly.

On the other hand, Calidora managed only a weak smile in return, caught off guard by Rex's unexpected words. "H- Huh... I suppose I should be happy... for now..." She mused before passing out completely.

Rex laid her on the ground gently before he stood up again.

Pivoting his body towards Kyran, he then said, "Make sure you keep all of them inside the castle, including Calidora. I trust now that you're stronger, you can complete such a simple task, Kyran"

Upon hearing this, Adhara coughed several times, trying to sit up but failed.

"W- What are you saying, Rex?" She uttered in absolute shock.

Casting a glance towards her, Rex sighed as his expression turned cold, "I told you before, and my decision hasn't changed. I'm happy that you managed to help me gain Thalia's aid, but you, Flunra, and Evelyn will still stay in the castle until this is all over"

"I don't want any of you nearing the battle, and that's final" He added, his tone low and firm.

Listening to this, Adhara was at a loss for words.

But she was already somewhat expecting him to be unflinching in his decision.

Even though it was Flunra's assumption before, the fact that Rex wanted to tackle the fight against the Executor without their help—listening to it from his own mouth was a completely different feeling.

Naturally, Adhara wanted to retort as it was too dangerous.

Despite the aid from Thalia, the Executor's forces consist of the entire human army.

It was not something he could tackle alone.

However, before she could rebut, Rex already gave a nod to Thalia before the two of them dashed away—leaving the place like a ghost. Adhara was completely stunned, lying on the ground in silence, unable to do anything.

At that moment, her eyes naturally fall to Kyran.

Both of them made eye contact, and for some reason, there was tension in their gazes.

'I could already feel that Kyran would be very troublesome after this...'

Chapter 1057 Stuck Together

Some time has passed.

It was complete darkness at the start, there was nothing there to see except the empty void.

Pain was the first thing that came to reality, followed by a ripple of disorienting dizziness.

Eventually, the world seemed to be opened.

Due to the blur in the mind, knowing what to expect was impossible, but what came greeting, in the initial phase of adjustment was some kind of room. Cold stone walls surrounded every direction in a small square-shaped confinement.

Shifting to the side, there was someone lying on the bed, looking at the ceiling blankly.

"Eurggh..."

Groaning at a sharp sting, the person lying on the bed turns.

"Oh—you're awake? If I were you, I wouldn't move too much" the person said warningly.

Blinking her eyes a couple of times, Calidora woke up and realized that she was lying on the soft bed beside Adhara. Her mind jolted at this realization, but another hiss escaped her, as she could feel a sharp sting coming from her chest.

Looking down, she found that there was a blade penetrating through her chest.

It was dripping with a thick, fluid substance.

One look is enough for Calidora to realize what it was, 'Linzite? No, this is even stronger'

Calidora was not expecting to wake up with a sword covered with Linzite, lethal to Vampires, piercing through her chest. It was the source of the pain she was feeling earlier, now that she was awake and aware, the pain became even more painful.

'How did I get into this situation?' She questioned inwardly.

However, right after she thought that she remembered what had happened to her.

Rex suddenly attacked her.

Even though she tries desperately to fend him off, she is caught and trapped in water.

After that, she didn't remember anything.

'Guess he managed to knock me out,' Calidora pondered, sighing as she should've prepared better for that to happen. She then looked down at the small wings at her waist, 'At least, I'm glad that he didn't aim for my stomach. Had he aimed at my stomach, I would've been forced to tell him the truth'

Calidora rubbed her stomach while she thought of this.

During the fight, out of sheer worry, she was on the brink of telling Rex the truth.

Her worry triggered a heightened demand for blood energy from the child within her, causing her to be severely weakened. It was only because of that she was easily incapacitated by a mere combination of spells.

But then again, her worry is completely justified.

Knowing what Dimitri told her, she was extremely fearful that Rex might aim for the kill.

Since in his perspective, he wouldn't be able to kill her for good due to the Eternal Curse that binds them together, it was a highly likely possibility that he would aim to kill her, all to make her pass out.

Fortunately, he was not quick to resort to that dangerous method.

"Who did this?" Calidora asked, glancing to her side.

Adhara seemed to have recovered from her previous injuries, at least appearance-wise, she didn't seem to be wounded—showing that it had been quite some time since the incident at the temple. However, she had a sword piercing her chest, it seemed she was trapped in the same situation as Calidora.

Instead of being covered by Linzite, her sword is made of pure silver.

Chuckling lightly, Adhara traversed her eyes back to the ceiling and replied, "It was Kyran, of course. He recovered way faster than any of us, and managed to bring me, you, and Flunra back into the castle and make sure we're stuck here"

"Just like Rex's ordered, he planned on keeping us here for a few days" She sighed heavily.

Upon hearing this, Calidora clicked her tongue.

Spending time with Rex in training his cursed source, Calidora could feel that her bond with Rex had grown more and more. But in the midst of that, she came to a realization that along with this growth came another side effect.

Rex has always been protective over those he cared for.

A natural trait that he developed from the loss of both his biological and foster parents.

Due to that, Calidora anticipated that if Rex cared for her even for a little bit, then there was no way he was going to let her join the fight with the Executor. It was troublesome for her if he did that because aside from wanting to give him a surprise, she kept the child inside her a secret from Rex because she wanted to participate in the fight.

Killing the Executor is going to be a legendary moment, and she wanted to participate.

Moreover, she also wanted to see Rex complete his plan.

Having to know a little about his plan to take out the Executor, she was extremely curious.

But now, doing that might be quite hard, considering her situation.

"What's the deal with him? Why is he hell-bent on listening to Rex?" Calidora asked again.

Upon hearing this, Adhara closes her eyes for a moment.

She reminisces about all the times in the past that Kyran had done which ended up in a very big problem for Rex, starting from stealing the wrong crate from the Platchi Family. He might not look like it, but Kyran must've been frustrated at himself.

Especially knowing that Rex was the one who saved him from the slums.

Had Rex not come to his small town by chance, Kyran believed that he might already died.

Committing suicide is a tantalizing prospect, considering he was helpless to save his family.

Due to that, Kyran was the perfect person for this.

"Kyran is extremely gullible for his past wrongdoings—all the troubles he caused Rex surely haunts him. Now that he has grown strong, and the circumstances are dire, nothing would dissuade him from doing exactly what Rex told him to do" Adhara replied.

Biting her lower lip, she continued whisperingly, "He wouldn't even listen to me..."

Earlier, Adhara tried to reason with Kyran.

However, despite her impassioned plea, saying that Rex needed their help, he didn't listen.

Kyran remained stoically silent and brought them back to the castle.

All he was focusing on doing was what Rex told him to do, his mind had only that inside.

Following that, the room became silent once again.

None of them could have foreseen a scenario where they found themselves confined to the same bed. It's fair to say that the two don't share a particularly amicable history, especially given their less-than-pleasant previous encounter.

But nevertheless, they were stuck here together.

"I know that the only thing Rex fears is losing more, but this was too extreme" Adahra mused.

She then turns her face to look at Calidora, "You were with him, so do you know something?"

Calidora nodded firmly, knowing exactly what caused this.

Going back to a couple of days ago when she forced Rex to stop training his cursed source, she distinctly recalled Rex having a nightmare. She thought at first, the reason that Rex was training like a maniac, and had no spare time was because of the Executor.

Although it was true, she learned that day that it was only half of the truth.

She now understands the other half.

Rex was drowning himself in worries and problems all to escape from the painful nightmares that plague him every time he closes his eyes, and the only reason this goes unnoticed was thanks to him being a Supernatural.

Having no requirement to sleep, he kept himself awake with problems.

He was lying to himself, thinking that he had no time to sleep because of all of the problems.

Calidora recounted this incident to Adhara from start to finish.

"He kept mumbling the same words on repeat, saying that this time will be different, and this time he will not fail," She said, the incident vivid inside her mind. "I don't know about you, but I'm quite sure that he was afraid that he would lose against the Executor, and put all of us in great danger"

"I'm positive that the nightmare is about that, which led him to be like this" Calidora added.

Upon hearing this, Adhara's eyes became watery.

Even though Calidora was only recounting the incident that she thought caused Rex to react like this through words, she could really see Rex actually doing that—it was very palpable in her eyes, almost as if she was watching Rex do that through a video.

Despite him being reliable, there was no doubt that deep inside, he was completely broken.

To say that Adhara was fine listening to this was a lie.

She could feel a tear forming in her heart. realizing that Rex was severely struggling inside.

He might even barely be able to make do.

'I know that he's being like this because he still doesn't trust us, but that won't be for long,' Adhara pondered, clenching both of her fists. 'Living life the way he was right now will be miserable, and I can help him by showing that he can trust us, and also help him realize the peace he yearns for the whole entire world'

Brak!

Just then, Adhara and Calidora snapped their heads to the door at a loud sound.

Muffled voices could be heard from the outside.

Based on the voice, tinted with desperation and anger, Adhara could assume one thing.

"It's Kyran, he came back with Evelyn, I suppose," She chimed.

Since Evelyn was not in the castle earlier, Kyran quickly forced Adhara, Flunra, and Calidora to stay inside their rooms before he went out. Considering that he was brutally wounded in the fight with Dorlus, not stopping to rest before going is incredible.

His resilience was terrifying, even for a high-rank Werewolf's standard.

Due to that, Adhara didn't doubt that Kyran would be able to take Evelyn back easily.

Eventually, the voices receded when a loud bang resounded, presumably coming from a door closing shut forcefully, and only then that Calidora ask, "Are you planning on staying here, in this room, just like what Rex wanted?"

Upon hearing this, Adhara puts on a peculiar smirk.

"No, of course not. I'm not going to stay here, knowing full well that Rex might die out there"

Swoosh!

Out of nowhere, Flamy leaped and landed right on Adhara.

Looking at this, Calidora raised an eyebrow.

Flamy wouldn't be able to get them out of here, it was too weak to pull the sword out.

"Is that Fire Elemental your plan? It's not strong enough" Calidora mused.

Now knowing that Kyran is determined to keep them here, he surely sees Flamy and decides not to restrain it and let it roam about. Just from that, it was evident that Kyran deduced that Flamy was not worth restraining.

It was too weak to help Adhara or the others to break free.

Had Kyran recognized it as a threat, there was no way that he would let Flamy loose like this.

But this made Adhara smile as that is precisely why Kyran was fooled.

"Flamy, take it out," Adhara instructed.

Upon hearing this, Flamy smiled cheerfully before it opened its mouth wide open.

Calidora had her eyes opened wide when she saw something big, bigger than what Flamy's mouth was able to devour coming out. Eventually, her eyes landed on a mythical, levitating object above them.

"A spellbook? From the way it glows and levitates, it's definitely not normal" Calidora mused.

Nodding her head, Adhara replied, "With this, I will be able to break free"

Spellbooks are not supposed to glow or levitate.

While Calidora was familiar with several spellbooks emitting a faint glow, none could rival the brilliance of this particular one. Despite lacking a distinct aura, the fiery red glow suggested its affiliation with Fire-element magic.

Realizing that Adhara had hidden this abnormal spellbook, Calidora smiled inwardly.

"Do you have something to break free?" Adhara suddenly asked.

She expected Calidora to also want to break free, which is why she blurted her question.

But when she was asked this question, Calidora stuttered, and her hand instinctively rested above her stomach, "I can do something to get out of this situation, but that would hurt me. So I'll be counting on you in this one, Adhara"

'Huh? That's weird... I didn't expect her to rely on me' Adhara pondered with a frown.

Chapter 1058 Dangerous Aspect of War

In this world, only the strongest are allowed to live.

Every single day was a battle for survival between these two factions—the Humans and the Supernaturals—burgeoning with hatred from the ancient past. A hatred that lingers for even thousands of years.

Nothing could stop this cycle of hatred, resulting in an unending war and brutal bloodbath.

Countless lives were rendered dead with each passing day.

Both factions suffered at the grasp of war, too blinded to realize their own state of being.

Anyone who tries to make a change will get swallowed.

Moreover, those who are trying to hide would be dragged into the spotlight.

Nobody is an exception from this.

It's either participate in the game of war or be forever trampled underneath someone's feet.

Rex knows the game extremely well, and there's no stopping it.

Living a brutal and bloody regime ever since he was crawling in the path of adolescence, the game of war has always been walking by his side. Death was supposed to be a beautiful and sacred ritual, in which mortals pass away from the world.

However, that sacrality slowly dwindled as death became a regular thing in Rex's eyes.

Any innocence he has was cleansed by the furnace of war.

"Many lives would be lost, destruction will spread, and war will be fueled to the fullest again"

Standing upright, her gaze fixed forward, Mavenna sighed and shifted her attention to Rex who was seated cross-legged beside her. Having finished his affairs, he slowly opened his eyes and also looked at his front.

"Are you sure that this is the right thing to do?" She asked softly.

Rex nodded his head, his will unwavering, "I have no other choice, war is the only way"

Nothing can be done, the Executor's death is a must.

He represents the ancient hatred, the symbol of hatred for the Supernaturals.

Just his presence alone could move the entire Supernatural race into madness, and it won't take long before that hatred spreads to the Supernaturals of the new era, and even humans, rendering any possibility of peace nonexistent.

Additionally, the Executor's mindset is a dangerous one.

Viewing himself as essentially a God in the mortal realm, treating nobody as equals, and also believing that inherent power is everything—his presence will be destructive to the structure of the world, and I can't let him break this broken world further.

Rising to his feet, Rex clenched his fist and trail his gaze forward, into the light.

"Do you know what is the most dangerous aspect of war, Mavenna?" Rex suddenly asked.

Upon hearing this, Mavenna remained silent and contemplated.

If Rex asks this to any other people, the most dangerous aspect of war would most likely be the countless deaths, the aftermath of the war, or even the destruction caused to nature, all are generic answers.

But Mavenna was not going to answer with that.

Like Rex, she also lived her life with war and death trailing beside her.

Having lived through the ancient era for thousands of years, she had seen her fair share of war, beyond normal comprehension. She has a deeper understanding of war, her past made it clear to her about the danger of war.

"Yes..." She muttered silently. "It's the victim of war, that's the most dangerous aspect"

Just as he had expected, Mavenna understands.

"Countless deaths are not a problem since the dead can't do anything, the aftermath of the war—no matter how severe can always be fixed, and the destruction, nature will always be able to recover. Everything will recover, but the victims, the war will always live in them"

Mavenna employs her explanation with profound insight.

Nothing about what she said could be rebutted, it was all true to the core.

Regardless of what war brings, the most dangerous aspect will always be the victims, who would act as a conduit for war to reincarnate over, and over again. The victims are the fuel that keeps the war going endlessly.

All of the victims are dangerous because they were the only ones that remember.

Every single horrifying thing done in the war, they remember.

It lived inside of them until the end of time.

Rex smiled as her answer was correct, he knew that Mavenna would understand.

Having to live in a similar fashion throughout their lives, it was natural for them to reach a point of similar understanding. "Yes, victims of war. I'm an extreme example of what one victim of war could achieve. That's why I need to do this, not only for myself but for the whole world, and a better future"

Upon hearing this, Mavenna cast a glance towards him.

'I'm slowly beginning to understand why she's crazy about him' She pondered, looking at Rex who despite his younger age, was able to reach a high level of wisdom. 'He's different, it may really be possible that he could traverse the cruelty of this world and make a change without being swallowed'

From her eyes, Rex's silhouette, etched against the emerald backdrop, emits determination.

Eyes, weathered severely from the pain he suffered in his life yet resilient, fixed forward. He reaches out his hand to take a black-hound katana, the Amuerus Katana, and stares at the diffused glow of light at the end of the forest, beckoning a distant promise.

Beyond the light, a symbol of unwavering hope—laid the start of the biggest battle.

A war, bigger than anything the new era has ever witnessed.

In that fleeting moment, the light painted Rex's figure in a soft radiance and blended his form together with brilliance. "Let's go, the war is waiting for me. May infernal flame persist on the other side, Mavenna"

Listening to this, Mavenna's eyes widened, seemingly surprised.

She never expected Rex to know the saying of good luck, exclusive to the Demon race.

"Yes, I'm sure you can preserve that flame" Mavenna nodded and smiled.

Putting on a serious look, both of them walked into the light.

...

Not too long ago, Rex was desperately trying to achieve the ninth epiphany with help from Mavenna. Of course, Calidora was also present, but she stayed in the shadows. She only watched from the sidelines.

Mainly, she was monitoring Rex's cursed source, and see if it cracked more than before.

But thankfully, no obstacles happened.

Like a maniac, Rex and Mavenna tirelessly extract Life Essences from anything they see.

Be it mutated animals, or even mutated plants.

All of them were sucked dry, leaving a couple of drained wastelands behind them.

Rex was breaking through like a lunatic, especially after the visit from the Witch, reminding him of the consequences if he didn't reach his goals. Failure would cost him a price that he couldn't possibly pay.

If he failed here, then his nightmare would come true.

On top of that, if he failed here, then he would also fail the others and break his promise.

His promise of keeping them safe and giving them a home.

No bottlenecks came his way, all due to the very high compatibility with the Eternal Curse.

Despite the level of difficulty, Gistella executed every task flawlessly. She met every one of my requests. Clenching his jaw tightly, Rex looked ahead. From this point on, if we lose this war, then it will be all my fault.

Nervousness was boiling inside of him as a bronze energy swirl on his hand.

He failed to reach the ninth epiphany.

Even though he had tried his very best, devouring everything he rested his eyes on, he only managed to reach the eighth epiphany, one realm away from his goal. But even then, there was still hope of breaking through in the war.

I can still extract life forces from my enemies, but,

At the thought of that, Rex's expression grimaced, as he stood at a dilemma once again.

Is it the right path to extract their life forces, knowing that they were only lost humans?

From the report he gained, he also got the information about the army.

Most of them, as expected, hail from the military—regular humans who were only following orders, orders from the higher-ups. Rex had been in their position, and a fight could not be avoided between them.

He was conflicted since he knew extracting life force was a very painful process.

On one side, Rex doesn't want to give them that fate.

But if he doesn't do this, then he will be fighting a losing war, and everything will turn worse.

I had no choice.

Moreover, preparation-wise, he was completely ready for this war.

About a day ago, he send Mavenna to check on the Dwarven Kingdom, and see whether the Amuerus Katana has been repaired. He hadn't given them the resources to repair it, so Rex was not expecting much from this.

However, to his surprise, the Amuerus Katana was fixed to the best of the Dwarves' abilities.

It was incomplete based on King Huvuki, nevertheless, it was repaired.

Rex doesn't know what he meant by incomplete, but through a brief test, it was already good enough as it still retains its engraved runes and effects. One downside lies in its durability, it was natural for the durability to drop since the materials used to repair it were different.

Due to that, he wasn't complaining at all.

Furthermore, he found that the Amuerus Katana had an additional enhancement.

A radiant blue gem engraved on its handle—it was called the Frostheart Gem.

King Huvuki explains that since the durability was decreased, he came to a decision to add this gem. On top of the original effect, the gem made the katana instill a freezing effect on the opponents.

If Rex kills anyone, the gem will also instill the essence of frost into the blade.

With each kill, the blade will become sturdier.

To make up for the decreased durability, King Huvuki equipped this gem.

Due to that, he advised Rex to kill as much as possible before confronting the Executor.

A preventive enhancement so that the katana wouldn't break easily.

For his battle armor, the Dwarves also prepared something for him—a set of armor enhanced by another artifact inside the Dwarven Kingdom's exchequer. Rex wasn't planning on wearing any armor, knowing that it would be futile against the Executor.

Since he controls the chaos element, anything other than the true element is useless.

Rex's black lightning element and cursed energy are the only things he had for defense.

But the set of armor given by the Dwarves, a sleeveless black breastplate, vambraces, and leg armor with icy accents—was empowered by an artifact containing true ice, reinforcing Rex with another layer of protection.

King Huvuki made it himself, so the set of armor is equivalent to eighth-rank equipment.

Overall, he was equipped for the highest degree of combat.

In addition, dissatisfied with the level of preparation, Rex insisted on including Mavenna in his team after a brief but persuasive argument. Rex managed to coax her into helping—and he did this because of the fact that she was a Rosadonna Succubus.

Amongst her spells, she was adept in supporting spells.

He really needs someone like her since he doesn't have the System at his disposal for now.

It was better for him to play it safe than sorry.

Based on his intuition alone, he could feel that this battle would be long and test his limits.

...

Soon enough, Rex and Mavenna emerged from the mouth of the forest.

Reaching a cliff that has a high viewpoint, the two were blinded by the scorching sun.

Slowly, their eyes were adjusted to the light and showed them the scenery before them—a scenery that made Mavenna suck in a cold breath, and Rex's eyebrows dipped, knowing that this will be the start of the fight.

"I can't believe it. How did you convince them to help you...?" Mavenna muttered.

Upon hearing this, Rex smirked.

Everyone would've also asked the same question if they were shown the same scenery as the one in front of them right now, "How, you say? Of course, I proved myself worthy to be trusted in winning this battle"

As he said this, Rex crossed his arms, the battle was already right in front of his eyes.

"I know that, but how...? I can't believe that these people were willingly following you, even though you are a human in a Werewolf's body" Mavenna replied, still caught in disbelief as her eyes remained marveling at the sight.

Despite the obstacles along the way, at the very least, the battle starts with a good thing.

Chapter 1059 Assembly of the Supernatural Army

From the towering cliff, Rex and Mavenna gazed down upon the vast Supernatural assembly.

A sea of otherworldly beings sprawled across the landscape before them, a strong coalition of multiple Supernatural races united for the impending war, separated into three divisions that were very distinct from one another.

On the left was an army of crimson tide, pulsating with horrendous blood energy.

Each of their eyes was aflame with hunger, their flangs gleamed under the sun, dripping with the suffocating bearing of an animal—craving for blood. A palpable aura of lethality washed over them, a malevolent force ready to unleash chaos upon the world.

It was the army of Vampires, prepared by Elder Nolacula himself.

Despite the famous sun-vulnerability, these Vampires don't seem to be affected at all.

Surveying these Vampires from atop the cliff, Rex focuses on their armored forms, searching for the artifacts that the modern Vampires use to protect themselves from sunlight. Usually, those passable Vampires wore a ring to traverse the scorching day.

However, none of these Vampires seemed to be wearing any.

Rex couldn't sense any protective energy, and the sunlight was hitting their skin directly.

I assume these Vampires are all from the older generations.

Amongst them, the Vampires from the third generation stuck out like a sore thumb, as all of them have more bulky and scarier forms. But the other generations were not vastly different from the modern Vampire, so Rex wasn't sure at first.

Furthermore, there were Vampire troops that Rex had never seen before.

Some took the forms of an astral being—like a blood shadow.

Out of thousands of Vampires lined up across the horizon, these astral Vampires were only a handful. In each legion, there were only two of them. Enchanters, huh... I get that Enchanters are special and rare, but I never expected them to be this rare. There are only 30 of them.

Intrigued, Rex's eyes then fall to one Enchanter that stood out from the rest.

Compared to the others, this Enchanter had black blood energy instead of red like the rest.

Moreover, she was standing at the very front.

Upon making eye contact with Rex, this Enchanter made a subtle yet graceful bow.

Seeing that she was treating Rex with surprising respect, considering that the Vampires were not supposed to be that friendly with someone like him, he placed his hand above his chest, giving her a subtle nod in return.

Now, he turned his gaze to the division at the center.

Sprawled at the center was another army and this one emanated unfathomable heat.

Even the ground beneath them was spewing out magma.

Unlike the division of Vampire legions, this division was a kaleidoscope of red and blue—they were seething with scorching energy. A maniacal and destructive energy enveloped them, a mirror to their twisted inclinations within.

One could feel this force radiating pure malevolence.

Just their presence alone exudes a palpable bloodthirst, akin to a crimson tidal wave.

Among their ranks, there were multiple humongous creatures that could easily reach 10 to 20 stories building. Donned with grotesque and monstrous features, this was the Demon Legion, a mix of red and blue Demons—prepared by Elder Tilrith.

It was not composed of normal types of Demons either.

Excluding the regular blue and red Demons and Succubus, there were also Hellhounds.

Similarly, the Demons from the third generation were vastly different.

Compared to the other generations, the Demons from the third generation took the form of a varying animal instead of a humanoid form. Nevertheless, just like the other generations, the third-generation Demons are stronger the more monstrous they are.

I can't believe Elder Tilrith could govern these Demons, I'm impressed.

From a sweep of his eyes, Rex could see that there were multiple Demons that could match Demon Lord Ranath or even Elder Tilrith in terms of power. He could feel the auras coming from them were akin to a thousand needles stabbing into his skin.

Naturally, these Demons were an Archdemon—governing the power of the seven sins.

Most of them took the form of a monstrous animal.

Rex could distinguish them from the rest due to one feature that these Archdemons have.

"What are these halos above them?" He asked with a frown.

Upon hearing this, Mavenna turns her gaze toward the Archdemons that have a halo above their head, reminiscent of an Angel, "It's the Halo of Misdeed—think of it like some sort of emblem ranks or even a King Mark of the Werewolves. It designates the worthy bearer with the power of the seven sins, and it can shift from Demon to Demon depending on whether there was a more deserving Demon around"

"For example, the Archdemon of Wrath,"

Mavenna continued, pointing at a Demon that took the form of a monstrous, horned lion.

"His Halo of Misdeed is colored red, and it's still shining brightly, meaning that there was no other Demon that is more deserving than him to hold the power of Wrath" She explained—trying to make it clear for Rex.

Listening to her attentively, Rex nodded his head as it was easy enough to understand.

Only four of the seven Archdemons of the seven sins are present, and among them, the sins of Wrath and Pride have the strongest aura. He pondered, looking at the monstrous lion and also a Demon-Eagle hybrid. Then, his eyes shifted to a sleeping bear Archdemon with a light blue halo above its head. But my intuition is telling me that one is the most dangerous one—the Archdemon of Sloth.

Sensing his gaze, the Archdemon of Sloth opened its eyes slowly.

At the sight of Rex's piercing gaze, he sprung up and went to hide behind a big Demon.

Rex frown even more at this as the Archdemon of Sloth might be acting timid, but he can tell that it was the strongest one around. He had trusted his intuition to survive, and he definitely going to trust his intuition on this one.

Initially, Rex expected to have only this lineup, the Demons and Vampires.

However, he was surprised by another race joining the fight.

On the other side, beside the Demon Legions was a gathering of odd-looking creatures.

Compared to the other divisions, the size of this division was the smallest. If the Vampire and Demon legions numbered over five thousand, this one barely reached the two-thousand mark, revealing a significant numerical disparity. But even then, it was far more unified than the other legions, all of them had pallid skin and featureless faces cloaked in an eerie, dark energy.

Each one exuded an unsettling aura, whispering their unseen transformations.

Anyone who dared cross these entities would find their own families trying to kill them eerily.

Just one look is enough to tell that they were from the Shapeshifter Race.

I know that Elder Tilrith and Nolacula were asking the other races to join forces to defeat the Executor, but I know that none aside from the Demons and Vampires would want to be led by me, so their arrival is quite surprising.

Rex furrowed his brows at the sight of the Shapeshifter Legions.

Despite the fact that they were expelled from the high-rank Supernatural race category, with the death of King Oddity—plunging their kingdom into chaos, they managed to restore their original harmony and recover from the chaos.

Obviously, this was the work of their Elder, Elder Enima.

Aside from the difference in body proposition of male and female Shapeshifters, every single one of them looked the same. But like the other divisions, the third-generation Shapeshifters have some differences to them.

Instead of opting for the pallid skin, there was this weird emerald tone to them.

Even though it was faint, the tone was clearly there.

Knowing that Rex was observing the entire armies that he gathered one by one, and is now looking at the Shapeshifters, Mavenna explained, "If you are wondering about the ones who had a different skin tone, you're right, they came from the third generation. Other races call them Perfect Shapeshifters, thanks to something they inherently possess, the subdermal adaptive mesh,"

"It's some sort of inherent mutation beneath their skin, able to enhance their resilience, even providing natural armor against physical harm, additional camouflage, and also facilitates for a quicker transformation, making them more deadly in combat situations,"

Rex crossed his arms and felt troubled by this lineup of Shapeshifters.

Also, these Shapeshifters from the third generation have a mouth that naturally smiles.

Calling them unsettling is an understatement.

No individual Shapeshifter sticks out from the rest, they are making me uneasy.

Unlike the others, the Shapeshifters have no distinctive character, or for better words—all of the distinctive figures of the Shapeshifters are hidden under the veil of normality. A thing like that could give a cold shiver to anyone.

Only the third-generation Shapeshifter sticks out.

But as for individual Shapeshifters, there doesn't seem to be anyone who catches his eye.

Despite not being as visually striking as the Vampires, the Demon Enchanters were easily discerned amidst the crowd—their figures draped in demonic robes or possessed a wide range of demonic energy, embodying the power of Warlocks.

It was almost as if they were all cloned beings of the other.

All of their auras are more or less the same, indistinguishable, I couldn't sense which one of them is stronger than the other—as expected from the Shapeshifter race, their abilities for deceit and stealth and paramount compared to the others.

Even the Shapeshifter Enchanters were completely blended with the others.

Despite not being as visually striking as the Vampires, the Demon Enchanters were easily discerned amidst the crowd—their figures draped in demonic robes or possessed a wide range of demonic energy, embodying the power of Warlocks.

Only the Shapeshifters were the ones that are different.

"Most of the high-rank races kept a good relationship with the Shapeshifters, knowing what they were capable of. It was safe to say that none of them wanted to be visited by one that takes the form of someone dear," Mavenna said with a chuckle. "Only my race has the guts to rattle the Shapeshifters"

"Well, it's most likely because we have the Executioners of Tyro to fight them," She added.

Rex had learned a lot from Mavenna.

Aside from needing her help in the incoming fight, he didn't expect her to be this resourceful.

But then again, she's very old despite her child-like personality.

Naturally, she knows a lot of things.

Glancing at a couple of ball-like creatures reaching about ten meters in height, shrouded in an ensnarement of tentacles, Rex asked, "What about those creatures, are they also some sort of Shapeshifters?"

"Yes, they are criminals that were turned into mindless creatures, controlled by an Alpha"

Mavenna replied, rubbing her arms, feeling a cold chill.

She doesn't like to look at these ball-tentacle creatures, she is disgusted by them.

Upon hearing this, Rex was surprised, "Quite a severe punishment, I must say..."

Knowing what kind of troops are under him is a must before going to war, especially when it involves the war against the Executor. He needs to know exactly what their abilities are and capitalize on their fighting prowess to the fullest.

Due to that, checking the entire army is needed before he goes to the war.

Even though the assembly of Vampires, Demons, and Shapeshifters is an impressive sight—creating this big army was an impressive sight, it was also a testament to the formidable force they were going to face in the very near future.

Rex would be foolish if he didn't anticipate that the Executor has an impressive lineup too.

Considering the stake at hand, this time, he will not hold back.

The Executor was definitely going all-out, unlike their first encounter when he was clearly not serious, playing around with Rex. Albeit the Moon Ability catches him by surprise, it wouldn't be the same case this time—it won't be that easy.

Just as he was pondering in silence, a couple of figures came to him.

Looking up at three figures, floating before him, Rex recognizes them as the Elders.

Elder Tilrith, Nolacula, and Enima were floating in front of him.

"Have you finished your sightseeing, Royal Black Prince?"

"We can't have you be impressed now... this army wouldn't be able to defeat the Executor"

It was then that Elder Nolacula and Enima commented.

Upon hearing this, Rex waved his hand in hubris.

He knows that despite the army they amassed was quite impressive, it was still not enough to take down the Executor. Only through his carefully cultivated plan, there was a chance the Executor would be defeated in this battle.

Gazing at Mavenna on the side, Elder Tilrith squinted her eyes sharply.

But then, she shifted to cast a peculiar look at Rex and opened her petite mouth, "Go down Royal Black Prince, we'll introduce you to the commanders. We will also hold a briefing, I'm sure you have a lot of things to say before we march,"

Chapter 1060 Introduction of the Commanders

Colored by his past experience fighting the Supernaturals, Rex believed that he already knew every facet of their nature, especially their power and how they fight. But this conviction was swiftly debunked after observing the assembled army.

One observation is enough to tell him that he was gravely mistaken.

Rex relied on Mavenna to explain everything he was seeing.

Even if he had the System, the variety of this army would still leave him awe-struck.

It was completely different than the regular Supernaturals he fought.

He thought that at the very least, the surprise from the ancient times would come when the end phase of the First Breath was nearing—when much of the older Supernatural wakes up from their slumber already.

But he was wrong, even now, the deadliness of the ancient times can already be seen vividly.

I thought I could suppress the high-rank Supernatural races easily after the war, but I don't think it will be that simple. Even the weakest was at the peak of the sixth rank, while there were plenty of eighth ranks and even ninth ranks in each legion.

Also, the Demons... the Archdemon of Sins are equal to or even stronger than Elder Tilrith.

She was only the current Queen of the Demon Kingdom. I believe she achieved that through her irresistible temptation, latching her soothing arms on the Archdemons, controlling them to support her in sitting on the throne.

While making his way down, Rex's mind was occupied with a lot of things.

Now he understands that another obstacle will be waiting for him after the Executor is done.

I can't afford to lower my guard.

Elder Tilrith stopped a couple of steps before them and commanded, "Introduce yourselves"

Upon hearing this, the three commanders nodded before the Shapeshifter at the very right went ahead and introduced herself first, "I am Lyra, commander of the Platinum Division. My name has been whispered in the corridors of my kind for hundreds of years, and I am under your care for now, Royal Black Prince"

Casting a sidelong glance at Elder Tilrith, his eyes shimmered with vigilance. Additionally, the other Elders were also in similar sentiment, not to be underestimated. In this fleeting alliance, possible only with the Executor's presence, their camaraderie might be evident.

But its duration was certainly limited only to this war.

Reaching the ground, Rex and Mavenna followed the Elders to approach three other figures.

One from each race, presumably the commanders of each army.

Elder Tilrith stopped a couple of steps before them and commanded, "Introduce yourselves"

Upon hearing this, the three commanders nodded before the Shapeshifter at the very right went ahead and introduced herself first, "I am Lyra, commander of the Platinum Division. My name has been whispered in the corridors of my kind for hundreds of years, and I am under your care for now, Royal Black Prince"

Lyra, as expected, is a Perfect Shapeshifter from the third generation.

Nothing stood out about her, but based on her introduction, she must be famously known.

"Me, Maltrox," Suddenly, the Archdemon of Wrath followed suit after Lyra with its weighty baritone voice. "Red Scourge Division. A command from a puny Werewolf, will not control Maltrox. Be warned..."

Just as Maltrox said that Elder Tilrith intervened, calling his name, "Maltrox..."

"Conqueror, please, weave subtlety into your rage. Is that too hard, even if it's for me?" At her plea, Maltrox clicked his tongue in displeasure.

But at this moment, Mavenna leaned over and whispered, "Turn into your Werewolf form"

Rex doesn't know where this came from, but seeing that she was being serious, he decided to turn into a Werewolf form. Under the gaze of the ones present, his body started gaining mass at a visible rate, black furs started to grow, and bone-cracking sound resounded multiple times—as his mouth elongated into a muzzle before finally, two horns protruded out of Rex's head.

His aura was increasing rapidly as he did this, like thick liquid cascading down his form.

Now, his Werewolf Form was in full display.

Showcasing his unique, Werewolf form was a sight, even for the present Elders.

Even the oldest one, living for thousands of years has never seen a mutation such as Rex's.

The Royal Black Prince bloodline is truly one-of-a-kind.

Looking at this transformation, Maltrox suppressed his anger.

"But for now, Maltrox will listen, until the Executor is killed" He eventually said in recline.

Finding that transforming into his Werewolf form works, Rex cast a glance at Mavenna and gave her a subtle nod. It seemed these commanders would be more respectful if he talked with them in his Werewolf form.

Just the gaze he was receiving from the commanders changed when he was in this form.

A better view compared to when he was in his human form.

I should've been more aware. Even though they know that I'm a Werewolf, my Human form was definitely distracting for them. Just the mere thought of being served under a human must've angered them greatly.

Knowing roughly about their past, it was natural for them to feel like that.

Rex doesn't have a problem with it.

As he thought of that, he turned to look back at Lyra.

I can feel the anger from the other two, but Lyra, she's either undisturbed about my human form or she's really good at hiding her intent and emotions. I lean more toward the latter, it was the most likely. Sigh... I can't believe I'm being warier to the Shapeshifters. But then again, Rex didn't be wary of them out of nowhere.

It was their appearance that made him like this.

Lastly, the Vampire commander is none other than the special Enchanter that met his gaze.

Descending from her black, blood-shadow form, her actual form materializes.

"Greetings to the Royal Black Prince," She started, her voice was pleasant to the ears. It was akin to a gentle touch directly to the soul, "My name is Carmilla Bloodshire, the commander of the Blood Nocturna Division. I've heard a lot about you, Your Majesty, and I'm pleased to have a chance to meet you"

"I pray that through the gentle wills of the Origin, you will come victorious in this battle"

Carmilla is a mature woman with a sophisticated air around her.

Her ebony tresses flawlessly flow down like a silk waterfall, reminiscent of the darkest night.

Each strand elegantly spiraled into perfect curls at the ends, framing her petite, sharp face with effortless grace—capturing the essence of refined allure like refined wine. An intricate black corset dress hugged her body firmly, donned in white furs on the collar.

A contrast of color that blends perfectly with her natural charm.

In Rex's eyes, Carmilla was the most elegant Vampire that he had ever seen, untouchable.

But after saying that, a soft smile curled on her lips that caught Rex off-guard.

Evaluating her demeanor through appearance in his mind, Rex noted that a smile seldom graces her face—and normally, he will be right. So the sight of her giving him a smile, a genuinely sweet one at that, proved pleasantly unexpected.

"Really? What's with you and Vampires?" Mavenna mused from the side.

Upon hearing this, Rex knitted his eyebrows to form a frown, "What are you talking about?"

"I mean, you didn't even bat an eye at me despite my curves, and yet you are reeling at the sight of her?" Mavenna shook her head, unable to believe that Rex still had the time to think about this kind of thing. "In case you forget, you already have a Vampire in your harem. Pick som-"

Listening to her rant, Rex smiled wryly despite the bulging vein on his neck.

He slapped Mavenna on the back of her head to shut her up.

It would be very embarrassing if he let her run her mouth in front of the present Elders.

Naturally, Carmilla tucked her hair back behind her ears.

She heard what Mavenna said and couldn't help but also feel embarrassed.

"Ekhhm-" Elder Tilrith clears her throat, returning the focus back to her. "These three will be the ones to lead the entire army for this battle. All of them are handpicked, and their abilities are exceptional. If you want to brief them, go right ahead,"

"What about you three? Are you going to help?" Rex asked, his expression serious.

Listening to his question, the three Elders smiled mysteriously.

"No, we cannot offer assistance. We couldn't afford the disgrace doing so would bring to our Kingdoms. Therefore, Royal Black Prince, you are on your own in this one. But I do hope you shall emerge victorious in this fight," Elder Tilrith replied, shrugging her shoulders.

Although the answer is no, Rex could comprehend a deeper meaning from her answer.

In other words, they are going to help only when the battle is certain to win.

Merely through the eye contact he made with Elder Tilrith, Rex could already tell what she was trying to say—an unspoken message. She and the other Elders weren't going to help Rex if the battle didn't look like it was winnable.

None of them could risk aiding a losing fight.

If they go all out and lose, they would be the laughingstock of the other races.

The Werewolf and the Undead who aren't dipping their pinky would certainly ridicule them.

Furthermore, the Elders don't have the full layout of Rex's plan so although they knew that there was a chance that he might win, they were not going to support him with everything they got, acting as if he was certain to win.

Even the army they assembled right now is only a fraction of their main army.

Only Elder Tilrith contributed more than the others.

Knowing that the Demons or even the high-ranking pieces under her command such as the Archdemons of the seven sins were not going to die a true death, able to be revived through the demonic eye, she could contribute more without any risk.

As long as the Executor was not the one who killed them, then it's going to be fine.

But thanks to the fact that humans were experiencing an extreme shortage of manpower, the army's number would be fine. Essentially, it was up to Rex to make the Elders join and make certain of his victory.

"We'll be watching, Royal Black Prince," Elder Enima mused and disappeared.

His body turns invisible and vanishes from the spot.

Following suit, Elder Nolacula also added "Make no waste of the resources we provided, the opportunity only comes around once, and there will be no second opportunity. Don't blame us for what happened if you lost, you have been warned"

As Elder Nolacula was saying that, his body was dissolving into blood.

Eventually, he also disappeared.

Now, it was only Elder Tilrith left, giving Rex a daunting look.

"Good luck and be careful, Royal Black Prince... for your pack's sake..." She mused raspingly.

After giving her words of encouragement to Rex, she turned towards Mavenna, "Aren't you a little bit too comfortable being there, Mavenna? Come, there's no need for you to fight. This is a matter for him alone to conclude,"

"No! I won't be coming back to you!" Mavenna declined, hiding behind Rex's body.

Upon hearing this, Elder Tilrith frowned in annoyance.

"If you come with me, I'll give you as many Life Essences as you want" She persuaded.

Rex shook his head when he heard this.

Mavenna already made a deal with me. Helping me right now will make us even, it's her way of repaying me back for saving her from the Executor. No matter what you say, Elder Tilrith, she will not be coming with you.

Fairly certain of this, Rex nodded his head repeatedly.

However, his eyes soon widened when he saw Mavenna stepping out of his back.

"Wait, really...? You'd really do that?" She uttered, obviously tempted by the proposition.

But this made Rex quickly slap the back of her head again.

Slap!

"Oww~!" Mavenna groaned, squatting on the ground while holding the spot that got hit.

Rex couldn't believe that she got easily persuaded by Elder Tilrith's words, almost as if she was a kid tempted by the promise of a candy from a stranger, "Don't try and coax her back, she's going to be my assistant in this fight"

"Fine, I'll let you use her for this time," Elder Tilrith reclined with a playful smile.

Swoosh!

Sprouting her demonic wings, she made one flap and instantly darted into the horizon.

As the Elders departed, Rex's countenance shifted into solemnity almost instantly, his gaze directed toward the commanders before him. The time has come to confront the Executor, and there's no room for a mistake from this point on.

"Gather around, I'm going to inform the three of you to our objectives,"