

## Full-Moon 1081

Chapter 1081 Mortality

An increase in aura that surpassed the limit set by the First Breath would be punished.

But the punishment for casting a spell above the limit was even greater than that of aura, one point that made none of the beings at this current moment dare to evoke powerful abilities. It was too severe for anyone to sustain.

Only the Executor dared to do that, and he was still careful in doing so.

It all changed completely when he broke the limiter by turning into his Gladiator Form.

Not being held back by the limiter, he became bolder with his spells.

Similarly, now that Rex has breached the limit of the world with the help of the Countess—he can access his stronger skills. One of them was the Night of the Full-Moon Dome, sponsored by the Countess herself.

Rex shrouded the entire battlefield with the blanket of the night.

Aside from being forced to be offensive, the Supernatural Army has one more disadvantage.

Such as the fight happened during the day, a time of weakness for Supernaturals.

Despite wanting to fight when the sky was already black so that their nocturnal nature would take effect and make them stronger—the Executor and the Human Army picked a time when the Supernaturals were at their weakest, during the day.

Since the Supernatural Army was defending the creek, they didn't have the luxury to choose.

All they could do was fend off the Human Army at the time of their enemy's choosing.

However, with Rex's dome, that wasn't the case anymore.

Braced by the loving arms of the night, the Supernaturals experienced a big power boost.

Utilize your anger, but don't let it consume your mind.

Making the decision to use the anger he held back to his own advantage, his power soared to the sky but he needed to be careful not to let it consume him. Teetering at the corner of losing his mind, Rex breathed and accustomed himself to his power.

It was safe to say that he had never been this strong before.

"Help deal with the opposing army, he needs them as a sacrifice to enter the creek," He said.

Upon hearing this, the others nodded their heads in understanding.

None of them know why the Executor needed to make a sacrifice, but that's not important.

"Evelyn, you stick close with Calidora—she'll protect you," Rex added.

Even though some of Evelyn's Luna energy had been taken away, she was still the Luna, and it would be better if she didn't join the fight to keep the boost from her presence active—but if it came down to it, she would still need to fight.

Casting a glance to her side, Evelyn could see Calidora giving her a teasing smirk.

A sight that made her click her tongue in displeasure.

Crash!

Just then, Flunra and Kyran were sent screeching back to Rex's side, vomiting blood.

"He's too strong, he could even sense me in the Twilight Realm," Flunra complained seriously.

Kyran also nodded, he couldn't damage the Executor at all.

Despite both of their enhancements, propelling them to the strongest they have ever been, it wasn't enough to do anything to the Executor. More than anything—the two could only keep the Executor company in defense.

Upon hearing this, Rex cackled, expecting this outcome.

Even he, himself couldn't hurt the Executor much earlier—despite using his all.

So it's natural for them to fail to do it too.

"It's good enough. For you to be able to stall the Executor in that state is good enough," Rex praised, smiling mysteriously. "keep doing that. Distract him every time he tries to attack me—I'll do the rest"

Boom!

Rex's aura exploded once again, but this time, it went over to the others.

Confused for a second, the others looked down at their bodies covered in the grace of Rex's energy. All of them thought that it was his kingly energy at first, but turns out it wasn't, it was divine energy instead.

Just like that, the Countess' blessing also helped them sustain the First Breath's suppression.

Smirking, Rex lowered his stance with his eyes flickering ferociously.

He grabbed his weapons again and prepared to resume his great detrimental battle.

Cracking the ground beneath his feet, he shouted, "Go!"

Swoosh!

Almost instantly, Rex followed with the others dashed forward with lightning-fast speed.

Seeing this, the Executor expertly taunted with his black spear—preparing himself to fight all of them at once. Even though he knew that this was going to be trouble as he was played by Flunra and Kyran earlier, he never saw himself defeated.

An Executor being defeated is against the law, it would never happen.

Opening his eyes widely to see the incoming attacks, the Executor saw Rex's right arm was charging with intertwining kingly energy, smoothly making its way to his fist. Rex then threw the Amuerus Katana into the sky and made a fist with his free hand.

Taking all the cues of the attack, the Executor realized what Rex was doing.

'It's the same attack as the one he did the first time,' the Executor pondered and prepared.

Pointing his black spear forward, he chanted, "Dark Chaos Magic, Energy Annulment!"

Expecting the Brutal Impulse, he used the appropriate counter.

The Executor vividly recalled Rex's formidable assault, one that had cracked his vambraces in the past. He distinctly remembered this spell of his being able to deal with this attack of Rex's—a spell that induced energy distortion with a simple touch.

Not only affecting a target, it could even affect an energy that was already fired.

One of his favorite and handy chaos spells.

Since the kingly energy is hard to control in nature, this particular spell is a natural counter.

Adorned in a smug smile, he thrust his black spear forward.

Swoosh!

As the moment of collision approached, time seemed to dilate, and one could see a coiling purple chaos energy. It flowed from the handle of the black spear to the tip before imbuing the spearhead with the Energy Annulment spell the Executor cast.

Like a cobra, the chaos energy was teetering on the edge of striking anything it touched.

Even though Rex saw this, he didn't pull back his punches.

Instead, his kingly energy's rampage intensified, steaming from the cracks across his skin.

Boom!

Separated by an invisible barrier, the spearhead wasn't able to touch Rex's fist as ancient writings written in crimson spread to the side like a wicked formation, slowly crawling into existence right before the spearhead.

Rex's eyes flickered with insanity as he gave a smile at the Executor.

It was a reaction the Executor received badly.

His murderous intent was riled to the fullest as he couldn't believe Rex was being arrogant.

Just moments ago, Rex was under the mercy of his power.

'I'll kill you for good this time after I nullify this measly attack of yours', the Executor mused.

But then he was shocked at the amount of kingly energy gathered at Rex's fist.

In that split second, at the sight of the Executor's expression—Rex's smile broadened.

"Moon Ability, Brutal Impulse..."

KABOOM!

Suddenly, a gush of violent kingly, spiraling like a torrent of destruction blasted the Executor with immense power. The sheer force of the impact was powerful enough that it coursed the entire body of the black spear thoroughly, all the way to his hands.

At first, the Executor thinks nothing of it as he is unparalleled in sheer power.

He was born with one hundred times the amount of energy a regular Awakened would have.

However, that confidence dwindled as he tried to fight back against the blast—the frown on his face was becoming deeper by the second as he couldn't believe what was happening. It should not end like this.

'What...? I couldn't overpower it!' the Executor critically pondered.

Clang!

Just then, in that pivotal moment, the black spear wavered, its trajectory shifting upwards as the Executor failed to maintain control over the force of the clash. Seizing the opportunity—Rex's punch surged forward aimed squarely at his adversary.

It marked the first time Rex beheld the Executor's expression twisted into a dire one.

A sight that he was delighted to see.

BAM!!

Despite being able to react quickly—instinctively crossing his other arm to shield his torso, while also summoning a chaos-protective barrier, the Executor's eyes bulged in alarm when the barrier shattered upon impact, and left his arm numb from the force of the punch.

Not only that, he was also pushed back dozens of meters away due to the red beam.

Bending his torso down, the Executor was utterly surprised.

He struggled to wrap his mind around what had happened to him.

"Kahkk!"

A sudden cough erupted from his lips, spraying a mouthful of blood into the air.

As the crimson droplets splattered against the ground—the Executor's vision swarmed in a haze of pain and confusion. Raising his trembling hands, he gazed down at his palm before he sucked in a cold breath.

Looking at his hands, stained with his own life's essence, he was incredulous.

'I- I'm... I'm bleeding? Me, one of the noble Executors, the Fifthborn—bled from a fight...?'

Just then, the Executor was hit by a moment of realization.

The Executor could feel a profound sense of vulnerability washed over him—a sensation that he never felt before. His certainty of his invincibility shattered, replaced by a stark awareness of his mortality.

It was a sense of vulnerability that he had never felt before

Raising his gaze, still in disbelief, he saw Rex standing in front of him dauntingly.

Following that, the Executor saw fast shadows coming from Rex's behind, moving past him.

Glancing over his shoulders, he saw that the Silverstar Pack was on the move.

Even Rex was surprised to see them heading to the army instead of stalling the Executor.

What are they doing? Flunra and Kyran should've stalled the Executor.

Shifting from Rex's command, the others—Flunra, Kyran, Adhara, Evelyn, and Calidora, head over to the Human Army in haste. Their legs were blurry from how quickly they were moving across the battlefield.

"Move as we planned!" Adhara shouted, giving a cue to the others.

Agreeing with silent determination—Flunra and Kyran proceeded toward the opposing army while Calidora, Adhara, and Evelyn spread across the Supernatural ranks. Each one of them strategically positioned themselves at various points within the army.

Upon reaching their stations, their eyes flickered with readiness.

On the other hand, Flunra and Kyran pierced through the battlefield like an arrow.

Sprinting through the lethal zone between the Human Army and the Supernatural Army, the duo was pointed at by dozens of barrels as they got close. At the sight of them approaching—the Human Army fired a barrage of bullets and shells towards him.

But even then, both were too strong and easily deflected or outright ignored the barrage.

Similarly to the girls, the two separated and infiltrated the human ranks.

All Archdemons that were fighting directly before the Human Army saw two figures sprinting past them and piercing the opposing army with relative ease. Maltrox who was slowly being fatigued by the fight saw Kyran going past him.

Just then, his demonic eyes dilated seeing a piece of human machinery aiming at Kyran.

It was a hidden weapon that the Human Army had.

One that emanates a dangerous air, pressuring Maltrox to not get any nearer to it.

Unfazed by the menacing presence of the military's colossal canon, Kyran paid it little heed as he deftly maneuvered through the battlefield. His evasive tactics were not born of sheer recklessness but strategic agility.

Not that he was not careful, but he made sure the canon could aim him properly.

He made sure if the canon shot, there would be massive friendly casualties for the humans.

A moment later, Kyran and Flunra reached their designated places.

Rather than resorting to lethal force against the humans that were blocking their way, both opted to incapacitate or ignore them—focusing on the plan in their minds. Raising up their hands skyward, they revealed distinct marks etched upon their palms.

Similarly, Adhara, Evelyn, and Calidora also bore the same mark.

But different than the ones Kyran and Flunra have that were glowing red, the ones on their palms were light blue and emitted a soothing energy. Smirking with confidence, the five of them chanted at the same time, activating the mark.

Swoosh!

Instantly after their chant, the marks exploded, firing strings of energy to their surroundings.

Upon seeing this from the distance, Rex's eyes widened.

"Wait—is that...?"

Chapter 1082 Welcome to My World

It was a decision Rex had made from the start.

Gistella and Flunra were the ones who would know more about the plan against the Executor.

Not that he harbored distrust toward the others, but he chooses the two of them through an unbiased view, based solely on their characters. Flunra's seasoned wisdom—honed through confronting myriad challenges, rendered him a dependable choice.

Meanwhile, Gistella has always been obedient toward him.

Both have little to no chance of ruining the plan, swayed by the heat of the moment.

Aside from that, both of them also have the perfect traits for the tasks.

Such as the knowledge of ancient runes.

Splash!!

Creating a splashing of water sound, the marks on their palms exploded with forceful energy.

Looking from a bird's eye view, the marks belonging to the girls expanded and enveloped the entire Supernatural Army, exploding a bluish energy that burst past the Supernaturals around them—catching them off-guard.

It made the Supernaturals react strongly towards the three.

Many of them thought that Adhara, Evelyn, and Calidora were from the opposing army.

But their scents—showing clearly that they were also Supernaturals made the army hesitate.

At the heart of the Supernatural Army, the place where Carmilla and the noble Vampires were located, started to realize that the outburst of energy from the marks did something to them, and the one to notice first was Carmilla herself.

Scouting her eyes around, she noticed blue sparks from her forces.

Naturally, the others quickly realized the same and turned to the source of these sparks.

"Hmm...? It's not hostile, this energy, what is this?"

"It was responding to my slave mark!"

"You're right! It's securing the slave mark. How can this be? My slave mark, it's deactivated!"

Many surprised gasps came from the entire Supernatural Army.

As it turns out—the blue sparks were coming from their slave mark that was being attacked by the bluish energy. Only half a minute had passed, yet the entire army found liberation as the slave marks got dissolved, dispelling the weakening influence imposed by the Executor's presence.

Like a raging tidal wave, the disappearance of the weakening effect recovered their powers.

In mere seconds, the aura coming from the Supernatural Army soared.

Adhara, who was in the midst of Demons, scanned her eyes around to see the effect.

But it didn't take long for her to be pleasantly surprised to see that the slave marks, branded on these Demons' bodies in ancient times, marking them as slaves were glowing blue before slowly dying down.

Looking down at the mark on her palm—shaped like the letter 'X'—she smiled broadly.

"It worked! Flunra's nullification mark really worked!" She muttered.

Similarly, Evelyn and Calidora were also shocked to see that it actually worked smoothly.

One that was shocked the most was actually Calidora.

Knowing that the slave mark branded on the Supernaturals as a punishment from the ancient humans is very complex—a combination of a multitude of runes and formations that couldn't be deciphered even by the Enchanters, she was shocked that Flunra managed to break it.

'He might not be blessed with power, but his knowledge of runes is paramount' She thought.

Glancing over to the other side, her eyes flickered with anticipation.

Since the nullification mark was successful, Calidora was curious about the other mark.

If the other one was successful too, then Flunra's work is flawless.

Moving to the other side, Flunra and Kyran targeted the stronger part of the Human Army to use the mark on. While Flunra veered eastward toward the Horsemen of Chaos, Kyran made his way to Brigitta's position.

Just like what the girls did, the two also activated the mark on their palms.

Splash!

A red outburst of energy exploded from their marks, hitting the people around them strongly.

Unaware of what was happening, the Horsemen of Chaos and also Brigitta created a barrier to protect themselves from the energy. Brigitta and one Horsemen of Chaos reacted quickly and managed to avoid the red energy.

But the other two Horsemen of Chaos and the other humans were not fast enough.

Each got hit by the energy and was instantly washed by dizziness.

Only a couple of the stronger ones could fight back the imposed dizziness on their minds and feel the searing sensation on one part of their bodies. Those few individuals realized that there was a mark forming.

It was glowing red, and taking shape in the form of crimson sheep's head.

Veins bulged around the fiery sigil, pulsating with the raw power of foreign runic energy.

As each second passed by, the mark seemed to thrum with life, a testament to the magical forces that coursed their veins. A sense of dread mingled with confusion, for none of them knew what this mark was going to do to them.

Brigitta, on the other hand, could feel a bad premonition from this mark.

Even though she didn't get affected thanks to her quick reaction, other than her and two of the Horsemen of Chaos, the human forces got afflicted with this mark. "What are you doing—Kyran?! Tell me what these marks do right this instant!"

Upon hearing this, Kyran, in his berserk state could only smirk devilishly.

His mouth was sealed shut.

Gritting her teeth, Brigitta charged at him, intending to force the answer out of his mouth.

But when the tip of her longsword was about to reach its mark, Kyran's form darkened.

He turned into a lump of shadow and sunk into the ground.

Looking at the ground where he disappeared into—Brigitta charged her weapon with a spell and thrust down, exploding the entire place with a violent torrent of corrupted wind. But she knew that her attack would do nothing, and Kyran managed to slip away.

Meanwhile, Rex looked at the grand show with an evident smile.

I know that Flunra has finished the nullification mark, breaking the slave mark branded on the Supernaturals—but I didn't think he would be able to inflict his own version of the slave mark onto others. He exceeded my expectations, I should reward him.

Upon the appearance of the Executor, Rex noticed one obvious thing he induced.

He noticed Solomon's slave mark.

Following that, he also noticed that other Supernaturals were also weakened greatly by it.

Rex was troubled, especially when he saw Flunra having one.

Although he seemed to not care about anything other than his pack members, he was quite aware of his surroundings. Due to that—Rex gave Flunra the book to expand his knowledge about ancient runes and assigned him a task to decipher the slave mark.

In order to win against the Executor, such a problem needs to be fixed.

Since there were pressuring things to do, mainly about his cursed source, Rex couldn't guide Flunra's move regarding the slave mark. Naturally, he hoped Flunra would start nullifying the slave marks on allied nations.

It would be better if he could also nullify the ones on the Vampires and Demons, but it's fine.

Knowing that there was no time, Rex accepted that it couldn't be realized.

But it seems he was wrong to assume that.

Not only did Flunra succeed in neutralizing all slave marks on allied nations—but he also was capable of nullifying the slave marks belonging to the Vampires and Demons, right when the heat of battle was at the peak.

Moreover, he managed to impose a slave mark on the opposing army.

Due to Flunra's move, the fight would be extremely in their favor now.

Refocusing back on the Executor—who was extremely surprised at what the Silverstar Pack was able to do—Rex caught the Amuerus Katana and stabbed both weapons on the ground to his sides.



He spreads his arms to the side, oozing with might.

Smirking deviously with ground-shaking power, he said, "Now you're on my world..."

Upon hearing this, the Executor turned to look towards him.

He saw Rex's energy was stimulated to the fullest, his bloodshot eyes enhanced to the peak.

"Every battle you've marched into in the past, you've never truly danced with death, have you?" Rex's words cut through the air like a blade, his voice a venomous echo of truth. "A battle devoid of the threat of mortality lacks the essence of a real battle. But now, I have drawn blood from you, Executor. Now... you know that you can DIE in this fight against me"

His gaze pierced the Executor, a clear challenge underlying his words.

A challenge to the Executor's view.

"Take a look at yourself closely," Controlling the blood on the surroundings with the power of the Blood Devourer, Rex created a mirror—reflecting the Executor's form right in front of him. "Does that expression befit one who boasts of invincibility? A mere streak of your own blood, shed by my hand, shatters the facade of your arrogance. This is the chasm between earned strength and inherent strength, Executor,"

Looking at the reflection, the Executor sucked in a cold breath.

Despite knowing that the situation was turning graver, his heart was thumping rapidly.

At first, he mistook the excited beats of his heart for a sign of inner confidence in impending victory regardless of the dire situation—but it was far from the truth. As the Executor gazed upon his own reflection in the blood mirror, disbelief washed over him like a chilling wave.

He couldn't believe what his own eyes were seeing.

'Is- Is that really, me...?' the Executor pondered, reaching to touch his own face.

Contrary to what the Executor believed, the pallid hue of his skin displayed that he was very far from confident in his victory. Eyes—wide with dread—betrayed the tumult of emotions he thought was confidence.

Observing the Executor's shock, Rex's smirk spreads from ear to ear.

Such a sight was delightful to see.

"Unlike you," Rex's voice rasped, laced with the strength of experience. "In every battle, I've faced—death has hovered at my shoulder, a constant companion. Each wound of mine was healed, but still left a mental scar, a reminder of mortality's embrace"

"So tell me, Executor, can you say the same?" He inquired, his voice dripping with ridicule.

Just like what the Executor did earlier, Rex decided to return the favor.

Forcing his mind into the trauma of the past to show that everything he has gone through only made new weaknesses to exploit, Rex decided to test the Executor's view of his own belief in inherent strength.

It was only fair that he returned the same.

Surely, the arrogance of the Executor originates from somewhere.

Rex, after a brief contemplation, managed to notice the origin of the Executor's arrogance.

Knowing that he had always been at the top of the food chain as he was born strong, it was obvious that he never felt threatened by something. Considering that he has four brothers, that assumption was strengthened.

Having four brothers with equal or even stronger power, he was shrouded in safety.

Not once has he felt the palpable threat of death.

Additionally, his era made it clear that ancient humans were the strongest race.

Due to these very reasons, a facade of invincibility was made—forming a bubble in his mind, sure that nobody could kill him. The Executor has always been confident against anyone, but that was nothing more than the product of his spoiled life.

Even the Executor's belief in inherent strength showcases his past clearly.

Now, faced with Rex, that bubble came crashing down.

Standing alone in the new era, without the presence of any ancient humans and his brothers, the Executor was forced to face the absolute truth of reality. Aiming to become the sovereign of the entire world is a path filled with blood and death.

A path that was so dangerous that only a few individuals had the will to trace it.

Now he knows that the danger of the world is real, and he is experiencing it firsthand.

"RAARGGHH!!"

Overwhelmed with the situation, the Executor chaos arcane mana went on a rampage as he gripped the handle of his black spear and charged forward. Fueling the black spear with the very essence of chaos, he lifted it skywards and swung down vertically towards Rex.

Clang!

Crack!!

Rex blocked the attack, laughing maniacally at the Executor's desperation.

He was pleased that he could return the favor, he managed to break the Executor's beliefs.

"Welcome to my world, Executor!" Rex exclaimed like a madman—eyes blazing with the fiery ruthlessness that he endured throughout his life. "Let us see whether your inherent strength could survive the harshness of my world!!"

Chapter 1083 Shifting Tide of War

In a reversal situation, the Executor was now cornered to prove his own belief.

All of his bravado—considering everyone around him as nothing but lesser beings, created to serve him in some way or another—was gone without a trace. He was still shaken up by what Rex said to him earlier.

For once in his entire life, he was faced with actual dangers.

Receiving the force of the Brutal Impulse, the Executor was now aware of the risk of death.

He could actually die if he made one wrong move.

Despite his reluctance, he couldn't underestimate Rex who was backed by the Countess.

Clang!

Pushed back by the force of a clash of metals—the Executor's eyes turned bloodshot as he charged at Rex again with unyielding might. Both of them were locked in a fierce exchange, brandishing their weapons at each other.

Sparks of friction and energy flew around like fireworks from each clash of their weapons.

Not only that, their fight was taking the entire space of the battlefield.

Like a whirlwind of fury and steel, Rex and the Executor battled—their movements blurred as they darted across the ground and soared through the sky, leaving devastation in their wake, bragging about the fact that they were in the realm of their own.

Under the waves of their might, the air crackled with the intensity of their conflict.

Even the very earth was trembling beneath the force of their blows.

Despite the two seemingly equal in power, the Executor's movements reek of desperation.

Rex, on the other hand, was receiving each attack with an evident smirk.

Since he managed to rattle the Executor's beliefs and shatter his perception of the world, the Executor grew increasingly desperate to bring him down and force him to retract back all the words he said earlier.

Naturally, this desperation leaked the intent behind each of the Executor's attacks.

It made his attack predictable and easy to parry.

Dodging a forceful thrust from the Executor's black spear, Rex raised both of his weapons and imbued them with red force and kingly energy before slashing them down, hitting the Executor squarely from above.

Crash!

Like a meteor, the Executor fell from the sky and crashed onto the ground.

A massive crater was created by the impact.

<A successful hit! The Amuerus Katana's effect is activating!>

<Failed, the target's endurance and mental stats are too high—effect negated!>

Coughing a mouthful of blood, the Executor forced his eyes to open and saw a flash of light.

Not stopping at that attack, Rex hurtled the Amuerus Katana towards the Executor, with the full intention of piercing him through. But managing to react quickly, the Executor pulled his body out of the way right at the last second.

Boom!

Jumping back to recover properly, the Executor landed on his feet with an ugly countenance.

He was still in disbelief that someone in the new era could match him.

'I should've killed him the first time I met him!' He pondered, grinding his teeth angrily.

Even though he regretted not killing Rex when he was very weak—the Executor knew that if he could rewind time, he would still spare Rex as he was too weak to be considered a threat—regardless of his direct moon ability, the Brutal Impulse.

Nobody could guess that he could get strong this quickly.

Although the Executor knew that Rex had the System, his growth was still remarkably fast.

In the time of a few months, he was able to close the gap easily.

Such a thing shouldn't be possible and yet, Rex showed that anything is possible for him.

Raising his gaze, the Executor searched for Rex amongst the cloud of dust.

However, even with his enhanced eyesight imbued with chaos arcane mana, allowing him to see through the debris, he couldn't locate Rex anywhere. With a forceful swipe of his hand—dispersing the cloud of dust, the Executor's eyes widened.

"Tch! He dares ignore me?!" He roared aloud, seeing Rex was aiming at the Human Army.

Taking this as an insult, the Executor exploded and darted towards his direction.

Meanwhile, Rex managed to fool the Executor.

He was aiming to extract more Life Essences instead of facing the Executor head-on. I may have the upper hand now, but it's not over. The Executor is still holding back his trump card with the Passue Matriarch around. If I keep pressing him, he'll have no choice but to unleash it. I better use this chance to increase my cursed epiphany.

No matter how exhilarated he was to reduce the Executor to this state, he needs to focus.

Everything could still go wrong if he's not careful.

Only when he reaches the ninth epiphany in cursed power, triumph would be fixed for him.

Due to that very reason, Rex was going to extract more Life Essences.

Mastering the Drain Touch spell taught by Mavenna, Rex was able to forcefully extract the Life Essences from others without the need to catch them off-guard like he used to. Rex's eyes flickered as he dived into the Human Army.

In retaliation, the mobile artillery and fighter jets emptied their ammo at him.

But with the limiter broken, Rex is invulnerable to their weapons.

Swoosh!

Piercing the air with extreme speed—Rex uses the Executor Slash skill to cloak his claws as he slams into the ground, erupting a cosmic wave of energy, devastating the earth, and also hurling nearby humans away from the epicenter.

He controlled the energy enough to not kill the humans that were hit by the wave of energy.

Rex needed them alive, and this attack was aimed at disorienting them.

Landing perfectly at the center of the Human Army, his eyes darted left and right, scanning his surroundings. Seeing the military personnel and Black Hands sprawled on the ground—knocked by the wave of energy earlier, Rex could only swallow the guilt and made his move.

Activating the Drain Touch skill, his body blurred before he reappeared twenty meters away.

One could see his claws were sizzling with reddish energy.

Just then, the humans along the way of his path suddenly let go of their weapons and fall.

Each one of them was helpless against Rex—and it turns out the reddish energy sizzling on his claws was Life Essences—it was the Life Essences extracted from the humans. Not one of them realized that their Life Essences were taken after they already did.

Not wasting a single moment, he absorbed the Life Essences into his cursed source.

Rex savored the soothing rush of absorbing the Life Essences before a flicker of amusement danced across his features as he glanced to his right, noticing a pleasing scenario unfolded, yet his focus swiftly shifted to the opposite direction.

He caught sight of a shadowy figure hurtling towards him like a specter of darkness.

It was not hard to recognize this figure as another chaos creature.

A being of pure darkness with golden accents, the one that intercepted Gistella's escape.

Sensing the power coming from the chaos creature, Rex, harnessing his inner brutality grabs ahold of the chaos creature's face in a fraction of a second and slams it into the ground. Not giving any rest, he raised the Blood Devourer and stabbed it in the chest.

Despite he could easily overpower the chaos creature, it was undoubtedly very strong.

Rex decided to kill it right now because of that.

Opening his formidable jaw, baring his canine teeth, he didn't hesitate to infuse kingly energy into his teeth—harnessing the power of the Banished Dark Moon to cast one of his strongest skills, the Absolute Predominance Fangs.

As the skill was fully utilized, he sunk his teeth deep into the chaos creature's body.

While the absolute obedience effect induced by the skill primarily targeted Werewolves or his pack members, its invasive nature inflicted excruciating pain on the chaos creature—causing it to emit a painful, astral wail from its mouth.

Not even affected by the scream of pain, Rex ripped a huge chunk of its flesh gruesomely.

At its final breath, the chaos creature could see Rex's piercing crimson eyes as he penetrated its chest with his claws and ripped it open cold-bloodedly. Receiving such great damage, the chaos creature puffed into purple smoke and disappeared.

Lifting his gaze, Rex returned his attention back to the other humans.

Unwavered by what he has done to the chaos creature, he resumed extracting Life Essence.

On the other hand, the Executor saw this and wanted to stop Rex immediately.

Before he could close the distance to Rex, two figures materialized before him—obstructing his path. Swinging his black spear ferociously, the Executor tried to clear them from his path but the collision halted his advance.

Furious, the Executor landed on the ground and glared at the two figures in front of him.

"Move aside, or I'll skin you alive and make a display out of you both for being utter fools who try to stand in my way!" the Executor growled menacingly, his bloodshot gaze fixed on Kyran and Flunra who stood in his path.

After inflicting the slave marks on the enemies, the two went back to their assigned task.

Just like Rex instructed earlier, they were going to stall the Executor.

"If you want to threaten us, you need to do way better than that," Flunra replied mockingly.

A threat of that caliber did nothing to them both.

Similarly unflinching, Kyran took a strong step forward and let out an overbearing growl.

No matter what, they aren't going to let the Executor through them.

Zooming out of the heart of the battlefield where Kyran and Flunra intercepted the Executor, the battle seemed to be nearing its peak. A sweeping glance revealed the battle of stronger entities from both sides, locked in a brutal, unending fight.

At the front of the Human Army were the Witch and King John, fighting for dear life.

Opposing them were the Archdemons led by Maltrox.

But, it seemed that they were going to be at a better point seeing that Linsguanx regained its standing and rejoined the battle. It was quite hurt by the attack it suffered from Rex, however—fast recovery was one of chaos creatures are known for.

Moving to the flank, another fierce clash could be seen.

From the Executor's side, Brigitta alongside the three Horsemen of Chaos was there.

Each one of them desperately tries to stop the onslaught from the other Supernatural Army, led by Ryze who was giving them a very hard time. Despite being stronger than Ryze, some of the Dragonman powerful traits made it hard to deal with him.

Additionally, the fire Ryze breathed out was capable of injuring them greatly.

It was the absolute fire from Zaddrass, Lord of Red, a respected Heavenly Dragonman.

Not only that, Queen Shanaela, King Jorik, King Huvuki, the Tigerman King, and the absolute Orc Warmonger were not small fries either. Like relentless juggernauts—these five respective leaders tore through the flank of the Human Army with unmatched ferocity.

Seeing their leaders advancing undisturbed, the forces behind them roared in anticipation.

All of their morale was very high as they charged forward.

Crash!

Hitting the ground with the War hammer in his hand, Ryze summoned vicious explosions that could barely be blocked by the weakened Awakened and Black Hands of the Human Army—propelling a lot of them flying into the air.

But as he did that, his pupils dilated seeing a cage made of corrupted wind at the distance.

Squinting his eyes, he could already tell that it was Gistella inside.

On top of that, Ryze also saw Adhara, Evelyn, and Calidora charging from the side, definitely aiming to free Gistella from Brigitta's grasp. At the sight of this, the dark crimson fire around him blazes even stronger.

'I can do this,' Ryze muttered inwardly. 'I'm going to show my worth to Rex!'

Determined to show Rex that he had changed for the better, Ryze released a searing breath, his pupils narrowing into draconic slits. Scales thickened across his body, while he surged in size, towering above all others.

Under the onlookers' gaze, his aura soared as his wings grew larger.

Embracing his draconic side, and with the push of emotions, Ryze exacts a transformation.

ROAR!!!

Ryze let out a thunderous roar that created a fiery soundwave.

Flapping his wings forcefully, he blasted himself towards the unsuspecting Brigitta—ready to burn or even maul her to pieces.

#### Chapter 1084 Trouble for the Trusted Left Hand

Moments earlier, Ryze was surprised to see Kyran was awakened from his slumber.

He distinctively remembers that when he departed from Dargena City alongside the alliance army, Kyran was still in slumber. It was obvious that Kyran was not going to be participating in the big fight that would determine the course of the future.

But here Kyran was, reaching Brigitta and the Horsemen of Chaos.

Additionally, he was obviously stronger than before.

Judging from the fact that he was able to bypass the formations of the Human Army before managing to imprint a mark that weakened the opposing army—it was clear as day that he had gotten stronger.

Even in slumber, he was still improving rapidly.

Such was the competitive space around the Silverstar Pack, a leading force in the new era.

At the sight of this, Ryze felt his heart thumping rapidly.

Rex had used Kyran many times as an example for Ryze to aspire to become.

Despite the fact that Kyran was a little bit older than him—the two of them are undoubtedly still kids compared to the others. But even then—Kyran proved to be more mature than the people around his age should be.

Or at the very least, in Ryze's eyes, he seemed reliable and mature.

As proof, Kyran was even able to stall the Executor and work together with Flunra perfectly.

It was true that Ryze took pride in managing to deliver a motivating speech and managing to take over the responsibility of leading the alliance army, but that feat paled in comparison to what Kyran was doing right now.

Unconsciously, Ryze wanted to stand out more than Kyran.

He wanted to show to the others, especially Rex, that he was also a key player in this fight.

Pssh...!

Responding to his prideful emotions, his draconic bloodline was stimulated.

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Only then that Brigitta's eyes widen as she pivoted around.



Finding that Ryze was reaching out his claws towards her, Brigitta raised her longsword with the intention of blocking the charge. She also managed to conjure one defensive spell which summoned an aegis made from a mix of spirit energy and arcane mana.

It was a Pneuma Spell, a defensive Pneuma Spell.

Crash!

As time dilated, Brigitta sucked in a cold breath when she saw the aegis shatter.

Even though she was confident in her defensive Pneuma Spell, it couldn't resist Ryze's might as the aegis shattered into a million fragments of energy. Not even reducing the momentum, at least not substantially, Ryze pressed on.

Clang!

Just like that, Brigitta had her longsword fly into the air and stabbed the ground behind her.

It got knocked from the firm grip of her hands.

'My longsword is made of pure silver, and he's unfazed?! Brigitta exclaimed in shock.

She could see that Ryze's draconic claws crackling with heat, not from his own flames-from other sources instead. He was influenced by the pure silver, but even then, Ryze showed not a single sign of relenting.

Despite the pain and poison from the pure silver, he pressed on with his willpower only.

Backflipping back to dodge a swipe, Brigitta charged back at him.

Boom!

Not wanting to lose out on Ryze's aggression, she locked hands with him in a power struggle.

"I'll be gracious since you're still a kid" Brigitta taunted-resisting Ryze's monstrous strength firmly. "Consider joining me one more time before it's too late for you. Despite the forces you have rallied to help Rex, he would not win. Our victory is still imminent. If I were you, I'd make the smartest decision to change sides while I still can"

Despite knowing that Ryze would not accept, she still extended an offer.

Not for his own good, but to mock him instead.

Brigitta still believed that the ancient power would prevail against the Supernatural forces.

Since the ancient humans managed to domesticate the Supernatural races- which included their Origins, she firmly believed that the Executor could not

lose. Even against someone like Rex, he would still win. After all, the Executor must have methods to reverse the tide.

Upon hearing this blatant insult, Ryze grimaced, his expression twisted into

sheer anger.

Roar!!!

Replying with a defiant roar, the kid once again made his stand clear.

On the other hand, Brigitta casts him a ridiculing smile, "Suit yourself then, I'll end you now"

Almost instantly, she activated her Gladiator Form once again.

Ryze marvels at Brigitta's rapid transformation-her form suddenly encased in silver armor from head to toe, while her head was covered by a pristine white hood. Even her form was turning translucent, becoming a green astral being.

Pssh!!

As she turned into her Gladiator Form, Ryze's hands sizzled even harder.

Since her form was merged with pure silver, her entire body became anti-Supernaturals.

Even though Ryze was covered by his thick scales, the pain tore through-into his nerves.

It was only then that she exerted more force, pushing Ryze back.

Despite his power that was pushed to the limit, Brigitta was still able to push

him back, her small frame surprisingly packed immense strength-all due to the corrupted mana she had, propelling her into new heights.

Bit by bit, Ryze's hulking body was forced to take a step back.

On top of that, his hands were slowly being twisted down as Brigitta exerted more force.

Such a sight was shocking considering the disparity in their size. However, Ryze was not going to back down, biting down his sharp fangs with determination.

Focusing on his draconic heart for a fleeting moment, he draws more power from the core of his being and resists Brigitta's formidable strength with everything he has. The deep crimson flames that cloaked his entire body intensified as even his scales were heating up painfully.

"What...?" Brigitta uttered in shock when she couldn't budge Ryze once again.

Just then, her eyes darted to her side.

As if Lady Luck was mocking her right now, she saw three familiar figures heading her way.

It was Adhara, Evelyn, and Calidora.

Brigitta snapped her neck over her shoulder to look at Gistella in the cage,

knowing that the three were definitely coming here to free Gistella and bring her to safety. She couldn't allow them to succeed.

Glancing to the other side, the Horsemen of Chaos could be seen trapped in battles.

Two of them were greatly weakened by the slave mark.

Due to that very reason, they were trapped fending off the Supernatural Kings and Queens.

None of them couldn't be bothered to protect Gistella from being taken away.

It was clear that Brigitta was the only one who could intercept Adhara, Evelyn, and Calidora from advancing further. However, in order to do that, she needed to quickly take care of the dragon before her that was not going to let her go no matter what.

Looking back into Ryze's flaming eyes, Brigitta could only clench her jaw, troubled.

'I can see it through his eyes, the only way I could stop him is to kill him, and killing him would not be easy' She pondered, realizing that she couldn't escape Ryze's focus no matter what-there's simply no way that Ryze is going to let her go.

Just then, Brigitta's eyes fixated on his muscular arms.

She could see his deep crimson flames crawling on his arms, heading towards his hands.

Looking at this, a frown crept into her countenance.

Contrary to her, Ryze was looking at her with profound intensity, "Don't treat me like a kid..."

Upon hearing this-Brigitta could only click her tongue in displeasure and tried to withdraw her hands, knowing full well what Ryze was aiming for. But, to her astonishment, she found herself hitting face-first into another problem as she was unable to break free.

Regardless of how hard she tried to pull her hands back, she couldn't.

Her hands were tightly gripped by Ryze's iron hands. "Especially since I'm a dragon," Ryze added before he controlled his flames toward Brigitta.

Swoosh!!

"Arrghkk!"

As the flame grazed the tip of Brigitta's fingers, a mere ember at first, it swiftly erupted into a blazing inferno-engulfing her in searing agony within moments, prompting a pained grunt to escape her lips.

Even her Gladiator Form couldn't resist fully Ryze's absolute flames.

"I'll make sure you regret doing it," Ryze whispered again. One fatal mistake was made as Brigitta-infatuated by her new corrupted wind

elements-forgot that she was fighting someone capable of controlling fire, absolute fire nevertheless which was a natural counter to her.

Her corruption made her wind elements stronger, but it was still wind in nature.

It takes only a flicker of fire to make her own elements betray her. Not wasting the opportunity from Brigitta's carelessness, Ryze unfurled his

wings and lifted her up moderately high. With a powerful shove, he drove his horns forward-delivering one resounding head-butt that sent Brigitta hurtling towards the earth.

A crater was created from the formidable impact.

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wings and lifted her up moderately high. With a powerful shove, he drove his horns forward-delivering one resounding head-butt that sent Brigitta hurtling towards the earth.

A crater was created from the formidable impact. Showing no mercy towards Brigitta, fueled by the anger from her ridicule-

Ryze drowned her entire form with his fire breath. He did it so quickly that Brigitta was late to react, and she got scorched asunder by the flames. Her scream of pain resounded as she propelled herself outside with a blast of

wind.

Emerging from the flames, Brigitta's condition was unsightly. But despite the damage she endured, the chaos energy began a rapid regeneration process, quickly mending her wounds. Paying no heed to Ryze looming behind her-Brigitta fixed her gaze ahead and propelled herself forward with a blast of wind.

She made a quick dash towards her pressing targets.

Swoosh!

Meanwhile, Adhara saw her advancement towards them and quickly moved to intercept.

Activating her Blood Moon Herald Mark, she charged straight at Brigitta.

Boom!

A powerful explosion was created from their collision, and it was obvious that

Adhara lost in terms of power to Brigitta as she got pushed back. But then out of nowhere she chanted a spell that sent danger signals to Brigitta. Seeing a fiery roundhouse kick, Brigitta raised her arms to block the attack in

time.

But this exchange gave Calidora the time to close into Gistella. However, leveraging on her corrupted wind elements, Brigitta moves even

faster and reaches Calidora in the blink of an eye. Her fist hurtled towards Calidora, only to be met by the sturdy barrier of Calidora's crossed arms.

Additionally, Gistella also helped Calidora, creating a protective shield for the attack.

Even though she was trapped, she could still help the fight.

In quick succession, Brigitta went for another punch but she made eye contact with Calidora.

Swish!

A sudden daze infiltrated her mind when she gazed into Calidora's eyes.

Just when she recovered from the daze-Brigitta caught sight of Adhara managing to reach Gistella's cage and kicked it in the Supernatural Army's direction. She was smiling at Brigitta as she did this. Under natural chemistry, Adhara and Calidora perfectly worked together in this exchange.

Easily, the two make a fool of Brigitta's attempt to stop them.

Chapter 1085 Maternal Instincts

Putting aside their dislikes towards each other, Adhara and Calidora worked together.

It was unintentional, but their instincts became one in this sight.

Under their synchronized effort, they managed to knock Gistella's cage from Brigitta's grasp, leaving her unsettled and furious at the same time. Losing Gistella could mean forfeiting one significant advantage she had over this battle.

Having Gistella at the mercy of her power puts pressure on the opponent. But now, Brigitta lost that advantage.

Dauntingly standing with a triumphant smile, Adhara turned to gaze in Brigitta's direction.

Like an entity possessed by the very essence of fire, her entire form was cascaded down by violet flames, even corrupting her skin violet. Hovering behind her was a circle of fire-but it was not a regular circle of fire.

It seemed like the circle of fire, a manifestation of a spell, was a part of her body.

Moreover, Brigitta could also sense that this circle of fire behind Adhara amplified her power.

Noticing that she was gazing at the circle of fire, Adhara smirked inwardly. Even though the more advanced techniques inside the sacred book given by the Elementals, the Divine Pyroclasmic Emissary, are too hard for her to quickly comprehend-she managed to learn and comprehend the first technique of the sacred book.

A technique called Order of Fire.

Such technique was the cause of this circle of fire behind her, amplifying her spells by 100%.

One technique that many Fire Elementalists would die for.

Due to this technique, even though Adhara hasn't broken through to the ninth-rank realm on her fire elements, her attack was still able to do something to Brigitta, "If the Executor gains what he wants, the war will never end, Brigitta. Is that what you want?"

Upon hearing this, Brigitta laughed-reaching out her hand to call back her longsword.

"If the Executor gains what he wants, he will make sure the war will end," She rebutted firmly.

It was clear through the light in her eyes that Brigitta believed in what she said. Adhara could instantly tell that there was no use in trying to coax her to change her mind-she didn't know what the Executor did to Brigitta, but the once proud protector of Humanity was nowhere to be seen.

Now, what's left of her is an empty shell of a corrupted soul.

Just as Adhara was preparing to fight, she noticed Calidora on her side, stepping back.

Controlling her blood energy, she conjures a crimson bean bag and sits on it gracefully.

"What are you doing?" Adhara asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Fatigue is getting to her, you two can handle her-you don't need my help" Calidora replied.

Since they were in the middle of a fight-against someone like Brigitta nonetheless-Adhara found it incredulous that Calidora would indulge in games. She presumed that Calidora also shared the same understanding that the fight should take priority.

But it seems it was not the case for Calidora if she's acting this nonchalantly. Deciding to not mind her, Adhara engaged with Brigitta again.

Aided by Ryze who came like a train and body-slammed Brigitta, the two should be fine.

On the other hand, Calidora gritted her teeth in utter silence.

Her hand found itself rubbing her stomach, the source of a stinging pain that she was feeling right now that made her stop. Moreover, fatigue came sooner than expected the exchange from earlier surprisingly sucked a lot of her stamina.

Calidora deliberately uses her Eyes of Terror instead of her blood energy in that exchange.

It was one of her powers that didn't require blood energy.

But even then, she was exhausted from that.

"Raarggh! For the Elpida Alliance! For Humanity! I'm going to kill you, Vampire!!!"

Suddenly, an Awakened came rushing from the side and charged at the exhausted Calidora.

Upon hearing the shout, Calidora cast her cold eyes towards the Awakened.

Despite bearing wounds from the preceding battle, the Awakened, appearing no older than thirty, brandished a combat knife with grim determination-fully intent on yanking Calidora, the Vampire before him to death.

His eyes were burning with hope and determination that Humanity would win. Knowing that she had a connection with the Silverstar Pack, the Awakened aimed at her.

Clang!

Raising her pinky finger mantled with blood energy, Calidora parried the Awakened's combat knife as if it were nothing. Not wanting to stop, despite being clearly outmatched by Calidora-the Awakened persisted, refusing to yield.

Sparks from the knife's collision with Calidora's pinky nail flashed.

It kept on going as the Awakened didn't let up his attack, brazenly swiping his combat knife.

Just when Calidora was about to severely wound the Awakened, incapacitating him, her eyes widened when blood unexpectedly crawled into her neck and gushed out of her mouth. Such an occurrence caught her completely off guard.

Responding in reflex, she covered her mouth.

But when she saw the crimson blood adorning on her hand, her body trembled. Meanwhile, recognizing this as an opportune moment-the Awakened cast a spell to cloak his combat knife and thrust forward with vigor. Unaware of Calidora's sudden affliction, he remained focused, determined not to let this moment slip away.

He aimed at her heart as it was the universal weakness of any living being. As the Awakened's blade descended toward Calidora, he felt a pang of confusion. Instead of shielding her chest, Calidora's hands instinctively moved to guard her abdomen. It happened in a blink of an eye, a split-second decision, driven by her survival instincts.

However, it was an odd sight to see her survival instincts make her react like that.

Splash!

With a sickening thud, the blade pierced her defenseless flesh, sending waves of pain.

Even though the Awakened should be happy that his attack worked, his eyes were flickering with uncertainty. In the aftermath of the attack, the Awakened pulled out his knife and could not shake the nagging feeling of bewilderment.

Why had her body reacted in such a manner?

Why had she protected her stomach and left her torso vulnerable to the assault?

It was only as these questions rotated his mind that his eyes widened in realization.

Looking at the bloodied knife in his hand, the Awakened stepped back-guilt and utter shock plastered on his face. But that shock quickly turned into anger as he pointed his knife back at Calidora, "What the fuck are you doing in the battlefi- Huarghkk!"

Out of nowhere, the Awakened coughed a mouthful of blood.

Stopped mid-sentence, a figure appeared and stabbed the Awakened through the back.

Brutally, he was lifted into the air as he screamed louder.

Fueled with unbridled anger, the pale figure tossed the Awakened to the side roughly.

"Kill him, don't show him mercy," the figure uttered whisperingly.

Almost instantly after he said that, several figures clad in the same cold attire-unmistakably Vampires, pounced on the Awakened. Channeling their primal cruelty, they rent him limb from limb with their razor-sharp claws.

Despite his pleas for mercy, saying that it was a mistake, the Vampires didn't stop.



None of them relent, tearing him without hesitation.

Gruesomely, even the Awakened's remains were gone, leaving no trace of his body.

He got devoured wholesale, his corpse forever lost.

Groaning lightly, Calidora looked up and saw a familiar Vampire approaching her.

It was Dimitri, and he had concern plastered clearly on his face as he immediately went to her side, assessing the wounds near her collarbone, "Princess, are you alright? Did he get you anywhere aside from here?"

"No, I'm fine-I was only dazed earlier, Calidora replied, trying to refuse his help.

But even then, Dimitri quickly applied ointment to her wounds. Under normal circumstances, he could replenish her blood energy with his

own, but for now-that was off limit lest he incurred side effects. So instead of giving her blood energy-the ointments he brought should make do.

It was made of an Awakened blood, the best of its kind.

"We're not going to keep our distance anymore, I hope you understand, Princess" He said.

Albeit her reluctance, Calidora could only agree.

Even if she refused him and told him to leave, he wouldn't do it, so there's no

point in trying. Calidora sighed heavily, her disappointment palpable, "I thought growing weaker would be a gradual process, but this? It's happening even faster than I

imagined," she murmured. At the very least, she thought that she would be able to participate in this battle.

But it seemed like a distant possibility now, she was stretching her limit by doing this.

Moreover, it would put her in more danger.

"Let's try and get out of here if we can," Dimitri instructed with a demanding tone.

Since they were now at the center of the conflict, it would not be safe for Calidora. However, as he pivoted his body around, Dimitri discreetly grimaced.

He clutches the side of his torso in pain, and his expression is strained- portraying the clear discomfort he is experiencing. But even though he was in pain-Dimitri made every effort to conceal it from Calidora's notice.

Despite being freed from Calidora's sight, he was not free from Evelyn's eyes from the side. Told to keep her ground, she remained passive in the background. Evelyn was in her Luna Form, gracing her presence with purple fractals of energy, and gazing at the group of Vampires that suddenly appeared out of nowhere and protected Calidora, 'He must've gone through a lot to reach here, I'm not surprised that he was hurt, Reaching their position must've been hard for Dimitri and the other Vampires. It was not surprising that they were hurt.

'Who are they...? Are they Calidora's personal guards?' Evelyn pondered, observing them.

As she was a Princess, it was not too surprising if she had personal guards.

Moreover, since she couldn't sense these Vampires coming, they must've been strong. Initially, Evelyn saw Calidora being attacked by the Awakened.

But since the Awakened was a mere sixth-rank realm, she was not worried for Calidora.

In her mind, Calidora would not be in trouble.

the

Since she could even fight with Rex not too long ago, Calidora should easily deal with anyone below the ninth-rank realm. Only a few things below ninth-rank realm could threaten her, so the sight of her being injured by the Awakened was unexpected. Naturally, this raised a question in Evelyn's mind. 'Regardless of this group of Vampires, why is Calidora so weak?' She contemplated-shifting her eyes towards Calidora-who remained seated on the plush cushion made completely of blood energy. 'I understand that she was knocked out by Rex, but I don't think that would be the reason why she got this

weak,

'So weak that she got hurt fighting a mere sixth-rank realm Awakened' She frowned weirdly.

On top of that, there was the weird reflex that she had earlier. Even though her survival reflex wouldn't be noticed by untrained eyes, for

someone who had been in a fight a lot-it was a reflex that stuck out like a sore thumb. Any regular life form will not react like she did.

It was a weird reaction, one that Evelyn found suspicious. Due to the fight between Adhara, Ryze, and Brigitta near the center of the

Human Army, a lot of attention was pulled to their location-all eyes diverted and focused on the flank. As the battle raged on, it became evident that the

Supernaturals held a decisive advantage.

Steadily, their forces gained ground in the battle, pushing the Human Army back.

And now, Brigitta seemed to be in trouble.

However, she could be seen adapting to the fight against Adhara and Ryze quickly. Just from her fluid movements and increasingly effective blocks, it was obvious that Brigitta was learning her opponents' patterns. As one of the select Awakened-capable of merging pure silver into their Gladiator Form, she was an unmistakable genius.

It was not shocking to see her adapting.

Observing this fight was also the Witch of Chaos-manifesting a chaos eye in the sky.

She gained a clear sky-view of the battlefield easily.

At this particular moment, the chaos eye was looking directly at Calidora who seemed to be struggling against the pain as her blood energy was diminishing rapidly. But it was then that the Witch cracked a smile on her face.

'No better time than this, luck is on my side... the aftermath of the battle will be a utopia'

Chapter 1086 Extreme Plight

Locking at Calidora who was being protected by Dimitri and the other Vampires—a knowing smile appeared on the Witch of Chaos' face. Her mind was still not focused on the fight due to one problem, but it seemed there was no need for her to stress about it.

She could now focus her mind on what was in front of her.

Channeling her cursed energy, expanding eerie air around her, she resumed her fight again.

Meanwhile, Adhara and Ryze were oblivious to what had happened.

Even though they were winning, they were not in a great spot at all—conflicted immensely.

Brigitta was beginning to tire as the strain of her corrupted wind elements put a strain on her body—more than usual. Her breaths were already labored as she fended against all incoming combinations of attack from Adhara and Ryze.

Added the fact that the two of them were Fire Elementalists, she was in deep trouble.

However, it was not only her that recognized this.

"Go! Go and aid Lady Brigitta!"

One commander from the Human Army pointed at Brigitta and shouted a command.

In a battle of any kind—it's always the best move to listen to what the higher-ranking officers say instead of second-guessing his decisions. Every single human on the battlefield knew of that fact and immediately charged Adhara and Ryze.

Most of them were normal military personnel, amplified by the Executor's power.

But even then, they were not comparable to anywhere close to Adhara's and Ryze's powers.

Looking at these people throwing themselves to protect Brigitta as she retreated to recover and catch her breath, Adhara could only tighten her jaw—feeling conflicted. She didn't want to kill any of them as they were only following a bad leader.

Not to mention, humanity is really desperate right now.

If anything, these people were only fighting this battle because they had no alternatives.

Albeit her hands were not clean of innocent lives, this was completely different.

Maybe feeling bad about killing these people would make her a hypocrite, but nevertheless, the situation was different now. Rex's view of bringing peace into the world is also her view, and killing these people would not align with their agenda.

Nevertheless, she decided to swallow her hesitation.

'I'm sorry, but we have to do this' She pondered, biting her lower lip in determination.

Pulling nothing back, Adhara clawed all humans that came to aid Brigitta.

Similarly, Ryze was also doing the same as he breathed fire to pave the way for them both.

Even though their expressions clearly showed that they were not happy doing this, both of them pressed their backs against each other before coating their entire bodies with fire. It was then their eyes burned, a dance of violent and crimson red before they surged through the entire enemies before them like two spiraling vertical vortexes of fire.

Swoosh!

Anyone that got grazed by them has their entire bodies evaporated entirely.

Naturally, there were some that were able to halt their momentum—Awakened at the eighth rank realm. But even then—Adhara and Ryze easily knocked them out of the way with their combined assault.

Like two entities of fire, the steps and drags of their feet left a fiery trail behind them.

"We are going to stop you!"

Suddenly, a dozen Cessation Knights clad in red armor landed a distance to their front.

Each one of them boasts the power of the seventh-rank realm that was easily breaching into the eighth-rank realm with the boost from the Executor. Lowering their stances—the twelve Cessation Knights charged their mana to the absolute peak.

"Alliance Technique, Aegis of Twelve Strength!"

Upon their chant, their manas merged and manifested a massive elemental shield.

Despite the rampaging power of different elements that contradict each other, their elements merged in harmony within the elemental shield. Not stopping at that—each Cessation Knight infused their spirit energy, adding another layer of protection to the elemental shield.

In mere moments, the shield shimmers stronger with the additional spirit energy.

Some Supernaturals would recognize this technique.

A technique exclusive to the Cessation Knights, enhancing spells with their numbers.

Recognizing the formidable energy emanating from the shield, Adhara and Ryze understood its significance and braced themselves accordingly. Flapping his wings to make a leap, Ryze unfurled his wings before his mouth gargled in a devastatingly hot fire.

Gathering his draconic energy, he fired the strongest fire breath he had ever mustered.

He fired it straight at the elemental shield.

Swoosh!!

Knowing that it might not be enough, Adhara made a forceful stomp, swiftly invoking her own Gladiator Form. A violet serpent materialized, coiling around her waist as her gaze intensified—channeling both elemental mana and spirit energy fiercely.

Her aura expanded before she quickly chanted the strongest spell in her arsenal.

Not needing to worry about the white sphere with the help of Rex, she decided to go all-out.

"Pneuma Spell..." Adhara gritted her teeth—the violet snake on her waist hissed excitedly at the first stroke of her strongest spell. Raising her gaze, she pointed at the elemental shield, "Slithering Chains of Jealousy..."

Hiss!!

Like a bullet, the violet serpent shot forward with incredible speed.

It gained mass as it neared the elemental shield, twirling around Ryze's fire breath as one.

Kaboom!!

A deafening explosion reverberated throughout the vicinity upon colliding with the elemental shield, unleashing a devastating shockwave that sent those close to it away. Even the twelve Cessation Knights were struggling to maintain their footing.

Under their surprised gaze, the elemental shield they conjured began to visibly crack.

Despite their best effort to maintain the shield, it was crumbling.

Barely, the Cessation Knights were barely able to sustain the shield until the very end.

Even though they were successful in blocking the combination of attacks from Ryze and also Adhara—a considerable feat—they didn't get spared any breath to celebrate as both of them came and hit the shield at the same time.

Crash!

Just like that, the elemental shield shattered and sent them crashing away.

Not stopping their momentum, the duo dashed past them.

However, a couple of steps past the twelve Cessation Knights, Adhara's eyes widened as she caught sight of a battle axe hurtling toward her with alarming speed. It was fast even for her, signaling the considerable strength of the assailant.

Clang!

Only having the time to raise her claws, she parried the battle ax but got hurtled back.

A light groan escaped her mouth.

Landing twenty meters away, she found that Ryze also got hit—landing right beside her.

"Mmph..." Adhara moaned, grabbing her chest.

Upon hearing this, Ryze glanced at her in worry as the assailants were full of chaos energy.

"Did you get hit? Where?"

"No, I'm alright—I didn't get hit. Don't worry about me,"

Shaking her head, Adhara showed that she was fine, it was not the hit that hurt her.

Even though she was able to fight again—the devastating wounds she endured from fighting Dorlus were still lingering. She might look healed, but that didn't diminish the power of the Yule Moon that wasn't cleansed fully from her inside.

Unlike Flunra and Kyran, she got wounded the most.

It was a miracle that she could help in this fight, but surely, there was a limit for her.

Trailing their eyes back to their front, a troublesome sight greets them.

Blocking their way now to help Brigitta recover were two of the three Horsemen of Chaos.

One was a figure whose very presence bends the air with an aura of chaos—clad in armor that whispers of endless night, its plates inscribed with runes that pulse with a violet glow. He mounts upon an armored black horse that bears the weight of the Abyss.

His helm was crowned with horns, arcing like corrupted halos.

Laid on his hand was a staff, adorned with claws that seemed to tear the fabric of reality.

Positioned behind this chaos mage was a chaos knight.

He was completely covered by armor wrought from black bones, stained with blackness.

Riding a similar horse—the chaos knight grips a sword with a sharp edge that clears the air with a whisper of malice. His helm with horns striped like the savage tigers of old—veils a face unseen but not unfelt.

A palpable dread that emits the very essence of chaos.

Both bore the slave marks from Kyran earlier, signifying that they were weakened.

Even then, the two were not pushovers as they gazed at Adhara and Ryze intensely.

As the two prepared to launch their attacks, their attention abruptly shifted as their helmets swiveled toward a sudden movement to the side. Instead of striking Adhara and Ryze, they swiftly veered toward safety, prompting both Adhara and Ryze to follow their gaze.

It was only then that their eyes widened completely.

Shining brilliantly in the sky was the Executor, charging an attack aimed towards them.

Unlike his regular attack, the Executor also uses his spirit energy.

Naturally, the sight made Adhara and Ryze sucked in a cold breath—the Executor was about to unleash an arcane spell toward them. Glancing over their shoulders, they realized that the Executor was aiming at the Supernatural Army.

It was unclear what drew his attention this way, but the situation was very dire.

"Arcane Spell, Chaos Nova!!"

Swoosh!

Unleashing the very spell he had wielded against Rex previously, the Executor summoned an orb of chaos and sent forth a powerful torrent of chaos energy that easily morphed the sky's hue into a foreboding shade of deep purple.

Responding to this attack, the Human Army retreated and made a barricade.

Obviously, they were holding their grounds so that the Supernaturals could not push them.

With the incoming spell, attempting to push the Human Army would be foolish.

Knowing that the attack would've decimated thousands if not checked, Flurna and Ryze rose to the sky and put themselves in the way of the arcane spell. Garnering every ounce of their strength, Kyran and Flunra shine with their own respective auras.

Like two bright stars in the sky, they clashed against the torrent of chaos energy.

A big shockwave exploded in the sky, its ripple spread across the horizon.

But despite their efforts, Kyran and Flunra were unable to block the powerful attack fully.

Upon seeing this, Adhara and Ryze darted their eyes in search of Rex and found him going at full speed towards the torrent of chaos energy—fully intending to block the attack. Rex even lets out a powerful roar, shouting the Executor's name—echoing across the land like thunder rolling through the heavens.

However, at that very moment, the onlookers' hearts skipped a beat.

In a fraction of a second, their wide eyes saw Rex getting tackled down by the Executor.

Rex and the Executor fell down from the sky like a comet, further away from the arcane spell.

Nothing could stand between the arcane spell and the reinforcement army anymore.

Almost responding instantly, the strong entities belonging to the reinforcement army came to the center to prepare a desperate, all-out attempt to stop the torrent of chaos energy. It was weakened thanks to Flunra and Kyran, so they had a chance to stop it.

King Jorik, King Huvuki, Queen Shanaela, the Tigerman King, and the Orc Warmonger joined.

Even Dimitri and the other Vampires participated.

Since Calidora's safety was threatened, they would pour everything they had to stop this.

It doesn't matter if it would mean their deaths.

Regardless of the outcome, they needed to stop this incoming arcane spell.

Firmly standing at the very front of the reinforcement army, these respected entities glared at the incoming arcane spell and steel their wills. Planting their feet into the ground—every single one of them channeled their powers.

But even though they were fearless at the sight of death, the army was scared.

An attack from the Executor was not something that could be fended off easily.

Many of them are pessimistic, thinking that this might be the end.

Not only the reinforcement army, but Evelyn also thinks that it wouldn't be enough.

The Executor's attack is going to pierce through them even if they combined their might—he was simply that strong. Even though she was told to not meddle, the situation calls for her. It was the time for her to help.

However, she knew that she wouldn't make that much difference.

She searched for other ways, but there was simply nothing that could help them right now.

"S- Someone needs to do something..." Evelyn's voice was barely a whisper, yet within her, a stirring arose from the Luna mark etched upon her palm. "No... I need to do something," She corrected herself, conviction flooding her being as her entire form ignited with a fire of Luna energy.

At that very moment, Evelyn could feel her body heating up—her bloodline was stimulated.

Chapter 1087 Being Right or Wrong

Kaboom!

A deafening roar shattered the silence as Kyran and Flunra failed to stop the Chaos Nova.

Upon breaking free from their energies, the arcane spell quickens.

Hurling towards the army below, the torrent of chaos energy dyed the battlefield purple.

In that heart-stopping moment, time seemed to slow to a crawl—the ground began to quiver beneath their feet, a prelude to the impending cataclysm that threatened to engulf them all, leaving nothing but death and blood.

Despite Kyran's and Flunra's intervention, the Chaos Nova is still robust with power.

Half of its power was drained, but it was still an attack none of them could withstand.

Only the Elders of the high-rank Supernaturals or anyone nearing their realm could stop this arcane spell, but since there was none with that amount of power from Rex's forces—except for Kyran and Flunra, the Chaos Nova would decimate them.

Calidora was the one who was nearing their strength, but she couldn't do anything right now.

Moreover—Ryze and Adhara who were amongst the strongest could feel doubt encroaching.

None of the two were confident that they could stop this attack.

Even as the Chaos Nova loomed in the distance—thanks to Kyran and Flunra's valiant efforts granted them a precious window—they could feel the energy coming from it was pressing on them. Its advance felt akin to a scorching wave, threatening to overwhelm them entirely.



As it nears closer, the quake intensifies, shaking the very foundation of the battlefield.

Panic erupted among the ranks, and commanders were struggling to affirm their soldiers.

Additionally, there was nowhere to hide from the devastating spell.

Some of the mentally less fortified began to pound on the Human Army that was barricading the only way of escape, already fixing their ground with sturdy spells and techniques. It was clear that their formations were rock-solid, and couldn't be pushed back.

One spell from the Executor and the fate of the entire reinforcement army hangs uncertain.

One spell poised thousands on the precipice of annihilation.

Located at the very front near the Human Army's barricade was Adhara—she gazed directly at the incoming arcane spell with a thumping heart. She recalled that this spell was the spell the Executor had hit Rex with earlier.

Despite she could only see and feel it from afar, the sensation was the same.

Not to mention, she could also feel the pain Rex suffered.

It was a horrendous sensation that forced her to suppress her connection with Rex earlier.

Evelyn was the one who was stubborn enough to keep her connection intact.

Because of that, she screamed in pain earlier.

"Follow my lead, Ryze," Adhara uttered, sweating profusely. "We'll lead them to survival!"

Upon hearing this, Ryze nodded his head.

Despite the fear that was palpable in his expression, seeing death heading towards them—he gritted his teeth and flew above the army to brace for impact. If bravery was present in the direst of situations, then this is the perfect example.

Looking at the barricade of the Human Army, Adhara gritted her teeth.

Although she could pierce the barricade with the help of Ryze if she wanted to, there was no time to evacuate the entire army. Should she choose that decision—the consequence would be the loss of thousands upon thousands of Supernaturals.

It wouldn't be exaggerating to say that the entire reinforcement army would be wiped out.

All of their souls would be fed to the Abyss.

Such a thing couldn't be allowed to happen, so attempting to stop this attack is the only way.

"Haaarrghhh-!!"

Harnessing every last iota of her strength, depleting her mana and spirit energy to their very limits, Adhara summoned a colossal body of violet fire—enveloping the entire reinforcement army in its protective embrace.

Alongside it, the violet serpent coiled around the barrier of fire, infusing spirit energy.

One could see clearly that she was giving it her all.

Even the circle of fire behind her was glowing to the absolute limit, unable to go further.

Looking at this, and extremely worried—Flamy who was hiding inside Adhara's armor didn't stand still and went over to the circle of fire. Jumping on it, Flamy's fiery body then burned intensely, helping Adhara to exert more power.

Not stopping at that, she also used her second element and her moonlight energy.

Adhara poured out absolutely everything she had.

Under the intensity of her power, blood began to drizzle from Adhara's nose and mouth.

She could even feel her true fire blossoms were on the brink of exploding.

Following Adhara's lead, Ryze unleashed a thunderous roar, enhancing the barrier of fire with his own draconic flames. He stretched his wings and arms to the sides and let everything out—transforming into a blazing beacon, akin to the very sun itself.

Gazing at the two who were still trying their best influenced other individuals.

All Kings and Queens also decided to reinforce the barrier.

King Huvuki with his ice power, King Jorik with his dark nature power, Queen Shanaela with her nature power, the Tigerman King with his martial art technique, and the Orc Warmonger with his orcish power—all poured their energies to reinforce the barrier.

Even though there were many in the army that wanted to help, they couldn't.

One would need perfect control over their energies to reinforce Adhara's fire barrier.

If someone with less mastery over their energies decided to join—it would have only created friction within the barrier, weakening its integrity. For this particular, critical moment, the fate of all rested in the hands of their King and Queen.

A true challenge to the King and Queen—proving themselves to their army.

But even with their combined effort, the gathered energy still couldn't reach the Chaos Nova.

Adhara, overseeing the situation, recognized that the barrier still fell short—and there wasn't anyone who could provide more energy. However, even if there were, the barrier required an immense amount of energy to withstand the impending Chaos Nova.

It was not looking good for the army.

Just then, her eyes darted to the side as she felt an enormous energy climbing up.

Looking at the figure who was the source of this energy, Adhara's eyes widened in surprise.

"Evelyn...?!" She gasped, not expecting that it was coming from Evelyn.

Meanwhile, as the barrier was being formed, something was happening to Evelyn, the Luna.

Fully aware that their combined efforts would be insufficient to hold against the Chaos Nova—Evelyn furrowed her brow, striving to unearth a solution. In her thoughts—the image of Rex teetering on the brink of defeat flashed in her mind and lingered.

A haunting reminder of that flicked her heart.

Her heart was breaking remembering that Rex was attempting to fight alone.

Now that they managed to convince him that they should be fighting together as one, Evelyn knew that if any harm befell them at this critical juncture, it would cost immeasurable mental anguish upon Rex, a wound from which he might never recover.

At this moment, Adhara, Evelyn, and Calidora were here on the crossfire of the Chaos Nova.

If they were decimated right now, that would be the end of it.

Evelyn knew that if they were to die right now, it would prove that Rex was right once again.

Going against the Executor alone is the right move, and now that he let the others help him in this fight—Rex would blame himself, he would feel responsible for their deaths. Evelyn would not let Rex experience such agony at all costs.

But regardless of that, there was an upside if they were able to survive this.

Boom!!

Out of nowhere, her body exploded with rampaging moonlight and Luna energy.

Her Luna Form glowed brighter, its gentle nature turned into a fierce thunderstorm of energy.

Raising her gaze, she disappeared and reappeared right at the flag of Dargena City.

Pushed by her instincts, Evelyn grabbed the handle of the flag—channeling her Luna energy into it with a fierce roar, pouring her essence into the fabric. Responding to her energy—the flag billowed with newfound strength, imbuing others with its empowering aura.

But as she did this, the Chaos Nova hit the barrier.

Kaboom!!

With a deafening crash, the blast struck, its force spreading across the barrier instantly.

Adhara and the others who were reinforcing the barrier coughed a mouthful of blood—their feet sunk into the ground from the push of the Chaos Nova. Not even three seconds passed and the barrier began to crack.

Some of the destructive chaos energy began to seep through, increasing the pressure.

In the midst of this clash, Adhara heard someone shout her name.

Glancing to the side—she realized that it was Evelyn who had her body completely shrouded in Luna energy, only her eyes could be visibly seen. She threw her Luna energy in the form of a rope towards Adhara.

Under Adhara's gaze, the Luna energy wrapped around her tightly with a warm sensation.

Following that, she could feel her power increasing rapidly.

Looking at the Luna energy, Adhara's eyebrows were raised in surprise.

'Since when does Evelyn's Luna energy provide this much enhancement?' She mused lightly.

Despite knowing the fact that Evelyn's presence was enhancing all of the Silverstar Pack members, Adhara never knew that it could reach this much. Although it was unclear, she could feel that her power had increased by 50%, and it was still climbing!

A suspicion instantly came into her mind as she felt this increase in power.

'Don't tell me, like Brigitta, she's evolving?!' Just as she expected, the pressure from death and war stimulated Evelyn's bloodline.

Out of the Silverstar Pack's inner members, Evelyn and Flunra were the only ones who hadn't evolved to their next bloodline stage. Since Flunra is relatively new—it was understandable— but Evelyn was not a new member.

She was the third, right after Kyran.

It hasn't really come to the others' minds, but it was true that Evelyn hasn't evolved.

Being constantly exposed to Rex's presence, and the stagnation of her evolution made it not that surprising for her to evolve right now. It was not a surprise that the prospect of death—stimulated her bloodline, catalyzing an early evolution.

Even though she was evolving, Evelyn forced herself to retain her consciousness and help.

Naturally, it puts a heavy toll on her body by doing this.

Unlike Adhara who was bleeding from her nose and mouth, Evelyn suffered way worse—she was bleeding from her ears and eyes too. Even the level of pain she was enduring, forcing to stay awake and help was climbing to the point that it was a sheer miracle that she could still retain her consciousness.

Crack!

Kaboom!!

A powerful blast seeped through as the barrier cracked even more.

Through a bloodied vision, Evelyn realized that it was not enough, the barrier was breaking.

'Just a little bit more,' She panted, fighting the pain with every fiber of her being. 'If only one more was here, Kyran or even Flunra, we could've fended this off...' Despite the uncertainty of the situation, Evelyn screamed at the top of her lungs.

"Raaaghhh!!" She attempted to break her limit, injuring her internal organs in the process.

Meanwhile, on the other part of the battlefield.

Rex had his eyes turned bloodshot at the sight of the Chaos Nova hitting the barrier.

He quickly stood up and darted in their direction, hoping that he could make it in time to help them sustain the attack—knowing full well that even he, himself got hurt by that spell. But as he made a couple of steps—the Executor seized the back of his head and slammed his face into the ground.

"Don't think that I'm going to stay on the defense," the Executor whispered sinisterly.

Putting more strength, he pinned Rex's face deeper into the ground, "Watch as they all die..."

Upon hearing this, Rex's body exploded with enormous force.

Successfully driving the Executor back once again, he darted forward once more—only to have his leg caught by the Executor, bringing him to an abrupt stop. Reacting swiftly—Rex conjured three Lunar Clones to assist the others.

But not even reaching ten meters, ten Chaos summons appeared and vanquished them.

Not stopping at that, Rex cast the Damned Specter skill.

Moving into the cursed realm, the copy specter of Rex moved quickly toward the others.

Since it was inside the cursed realm, the Executor shouldn't be able to stop him, but that was the wrong assumption as the Executor threw his black spear. Imbued with cursed energy, the black spear stabbed the specter right in the back.

Despite Rex's swift efforts, all of them were thwarted away by the Executor.

Tilting his head, the Executor's expression was cold and serious, taking Rex seriously now.

"I admit that earned strength has its perks, but before those perks can overwhelm our fight—I will crush your mind with your weaknesses"

Chapter 1088 I'll Cherish it Forever

Clasping his abdomen, Kyran coughed a mouthful of blood and forced himself to sit up.

His entire body was overwhelmed with pulsating chaos energy.

As he fought to rise, tendrils of chaos energy streaked across his skin, disrupting his powers and causing excruciating pain. Despite this, his eyes locked onto Evelyn and Adhara—trying to protect the Supernatural Army desperately.

Not to mention, Calidora, Ryze, and Gistella were also there.

Each one of them is a precious member of the Silverstar Pack, a part of the small family.

Instantly, his eyes bulged and his weakened energy exploded once again.

Kyran would rather perish trying to help rather than watch from the side as the others died.

"Flunra!" He growled at the top of his lungs, signaling something.

Upon hearing this, Flunra—who also had just recovered—sprung up and nodded his head.

A glance is all he needs to understand what Kyran wants to do.

Channeling both of their energies to the absolute peak, Kyran jumped and positioned both of his legs toward Flunra. Simultaneously, Flunra inscribed runes onto both Kyran's and his own body before grasping Kyran's feet and propelling him toward the others' direction with all his might.

Boom!

Giving a boost to Kyran's speed, a thunderous booming sound echoed as Flunra pushed him.

Coupled with Kyran's own energy, he reached the others in mere seconds.

Bam!

Kyran wanted to help the others from the inside—but he slammed into the protective barrier, thwarting his entry. Despite the agonizing pain it caused him—he pressed both of his hands against the barrier, peering inside.

There, he could see that Adhara and Ryze slowly sunk to their knees, struggling in pain.

One look is enough to tell that they were not going to hold on for much longer.

Shifting his eyes to the center was another heart-wrenching sight.

He could see Evelyn holding onto the flag of Dargena City with both of her hands firmly.

Using the flag as support—she could be seen on her knees while extending her Luna energy to protect the entire Supernatural Army from the ruthless gust of chaos energy seeping from the cracks in the barrier.

Also, despite her body being illuminated by bright purple light, her condition was evident.

Evelyn was evolving, but she was still forcing herself to help.

It was unthinkable for her to do something like that.

Due to that reason, Kyran could see clearly that she was completely bloodied all over.

"Let me in!!" Realizing the situation inside, Kyran banged on the barrier and roared thunderously.

But even though he made sure that everybody heard him—none answered him. Kyran gritted his teeth and looked up at the barrier, only to find that it was layered with more than Evelyn's and Adhara's powers.

In order to make an entrance for him, other layers of energy need to be synchronized.

Not to mention, the pressure from Chaos Nova strained the barrier immensely.

Essentially, it was impossible to make an entrance for him.

On top of that, if Kyran forced himself inside, then he would be damaging the barrier.

Kyran could feel his blood pumping harder as he came to the realization that he couldn't help them, there was simply no way for him to help. All he could do was watch as the others were struggling to survive.

His strong heart blurred his vision with each beat.

Naturally, there was no chance that he was going to only watch as the others suffered.

Like a rabid dog, Kyran darted his eyes left and right in search of a solution.

Eventually, he looked up, and a crazy thought came to mind.

Raising his gaze to look at the point of impact, gushing with torrents of energy between the Chaos Nova and the protective barrier, Kyran decided that he would take the risk and went towards the impact directly to weaken the Chaos Nova with his power.

It was a crazy idea, but he simply couldn't bear not doing anything to help.

Especially knowing that he could make a change.

Doing so has a very high chance of him dying, even he—pouring everything he has wouldn't be able to handle the lethal friction of energies produced by the class. Such a thing requires extremely high endurance which he didn't have.

But even then, he didn't care—his mind only fixed on saving the others.

"It's better for me to die than them!" Kyran muttered, burning with determination.

Reflecting on the fleeting moments of his journey as a member of Rex's pack, a smile graced Kyran's face. Though brief, those moments made him feel more alive than ever before. Kyran had always considered his time with Rex to be an unexpected blessing.

Despite causing a lot of trouble, Rex has never once moaned or complained directly to him.

At times, it was clear that Rex was angry at him.

However, even when he made a fatal mistake—not once had Rex tried to abandon him.

Rex really did consider him as family.

But even then, Kyran knew that life with Rex was only a bonus for him.

Had it not for Rex taking him in, he would probably sprawled dead in a ditch somewhere.

Losing his sisters, nobody would take care of him.

Not to mention the small village he lived in was very poor, and death by starvation is not rare.

"Okay... I'll repay everything that you did with this"

Boom!

Pulling nothing back, he lets everything out to the point that his body is convulsing with pain.

Despite preparing to help the others, fully prepared to die—Kyran was not fearful.

At the very least, he was glad that he found a situation where he could repay back for all the kindness Rex had given to him throughout this short span of time. He would die without guilt if it meant the others surviving this ordeal.

Like a cascade of azure waterfall, his thick energy manifested, dripping down his entire form.

"Goodbye," Kyran mused lightly. "Being a part of this family, I'll cherish it forever..."

It was only then that he looked up at the clash.

Just as Kyran was about to dash and sacrifice himself, a familiar voice stopped him.

"Don't! Kyran, you can help without sacrificing yourself!"

Upon hearing this, Kyran's eyes trace lower and are surprised to find that there is a strand of purple energy that he recognized as Lunra energy connecting to his chest. Without a doubt, this string belonged to Evelyn.

"Evelyn, don't push yourself too hard! Let me end this," Kyran rebutted.

Seeing the state she was in—worst out of everyone—he wanted her to stop forcing herself.

But knowing what he wanted to do from his expression alone, Evelyn refuted, "No, there's no need for you to sacrifice yourself for us all. Just channel your energy through the link I made with you, we can stop this!"

"I don't know if you can handle it so I won't take the gamble," Kyran shook his head.

He is probably the second-strongest in the Silverstar Pack.

Furthermore, his energy was vast thanks to his mastery which made him able to condense all his moonlight energy—propelling his body's energy reserves. If he channeled everything into the link Evelyn made, he could directly augment Evelyn's power.

It would allow Kyran to help sustain the barrier directly, but that comes with a cost.

A big cost of Evelyn failing to sustain his energy.

Considering her strength, there was a chance that she might not be able to sustain it.

If that happened, something bad would happen to her.

Kyran doesn't want to risk her well-being, it's best that he took the full brunt of the spell.

Crack!

A cracking sound reverberated as another big crack appeared on the barrier.

Just the force from that happening alone was devastating.

Not even considering her method as an option, and also the fact that their time was running thin, Kyran clenched his jaw—intending to confront the Chaos Nova himself. But once again, Evelyn stopped him.

"No, Kyran...! Look at me," Her voice was louder, ringing inside the head. "Please, look at me!"

Even though he was reluctant, Kyran turned to look at her.

He doesn't want to be swayed, but Evelyn's tone makes it hard for him to ignore her request.

Almost instantly, both of their gazes met amidst the chaos.

Looking at her sparkling purple eyes—conveying gentleness and trust—with blood seeping out from the bottom, Kyran gritted his teeth before he saw Evelyn smiling at him, "I'm aware of what you're thinking, but there will be other chances for you in the future,"

"Rex still needs you...We still need you. Trust me this time," She added with a dulcet tone.

A tone that made her more convincing and hard to refuse.

Kyran could only grit his teeth stronger as he battled his undecided self.

But eventually, under the gaze Evelyn was giving, Kyran reclined and decided to trust her.

Roar!!

Boom!!

Letting out a reluctant, thunderous roar, Kyran infused every ounce of his energy into the link Evelyn created—giving her all of his moonlight energy. He kept pouring and pouring, keeping his head down without looking at Evelyn.

'Don't make me regret this, Evelyn!' He pondered and exploded with more power.

Meanwhile, everything was caught by Rex's eyes.

Despite being pinned down and also surrounded by chaos monsters that were summoned by the Executor—his keen eyes pierced through the chaos of the battlefield. He was able to see Kyran or even the others inside the barrier.



It was only then that a notification appeared as his body burned from the inside.

Akin to an insatiable fire began to burn inside of him.

<Warning! The user's berserk stat is nearing 80%!>

Upon the notification appearing, Rex's eyes flashed with a grim crimson light as he pushed himself up from the ground. The Executor who was holding him down was surprised when Rex began to overpower him.

Not giving him a chance to react, Rex yanked his head back, hitting the Executor's nose.

His headbutt momentarily dazed the Executor.

Such a method of fighting was ungraceful which caught him off guard.

Sensing a moment of liberation, Rex quickly rose to his feet, slashing the Executor across the chest with his claws—searing the armor he was wearing with the Executor Slash before Rex, in quick succession, kicked him back.

It was obvious that Rex's intention was to get away, not fight.

Boom!

Propelling himself towards the others' direction, Rex broke the sound barrier.

His speed was lightning-fast, aiming to destroy the Chaos Nova that threatened the others.

Clicking his tongue in displeasure, the Executor also followed suit.

Hold on! I'm coming!

Rex exclaimed inside his head as pushed his body to move faster.

Knowing how powerful the Chaos Nova arcane spell was—as he felt its power himself—Rex knew that none of the others, particularly Evelyn or Gistella, stood a chance of surviving the impact. Even Adhara and Calidora, formidable as they were, too faced an uncertain fate.

Just as he was nearing the clash, his eyes widened before he took an abrupt stop.

Crash!

Stomping the ground, he halted mid-way with a stiff form.

Looking at the direction of the other with flared eyes, he looked down, seemingly undecided.

But surprisingly, he pivoted around to face the Executor instead of helping the others.

Upon seeing him stopping—the Executor also stopped and his smirk widened, "Are you now accepting that their fate has been sealed? None of them are going to stop my attack, you of all people should know that. As I said, they are only weaknesses born from yo-"

In mid-sentence, the Executor stopped seeing a smile enacted on Rex's face.

His arrogance disappeared at the sight of Rex's smile.

"I've been acting stupid up until now," Rex uttered, looking at the Executor's frowning face. "I was always riled up every time you mentioned that what I gained from my beliefs was only a bunch of weaknesses. Seems like I've been too swayed,"

Listening to this, the Executor's frown deepens, "What are you trying to say...?"

"Since you believe my pack members or the armies I brought here are nothing but burdens—my weaknesses... then let's watch together, shall we?" Rex's smile broadened, the bloodshot in his eyes gleaming with confidence. "Let us witness how all of them prove themselves to be anything but burdens,"

Kaboom!!

Chapter 1089 Worthy of Respect

A moment earlier.

Just when Rex was about to help the others, his eyes widened as a voice entered his ears.

There was no mistaking the voice—it was Evelyn's, and Rex knew it instantly.

Gazing downward, he could see a string of Luna energy attaching to his chest.

It was the string that allowed her to communicate through the madness of the battlefield.

"Leave us," the voice rang inside his head, surprising him completely. "Focus on the Executor, focus on your fight with him. Make sure that you'll win. Leave us—we can handle this spell by ourselves!"

Naturally, Rex wasn't going to listen to Evelyn.

Compared to the risk of them being wiped out, there's no way that Rex would leave them.

He had resolved to confront the Executor alone so that the others would be safe, so the idea of leaving them to face an attack powerful enough to nearly vanquish him was unacceptable, Rex was not going to let that happen.

Out of everything, he couldn't lose them too.

Even though he fancied himself to have a strong will, he didn't know if he could take that.

Never, I will not let all of you take the risk against the Executor's arcane spell!

"I don't need your help-! We... don't need your help!"

Rex's emotions churned within him as he sprinted toward the clash, but amidst the chaos, his gaze locked with Evelyn's eyes, which bore into him sternly. There was no comfort within her eyes, only determination, and stubbornness.

Looking at this, Rex clenched his jaw and kept going.

But her voice rang inside his head once again, "You planned on not involving us in this fight,"

"No matter how worried you are—you made it clear with this that you still don't trust us. For me, and the others, please Rex... Give us the chance to prove to you that we are capable of protecting our own and worthy enough to be a part of your pack" She added softly.

Upon hearing this, Rex gritted his teeth as his eyes turned bloodshot.

Even then, he was not stopping.

Despite understanding where this was coming from, he was still reluctant to take the risk.

He was still weighed down by the possibility of them failing.

I need to be selfish, yes, this is really the time for me to be selfish and refuse her request!

But if I do that... wouldn't it make me agree with the Executor?

A conflict raged in his mind as he grappled to come to a decision, but under the constant and persistent plea for trust from Evelyn—his legs made a stop on their own. Rex was undecided, yet his body seemed to already know the answer.

Seeing that he stopped with a bitter look, Evelyn smiled inwardly, "Thank you..."

Meanwhile, back into the future.

Spreading his arms to the side—standing firm against the relentless surge of energy pressing against his back, Rex decided that he would put his trust in the others this time. It would be a blatant lie if he said that he wasn't nervous right now.

But he needs to give the others his trust.

Evelyn made him realize that he had been approaching the situation hypocritically.

His bravado of championing the concept of earned strength has been the complete opposite of how he was acting as it turns out—his action was agreeing with the Executor's view of the weaknesses his concept would bring.

Not believing them is the same as admitting what the Executor said is true.

If he really believes that earned strength gives no weaknesses, then Rex must show that.

Rex must believe that the others could handle this themselves.

He needs to reflect on what he believes in.

Upon hearing this, the Executor paused for a second before he burst into maniacal laughter.

He didn't put what Rex said as anything other than delusion as the Chaos Nova arcane spell, without the First Breath's suppression, was able to reach as high as the upper tenth rank—it was a powerful spell that he used daily in ancient times.

A lot of entities in the past, stronger than the Silverstar Pack couldn't endure this spell.

So the Executor didn't take Rex's statement seriously.

For Rex to think that his pack could endure that attack is a fantasy of the highest degree.

"Your pathetic view would be the cause of your downfall—Royal Black Prince," the Executor smiled a mocking smile, pity in his two eyes. "You will regret this moment forever, adding to your piling weaknesses in your mind. It was your decision that will cause them all to die..."

Kaboom!

Just as the Executor said that—a powerful explosion resounded throughout the battlefield.

It ripped through the desolate plain like a wrathful deity unleashed—its sheer force tearing through the very fabric of reality. Everything in the surrounding miles was engulfed by the shockwave and the cloud of smoke that splashed like a thunderstorm.

Even the sound of the fight on the other side of the battlefield was drowned.

Anyone in a twenty-mile radius would see this bright, roaring explosion in the dark sky.

Not only that but even Rex's domain trembled because of the powerful impact.

Rex's muscles strained—not because of the pressure, but because of the nervousness in his heart. In that moment of chaos and upheaval, he clung to his trust and kept eye contact with the Executor, standing with the same smile on his lips.

Other than the two of them, Human or Supernatural Army, all of them got hurtled away.

Some even died or had their bones broken from the shockwave.

"Are you prepared for the resolution?" the Executor asked, taunting Rex's shaky emotions.

But even then, Rex scoffed in response, "Are you...?"

It took a moment before the smoke cleared and the dust settled.

Eventually, their eye contact breaks as the Executor glances past Rex—anticipating the sight of the others and the reinforcement army completely annihilated—a breakthrough to end this vexing war once and for all.

'If only he didn't have this much influence, then my army would be inside the creek already'

Viewing through the aftermath, the Executor clicked his tongue.

Had it not for Rex bringing a lot of people with him to block the path toward the Dead Man's Creek, then the Executor would be focusing on pushing the army forward. But now that Rex and his army were on the way, he couldn't do that.

An effective way he opted for is to kill Rex as that would scatter his army instantly.

'He's acting tough—but once he sees his pack members dead, then it will be all over' At the prospect of seeing Rex breaking down, the Executor's smile spreads even wider. He looked through the aftermath, trying to confirm the good news.

But it was only then that his expression tightened, and his pupils dilated in surprise.

Upon seeing the change in expression, Rex glanced over his shoulders.

Peering through the aftermath of the clash he could see a flickering beacon at the center.

A beacon of silvery light, fluttering against the wind.

"You-" Rex stuttered, his eyes widened in sheer disbelief. He gazed at the beacon with a mix of astonishment, relief, and elation. A smile spread across his face—betraying his incredulity, one that expressed a thousand emotions.

"You... You really did it," he whispered, his voice tinged with awe. "All of you really did it..."

Rex was looking at the heart of the explosion from earlier.

Everything became clear in a second, exposing Evelyn as the source of the silvery beacon as she held the flag of Dargena City with an upright back. Her face was facing down, her breath was weak, and her body was completely cascaded with her own blood.

But even then, she stood her ground.

Against such a formidable attack, she prevailed and stood tall.

Not only those who were outside of the barrier but even those inside were surprised.

It was true that the barrier was not made only by Evelyn's power—but a blend of power from entities they revered—but it was Evelyn alone, who forged the impenetrable barrier that was able to protect the entire reinforcement army from the chaos energy seeping within.

Due to that, not even one Supernatural died from that attack.

A clean sheet with no casualties.

Just then, Adhara who was also battered and bloodied came and stood right beside Evelyn.

"Leave the rest to me, Evelyn..." She whispered—grabbing ahold of the flag. "You already did everything—without your help, all of us are not going to make it so rest for now and allow me to handle the aftermath"

Had it not for Evelyn—giving path to Kyran to help them, it would've been all over.

Adhara could tell that they were not going to make it without the help of Kyran.

Opening the barrier for Kyran was also impossible.

For this particular moment, it couldn't be denied that all of them were saved by Evelyn.

Amidst the eerie hush of the battlefield—Adhara's eyes swept across the scene before she seized the flag from Evelyn's grasp. In the profound stillness of the moment—the flutters of the flag were loud, echoing through the silent tension as Adhara raised it high—pouring her last vestiges of energy into its fabric.

Small embers fluctuated across the flag as Adhara struggled to burn the entire flag.

But she got help from Flamy, helping her burn the entire flag.

Swoosh!

Gasping for breaths as she became the center of attention, Adhara looked at the flag with a weak smile before she gripped the handle strong. Letting out a fierce cry, a mighty roar that echoed throughout the battlefield, she drove the flag into the ground with force.

Clang!

Swoosh!

Its entire fabric burned with silvery-violet flames as soon as she stabbed it into the earth.

A slight tremble of the earth happened due to the impact.

Under the sway of the fire, the flag fluttered fiercely on her side—the silver star mark on the wolf's head symbol glowed brightly, showcasing the defiant nature of the Silverstar Pack. In addition, her move was also a clear message to the Executor and Rex.

The Silverstar Pack and the army are strong and worthy to be viewed with more respect.

Roar!!

Rumble!!

Responding to Adhara's declaration, the entire reinforcement army exploded with vigor.

In the wake of the powerful declaration, a palpable shift swept through the ranks of the army around Adhara—and also the Supernatural Army on the other side. Like a dormant fire being splashed by fuel, their spirits ablaze with renewed determination.

All of them roared mockingly at the Human Army, celebrating their survival.

Surviving the Executor's arcane spell made them feel invincible, ready to resume the battle.

Each one of them charged forward with hearts beating in unison with the drumming rhythm of war. All of their rulers were wounded beyond measure, but yet they prevailed against the Executor's attack.

Just when the feeling of helplessness was profound, their leaders flickered their hope.

If their rulers sacrificed themselves to protect them, then they are going to return the favor.

One that was impacted the most was Dargena City's forces themselves.

Upon witnessing the sweat and blood—shed by the Silverstar Pack to fight for the future, as even sacrificing themselves as a shield, there was an unquenchable fire within them, fueling their bloodstream with adrenaline and loath for themselves.

It was supposed to be the other way around.

The vassals under the ruler should be the ones to sacrifice themselves for the ruler.

But the opposite happened in this battle.

Feeling the loath and anger the most were Gelmar and Dindora who were grinding their teeth in frustration. Tears welled in their eyes as their bodies trembled with suppressed rage—their internal energies erupting like a volcano until eventually,

Kaboom!!

Meanwhile, Adhara who was supporting Evelyn turned into Rex's direction.

Both of them made eye contact from afar.

Seeing the inexplicable shock that could be seen directly across Rex's face, Adhara blooms a weak smile, and lifts her hand—two fingers extended in a familiar gesture—a peace sign that rose gracefully into the air.

Despite the pain and exhaustion, she still showed Rex that they were fine.

"We did it!" She cheered weakly.

Chapter 1090 Start of Desperation

Beating the overwhelming odds, the others managed to block the Chaos Nova arcane spell.

Each one of the strong entities contributed to avoiding total annihilation.

A feat that even catches the Executor off guard.

Like a sunflower at the end of a savage thunderstorm—the morale of the entire Supernatural Army blossoms. Seeing that the reinforcement army's leaders were able to do the impossible—they charged forward like an endless tide.

Despite their numbers being fewer than at the start of the battle, their auras were stronger.

Under their newfound vigor, the Human Army was overwhelmed again.

However, this time, they might not be able to recover.

Cough!

Cough!

Groaning lightly, Evelyn coughed a mouthful of blood a couple of times in utter exhaustion.

She tried to raise her gaze but couldn't, she was too wounded.

"Did... Did he see it?" She uttered weakly in a hushed tone, inquiring something.

Adhara—who was showing Rex that they managed to do it—looked toward Evelyn with the same smile on her face, "He did. Even though he was far away, I can tell from his emotional aura... He acknowledged us, without a doubt"

Glancing to the side from an elevated point of view, Adhara also saw two formidable entities.

It was Gelmar and Dindora who had undergone a change.

"Our success also seemed to have some great side effects," Adhara whispered, gazing at the two commanders with excited eyes. "Gelmar and Dindora, both of them evolved and are now fighting at the frontline because of us,"

Upon hearing this, even though all she saw was darkness, Evelyn bloomed a smile.

"Is that so? I'm glad..." "Yes, it's alright now, you've done enough. We can leave it to them,"

Evelyn's strength waned with each passing moment—and Adhara supported her and gently eased her to the ground—right next to the flag that was circled by a legion of Supernaturals from the allied nations.

Just when she fell unconscious fully, Adhara looked at her with a pained expression.

Scanning Evelyn's body from head to toe, she couldn't help but wear this expression.

Adhara remembered the talk the two of them had right before they departed from the city.

Back then, Adhara told her that no matter what, none of the pack could die.

It was Rex's biggest fear.

Even though the two of them already realized that for some time, it was only now that they felt how deep that fear was from the way Rex planned this battle. Moreover—Calidora also told Adhara about the nightmare he had in her castle.

Calidora forced him to sleep to refresh his soul, but a nightmare struck him instantly.

He called out each of their names in his sleep.

Not to mention that he roared the Executor's name amongst their names in his sleep.

Knowing that fact, Adhara decided to tell Evelyn about it.

Driven by the thought of Rex and the conversation with Adhara pushed her to the limit—not wanting to die and let everybody die which would cause Rex pain. Now, she lay in her human form, her crimson hair matted with blood, and her pale lips quivering.

Although it was thanks to Evelyn that they survived, it still pained Adhara to see her like this.

"Is she going to be okay?" Queen Shanaela came and asked worriedly.

Similarly to them, she was also in a bad condition but not as bad as Adhara or Evelyn.

Keeping a strong front, Adhara nodded her head, "She's going to be okay—just protect her"

Upon hearing this, Queen Shanaela nodded and commanded the army.

Even though she wanted to keep her image clean, Adhara couldn't hold the blood coming out of her mouth. She covered her mouth and coughed the blood out before looking at her palm, 'I'm also at my limit, I haven't been healed fully earlier, and forcing myself would only suspect me to more danger.'

Not wanting to let Evelyn's sacrifice be in vain, she decided to stay put and play it safe.

If she got into trouble, then that would be disrespecting Evelyn.

Glancing to the side, she tried to scan the others and see whether they were fine or not.

Just as she did that, her eyes landed on Calidora on the side.

Because of the barrier created by Evelyn with the power given by Kyran—Calidora and the Vampires around her don't seem to be injured at all. All of them didn't even seem to have a scratch on them.

Despite death paid them a visit earlier, they are uninjured and fresh.

Looking at this, Adhara frowned and became quite angry as it seemed they didn't contribute.

However, she stopped when she saw a familiar figure amongst them.

"Isn't that the previous Queen and King of the Vampires? King Solomon and Queen Nezera?"

On the other hand, Calidora was gazing down at the ground under her father's shadow.

Regardless of the ongoing battle—Dimitri and the other Vampires were not participating and instead circled Calidora, Solomon, and Nezera—creating a small private space for them. One could feel the intense air around them.

Particularly, the intense, suffocating air came from Solomon.

He was crossing his arms in front of Calidora with rampaging blood energy around him.

"I have always thought that my daughter is crazy from awakening the Vampiric Eyes of Terror—but it seems that was not the case," Solomon uttered with a heavy tone, his eyes blazing at the sight of his own reckless daughter. "What's your excuse...?"

Upon hearing this, Calidora clenched her hands tightly, "I wanted to at least join this fig-"

Boom!!



Before she could finish, Solomon's aura exploded powerfully.

"If war and death are truly your desire—I won't mind and will let you do whatever you want," Solomon's voice cracked with anger as he seized Calidora's chin—forcing her to look at his eyes. "But you don't do that when you're in this state! Have you forgotten? You can only bear one in your immortal life, ONE!"

Even Nezera stayed in the background, not defending Calidora as what she did was fatal.

She was purely insane and didn't think properly before coming.

At the sight of this, Adhara who was watching from afar frowned in confusion.

Observing the scene from a distance, Adhara furrowed her brow in utter confusion.

"Hmm, what are they talking about...?" She mused in contemplation.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the battlefield.

Panting heavily, drained to the absolute bottom of his endurance, Kyran gasped for air as he fell to his knees. Even though he was exhausted, it didn't stop his lips from curling, he didn't regret giving Evelyn a chance.

"You kept your part, Evelyn," He uttered in utter relief.

Just then, Flunra appeared right beside him and looked in the same direction as Kyran.

He shook his head as he looked at Evelyn who was in a rough shape from exerting her power to stop the Chaos Nova, "You took a very risky gamble by giving them a chance," Flunra said, knowing full well that it might end up badly. "But I must say, it ended way better than the way I would've handled it if I were in your position. You did good, Kyran"

Listening to this praise, Kyran waved his hand, "Go, I'm afraid I can't help you anymore,"

"Don't worry, leave it all to me," Flunra replied with a firm nod.

Gazing at the far distance, he managed to locate Rex and quickly headed in his direction.

Psh...

"No, that's impossible..." the Executor stuttered—his voice trembling as he witnessed his own arcane spell being completely blocked. "All of those insignificant beings... No, my attacks are pure, they can only be affected by the strongest! This is a trick, you must've done something to them, Royal Black Prince!"

A moment earlier, the Executor didn't even consider his spell being blocked a possibility.

His attack should've decimated all lesser beings.

Even across his lifetime of battles, only those with an exceptionally unique bloodline, those born to be strong, could block his attacks. To think that his attack was blocked by the likes of Rex's forces is illogical.

He refused to believe it, Rex must've helped them through some unknown methods.

Upon hearing the crisis in the Executor's voice, Rex cackled, "Me...?"

"I didn't aid them at all," He interjected, locking eyes with the Executor intently. It was all their doings, their resilience managed to block your attack. It appears you are the one mistaken all this time, Executor. Now, I'll ask you once more, are you prepared for the resolution...?"

"After all, I can't put a bad front after what they showed me, can I?" He added mercilessly.

Since the others surpassed expectations, Rex should do the same.

Evelyn said to him to make sure that he would win against the Executor—and that's exactly what he was going to do. It was only then that the Executor noticed the ground vibrating—responding to Rex's kingly energy that began to rampage.

He looked around and saw the crimson and black kingly energy expand, covering miles.

It didn't react to anything but darkness and blood.

Fueled with a fierce determination burning in his eyes, Rex extended his hands outward.

He channeled his kingly energy and cast the True Werewolf King Blood Physique, an indirect moon ability he gained from Baralt. Now that he has two types of kingly energies—the moon ability also influences darkness on top of blood, turning into a stronger version.

Rex channeled both kingly energies into an ability of unprecedented magnitude.

As his power surged and expanded, Rex commanded the blood scattered on the ground and the shadows under his dome to rise and heed his call. Dark tendrils of energy and blood—all answered his call and snaked across the battlefield, and converged upon him.

Looking at the blood and darkness swirling around him, the Executor gritted his teeth.

He could sense that Rex's aura was rising alarmingly.

Standing at the epicenter of the maelstrom, bathed in the crackling energy coursing through his veins, Rex's eyes sparked with bloodshot. His power grew exponentially—putting him on exactly equal terms with the Executor.

Rex's increase in power set the stage for an intense showdown—only one coming out alive.

Grinding his teeth in fury, the Executor also responded the same.

Unleashing a thunderous roar, not wanting to lose out to the aura Rex was emitting, he made a torrential of energy and blasted the sky open. He raised his bulging eyes, fully intending to shut down this increase in morale.

If he didn't do this, then the tide of the battle will shift against him.

More regrets came encroaching into his heart as Rex and his forces proved to be strong.

He thought that the main event that he should be worrying about was the Passue Matriarch inside the creek—but it seemed he had underestimated the Royal Black Prince and his pack too much.

Swoosh!

Not even minding Rex who was still powering up with the True Werewolf King Blood and Dark Physique, the Executor darted like a bullet towards Adhara and Evelyn. A devious smile could be seen on his face.

'Even if they managed to block my attack, they are still beneath me,' He thought inwardly.

Glaring at them, his smile broadened, "Die- kahhrghk!!!"

Bam!

Mid-way, his advance halted abruptly, as if a force beyond comprehension had seized him.

Coughing a mouthful of blood, the Executor looked downwards to his chest and found Rex punching him with Brutal Impulse—right at the center. He could visibly see the armor of his Gladiator Form crack from the punch as the impact penetrated through.

Forcefully thrown back, he made two clear lines on the ground, trying to stop the impact.

He only managed to do it when he was already hundreds of meters away.

Bending his body down while clasping his chest in pain, the Executor's eyes widened as he was wounded once again. His blood kept drizzling down his lips—and the pain he felt from Rex's punch seeped into his nerves.

Raising his gaze he saw Rex's body slowly being amplified more by cursed energy.

It was a sight that struck a danger signal into the Executor's brain.

"No, I'm supposed to be destined to win!" He exclaimed, pointing at Rex with immense anger as more blood sprayed from every word he uttered. "I'm not going to lose, just you wait, I will definitely kill you!"

The Executor shouted before he turned towards the creek, his desperate intention clear.