

Full-Moon 1071

Chapter 1071 Combat Awareness

It passes Rex's mind the sole fact that an Awakened above the sixth rank realm had a spirit.

Back when he had just assimilated with Devo, he gained a hint that ancient Awakened would not have assimilated with a spirit at the sixth-rank realm, the method of cultivating their own power was different compared to the new era.

Rex doesn't know when, but ancient Awakened assimilated with a spirit at a higher realm.

At the very least, at the seventh-rank realm or above.

Due to the burden of the mind, stressing over the preparation for this fight—he didn't realize he didn't realize that throughout their encounter, he had never seen the Executor summoning his own elemental spirit.

Not once had he used his spirit energy.

From the moment they met until now, the Executor only used his raw mana to fight others.

Only the naive would think the Executor doesn't have a spirit.

"What is that...? Even Devo is a child compared to that," Rex gasped sharply seeing the literal chaos incarnation, a being of profound ancientness, a clear specter of the primordial world—the Executor's spirit manifests itself and gazed at him.

At the sight of this, Rex felt his throat instantly felt dry.

It felt like he was stared at by the ultimate predator, a humongous obsidian nine-tailed fox.

Manifesting gracefully into the world of the living, the beast eyed Rex from top to bottom. Its fur is a vortex of obsidian. Purple shadows seem to cling to it, wisps of darkness playing over sinewy limbs.

Nothing could escape this primordial spirit's eyes.

Possessing multiple eyes across its head showed its exceptional sight ability, however, it was not only relying on those eyes. Its nine tails also had amethyst eyes across them—a spirit of unfathomable power and origin.

Fused by spirit energy, the Executor's aura spreads and cracks the ground.

Rex felt his own body tightened when he felt this.

If earlier he could handle the Executor's aura well, this time, he would need to give in effort.

Only then can he sustain the pressing aura from the Executor.

Knowing that the two were about to battle, resulting in deadly devastations—the people who were too close to them started to retreat to safer distances. At the very least, they should be able to fight against the opposing army without being impacted by the impending clash that would occur soon enough between Rex and the Executor.

Meanwhile, Rex shook his head and snapped out of his daze.

He squinted his eyes to inspect the Executor's spirit.

Devo possesses a remarkable spirit energy, comparable to spirits above five thousand years of age. However, the Executor's spirit... Its energy is extraordinarily dense, easily doubling if not more of Devo's spirit energy, making it around the ten thousand-year mark.

Assessing the spirit, Rex could tell instantly that it was way stronger than Devo.

[It surpasses me by leagues. That spirit is known as Sharion the Fox Tyrant, one of the fifty Divine Spirits of Corvanna, among the strongest in the spirit realm. If I'm considered a High Spirit now, Sharion is a Divine Spirit. Despite its placement being near the bottom ranks, it's still very strong]

[Yeah, it's scary... Its source of power is worship through fear if remember correctly]

Out of nowhere, Devo and Amanair explained.

Even though he doesn't have the System to instantly access the knowledge he seeks, he can still rely on Devo and Amanair, both well-versed in the spirit realm. However, receiving the info about Sharion furrowed his brow with concern.

Since this spirit is famous and even got a nickname, it must be extremely strong.

As expected of the Executor's elemental spirit.

Before Rex could even recover from the shock, the Executor stepped forward and declared.

"You promise to challenge my view—as stupid as that might sound, I respect it," the Executor spoke with a measured intensity, advancing forward with steady steps. "In return, I also offer my own vow for this confrontation: before this battle ends, Royal Black Prince, you will kneel before me!"

Swoosh!

Rex's pupils dilated seeing the Executor cut the distance between them instantly.

He managed to barely cross his arms to defend himself.

Bam!

In a split second, infused with the spirit energy from his primordial spirit, the Executor struck Rex with his claw-like fingers and sent him crashing away. A blast of chaos energy was made upon impact, strengthening the propelling force.

So strong! My arms are numb!

Giving no time for Rex to rest, the sky split open before a figure came crashing down.

During the second Rex was disoriented, the Executor managed to leap and pierce the clouds above before coming crashing down once again. He became a purple shooting star, and the speed he was traveling became faster and faster with the help of his spirit.

It was galloping the air hard right beside the Executor.

Crash!!

Only Rex could see the trajectory of the Executor's attack, but the onlookers couldn't.

None of them could see what was happening as the ground suddenly inflated and exploded.

Blocking the attack with the Amuerus Katana, Rex witnessed that the weapon's surface was visibly cracking under the sheer force of the attack. It could barely handle the attack. I must kill more people! I couldn't go against him head-on, I need more strength!

Gritting his teeth, Rex kicked the Executor in the guts, pushing him back before escaping.

As he sprinted to the side, heading to the Human Army, he activated both Devo and Amanir's Gladiator Form, augmenting his physique further. He also didn't hesitate to activate one other skill of his, the Extreme State skill—pushing his limit to the absolute maximum.

Swoosh!

Blitz!

Ignoring the Executor, he went straight to the Human Army.

Even though he hesitated to kill them right now, the pressure forced him to not hesitate.

Channeling his Red Force, he initiated a merciless onslaught, cutting through the ranks of the Human Army with brutal efficiency. He swung the Amuerus Katana left and right, claiming all the lives he could in the shortest amount of time.

Nothing could block his seething attack.

Some of the machines that were infused with mutated animal hides were still not enough.

All got sliced by the strength of the Ameurus Katana.

Rex was desperately amplifying the power of the Amuerus Katana, and also accumulating all Life Essences that he could get. He could tell that at this point, he couldn't really do anything to the Executor.

Any second now, I only need to make him exert more power.

Nodding his head, Rex continued the onslaught before the Executor came rushing in.

Roarr!

Invigorated at the sight of Rex managing to single-handedly cause disruptive problems—the Executor charged towards him from the back, tackling him with formidable force. Going for a rough grab to Rex's neck, the Executor slammed his head to the ground.

Brutally, the Executor sprinted and dragged Rex's head across the battlefield.

He was handling Rex through sheer strength alone.

Upon reaching the center of the battlefield, hitting Supernaturals that got in the way without stopping, he forcefully hurled Rex forward. As Rex's head spun from being dragged along the ground, he was flung onward.

Reaching out his hand, a chilling ink-black spear flew and went to the Executor's hands.

Blasting forward, the Executor aims to impale Rex with the spear.

However, Rex fortunately was able to stave off the dizziness and reacted quickly.

Blitz!

He fired a couple of black lightning strikes at the Executor.

It was an attempt to distract the Executor and escape this disadvantageous momentum.

Just as he did that, Rex's eyes widened in astonishment as he witnessed the Executor cast a meaningful smile at him and summon a swirling vortex of purple chaos from his palm, able to absorb the lightning strikes as if it were a voracious black hole.

Not stopping at that, the Executor did the unthinkable.

Blitz!!

Pointing his hand at Rex, a couple of lightning strikes came out of his fingertips.

Distinct from Rex's lightning strikes, these bolts bore a violet hue, yet their essence remained unchanged. Caught off guard by this unexpected development, Rex got electrocuted. He let out a grunt before he somersaulted backward, landing on his feet with a heavy pant.

It's like what he did at the Vampire back then.

Rex remembered the moment when he was still helping the Executor at the Shifting Realm.

There, he intentionally permitted an attack to land on the Executor, only to see an unfamiliar way of power. With a mere gaze, the Executor was able to make the Vampire responsible for the attack bleed profusely.

Back then, Rex didn't know what it was but turns out he copied the Vampire's spell.

Coming to this realization, Rex couldn't help but frown.

Summoning creatures, suppression, and now copying abilities... What more does he have?

"Is that all that you can do, Fifthbo-"

Just before he could finish his sentence, Rex saw a gleaming, razor-sharp object hurtling at lightning speed toward him. Reacting swiftly—he leaped backward just in time to evade the deadly thrust that turned out to be the ink-black spear belonging to the Executor.

His Werewolf senses were still very sensitive to threats.

Even with the disparity in power, it would still be hard for the Executor to get him like this.

He should be coming to me right now. Maybe I should explode this entire place wi-

Once again, Rex couldn't finish his thoughts as the Executor suddenly appeared before him—appearing like a ghost and caught the flying spear that was mere inches from Rex's body. As Rex saw this, his eyes widened in utter disbelief.

So... So fast! I think he used a spell when I was not focused on him!

Even though the usage of spirit energy made the Executor stronger, he shouldn't be able to blitz Rex like this. He was fast, but it shouldn't be to the point where Rex couldn't sense him approaching closer.

Casting a wicked smile, the Executor exclaimed, "I got you now, Royal Black Prince!"

Raising the spear high and above, the chaos mana around him swirled.

It was swirling like a whirlwind and made the tip of the black spear the core of its rotation.

Just from this alone, Rex could tell that the Executor was about to cast another chaos spell.

One that would undoubtedly be way stronger than anything he uses.

Despite the imminent danger posed by the incoming attack, with the high probability that he would be injured severely, Rex's lips curled into a smile that confused the Executor. In such a situation, his reaction was unexpected and puzzling.

"You should rethink again," Rex mused with a daunting smile. "Did you forget something?"

Upon hearing this, the Executor frowned for a second before his eyes widened.

Almost instantly, he looked skywards and found the white sphere in the sky was gleaming.

It was reacting to his heightening power.

Realizing that unleashing one of his stronger spells provoked a vehement response from the white sphere of the First Breath, the Executor clenched his teeth and intended to deliver the attack he was about to do at Rex.

But his momentary hesitation earlier cost him the chance to exact the attack.

Rex was able to make a quick dash away from the Executor.

Even though he did that quickly, Rex's leg was still within the Executor's reach.

Naturally, the Executor wanted to pull him so that at the very least, both of them would bore the full brunt of the white sphere's force, but the suppression shot from the white sphere, in the form of a white beam, outpaced even the Executor's swift reflexes.

Shingg!

Boom!!

Since the power coming from the Executor was immense, the reaction was also immense.

Rex and all the others near the area got flung away like bullets.

Even the ground was trembling violently as if there was a nuke exploding nearby, all because of the Executor's power exceeding the threshold of the First Breath by a large margin. It was what Rex was expecting from the start.

He wanted to use the white sphere against the Executor.

A moment ago when he was activating his King Marks, he was being extra careful.

One wrong move and he would be shot at the suppression.

Due to that very reason, he chose to persist with his lightning spells despite knowing that the lightning element was not effective against the Executor. He made a calculated act to avoid suppression from the white sphere.

"Not even you would come out unscathed from that, Fifthborn" Rex mused with a light smirk.

Chapter 1072 Born with Power

In an attempt to close the gap in their strength, Rex thought of everything he could do.

He already made observations of the white sphere before coming to this battle and deduced the level of damage it did through the suppression beam varies depending on the amount of energy an entity emitted beyond the threshold.

Even Rex himself had already felt the suppression beam.

Breaking through the eighth-rank realm barrier a bit would scorch his skin severely.

Meanwhile, barely breaking through the barrier only resulted in a sting.

From that experiment alone, he discerned that the level of suppression varied depending on the extent of the breach an entity committed against the First Breath. In contrast to his own experiment, the breach the Executor did through his spell was substantial.

At that moment, the Executor's aura surged to the nearing the peak of the eighth-rank realm.

Such a breach would evoke a devastating response.

Another entity surpassed the breach caused by the Executor, namely the Storm Prince who sought to kill Rex back then. However, he wasn't as affected by the suppression because of the help of the Lunirich Gods.

Had he not had their help, the Storm Prince would likely have disintegrated.

"He doesn't have any backer, he definitely couldn't come out of this unscathed," Rex mused.

Even though he believed that the Executor would survive this suppression, he would clearly be wounded beyond measure. It would make the fight easier, and who knows, he might not need to finish his plan to kill the Executor thanks to this.

As the Executor boasts, he's strong alone.

But no matter how strong he was, it was impossible to overpower the First Breath.

It was a world phenomenon, the energy it generated would simply be too much to handle.

Looking ahead, Rex waited for the suppression beam to vanish.

His kingly energy elapsed with the power of the Red Force and created a barrier around his own body to protect himself from the breeze of the suppression. Soon, it would vanish and reveal the state of the Executor.

Only then could he gauge his next move properly.

Not even ten seconds later, Rex squinted his eyes when he noticed something.

"What is that...?" He uttered and squinted his eyes.

Amidst the rampaging torrent of the white beam, he could see an unusual color at its center.

Gazing closely at the white beam, he then saw a flicker of color.

Swish!

"It can't be!" Rex exclaimed in horror when he saw a purplish hue flickering inside the white beam. "Chaos energy! Is- Is he really able to sustain that level of suppression?! No... I don't even think I could sustain that, and he could?!"

Breaking his expectations to pieces, the Executor slowly rose to his feet within the beam.

His entire appearance becomes more sinister by the second.

Furthermore, the influx of chaos energy from his body intensified incrementally, able to even saturate the once pristine white beam with shades of purple. It kept on going until eventually a cocoon of chaos materialized within the beam, culminating in a detonation of force.

"Raargghh!!!"

Boom!

Hit by the extreme shockwave, Rex got hurtled back in an ungrateful motion.

A couple of times he tried to stop the momentum by clawing the ground but he couldn't, and even got hurtled further away than he wanted. Only when he was caught by someone did he stop, gazing forward in concern.

Not even caring about who helped him stop, his eyes gazed at where the Executor stood.

Under the rampage of his chaos energy, the white beam was dispersed.

It was a feat that Rex could never thought the Executor could do, not without any help.

Standing in the heart of a swirling purple mists was the Executor, his presence was emitting an entirely different feel to it. Chaos energy ripples through the air around him, and not only his presence, but his appearance also changed.

Topless, his sculpted slender torso is a canvas of glowing purple combination of glyphs.

Each a cipher of the pandemonium element coursing within him.

His hair has grown longer, whipping about like tendrils of shadow—a dark crown to his form.

But the one that caught Rex's attention the most was his tails.

From the nine purple tails adorning his back alone, Rex could tell what had happened.

"Gladiator Form..." Rex mused with stress evident in his voice.

Rex already expected that since the Executor also has a spirit, he would also be able to use a Gladiator Form. He understood that if he pressed the Executor hard enough, that form would emerge, but he couldn't believe that it was this strong.

Even as he observed the Executor, the white sphere was still relentless.

It still fired a white beam toward the Executor, but it was blocked by his sheer aura alone.

Akin to a weak spell, the Executor's chaos energy deflected the suppression.

"Prepare yourself, Royal Black Prince," A voice came to him from the back, and it turned out to be Carmilla. He was hurtled all the way back to Carmilla's position. "His Gladiator Form— it's not a mere form, but it was also his true form of war. He's taking you seriously now,"

Rex could tell that even without Carmilla telling him.

His senses were riled to the utmost limit, he could feel that his entire being was shaking.

"Are you finally afraid of him...?" Carmilla suddenly asked.

She could visibly tell that Rex was trembling at the sight of the Executor's Gladiator Form. It was not a good sign for the entire course of the battle, but she knew that it was not the fear of death that gripped him, it was nothing of that sort.

Upon hearing this, Rex replied with a light tone, "Yes... I am afraid"

Carmilla found it surprising that he answered that.

But then, he slowly rose back up to his feet. "It would be a blatant lie if I said I'm not afraid right now, "he admitted, though his trembling under the Executor's pressure, Carmilla was surprised when all of that vanished in a second—he returned normal instantly. "But this fear is a reminder, it's a good thing, it's a sign that I must fight. It reminds me that I'm alive, and as long as I'm alive, victory will still be probable"

Nodding her head with a smile, she reaches out her hand and summons a small blood portal.

Pulling a weapon out of the portal, she proceeds to give it to Rex.

"Here, use this, I'm sure the Origin wouldn't mind," Carmilla said, posing the weapon to Rex.

Looking at the weapon, a cutlass, Rex's eyes widened in shock.

Even though he had only seen this weapon one time, he instantly recognized it.

It was the Origin-grade weapon, the Blood Devourer!

"Carmilla, how did you-?" "It doesn't matter how I get it, the most important thing is that you can use it now"

Albeit he was curious as to how Carmilla got her hands on the Blood Devourer, knowing that it was supposed to be held by Calidora, he decided that it was not important right now. Just like she said, what's important is that he could use it right now.

Giving her an approving nod, he trained his eyes back to the Executor.

Clasping both the Amuerus Katana and the Blood Devourer, he prepared himself to fight.

<Blood Devourer Wielder effect has been applied to the user!>

<Three effects have been gained:>

→ Gained a 50% physical stat boost at the cost of possessing a gradual hunger for blood

→ Able to manipulate the blood elements

→ Gain access to Bloodborne Offering Spell

...

<Bloodborne Offering>

A powerful Origin-rank noble blood magic that allows the caster to enhance the potency of any abilities by offering gathered or possessed blood. It also grants additional effects that are tailored to each nature of the enhanced ability.

...

Reading the notification, Rex nodded as the effect of the Blood Devourer took effect.

It was not a measly effect either.

Since it was an Origin-grade weapon, the effects it provided were also extremely powerful.

At the very least, these benefits would help Rex in his fight.

Exhaling a purple, seething breath, the Executor inhaled deeply before raising his eyes, fierce under a furrowed brow, holding the promise of unleashed bedlam. He fixed his gaze on Rex—far away from him due to the shockwave from earlier.

Between them both was the Supernatural Army and the Human Army, clashing fiercely.

Now, both armies were already clashing directly.

However, despite the distance and a battlefield full of battling people, the Executor could see him and fixed his menacing gaze. Nothing could waver the Executor's gaze, and it felt like the gaze was a blade, stabbing into Rex.

Squinting his fearsome eyes, he made his move.

Swoosh!

In a fraction of a second, the Executor disappeared from his spot.

Rex frowned at this sight, but his eyes widened when he caught something in his periphery.

Despite being nearly a mile apart from each other, the Executor was able to blitz through the distance in the blink of an eye, reaching Rex's side instantly—a feat that was supposed only to be done by those in the eighth-rank realm.

However, with the Gladiator Form, he was able to push the threshold of the First Breath.

Bam!

Showcasing the power of his Gladiator Form, the Executor managed to move faster than Rex could react to. He got hit squarely on the side by the black spear and got sent flying away—covering the vast plain of the battlefield.

Rex hissed as he felt a sizzling burn on his side.

He looked down to his side mid-air and found that there was a severe burnt wound.

It looked like a wound left by a Fire Elementalist but with corruption.

<Crippling Wicked Grasp skill has affected the user!>

<All stats have been weakened by 40%!>

Just like back when he first met with the Executor, he got hit by the same crippling skill.

Gritting his teeth, he tried to search for the Executor's whereabouts.

But he couldn't find him anywhere.

Bam!

"Huaarghkk!"

Bam!

Bam!

The Executor unleashed a relentless barrage of attacks, leaving Rex no opportunity to locate him or mount a defense. Struck from all angles by the black spear, each blow sent Rex flying away in the opposite direction like a broken doll.

Rex couldn't do anything as the Executor was moving too fast for him to see.

Defending himself becomes impossible because of that.

Aware of the dire consequences if the onslaught continued unchecked, Rex wasted no time and swiftly activated his cursed energy. He had diligently honed his ability to incorporate his cursed energy into his being without deactivating his other energies.

If succeeded, it would not only make him stronger but also mask his energy.

He would be harder to predict.

Even though it's a hazardous process, I managed to do it—I succeeded.

Swoosh!

Under his control, the cracks across his body began to be amplified by his cursed energy.

His power made another leap, especially his senses.

Since his Greater Cursed Body was now activated—Rex's bodily senses were also amplified, enabling him to keenly perceive the Executor's movements unlike before. Quickly, he deployed the Damned Specter skill, creating a clone within the cursed realm.

He witnessed the Executor closing in on him from his front.

Like a rhino, the Executor was charging right at him with the black spear pointed forward.

Crossing his arms, the clone decided to take the hit for Rex's real body.

But the moment the Executor thrust the black spear into his stomach, the momentum did not at all stop. He persisted, driving the weapon infused with an extreme amount of chaos and spirit energy through Rex's actual body right in the guts, and propelling him back with blood gushing out of his mouth and abdomen.

Even the cursed clone was destroyed instantly when receiving the Executor's attack.

"Kahhkk!" Rex faced the cloudy sky, coughing blood several times.

He already created a barrier using everything he had but that still doesn't stop the Executor.

"Earned power is nothing more than a facade of the weak, it's full of weaknesses, extremely easy to be exploited," the Executor whispered as he walked closer. "Those who are unlucky enough to be born without power will never reach absolute power"

Grabbing Rex by the neck, the Executor lifted him off the ground and brought him skywards.

"Do you see it now? Compared to me who was born in power, relying on nobody but myself—you are nothing. For your kind, your achievement was already extremely good. The System, it has made

the mistake of choosing you. Surrender to me, and I'll make sure that you and all of those you deem family die a painless death,"

"Your choice will determine everything Royal Black Prince, choose wisely..." He added.

Chapter 1073 Contradicting Assertion

Hope seems to be lost.

Rex already used everything he had to block the Executor's attack to no avail.

Even the strengthening effect he gained from the Blood Devourer was not working—and the Amuerus Katana's effect was not working if he couldn't land a hit on the Executor. Turns out the Executor's infamous notoriety was absolutely justified.

No wonder the Supernaturals bore hatred but are also afraid of him.

The Executor's strength is greater than any being that has ever walked the new era.

A being of true strength, destined to sit at the peak of power.

Pushing through the pain with no sign of giving up, Rex retaliated with his dual weapons.

But even then, with a mere flick of the Executor's tails, Rex's attack was effortlessly parried, and both weapons were slapped from his grasp, spinning through the air before stabbing the ground not far from their position.

"Still retaliating? Your stubbornness truly knows no bounds," the Executor mocked.

Rex smirked back dauntingly, "A perk I gain from having to experience the crucible of being weak, something you will never get and understand. You view earned power as a facade of the weak, full of weaknesses—but to me, it's one of my greatest strengths,"

Upon hearing this, the chaos energy within the Executor's body flared like fire.

"Is that so? Then let us see this strength of yours!"

Swoosh!

Out of nowhere, the chaos energy traveled through the Executor's arm and into Rex.

At that moment, Rex could see and sense clearly the relentless infiltration of chaos energy—into the crevices of his being, akin to an unyielding tidal surge. It surged through him, straight to his very core, and moved toward his mind, strangling his thoughts and causing his eyes to roll back, their irises tinted with the ominous shade of purple.

His vision was covered with a blanket of chaos, and his mind was sucked somewhere else.

Pant!

Pant!

Breathing roughly, Rex opened his eyes and found himself in a different setting.

Underneath him was not the dry ground of the battlefield but floors instead. It took him only a moment to recognize where he was, the floor was very familiar to him, and when he raised lifted his gaze, his eyes widened in shock.

No matter what angles he arrived at this place, he would always recognize this place.

"Is this the strength you speak of...?" Standing in front of him near the window viewing the full moon was the Executor.

With a tight grip, he held the necks of Rex's deceased biological parents, their eyes brimming with tears as they struggled to break free. In a wicked mind play, the Executor evilly replaces Ruston, delving into one of Rex's darkest memories.

One that still remains unpleasant to remember, possibly even to the end of time.

Rex sprung to his feet and lunged at the Executor, attempting to claw the smirk off his face.

However, his hand which was supposed to claws landed on the Executor's face.

But it did nothing to him.

"You claim that the experience of weakness is important, it's the source of your power," the Executor said, sneering, his expression twisted with malice. "But it seems your current state contradicts that assertion, all I see from you is anything but power," He added before with a single deft motion, he crushed both of Rex's biological parents' necks, killing them instantly.

Thud!

Both of their lifeless bodies fell to the floor with a heavy thud.

Looking down at them with wide eyes, Rex could see their blood making its way to his feet.

In mere seconds, their blood touches the tip of his feet.

Despite wearing shoes, he shuddered as if he could feel the wetness of the blood directly.

Not even giving Rex any time to recover from what he was seeing, the surroundings blurred again and changed into a different setting. Now Rex was standing in a ruined neighborhood, one that he also recognized instantly.

Mrs. Greene and Robert were standing side by side with the Executor towering behind them.

Just like he did to Rex's biological parents, the Executor impaled them both with his claws—spewing their blood onto Rex's face, forcing him to turn to the side with glassy eyes. It was another, but fresher, dark memory Rex didn't want to remember.

He was forced to relieve his trauma directly for the second time.

It was unclear how the Executor managed to do this, but it felt so real that Rex was stunned.

Approaching Rex with steady strides, the Executor stood towering before him.

Shoving Mrs. Greene and Robert's lifeless bodies to Rex's face, he tilted his head, "Where in this experience do you find strength?" He challenged with a cutting tone. "Your experiences have only bred weakness within you which is why only those who are born with power, pure without any weaknesses could achieve absolute strength. As for you..."

"You will die as your weakling parents did. Meaningless, helpless, weeping, and pitiful..."

A thunderous boom echoed inside Rex's head.

Even though these memories are things that kept him going through his hard times, Rex has to admit that he couldn't deny that there was a semblance of truth in what the Executor was saying—these experiences also birthed weaknesses inside of him.

If I am given the liberty to choose, I'd rather these painful moments never happen.

Rex reflected in silence.

He would never choose to have both of his biological and foster parents die unjustly.

Undoubtedly, these experiences scarred him deep inside.

Contemplating deeply, doubts began to surface in his mind like a high tide.

Am I really unfit to reach absolute power? Did the System make a mistake choosing me?

Oblivious to him, the surroundings morphed again into normal.

Returning to the present reality, the Executor's eyes gradually freed from the clutches of his own chaos energy and so does Rex. Despite this, Rex remained motionless even though the Executor was still clutching his neck tightly.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Carmilla saw what was happening and gritted her teeth.

Even with the Blood Devourer, the Executor was still too strong.

On top of that, she could also see that Rex was not responding, "Do not allow him to get into your mind, Royal Black Prince! Should you falter at this moment, the army would be doomed—the situation is dire enough as it is!"

'Was all of that bravado nothing but empty words...?' She questioned.

Breaking character, Carmilla clenched both of her fists, hoping that this was not the end.

Remembering what Rex said earlier, she trusts that this shouldn't be the end.

He said it himself, as long as he was still breathing, he would not stop fighting.

Roar!!

Graahh!!

Glancing to the side, Carmilla's countenance was ashen as she saw the army was faltering.

Apart from influencing the Executor himself, his transformation into the Gladiator Form that overpowered the First Breath also catalyzed a surge in the Human Army's morale and their offensive output that was enhanced by the Executor himself. All of their weapons hit harder, reacting to the Executor's increase in power.

Earlier, they were having problems with the stronger Supernaturals—those who were at the eighth rank or above prior to the First Breath, but now the Human Army is more effective in taking them as their attacks were enhanced by Chaos mana.

In response to this, a sky-high black blood energy shoots into the sky.

Carmilla's body flared with more energy—able to ignite a reaction from the white sphere.

Swish!

Despite the suppression beam hitting her, she perseveres.

She exerted more force to help her Vampire brethren to stave off the turning tide of war.

But that took a heavy toll on her body as she began to bleed from her nose, eyes, and ears.

Knowing the gravity of her task bestowed upon her by Elder Nolacula to aid the Royal Black Prince, she resolved not to withhold anything. It was do-or-die. Even if it meant pushing her body to its limits, and dying from overexertion—she would embrace her fate as it would be more honorable than not giving it her all.

Kaboom!!

Near Carmilla's position, Brigitta was pinned down by Lord Marcus.

She saw the sight of Rex being choked by the Executor on the far side and was excited.

A manic smile bloomed across her face as she glared at Lord Marcus.

Taking down Brigitta was nothing for Lord Marcus, he was the most trusted pions in his own family who had dealt with threats even scarier than the corrupted Brigitta. However, he was slightly surprised when a surge of energy came from Brigitta.

Lifting his foot off of Brigitta's chest, he created distance with an evident frown.

Not knowing what Brigitta was doing, it was best to keep his distance.

As Brigitta rose to her feet, a sense of foreboding swept through the Vampires in her vicinity, attuned to the dangerous air she exuded. Smearred with a darkening visage—the corrupted wind elements, tainted by chaos began to flicker ominously across her skin.

Instead of exploding outwards, this corrupted wind seeped back into her very skin.

"I'm going to-" Brigitta whispered inaudibly.

Lord Marcus and the other Vampires couldn't hear what she was saying.

But then, a painful grunt escaped her mouth when something happened.

Subsequently, her form began to radiate an inner luminescence, captivating the onlookers as the mana around her began to change. Concurrently, her very physique was also undergoing some form of metamorphosis, one that subjects her to excruciating tribulation.

Everyone was so entranced by this sight that none of them moved from their spot.

Just then, Brigitta raised her gaze, exposing her maniacal smile.

Half of her was already scorched by the chaos energy within her, making her more menacing than before. She began to cackle like a lunatic, the chaos energy seemed to also corrupt her personality—turning her mad.

"I'm going to kill you all!" She screamed—her laughter persisted and became louder.

At the sight of this, the Vampires frowned.

"Lord Marcus, what is happening to her? Should we strike her?" One Vampire asked warily.

Out of most of them, Lord Marcus is more experienced in fighting humans.

Scrutinizing Brigitta's metamorphosis, Lord Marcus' brows dipped into an evident frown. He remembered seeing something like this before, a sense of déjà vu washed over him—but it was a long time ago so it was hard for him to remember.

As no answer came from him, the other Vampires readied their weapons.

In case something unexpected happens, all of them would deal with it and protect Carmilla.

"Groaarghh!!" If the ancient humans could subjugate you—crush all of you into mere slaves," Brigitta's voice thundered, resonating with fierce determination. The pulsating purple light, emanating from within her intensified, turning her into a bright star. "Then we will do it again! Humanity will reclaim its supremacy, we will always stay at the pinnacle!!"

Kaboom!!

Protecting himself from the shockwave that blasted from her, Lord Marcus' eyes widened.

He finally came to a realization of what was happening.

Even though the possibility was slim, the natural instincts of survival made it very possible.

Strike!! Attack her right now!!" Lord Marcus' voice cut through the tension, urgency dripping from every word. "Don't let that light consume her completely! Kill her right now! We can't allow her to finish!" His command echoed, beads of cold sweat tracing down his trembling form, a testament to the gravity of the moment.

In reflex, five strong Vampires darted, doing exactly what Lord Marcus was saying.

All of them react quickly, hearing the urgency in Lord Marcus' tone.

No matter the reason, they must act now.

Meanwhile, one Vampire asked in confusion, "What's wrong? What is she doing, Marcus?"

"Wha-" Lord Marcus started, startled by the Vampire's interruption, before swiftly regaining his composure, mindful of the other's higher rank. "I've witnessed it happening once before. Since it was rare, I didn't think that it was what was happening. But now I'm sure—Evolution, her bloodline is evolving!"

Upon hearing this, the other Vampire sucked in a cold breath and looked at Brigitta again.

Grinding his teeth, he clutches his weapon in hand.

'A human is evolving...? I never knew that it was possible!' He screamed inwardly in shock.

Chapter 1074 Brink of Defeat (1)

All living beings have one thing in common.

It was a gift from nature itself before they were graced by the blessing of life.

Not a single living being was exempted from this gift, and even when their minds and bodies degrade, this gift will never wane inside of them—that is the natural instinct to survive. Even the weak and the strong alike have this gift.

Many underestimated this gift, but it was an extremely strong component of any living being.

One miraculous gift that helped them survive impossible situations.

Various miracles happened because of this gift.

However, this gift was stimulated stronger during times of war and bloodshed.

Even history has proven that statement—there was a reason why the Supernaturals from the third generations have different mutations and are overall stronger than the rest—all have to live through the cruelest and bloodiest world regime imaginable.

Stimulated by war, their survival instinct morphed their entire body for battle.

An attempt to survive against the horrors of war.

Naturally, with the war going on for more than fifteen years, there is bound to be a reaction.

Having Humanity pushed against the corner, Brigitta went overdrive.

Kaboom!!

Each one of the five-strong Vampires, clad in regal armor was blasted back.

None could approach Brigitta as a shockwave erupted from her form, barring their advance with powerful resistance. An aura of chaos surged skyward, the radiant purple glow coming from within encompassing her entire body.

Knowing what would happen, Lord Marcus and Knight Vampire pressed against the tide.

It would be very bad if Brigitta successfully evolved.

Lord Marcus' mind raced with concern as he contemplated, 'She's in the ninth-rank realm—a Wind Elementalist. If she evolves now, there are two possible paths she could take. But if she becomes the Human Lord... We're in for deep trouble'

Out of desperation, Lord Marcus and the Knight Vampire combined their might.

A chant escaped their mouths as their blood energy merged into one.

Pressing against the onslaught of Brigitta's powerful chaos energy, they persisted like strong lighthouses in a tempestuous ocean. Even though the chaos energy's corrosive touch starts to seep into their skin, the two forged ahead undeterred.

Boom!

Seeing the commotion, Carmilla gives her aid and focuses her energy on them.

Gaining the boost, the two advanced forward faster.

It took a moment for them to reach near Brigitta before Lord Marcus gave a nod, signaling to the Knight Vampire—focused on having a strong physique as a blood fighter to be the one at the front, taking out the evolving Brigitta.

Nodding, the Knight Vampire whispered, "Noble Blood Spell, Fury..."

Swoosh!

Almost instantly, the Knight Vampire's veins bulged and flowed with a sinister crimson light.

He cast a spell that quickened his blood flow, strengthening his body.

Since the gush of chaos energy pushing against their body was too strong, he couldn't gain a proper foothold on the ground—he might slip and get hurtled away if not careful. Noticing his struggle, Lord Marcus planted his feet on the ground.

Focusing the blood energy into his feet, he crossed his arms and clenched his body.

Looking at this, the Knight Vampire realized what he was doing and sprang forward against the tide of chaos. Using Lord Marcus' arms as a foothold, he garnered his blood energy and transformed into a crimson streak, hurtling into action.

Swoosh!

In a split second, his body pierced through the chaos energy and reached Brigitta.

Gaining momentum by rotating his body along the way, he swung his war mace, infused with all the blood energy he could muster to stop Brigitta's evolution process. Nothing could stop his attack as he easily hit Brigitta right in the chest.

Boom!!

Crash!

Almost in an instant, the phenomenon brought by the evolution process disappeared.

Brigitta got sent crashing away, her body sizzling with seething purple smoke.

Upon successfully stopping the evolution, the Knight Vampire went back to his battle stance.

Even though he was successful, he was ready to deal with danger unforeseen.

"Good, he struck her right before the light swallowed her body whole. Her evolution should not be completed," Lord Marcus affirmed, rising back to his feet again. "But that's not going to stop her completely. If she's stimulated, her body will attempt to evolve again—she must die right now,"

Looking at the Vampire Knight with other Vampires who came to aid, Lord Marcus squinted.

"Aim to kill, she's too dangerous," He shouted from the back.

Just as he shouted that his attention was pulled to Brigitta's direction.

Lord Marcus and also the other Vampires could see Brigitta climbing out of the rubbles—her aura was still as strong as before. Her shoulders moved up and down, showing that she was talking or laughing.

It made all Vampires frown in alert as it didn't seem Brigitta was going to stop.

However, they frown deeper when Brigitta raises her face.

"Death to the Supernaturals..." She uttered raspily—a wicked smile plastered on her face.

Meanwhile, on the other part of the battlefield.

"Surrender, and kneel before me," the Executor whispered. "And I'll make the pain go away"

He could already see the despair inside Rex's eyes—the vacant gaze confirmed the success of his tactics. It was vivid that he had effectively crushed Rex's mind and spirit, plunging him into a bottomless abyss of despair.

Chaos is the combination of all mystic elements and soul.

The Executor could easily decipher and attack a person's mental weakness with a touch.

It was simple but effective, sundering many victims.

As it turns out, Rex was not invulnerable to such psychological tactics.

Oftentimes, the mind—relentless and insidious—proved to be a formidable opponent, even for the most resilient of wills. No matter how fortified one's mind may seem, it still remains susceptible to the subtle manipulations of the psyche.

For the mind wields unparalleled influence over a person's being.

Even though his mental will was crumbling, there was no indication of surrendering.

A minute passed in silence and Rex hadn't said a single word.

Upon seeing this, the Executor's brow furrowed in annoyance as he could see that Rex's lips were moving, but no sound escaped. It was as if his mind teetered on the edge of surrender, but his body, driven by an unyielding resolve, refused to yield.

'The moment he surrenders, the System will be transferred to me...' the Executor thought.

Pondering a moment, he came to a decision, 'Injuring his physique more will do the trick'

Clang!!

Not wasting a single second, the Executor planted his black spear into the earth.

Looking back at Rex, the Executor released his grip on Rex's neck and found that he was still, rooted to the ground, standing motionlessly as if there was no soul inside his body. Smiling—the Executor lifted his free right hand and charged it with a horrendous amount of energy.

His eyes glistened fiercely as he swung to punch Rex right in the stomach.

Bam!!

Instantly, Rex's body disappeared from the spot.

Like a speeding projectile, he soared through the air—colliding with the creek's entrance.

Debris were sent flying from the powerful impact.

On the other hand, the Executor frowned and looked at his own fist.

At the last second before impact, he could vaguely see Rex moving and swiftly intercepted the punch by crossing his arms. It happened at the very last second, "It was instincts. Just like I thought, his body was still refusing to give up,"

It was surprising but not foreign to the Executor to see something like this.

Some extremely trained individuals would establish this kind of state where their body was still fighting out of instinct even though the person had already given up. A state that could only be achieved by a very few individuals.

Naturally, someone like Rex would also possess this kind of trait.

Raising his gaze back to Rex, the Executor could see him sprawling on the ground weakly.

Blood drizzled down his mouth as the force of the punch cut through his defense.

Additionally, his left arm turned purple and broken.

Even his body reverted to its Human Form, and the King Marks on his forehead deactivated, his aura dwindling to nothing. Such a sight made the Executor's body tingle with excitement—he couldn't wait to get his hands on the System.

It was the right thing for him to spare Rex's life back then.

He was worried that Rex might grow stronger than him, but it seems that was not the case.

'Father, unlike what you predicted, I am going to be the one who succeeds you,' He thought.

Meanwhile, on the opposite side of the battlefield.

Gistella was vomiting a disturbing amount of blood as she went out of her palanquin.

Since her encounter with the chaos creature earlier that made her unable to escape from the battlefield, she was already marked. No matter how much she tried, she would be teleported back into her palanquin if she reached a certain distance away from the army.

Frustrated, she could only sit in her palanquin in silence, hoping for the best.

But she could sit still when she felt the pain that was delivered to Rex throughout the battle.

Her body was connected, and since she was close, she was suffering the most.

Almost falling to the ground, one Awakened came to her side and supported her politely.

"Bring me to the front, I want to watch the fight," She said lightly.

Nodding his head, the Awakened brought Gistella to the Executor's palanquin to watch.

It was only then that she saw what was happening.

Overall, the Human Army was pushing back against the Supernatural Army as the barrage of bullets and spells suck the lives of their opponents quickly. Both Demons and Vampires were dying left and right under this barrage.

At the center, King John and the Witch were fighting at the frontline.

However, the two seemed to be in trouble against a Demonic Bear with a blue crown.

Alone, this Demon handled the two of them with relative ease.

Despite everything that she could observe from this scenery of blood battle, with blood and death everywhere, her gaze traced through the chaos, fixating on a distant point beyond the Human Army.

She could see Rex get punched and sent crashing onto the entrance of the creek brutally.

Even though she was surprised, she instinctively cradled her stomach in pain.

Gistella could feel the punch directly, and it was excruciating.

Crack!

Boom!!

Just then, Gistella lifted her gaze again and saw the Witch of Chaos flying towards her.

The Demonic Bear lands a vicious strike that shatters her cursed energy barrier.

Coursing through the air, the Witch crashed near Gistella to her right.

Driven by an unstoppable resolve and worry, Gistella went towards the Witch, her willpower eclipsing the pain of her stumbling steps. Despite her faltering movements of pain, she kept persisting, and eventually collapsing to her knees, right after she reached the Witch.

Groaning lightly, the Witch spat blood to the side in pain.

But before she could go back to the fight, her eyes landed on Gistella on the side.

Gistella was right at the edge of the crater, and falling down towards her.

"What are you doing here?! Aren't you supposed to go back?" the Witch asked in confusion.

Instead of answering, Gistella grabbed her by the collar strongly.

Looking directly into the Witch's eyes, she commanded, "Make King John do it now!"

"Huh...?" the Witch paused for a second before her mind clicked to what Gistella was trying to say.

"No, it's not the time. I also kept an eye on Rex's fight, but he specifically told me to only use King John when he managed to lure the Executor in the creek, the final resistance"

Ignoring her reasoning, Gistella clenched her collar tighter, "Do it now, he's going to die!!"

"Please... I don't want him to die" She sobbed.

Gently taking off Gistella's hands from her collar, the Witch left her to fly skywards again and see the situation of Rex and the Executor. Her eyes then glowed with curse energy, "He's still a fourth away from reaching the ninth epiphany. If they fight in the creek, I could inform King John to eat the Flesh Eater Pill, but he's still not at the ninth epiphany yet..."

"What are you doing, Royal Black Prince? Are you going to lose...?" She uttered in concern.

Chapter 1075 Brink of Defeat (2)

Rex, weathered by the weight of the fight, lay in his own pool of blood.

His regenerative abilities were trying to heal his wounds, but it was way slower than normal.

As a peak ultimate element, the chaos energy put up a fierce resistance.

Groaning lightly, he fixed his eyes skyward—watching the dark clouds swirl, indifferent to the turmoil below. The symphony of battle raged on, clashing spells and desperate cries echoed through the battlefield—all clear in Rex's ears.

Even as he couldn't see the battle, the vibrations beneath him were a constant reminder.

It was a reminder that the violence was still going on.

Struggling against the brutal pull of exhaustion, with wounds marred across his body, he rose—his movements labored and heavy. Adorned with a painful look, Rex swept his gaze across the battlefield that had now turned against his forces.

Blood with different hues stained the earth, mingling with the soil of the battlefield.

Corpses of Vampires, Demons, and Humans littered the ground.

As he surveyed the scene before him, a knot tightened in his chest, constricting his breaths.

His side was faltering, the constant bombardment from the enemies crumbled their defense, and there were too few Supernaturals who managed to reach the opposing army's formation—dismantling their ranks.

Even Carmilla and the Archdemons were having a hard time surviving.

On the contrary, the Executor's forces were still robust.

Regardless of their defensive formation granting them an edge on the open plain, Rex could see that Brigitta was experiencing a massive power boost. Her energy seemed to resonated with the First Breath, able to stimulate the white sphere in the sky.

It easily shows that she was already in the realm of her own, nearing the Executor and him.

Clearly, the tide of the war is going in the Executor's favor.

Just the realization alone hung heavy in the air, a bitter truth that threatened to engulf him.

Only at this moment that Rex realize that he could lose.

I couldn't let the Executor inside the creek. The Shapeshifters wouldn't be able to last long enough for me to reach the ninth epiphany, and even with the Passue Matriarch, there's no saying that she wouldn't attack the Shapeshifters too.

Rex deliberated his situation after he observed that the fight was going very south.

Jolted by his situation, he was barely able to regain back his mind.

His willpower was weakened severely by the Executor's antics that had gotten into him—but there was no other choice for him other than to fight. It was hard to do—the strangling of his mind was crippling.

But he had to persevere, there was no turning back.

Likely, the fight is going to go badly—but he has too many responsibilities on his back.

He couldn't give up now, not when he boasts of peace to others.

Rex coughed a mouthful of blood and gazed at the Executor, standing his ground firmly.

No... I should be able to reach the ninth epiphany. He thought, seeing that the Executor was still being wary of him. He might know of the System Relaying Bet quest, but I doubt he was aware of everything—the fact that I couldn't use the System too. In his view, I still could use the System, that's why he was being careful like this.

It was true that the Executor was able to trap him and trigger the System Relaying Bet quest.

However, Rex doubted that the Executor knew everything.

For all he knows, the Executor, or the Fifthborn should he say, never possess the System.

Gripping both weapons tightly in his hands, Rex could tell what the Executor was thinking. Knowing his personality, he's going to use his own forces to fend off the Passue Matriarch as he advances toward the Symposium. Forcing my forces would be impossible—he's not going to enter the creek until he annihilates my forces and paves the way for his own forces.

Even though it was still a hot assumption, Rex believed that this would be the case.

Despite the pain, he lowered into his battle stance.

Good, I should bring our fight back to the middle of the battlefield.

Just as Rex was about to make a run back into the battlefield—his intent fixed on absorbing more Life Essences to increase his epiphany, his eyes widened in shock. Suddenly—without warning, the Executor threw his black spear straight at Rex.

Boom!

Swoosh!

His throw was infused with chaos energy, breaking the sound barrier.

In mid-air, the black spear was split into four pieces—speeding up immensely right after.

Brandishing his weapons expertly, Rex deflected the incoming projectiles.

Clang!

None of the projectiles managed to land on their mark, he deflected them all perfectly.

But before he could recover and make a dash back into the battlefield, the Executor made a leap into the air with his entire body coated with swirling rushes of windy chaos energy. He raised both hands into the sky, seemingly preparing for a massive spell.

"Arcane Spell..." the Executor began his chant.

Rex's heart began to thump faster as it was an arcane, not the regular one.

Each spell the Executor had woven thus far had been nothing more than normal or only great spell, but they were all deadly—capable of even injuring Rex. Now that he was using an even higher spell grade than that, the Arcane Spell, the effect must be devastating.

At the sight of this, Rex gritted his teeth in alert, fearing what the Executor was trying to do.

Shit! He's aiming for the army!

As the Executor's intentions became clear, he wanted to quickly rush forward to help protect the army from this massive spell—but his advance was abruptly halted by something holding onto him.

Looking down at his body, he found that there were purple chains binding him in place.

Four chains to be exact—one choking his neck, two holding his arms, and last on his waist.

His movement was constricted in place.

Rex glanced over his shoulders and found that the chains were coming from the four pieces of the black spear the Executor had thrown earlier. He was too distracted by the arcane spell that he didn't realize the chains came from the back.

Only then that his eyes widen, realizing that he had thought wrong.

Pivoting his head back to the Executor, Rex saw him casting him a playful, sadistic smirk.

Swoosh!

In a breathtaking instant, the Executor gathered a massive amount of chaos energy, creating a colossal orb of swirling purple chaos, an amalgamation of immense spirit and arcane mana—bearing the weight of his true power.

Even the effect of amassing this amount of energy could be felt directly by those below him.

Not only the Supernaturals, but the Humans were also suffocating under his shadow.

Cackling in a maniacal manner, the Executor pointed both of his hands and placed the ball of chaos in front of him, aiming it at Rex, "Don't think I don't know what you're thinking-! Arcane Spell, Chaos Nova!!"

Boom!

A brilliant light illuminated the battlefield as the Executor unleashed his might.

He unleashed a relentless torrent of unbridled chaos energy, tearing through the atmosphere with a deafening roar, a visceral testament to his power. The force of his attack swept across the landscape, causing the very air to quiver and the earth itself to quake in submission to its overwhelming might.

On the other hand, the target of the attack was standing with widened eyes.

Rex was surprised that the spell was fired directly at him.

I thought he was going to attack the army with this attack but no... He's aiming for me!

KABOOM!!

Under the onlookers' very eyes, the ground rippled and cracked—fissures snaking their way across the once-barren expanse as the blast hit Rex and created a massive explosion. All of the trees lining the edge of the creek bent and splintered, their branches torn asunder.

Even the creek itself churned and roiled, its tranquil waters whipped into a frenzy.

Mud and debris alike were hurled into the air—carried on the winds of destruction.

The Executor's arcane spell consumed everything in its path with relentless hunger, and the mere thought of Rex surviving that attack was near impossible. For a fleeting moment there, silence descended upon the battlefield, shrouding it in an eerie stillness born of devastation.

Not one could remain fighting—all turned to look at what had happened.

In battles from ancient times until now, commanders or the mightiest beings leading armies didn't have the luxury of commanding from afar. Each one descends onto the battlefield—confronting the opposing commander with their own hands.

Aside from protecting the army from getting slaughtered, there was another reason.

For the weaker entities, their battle will determine the morale and also the result of the fight.

Had any one of them dies, then the battle is basically over.

Just like right now, the entire Supernatural Army turned to see if Rex had survived the attack.

Even at the very back, the Witch was holding back Gistella.

Seeing that Rex endured such a devastating blow firsthand made her scream in terror forcing the Witch to press her hand over Gistella's mouth, and pin her down—fearing that she might be heard by the Executor, even though he was in the midst of battle.

"Calm yourself, Gistella!" the Witch warned whisperingly.

But even then, Gistella kept on wailing, feeling the connection she had with Rex weakening.

It was nothing but a bad sign for her.

Clouds of dust settled and blocked their visions, and the echoes of the blast faded slowly.

As the dust got blown by the wind, a plain lay scarred and ravaged could be seen. Under the Executor's power, the once serene plain is now forever altered by the destructive force of his vicious arcane spell.

Even with the sight of the devastation alone, the Supernaturals recoiled in awe and fear.

Looking at this, the Executor crossed his arms in arrogance.

Despite the fact that he was weakened from being recently Awakened, and also only able to push the limit of the First Breath to the ninth-rank realm, his attack was still devastating. Not even Rex would be able to come out of it unscathed.

It didn't take long before his assumption was proven to be true.

Surprisingly, the wind blew lightly and exposed Rex still standing on his spot motionlessly.

His body was still chained in place, and the armor on his torso was destroyed.

Grievous injuries could be seen marring across his form, slashed and burned, remnants of the brutal onslaught and the explosive force of the arcane spell. Shoulders slumped, face turned towards the sky, he displayed the toll of battle in every scar and weary line.

In the nick of time, he deployed everything that he could.

Rex braced himself for the incoming attack, knowing full well that it would be lethal for him.

But that doesn't stop the attack entirely as he got wounded beyond measure.

His situation was very bad, but some saw this as a testament to his resilience.

Even after receiving such a powerful attack from the Executor, Rex still remains standing.

Standing on his unyielding legs, he remained motionless with only his ink-black hair danced by the passing wind. Though his chest rose and fell faintly—displaying that he was still alive, his strength was ebbing away, leaving him teetering on the brink of life.

Nobody moved as they watched Rex with mixed feelings.

<Critical!>

<Critical!>

<Warning—the user is in a critical state!>

<Recuperation is advised, under the moonlight is preferred to quicken the recovery process>

Multiple warning notifications that only Rex could see flooded his vision.

But even without the notices from the System, the spectators, particularly the Supernaturals, fixated on the crimson rivulets meandering down Rex's brow, converging with the red stream coursing down her arm, pooling at his fingertips before dripping into the ground.

Thump...

Each of the Supernatural present felt their heart slowing down drastically.

Thump...

Dread started to grip their hearts with icy fingers.

Thump...

At the third beat of their united hearts, an echoing metallic sound made them skip a beat.

Clang!

Only then that the Supernaturals collectively sucked in a sharp breath when both weapons in Rex's hands—the Amuerus Katana and the Blood Devourer—fell to the ground. It was akin to a thunderclap that had erupted within their minds, shattering their morale.

Seeing this sight, the Executor's smile spreads from ear to ear.

"The Royal Black Prince," His voice echoed, eyes ablaze with excitement. "has fallen..."

Chapter 1076 My Superhero

Rex got blasted by the unforgiving torrent of chaos energy.

Each strand of chaos tore through his armor like paper, leaving him exposed and vulnerable.

His senses, dulled by the overwhelming assault, betrayed him.

From the lens of Rex's eyes, the world seemed to spin, a typhoon of pain and confusion that threatened to consume him whole. A persistent ringing echoed in his ears, drowning out the dissonance of cheers around him.

Alongside the ringing sounds were the warning notifications that kept on appearing.

It was all written in red—reflecting the dire situation.

But even then, there was no help, it was only warning him of the impending death.

What happened? Did I get hit...?

Seeing through eyes blurred by tears and blood, Rex struggled to make sense of everything.

His senses were already numb, and each breath came very hard and ragged, a sharp sting followed each of his breath, a harsh reminder of the fragile thread that bound him to life. It was certain that his body suffered greatly from the attack.

Even with an attempt to move, Rex couldn't—he found it extremely hard to move his body.

I miscalculated... the Ice and Snow Princess is still not here, and the Executor is too strong.

A relentless amount of agony crushed his spirit even though his body remained standing. His vision was slowly being swallowed by darkness that sought to claim him—and each exhale of his zapped more and more strength out of him.

Responding to his waning consciousness, his heart rate began to slow down.

Rex could feel all hope seemed to be lost.

Only when he felt that his body was about to fall that Rex realize what was happening.

Gathering every ounce of strength he could muster, he defied the will to fall—clinging with a tenacity born of desperation. In a frenzied, yet weak manner—Rex grabbed his weapons and charged forward even though his speed was inconsequential.

He was very slow, like a normal human.

Upon seeing this, the Executor descends back down with a slightly annoyed expression.

It was hard to believe that Rex was still wanting to fight.

Reaching the Executor's front, he swung the Amuerus Katana with everything he had.

Clang!

Bam!

Easily, his attack was parried by the Executor, sending the Amuerus Katana flying away.

Following that, Rex got punched in the face squarely.

Just from the sheer force of the raw punch, imbued with nothing but the Executor's strength—Rex got slammed to the ground and bounced off of it. He screeched meters away, his own body slumped weakly on the ground.

"Garrghh!" He spat out a mouthful of blood, grimacing in pain, then expelled a tooth to the side.

Despite the pain he was going through could be felt directly by the spectators—his senses were too numb to feel anything. Rex could only feel his body becoming heavier and heavier by the second as he lost so much blood already.

Inside his head, there was a voice calling out to him.

But even the voice inside his head was muffled, Rex could only hear his own thoughts.

Not yet... I can still fight.

Struggling to rise to his feet again—disregarding the pain his body was going through right now that made his entire frame trembling, Rex dragged the Blood Devourer, which now felt as heavy as an anchor, back towards the Executor.

Garnering the little strength he had left, he lifted the Blood Devourer and attacked again.

Once again, the Executor blocked it and slapped the weapon away.

Now that he was weaponless, Rex proceeded to use his fist and swung for a punch.

"That's enough..." the Executor's heavy voice resounded.

Bam!

Crash!!

Determined to halt Rex's advances, the Executor focused a sliver of his chaotic energy and delivered a stronger, more forceful blow. He sent Rex crashing to the edge of the creek for the second time, the spot where Rex stood moments earlier.

However, Rex managed to cross his arms in time to block that attack.

Even then, the impact on his back made more blood spew in vicious arcs out of his mouth.

I can still... fight.

Rex wanted to attack the Executor again, but this time, his body refused to listen to him.

It was already the end of the line.

Amidst the storm of helplessness and defeat, he took a moment to look up to the heavens—blocked by the clouds that were slowly steering away. Memories flooded his mind—a deluge of emotions threatening to engulf him whole.

He remembered his entire journey to reach this point in his life.

Many things he had done in the past that he was not proud of resurfaced in his mind.

Ah... Is this the final reel of memories before death—before the curtain falls?

<Critical Condition!>

<Severe internal bleeding detected in the abdominal cavity, unable to be healed in time!>

<Multiple fractures detected in face, limbs, and ribcage, unable to be healed in time!>

<Traumatic brain injury suspected, unable to be healed in time!>

<Warning: Based on the current conditions, without immediate intervention from the user or other external factors, fatality is imminent. It's advised to prioritize life-saving measures out of everything else!>

<Rival of the System Relaying Bet Quest in place, fleeing is not an option!>

<Good luck!>

Even at the last moments, the notifications kept popping up in his vision.

Rex offered a weary smile before surrendering to the current of memories—allowing them to carry him away. In that fleeting moment of introspection, his mind was calm as the darkness of death slowly sundering the flickering light of life he had left.

...

Meanwhile, around the same time as this happened, Dargena City.

In the bustling town square, amidst the cheerful bustle of daily life, stood a figure shrouded in a brown cloak, concealing his identity from prying eyes. Lifting up to look at the people—his identity was none other than Rex's lunar clone.

After the incident at the Ice and Snow temple, he separated from the princess.

She has sworn an oath to the Origin, so there's no need to guide her into the battlefield.

Not controlled by anything, the clone went back to Dargena City.

Even though it was an inanimate form made entirely of mana without being controlled by the summoner directly, which was Rex, the lunar clone went back to Dargena City out of his own free will to watch the bustling city.

People were tense from the war, but the walls of the city still gave them solace.

Supernaturals and Humans mingled together inside these walls.

Just then, a tender voice called out to him from the side, prompting his gaze to shift.

"Mister!" An innocent little girl, no more than ten greeted him from the side—there was a very bright smile on her face, radiating with the innocence that was not present in Rex's dim world—devoid of kindness.

Leaning her small torso forward, the little girl checked if it was really who she thought.

But seeing that it was Rex, the little girl smiled, "Mister, do you remember me?"

"Of course—Nadia, right?" the lunar clone smiled back.

He had access to Rex's personal memory so he could easily recognize the little girl, Nadia.

Rubbing her small nose in pride, Nadia replied, "It's Deputy Nadia now,"

"Deputy Nadia...?" the lunar clone repeated, raising an eyebrow in confusion.

Instead of explaining, Nadia's eyes ignited with crackling lightning—and she darted swiftly in every direction, leaving behind a trail of electrifying energy, an abnormal display of power for someone of her age.

Stopping right in front of the lunar clone, Nadia put a peace sign over her right eye.

"I am the Deputy of Lountain City," She continued cheerfully.

Upon hearing this, Rex's eyes widened a little before he shook his head—smiling inwardly.

Naturally—he remembered telling the new mayor of Lountain City and also her bodyguard to groom Nadia as he had given her a lightning affinity. It was his sole request, and it appeared they had groomed her well for her to reach this state.

Defying his expectations, Nadia was a fourth-rank realm Lightning Elementalist.

She could be considered a genius even if she was brought to Ratmawati City.

A moment later, the two sat on a bench on the town square.

"Mister, aren't you supposed to be fighting?" Nadia asked, tilting her head curiously.

Even though she was only a little kid, now knowing that she has standing—it was not quite surprising to find that she knew about the fight against the Executor, "No, I'm nothing more than a lunar clone to watch over the city,"

"Right, that's so like you mister," Nadia giggled sweetly, seemingly expecting the answer.

Looking at her with interest, the lunar clone asked, "What do you mean so like me?"

"You always fight against injustice and protect others who need it! You are very cool because of that, mister!" Nadia exclaimed, praising his name. "I always wanted to meet you again, but it's hard

to do. But I know that if I aspire to be like you—to be strong and never give up—one day, I will meet you again!"

"Now, look! We're sitting side by side," She added and hummed cheerfully.

Upon hearing this, the lunar clone was stunned.

A mix of emotions surged inside of him.

Never in Rex's recollection had he imagined that someone so innocent would look up to him, and aspire to be like him. He never once thought that he would leave a substantial imprint on the lives of others.

Rex's hands were full of blood, he lived to protect those close to him.

But inadvertently, there are also others who view him very highly—others like Nadia.

"Oh-!" As he was trapped inside the confines of his mind, Nadia suddenly rummaged into her pocket and retrieved something—a small pouch. It was the one Rex had given her long ago—the one he used to store the lightning affinity he gave for her.

Contrary to back then, the small pouch was now adorned with colorful cloth and cute pins.

However, the lunar clone's eyes were fixed onto a decorative pin at the center.

"This...?" He pointed at the decorative pin.

Realizing what the lunar clone was pointing at, Nadia offered an embarrassed smile.

"I found out Mister's full name not too long ago, and I put the pin there to always remind you," She replied, peeking out from behind the small pouch. There was an evident silver star pin at the center. "Why did you have to notice it, Mister? I'm shy..."

Upon hearing this, the lunar clone was stunned but he didn't have the time to process it.

Suddenly, Nadia rose up from the bench and stood in front of him.

Disregarding the onlookers' gaze—she bowed her small body deeply toward Rex and handed over a black handmade plush toy that took the shape of a wolf. Its eyes were two sunlit gems that emanated a sliver of mana, showcasing that they were magical gems.

It was a gesture that completely caught the lunar clone off guard.

"Please accept this, Mister," Nadia said pleadingly, holding out the wolf plush toy. "I know it's not much, but I've always wanted to properly thank you for saving the elders—gifting me the chance to become an Awakened, and providing us a home that you're willing to fight for,"

"Even though I heard the rumors that you are a Supernatural, a Werewolf, I never once think of you differently," Her expression then turns annoyed. "I know that people are saying many bad things about you, but I never doubted you,"

Lifting her head with the same bright smile, she continued with words that struck the heart.

"So don't wear that gloomy expression because as long as you are around I feel the safest"

"For me, Mister... you will always be my superhero!"

Just as he heard this, the lunar clone reached out his hand to accept the gift gently.

His expression darkens as he holds the plush toy with his trembling hand.

Pausing for a second, he quickly rubbed Nadia on the head, blooming the smile on her face.

Although he seemed to do it out of the sway of the moment, the lunar clone did that to hide his unsightly expression—on the brink of tearing up. Desperately trying to hide the turmoil of emotions inside, he stood up with his hand still rubbing Nadia's head.

Her silky hair was pleasant to touch, seemingly magical, giving him strength.

"Thank you, Nadia..." the lunar clone suddenly said. "For those undeserving kind words,"

Only a few seconds passed, and Nadia suddenly felt the weight was lifted.

Upon sensing that the warmth on her head was gone, she lifted her head up and found that the lunar clone was already gone—dissipating into traces of sparkling and beautiful essence, going back to its source.

Chapter 1077 Reinforcement of Hope (1)

"Hmm..." the Executor observed Rex's form attentively, trying to find whether there was even a small trace of retaliation in him, but there didn't seem to be any. His chaos mana has clearly overwhelmed Rex's body to the point that he wouldn't recover anymore.

Not even his strong regenerative ability would be able to keep up.

Rex is finished, there was nothing he could do.

Giving a pat on his back—taking out one little pest that constantly annoys him, the Executor glanced over his shoulder, seeing that the two armies were still clashing. But it was obvious that his forces were winning the battle.

It's only a matter of time before the Supernatural army was taken care of.

'Hmph, I didn't even need to waste a single totem against them, good,' the Executor thought.

Albeit they were all lesser humans, his forces were able to surprise him.

As the Executor's gaze swept the battlefield, he beheld an intense amount of chaos energy emanating from a singular entity at the heart of the Supernatural Army. Seeing Brigitta, the Executor was pleasantly surprised by her transformation.

"Seems like she's not useless if she evolved into a Human Lord..." He mused raspily.

Even though he had little hope, this was quite convenient for him.

Other than him who was at the very peak of existence, there was no one compared to him in terms of bloodline. The Royal Black Prince's lineage is a contender, a very rare breed among Werewolves—but on the human side, there is nothing that comes close.

However, with Brigitta's evolution, that dynamic changed.

A Human Lord is a far superior existence than the normal human bloodline.

Due to that reason, those who have the Human Lord bloodline become a different Awakened.

An Awakened Lord one might say with special traits exclusive to them.

Just then, a figure suddenly came out of nowhere and landed near the Executor.

Casting a glance towards this figure, the Executor smiled cheekily as it was Gistella, her face was in a mess from the tears she shed earlier. Frantically—she approached the Executor, the anger and concern she was feeling evident on her face.

"You promised that you wouldn't kill him!" Gistella yelled, grabbing the Executor by the arm.

Upon hearing this, the Executor sneered, "I promised you nothing,"

"What-?! You rotten human trash! We made a deal, and you alrea-

"Don't think highly of yourself—the moment you stepped out of line, the deal was off"

Shamelessly—the Executor recounted the night when Gistella vented out on him as he used her to trick Rex into something that she didn't understand. But that was only a sorry excuse from him to not fulfill his part of the deal.

But then again, the temptation of getting the System is more important than anything.

It was more important than even his own face.

Swoosh...!

Gistella was angered, she could see Rex's condition up close and couldn't hold back her fury.

Responding to her anger, her moonlight energy began to swirl.

However, this act of hers caused nothing to the Executor as he cast a mocking smirk, "What are you going to do, attack me?" He asked scornfully. "Do you think you can do something if even your Alpha couldn't?"

Just before she could do anything, the Executor's eyes glowed purple brightly.

He fired his chaos aura straight at Gistella.

Upon seeing this, Gistella made a protective barrier but it lasted seconds before shattering.

Following that, the gush of aura pushed her back several meters.

Not even needing to lift a finger, the Executor was able to push Gistella back easily.

It was obvious that she was not his match.

"Brigitta-!" Suddenly, the Executor called out Brigitta's name with a commanding tone.

Upon hearing this, Brigitta—who was fighting against the noble Vampires fiercely alongside Carmilla herself—quickly created a distance before she made a massive leap—landing right beside the Executor in a rough manner, cracking the ground.

Crack!

"You call for me?" Brigitta asked, her body still violently swirling with corrupted mana.

Nodding, the Executor pointed at Gistella, "Give her a better view as I kill his beloved Alpha"

"Gladly..." She replied, looking at Gistella with malevolence.

Despite Gistella's attempt to retaliate and dash to Rex's aid—Brigitta easily captures her with the corrupted wind element, lifting her off the ground and tightly binding her body, rendering the poor, and suffering Gistella helpless to intervene.

Channeling her power, Brigitta created a cage made entirely of pure arcane wind mana.

She locked Gistella inside like an animal.

Out of sheer desperation, Gistella tried to break the cage multiple times to no avail.

Every time she tried, she got flung back and hurt instead.

"It's useless to try and break the cage, Gistella—you are not strong enough," Brigitta scoffed.

Apart from the evolution she went through earlier, Brigitta stood as one of the stalwarts that defended humanity, a ninth-rank realm Awakened. Out of anything, she resented Gistella for even trying to break free from the cage.

It was a form of underestimating her power which she didn't take lightly.

Swoosh!

For punishment, Brigitta lacerated Gistella inside the cage with vicious wind cutters.

However, even then, Gistella was still focused on Rex.

'Please, Adhara... Flunra... Evelyn...!' She grabbed the bars, ignoring the excruciating arcane mana that kept on zapping her hands—hoping that there would be some sort of a miracle, a miracle that could save Rex from this situation.

She could hear Rex's heart slowing down, a critical sign that made her eyes tear up.

Additionally, the Executor already called back his black spear.

Filled with murderous intent, he strode forward slowly, burning the spear with chaos energy.

Obviously, the Executor was aiming to deal the finishing blow at Rex.

'Anyone...!' Gistella prayed desperately, clenching the bars tightly. 'Save him, save the Alpha!'

But in the next instant, essences of lunar mana descended from the sky, sparkling with a cue of gentleness, a light blue hue—an answer to Gistella's prayer. It caught both the Executor—and Brigitta's attention almost instantly.

Under their watchful gaze, the lunar mana encompassed Rex's body and made him glow.

It was a sight that made the Executor frown, 'Another elemental mana...? But from where?'

Despite its seemingly gentle nature and minuscule amount, for the Executor's standard that is—the lunar mana triggered an unexpected sense of unease in the Executor. It's unsettling, stirring a primal instinct to intervene as if a latent danger lurked within its delicate radiance.

Readying his spear with more arcane chaos mana, he cast another powerful spell.

"Don't attack him, Executor! Don't!" Gistella screamed.

But her scream falls on deaf ears, "Arcane Spell, Final of Life!"

Sparing nothing into this final attack, the Executor throws the black spear that quickly spirals and turns into a massive but condensed vortex of chaotic energy. All of the energy inside the black spear focuses on the tip.

Nothing that made contact with the spearhead would be spared from brutal impalement.

Swoosh!!

Everything began to quake violently as the spear neared its target.

Gistella's eyes were glued onto the unfolding scene as she began to retaliate more fiercely—but there was simply nothing she could do. Helplessly, she could only witness the spear that the Executor threw hurtling at breakneck speed

Its target was Rex, who was still standing in place unmoving.

"NO!! DON'T KILL HIM!!!"

Clang!

KABOOM!!

Upon seeing the massive torrent of energy from the spear becoming frantic, Gistella's heart sank to her stomach. There was no doubt that the spear successfully stabbed Rex—though knowing how strong he was, there was no chance that he would survive this attack.

Almost instantly, Gistella's body became weak and she fell to her knees, sobbing.

Both of her hands were covering her ears.

She doesn't have the guts to hear much less see the aftermath of the attack.

Meanwhile, the Executor and Brigitta observed the blossoming—formidable surge of chaos blasting forth with unrestrained might. Both shared a conviction that victory was assuredly theirs, convinced that nothing could save Rex from its devastating force.

The Royal Black Prince is essentially dead.

'After I gain the System, it's time I face the Passue Matriarch...' the Executor pondered.

Even before the spell receded, he already turned to other things, looking at the dark creek.

Putting on an excited smile, the Executor's flashed, 'Then, I can dominate the whole world!'

However, something unexpected happened.

As the black spear pushed forward and was about to explode, a sudden shift in its trajectory caught the Executor off guard. His eyes widened in disbelief as the torrent of chaos energy— suddenly veered upwards, defying his intention of finishing Rex for good.

Swoosh!

Instead of going forward, the black spear shot skywards as the chaos energy surged.

The Executor and Brigitta stood witness as the chaos energy infused within the black spear pulsed through the atmosphere, enveloping the spear in an eerie glow before it exploded in purple bursts of blinding light against the darkened sky.

Confusion rippled through the Executor's mind like wildfire.

He struggled to comprehend what happened, there were a lot of questions inside his mind.

'How... How could the Royal Black Prince, on the brink of death, muster the strength to alter my attack? It doesn't make sense, he was already extremely weak, even his aura was weak, as weak as a helpless civilian,' the Executor questioned deeply.

Just a few seconds ago, he was sure that he had won.

But then suddenly, reality slapped him in the face as his attack was deflected.

Even the entire battlefield, filled with despairing Supernaturals and cheering Humans, fell into a momentary united silence. All of them looked at the explosion in the sky in aghast, all were watching the end of the Royal Black Prince earlier.

Naturally, all of them knew that the explosion must come from the Executor's attack.

It was supposed to blast Rex into oblivion, but it exploded in the sky instead.

As the echoes of the explosion faded into the distance, the Executor's gaze lowered from the sky to the spot where Rex had stood. A sense of severe unease settled over him—a gnawing doubt that lingered in the depths of his consciousness.

But as the smoke receded, his eyes flickered at the sight of a silhouette.

A silhouette that seemed to be a Werewolf, but the forms showed that it was not Rex.

Positioning both hands extended outward, its palm seared and crackling with chaotic energy, it was obvious that this Werewolf was the one who managed to deflect the Executor's attack earlier, veering it away from Rex's direction.

Lowering both of its hands, a twisted and hideous expression was exposed.

Just from the expression alone, it was clear that this Werewolf was extremely angry.

His face contorted into a grotesque mask of rage, every feature twisted with uncanny fury—moreover, two pairs of azure eyes blazed forth, glaring at the Executor. Their intensity could be seen to scorch the very air around him, with veins pulsating beneath his furs.

It was a visage of pure, unbridled anger.

ROARR!!!

Kaboom!!

Out of nowhere, the Werewolf let out a thunderous primal roar that shook the entire place.

Furthermore, the roar blasted an explosive aura to the surroundings.

Even the Executor was surprised to feel that there was an entity that could muster this kind of aura aside from the obvious ones, an unknown entity, but he could already guess where this Werewolf came from.

Squinting his eyes, the Executor also saw multiple figures around Rex.

Four figures to be exact.

One look is all it takes for the Executor to recognize who they were, the Silverstar Pack.

But as if the surprise was not enough, a distant voice penetrated his ears.

Thump!

Thump!

Thump!

Not stopping at that, the Executor and Brigitta suddenly caught wind of a distant drumming sound emanating from the far west. It sounded like a drum, and this prompted them to snap their heads to the left in unison.

Both of them then saw something in the distance.

A vibrant swath of fabric danced upon the breeze, a contrast to the backdrop of the sky.

Only then that the two realize what they were seeing.

"Reinforcements... He has reinforcements" Brigitta uttered with an evident frown—the battle turns out to be still in the middle phase. It seemed that victory against the Royal Black Prince would not be as easy as she thought.

Chapter 1078 Reinforcement of Hope (2)

Positioned on the west was a formidable sight unfolding across the horizon.

A marching army, their ranks stretching as far as the eye could see, advanced with menacing strides. Each soldier moved with a precision that bespoke of determination and discipline. All are clad in a synchronized crimson color—their presence exudes an aura of menace.

Even from afar, the palpable threat coming from them already coursed through the air.

It was the reinforcements that came to aid Rex's forces.

Leading the army were four figures riding mutated animals that distinguish them from others.

Out of the four, the one at the center was the strongest.

Not only the Executor and Brigitta, but the two armies also saw the incoming reinforcements.

Since the Human Army had deployed almost every possible manpower that they could rally—it was obvious to them that the reinforcements didn't come for them. At the sight of the army—the stroke of victory was starting to slip from their fingers.

As the Human Army had their will drained back to zero, the Supernaturals were rejuvenated.

Moments earlier, it was looking bad for the Supernatural Army.

Rex was on the brink of being defeated and even killed, while the Human Army remained as strong as ever—bolstered by their defensive formation which had claimed numerous lives in its steadfast defense.

But now, with the reinforcements managing to arrive, it's going to look a lot better for them.

Akin to being injected with adrenaline serum, the Demons and Vampires battled even harder.

Letting out their battle cries, they continued their fight with newfound stamina.

On the other hand, the Human Army could only stand their ground—preparing to fend off the boosted Supernatural Army with everything they had left. Victory didn't slip from their hands fully, it only required more determination from them.

Similarly, the sight of the Silverstar Pack arriving at the battle brightened Gistella's face.

Initially, she thought that the pack was waiting somewhere.

However, it became clear to her that the pack wasn't around waiting, they were not nearby.

Gistella couldn't understand what had happened to them which made them weren't initially by Rex's side, but she was glad that at the very least they came in clutch at the last second—Had they not come, Rex would've probably died.

Calling the sensation she was feeling right now relief is an understatement.

Now that the others were here, it felt like she could breathe again.

She almost broke down completely when she saw the Executor delivering the finishing blow—but she was glad that Kyran was able to parry the attack, 'I didn't know Kyran was already awake, and he seemed way stronger too, I'm glad he's here...'

Just then, the strongest out of the leading figures raised their flag higher.

It was a black flag adorned with crimson edges that fluttered mightily, almost as if the flag alone could emit an aura of unyielding will. At the heart of this flag is a fierce emblem that commanded attention: a crimson wolf-head sketch, its snarling visage etched with natural intricacy—bore a singular silver star upon its forehead.

Mounting at the center, Ryze, held the flag high with robust pride.

All three generals have pondered and prepared everything in order to unite Dargena City.

Even though all of them are united through the same favorable impression they had towards Rex, it's still not enough to complete the sense of belonging. One method that they managed to decipher was by making a flag.

Fortunately, the factory provided them with the resources needed to make the flag.

Despite not being official, this flag would still work to bolster the army's morale.

It would work fine for this particular fight.

Responding to the nearing presence of the ruler, the flag, previously adorned with mere glow—ignited with newfound brilliance. Its flutter intensified in reflection to the glow until the flag, from tip to handle, shimmered with the radiant energy of moonlight.

Like a beacon, the flag's moonlight energy expanded, heightening the aura of the army.

Just like the onlookers, Ryze was also surprised by this effect.

He didn't know that the flag had another purpose than a simple flag, but this was really good.

Even though he was not a Werewolf like Rex or the others, he could feel that the energy that came from the flag strengthened his physique. Almost instantly, Ryze could feel that he had gotten stronger than before.

It was the same case for the army behind him, all felt the embrace of moonlight energy.

Meanwhile, the Executor squinted his eyes as he observed the army.

"A young Heavenly Dragonman is leading them, I think I've seen him somewhere," he thought, sneering at the army which also consisted of Awakened—essentially making them an actual traitor army. "Even with that much Awakened, they won't be able to beat me or my army. It's the wrong move for all of you to betray me, now all of you are going to die..."

Despite the vicious army, it was still nothing for the Executor.

Even after a fight against Rex, he was still basically in full power, except for being fatigued.

Had it not been the First Breath, then he would've been able to easily recover from the white beam he endured earlier. But since it was the First Breath, he was a little bit exhausted from that incident.

Confident in his power, the Executor wanted to deal with the ones in front of him first.

But it was then that his eyes took a second look at the reinforcement.

A realization dawned upon the Executor like a bolt of lightning—what he initially perceived as the entirety of the reinforcement army was merely the tip of the iceberg. Located behind the visible ranks emerged wave upon wave of additional soldiers, their numbers swelling quickly.

On top of that, he also realized that the army did not consist of only Awakened.

Different kinds of Supernaturals came marching from behind.

It was only because of a slope at the distance that he couldn't see the entire army firsthand.

"Dwarves, Elves, Dark Elves, Tigerman, and even Orcs..." Brigitta muttered in shock, she was not expecting Rex's influence to reach this far in such a short amount of time. Gathering this much retaliation was unthinkable. "What should we do, master?"

Upon hearing this, the Executor clicked his tongue in displeasure.

Even for him, that many Supernaturals are a little bit too much to handle alone.

Just from a sweep of his gaze, there were at the very least five to ten thousand of them.

Such a number made Rex's forces bigger than the Executor's forces.

Also, among the ranks of the Supernatural armies—the Executors could see some formidable figures of significant stature. Aside from the current Kings and Queens who led these races, there were also some who hailed from ancient times.

It wouldn't be a problem for the Executor, but dealing with them will be significantly harder.

No matter the angles, the reinforcements are trouble.

He couldn't allow the reinforcement army to strike the Human Army, he needed his forces for when he infiltrated the creek. Just like he said earlier, this battle should merely be a filler, the real problem was inside the creek, the Passue Matriarch.

But now, it seemed taking down the Royal Black Prince is going to be tricky.

"Tch! Supernaturals and Humans are working together? Such a repulsive sight" the Executor mumbled in disgust, the sight of the reinforcement army irked him. "Put more Awakened into guarding the flank, don't let their reinforcement connect with their main army"

Although a little bit worried, Brigitta nodded and quickly did as she was told.

Since the main Supernatural Army was already weakened severely, splitting some personnel into the flank as the Executor said wouldn't be that much of a problem. It was the best thing they could do right now.

Due to that, Brigitta followed his lead.

Of course, she didn't forget to bring Gistella with her.

Coursing his eyes back to the front, the Executor observed the Silverstar Pack attentively.

'Based on the info I extracted from Gistella—the Female Alpha and the Luna should be quite manageable, leaving me with Flunra,' the Executor mused, scanning each figure. But then his eyes fixated on a presence exuding an unfamiliar aura, holding onto Rex. 'A Vampire...? What is she doing with the Royal Black Prince's pack?'

Seemingly out of place, Calidora was also present amongst the pack.

Her radiant blood energy made her stick out like a sore thumb compared to the rest.

Even then, nothing compared to Kyran who was standing at the very front, acting like a wall for Rex and the other pack members behind him, 'The aura and dangerous air coming out of him is higher than the others. He's comparable to Brigitta after her evolution, no... he might be even stronger. I thought Flunra was the strongest,'

Compared to the others, the Executor was more wary of Kyran.

Just something about Kyran made him feel like he was fighting a seasoned Werewolf.

On the other hand, Kyran was on his battle stance.

His entire senses were on high alert as he kept his attention focused on the Executor.

But from the clenched hands, trembling body, and contorted expression, it was quite obvious that anger consumed him. He struggled to contain it, and it was already seething relentlessly at the forefront of his mind, threatening to overwhelm him.

Seeing the state Rex was in, his body steamed with power.

He was awakened recently, and now he was already forced to see Rex in this state.

In his eyes, Rex is always the strong and immovable entity—in such a vulnerable state stoked an unbridled fury within him. Determined to avenge Rex's suffering, he vowed the relentless pursuit of those responsible, refusing to let them escape unpunished.

Looking at the Executor with bloodshot eyes, he gritted his teeth violently.

Meanwhile, the others—Adhara, Evelyn, Calidora, and Flunra were surrounding Rex.

All of them couldn't bear to see the state Rex was in right now.

"Why does he have to choose this path? Why does he have to fight alone?"

"He's too stubborn... He's too worried about us and would prefer to fight alone"

"It's the third time I've seen him in this kind of state, don't worry, he's not easily defeated"

Compared to Evelyn and Adhara, Calidora was not as worried as them.

Having witnessed Rex in this kind of state previously following the battle with the Elders and the attack from the Lunirich Gods, she knew how resilient Rex was. The only thing that made her worry was the fact that he was not conscious.

It's hard to knock him out, so this was new even for her.

Even Flunra—who usually was the calmest—has his countenance darkened viciously.

Pivoting his body around, Flunra heads over to Kyran, his claws slicing through his own palm before using his own blood to etch an ancient rune that he has never used before. His entire aura was very dark—the darkest it had ever been.

Adhara and Evelyn who saw him leaving could tell that he was different.

Standing right beside Kyran, he whispered, "I'm not going to say that this isn't your fault,"

"I know how angry you are, and I'm not going to say to calm down," Flunra added, the veins across his body began to bulge painfully. "It's childish to say this, knowing that you are only following orders, but this is your fault. Just this one time, let it all out..."

Pssh....

Out of nowhere, Flunra raised his darkened face, exposing his contorted expression.

Slowly, his body morphed into his burly Werewolf form.

Determination could be seen flashing in his eyes—overshadowing any semblance of fear in the face of the Executor. Instead, anger and loathing surged within him, different from what he thought he would feel when faced with an impossible enemy.

"I, too, will let it all out," He added with eyes dripping with murderous intent.

Swoosh!

As the two were teetering on the edge of the fight, draconic, scorching energy expanded.

Ryze ascended into the heavens, the flag clutched tightly in his draconic grasp.

His form shifted, eyes narrowing to slits as he gazed at the battlefield a couple of miles away from his position. Driven by the thirst for battle—he lets out a thunderous roar that acts as a bell to charge for the entire reinforcement army.

A declaration of intent to bring an end to the conflict once and for all.

ROAR!!

Chapter 1079 I Am A Werewolf

Moments earlier, Kyran was still fixated on taking hostage the others inside the castle.

It was what Rex wanted, and that is what he was going to do.

Angered by Kyran's strong conviction to follow Rex's command to the core, despite his inner doubts about Rex's safety, the others made an all-out confrontation. All took the matters of Kyran's conviction into their own hands and decided to knock some sense into him.

Despite knowing how Kyran must've felt, this time is really different.

Rex's command needed to be broken, the pack must fight and even die together as one.

But the others failed to defeat Kyran even with their combined might.

Adhara and Flunra were greatly weakened from the injuries they suffered at the ice and snow temple, while Evelyn was the only one who was still at full strength. Due to that, retaliating to defeat Kyran was very difficult if not close to impossible.

None of them was a match to him who had already recovered from his injuries fully.

Forced into slumber seemed to be an opportunity for him as he got way stronger now.

Only through reason that they manage to sway Kyran's conviction.

Given Rex's command to keep the others inside the castle until the battle is over, he couldn't fulfill that command as Ryze was absent—he was nowhere to be seen. Even if Kyran expertly kept the others within the castle walls, he would still fall short of fulfilling Rex's directive.

In the end, he would ultimately fail.

Evelyn was the one who came up with that, and under her sway, Kyran eventually yielded.

Because of that, Kyran was fuming in anger right now.

Despite ample time for introspection within the Ice and Snow realm, he found himself making the wrong decisions once again which resulted in Rex being in this state. He was frustrated, he was frustrated at himself.

Like a chain reaction, this frustration bred anger that he had never felt before.

Even with the absence of a Herald Mark, Kyran's aura started climbing to a terrifying degree.

Under the onlookers' eyes, deep blue frost could be seen sprouting across his form.

Stimulated by the anger boiling inside—his bloodline began to morph his entire body into an icy manifestation, crafting an impenetrable armor that shielded his vital organs. A battle form born of wrath, exclusive to his unique bloodline.

It wasn't long before the white sphere was reacting towards him.

On the side, Flunra knew exactly what Kyran was feeling, and what made him transform.

But he didn't try to console Kyran with wise words.

Instead, Flunra told Kyran to let the anger bubble this one time as he too would do the same.

From the book Rex bestowed to him about ancient runes, there were pages filled with runes that divulged their secrets. Among them, one rune stood unparalleled in potency—a rune so formidable that he hesitated to invoke its power, knowing the grave toll it exacted upon any usage.

The Rune of Divination—that is what the rune is called.

However, Flunra didn't hesitate it to use it right now, engraving the rune on his skin.

Almost instantly, his body was infiltrated with foreign energy.

Under the influence of this energy, his body swelled, intricate glyphs materializing across his skin in a luminous blue sheen. Flunra's aura intensified, and as if that was not nearly enough, he unleashed the power of his Banished Dark Moon Herald Mark—melding the azure glow of the Rune of Divination with the darkness of his moonlight energy.

Similarly, the white sphere reacted fiercely toward him as it did to Kyran.

Both were being suppressed heavily by the white sphere, but that didn't diminish their wills.

Coupled with the Hunter Pack skill that was always active when the pack was together, the two incarnations of anger felt their bodies steaming to a terrifying degree. Both fixated their minds on a single goal as a red hue cascaded down their vision.

Snarling, Kyran, and Flunra bared their fangs at the Executor with primal aggression.

Even though their skins were being scorched by the white sphere—their regenerative ability was overpowering the suppression. It was an impressive feat. Both could surpass the limits of the world and endure the backlash.

On the other hand, the Executor sneered in contempt.

Pompous in arrogance as he defeated Rex already, he saw Kyran and Flunra as nothing.

Making a horizontal motion with his hand, he chanted another chaos spell.

"Pneuma Spell, Four Horsemen of Chaos..."

Swish!

Four portals of chaos slowly materialize above him and expand with each passing second.

Crawling out of these portals to the very heart of the Abyss were four grotesque creatures—born of the deepest chaos. All of them landed behind the Executor, oozing with a formidable aura, rivaling Brigitta's power.

Similar to the Executor, these creatures were also immune to the effects of the white sphere.

It puts them easily at the peak of the ninth-rank realm.

"Go and destroy them," the Executor mused, pointing at the approaching reinforcement army.

Graah!

Cackle!

Exuding palpable excitement, the four creatures darted to intercept the reinforcement army.

Just like what the Executor needed, the Human Army must be protected.

However, the Executor raised an eyebrow when he sensed Kyran made a move.

Exploding with ferocity, Kyran dashed straight at one of the Four Horsemen of Chaos at the very back—a paladin with burning chaos flames. Giving no time for the paladin to react, he grabbed the paladin's helmet with his claws and gripped it tightly.

Kyran's sheer strength was able to dent the helmet before he slammed the paladin down.

Crash!

Seeing that its master was slammed into the ground powerfully, the chaos horse neighed in anger and charged at Kyran with extreme speed—leaving behind trails of corruption. But it was then that Kyran pointed his hand towards it with a chilling motion.

Out of nowhere, an ice spike as thick as the horse itself jutted out from the ground.

It impaled the horse brutally, killing the horse on the spot.

Not stopping at that, Kyran leaped skywards with the paladin still struggling in his grip.

Looking at the tip of the ice spike, he thrust the paladin's body onto it with ferocious force, impaling the paladin on the stomach—all the way down halfway through the ice spike. Not even the paladin could survive such a grim display of brutality.

Kyran then traced his eyes to the other Horsemen of Chaos, fully intent on killing them.

Swiping his claws, he sent small fragments of ice shards towards them.

Each one of the remaining Horsemen of Chaos was scratched, and in that instant, the dark elements dulled their senses. However, fueled by the chaos energy inside their bodies, the dark elements proved futile against them.

But even then, that momentary pause is enough for Kyran to make his next move.

Garnering his moonlight energy to the peak, he summoned an azure glacier that intercepted the remaining Horsemen of Chaos in their tracks. None of them could advance—and instead of Kyran, it was Flunra's turn.

Shing!!

In an instant, countless runes coalesce in the space in front of Flunra and form a formation.

Piercing his claws into the formation, his body suddenly gets sucked inside.

Out of nowhere, the same exact formation that Flunra got sucked into earlier appeared near the remaining Four Horsemen of Chaos, and from its midst emerged Flunra, radiating intense killing intent.

Empowered by the Rune of Divination, he gained a unique constitution.

Flunra could create any rune or formation instantaneously and also remove any requirements to activate them. It was a unique ability that fit him perfectly—helping him utilize his wisdom over runes and formations to the fullest.

However, at this particular moment, he created a teleportation formation in an instant.

Preparing his claws, he prepared himself to make a powerful slash.

Just before his attack landed, the glyphs across his form ignited as Flunra activated another rune. A rune that increased his strength greatly, and with a ferocious howl that accompanied his sweeping claws, he attacked the three remaining Horsemen of Chaos.

Slash!!

Even though he felt that his swipe connected, a frown appeared on his face.

"Did you forget that I'm here...?" Crash!

Summoning a protective shield of chaos, the Executor protected the Horsemen of Chaos and shattered the massive body of ice that Kyran summoned. Landing before them, he stood the arrogant stand with his arms crossed.

Under no circumstances he is going to let the two kill all of the Horsemen of Chaos.

Flunra rose and pivoted towards the Executor.

"No, we didn't forget about you," He said lightly, seemingly nonchalant at his failed attack.

Kyran moved and landed beside him before he continued, "We're only putting you in a spot where you have to make a choice," Flunra smirked mockingly. "Either you go ahead and kill the Alpha before he can recover, or will you save your army for whatever reason you have"

Listening to this, the Executor was stunned in shock.

His eyes then darted to behind Kyran and Flunra where Rex was being treated.

Evelyn and Calidora could be seen pooling their Luna energy to aid Rex's recovery, while on the side, Adhara stood on guard to protect them from any threat that may appear, her Blood Moon Herald Mark ablaze brightly, ready for any form of attack.

"I can see your concern, Executor," Flunra added. "Don't make it too obvious, now..."

Despite not knowing the reason, Flunra could see right through the Executor.

Killing Rex was definitely somewhere at the top of the list for him—but saving his forces is also up there which was surprising—a complete departure from the Executor's usual self-centered demeanor. But upon reflection, the answer became clear.

Since the Executor wants to protect his forces—that means he needs them for something.

It was easy to tell, the Executor's face was like an open book.

Upon hearing Flunra's answer—the Executor felt a chilling anger climbing to his throat as he glared at the two Werewolves in front of him with murderous intent. He could clearly tell that the two were underestimating him right now.

"Nothing can bind me—the strongest. I'll shatter it all!" the Executor roared thunderously.

Enraged, he charged directly at Flunra and Kyran, aiming for the kill.

Meanwhile, Calidora and Evelyn were still infusing their Luna energy into Rex's body.

However, both of them were frowning deeply.

"Do you feel it too, Calidora...?" Evelyn asked whisperingly, confusion in her tone.

"Yes," Calidora nodded. "His wounds were already on the mend before our intervention. He is severely injured, that's for sure, but he should manage to remain conscious. I don't think Rex lost consciousness, he has been awake all along"

"Then why is he not opening his eyes...?" Evelyn rebutted, looking at Rex in concern.

Unknown to them, Rex was reeling in memories.

It was not the memories of his past that flashed in his mind, but rather, a new recollection he had never seen before surfaced—one unfamiliar yet vivid. Soon, he realized it was a memory from his Lunar clone, a revelation that dawned upon him.

Rex saw Nadia's bright face, her innocence was shining through the darkness around him.

Alongside her were the bustling people inside Dargena City.

Despite the people hadn't expressed it to him, the fact that they chose to live in the city was enough to tell that they were also grateful to him. Even though sometimes, it was too hard to continue, the payout was worth it.

"Even though I heard the rumors that you are a Supernatural, a Werewolf..."

"I never once think of you differently,"

"For me, Mister... you will always be my superhero!"

Her sweet little voice echoed inside his mind, filling the empty willpower he had to the brim.

At that moment, he also imagined the others were also there.

Evelyn, Adhara, Flunra, Kyran, Ryze, Gistella, and other people that he knew were there.

Such a sight seen only in dreams, he managed to take the first step to make it a reality.

Only then that Rex's mind snap back to reality, the realization hitting him like a lightning bolt.

He couldn't believe that he was going to allow the Executor to destroy all of that—everything he fought for. Lost in thoughts—he had been thinking so much that he strayed from his true nature, but now, clarity surged within him once more.

I had forgotten who I was... I had forgotten the singular source of my power.

I am a Werewolf.

Instead of caution guiding me, RAGE should be the one guiding me.

Chapter 1080 Ascension Achievement

Since time immemorial, the Werewolf race has always revolved around anger.

It was their source of power, getting stronger and more berserk the angrier they became.

Each Supernatural race possesses its own perks as powerful living beings—drawing strength from their unique sources: the Undead have their dark magic, the Demons have their flames, the Vampires have blood element, and so it goes for every Supernatural race.

Every single one of these perks gave a natural advantage to the associated Supernatural.

An advantage that made them more exceptional than the rest.

For the Undead race, their deep masteries over spells made them very hard to kill, while the Demons' flames made them effective in battles. On the other hand, in hindsight, a Werewolf didn't stick out like the rest, nothing was exceptional about them.

Werewolves aren't exceptional in anything.

Magic-wise, they were at the bottom—and even strength-wise, they weren't the very best.

All Werewolves have going was their anger.

Many would even say that their unrestrained anger is a weakness, and that's quite logical.

Nevertheless, Werewolves stood as one of the high-rank Supernaturals.

However, there was a reason why Werewolves stood as one of the strongest Supernaturals.

Unlike the anger that was felt by others, it wasn't just a fleeting emotion for the Werewolves—it surged through them, transforming into a potent force that propelled them beyond their usual limits.

Also, it wasn't merely strength that surged forth from their anger.

It wasn't the most notable perk—the most remarkable perk it gave was to survive.

Similarly to other living beings, the anger the Werewolves felt hindered their minds, and even worse for them. But despite their berserk state—their strong senses were also stimulated by their own anger, making them even more alert.

Coupled with their naturally fast reflex and regeneration, Werewolves are good at surviving.

Werewolves heavily relied on that because their anger would keep on making them stronger—which made their perk for surviving a lethal combo for them. But Rex, due to the stress he had over this time forgot about that.

He was constantly worrying about the aftermath of his fight against the Executor.

Because of stress, he forgot to use his source of power.

...

Almost instantly, Rex could feel his body gradually becoming hotter—he let out his restrained anger. Giving his thanks for his lunar clone—and also Nadia for making him realize at the very last moment, his mind began to clear.

Rex could feel a soothing energy encompassing his body before his eyes flared open.

It was only then that he realized what had happened.

Opening his eyes, he was greeted by the sight of Evelyn and Calidora beside him.

Both of them were harnessing their Luna energy to help him recover from his wounds faster.

"What are the two of you doing here?" He asked in a heavy tone.

However, before the two could respond, Rex's gaze was drawn to the battlefield. Struggling to clear his vision, he blinked the haze away and marveled at the sight in front of him, such his own forces had managed to withstand the onslaught thus far.

Moreover, his eyes caught sight of a black flag adorned with a wolf emblem.

Even though he had never seen this flag before, he could somewhat feel a familiarity with it.

Just then, a few notifications appeared.

<A flag of Dargena City was nearing the user's vicinity!>

<Congratulations on fulfilling a hidden requirement of the Moony Castle of Lycaon!>

<Moon Flag skill has been unlocked!>

<Moon Flag>

Description: As long as the ruler of the Moony Castle of Lycaon was near the flag, all beings that are considered allies would gain a 10% stat boost and 25% for the flag bearer. Moreover—those who are under effect will also have their weapons infused with moonlight energy, an additional strength to their attacks.

Upon reading the notifications, Rex now knows that the flag was the flag of Dargena City.

He didn't even know that a flag existed, so it must've been new.

Additionally, the flag bearer was someone he knew.

Even though he was far, he could already tell that it was Ryze who was flying in the air.

Clad in his draconic form, covered in shimmering scales, he soared through the sky with the flag secured to his weapon of choice, a mighty hammer. Ryze repelled the incoming missiles and bullets with fiery breath, pressing forward with unwavering determination.

Below him were several armies hailing from different backgrounds.

Rex had his eyes opened wide at the sight of all allied Supernatural races coming to fight.

"I never told them to prepare their armies..." He uttered in shock.

Just then, Evelyn stepped forward while also looking at the battlefield with a big smile on her face, "We told them to prepare their armies for a potential battle. We didn't know that you are set on fighting alone, but it's good that we did that,"

"I already set it up so that all of you are safe, why did you have to come here?" Rex argued.

He deliberately kept the information of the fight away from the others.

Not only to his pack members but also to the other allied Supernatural nations.

Since the agreement stipulated their alliance for collective defense—meaning that they were only allies if one of them got attacked—it would be perfect if the pack stayed in Dargena city in case the Executor planned something for them.

But now, the pack dived into the danger of this horrendous battle.

"You can't be mad if it was not only us, but all of them also came here," Evelyn smirked.

Upon hearing this, Rex looked at her, wanting to say something back but couldn't.

Logically speaking, she was right, and he can't refute that.

"Don't undervalue yourself, Rex," Suddenly Adhara joined while still keeping her eyes locked—making sure no threat was coming towards them. "You don't know how important you are, not only for us but also for the entire alliance"

Glancing over her shoulder, she continued, "If you fall, we all fall, so don't fight alone,"

Inside her words were a profound hint.

Rex could tell that she was also conveying other things, but he couldn't decipher it for now.

"And you-" He turned to the other side where Calidora stood. "What makes you come here?"

"I already told you the reason," Calidora replied. "I'm also a Supernatural and wanted to see the Executor dead. Also, who knows, maybe you will find the need of me soon enough. I'm sure you haven't forgotten about it yet—it hasn't even been that long since the attack from the Lunirich Gods,"

Rex frowned, looking at her in confusion.

But seeing the meaningful look on Calidora's face, his eyes flickered in realization.

Knowing what she meant by that, he turned his gaze away.

Even though Calidora was telling it with confidence, her voice was a little bit shaky.

I had never seen her scared before, this was the first.

"So what's the plan? Are we going to try and kill the Executor right here?" Adhara asked.

Upon hearing this, Rex lifted his gaze and looked at the Executor who was now battling both Flunra and Kyran on the side. He was surprised to see both of them able to stall the Executor—but that made it clearer for Rex.

Both of them are using their anger, unlike me, so that's why they could do that.

Coughing blood, Rex firmed his decision.

"There's no 'we' killing the Executor," He said. "I'm the one who's going to kill the Executor"

Despite the others having unexpectedly come here, the plan hasn't changed—he would be the one who's going to kill the Executor as that is what the System wants. He would prove that he was the strongest right here and right now.

Swoosh!

Rex's lips curled into an unsettling smile as his body reverted back to his Werewolf form.

Just like earlier, he activated all of his powers—holding nothing back.

Crack!!

As his kingly energy intertwined with his other energies, the ground cracked and the white sphere in the sky began to react towards him again. However, this was not it as he decided to also let out his restrained anger.

He would utilize his biggest source of power right now.

Responding to his command, the air crackled with anticipation, charged with raw power.

Exhaling lightly, Rex closed his eyes and delved into his memories, summoning forth all of the ghosts of his past traumas. It was not hard to make himself angry, holding the anger back on the other hand was way harder.

Now that his aim was to let it all loose, it's going to be easy.

Clenching his jaw, muscles taut with tension, the fury within him ignited like a blazing inferno.

Kaboom!!!

Evelyn and Calidora stepped back to not get caught in the forceful energy.

As his anger intensified, so too did the kingly energy that coursed through him—spiraling an uncontrollable crescendo. His aura blazed with an incandescent light as the ground beneath him trembled, unable to withstand the overwhelming might he wielded.

Just as the limit of the world started to press down on him, a voice echoed in his mind.

'Can you hear me now, Royal Black Prince...?'

Countess?!

Rex was shocked when he heard the Countess' voice, but it was then that his eyes widened.

He already told her to do something, but the despair made him forget.

'The Executor has gotten the best of you earlier, make no mistake starting from now' warned the Countess as she has been calling for Rex all this while but he didn't respond. 'It's ready, I gathered enough energy to break the limiter,'

Do it now, I'm pouring everything right now!

Giving the signal to the Countess, Rex unleashes a primal roar as his aura soars to the sky.

His form unleashed red and black kingly energy rippling outward in all directions.

Rumble!!

"What's going on?! His energy is pushing back the suppression!" Adhara exclaimed in shock,

Similarly, Evelyn also has her mouth wide open at the sight of Rex's aura.

Ever since the First Breath happened, she had never felt this much pressure from Rex, and it was not done either—the pressure from his energies was still climbing. Something anywhere close to this display shouldn't be possible.

It shouldn't be possible during the First Breath, but Rex swatted that odds away.

On the other hand, Calidora looked at this and nodded.

She could tell that this was definitely the help from the Lunirich God inside of him.

"RRAARGGHH!!"

Rex's thunderous roar echoed in an astral manner and spread through the entire battlefield— even catching the Executor's attention amidst his fight. He looked back and couldn't help but frown, seeing Rex had already recovered.

Squinting his eyes, the Executor could also see traces of divine energy.

"A God-like entity is helping him, he's breaking the suppression," He mused inwardly.

Just like him, Rex seemed to have methods to break the limiter of the First Breath.

Kaboom!!

Swoosh!

Ended with a powerful shockwave, the Executor was the first one to gaze back at Rex.

As the echoes of his outburst faded into the ether—the Executor could see a figure standing tall amidst the wreckage, a beacon of raw power and indomitable will. Rex has closed the gap that existed between them earlier.

Now, he was nearing the Executor's realm, despite the Executor being in his Gladiator Form. Something that the Executor found repulsive.

Swoosh!

Rex's King Mark was glowing ever brightly, sending a pulsating wave of kingly energy with each passing second. It made the hearts of those who caught the sight of him tremble, his demeanor experienced a drastic change.

Taking a step forward, the entire world shook.

Lifting his gaze up slowly, Rex breathed out red air as his vicious crimson eyes fixed ahead.

Fixed straight at the Executor.

Swoosh!

Out of nowhere, darkness spreads from his form and encompasses the entire battlefield.

It was his dome, the Night of the Full-Moon Dome—powered by the Banished Dark Moon.

Almost instantly, his dome turned the golden, cloudy day into night.

Snarling a low baritone growl that could strike fear in any who heard it—several notifications from the System appeared, acknowledging Rex's remarkable achievement. An achievement that was commendable.

<Congratulations on breaking the limiter with the help of the Countess of the Dark Lunirich!>

<Ascension from the mortal realm achievement has been completed!>

<Rewards for the achievement are pending until the System Relaying Bet Quest is finished>