

Full-Moon 1061

Chapter 1061 Tremble of the Hands

It was going to be a bloodbath, the war was going to induce horrendous casualties.

Rex knew that from the start, the impending battle against the Executor would be his hardest yet, and he wasn't going to let his own forces and the allied nations participate in this fight—potentially even crippling them for a long time.

Disregarding his will to take down the Executor, this was not the only problem at hand.

Even if he did defeat the Executor, the war will continue.

Killing the Executor would only be opening the door of hope that peace might be realized.

Because of that very reason, his forces and allied nations have to remain strong.

He was open about everything to the other commanders.

Instead of being a two-faced leader and making himself look ingenuine, Rex decided to be as truthful as he could to the commanders. He didn't shy away from telling the commanders his actual reasoning to lead them, and also the temporary nature of their camaraderie.

Being seen as a truthful person is a must in this situation.

Many instances in the fight would require the Supernatural army to trust Rex's decision fully.

A seed of doubt will crumble the entire plan and result in more losses.

Despite the very likely potential of meeting these commanders in the future as enemies, Rex doesn't have any intention of stabbing them in the back. He would be trying his best to make sure that the losses they suffered would be as little as possible.

For now, he would treat them as actual allies.

Naturally, it was not his initial plan to take this good and upright route.

But he couldn't help himself.

I couldn't say no to Gistella when she was pleading desperately like that.

Rex never informed Gistella about his intention of allying himself with the Supernaturals, but it seemed she already sensed his intention and pleaded, saying that he should not be taking the usual brutal route if he wanted peace to reign in the world.

She's probably right too, and Rex had to admit that.

Marching, the Supernatural army led by Rex and the three commanders near the battlefield.

All of them are about three miles away from the Dead Man's Creek.

Carrying the weight of Rex's body was a mutated war horse, corrupted by the dark power of a blue Demon. He mounted this war horse provided by the Demons throughout the way, and now he was gazing into the far distance of the wasteland.

He could already view the creek on the horizon, sucking the light from the surroundings.

"Lyra, what's the current situation?" Rex asked, glancing over his left shoulder.

Since the Shapeshifters were the ones providing scouts and information supplies, Lyra was the one who knew the situation the best. In response to this, her emerald skin shimmers, a sign of using her powers.

Just like Werewolves, the Shapeshifters also had a telepathic ability.

At least that is what Rex thought she was doing.

"A problem arose in the enemy's forces recently, and the Fifthborn was forced to handle the problem himself. He sent the new era army to pierce the battalions assigned to slow them—no Awakened or Black Hands were sent with them, so the Executor's army is lagging behind"

"We are ahead and can reach the Dead Man's Creek first" Lyra concisely replied.

Upon hearing this, Rex nodded his head.

Supernaturals are stronger in the First Breath, and dealing with the military will not be quite a hard task for them. Most of their advanced weaponry is inconsequential. With this advantage—we can outpace them and reach Dead Man's Creek way ahead of them.

Rex snapped out of his trance and asked, "Lyra, are your scouts really close to the enemy?"

"About a mile close, yes," Lyra replied.

Pivoting his torso as much as possible to look at Lyra, he continued, "That light glow on your skin earlier, is that you communicating with your scouts through telepathy? I forgot to speak of this earlier during the briefing"

"Yes, I can talk with the scouts through telepathy," Lyra answered.

Upon hearing her answer, Rex frowned.

Not that it was a bad thing that Lyra was communicating with the scouts—that would mean the information she provides is always fresh—but because Rex couldn't reach Gistella, even until now when they were not that far apart.

So this means the Executor is specifically blocking Gistella's mind, not a protective barrier.

"Can you link us so we can communicate too?" Rex asked.

It would be best if the commanders could talk to one another directly to coordinate.

Albeit he wasn't expecting that it was possible, Lyra shockingly nodded.

A moment later, Rex and the Supernatural army reach the Dead Man's Creek and halt.

Rex looked at the entrance of the creek and could already feel the ominousness of the creatures living inside of it. Only Supernaturals could enter freely, while any Humans that dared venture inside would be met with a gruesome death.

Even now, it's hard to believe that this place hosted the Ancient Human's sacral temple.

Giving a light nod, Lyra quickly made her move.

Just as the plan discussed at the briefing earlier, she would lead her division into the heart of the creek alongside a portion of Demons and Vampires. Aware that the Executor's desire was to reach the Symposium of Upper Divinities, fortifying the creek was a must.

After Lyra and her division disappeared, Carmilla and Maltrox prepared the army.

On the other hand, Rex was rooted in his spot.

Piercing his eyes into the dark creek, with steel-like creatures peeking at him from the inside, there was a conflicting sense that rose in his heart. Many humans would die inside this creek when the battle starts, and no matter what I do, it couldn't be avoided.

Flashes of the time when he was in the military emerged in his mind.

People are dying left and right like insects.

None of their lives were valued, only a number to the darkness of the unending war.

Looking down at the palm of his hand, Rex's eyes slightly widened.

He surprisingly found that his hands were trembling visibly, it was evident that nervousness was encroaching inside of him. How much time had passed since I felt something similar like this? I think the last time I felt this was when I hid in the cabinet from Ruston.

Rex's expression tightened as he never expected that he would feel this nervous.

It was not a good sign in his dictionary before a battle.

System, is there any way I could use your features now? I really need a guarantee.

<System is inaccessible until the user completes the System Relaying Bet Quest>

Upon reading the notice, Rex could only sigh, there was no wrong in trying.

"Four more to go..."

Out of nowhere, Lyra's voice rang inside his head through the telepathic link she created.

Her voice snaps Rex out of his daze.

Rex already told her to inform them how many battalions were left to slow the march of the Executor's forces, a countdown to know when to expect the enemy forces to arrive. He did this in order to prepare mentally for the upcoming fight.

Moving to the side, he remained at the very front of the army with his arms crossed.

It had been about ten minutes, and Rex was in meditation.

Carmilla, riding her own war mount—a monstrous demonic eagle, observed Rex from behind.

She was looking at him because of the energy surrounding him.

An energy that she couldn't quite understand.

It was too subtle to be his kingly energy, and it was too profound to be an Origin energy.

Knowing that Rex had fought the Elders to showcase his power and earn their respect, with the aim to have the opportunity to fight the Executor himself without anyone disturbing, she remembered that he was capable of utilizing the Origin's energy, and he did quite easily too.

No struggle or side-effect, it shouldn't be possible in normal means.

So she initially thought that the energy around him was the Origin's energy, but it's unlikely.

"Don't look too close, and you'll understand," Maltrox suddenly said.

Upon hearing this, Carmilla turned to him in confusion, "What do you mean, Demon?"

"I know you are wondering what is the energy around him," Maltrox said, giving a brief glance at Rex who was still in meditation. "If you want to know, then don't focus on trying to discern the energy or you'll never see it"

Carmilla returned her gaze to Rex and tried to do what Maltrox said.

Instead of trying to see deeper into the energy, she tries to render her focus away from Rex's energy. Nothing happened for a couple of seconds, but when she managed to unfocus from the energy, her eyes flared open in utter surprise.

"Now you're seeing it," Maltrox commented with a big grin.

He could tell that Carmilla could now see what the Royal Black Prince was doing.

From her vision, she could now see a translucent higher being behind Rex who was the fuel of energy coursing around Rex's body. Carmilla understands now the energy turns out to be divine energy, belonging to a higher plane.

"I don't know how, but he was directly blessed by a Goddess," Maltrox shook his head.

Earlier, he already realized it, and he couldn't fathom how Rex was able to do that.

Lost in a momentary trance, the translucent higher being, the Countess lifted her head and turned slowly in her direction, sensing that someone was looking at her intensely. Realizing that the Countess was looking in her direction, Carmilla felt goosebumps across her body.

Despite her standing, the thing that was looking at her was a Goddess.

An actual Goddess.

Under the weight of the gaze, she quickly averted her gaze away, sweating profusely.

'A Royal Black Prince is already strong enough to possess a body capable of accommodating more than one King Mark, a feat beyond ordinary Werewolves. But now, he also bore a direct blessing from a Goddess,' Carmilla pondered in shock. 'No wonder he's so strong...'

Just as she thought of that, a strong gust of cold wind brushed against her skin.

It was then that she looked up at the far distance.

Across the plain came a chilling aura, seeping into the very fabric of the air around them, the devastatingly powerful aura from the approaching enemy forces. Even though the tip of their blades was still not visible, all onlookers felt their danger senses riled to the maximum.

Demons and Vampires alike could feel the threat to their very existence was coming.

But even then, their eyes burned with the flames of hatred.

Once a serene surrounding metamorphosed into a realm of impending ruination—a palpable tension that whispered death. Even the ground started to be corrupted by purple cracks, a might belonging to one person.

Sensing the change, Rex's eyes slowly open.

"I am aware that many of you may feel compelled, perhaps even used, by the decision of the Elders to place you under my leadership," Rex proclaimed, his voice filled with mana. He was speaking to the army directly, "under the leadership of a foreign Werewolf to fight one of the most powerful and hated beings, the Executor himself. I even acknowledge that the purpose of this battle is not driven by your vendettas but by mine,"

"So I offer a solution, let's reverse the situation. I will be charging ahead first, so use me as your shield. If the cost of victory and triumph is written in blood, let it be mine. Stand with me, not for me—and I'll try my best to give you the taste of vengeance, no..."

Rex raised his Amuerus Katana and pointed it forward, at the direction of the enemy.

"I promise to give you the taste of vengeance, through the blood of the Executor..."

Listening to this, Maltrox and Carmilla also raised their weapons.

Roar!!!

Kaboom!

Both of them let out an invigorating roar and blasted their energies into the surroundings.

Responding the same, the Supernatural army also did the same.

Putting on a light smile on his face, Rex squinted his eyes as he trained his eyes forward.

"Now, Executor, It's time to settle our fight" He whispered lightly, determination flashing in his eyes. "At the end of this day, this battle will be over, and both of our forces might survive the battle. But between us, there will only be one to walk out of this alive..."

Chapter 1062 A Fight of the Era (1)

A chilling wind swept across the desolate plain.

On the vast expanse of the promised battlefield, two armies faced one another.

Both their ranks stretched as far as the eye could see.

Enveloping the air was the choking tension of silence—broken only by the sound of marching sound from the approaching army belonging to Humanity. All of the best were gathered onto this ragged plain to fight in this deciding battle.

It was a tableau of different regiments, all had fought for humanity since the world changed.

Leading the charge was the conventional military with their armored vehicles and personnel, fearlessly advancing to the face of death. Each land machinery rumbled with the raw power of development, while aircraft blocked the sun in the sky.

Anything that stood in their way would be flattened into the earth.

Just the sheer might of their firepower would be able to scare countries in the modern past.

Furthermore, their assembly was bolstered by the Awakened—consisting of those belonging to the guilds and also the Cessation Knights. Rising to power, the Black Hands were brought along as a guarantee to their victory.

Each one of them was clad in white and pale blue full armor.

An army of strong, magical soldiers.

Instead of waving the flag and banner of the Elpida Alliance, the army carried a different flag.

Scattered across the army is the dark purple flag held high with a black all-seeing eye and a laurel wreath below it, a flag that was recognized almost by all Supernaturals present. Rex is the only one who doesn't recognize the flag.

"What does the flag represent? Why the strong reaction?" Rex asked Carmilla on the side.

He saw all Demons and Vampires react strongly to this.

Even though there was no signal to attack from him, the Vampires and Demons were poised on the edge of their toes, itching to charge at the opposing army upon the sight of this flag, showing that the flag held great significance.

On top of that, Rex could even see Carmilla had her expression twisted hideously.

It was clear that even she was bothered by the flag.

Noticing that Carmilla was not answering, Rex continued, "Is it the Ancient Human's flag?"

"No, it's not," She eventually replied, her eyes glowing deadly red. "It's the Executor's flag—a flag displayed whenever they were coming to enact punishment on us, Supernaturals. One of the memories that were hard to forget,"

Upon hearing this, Rex frowned, but his lips curled into a sadistic smile.

An intimidation display... Good job, Fifthborn. For a being that was born with strength, the Executor naturally is an expert in intimidation.

He may lack a lot of things that Rex considered as important to make someone considered a strong individual, but always living life at the peak also taught him other handy things. One is being displayed by the Executor directly right now, intimidation.

Soon enough, the opposing army came to a halt a distance away.

Only Rex's forces were standing in the way of the opposing army to reach their destination.

Rex squinted his eyes and observed the opposing army—he found that despite the prepared battalions that were slowing their movements, their numbers were still robust. Additionally, it was clear that there was something unseen by the naked eyes enveloping them.

A foreboding air was emanated by even the regular humans, making Rex feel uneasy.

Just then, Maltrox on the left, glanced at Rex peculiarly.

"Five strong auras, they are one individual short," He said after analyzing the opposing army.

Upon hearing this, Rex nodded in understanding.

It's as expected, they are one person short. Lyra could handle herself, I'm sure.

Meanwhile, Caarmilla also scrutinized the opposing army before a look of surprise came to her face. As she processed her thoughts, a faint smile played on her lips, 'I have my doubts but he's exactly right, the people there were exactly as he predicted. A good sign...'

Immediately after she thought that a bubble of purple energy came from the center.

Everyone's eyes were fixed on that bubble.

Out of nowhere, a powerful shockwave expanded from the bubble, ignoring the human army, and went straight to the Supernatural army. It came from a palanquin, and before anyone can decipher more, the shockwave hits them like a raging gush of wind.

Swoosh!!!

Upon being hit by the shockwave, all Supernaturals had their legs trembling violently.

A natural oppression from the opposing side to them.

Not stopping at the regular Supernaturals, even Maltrox and Carmilla could feel the sensation that made their legs violently tremble. Despite their attempt to rally their respective energies to shield themselves from the shockwave, it did little to nothing.

Each breath was a struggle, the air thick and heavy, pressing down like a suffocating blanket.

Just the sheer power from the shockwave seemed to permeate every fiber of their being, it was capable of rendering them weak. But it was natural as every single Supernatural present had their slave mark activated.

Since all of them were soldiers, it was not surprising that all of them had a slave mark.

A branded mark for killing Ancient Humans in the past.

But amongst them, one figure remained steadfast, not bending to the will of the shockwave in defiance. Rex stood firm, unwavering, as the shockwave passed through him. With steely determination, he pierces his gaze through to see the source of this shockwave.

He could already assume where it was coming from, and he was right.

It was the Executor.

Rex could see the Executor standing on the front part of the palanquin with a devious smile, and his arms crossed arrogantly. An evident taunt, displaying that the power between them was still far apart like it was.

Unlike before, however, Rex was not going to back down.

"Not right now, Executor. Now... I'm standing as your equal and more," He mused lightly.

Making a light leap from his mount, he landed at the front of the army.

Absorbing the full brunt of the relentless and constant surge of chaos aura that the Executor emitted, Rex stood strong with his arms on each side. His back was akin to a towering wall—able to shield those behind him from the tumultuous onslaught of the world.

In a swift motion, he stabbed Amuerus Katana at his front.

Slowly after, the raven-black furs across his body started to sway against the tide.

Like a volcanic mountain was about to erupt nearby, the ground began to shake as the aura around Rex started to climb higher and higher gradually with each passing moment. He kept eye contact with the Executor as he awakened his powers.

Despite the suppression from the purple gush, his aura was glowing regardless.

It was akin to a beacon in the middle of the vast ocean.

Baring his canine teeth, the gathered energy started to become rampant, filling every corner of his body with the power of the moon. Red and black kingly energies intertwined, and with a flare of his eyes, his aura exploded.

Kaboom!!

Crack!!

His aura also sent forth a surging shockwave towards the opposing enemy.

Against the purple surge coming from the Executor, his aura managed to push it back, giving protection to the Supernatural army behind him. From a bird's eye view, two domes could be seen, covering each of the armies.

In the middle of it all was a friction between these two domes, vying to exert dominance.

Even amongst thousands of people, these two individuals stood out.

Both of them showcase that they have the power of an entire army, lying inside their bodies.

"Our battle ends today, Executor!!!" Rex lets out a howling roar that trembles the very essence of the air.

It was the signal for the start of the battle.

Although most of the human soldiers were covered in a mask, hiding their faces, it was clear as the day that Rex's presence could strike fear into them. To think that a man birthed from their era could achieve this much strength is unfathomable.

Knowing Rex's identity, they all also know that he was very young for his level of power.

But nevertheless, they stood on opposing grounds.

Upon hearing this, the Executor didn't respond and remained unwavering.

His thick view of himself as the chosen one could be seen from the arrogance on his face.

Instead of the Executor, Brigitta quickly commanded her side of the army.

"Open fire! Bombard them before they can even get close!" She commanded loudly.

Reacting quickly to her command, multiple mobile artilleries and aircraft fired their enhanced missiles that soared through the sky with a sharp sound that irritated the ear. Rex looked up and saw the horizon bristled with a cascade of missiles, converging upon them like a flock of vengeful birds.

Each one is a harbinger of destruction, carrying heavy explosives.

Such a sight would be horrendous for most people in the world, but not to Rex.

"Maltrox, Carmilla, begin your war spells. I'll deal with this," Rex said before he leaped up.

Nodding their heads, Maltrox and Carmilla went to work.

In each battle that happened in the ancient era, there will always be a Field Spell that would be used to amplify the strength of the fighting army. One of the reasons why the Enchanters are extremely important for any Supernatural race.

As Maltrox went to inform the Demon Enchanters, Carmilla did another thing.

Going to one knee, she placed her hand on the ground.

Pausing to steady her breathing, she shut her eyes, allowing the dark blood energy to course through her veins, staining even the blood vessels around her eyes with inky blackness. Her body was wracked with a jolt of power, her astral form swayed with the rhythm of the wind.

Eventually, she began her chant.

"I am the shadow of the blood realm, O' Origin, bless me with the might to fuel your children with the blade of blood. Help me unleash a show befitting of the true Vampires of the past..."

Upon chanting the incantation, Carmilla's eyes jolted open, "Raargghh!!"

She roared an astral roar and infused her energy into the earth.

Not only the chosen commander for this battle, Carmilla was also one of the high Enchanters of the Vampire race with countless battles on her belt. Possessing a one-of-a-kind blessing from the Vampire Origin called the Shadow of the Blood Realm, she's an apex Enchanter.

Only a handful could match or even surpass her in terms of Field Spell.

Reacting to her influence, her black blood energy spreads like wildfire across the battlefield.

In a mere heartbeat, her black blood energy reached the focal point of contention between Rex and the Executor. Likewise, the other Vampire Enchanters, their astral forms ablaze with power, contributed to the augmentation of Carmilla's Field Spell.

All of them chanted, beckoning their Origin to give them strength for this crucial battle.

Meanwhile, Rex soared to the sky in the face of the swarm of missiles.

Devo! Come out, you're up!

Calling for his handy spirit, Devo manifested behind him with the full power of lightning.

Infusing the spirit energy that had already reached a scary degree, probably the strongest in the current world, the surface of Rex's body immediately started to crack with lightning, the sole testament to reaching unification with Devo.

Nodding his head, he looked back at the swarm of missiles and smirked.

Flowing his arcane lightning mana into his mouth, Rex lets out another thunderous roar.

He activated his Blitzing Lightning skill which was now way stronger.

Compared to the last time he used it, capable of only encompassing thirty meters or so, the lightning shockwave he unleashed from his mouth now extended exponentially, engulfing a vast area spanning approximately a mile.

It was big enough to cover the sky above the Supernatural army.

Each strand of lightning he unleashed blocked the missiles and detonated them mid-way.

Despite the explosion being so powerful that it trembled the air, and created a sound that was loud enough to rattle Rex's eardrums, none of them were able to pierce through Rex's form, giving enough time for the Supernatural army to prepare.

After doing that, he gazed down and saw that the Field Spell was nearing its completion.

Nodding, he raised and pointed Amuerus Katana at the opposing army.

"Charge!!"

Chapter 1063 A Fight of the Era (2)

Looking down at the battlefield, Rex could see the Field Spells were being made.

In mere moments, fissures began to tear through the earth—their jagged edges pulsating like blood vessels with an ominous crimson glow. Naturally, it started from the earth beneath the main Enchanter, Carmilla, and widened, suffusing with a deep vibrant red hue.

From these ruptures emerged pools of shimmering scarlet liquid, scattered across the field.

Each throbbed with strong ancient blood energy, the Pristine Blood Energy of the Vampires.

A higher version of the normal blood energy, reserved only for the strong.

Root-like tendrils extended from these blood pools, spreading across the battlefield akin to twisted veins. In each passing moment, Rex could evidently feel the air grow heavy with the essence of Vampiric power, and the Vampires, attuned to this dark magic, found themselves invigorated by the surging blood energy.

Under the onlookers' eyes, their armor started to bleed as if they were alive.

Gradually, the entirety of the Vampire soldiers was covered by a cascade of running blood, turning them into a ghost-like being, the state of being borrowed from the Blood Realm, the very source of Carmilla's power.

Such an unfathomable change was surprising even for Rex.

It's beyond my power... An enchanting spell from Carmilla turned even the barely sixth-rank realm Vampires to the peak of the seventh-rank realm. A double in power, no... their power tripled from her Field Spell alone.

Earlier during the briefing, he was told about this Field Spell each race possesses.

Rex was skeptical at first, the prospect of turning a barely sixth-rank realm entity into that of a peak of the seventh-rank realm is definitely an exaggeration. Even the Ruler's Blessing, the inherent formation of Dargena City could barely push a sixth-rank realm to the next realm.

Knowing that the items from the System are very strong, he didn't believe this Field Spell.

But now, he could see that he stands corrected.

No wonder the Elders only view me, not my forces as a threat.

Meeting with the Elders multiple times already, especially Elder Tilrith, Rex could sense that it was him that they were wary of. He could feel that the Elders didn't consider his forces, such a thing is odd for Rex.

Having pride in the residents of Dargena City, he thought that the Elders were too prideful.

Just like the Executor, their age made them underestimate his forces.

As it turns out, it was he who was too prideful because of the System—with the Field Spell that Carmilla used, the Vampire Kingdom would be able to absolutely destroy Dargena City. His presence was the only thing putting pressure on other forces.

It was then that his attention was pulled to the other side, to the Demon Army.

Demon Enchanters began their dark rituals and summon their own Field Spell.

Each one of them spoke the language of the neverborn, unclear to the living or the dead but loud to the nightmarish creatures in the Unspoken Realm. Similarly, fissures split the ground, belching forth rivers of molten lava that seethed and hissed.

A Field Spell of the Demon, capable of painting the earth in shades of fiery crimson and blue.

Under the relentless heat, the horizon warped into a hazy mirage of swirling heat waves, that served the purpose of summoning a sinister pentagram mark upon the skin of every Demon present—glowing with a malevolent glow that mirrored the flames licking at the landscape.

Not losing to the Vampire, the Demons also grew more powerful.

It was evident from their growing bodies.

Also, the effect it caused on the Demons varies depending on if it's the blue or red Demons.

Rex observed from above the Red Demons' demon core, deep within their bodies erupted—unleashing chains of molten metal that intertwine together, forming towering behemoths of writhing, fiery Demon.

Some are a combination of two Red Demons, while others are a combination of up to five.

Raaaahh!!

Graaouhh!

Despite the natural menacing appearances that the Demons have, this new breed of Demon—bounded by the Field Spell power was even more terrifying. Multiple limbs and heads, but it was not the worst, as the worst was that their demonic energy tripled.

It strengthens their physical prowess to a horrifying degree—an absolute unit of physicality.

On the other hand, the Blue Demons' forms compacted and hardened.

Having armor-like skin, akin to exoskeletons is already an unfathomable advantage against any other race, but now, that advantage becomes even stronger. Despite their ability was focus on spells, they were now also impervious to physical harm.

Just from the density of their armor-like skin, killing them would be a hassle.

Naturally, this sight put a smile on Rex's face.

Albeit the surprise of the Field Spell manages to even pressure him, these Supernaturals are allies on this battlefield. Even though the Slave Mark prevented them from showcasing their full potential, it was still enough to strike terror in the Humans.

Unlike the Supernaturals, the Human Army has nobody from the ancient era.

Only the Executor came from the ancient era.

Due to that, it was safe to assume that the morale after the Field Spell leaned to Rex's side.

Raising the Amuerus Katana, Rex's entire form burns with the extreme might of his moonlight energy, casting a radiant spectacle akin to a star in the heavens. Lowering the blade, a smile stretched from ear to ear as he aimed its tip at the opposing army.

Looking directly at the Executor, he took a deep breath and bellowed his command loudly.

"Charge!!"

Kaboom!

Swoosh!!

Propelling himself through the air with a forceful kick behind him, Rex soars through the sky like an Angel of radiant light, spearheading the initial charge as he promises to the army. He brandished the Amuerus Katana and infused it with the combined power of his elements—light and lightning.

Rex knows that out of his powers, his elements are the perfect choice for big-scale fights.

Because of that, he decided to use them.

Even as he led the charge, Rex could see the Executor still crossing his arms.

As expected, he will be reserving his energy until necessary.

Giving the Executor no mind, knowing that he wouldn't join in the fight and remained as an observing sentry from below, Rex focuses to his front and sees multiple skyspears, a plane created to tackle sky fight, blitzing towards him.

It was shaped like a stealth fighter plane, but more sleek and sharper at its beak.

Moreover, these skyspears are moving at very fast speed.

Compared to the Awakened, Rex puts them at the speed of the seventh-rank realm.

Such advancement from the military was quite daunting to see, technologies never dwindle, and given time—there may be a time when the military becomes the most dominant force of Humanity once again.

Swoosh!

Nearing him, the skyspears' wings were tucked away, turning the entire plane like a bullet.

Additionally, Rex could hear the engine rumbling and heats the beak.

Clutching the handle firmly, Rex swung at the first oncoming skyspear, aiming to fully cleave it in half. But as the blade was about to hit its target, his eyebrows dipped into a frown when he noticed a purplish hue covering the plane's surface.

Clang!

Shockingly, the plane only got redirected with a loud clanging sound from his swing.

"What?!" Rex exclaimed in surprise, seeing the plane was fine.

However, not dwelling on the initial skyspears that surprisingly managed to endure his slash, he poured more power into his weapon—making it crack with more elemental power, infusing it with spirit energy.

Instead of the same regular attack, he also enhanced his strike with a spell.

"Great Spell, Sharp Lightning!" He chanted and made another swing at another skyspear.

Clang!

Boom!

Unlike the first one, the second skyspear was utterly destroyed.

Rex paused in the sky and looked down at the Executor, who was now smirking at him.

Despite the big battle, the Executor finds all of this amusing.

None of the military vehicles possess the durability to withstand any of my attacks even their stour armor, reinforced with mutated animal skin, barely reaches the sixth-rank realm. I don't know how, but this must be the Executor's handiwork—I sensed a fleeting presence of chaos mana earlier.

Frowning for a second, Rex clenched his jaw and began a dog fight in the sky.

Multiple skyspears headed towards him relentlessly.

One of them managed to come surprising him from his six and hitting him on the back.

Upon landing the attack, Rex grunted and got tossed rolling away in the sky as a laser was shot at him from point-blank range. It scorched the surface of his skin, indicating that the laser's potency must've been able to injure even the peak of the seventh-rank realm.

Since the First Breath is still thick, his physique degrades substantially.

In the normal form, his endurance stat was around the mid of the seventh-rank realm.

Gritting his teeth, he abruptly arrested the force of the push and extended his acute senses across the sky. Swiveling around, he discovered a barrage of not just skyspears, but also the roaring-seeking missiles hurtling towards him.

Knowing that his elemental prowess was not enough, Rex flexed his muscles and growled.

"Symbol of Lightning!"

Immediately, his body was invigorated with the power of black lightning.

Blitz!

Swoosh!

Like a lightning ghost, he started moving even faster in the sky, piercing the air and dodging each lethal attack sent toward him. Explosions rumbled in the sky, creating a breath-taking scenery of destruction and war.

Rotating his body in a spiral, he managed to dodge all of them with his insane reflex.

Moreover, in each dodge, he also launched a counter-attack.

Every single one of the skyspears was destroyed with a cleave of the Amuerus Katana.

Since there were two pilots inside the skyspears, each destruction stimulated the icy power of the Amuerus Katana, making it sturdier through the Gem of Frost. Rex danced amidst the jets—eyes darting left and right in a quick manner and sent forth a black lightning strike from his fingertips.

He uses one of his very first spells, Lightning Salvo spell to mark the skyspears.

In quick succession, he followed with the Mystic Shock spell, messing with their machines.

A dazzling display of aerial fight that he never thought he would be doing in his entire life, as there were little to no Supernaturals that preferred to fight in the sky. Messed by the fight—the sky became a canvas for their aerial ballet, a dizzying spectacle.

Throwing his weapon skywards, Rex grabbed two skyspears and slammed them together.

Kaboom!

Swoosh!

Catching the Amuerus Katana, his eyes violently crack with lightning.

He could see that the Supernatural army and the Human Army already clashed while he was busy dealing with the aerial attacks. Due to that, he was going to try and blur the formation of the opposing army.

Crack!!!

Pointing at the sky, Rex summoned thunderclouds that instantly shaded the sunlight.

Making a union with the strongest spirit above the sky, Rex had the ability to alter even the weather. Soon, lightning mana fueled the entire space of the battlefield before he began to chant one of his signature moves.

It may not give the strongest assault, but it has a very wide range of attack.

"Devo, pour me all of your strength into this..."

As he spoke, his body gradually was enveloped by a crackling armor of lightning and golden chains could be seen coiled around his wrists. He activated his black-lightning Gladiator Form, causing the lightning around him to become even more frenzied.

Rumble!!

Responding to Rex's influence, the sky began to rumble thunderously.

Looming above, Rex raised his weapon, summoning a multitude of ominous black dots that materialized gradually within the thunderclouds. It was the precursor to his formidable spell, the Sky Rupture Assortment spell with a horrifying scale of attack.

Akin to the God of the Sky was going to rain down divine punishment to those below.

I know that all lightning strikes I'm going to summon will not hit their mark, but I'm sure that even the Executor wouldn't be able to block them all. Even if just one or two lands, it should be enough to disorient a portion of the Human Army.

Nodding his head, Rex prepared to launch his spell before he was interrupted.

But it was then, his heart thumped once hard abruptly.

Looking down at the Human Army from above, he gritted his teeth, "I need to do this..."

Chapter 1064 A Fight of the Era (3)

Holla, author here!

Quick interruption—are you guys ready for what's about to come?

Comments on how you think this battle will go, and which confrontation you are waiting for the most! Anyway, I'm sorry for the interruption because I'm excited to write this part. It's definitely going to be wild!

Happy reading~

Even though the battle was beginning to become bloody, it was still in the early phase.

The Human Army focused on their strongest formation which has always been a defensive one as since the beginning of the Supernatural Emergence, the Supernaturals always have the upper hand in close combat.

Awakened might even out the playing ground, but they were still outclassed physically.

It was always been like this from the start.

As the Vampires and Demons, infused with the power of the Field Spell and turning them into more monstrous creatures, charged forward to close the distance between them, the Human Army—be it the Awakened, Black Hands, and military went into formation and rain them with bullets and spells.

Like the skyspears, the bullets were also surprisingly able to hurt the Supernaturals.

Once again, it's only possible thanks to the Executor.

But even then, the Vampires and Demons were extremely resilient in tanking shots.

While the Demons endured the shots through normal means, protecting their lesser armored parts, the Vampires were even more efficient. Due to their ghost-like form, and also the Field Spell underneath their feet, the Vampires were able to go back and forth from submerging into the ground and coming out.

Doing so made them easily dodge the bullets, suffering fewer casualties than the Demons.

Only the tanks were able to take out some of the Vampires.

Each piercing shell cuts through the wind easily and explodes, devastating a massive area.

However, the Vampires and Demons were very hard to kill.

Despite some of them having their limbs blown off, they were able to recover, all because of the Field Spell in constant activation to help them recover. Such a sight strikes fear into the heart of the military personnel.

It was evident that their bravery was tested to the limit in this battle.

Especially the terrorizing horror, the massive Archdemons assuming the grotesque forms of various animals, swiftly closed the distance between them. Maltrox and his other comrades of Archdemons effortlessly shrugged off bullets, including those fired from tanks without so much as a scratch.

But that completely changed when they sensed danger from some machines.

At the center were tanks, bigger than the normal.

Pointing the main gun barrel slowly towards them, blue particles started to form on its tip—launching a beaming blue laser that blitzes with extreme speed. It was the same laser that the skyspear fired, able to hurt Rex.

Swoosh!

In a fleeting moment, a high-pitched whistling sound assaulted Maltrox's ears.

Following that, the laser hits him in the chest.

Roarr!!!

Shockingly enough, the laser was able to obliterate Maltrox's fierce charging momentum.

Upon seeing Maltrox being flung back, the Demon-Eagle hybrid, the Archdemon of Pride had his pupils dilated. As two lasers homed in on him, he emitted a piercing screech and quickly crossed his arms, forming an 'X' to intercept the lethal beams.

Crash!

Parried by his armored skin, the lasers were deflected to the sides as he held his ground.

Experiencing the push, he lets out haughty laughs.

Instead of being flung away like Maltrox, the Archdemon of Pride sneered and maneuvered the lasers by twisting his body—breaking free from the lasers' aim and making a quick run. With a smile, he spun his body and shot three steel-like fiery feathers.

Like a canon, the three feathers created a sonic boom and zoomed to their targets.

Crack!

Kaboom!!

Not even breaking a sweat, the Archdemon of Pride destroyed the lethal tanks easily.

He moved in a graceful manner, and his chin held high.

Moreover, the military personnel in formation behind the tanks couldn't react quickly enough and got killed by the feathers that tore a massive hole in their chests. Its momentum didn't waver and kept on going, killing dozens in the process.

Frustrated by the unexpected attack of the laser beams, Maltrox made a comeback, soaring himself skyward with a mighty leap. His red halo blazed intensely, channeling the energy—a higher version of energy contained within him.

In response, the air around him heated to a hellish temperature.

Just the potency of the Hell Void energy alone made the white sphere react toward him.

As he was launching the attack, his skin sizzled under the suppression.

But even then, Maltrox doesn't seem to care as the mark of wrath that spread widely across his chest glowed, responding to the wrath from the humiliation he suffered. Roaring mightily, the corrupted mane of his started to flutter.

"Sin of Wrath Spell, Demon Quake!"

Crack!!

Kaboom!!

Slamming his entire body onto the earth, he created a straight fissure that moved forward.

Akin to a mole digging through the ground, a mound of earth could be seen traveling forth—the spell he cast went straight to the Human Army, and the sight of this made a sinister smile smeared across his face, "Now, explode, all of you shall burn beneath my rage..."

Grinning from ear to ear, Maltrox yearned to watch the Humans burn into smithereens.

However, when it was about to hit, a figure landed on it.

Kaboom!!!

A massive explosion was created as if Hell itself reached out its tendrils of evil to the world of the living. Even those who were close enough got their bodies scorched, and even their vehicles were melting visibly.

It was a cataclysmic attack, breaking into the eighth-rank realm power.

Considering the First Breath, that kind of attack shouldn't be able to be unleashed right now.

Maltrox peers through the thick smoke and sees that there is a silhouette inside, one figure is able to tank the full might of his attack. Squinting his eyes, the figure came out, revealing his appearance to the Supernatural Army.

King John emerged, his body was scorched by Maltrox's attack but he regenerated instantly.

A part of his body was blackened, corrupted, to say the least.

But the nine-headed crow tattoo on his shoulder made him easily recognized by anyone.

"It wouldn't be fair if the strongest pieces of the opposing army fight the regular pieces of ours," King John mustered before his body slowly glowing golden, the might of his bloodline, the only one who inherits the Ancient Human bloodline. Swoosh!

Suddenly, his eyes began to glow vibrantly with the unnatural power of his bloodline.

One that gave him the nickname the Perfect Human.

In truth, his prowess was that of an Enchanter but for the Ancient Human side, a Magus, and his presence cause an immediate influence over the entire battlefield. Pulsing with his golden energy, the Humans within the radius of his augmentation sensed a profound transformation coursing through their beings.

Awakened could feel the amount of mana inside of them bolstered to a high degree.

The Black Hands sensed their abilities grow stronger.

However, the most shocking was the one caused by the regular military individuals who had their bodies emitting the same golden energy. All could feel their physique becoming visibly stronger beyond normal standards.

Just like becoming an Awakened, their bodies gained superhuman strength.

Smiling vibrantly, King John cracked his neck, preparing to face the incoming Supernaturals.

In a flash, two other figures landed right beside him.

Brigitta and the Witch of Chaos materialized beside him like a ghost, riling up their presence with anticipation for the upcoming fight. Prior to sending the Awakened and Black Hands to clash, the trio committed to prolonging the enemy's advance, generating a buffer zone that could delay the enemy's approach toward the main army.

It was their plan to maintain the advantage of long-range weaponry for as long as possible.

After all, keeping the enemy under their barrage would be beneficial for them.

Having only a small number advantage, it would be best to thin down the Supernaturals first.

Now, the powerhouse of the Human Army joined in.

Looking at this from the distance was Carmilla, barricaded with hundreds of Vampires from the ancient noble families. All of them had seventh to eighth-rank realm power, meticulously observing the surroundings for any potential threat.

Since the fight happened in a flat plain, they shouldn't be a victim of a surprise attack.

But even then, it's better to be safe than sorry.

Carmilla was the heart of the army and thus must be protected fully from the enemies.

'The Royal Black Prince knew about the Magus' existence, but he doesn't seem to be aware that the Executor is an individual force, he couldn't create a Field Spell or anything close to that to bolster his army, only the Magus can,' She frowned deeply, trying to understand what Rex was thinking.

Her eyes were locked on King John who was now advancing forward fiercely.

'Going for the Magus would be effective but... why did he tell us to ignore the Magus?'

Carmilla stopped and looked skyward at Rex who was charging his spell.

She looked at him analytically, remembering the previous briefing before this fight.

Additionally, Carmilla also knew of Rex's reputation for being cunning and extremely cautious so he wouldn't give out a command to them without any reason behind it that made him end up to that conclusion.

However, there was nothing she could do aside from trusting him.

'Maltrox will have a hard time holding back to kill the Magus' Carmilla shook her head.

Meanwhile, Rex was watching this from above with a troubled heart.

He was hesitating in launching his spells when he saw the palpable terror etched clearly on the Human Army's faces, it made him rethink his actions. He understood these people very well, they were only following orders.

Some might side with the Executor, but what about those who don't?

Clenching his jaw, Rex's eyes turned bloodshot as he gazed at the Human Army sternly.

Even with the enhancement from King John, most of them wouldn't survive this. No... I had to do this. A half-assed intention will not make me win this fight—I need to disorient them before devouring them. It's going fine now, but when the Executor makes his move, we'll be in a whole lot of trouble.

"I need to do this, everyone is counting on me fighting the Executor..." Rex mused inwardly.

Crack!!!

Hesitating no more, Rex split open the sky with lightning strikes.

Raising both of his hands skywards, he gathers the abundant lightning mana onto his hands.

Black lightning crackles across his arms before he makes a swinging down motion with both hands, channeling the horrifying amount of mana and spirit that could be compared to ten or even more seventh-rank realm Awakened, and sent them straight to the Human army.

Pressured by the situation, Rex unleashes the Sky Rupture Assortment spell.

Under his authority, the sky split open, and the black dots he summoned earlier fired torrents of black lightning that cascaded down upon the army below. Thunder roared—drowning out the cries of gunfire from the Human Army as the relentless assault bore down upon them.

Each lightning strike came down with unerring precision.

In a swift motion, the Witch cast her gaze skyward, conjuring a barrier of cursed energy to shield the Human Army from the descending black lightning strikes. But even then, it wasn't effective as the impact was horrendous.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

The ground began to quake under the sundering barrage of black lightning strikes.

Rex's mana pool could easily summon a thousand black lightning strikes if he really wants to.

A Werewolf commanding the power of lightning is a foreign sight, and the Supernatural army is stunned for a second as it's really inconceivable. But their roars became louder seeing that some of the black lightning strikes managed to break through.

Even the bullets and spells relentlessly fired at them stopped momentarily.

Capitalizing on this visible opportunity, the Demons and Vampires alike sprinted even faster.

Only when the smoke receded, and the black lightning strikes stopped that the Human Army was able to regain their composure and recover their formation. Some of the stronger Black Hands and Awakened help protect the others from Rex's spell, but it's still disorienting them and scattered them everywhere.

It took time to recover their earlier formations.

Just then, a singular black lightning strike came crashing down from the sky.

Compared to the earlier ones, this one is way bigger.

Blitz!

Aside from aiming at the Human Army, this big lightning strike heads straight to the heart of the army, targeting the Executor. Inside this black lightning strike was Rex, casting his Ether Blink spell despite being affected by the suppression from the First Breath.

His eyes were wide and bloodshot, moving at a speed faster than the eyes could see.

"Executor!!!"

KABOOM!!

Chapter 1065 Lair of the Passues

Rex descends from the heavens like a radiant comet. His arrival marked by a thunderous roar of him calling the Executor reverberated across the entire battlefield. Morphed by the strength of the Gladiator Form, he became even closer to his black lightning elements. In mere seconds, he pierces through the cursed barrier and heads to the Executor.

Even then, a couple of figures reacted to his descent. During the First Breath, thanks to the suppression—even the strongest in the entire era was only able to generate power equivalent to the pseudo-eighth-rank realm. Rex, Carmilla, and even the Executor himself couldn't go past this mark.

A ninth-rank realm entity could only be matched by those in the same realm or higher.

Because of this suppression, the gap between those who were at the very top of the whole world and those below it becomes manageable. Some of the Awakened—who were initially at the eighth-rank realm, now suppressed to the door of the seventh-rank realm—were able to react to Rex's fall from above.

Equipped with their Gladiator Forms, they fired their varying spells directly at Rex.

Some of them couldn't be underestimated either.

One particular attack that sealed Rex's attention was a black cleaving energy, fueled by the dark elements. Rex needed to swing the Amuerus Katana to block the attack, but aside from that, there were no spells that could threaten him.

Swoosh!

Gritting his teeth, Rex made a vertical swing with every ounce of his elemental prowess.

His eyes fixed on the Executor, remaining still with his arms crossed.

Just the moment when the Amuerus Katana was about to hit the Executor, Rex quickly made use of his extremely potent Red Force, giving his attack a powerful jolt forward. However, the Executor looked at his devastating attack, able to severely wound even the strongest with an eerie smile.

Clang!

Rex's eyes flickered when he saw the Amuerus Katana halted in its tracks.

He saw that a black shadow came to be and blocked his attack.

"Are you holding back against me, Royal Black Prince?" the Executor tilted his head, sneering at Rex's attempt. "Good, don't use all of your powers yet, the battle is still young. For now, I'll entertain you with my beloved pet that might actually match you in strength. I hope you don't lose against him because that would be quite disappointing"

Roarr!!

Swoosh!

Following that, the Amuerus Katana was parried and Rex was sent hurtling away.

In a graceful manner, he stopped the pushing momentum and did a somersault—landing on the ground, dozens of meters away from the Human Army. Before he could raise his serious gaze, the ground beneath him shook.

Crash!

Only then that he raise his gaze, seeing an enormous creature towering before him.

Its body was even bigger than even Ugrok or even any opponents Rex had ever fought.

Dread of the Shadowtorn Legion, Lisnguanx.

Knowing how arrogant he was, I initiated an attack directly at him not to fight him, but to see what he had to offer. Surely, he wouldn't engage in combat now, with the Passue Matriarch—looming in his mind. I was right, and this is what he'll use to fight me.

Looking at the Executor's lens, he still didn't consider Rex as his equal.

Rex knows this very well, and he's not mad.

In terms of individual prowess, the Executor was paramount as he had limitless energy while also possessing a versatile element that could help him do anything he wanted. Naturally, he had every right to be arrogant with that kind of power.

But in this fight, Rex will show that his so-called absolute power is not untouchable.

He will show the Executor that his power could also be crumbled.

Just imagining his face when I finally show him that truth... I'm looking forward to it!

Smacking his lips in anticipation, both eyes burning with bloodlust, he looked at the creature before him that was going to be his first step to shatter the Executor's facade of strength. It would be the start of the real battle.

Meanwhile, as the battle was about to start, a figure darted to the flank with extreme speed.

Edward didn't participate in the fight and headed to the creek.

In his hand was the Soulreaver Lance, the weapon given by the Executor for this fight.

Upon making a dash into the Dead Man's Creek which seemed to be dissolving any light that reached its grasp, he was thrust into an eerie atmosphere. He decided to take a brief stop to observe his surroundings meticulously.

Anything that he sees is shrouded, limited by the darkness despite his great vision.

Boom!

Suddenly, the ground beneath him shook violently.

Checking the ground briefly, Edward then darted his gaze to the side with a deepening frown on his face, "Seems like the battle has started. I don't know what Rex is planning, but I could tell that the Executor also has a very sinister plan up his sleeves. He shouldn't underestimate the Executor, or he'll regret it,"

Recalling the time Rex got tricked, Edward shook his head lightly.

From that alone, the Executor showed everyone that he could be cunning if he wanted to.

Only a few were able to trick Rex into a trap like that.

Many tried to lure him using various methods, but each one of them failed miserably.

So the Executor managing to trick Rex is a massive feat.

Just as he thought of that, his expression turned into a troubled one as he squinted his eyes, gazing in the direction of the battlefield, "Many people are going to die. I know that each one of them volunteered to be in the army, but it's not right, their decisions are blurred..."

Knowing that a lot of innocent people are going to die, Edward felt his heart becoming heavy.

It was an unnecessary loss in his eyes when Humanity was weakened.

"Rex's rampage that devastated the capital city, the start of the First Breath, and the recent awakening of the older generations of Supernaturals... All were desperate for salvation, and the Executor came at the right time" He mused, shaking his head dejectedly.

Due to the circumstances, it ended up this way.

Averting his attention away from the battlefield, he refocuses on the creek.

"I've never felt something like this," He mused inwardly, still remaining vigilant as he looked around the place. "I could feel this place is extremely dangerous. Every fiber of my being is telling me to run, and everywhere I looked I can tell that there's something looking back"

With a deepening frown, he quickly activated his corrupted power.

His body was immediately encased in black-fitting armor, wiggling like goo as if it were alive.

'Based on the Executor, the creek is guarded by the Passues—a man-eating creature that is designed to specifically kill the ancient humans. No elements could affect them, and the only thing that could kill them is through direct physical harm' Edward pondered, recalling the info he had about the Passues.

Nodding, he began to move to the center, watching his six and remaining extremely alert.

Swish...

Cackle...

Edward could hear weird noises from all directions.

Navigating the terrain would have been way simpler had he approached from the entrance, but with Rex's army stationed there, he was forced to take a detour and go through the side of the creek where the terrain was unfriendly.

Using his elements to pave the way would be faster, but he couldn't afford to use mana.

Aside from being resistant to elemental attacks, the Passues are also sensitive to mana.

Even the smallest trace of mana would invite a swarm of Passues.

"I know that there would be the sound of a woman crying if I'm nearing the Passue Matriarch, but that is if it was already awakened. How am I supposed to find it if it was still slumbering—trapped in hibernation?" Edward contemplated as he pressed onward.

He was sent here by the Executor to locate the Passue Matriarch.

Since the Passues were extremely strong and sensitive to mana, he was sent here alone.

Just then, Edward saw something flickering on his periphery, "Hmm?!"

Instinctively, he cast a searching gaze to his side, scanning the surroundings for any signs of the Passues, but he found nothing amiss. Sighing lightly, he came to a halt and leaned on the tree to his left, his demeanor portraying a sense of inner turmoil.

Despite not doing anything laboring to the body, Edward was panting hard.

His chest felt stuffy for some unknown reason.

Not knowing what was happening to him, knowing full well that he wouldn't be fatigued with only this level of labor, he decided to press on deeper into the creek. Eventually, he reached a glade with a small lake at the center.

Everything was shaded with darkness so it's hard to see beyond twenty meters.

Only the sound of light splashing of water alerted him that there was a water body nearby.

'Water... I need water...' Edward thought, feeling his throat as dry as a desert.

Upon reaching the edge of the lake, he sank to his knees and looked into the crystal-clear water before him. A moment of hesitation gripped him as the water might contain a lethal substance that made it dangerous to drink.

But recalling the black armor he was wearing, he decided to proceed to drink the water.

Corrupted by the Executor's power doesn't only change his anatomy, it also birthed the black armor encasing him that was alive. Not only will it protect him from any external attacks, but Edward also wouldn't need to worry about internal attacks.

Anything harmful to him would be filtered by his black armor.

It's an item of wondrous powers.

Satiating himself with the water, Edward felt refreshed as the water turned out to be safe.

However, at that moment, he was now sure that something was certainly off.

Emerging from the shroud of darkness cast by Dead Man's Creek, Edward rose to his feet as a brilliant crimson light pierced the darkness before him. Since it was too far, he didn't know what was emitting this crimson light.

All he knew was that it was coming from the center of the lake.

Moreover, it seems the source was drifting towards him, but there was a mist blocking it.

Limited to not being able to use any spells, Edward decided to morph the black armor into a fan-shaped weapon and fanned the dark mist blocking the view. He did one strong motion and managed to blast away all of the mist before him.

But as soon as he did that, Edward took a step back, his eyes widened in surprise.

Coming towards him was a drifting black tree.

It was odd to see a tree was able to float above the lake's surface and drift towards him, but that was not what surprised Edward. What surprised him was the origin of the crimson light, clusters of creatures amassed atop the branches, weaving a metallic canopy.

As they clung to the gnarled branches, their metallic bodies hummed in unison.

Furthermore, the light came from their eyes, creating this radiant bulb in the darkness.

Not even the sunlight could pierce this creek, yet this crimson light was able to do it easily.

Upon seeing this, Edward swallowed harshly.

He felt a shiver trace its icy path down his spine as each creature emanated an energy that triggered an instinctual warning in his brain, and there were a lot of them, dozens or perhaps reaching the hundred mark.

Due to their beehive-like formation, it was hard to determine the exact number.

But it was undoubtedly a lot.

Even though he had only heard the description from the Executor himself, and never seen it firsthand, he could already tell what these small but deadly creatures were. They were the Passues themselves.

Carefully, Edward made his way back, not wanting to alert these Passues.

However, the tree was drifting closer to him faster than he could get away from the lake.

Crack!

It only then that his heart thumped hard when he stepped on a tree branch, right when the black tree was right before him. Like a buzzing circus, the humming metallic sound coming from the Passues changed instantly at the sight of Edward.

"Fuck..."

Chapter 1066 Background Observers

Meanwhile, hundreds of miles away from the battlefield.

A vast ruinous city could be seen, its once-grand structures now mere crumbling remnants of what it once was. It stretched to the horizon, and at its center stood a fortress both majestic and foreboding, dark as midnight, hovering eerily above the broken skyline.

Its towering spires pierce the sky while sinister shadows dance along its battlements.

Crimson hues could be seen oozing out of this fortress.

One look is all it takes to know that the hue was none other than the blood energy belonging to the Vampires, casting a pall over the ruined cityscape below. From its lofty perch, it seems to watch everything around with a predatory gaze.

Inside this fortress were a couple of figures.

Among the six figures that were present, two of them were sitting on a pompous chair.

Having prepared the entire army of Supernaturals and sponsored it to the Royal Black Prince, Elder Tilrith and Nolacula went away from the battlefield. Both of them knew that the intense battle would only escalate from the starting point.

Thus, there was no reason for them to be there.

Moreover, Rex wouldn't want their presence interfering so they decided to wait in silence.

Lingering before them, suspended in mid-air, was a sphere of blood, a visual chronicle of the era-defining clash from a bird's eye view as if someone was recording the battle from above, granting the two Elders real-time insights of the unfolding chaos of the battlefield.

Shown in the blood sphere was Rex, charging an enormous elemental attack from the sky.

"Why is he using his elements?" Elder Nolacula commented, squinting his sharp crimson eyes at the sight of this. "His Werewolf power is way stronger, if he wants to shatter the opposing army's formation, his moonlight energy would be way more effective"

Elder Tilrith brushed her thumb across her plump, lower lip in contemplation.

She was also confused by Rex's decision.

But in the next second, her eyes sparkled at a sudden realization, "Oh, I think I know why..."

"I think it's impolite for you to not elaborate if you know the answer,"

"Well, I'm not sure if it's true or not considering that he was known to be quite daunting and cold-hearted. But if I may guess, I think he is hesitating..."

"Hesitating? That fool Prince!"

Unlike Elder Tilrith who doesn't seem to be disturbed by this realization, Elder Nolacula could be seen grinding his teeth angrily at the prospect of Rex hesitating to go all-out. It was not a doubt that it would be a fatal mistake for Rex to be like this.

On the other hand, Elder Tilrith cast a glance at Elder Nolacula with a small smirk.

"Calm down, Elder, the fight has only begun,"

"Easy for you to say that and stay calm when your army could be revived"

Compared to the Vampires, the Demons that were participating in the fight with Rex wouldn't be killed for good as long as the Executor wasn't the one to kill them. In the end, even if most participating Demons died, Elder Tilrith could revive all of them.

Elder Nolacula, on the other hand, would suffer permanent loss with every kill.

Naturally, he was more invested in this fight.

"What is he hesitating for? He's no idiot, he should know that hesitance will lead to defeat"

"His enemies are mostly regular human beings from the new era. The Royal Black Prince was once like them, one from millions of pions under the human military—he definitely has a soft spot for them because of that"

"And how do you know that...?"

Listening attentively, Elder Nolacula couldn't help but squint his eyes suspiciously.

Even he doesn't have access to Rex's past, and yet, Elder Tilrith seems to know all about it.

Receiving this sharp, questioning look, Elder Tilrith chuckled sweetly.

"Do you know the level of stress is absurdly high in times of war? Humans are no exception to this, and you see, my Succubi has a great tool in easing stress," She explained, casting a proud gaze toward the Succubi she brought here. "Humans of the new era developed a tool called the internet. It grants access to information for all, eliminating our ways of hunting an important human and torturing them for information"

Upon hearing this, Elder Nolacula glanced at Solomon, standing on the side sharply.

It was absurd that he didn't know about such important information.

Solomon's composure faltered under the weight of the sharp gaze, beads of sweat could be seen forming on his brow as he grappled with a mounting sense of dread. All Vampires liked human blood and those he had dispatched to infiltrate Human territory struggled to contain their primal hunger.

Due to that reason, gaining knowledge about the new era humans are progressing slowly.

On the other hand, Succubus is perfect for infiltration.

Nothing could resist their sexual allure, and humans under their spell would spill everything.

Massaging his forehead, Elder Nolacula could only sigh.

"Nevertheless, do you find it odd about the humans' advanced weapons?" "Indeed, the Fifthborn appears to be stronger than in the past, at least his mastery over the Chaos elements has exponentially surged. Chaos demands beyond mana, unlike the regular elements, so he must've devoured a lot"

"A temporary boost, I see, he's stronger now..."

From watching the battle through the blood sphere, they also could tell that the bullets from the military were infused with chaos energy. It could pierce through the seventh-rank realm's defense which should be impossible.

Ever since the First Breath, Humans have found it hard to defeat the older generations.

It was caused by their stronger defense than the new era Supernaturals.

However, that wasn't the case in this battle.

Just from this observation alone, Elder Tilrith and Nolacula could already tell that their bullets were infused with chaos energy. Considering the number of the army, it should be hard even for the Executor to do that.

But seeing him not struggling, the two Elders assumed that he got stronger.

"So the moment the Fifthborn lost the boost would be the opportune moment for the prince to attack, but the question is, will he be able to endure until then? Even with two King Marks and the aid from the Rosadonna Succubus, the Fifthborn will still be stronger," Elder Nolacula placed his fingers on his chin.

"His elements will also not work on the Fifthborn," Elder Tilrith also nodded in agreement.

At that moment, however, her smile widened, "I'm intrigued..."

Elder Tilrith's eyes sparkled with demonic energy as she kept her eyes on Rex, she realized that Rex practically needed to win this battle, or else everything he loved would crumble. It was because of that she was intrigued as to what Rex had up his sleeves.

Knowing his personality, there's no way he's going to let that happen.

As the two were discussing, a Shapeshifter arrived at the entrance to the room they were in.

It was blocked by two powerful hulking Demons, awaiting Elder Tilrith's permission to enter.

Giving a nod, the two Demons stepped out of the way.

Bowing at the two Elders respectfully before entering the room, the Shapeshifter then went to Elder Tilrith and whispered something to her ears. Another graceful bow followed before the Shapeshifter departed, leaving the room once more.

Raising an eyebrow, Elder Nolacula waits for Elder Tilrith to explain.

"Nothing seemed to be happening in the Werewolf and Undead Kingdoms" She finally said.

Upon hearing this, Elder Nolacula smirked.

He wasn't sure what the Shapeshifter was doing as Elder Enima was not going to be joining them, but turns out Elder Tilrith asked them to scout, "Are you really going to believe those two are going to stay out of this battle?"

"For the sake of themselves, I hope they would because I don't want to be associated the same as those who couldn't hold onto their words" Elder Tilrith replied blatantly, but deep inside she also knew that the Storm Prince and Elder Noskear is going to intervene.

In response, Elder Nolacula could only cackle in amusement.

Since the humiliation Rex gave the Storm Prince and Elder Noskear is too great, way worse than anything they had ever experienced, even if they would risk their own Kingdom in the process, both Elders are going to meddle in the fight and try their hands at dealing with Rex.

It was inevitable that the two of them would not stay still while the battle was in sight.

At the very least, they would attempt to do something.

"Just wait and you'll see, Elder Tilrith," Elder Nolacula smiled, oozing with confidence. "If not intervening in the battle, they would try and attack the other members of the Silverstar Pack, but either way, the battle will not end even after the Executor is defeated"

"I doubt they could find the other Silverstar Pack," Elder Tilrith shook her head.

Nobody knows the location of Rex's city that is except Elder Tilrith herself who figured it out.

However, she never told anyone about Dargena City's whereabouts so the Werewolves and the Undead would have a slim chance of finding it, knowing that the location is quite secure to those without special means.

She then continued, "But for the latter, I agree with you..."

Looking back at the blood sphere again, showcasing Rex facing off against one of the best pions under the Executor's power, Lisnguanx, she smiled, "Royal Black Prince, how are you going to deal with the cards you are dealt with now?"

...

Back to the battlefield, in the heart of the Human Army.

Even though there were a lot of Awakened at the very back that was still overly far from the frontline, the situation was way worse here due to the fact that the convergence of energies—produced by the clash at the very front could be felt all the way to the back.

Most of them had their hearts racing uncontrollably.

All of them could feel the veil between life and death was being peeled open for them.

In the next few minutes to an hour, most of them are going to die.

Growls, screams, and roars were merging into a deadly symphony akin to a death knell rang by the Grim Reaper itself. Despite having the Executor in their rank, these Awakened already learned the horrifying strength of the older generations of Supernaturals.

Located at the center was a palanquin, near the big palanquin belonging to the Executor.

Seated inside this palanquin was Gistella.

Gently parting the curtains of her palanquin, she beheld the unfolding battle, Rex's imposing aura discernible even from a distance. She longed for him already, but at this moment, there was nothing inside her aside from worry.

Since the last time they met was not very pleasant.

'I don't sense the others here, where are they...?' Gistella frowned in confusion.

Knowing the sentiments harbored by others toward Rex, she reasoned that they would come and rally to his aid in the battle. Since the others were nowhere to be seen, Gistella assumed that they might be biding their time, strategizing for an ambush.

Nodding firmly, she closed her eyes and expanded her senses to the surroundings.

'Remaining here would only get me in the way of the fight, I need to get out of here now'

Having finished her tasks smoothly, it was time for Gistella to depart.

Upon receiving word from the Witch, conveyed at Rex's behest, she understood it was time to return to the castle. Yesterday, she couldn't do that since the Executor was around, and there was also Brigitta who was keeping close eyes on her.

Now she was busy fighting, and the Executor had his mind seized elsewhere.

It was time for Gistella to flee from this place.

After a brief contemplation, she made up her mind to go try her luck.

Gistella knew that she was certainly going to be chased, but there was no need to worry as she only needed to get out of the range of the Executor and teleport away. All she needed was to wait for her opportunity.

A smile crept to her face when the opportunity came sooner than expected.

Crash!!

A potent shockwave rippled outward as Rex and Lisnguax collided, prompting the Human army to shield their eyes from the bullet-like debris. Realizing this, Gistella quickly flexed her muscles and dashed out of the palanquin.

Maneuvering over the army, she made a quick dash out of the formations.

Only half a minute and she managed to exit the formations from the back, into the vast plain.

'Just a little bit more!'

Gistella gritted her teeth, readying to teleport herself away.

As the teleportation mark, meticulously prepared by Rex for her escape, began to flicker with energized light, indicating its imminent activation, her pupils widened in alarm as a shadowed figure intercepted her path, halting her escape midway.

Swoosh!

"Oh, no..."

Chapter 1067 It's Unsightly

A couple of seconds were all she needed before she could escape from the battlefield.

Gistella was mere moments away from steering clear from the fight, but she was intercepted, and forced to halt her momentum abruptly. Even though the teleportation mark was about to activate, she couldn't go further as a creature stood in her way.

It was a creature made of pure darkness that had the curves of a humanoid woman.

On top of her body of pure darkness, sputtering dark purple aura, the same color as her eyes—her form was also adorned with golden accents, like accessories used in the past. Looking up at Gistella, the creature tilted her head.

"Are you going somewhere?" She asked, her voice was clear and ethereal.

Her voice made it seem like each and every single word was uttered two to three times.

Upon hearing this, Gistella's eyebrows dipped into a frown.

Appearance-wise, she could already tell that this creature was another summoned creature deployed by the Executor to keep an eye on her from the shadows. Gistella didn't even see or sense this creature monitoring her apart from the others.

Surely, the situation she was in was really sticky.

But even then, Gistella tries to keep a cold mind and contemplates her reply carefully.

"I already did what he wanted, and now I'm making myself a guarantee," "A guarantee...?"

"Just like I said to him, I want him to kill the Vampire Princess, and this fight has nothing to do with me. Staying here would only risk me getting in the way of the fight, and he might use me as a shield, so I'm leaving"

A cackle escaped the creature's mouth when she heard Gistella's daring words.

"Use you as a shield? It won't happen, the Werewolf Prince has zero chance of winning"

"Regardless, let me leave and I'll come back after the fight ends,"

Knowing that she couldn't outmuscle the creature before her as she couldn't sense the exact limit of her power, a battle of words was the only thing Gistella could do. She was capable of making an excuse on the spot, and there was a chance that she could leave.

"Go back to your palanquin,"

"If you are really that scared of me escaping, then you can come with me"

Gistella was desperately trying to reason here.

But in her mind, she only wanted to go further until the teleportation mark was activated.

A few more meters behind the creature than she would've been gone from here.

Despite the convincing excuse, able to make the creature ponder for a fleeting moment, the answer remains the same as the creature shakes her head once again, "No. Go back to your palanquin or I'll force you to go back"

Clicking her tongue, Gistella turned around.

She wanted to make an attempt as she was very near but refrained from doing so.

Attempting right now would only make her look very bad as the chances are too slim for her.

'How do I get out of here before the fight escalates...?' Gistella pondered dejectedly.

Meanwhile, on the frontline, the battle was becoming intense.

Both Maltrox and the Archdemon of Pride continued their vicious advancement, heading to the Human Army with bloodlust eyes, but were intercepted by a haunting silhouette—flying towards them, intercepting their movements.

Judging from the eerie air around this figure, it was not hard to recognize her as the Witch.

Separating from Brigitta and King John, she decided to confront the Archdemons who were closing in very quickly. Out of the other Supernaturals, they were already about fifty meters away from the Human Army.

Aside from the laser beams from the new model of tanks, nothing was able to injure them.

It would only be a matter of time before they reached the Human Army.

Due to that very reason, the Witch came in between with rigorous cursed energy around her.

Even though both Archdemons saw the Witch intercepting them, none of them seemed to be slowing their advancements. Maltrox was the one leading, and he let out a powerful roar, the overbearing cue that he wouldn't back away from this confrontation.

His mane started to flutter with demonic energy as he made a flaming dash.

Possessing ten times the size of the Witch's body or perhaps even more, his towering figure easily shadowed the Witch. In a blink of an eye, Maltrox charged at the Witch, slamming his head towards her.

Swoosh!

Clang!!

A frown crossed Maltrox's face when he saw the Witch blocked his charge, unflinching.

Not stopping at that, in the next second, he was sent crashing away.

Ignoring the rag-dolled Maltrox, the Archdemon of Pride appeared right beside the Witch in a flash before striking her with a vertical hammer fist. His attack hits the unsuspecting Witch—exploding the ground with Hellfire in the process.

But similarly, he frowned seeing his entire body heated up, as if he was burned alive.

"Hex of the Exiled?!" He exclaimed in shock.

Kaboom!!

Suffering the same fate as Maltrox, the Archdemon of Pride got thrown skywards.

Even the Executor couldn't resist the might of the five Forbidden Conjour of the Grimoire—a perfected method of curse made by the entire holders of the Witch of Chaos title. Both were underestimating the Witch too much.

Anything that doesn't possess cursed energy would find it impossible to resist this power.

Making a big leap, the Witch landed before both Archdemons again.

"Given your knowledge of the Hex of the Exiled, both of you should know that attacking me is futile," the Witch asserted dominantly, her frightening eyes bearing down on Maltrox and the Archdemon of Pride who was still recovering from the previous attack.

Under the Hex of the Exiled effect, the damage the two caused got reflected back.

It was natural for them to be disoriented by their own powerful attacks.

Listening to the descending tone the Witch was using to address them, the two Archdemons began to sinisterly laugh. An occurrence that prompted a questioning frown to appear on the Witch's face, feeling that something was wrong.

"You shouldn't have acted like this, Witch," Maltrox commented raspily.

But before the Witch could decipher what he meant by that, her senses picked up an aura.

Swoosh!

Out of nowhere, a humongous bear appeared behind her.

Not even being able to react in time, she got swiped with big paws across the battlefield.

"Kaahkk!" A grunt escaped her mouth as she screeched against the ground.

In the process, she hits a couple of Demons that were still charging at the Human Army.

Quickly recovering from the attack, she darted her eyes back to the Archdemons and found that there was another presence among them—the Archdemon of Sloth that boasted not a single trace of aura around its form.

Additionally, her eyes bear witness to a transformation happening to the other Archdemons.

Both Maltrox and the Archdemon of Pride were a Red Demon thus the two had their demonic cores spewing out hellfire chains, way more intense than the others, that tied them together—mixing them into a singular entity, enhanced by the Sin of Wrath and Pride simultaneously.

ROAR!!!

Standing in place of the two Archdemons was a bigger, and more monstrous Demon.

It oozes out demonic energy that attracts the white sphere in the sky.

Under the empowerment of the Sin of Wrath and Pride, both stimulated by the Witch's tone moments ago, the suppression from the white sphere hardly worked on them which caught the Witch off-guard.

Now she understand what Maltrox meant by what he said earlier.

'Tch! Dealing with these Demons is going to be troublesome,' She pondered in agitation.

Zooming out of the battle near the Human Army, there was a single figure piercing the entire charge of the Supernaturals with extreme precision. Her movement was simple yet fierce at the same time, akin to a gale of wind.

She was a hooded figure, clad in full armor of silver, and emanating arcane wind mana.

Humans who saw her would recognize her as the surviving pillar of humanity, Lady Brigitta.

Rather than remaining by King John's side, who valiantly held the line with a few of chosen Awakened, aiming to give the army more time to take more Supernaturals out first, Brigitta had a different objective in sight.

Her aim was to take down the Field Spell, empowering the entire Supernatural Army.

Carmilla was her main target.

"I'm going to kill all of you! Humanity will stand!" A resounding battle cry escaped her mouth.

Arcs and curves of blood dance in her vision as she cuts through the Supernaturals.

Equipped with only a longsword made of pure enchanted silver, she confronted the charging wave of Supernaturals heading in her direction. Many of them couldn't be underestimated—but Brigitta was faring well, her onslaught was a grand spectacle.

Clashing hand-to-hand with the Supernaturals, her arcane wind mana flutters violently.

Each swing of her longsword created a powerful gust of wind.

Moreover, the veins on the right side of her face protruded, visible through her skin, and their hue an unnatural shade of black. Similar to Edward, she too was corrupted by the Executor's power, though the corruption manifested differently in her.

Unlike Edward who gained a living armor, her wind element was corrupted instead.

One could see her wind mana containing a sliver of purple shade.

Nobody in the whole entire world has an element remotely close to her, she was the only one who had a corrupted element. Brigitta was way stronger with her new corrupted element, yet she was also suffering internally.

Harnessing her element puts a huge burden on her body.

But the cost was nothing compared to the triumph of humanity, she will persevere.

"Raaghh! Arcande Magic, Squall Assault!"

Swoosh!!!

Making a cleaving motion, Brigitta created a crescent-shaped energy slash that managed to split anything it touched into two. Only a handful of Vampires and Demons that were located before her when she launched this attack survived the attack.

It shows just how much her element got stronger to be able to do this kind of feat.

Fueled by the desire for triumph, Brigitta was relentless.

Just then, a colossal demon, towering like a monolith, interposed itself in her path and made a horrifying with its gargantuan arms toward the tiny, vexatious ant, wreaking havoc amidst their ranks.

Each lumber step quaked the earth beneath its immense weight.

Gazing at this colossal Demon with determination, a pair of wings sprouted on her back.

Flapping her wings strongly, she harnessed every last ounce of arcane mana within her and confronted the colossal Demon's arms—threatening to crush her beneath their weight, with her sharp longsword in defiance.

Crash!!

Surprisingly, her strike brought a terrifying power and knocked the colossal Demon back.

Its humongous body stumbled back and fell, followed by a wailing cry.

Upon seeing the colossal Demon's body come crashing down, a collection of Vampire mages made a light gesture with their hands and threw the colossal Demon to the side, avoiding the colossal Demon to crush them and Carmilla.

Looking at this, Brigitta felt a sense of invincibility coursing through her veins.

But in the next second, her pupils dilated at the sight of a red beam.

Crash!!

'Wh- What happened...?'

Brigitta questioned herself as she looked at the thunderclouds-covered sky with wide eyes.

She was flying earlier yet now she was back on the ground.

'Did I get slammed back down?'

Glancing to the side, she found a Vampire adorned in a clean regal tunic and cloaks, clasping her face with a firm grip. A pair of crimson eyes regarded her with unsettling calmness as if nothing could stir this Vampire's emotions.

He was the one responsible for slamming Brigitta to the ground.

It happened so fast that even she couldn't grasp her head around what had happened.

From the glasses of her eyes, she thought she had teleported.

"Please, don't think that you are invincible," the Vampire whispered raspily.

Pressing Brigitta's face stronger, deepening the crater behind her, the Vampire maintained a look of nonchalance—his expression stoic, "Such a look doesn't suit you, it's unsightly. In the end, this power isn't truly yours but the Executor's, so don't presume arrogance as if you are the one who owned it..."

Chapter 1068 Perpetual Onslaught

Deep within the enemy's ranks, Brigitta was on a rampage—cutting many Supernaturals akin to a big boulder, suffocating a river stream. She was shining with radiant power, a symbol of hope for the Human Army watching from the other side.

Just like the older generations of Supernaturals, they also have monsters on their side.

Her presence increases the morale of the Human Army.

But in a split second, faster than the eyes can see, her radiance was vanquished completely.

None of those who paid attention knew what had happened to her.

Refocusing her eyes to the Vampire who was clasping her face tightly, she could see that it was a very old Vampire adorned in regal clothing that showcased his ancient aristocracy. A Vampire that didn't entertain any emotions or the sort.

It was obvious, judging from his reaction alone that he had gone through a lot in his life.

His skin, an alabaster pallor, seemed to drink in the scant light.

Unlike the Vampires of the new era, he assumed a form of sheer hunched monstrosity.

Some features that stood out were his twin peaks of ears, and his hands that ended in talons that could rend flesh from bone adorned with rings crafted from the bones of ancient beasts—an appearance adorned only to the third generations of Vampires.

He is Lord Marcus of the Blackwood Aristocrat Family.

Enraged to be manhandled by Lord Marcus, Brigitta's eyes glowed bright green.

Swoosh!

A powerful blast exploded from her body, forcing Lord Marcus to leap a distance away.

Composed, he stood with his hands discreetly tucked within the billowing folds of his loose sleeves, fingers intertwined in a subtle display of restraint. His manner was that of a saint—graceful and fluid.

Brigitta looked at his demeanor and got riled up further, her anger burning like a flame.

Gaining a boost of power from the Executor, she will not expect to lose to anyone aside from probably Rex who was assumed to be on-par or even close to the Executor. Other than that, she will not accept defeat.

'He's only a pion, I should be stronger than him!' Brigitt exclaimed inwardly.

Seeing the symbol of a pion on Lord Marcus' neck, she presumed that he must be weak.

A pion is the weakest member of a Vampire Family.

Lowering her stance with her longsword poised, she surged forward, attempting to strike the Vampire before her. But as she prepared to institute the attack, Lord Marcus suddenly pulled out his hand and flicked his fingers.

Splash!!

"Huh...?"

It was only then that Brigitta halted in her tracks, her body stiffening against her will.

Peering down at her body, she found four slender threads made entirely of blood energy had ensnared her completely, making her unable to move from her spot. She could feel each one of the threads gripping her limbs tightly with an iron grip that refused to yield.

Upon realizing that she's trapped, Brigitta tries to force her way out.

But her attempt was futile, it only caused her skin to break and ooze blood instead.

"Once again, you overestimate yourself, Human," Lord Marcus shook his head in disapproval, he could tell clearly that Brigitta was underestimating him because of him being a pion. Had she not done that then she would be more aware of her surroundings. "I may be a pion, but that doesn't mean I'm weak"

"Don't think that you could reach the esteemed, Madam Carmilla alone" He added firmly.

Even throughout the exchange, his expression was still stoic.

Managing to stop Brigitta's momentum stirred nothing inside of him, it was normal for him.

However, at the next second, a powerful torrent of energy blasted out of him.

A thick Pristine Blood Energy came out of Lord Marcus' body, pressuring Brigitta strongly.

It was only then that Brigitta realized what she had mistaken for a sheep was, in fact, a wolf disguised in sheep's clothing. The abundance of Pristine Blood Energy he had shocked her, contrary to his unassuming facade, Lord Marcus was extremely powerful.

"Take it seriously young Human, or you'll die here," He warned with a deadly tone.

Meanwhile, the appearance of Lisnguanx riled the entire battlefield.

Rex was grinning maniacally at the prospect of taking down Lisnguanx, showing evidently to the Executor that allowing Lisnguanx to fight him was a mistake. Crushing Lisnguanx would serve as a stark reminder that underestimating him was a grave error.

However, before he could do that, the Vampires and Demons beat him to it.

Seems like this creature is quite famous in the past.

Despite the resistance from King John who was holding the Demons and Vampires back with all his might, there were some that managed to break through and reach Rex's location. All of them, drowned in rabid anger started attacking Lisnguanx.

Bloodlust could be seen evidently in their eyes.

Just from their expressions alone, Rex could tell that they also hated Lisnguanx.

Might be something that it did in the past that made the Supernaturals act like this.

Swoosh!

Crash!

More than a dozen of them started jumping at Lisnguanx, ignoring the raining bullets.

In response, Lisnguanx harnessed the power of chaos, enveloping its halberd with its potent energy and unleashing devastating slashes upon the encroaching Supernaturals. Since it was arduous to reach this location, the Supernaturals that reached here were all above the eighth rank realm if not for the First Breath.

Even then, Lisnguanx could be seen dominating the fight.

Absorbing the demonic blasts, a towering slash from a blood weapon commensurate with its own size, and even literal noble blood magic, Lisnguanx came out with little to no injuries. It got knocked back a couple of times, crushing the ground beneath him, but that was it.

On the other hand, his attacks were lethal for the Demons and Vampires.

Some got their arms severed, even though they were ready to protect themselves.

Rex watched this battle from behind and couldn't help but frown, he could tell that Lisnguanx was not overwhelmingly strong, but its excel was in the speed. Its humongous body gave the facade that it excels in strength.

However, now Rex realized that it was not the case.

Lisnguanx is very fast out of everything, despite its size, it excels in speed.

Upon this realization, and also observation of the battlefield, Rex decided that he would not linger and wait to fight Lisnguanx. If he came striking now, he would only risk damaging the Vampires and Demons in the way, potentially catching them in the crossfire.

Due to that, his attention shifted to the Human Army.

At the frontline of the army were the military and their vehicles.

Even though Rex's heart felt heavy for attacking them, he decided to not hesitate anymore.

Swoosh!

Charging at the frontline, he boasted his extremely quick speed.

Rex recalled the method he learned from Calidora to extract Life Essence and nodded, there will be hiccups along the way to extract Life Essence in the heat of a battle, but he needs to make this work or else he would have no chance of winning.

He was already accustomed to the Drain Touch spell.

Going on a sweep with Mavenna made his mastery over this spell way higher than before.

But even then, I should still need to be cautious of its application.

After all, Calidora did say that he could lose his Life Essence if he was careless.

Looking to the side, he found a Vampire also sprinting beside him.

Since he was sprinting using 70% of his maximum capacity, he was fast, but the Vampire at his side matched his pace equally. Casting a glance at him, the Vampire nodded before he surged ahead, channeling his blood energy with precision.

It turns out this Vampire was a Blood Mage as he summoned five thick blood shards.

Doing a pushing motion, he fired these blood shards forward.

Immediately after he did that, Rex zoomed past him with his eyes fixed on the blood shards.

Putting on a light smile, he made a forward leap and kicked each one of the blood shards in rapid succession. Despite their already high speed, his kicks basically transformed them into deadly projectiles as he also infused his red force into each shard, akin to launching a volley from a cannon.

Swoosh!!

Anticipating this attack, red-armored Cessation Knights made their way to the front.

Chanting a unique combination spell known to be exclusive to the Cessation Knights, these five commanders created a massive protection barrier, reinforced with their pooled mana, making the barrier five times stronger than normal.

Since it was an attack from the Leader of the opposing army, this much was needed.

However, in the following second, their expressions are ashen.

Clang!

One hit from the blood shard made the barrier they conjured tremble uncontrollably.

Clang!

The second blow inflicted a sizable crack upon the barrier, allowing a torrent of energy from the impact to breach through, forcefully displacing military vehicles. It was obvious that the barrier was not going to last long.

At least, not as long as the five Cessation Knight commanders were expecting.

Clang!

Crash!

At the third hit, the entire barrier shattered and sent the commanders flying away.

Despite successfully blocking three blood shards amplified by Rex's red force, two remained unhindered in their path. Like a relentless tide, they surged on a freeway and wreaked havoc upon the Human Army with devastating consequences.

"Watch ou-argghh!!!"

"Waargh!!!"

Since nothing was getting in the way of them, hundreds died.

Each military vehicle struck felt the merciless wrath of the blood shards, even their thick and plated armor was nothing in front of the two remaining blood shards as they pierced through with ease, detonating the entire vehicle in a big explosion.

An invincible shard, rendering even the most fortified defenses futile in their wake.

Not stopping at that, Rex dived into the middle of the Human Army.

Roar!!!

Killing against his own will, he lets out a thunderous roar, casting the Alpha Bearing skill and forcing all those who met his gaze to kneel on the ground. Only a selected few were able to stand, while the others couldn't move.

His mental stat was paramount compared to these normal people in military uniforms.

Following that was a total massacre.

Rex draws liters of blood everywhere he goes.

Though to onlookers it may have appeared as though he were mercilessly massacring them, his true intent lay elsewhere. Rather than killing them with one swing, he strategically inflicts fatal wounds before he uses the Drain Touch spell to suck the Life Essence out of them.

All Life Essences were immediately absorbed by his cursed source.

During this onslaught, he was also channeling the absorbed Life Essence properly.

It was already the size of a soccer ball and growing, getting closer to the next epiphany.

On top of that, the death he inflicted on those who succumbed to death first before he could use the Drain Touch spell got absorbed by the Amuerus Katana. The Gem of Frost is already glowing brightly, forging the blade to become stronger.

Rex was exerting his expert ability of multi-tasking, a skill very few people could do.

Just as he was going through this perpetual onslaught with the Amuerus Katana, his senses suddenly picked up a quickly approaching hostile figure coming from the side. True enough, he could see Lisnguanx heading towards him.

Even though the Demons and Vampires were still attacking, it went over to Rex.

It probably knows that Rex is the main target to kill.

Suddenly, the battlefield was dyed in a purple hue when Lisnguanx lifted its wicked halberd.

Upon seeing this, Rex could feel his senses were alerting him of danger.

So much energy, I need to use my King Marks if I want to meet this attack head-on.

Although he was unparalleled in the new era, even without relying on his King Marks, Rex still remained grounded in reality—knowing better than to become complacent. Rex understood that he would need to push himself a little bit further, calculating from the energy Lisnguanx was emitting.

But as he was about to do that, a notification suddenly appeared in front of his eyes.

<The user is inflicted with Pain Utopia!>

<All stats have been increased by 20% at the cost of excruciating pain during the effect>

"Hmm...? Pain Utopia?" Rex muttered out loud in confusion.

Chapter 1069 Together with Supernaturals

In the heat of this defining battle, Rex was surprised by a notification from the System.

Since the trap orchestrated by the Executor that he walked into—deactivating the System in the prospect of the Relaying Bet Quest—he couldn't access the System thus the appearance of a notification becomes foreign to him.

Reading through the notification, he hoped that he could use the System again.

But it was not, his hope was thrown to the gutter.

<The user is inflicted with Pain Utopia!>

<All stats have been increased by 20% at the cost of excruciating pain during the effect>

"... Pain Utopia?" Rex uttered in confusion.

Although he had varying skills and spells in his arsenal—more than three normal Awakened would have, he remembered all of them and even had his favorites. He was certain that the Pain Utopia was not one of his skills in his arsenal.

Feeling a light sting on his back, he glanced over his shoulder and saw a figure.

It was the Rosadonna Succubus, Mavenna.

"Finally... Can you please not leave me behind again if you want my help?" She exclaimed.

Upon hearing this, Rex could only smile inwardly.

Since he had taken an aggressive approach to the fight, blocking the barrage of missiles and going straight into the heart of the Human Army, his position became unreachable. Because of that, it was a significant challenge for Mavenna to reach him amidst the chaos.

As Rex was doing everything, she was trying to catch up to him from the back.

Bullets and missiles that bombarded the Supernatural Army aside, she also needed to go the extra mile to go past King John which was quite hard to do. It was only with the aid of others—Demons and Vampires, could she finally reach Rex's position.

Mavenna was also wounded in some parts of her body from getting all the way to him.

Located on his back was a laceration, glowing with a pinkish hue.

Rex saw that Mavenna was holding a long whip in her right hand like a serpent, its aura was enough to show that it was no ordinary whip—an enchanted weapon. Additionally, Rex also could assume that the whip was the cause of the laceration on his back.

A laceration that throbbed with excruciating pain, more than any normal person could take.

It was the pain of the Pain Utopia spell from Mavenna.

Despite giving a boost of 20% to the one she targeted—it also left behind pain to the target that would last throughout the duration of this demonic spell. But then again, this spell from her was the perfect spell for Rex.

Unlike any other, his pain tolerance was extremely high.

Much less a pain to the body, he could even endure a pain directly into his soul.

Perfect timing, Mavenna.

Rex snapped his attention back to the front and beheld a descending halberd, its immense power poised to strike him vertically. From the looks of things, Lisnguanx aimed to end him with a single blow, a blatant attempt to mock him.

An attempt that Rex was not appreciating at all.

Swoosh!

Cracking the ground beneath him, Rex disappeared from his spot like a ghost.

He was moving even faster than before.

Even though he was amplified with demonic energy, an incompatible energy to his Werewolf form, the one given by Mavenna was adjustable. It was a weird sensation, but Rex could feel that he could use the additional energy from her as if it was moonlight energy.

Must be the innate nature of the Rosadonna Succubus.

In a blink of an eye, before the halberd could impact the ground, Rex appeared mid-air.

His free left hand was extended forward as he appeared right in front of Lisnguanx's face.

"I understand that you were renowned in the past for your innate strength," Rex murmured as time seemed to dilate around them. "Undoubtedly, you are confident in your power, perhaps buoyed by the decline of strength in this distinct new era with most of the older ones seized in slumber but... don't make the mistake of underestimating someone such as myself—even if you had killed other Werewolf Princes in the past..."

CRASH!!

A loud crashing sound reverberated to the surroundings.

Some parts of the battlefield even halted momentarily at this crashing sound as Humans and Supernaturals alike had their attention to the source. Those nearest to the epicenter watch a colossal creature being slammed into the ground, its impact quaking the earth.

Rex showed no mercy—claspng Lisnguanx's head and slamming it into the ground.

His small body in comparison to Lisnguanx could produce a horrendous amount of strength.

Even the helmet adorning Lisnguanx's head was dented by this feat of power.

It irked Rex great that a summoned creature from Chaos looked down on him too much and even attempted to take him down with a single strike. If anyone wanted to defeat him, they would need way more than a single strike.

Moreover, that single attack was not fancy or timed perfectly either.

It was a simple, straight vertical strike.

Out of everything, that strike was more of an insult to someone like Rex.

Climbing back to his feet with deliberate slowness, Rex cast a cold gaze upon Lisnguanx who was sprawled on the ground in stunned disbelief. The ease with which Rex had slammed the formidable entity down filled the air with an aura of astonishment.

"I am not the regular Werewolf Prince," Rex continued with a chilling tone.

Every vein across his body was bulging from the Pain Utopia spell, overdriving his muscles—it added the air of menace to his appearance as under Mavenna's spell, Lisnguanx was not at all comparable to him anymore.

In a face-off of physique, Rex will win ten times out of ten against Lisnguanx.

At the same time, the powerful Demons and Vampires who were attacking Lisnguanx fiercely had their expression turned to shock. Knowing how strong Lisnguanx was, the favorite out of all summoned creatures of the Fiftborn, it was surprising to see Rex easily take it down.

Upon seeing this sight, they believed that Rex truly matched the Executor in strength.

Nobody could get near those two on this battlefield.

I dedicated my strongest lightning spell under the First Breath to the attack I did earlier, but it did nothing to this chaos creature. Despite using my water spell to amplify the lightning spell, it still did nothing to it.

Rex observed the lightning he infused into his earlier attack on Lisnguanx's form.

Each sizzle of lightning only traversed through its entire body.

Not a single one managed to cause damage to Lisnguanx, it was only acting like fireworks.

From this alone, he could tell that there was no chance of using his elements later.

If his elemental spell couldn't do anything to Lisnguanx, then there's simply no chance that it would do anything to the Executor. With this realization—he confirmed that it's best to avoid using his elements against the Executor.

Aside from it being ineffective, it would only drain his stamina faster than it should.

Just then, Rex caught sight of Lisnguanx's body twitching.

Boom!!

Showcasing his insane reflex, the moment Lisnguanx's body twitched, he already struck at it for the second time with the Amuerus Katana. However, Rex was surprised to see that even with his inhuman reflex, Lisnguanx was able to escape from its dire position.

It's still very fast, I really can't believe it could move this fast with that kind of size.

Rex kept his eyes on Lisnguanx, galloping with its hooves.

Observing Rex with a newfound respect, Lisnguanx circled him, its predatory gaze assessing him for any weaknesses. With each passing moment, its aura intensified, becoming stronger and brighter gradually.

It was as if each step it took made its energy stronger.

At first, he thought that it was only his feelings, but it turned out to be true.

Lisnguanx was actually charging for an attack as opposed to observing his movements.

Roar!!

Upon seeing this, Rex smiled as he turned to look to his side.

"Mavenna, if you would be so inclined..."

"It's strong, so don't expect me to weaken it severely"

Having an assistant beside him, there was no need for him to be afraid of this attack.

Though he possessed the power of his King Marks and could defeat Lisnguanx at this exact moment if he wanted to, Rex hesitated due to the anticipated backlash from the First Breath if he actually went through with this. A consequence he preferred to avoid.

Rex resolved to refrain from relying on his King Marks until the showdown with the Executor.

Enduring the First Breath's suppression was manageable in a short amount of time, but even then the effect would persist for days. He couldn't afford that, not when the Executor wasn't also being hit by the same consequences.

So it would be best for him to wait to use his King Marks.

Mavenna extended her hands forward and made a triangle shape with Lisnguanx as her fixed target. She harnessed the Demonic energy inside of her, summoning gentle shockwaves that pulsated from her form.

"Rosadonna Spell, Kiss of Molten Flowers,"

In the next second, Rex could see the ground on either side of him cracked open.

Came out of it was a molten flower.

At first glance, he could tell that it was harlequin flowers but dripping with demonic pink lava.

Rex knew about this because his home city had a lot of them lying around.

Swoosh!

Beneath his watchful gaze, the flowers aimed themselves at the charging Lisnguanx who had already turned into a violet blur, its halberd thrust ahead and encased in chaos energy. Then, the flowers unleashed a pink beam that struck Lisnguanx squarely on the barrier protecting it from external attacks.

A barrier made of chaos energy, one of the strongest elements there is.

Summoning her wings, Mavenna also flew up and whipped Lisnguanx with her leather whip.

Even though her attempts only strike at the barrier—its effect still works as Rex could clearly feel that the barrier was weakening. Just like Mavenna confessed before the fight—as a very rare breed of Succubus, she excels in strengthening and weakening abilities.

For a brief moment, Rex's aura sizzles like a steaming vapor.

It was only then that a red crescent moon mark appeared on his forehead.

Understanding that he would need raw power in order to break through Lisnguanx's barrier—even with the weakening effect from Mavenna, he activated the Berserker's Curse skill, a skill that propelled his physical prowess even further.

Not even stopping at that, he also activated his Extreme State skill.

Despite not using his King Marks, the enhancement these two skills brought was enormous.

Rex's power shot shyly below the threshold of the First Breath.

Crack!

Boom!!

Launching himself forward with fierce, a manic smile spread across his face.

In the heat of the battle, before clashing with Lisnguanx, his eyes averted to the Executor on the side, watching their battle attentively. It was a sight that made Rex's smile stretch wider as this moment could be capitalized.

Keep observing me, Executor. Watch me as I crush this pet of yours.

"Raaarrggh!!"

KABOOM!!

Upon confronting Rex head-on, Lisnguanx got launched in the other direction like a bullet.

It created a straight line in the Human Army ranks as it was rag-dolled away.

Contrarily, Rex got forcefully pushed backward ten steps upon impact before firmly planting his feet into the ground, stopping the momentum. The chaos energy managed to shockingly infiltrate his body despite his defenses.

At the corner of his mouth, a drizzle of blood could be seen cascading down.

But even then, Lisnguanx definitely suffered the most.

I definitely felt puncturing through its chest and blasted my energy inside.

Recalling the fleeting moment of impact earlier, Rex was quite sure that Lisnguanx was out of the count for the time being. However, he didn't have time to catch his breath when a figure landed a distance away from him.

Judging from the sharp aura, it was obvious who it was before looking.

It was the Executor.

"You fight together with the Supernaturals, swallowing your pride and amassing this army to go against me," He opened, casting a mocking smirk at Rex. "Laudable, but inadequate. You said that you would show me this so-called earned strength, but all I see are weaknesses. I must say, I am not impressed..."

Upon hearing this, Rex gulped harshly as he was now face to face with his greatest enemy.

Forcing a confident smile, he replied, "Not impressed? I haven't shown you anything yet..."

Chapter 1070 Demented Reason

Rex puts on a facade of confidence in the face of the ultimate power of the ancient world.

He was standing motionlessly, holding the Amuerus Katana firmly in his hand.

Even though he was accustomed to a world of extreme violence through the battle he had with his past enemies, none could come remotely close to the Executor. Rex could feel the weight of his past defeats pressing down on him like a suffocating blanket.

All his senses were heightened and stimulated at this intense moment.

It was a moment that would determine the world's future.

Coming from ahead of him was the distant howl of the wind that seemed to echo the doubts that still lingered in his heart, whispering reminders of his previous failures against the being before him, the Executor.

Every nerve in his body tingled with anticipation.

My legs... they are trembling.

Rex tilted his head down, seeing his legs that were crumbling at the weight of the moment.

Despite not wanting to admit the feeling he was experiencing right now, it was undoubtedly fear—its taste lingering on the tip of his tongue. His body also responded to the fear greatly. His breath came in short gasps, and his sweat dampened his palms.

Had he not gripped the Amuerus Katana with mana, it might slipped out of his hand.

But amidst the trembling uncertainty, Rex remains strong.

His bravery was on full display as he looked at the Executor with fiery determination.

It was usually the other way around—anyone would be experiencing fear to fight me but now the situation was reversed. The feeling of fear is an instinctual response to perceived threats—meaning that my body knows that I could die here.

Not once had he ever seen the Executor in a state other than overwhelming arrogance.

One look is enough to tell that the Executor fancies himself a God.

Anything other than him is nothing but mere tools, lesser beings that should bow under him.

Such an absolute air of certainty put immense mental pressure on Rex.

Refocusing back to the Executor, he squared his shoulders and steeled his resolve.

Despite the army doing great against the barrage of advanced weaponry, there's still a sliver of chance of them being defeated. I can't show a bad appearance until the opposing army is defeated completely. I should stall for time until the Ice and Snow Princess arrived.

Fighting the Executor would undoubtedly be hazardous.

On top of not yet attaining the ninth epiphany in his cursed power, he must stand resolute on the battlefield until the Supernatural Army is sure to defeat the Human Army. Maintaining the morale is crucial in determining the outcome of the battle.

Thus, Rex decided to stall, there was no need to rush and take the Executor down.

He needs to be patient.

Looking at the Executor dead in the eye, Rex said, "Before we fight, why is your aim here?"

"What do you aspire to gain from doing this?" He added, squinting his eyes.

Upon hearing this, the Executor tilted his head eerily and raised his sharp claw-like fingers to tap on his chin a couple of times, "What do I gain from this battle, huh...?" He mused before a wicked smile appeared on his face. "I think you already know the answer to that,"

"Yes, the mythical weapon at the Symposium, I know," Rex nodded. "But I'm not asking that"

Rex was not asking about the purpose of this battle.

Since the Executor knew that Rex possessed the System, he probably already expected that Rex already had an idea of why he was aiming for the Symposium. In fact, the Executor even presumed that Rex was aware of his identity as the Fifthborn.

The youngest out of all the Executors.

In his mind, the System knew everything, just like how the Supreme One knows everything.

But if not asking about the purpose of the battle, the Executor was confused.

Perceiving the Executor's genuine confusion, Rex expounded, "I'm not asking about the aim of you being here, I'm asking the reason why you seek to enslave all Supernatural creatures. Since you are born with strength, it's hard to imagine you harbor hatred toward them due to personal tragedy in the past,"

Every single person that talked of the Executor always incited that he was hateful.

However, Rex couldn't decipher the source of this deep hatred.

While it may be true that there were probably times in the past when the Executor suffered a humiliating defeat against the Supernaturals, the hatred that was birthed from those kinds of incidents shouldn't make him want to enslave all Supernaturals.

Just like Rex himself, he was hateful of the Supernaturals in the near past.

Slowly, that hatred was waning after the resolution.

He once thought of eradicating all Supernaturals, but after the resolution he had against the Werewolf who killed his parents, Ruston, he learned that embracing genocidal tendencies—perpetuates the cycle of suffering, resulting in more people experiencing the same suffering as him.

Rex doesn't want that, he wants that to end.

Due to those things, he concluded that the Executor must have an unresolved hatred.

"So what is it, Fifthborn? Why are you fixed on enslaving the Supernaturals?" He asked again.

Upon hearing this, the Executor lowered his face.

At the sight of the Executor reacting this much, Rex's eyes flickered in anticipation.

It must be really bad if thinking about it made him act like this.

Eventually, Rex was utterly caught off guard when a light chuckling sound reverberated, the source was the Executor. He was initially chuckling, but that chuckle gradually swelled into a hearty laughter.

Rex looked at him in complete confusion, he wasn't expecting the Executor to react like this.

Akin to hearing the funniest joke, the Executor indulges in the laughter.

"Reason...? You ask for my reason? Hahahaha~!" the Executor laughed again before his face shifted into a mocking one. "Do you really think someone like me—who has absolute power would need a reason to enslave you all? Ah~ my apologies, I thought you were at least a tiny bit different than the rest, but you are the same"

"I don't have a reason, I did this because I want to—because I like it," He added, grinning.

Albeit aware that the Executor was demented, Rex was still surprised.

Despite all of the heinous acts that he had done in the past and even in the new era, at the very least he thought that the Executor would be sane enough to have a reason. But seems like he was gravely mistaken.

He's no Human, he's a monster inside an empty shell of a human body.

But as if it was not enough, the Executor raised his index finger in a sudden realization, "Ah, but if I must articulate a reason—it's simply because you're all beneath me. Your existence serves only to make my own better, nothing more, nothing less"

"Don't you agree, Royal Black Prince?" He asked back. "It's the natural way of living,"

With arms outstretched in an aura of pompous arrogance and feigned holiness, the Executor persisted, "Since in this new era, I reign as the sole God of the world—I alone am worthy as to be a God. It's only natural for you, lesser beings to worship your God."

"Even the people that fought alongside you here? Are they also lesser beings?" Rex asked.

His expression was already as dark as the darkest midnight.

It was obvious that he was taking the Executor's words badly, letting them get into his heart.

Surveying the entire battlefield, from the amalgamation of Awakened fighters to the military forces, and even the Black Hands that were in a desperate struggle against the Supernatural Army for the sake of helping his aspirations, the Executor smirked derisively.

Not even needing to know what he was about to say, Rex already knew that it was bad.

"Of course, they are different than the Supernaturals," the Executor replied. "But regardless, they are still a lesser being. Well, if I had to classify them, then they are a second-rate slave while the Supernaturals are third-rate"

Swoosh!

Crack!

Upon hearing this, Rex's aura exploded, gushing out torrents of cataclysmic energy.

"I had enough of you, Executor," He mumbled raspily.

Even though he knew that talking his way into the Executor wouldn't work, there was not a chance that he could've guessed the words that came out of the Executor's mouth. He was operating in a world only known to his arrogant mind.

Now Rex understands that others' lives are nothing inside the Executor's eyes.

Just the thought of these people fighting for the Executor made his blood boil like magma.

A leader who doesn't care about his people isn't fit to lead.

It's partially my fault so I have to do my part and fix this, the Executor must die!

Kaboom!

Rex's entire body erupted once more with a torrential surge of energy, surpassing any power he had unleashed thus far in the battle. His energy spreads like wildfire, affecting the entirety of the battlefield—capable of overwhelming anyone within its influence with a crushing force.

Some of the less-stronger people, or injured people were crushed into meatpaste.

Not even pulling back, Rex activated both of his King Marks.

A full moon mark could be seen adorning his forehead with half of it red and the other black.

Upon the activation of his King Mark, his skin began to crack, exuding a blend of color that emanated the kingly energy that is reserved for the apex of Werewolf society. Rex's power shot through the roof because of this.

Added with the enhancements from his skills and also Mavenna, he has reached a new sky.

It was safe to say that he was the strongest he had ever been.

"For the betterment of the entire world and the future of all living beings, I swore that before this battle was over, I'd expose your false godhood, Executor—revealing that even those you deem lesser beings possess the power to bring you down," Rex proclaimed, his words a firm challenge to the arrogant Executor.

Even if he were to die in this battle, he swore that he would fulfill this promise.

Not even death would stop him from crushing the Executor's God complex.

Responding the same, the Executor also gradually activated his Chaos element, even sharper than the one Lisnguanx was emitting. In addition, this was the first time for Rex to see the full might of the Executor Chaos element.

Just the tip of its power sent a shiver down his spine.

Unlike Rex's aura, which exudes destructive power and oppressive authority as the supreme Alpha, the apex Werewolf, the Executor's Chaos aura is like a cold breeze of air in the night, capable of swallowing any glimmer of light.

In this situation, however, this Chaos aura was aiming to swallow the light of hope.

The hope that an entity capable of defeating him in the future will never be birthed.

Crushing all hope through the death of the Royal Black Prince.

Swoosh!!

Only the friction of their clashing auras was enough to create a vicious whirlwind that spread through the battlefield, capturing the attention of those who were close enough to feel every ounce of energy produced by the face-off between the leaders of the two opposing sides.

For a fleeting moment, the entire battlefield paused to look at these two.

However, it was then that the Executor made a move.

"Can you keep up with me, Royal Black Prince?" He asked, smiling from ear to ear. "I wanted to stretch, and you might suffice in helping me do that. Since this is not the main event, I will use you to prepare myself"

Upon hearing this, Rex raised an eyebrow in confusion.

But it was then that the Executor added, "What? You don't think this is my limit, don't you?"

"In case you forget, I haven't used my elemental spirit yet. Do you want to meet with it...?"

Not even giving Rex time to process what he said, a creature of immense power, drawn from the deepest part of the Abyss itself, materialized behind the Executor—fixing its gaze upon Rex with profound curiosity.

Rex marveled at this creature in utter shock.

"What is that...? Even Devo is a child compared to that" He gasped sharply.