

## Full-Moon 891

Chapter 891 In A Fake Reverie

I need to calm down, I can't go berserk here.

Rex closes his eyes in an attempt to fend off the negative connotations of his own thoughts that made his sanity plummet. He focused on regulating his breath and summoned memories of the precious few moments of his life, as few as they might be.

But those few happy times proved to be doing the opposite of what he wanted.

It made him remember his parents even more.

While his eyes were clenched shut, Rex battled desperately to bolster his dwindling sanity stat. He doesn't know how much time has passed as he immersed himself entirely in this intense mental struggle.

Like being in a state of ethereal, he was detached from his surroundings.

Nothing seemed to stimulate his senses, he was unresponsive, and his entire world became hollow. It was only him and his own mind. However, amidst this desolation, his tightly shut eyes suddenly perceived a sudden contrasting color, illuminating his darkened vision.

Hmm...? Is that Evelyn's energy? Should I open my eyes?

Catching the sudden spark of the purple energy, his mind was stirred in contemplation.

This purple energy dances and swirls, beckoning him about something.

But I still need to calm myself or it'll be bad...

Rex was still pondering before he decided that he should open his eyes. It seems Evelyn has sensed his decreasing sanity stat and decided to help him, and she must be worried if he stayed like this.

Attempting to open his eyes, his eyebrows then dipped into a frown.

I can't open my eyes! Why can't I open my eyes?!

In the realization that he was stuck and wasn't able to open his eyes, he panicked a little.

Soon enough he regained his composure knowing that panicking would only make matters worse, he was already trained in facing insurmountable atrocities so he could quickly collect himself in a situation such as this.

Pausing for a moment, he then tries to call out the System for help.

Nothing...

Despite his attempts to contact the System multiple times in a row, he received no feedback.

But at that moment, he could hear a muffled voice reaching his ears.

"Rex, wake up! Snap out of it! It's me-

"Flunra, it's not-! I told you my Luna energy is-!"

"Try it again, it's impossible for- to be-!"

A sequence of faint, muted voices appeared to emanate from a distant empty plain.

Evelyn...?

Upon catching every nuance of these muted voices, which were the sole auditory string binding him to reality, Rex couldn't mistake that one of the voices belonged to Evelyn. Her voice, tinged with distress and desperation, bore the weight of exhaustion and pain.

In return, he quickly feels a surge of impulse that suspects his state is not right.

Not being able to open his eyes is a weird occurrence.

I have to get out of here! She's in trouble! I don't what it is, but she's in trouble!

Summoning every ounce of his heated willpower, he mustered the last vestiges of his strength to shatter this odd darkness suffocating him. It was an arduous battle, a relentless struggle against the constricting force that imprisoned his mind.

A feeling akin to pushing out a needle that was stuck in his brain.

Just as the strain was starting to become too much, he started to gain back his vision.

Ah... What's happening to me?

Why is it all red?

Rex was greeted by the fractured sky, with an incandescent crimson moon at its heart, a sight that startled him. Yet, his surprise deepened as he realized that this surreal hue of red had not only affected the sky, it also had imbued everything he saw, encompassing with its tinge.

It was like seeing through a red glass, everything was tainted with a dye of red.

Evelyn? Why is she in her Luna Form?

Standing in front of him was Evelyn who was seizing his face, screaming something at him.

But all of the sounds were extremely muffled, inaudible to his ears.

Am I fighting right now?

Slowly connecting back to reality, he began to discern that the others were directing their spells squarely at him. His gaze then descended, landing upon Evelyn, who provided a heartbreaking sight. She bled profusely, her pristine white dress in tatters.

A single drop of crimson tracked down from her forehead, meandering over her left eye.

It accentuates her woeful condition and palpable desperation.

D- Did I cause this...?

Just as he thought that the sensation of his inner self surged back to life, and an overwhelming rage coursed through him, compelling him to rend everything asunder. His core burned with the relentless intent to annihilate anything that met his eyes.

Rex clenched his teeth as he suspected that his fear might have come true.

No, this can't be happening! This must be a dream...

It has to be a dream! Please, let it be just a dream!

While he was trying to deny the reality, his body suddenly erupted with more power.

No! Stop it!

Despite the clutches of the others who were desperately trying to hold him back, he managed to gradually lean forward, overpowering the others with his raw strength and bare his sharp fangs menacingly.

NO! DON'T DO IT!

Similarly, Rex was fighting his own body internally but it was futile.

Bite!

Splash!

Rex was slapped right on the face in the realization that this was not a dream when he bit Evelyn's shoulder and engraved his fangs deep inside her. In that moment of trying to calm down, he didn't realize that he already went berserk.

It was surreal, he didn't feel it happened which is worse than actually feeling it.

Moaning in pain, Evelyn stubbornly held on, infusing more Luna energy into him hopelessly.

<Warning! The user is hurting the Luna of the Silverstar Pack!>

<Be advised that having the Luna killed would incur heavy penalties!>

Upon the sight of the System's notifications, he couldn't deny that this was in fact reality.

Rex blinked his eyes a couple of times before he started to fight back the impulse of killing intent that his body was engrained with. However, he soon found out that he was incapable of doing remotely anything.

No matter how much he tried to resist, the impulse was too strong to overpower.

Moving any part of his body is impossible.

System, help me! I need help! Stop me, put me to sleep, anything!

<Negative, the user would need to be in a normal state for the System to work optimally. In a berserk state, the user wouldn't be able to use anything. Please regain control before demanding anything through the System>

It was no use, the System couldn't help, and it stated that quite clearly.

Due to the uncertainty of the situation, Rex could feel his heartbeat started speeding up. His mouth was filled with the taste of Evelyn's blood, and the sight of her in immense pain struck pain into his very core.

Rex has never wanted to hurt her, he was supposed to keep her safe.

I promised to create a Safe Utopia for her and the others... But here I am, hurting her like this.

While he was thinking that, his vision became worse.

Perhaps fueled by the intensifying bloodlust, the crimson hue in his vision deepened, until it felt as though his very eyes were veiled in blood. In addition, he could also sense the gradual activation of his King Mark, its power awakening.

But the only thing he was glad of was that he was thankfully weakened.

If not for that, he would've had an even worse nightmare that would haunt him to the grave.

However, that will be meaningless if his King Mark is activated.

This is my body! I am not going to let this anger control me... I'm going to stop this!

Reaching the absolute limit, the tip of the tusk of his patience, Rex's eyes blazed with ferocious intensity, his willpower surging to its zenith. He refused to let anything transpire in this manner, especially when he retained his presence of mind.

No matter what, he would make sure that this night wouldn't turn into a tragedy.

Swoosh!

Dindora and Ugrok suddenly grunted when the two could feel Rex's right hand becoming stronger. Both of them try to stop it with all their might, but the hand slowly overpowers them and reaches to the neck.

Upon seeing this, Flunra was troubled as the right hand reached for his arms.

It was clear that Rex was trying to break free.

However, his body jolted when the right hand suddenly held his arm firmly. Putting more strength into his choke, he prepared to fight back Rex's attempt but was surprised when nothing of that sort happened.

'What's going on? Is he not trying to break free?' Flunra thought with a frown.

Yet, amidst Rex's berserk state, Flunra discerned an absence of malice emanating from his right hand. And true enough, within the very next second, a bone-chilling, frigid energy surged forth like a torrent.

Flunra could feel his arm being pierced and his insides were infiltrated by this dark energy.

It was painful, but it doesn't feel like a pain that was aimed to kill.

Despite holding on against this torrent of energy, Flunra could feel that something had changed inside of him, and he also felt the surface of his arm that was grabbed start to be engraved with something familiar.

Upon Rex's hand pulling away, his eyes widened realizing what it was.

Herald Mark!

Although he has never gained one himself, he's familiar with the shape, and this one is similar to the one that Adhara has but this one is fueled with dark energy. It was the Herald Mark of the Banished Dark Moon!

'Rex's consciousness is back, but it seems he still couldn't gain control'

Instinctively, Flunra quickly activated the Herald Mark which boosted his power immensely.

Flunra quickly wrapped his limbs tighter and pulled Rex back away from biting Evelyn, and he was able to do so easily thanks to the Herald Mark that he gained. Due to that, restraining him becomes easier.

But his eyes then laid on Evelyn who was supporting herself on Rex's chest.

Obviously, the bite that Rex did to her earlier hurt her badly as his energy is too powerful.

"Evelyn, are you okay...?! Urggh- Stay with me! We still need you!"

"I- I'm okay... I'm o- okay..."

Despite her trying to convince Flunra that she was fine, it sounded more like she was convincing herself that she was fine. Evelyn was definitely weakened greatly, and she could barely control her Luna energy.

Without her then holding Rex in place would be a futile attempt.

A Werewolf's anger can only be quenched by blood, time doesn't do anything to their anger.

Evelyn was still infusing Rex with her Luna energy despite having her eyes halfway open. She was breathing heavily, and the wounds she suffered were still zapping her strength due to the bleeding.

Flunra knows that this won't last long, and he needs to take a drastic measure.

Having no other choice, he started stabbing and biting Rex repeatedly, trying to weaken his robust body more and more in preparation for the worst, 'If the worst comes, I would bring him out of the city'

Meanwhile, Rex applauds Flunra's decisive attempt to stop this situation.

But, even in the throes of his fury, Rex clung to his reluctance to harm Flunra. It would be better for him to snap out of this rage quickly. At that very moment, his crimson-hued vision quivered amidst a jarring ring in his head, causing a fleeting double vision.

It didn't last long and abruptly returned back to normal.

However, his eyes gradually flared open when he saw a figure of blood behind Evelyn.

Rex thought that it was nothing but a sudden spasm in the midst of this hectic moment, but he thought wrong, this figure made entirely of blood appeared in his vision. A figure shrouded in mystery that brought along a haunting presence.

Someone who seemed familiar yet unfamiliar at the same time, memories of her are misty.

Drawing him closer to her embrace while keeping him away at the same time.

Close in reach of the hand but distant at the same time.

Wherever she may be, she knows him.

Who is she...?

Chapter 892 Aim Of The Blood Silhouette

In the extreme heat of the moment, Rex's eyes were fixed on this haunting entity.

Her curvy body, a silhouette of blood stands on the spot yet exudes an alluring presence. A sinister figure that made the entire situation feel like a dream. She stretches her slender hand forward as a thin flow of blood drips down to the ground from her fingertips.

A promise of salvation, an offering to help him wake up from this dream.

Who is she...?

Rex feels like this entity is familiar, and he could also feel something inside of him awakening.

It feels like a gradually increasing burn in his heart.

Focusing intently on this silhouette of blood, he discerned a sinister smile gracing the entity's face, her hand still outstretched. In that very instant, his eyes widened with a revelation, as the scene unfolding before him triggered a memory.

A haunting resemblance to a distant memory from this past.

An incident in the bathroom, the start of a curse that bound him, the bloodied mirror.

Is it really her?

"C- Calidora..." A light mumble escapes his mouth.

Despite her eyes remaining halfway opened, her exhaustion pushing her to the brink of unconsciousness, Evelyn caught faint murmurs from her front. Her eyelids reluctantly fluttered, and her eyes showed signs of light again.

Evelyn was compelled to gaze upward toward Rex, who was casting his eyes on her behind.

Instinctively, she looked over her shoulder but found nothing.

But she couldn't disregard what he said, she knew what she heard. A name that wasn't supposed to come out in this kind of situation. However, this made Evelyn's mind flicker in shock as she came to a realization.

'So that's it, so that's why my Luna energy is weakened...'

Upon coming to a revelation, she then looked at the palm of her hand and smiled acutely.

The last time that Rex went berserk during the incident when he learned of Rosie's death, she remembered that a white-wolf head with a purple dot on the forehead appeared on her palm making her and also her Luna energy stronger.

Despite being stuck in a similar situation, there was no white-wolf head on her palm.

It was clear that it was due to her weakening.

'I still retained 70% of my Luna energy after that incident earlier, thus I still have most of the power. If that's what you're trying to get, Calidora, then bring it on' Evelyn pondered, adrenaline rushing inside of her. 'Even if Rex hasn't realized it yet, don't think I won't'

Meanwhile, the situation remained dire.

Rex still has his eyes on the silhouette of blood that he suspects to be Calidora. Her appearance here didn't cause him to be alert, but glad instead. If she's here, then she might be able to somehow help him right now.

She probably knew through the Eternal Curse between us, good...

Despite her sudden appearance, in a form such as this, it doesn't surprise Rex too much.

Calidora was linked to him through the Eternal Curse.

It was unclear how she could harness the Eternal Curse more to the point of being able to contend with the Witch of Chaos' pets, however, this must be the cause of her being able to sense his state of berserk.

Knowing that curses could work in mysterious ways, this is highly possible.

Feeling the yearning for help that Rex's eyes were depicting, the blood figure strides closer.

Reaching out her slender hand to hold his chin, the silhouette of blood then lifts his chin up, forcing him to look at her directly. Her smile stretched even wider, seeing that Rex battling against that urge inside of him.

"Can you see it now...?" A haunting yet dulcet sound creeps out of her bloody mouth.

Moving elegantly, the entity points to the surroundings.

Upon hearing her words, Rex's eyes flared open, his gaze fixating on the devastation and suffering he had wrought upon the surroundings. However, out of all of them, the pain he inflicted on Evelyn weighed heaviest on his conscience.

It made him understand even more that he was extremely dangerous.

A peculiar look appears on the entity's face when she finds the expression Rex is wearing.

Like a gentle breeze of wind, she delicately traced her fingers across his face, caressing him with radiating care and affection. But his expression didn't seem enough, and she wanted to push him deeper into the pit of guilty conscience she fabricated.

"One bad day, they could all slip through your grasp like sand"

"Adhara, Evelyn, and Gistella... It only takes one bad day for their love to shift to fear"

Rex looks down with his eyes opened widely, he is swayed by the delicate words that are aimed directly at his weakness. If an incident like this could happen despite his meticulous nature, then it would be bound to happen again in the future.

He gets lucky this time, but that doesn't mean he will be in the next one.

I've never managed to figure her out. Whenever I thought I knew what she wanted and would do, she'd invariably veer in the opposite direction. Even now, her mind remains complex to me.

I know that she's saying this for her motives, but I can't deny her words to be true.

...

Oblivious to what was transpiring between Rex and the silhouette of blood, the others were still desperately trying to hold him back, their bodies were started to be run down with extreme exhaustion.

In a battle of endurance, only Flunra could prevail the longest.

While she knelt weakly before Rex, Evelyn could feel a cold sensation behind her. However, there was nobody behind her. It felt like there was the presence of an invisible figure looming in the shadows right behind her.

Following that, she felt her Luna energy was acting up again.

Like earlier, some of her Luna energy shoots to the sky and disappears into the horizon.

'I couldn't sense it, but she's definitely doing something right now!'

Evelyn gritted her teeth realizing that despite not knowing what, Calidora is definitely doing something that causes this. Due to that, she ignored the pain that her body was experiencing, shrugging the urge to pass out before her eyes gleamed with a determined look.

A peculiar purple light appeared as she gave everything to snap Rex out of his condition.

Her Luna energy, what's left of it surged and coalesced into a spectral shape of a wolf's head behind her. It forms a testament to her unyielding determination. Her concentrated efforts in summoning this manifestation took a toll, eroding the inside of her body.

But it was the only thing she could do to stop Calidora.

...

Finding that Evelyn was working even harder than before, infusing as much Luna energy without regard for her own self, the silhouette of blood smirked. She found it adorable for her to try and resist her impervious temptation.

Her eyes then shifted back to Rex who was still gazing downward.

Leaning forward slightly, the silhouette of blood puts her lips right beside Rex's ears.

She then spoke softly, her words aimed at alleviating the anguish that Rex was currently enduring. "If it were me... If you invested yourself in me more, then you wouldn't need to worry about anything like this. Nothing you do would be able to kill me..."

Upon hearing her words, Rex's body tensed up in response.

Observing the subtle change, the silhouette of blood's smile widened with anticipation.

Realizing that she had masterfully orchestrated the perfect stage, creating a prime opportunity for herself that made her charm irresistible, her body surged with impulsive excitement. 'He won't easily forget me now. Ah~ I look forward to the moment when he's entirely mine...'

With a tender touch, she gently lifted Rex's chin once more, then leaned in closer.

Tcup!

During the moment when his mind was in a jumbled mess, he was surprised when he felt something soft and plump pressed against his lips. It was then he realized that the silhouette of blood kissed him.



A move that completely catches him off guard.

But the weird part is that he doesn't seem to fight back against it, his body was hypnotized.

It doesn't taste like blood, it's sweet. Has kissing been this tasteful?

Locking his lips against the silhouette of blood he suspected to be Calidora, he was enthralled by the moment. His head and tongue moved as if guided by an irresistible, captivating charm that had enveloped him.

Due to the shock of this gesture, his mind was completely blank for a second.

However, he soon snapped out of his daze.

Rex's hazy red eyes that were influenced by the devilish charm caught sight of a familiar purplish hue coming out of the silhouette of blood's body, he wanted to decipher what it was but the kiss became even more aggressive.

It was hard for him to reconnect the strand inside his mind.

Since it's a stark contrast to the all-crimson color, he noticed this purplish hue instantly.

Oblivious to him, the silhouette of blood started melting once again.

Like a powerful clearance, the kiss made the surroundings start to regain their original vibrant color, and the bloodlust inside of him started to fade away. It took a moment before he snapped out of his berserk state.

Upon regaining back his control, he instantly deactivated his powers.

"Harggh...!"

Extreme exhaustion instantly enveloped his entire body as he fell to Evelyn's shoulder, he was panting heavily as his body slowly transformed back into his human form, bringing relief to the others who also fell to the ground.

Not one of them managed to keep standing, all of them gasped for breaths tiredly.

It was a stressful incident for them that exhausted their body and mind.

For a solid minute, Rex endeavored to steady his breath, but then, a gentle hand began to affectionately stroke his head. It was in that tender moment that he abruptly pulled back to reality, recalling that Evelyn was injured.

Observing her body, he found that she also already reverted back to her original form.

In a hurry, Rex bought an elixir from the shop and gave it to her.

"Evelyn! Are you okay?! Here... drink this first"

"I- I'm fine, really..."

A moment later, the others had already gone away to handle the worried citizens who definitely sensed the fight happening. It would be best to attend to them until Rex could come and give them a legitimate answer.

Meanwhile, Rex is standing with his arm crossed while looking forward.

He was looking at the destruction he caused.

Despite some of the buildings being thrashed because of the incident earlier, Dargena City's power started to shine as this is when its power became handy. Harnessing the moonlight energy, the damaged buildings started to be repaired on their own.

While this was transpiring, Evelyn fixed her gaze on Rex who was facing away.

Observing closely, she finds him clutching onto his own arms tightly, troubled with the sight.

'I don't think she could control his emotions directly. If I had to assume, she must've sensed Rex going berserk and viewed it as an opportunity' Evelyn thought with a frown, she could see a change in the way Rex looked at her earlier. It was clear that his mind was injected with an idea that she was not aware of.

Scanning the place, Evelyn ponders about that idea.

But it was then her eyes flared open in revelation, 'Wait... Calidora was ridiculing me and Adhara for not realizing that Rex was afraid of losing those close to him. Now that this incident happened, then she must be...'

'Damn you, Calidora' Evelyn cursed inside her head. 'So you're going for that...'

Rex who was oblivious to the revelation that Evelyn had regarding Calidora's strategy frowned, desperately trying to not show the anger he had at himself. It troubles him to know that he could hurt the others badly earlier.

A burden that weighed him down heavily as he promised a safe utopia.

I think she's right, maybe when I'm in a lot of trouble like right now, being with her is better.

No matter how stressed I become and go berserk, she can handle it.

While he was contemplating if staying inside the city in this condition was good or not, Rex saw Evelyn standing up from the corner of his eye. A determined look on her face as she strides closer to him.

Out of nowhere, she held his hand and put it above her heart.

"I know you're troubled with what you've done. I know this incident is something that definitely put a thorn in your heart," Evelyn uttered softly, her hands firmly clasping Rex's as if she was channeling her emotions to him. "But know that this hasn't altered my feelings in the slightest. I've always wanted to be by your side, and now... I want you to be even closer to you still"

Chapter 893 Manipulated By The Sadistic Wits

Rex was taken aback when he heard her words.

Previously, he had contemplated whether he should be distancing himself until the matter with the Executor reached its conclusion. Obviously, the silhouette of blood's suggestion tugged at him, compelling him to consider it seriously.

Maintaining his distance, especially given his low sanity stat is a matter of urgency right now.

But he was now put in a spot due to Evelyn's words.

Almost as if she was able to read his mind completely, she said the exact right words to him.

"I don't think that me staying here is safe for you and the others"

"Nevertheless, you're a part of this, a part of us. Also, it's not like we didn't stop you-"

"I was weakened, Evelyn. If not, this could end very badly"

Upon hearing this Evelyn was at a loss for words as she didn't expect that. She assumed that they managed to stop him fairly, but that seemed to be incorrect. In addition, if it's not for Rex retaining his consciousness and giving Flunra the Herald Mark, it might still end badly.

Sure enough, the gap between them was very wide.

However, Evelyn wasn't going to give up that easily, this is a part of Calidora's scheme.

"Don't forget that Adhara is not here, so it's difficult to suppress you. But with her and Flunra having the Herald Mark, it wouldn't end like this next time. It would be easier for us, there's no need for you to take extreme measures to distance yourself"

"I... I don't know about that, Evelyn"

Finding that Rex was still hesitant, fixed on distancing himself, Evelyn bit her lower lip.

It was perfect, Calidora's scheme is flawless.

"Rex, trust me! Just this once! I'll make sure that I stop you next time!"

Locking his eyes with Evelyn's, he saw a radiating fire of determination in her eyes. Even if he doesn't want to accept this, knowing that he might end up hurting her, it would've been a lie if he said that her expression is not convincing right now.

It also helps that she was relentless earlier, not giving up until the very end.

"Okay, let me think about it"

"Are you still going to the Dwarf Kingdom? Even with your condition?"

"Yes, the world doesn't stop when I'm resting. After I talked with the citizens, I would depart"

Upon hearing this Evelyn could only remain silent as she watched Rex walk away.

Rex heads over to the citizens who definitely heard the commotion and prepares something to assure them that it's nothing. Equipping the royal red cape once again, he sighed while his mind was weighed with multiple burdens.

'For fuck's sake, why did she suddenly get weakened now out of all times?'

Out of frustration, he cursed inside his head.

Subconsciously, Rex knows that he is a dangerous entity even to those close to him.

Due to that subconscious mind, he had always been precise in his actions, being meticulous. However, the timing of this particular incident became increasingly unsettling as he contemplated it further. It began with Evelyn's weakening, the sudden decline of his sanity stat, and the resurfacing memories of his deceased parents.

All these elements align in a disconcerting synchrony.

It almost seems like it was planned, the time is too neat and gradual to be a coincidence.

But he quickly shakes his head as that shouldn't be possible.

'No way, how can I, reminiscing about my parents be planned? I must be tired right now...'

'Also, I need to thank Calidora for saving me earlier'

On the other hand, Evelyn seems to be certain that it was planned.

Standing beside what seemed like a magnificent tavern, she was motionless as she arranged the thoughts inside her head, the information that she gained from this incident that surely directed her suspicion to Calidora.

Evelyn was shrouded in silence as she stood on her spot, eyes traced forward.

Her heart sped up as her mind was in chaos.

Realizing that this was the work of one woman who somehow managed to intervene in their relationships, her body trembled a bit as she was evidently worried, the root of this usurper's influence was deeper than she thought.

Akin to facing a master puppeteer, Evelyn feels like she is dancing in her palm.

Calidora is plucking the strings in the shadows, manipulating the way she and the others think and act. If she was left unchecked, without realizing it, they would be steered towards her ultimate goal.

Unconsciously, she clenched both of her fists in frustration.

But it was then her ears perked up before her expression turned sour almost instantly.

"Feeling a little stressed, Luna? Or should I now stick with only 'Evelyn' for you now...?"

A teasing voice creeps from the back.

Evelyn momentarily lifted her gaze, a wry chuckle escaping her lips before she pivoted. Leaning against the wall behind her was Calidora in the flesh, adorned with the most saccharine of smiles she could muster for her calculated conquest.

It was an extremely annoying and frustrating sight to behold after the incident.

"How are you here, Calidora?"

"Oh, this...? It's nothing but a blood illusion, one of the abilities of my eyes"

"Nevertheless, how are you here without him knowing?"

Calidora straightened her body before she approached steadily, her heels made a clanking noise against the ground with each step. "My curse with him bound us together. I have the upper hand against him in this curse. It allows me not to only stop him if I wanted to and mask my presence from him, but also other things such as feeling what he was feeling" Casting a sharp glance at Evelyn, the corner of her mouth then irked up into a smirk. "I'm more connected to him than you..."

Like a dagger, her words stabbed Evelyn's heart and her body began to tremble.

Obviously, Calidora managed to get on her nerves.

"So, the constant provocation to make me understand his fear, is this what it was for?"

"Wonderful! Now you're catching up, Evelyn. Yes, I took a gamble, and it paid off beautifully"

With a graceful flick of her flawless, ink-black hair, Calidora turned towards her with a mischievous smile on her face. It brought along a feeling of dread to Evelyn, and it was intensified by the foreboding air and the mystery of a question that loomed in her mind.

Just how many of the factors that caused this incident was she responsible for?

"It was thanks to your little stubborn incident that I managed to get inside his heart. It took a little bit of time and finesse, but I eventually did it. Maybe you are not aware since Rex probably also loves Adhara yet it didn't affect your powers. But if he ever feels anything to those outside of his pack members, this happened..."

Raising her hand, Caldiora showed the Luna energy that she managed to steal.

A sizzling purple hue that dances on her fingertips.

Evelyn's expression turned hideous when she saw this purple energy that hovered around her fingertips, it was supposed to be hers and hers alone. But through Caldiora's wicked wits, it manages to slip from her hands.

"Rex would feel this, but he has a strong mind. So I don't expect him to go berserk just yet"

Calidora waved her hand gently, dissipating her Luna energy.

Advancing with a couple of powerful strides, she positioned herself squarely before Evelyn. Her sadistic red eyes, adorned with swirling black patterns of the Eyes of Terror, bore into Evelyn's very soul, dismantling her defenses.

"But that's precisely why I provoked you in finding out his fear..."

Listening to this unsettling confession, Evelyn felt goosebumps traveling her entire body.

"Since his parents just died, what could be more perfect than using them to send him into rage...? I don't know how to trigger those memories inside of Rex, but I don't have to, because you or Adhara would be the one to do it for me!"

Rumble!

It was akin to a lightning strike hitting her mind when she heard this.

Evelyn had already suspected that she was manipulated by Calidora to some extent, but the depth of Caldiora's influence was shocking, she was manipulated this deeply. Her thoughts raced in realization, 'She forced me to unearth Rex's new fear that was caused by his parent's death, anticipating that I would treat him better. And subconsciously, I played the role of his mother, all to trigger his memories...?'

'M- My god... she's insane!' She screamed inside her head.

Absolutely everything that had transpired in this incident was orchestrated by Calidora.

Even Rex himself thought that this was a coincidence.

However, this was not a coincidence, the very basis of this incident was all done by her.

Knowing that Rex is comatose earlier, it's the perfect time to execute her plan.

Obviously, Calidora was well aware that this could potentially backfire on her, considering that the memories Evelyn had unearthed within Rex might serve to stabilize his psyche, pushing the possibility of him going berserk further out of reach.

But that was a risk that she was willing to take.

If this plan failed to make Rex go rampage beside those dear to him, she could try again.

No matter what happened, the mere fact that she had entered Rex's heart marked a significant step for her, and her success was basically imminent. Calidora is prepared to persevere through countless attempts if necessary, but it seems there is no need.

The plan worked phenomenally, and it was smooth to the very end.

Calidora withdrew with a triumphant grin, her hand waving gracefully as her form began to liquefy into a crimson stream of blood. "Hold on tightly, Evelyn," she taunted. "If you persist in being careless and puerile, he might just slip through your fingers. Don't make it too easy for me, will you...?"

Upon her disappearance, Evelyn gazed down in utter disbelief.

"Damn it..." She cursed, finding this situation surreal. "She wasn't aiming to kill us..."

Knowing full well about Calidora's intense desire to be with Rex from the sight of her yearning for him that day during the massacre of the Delarosa Vampire Family, an extreme obsession that was aligned with her unhinged and sadistic nature, Evelyn thought that she was going to get rid of them by killing them.

However, it seems Calidora has learned her lesson and changed her way of approach.

Realizing that no matter if anyone tried the murderous approach, Rex would always come out on top, she decided to take the softer approach. Killing those close to him, Evelyn, Adhara, and Gistella could be done in more than the direct approach.

'Killing' them through manipulation of emotions is also an option for her.

It was not clear that this was the best approach, and Calidora was also unstoppable in this.

'Just how did she know about the recent death of Rex's parents...?'

Clenching both of her fists, she realized Calidora's method. 'Naela, she approached Naela...'

Having a snake inside the castle is definitely a bad thing to do.

Unconsciously, Evelyn shed a few tears for a brief moment before she quickly wiped them away. Her eyes turn resolute once again, this is not the end, she could still do something to prevent Calidora from getting what she wants.

'Right... I still have the help of Gistella and Adhara. No matter what, Calidora won't win'

~

Meanwhile, in another place miles away from Dargena City.

"Lady Adhara?"

"A- Ah... Yes? Did you call me?"

"Yes, I've been calling you for a couple of times. Is there something wrong?"

"Nothing... Nothing is wrong"

Sitting inside a humble parlor inside the territory of the Dwarven Kingdom, Adhara was dazed for a moment when she sensed that Rex had gone out of control, the burning sensation in her chest clearly indicated that.

It would be a lie if she was not worried, and she even almost went back to check.

However, she stopped when she sensed that the battle was over, and Rex had calmed down immensely. It didn't take that long, and she wondered about the reason behind this, but she couldn't go back now.

On top of that, Rex would also come here, so she could ask him then.

No matter the situation, it's very unlikely that Rex would abandon coming here himself.

"I just got a report from the Elves"

"Elves...?"

"Yes, we found them. Just like what Lord Rex expected, they were not that far away"

"Rastrikan Demons..."

Chapter 894 An Imperial Force

Arriving at the Dwarven Kingdom earlier, Adhara quickly announced the Dwarves and Elves to scout the Rastrikan Demons that Rex suspected were already drawing near. It's a matter of utmost importance right now.

Only a few hours have passed since then, and a report already crawled back.

Seems like finding the Rastrikan Demons is not hard.

Although it remained uncertain whether the Rastrikan Demons were indifferent to being observed or actively sought to be discovered to spread fear, the crucial point was that they were now aware of their location.

It's a good thing for Rex would come soon enough to lead the onslaught.

Receiving the news, Adhara went outside to meet with the scouting party that came here personally to deliver the report. It was a group of six Elves, and they didn't seem to be in a good condition.

Cloaked in a dark green hooded unified robe, these Elves seem exhausted.

Most of them sustained burn marks and torn outfits.

In addition to that, their bodies also emanate a seething vapor, showing the high temperature, almost as if they were coming out of a boiling pot. A sight that made Adhara frown in confusion.

Upon finding that Adhara heading towards them, the six Elves knelt on the ground in respect.

"Greetings to the Female Alpha of the Silverstar Pack, Lady Adhara..."

"Lift your heads up"

Adhara was troubled by the sight of them.

It was as if they had just crawled out of hell to reach this place and convey the report.

Desiring not to idle around and get on with the report this instant, Adhara told them to lift their heads. However, weirdly enough, none of them budged. All of them kept their heads hung low, facing the ground.

Frowning, Adhara decided to say it again with a louder voice.

"Didn't you hear what I said? Lift your heads up"

"My apologies Lady Adhara-"

Only then that the captain of the Elves snap his head up and apologize.

Pointing at the squad of Elves that were acting weird, Adhara turned her head towards Skoghad who was standing beside her questioningly. "What's wrong with them? Why are they acting like this?"

"Forgive them, it's not their fault" Skoghad sighs dejectedly, finding this unavoidable.

Gazing at the squad of Elves that were struggling to keep their balance, he then continues. "It was obvious that they would be in this state after meeting with the Rastrikan Demons. Maybe you misunderstand, but the fear they induced on others was not entirely because of their brutal nature. It was also because of their displays"

Skoghad then proceeds to explain the unique sensation that the Rastrikan Demons bring.

Like a fairy tale, the Rastrikan Demons' aura is devious.

Wherever their travels took them, their aura exuded a searing heat, stifling all within a couple of mile's radius with an unsettling discomfort. Moreover, the air around them carried the insidious whispers of their malevolence, warping and distorting sounds, while a noxious, unpleasant odor clung to their claws. Rumor said that the whispers and odor were the remnants of the fallen souls.

Each of them was trapped, unable to go to the afterlife, and clung to their claws.

"Thanks to that warping and distorting whisperers, these six must be suffering from the side effects and have their hearing impaired. It would take a while for them to recover, so be a little patient with them"

Adhara could only massage her forehead uneasily.

It was a never-ending rumor when it came to these horrifying Rastrikan Demons.

Knowing the condition of the six Elves that had done well in finding the Rastrikan Demons' location, Adhara decided to start over with more patience this time and listen to them reporting about their findings.

Just a moment later, Adhara went back inside with a pondering look on her face.



From the report of the squad of Elves, she finds that the Rastrikan Demons were heading towards the Dwarven Kingdom but also ransacking everything they saw along the way which made their advancement slower.

Having slumbered for thousands of years, the urge to satiate their bloodthirst is too strong.

Due to that, they need to search for victims along the way.

On top of that, the Rastrikan Demons were divided into five legions, each led by a demon general who has a higher-rank race than Archdemons, Demon Lords. Each general exhibited the same ferocity and ruthlessness as the next.

Along the way, these legions spread out in search of villages or cities to violate.

None has been spared by them so far.

It was quite barbaric when Adhara heard that the lower-rank races along the way, including civilians who already swore to not fight were killed mercilessly. Not even children were spared from their lethal claws and demonic laughter.

Humans disrespecting civilians is bad, but this is an entirely different thing.

Despite the moral qualms surrounding the killing of Supernatural civilians, an objectively bad thing, humans don't know clearly how the Supernatural's oath works. In stark contrast, the Rastrikan Demons were fully cognizant of how the oath works and yet still continued these heinous acts, a completely savage and barbaric force.

'Huh... No wonder even Elder Tilrith wanted them gone' Adhara mused in disgust.

Also, 8 squads of Elves and Dwarves were obliterated when they ventured too close. Apparently, one of the Demon Lords, the strongest of them all called Kirzil is very alert and was able to take them all down in a heartbeat.

But through that, they managed to decipher the strengths of the Rastrikan Demons.

It was without a doubt that the Demon Lords were at the very least in the ninth-rank realms prior to the First Breath and now retain around the early and mid-seventh-rank realm. However, a surprise came from a couple of captains beneath them, Archdemons.

Some of them are also nearing the seventh-rank realm, a pseudo-seventh-rank realm.

Just this information alone surprises Adhara to her core.

'Elder Tilrith must've been really annoyed that the Rastrikan Demons were one of the Demon forces that were not wiped out by the Ancient Humans. Judging from their wicked nature, I'm surprised the Ancient Humans didn't aim them first'

Pausing for a second to think, she was now certain that their forces were at a disadvantage.

Only the Silverstar Pack can make a difference here.

'If I activate my Herald Mark, I would perhaps barely reach the seventh-rank realm. So that means some of these captains were in the early ninth-rank realm prior to the First Breath...' Adhara pondered, a chill can be felt climbing up her spine.

The Rastrikan Demons are not a force to be underestimated.

Seems like their overbearing advancement, ransacking everything is not without a reason.

Compared to them, even the Elves, Dark Elves, Dwarves, and Tigrerman races were akin to a child's play despite each being an entire kingdom commanding countless people. An Imperial force of the Demon Race.

But since the plan was to attack them first, they had the element of surprise on their side.

'Having them split into five legions is good, we could take them out one by one' Adhara thought, a ridiculing smirk crossed her face. 'It will be their arrogance that will lead to their downfall, this is not the same era as all of you came from, Demons'

~

Meanwhile, in the Executor's castle, it was already nearing dawn.

Ever since the departure of the Executor to the Great Barricade, Gistella has been cramped inside the spacious room without any distractions whatsoever. But now, there were guards assigned inside.

It was thanks to the figures that tried to break in a couple of nights ago.

All of the personnel here become alert.

Gistella glanced at her surroundings with her hazy blue eyes and found that there were eight Awakened stationed to keep an eye on her. A sudden change of shift happened a couple of hours earlier, and the Awakened that replaced the previous Awakened were all females.

None of them say anything or move from their spots, standing still like a statue.

However, this change didn't come as a surprise for Gistella finding that the previous eight Awakened were clearly distracted. Every time she moved, those Awakened's eyes were instantly glued to her, a mix of wariness and something else.

Just her appearance and presence alone have an impactful influence over these Awakened.

Due to that, the Awakened assigned for her are now all females.

Gistella's charm was too much for the male Awakened, so one of them suggested this change to the captains and was accepted. But in contrast, Gistella herself didn't seem to mind about this.

Feeling the fading moonlight energy, she sighs and closes her eyes again.

It was then, her ears perked up.

A familiar footsteps can be heard approaching the door, and instinctively, Gistella pulled back her hair and tidied it up before the door swung open, revealing a man with a huge frame that seemed a little bit off.

King John enters the room and scans his eyes around.

"Hmmm...? Was there a change of shift? Who authorized that?"

"General Balin authorized the change, the male Awakened is not fit for this task"

Upon hearing this, King John cast a glance at Gistella.

Gistella was still restrained and on the same spot, she was sitting on her heels with her silvery hair falling down to her side, looking as stunning as ever, especially since she was looking at him with a peculiar look.

Catching sight of this, King John cleared his throat awkwardly, "I understand"

"King John..." Out of nowhere, Gistella called with her dulcet voice. "Are you okay?"

Some of the Awakened turned hostile when they heard her speak, but King John raised his hand, signaling them to stand down. Pausing briefly, he then decided to wave his hand, gesturing them all to leave.

"Leave us for a moment, keep guard in front of the door"

"King John, we have specifically been told to not leave her si-"

"Didn't you hear what I said...?"

Giving the Awakened a sharp look, she then quickly bowed apologetically.

Not wanting to rebut a direct order from a superior, she left the others to leave the room.

After all of the female Awakened left the room, he cast his eyes back to Gistella who seemed rather worried. It was not that she was worried about the situation, but she looked to be worried about him.

It could be seen through her eyes that the worry was directed at him.

"How do you know that I'm not okay?" King John asked.

But it was then that Gistella's face bloomed with a knowing smile. "It's not something one can easily explain. It's just that some people are... unique, and their emotions, well, they have a way of revealing themselves to those who pay attention"

Her words carried a subtle air of intrigue, leaving King John to ponder about her insight.

"Really...? Nobody can tell that I'm in pain except you"

"Do you want me to ease it?"

Upon hearing this, King John's body instantly tensed in alert, and he looked at Gistella warily. However, she responded with a smile, "When I was turned by him, all the hatred I had for humans vanished. So, there's no need to be afraid. Come closer"

Albeit hesitant, her inviting allure made it hard for King John to reject.

Guided by Gistella, King John lay on her lap before she caressed his hair gently.

A brief pause of silence envelops the two.

Finally, Gistella was the first one to break it, "Be at ease and let out your thoughts..."

"Tell me, what has been causing you pain? While you are with me, it's your safe space"

Like being under a hypnotic spell, her words and gentle caresses had an enchanting effect, soothing his soul. It made him feel like he was special in her eyes, casting a misty allure over his mind. He couldn't quite explain it, but he felt an inexplicable urge that he could open up to her like never to anyone before.

Due to that, his lips trembled before eventually, a whispering voice came out.

"It's- It's a price I need to pay for power..."

"A price that I was forced to pay for being tricked... A price I need to pay to the Executor..."

#### Chapter 895 Confession And Comfort

King John confessed with a heavy heart, admitting it was a hard thing to do for him.

Most of his underlings could already sniff the regret that he had, and he couldn't show this side of him to them knowing full well that a leader couldn't be indecisive and had to follow through with their own words.

But at this moment, he felt an impulse to open up to Gistella.

Even the embarrassment of saying it to a stranger made him turn his face to the side.

Finding to see such a kid-like reaction from the leader of the Stygian Crow Organization, a light smile appeared on Gistella's face. "I can feel that it's weighed so heavily on your heart. I've found that sharing them with someone can be quite liberating. If you'd like, before I put you at ease, I'd be honored to listen for you"

Upon hearing her inviting words, King John remained silent while being caressed gently.

It went on for a few minutes before Gistella lifted her fingers.

Recognizing that King John was still ambivalent about sharing it with her, a stranger and still potentially an enemy, Gistella decided that she wouldn't press further and cast a spell that would put him to sleep.

However, King John abruptly grasped her hand, arresting her movement.

Gistella gazed down at him as he still averted his face, cradled in her lap. Then, a moment later, he reached for his sleeves, tugging them up past his elbow to reveal a series of deep, throbbing gashes that were deeply unsettling to behold.

On top of that, his veins also seemed to be infused with ink-black substance.

It looked like a magical sickness of some sort, caused by a very profound and dense mana.

Seems like wearing a black turtle neck, covering his skin was not only for show.

"I have the bloodline of an ancient human, and the Executor helped me awaken it," King John said whisperingly, his expression darkening as he was remembering this. "I thought he would develop familiarity with me as I have that bloodline, but he didn't. He made my body stronger at the cost of being his personal shield"

Upon hearing this, Gistella couldn't hide her shock.

Reaching out her hand, she gently has a feel of the veins, sucking in a cold breath.

'Chaos Mana...' She pondered inside her mind.

Even though she had never sensed Chaos mana for real, she could tell that this was Chaos mana from how it was pulling her energy into its grasp, wanting her to be engulfed by it, and leaving her desiring to comprehend it for all eternity.

Something that is even older than time itself, the element of the Executors.

However, she soon escaped from her trance and realized what King John was saying to her. 'Shield...? Did he mean that he was connected somehow with the Executor, and becomes the one suffering the damages in the Executor's stead? So these fresh gashes...'

Gistella was utterly baffled, this was not something she anticipated.

"Now I'm stuck, unable to break free from this. The Executor, he... he is not a human"

In the end, the shocking news left Gistella in silence.

Nothing came out of her mouth as the Executor's brutality always exceeded expectations.

He perceived those around him as nothing but tools and expandable minions, showing no remorse for the actions he did against even those who were ostensibly on his side. The Executor appears devoid of any discernible human-like characteristics, despite being an Ancient Human.

But it was then she snapped out of her trance, and focused back on King John.

"Everyone, including a dignified leader like yourself can make mistakes. It's a fundamental aspect of being alive, and it's what makes you a living being. You've done well to hold out for your people. You've suffered a lot, and it speaks of your amiable aim, King John..."

Upon hearing this, King John paused and wore a doubtful countenance.

It was silent all over again.

But the icy silence was broken when he opened his mouth and blurted out a question.

"Say... Are you really that in love with Rex that you're willing to go this far?"

"Of course, I-" Gistella paused, her expression reddened, nearly responding out of instinct. However, she quickly regained her composure and offered a pliant smile. "Despite appearances, I remain a part of his pack, and his influence over me is... undeniable. But... I am aware of this and am also open to possibilities"

King John listened to this before he suddenly sat up.

Getting back to his feet, he turned towards the door and paused, "I'll be leaving now"

After uttering those words, he hastily exits the room.

Just when his back disappeared from the spacious room Gistella finally breathed easily. She then covered her face which had turned reddened, trying to suppress the guilt from slipping up earlier.

"Master, I'm sorry... I didn't mean to say that. It's not that I want to endanger myself"

"..."

"His question caught me off guard, so it came out of instinct. I'm sorry..."

Meanwhile, on the other side of the castle.

Unaware of what transpires between Gistella and King John, Edward stands at the heart of the throne room, his watchful gaze shifting restlessly from side to side. His furrowed brow and pensive expression reveal a sense of deep concern.

Something is clearly troubling his mind right now.

Pausing for a second to inspect the surroundings, he then glanced over to an Awakened.

"Cast your detection spell one more time"

Following Edward's command, the Awakened who was kneeling on the floor stiffly garners an immense concentration of wind mana to his hands before he slammed it to the ground, sending a gale of wind that traversed through every nook and corner of the castle.

It takes half a minute before the Awakened shakes his head once again.

"Nothing, I sensed nothing out of the ordinary"

"Okay, you may go"

Not even waiting for the Awakened to leave first, Edward already strides forward while still looking around the castle, seemingly searching for something. He doesn't seem to be satisfied with the Awakened's spell.

'So only I can sense it, huh?'

Edward vigilantly scans his eyes, which contain a black ember around.

A couple of days ago, he sensed an invisible presence inside that bothered him quite a bit.

Initially, he thought nothing of it.

But he changed his mind because of the incident a couple of hours ago, he heard a thudding sound coming from the direction where he sensed the invisible presence. It seems this was not a false alarm from his senses.

Something is definitely here, a spectral entity that only he could sense.

Due to that, he has already spent a considerable amount of time to figure out what it is.

However, no matter how much he tried, he could only sense it a couple of times but its presence was faint, and it was hard for him to keep track. In the end, he could only decide to tell it to the Executor when he came back.

Just then along the hallway, he stopped abruptly as his eyes widened in revelation.

'Wait a minute, don't tell me that it's...'

Realizing a crucial detail about the spectral entity, he ceased scanning his surroundings and redirected his steps toward the castle's most hallowed sanctum. In a trance-like state, he found himself standing before the entrance to the Executor's bed chamber.

"I've never really been here, but the Executor never said anything about coming here too"

Ever since he was converted, the bed chamber's doors were never closed.

It was unknown whether the Executor had nothing to hide or was he had a purpose in mind.

Stepping inside the bed chamber, he was greeted with a magnificent sight.

Most of the furniture inside was adorned in a royal purple color, however, it was unclear whether it was always done in this color or not. He didn't waste his time and started looking around the bed chamber.

Edward realized that the thudding sound came from the hallway.

It could lead to many places, but out of all of them, the Executor's bed chamber sticks out.

Upon going around the bed chamber, aimlessly searching for any clues of the spectral entity, Edward found nothing aside from the Executor's belongings. He searched inside the drawer, underneath the bed, and even behind the furniture but had no luck.

"Okay, think... What is his objective?"

Pondering for a moment, Edward finds it hard to guess as he doesn't know anything.

"Maybe it's in another place...?" He mused with a frown.

Deciding that the Executor's bed chamber is too obvious of a place, he decided to leave.

Finding that it was not appropriate to let the Executor's bed chamber be opened like this, he decided to close it on the way out. Levitating with a burst of black fire, he grabbed the handles and closed the door.

Just then, his eyes flashed when his right hand felt something rough.

Edward rubs the spot on the handle with his fingers and finds this weird, a castle that doesn't have any sign of flaw definitely wouldn't have this weird rough spot on the handles. It's the Executor's castle, it should've been perfect.

But as he maneuvered to see the rough spot behind the door handle, his eyes widened.

However, his surprised look was replaced by his smirk.

Stationed right behind the handle was an engraved mark that is shaped like a pentagram, and it doesn't emit any energy whatsoever. Although it looked ordinary, someone must've carved this pentagram recently.

Despite not knowing the objective, Edward knew that this was a lead for him.

Pondering for a brief moment, deciding to let himself have a hint of hope, he went over to the other handle and looked behind it. But he sighed when he didn't find what he wanted there. Then again, it's too good to be true.

"No matter, at least I know that it's not going to be long, now..."

~

Just as anticipated, Adhara got the news she was waiting for.

Rex already arrived at the Dwarven Kingdom and was personally welcomed by the Dwarf King himself. She could also sense his approach towards the parlor she occupied, a sensation that sent a wave of nervousness rippling through her.

'Why do I feel nervous...?' She pondered uneasily.

It was then that the door towards the room was opened with Rex standing before it.

Adhara was surprised to find that Rex had a cold expression on his face, he also bore signs of exhaustion in his eyes almost as if he had finished doing a strenuous exercise. But it was then she realized the burning sensation she felt earlier.

Due to being nervous, she forgot that something happened back in the city.

"What happened...? Are you okay?"

Feeling worried as it seemed the incident earlier was more serious than she thought, Adhara turned her sitting position on the sofa towards him. It was evident that he was having a difficult time, judging from his gloomy emotional aura.

Ignoring her remarks completely, Rex strides towards her with certain steps.

However, nearing her, he fell to his knees right before her which surprised Adhara utterly.

Just as she was about to say something, her eyes widened in surprise when she felt Rex's arms enveloping her, going in for a hug. He buried his face into her neck, and in that moment, she sensed that he was in dire need of comfort.

Something definitely happened back then, and he wasn't able to handle it properly.

It was a habit between the two ever since that particular time.

Rex could express a hint of his exhaustion and tiredness to her more so than anybody else.

"Let me stay like this for a moment" He mused.

Upon hearing this, Adhara smiled lightly before she hugged him back, giving him as much comfort as he needed knowing that in a moment before them, they were going to need to deal with the Rastrikan Demons.

Adharara knew that he would be like this if not for needing to deal with an important matter.

But the Rastrikan Demons couldn't be delayed, so he needs a moment.

"Of course, Rex. There's nowhere else I'd rather be than with you"

Chapter 896 Free From Restraint

Meanwhile, in a rocky terrain twenty miles away from the Dwarven Kingdom.

A column of smoke could be seen from the distance.

Scorching deep-crimson red fire could be seen raging around rocky terrain, a valley with a flowing snake-like river that curves throughout its expanse. It lights up the darkness of the entire place which created this column of inky smoke.

It traveled through the air, spreading the burnt scene throughout a vast radius.

Adorning it was the anguish cries of those engulfed in it.

Due to the extreme heat of the place, the air seems to be vibrating visibly to the naked eye.



One could see that creatures that seemed to crawl from hell, had a unique gleaming mark on the center of their chests. A hardened armor of black charcoal that acted like skin also protected them from the resistance of their victims.

Roving his eyes around the area from a higher ground was a monstrous Demon.

A ten-foot-tall red demon with a sinewy form was standing mightily, delighted with the scene in front of him. Seeing his minions laying waste to this desolated valley that turned out to hide a colony of Fishkins was mesmerizing.

It provides joy that satiated his wicked heart.

On the contrary, it was catastrophic for these Fishkins when the Rastrikan Demons arrived.

Everything that was once their home was destroyed.

Moreover, the presence of the Rastrikan Demons alone took most of them out easily.

Dehydration was their banes since the heat coming from them permeated through the air, and even the very river body itself boiled to the point of bubbling. Most of them, the weaker ones died underwater while the surviving ones deteriorated quickly.

Kneeling behind the monstrous demon was a blue-skinned creature, sweating profusely.

Clearly discernible by his appearance, this creature was unmistakably a Fishkin. Curved fins could be seen on each joint of his body, a mosaic of blue fish scales protected his back, and a set of gills on his neck granted him the ability to breathe underwater.

Judging from the way this Fishkin was looking at the Demon, it seems he knows the Demon.

"Kirzil... Why are you doing this?" the Fishkin asked.

But there was no reaction from Kirzil, ignoring the Fishkin and kept gazing at the slaughter.

Something like this feels surreal for this Fishkin, the situation felt like a fever dream as half an hour ago, the colony was living peacefully without much trouble. "It's not that long ago I considered you as a friend, Kirzil. So why...?"

Upon hearing this, Kirzil raised his head to gaze skyward at the broken sky.

He took a brief pause before eventually looking over his shoulder, "Time's changed, Delfin"

"This is mercy. Compared to the death the Ancient Human would offer, the one I offer is swift and painless, way better," Kirzil remarked, he paused for a second to allow those words to settle in Delfin's psyche. Then, a chilling laughter erupted from Kirzil seeing that Delfin bought what he was saying. "I've conveyed such sentiments to others, but in reality, I've been eagerly anticipating this very moment. I've restrained myself all this time, constrained by the Origin's authority. But now... I could indulge in whatever I desire!"

Delfin who desperately wanted a legitimate reason has his face turned completely pale.

It was not a lie that he had a relationship with Kirzil, a peaceful one to boast.

However, hearing those words reignited a suspicion that he had a long time ago. Delfin back then suspected that Kirzil was not what he seemed to be. Almost as if he was not acting like he wanted, was restrained by something, and was forced to have a diplomatic relationship.

Tested over time, that suspicion grew weaker and eventually vanished from his mind.

But it turns out his suspicion was correct all along.

Delfin, an elder among the Fishkin, had existed since the ancient era and had only recently awakened from his deep slumber, thanks to the First Breath. However, the colony was almost instantly assaulted by the Rastrikan Demons, catching him entirely off guard.

Knowing he has a relationship with the top dog, Kirzil intensifies his disbelief.

Now he knows that the hundreds of years of relationship between him and Kirzil was nothing more than a facade, he was never once recognized by Kirzil as a friend. Not a hint of hesitation can be seen in Kirzil's heartless onslaught.

Even worse, he seems to be enjoying slaughtering the Fishkins.

"Do you want to know something, Delfin...?" Kirzil said, turning his body around to face him.

"Whenever I talked with you back then, I always thought of killing your people, especially since I have the fire that could suffocate their needs for water"

Upon hearing this, Delfin's expression turned hideous as he pushed himself up with his trident.

Clang!

Kirzil's words struck a nerve that made him lose it.

"I hope you haven't forgotten yet, Kirzil. Even your fire couldn't distinguish my water"

Following the words that came out of his mouth, Delfin's aura started to climb higher. Deep-blue water started to circle around him like rings whilst his gaze was fixed on Kirzil, who seemed to find this amusing instead of being alerted.

Both of them have battled countless times in the past, training to become stronger.

In each bout, the two would end in a draw.

No matter how much Kirzil tries, his hellish fire, the Matchless Hadean Pyro that was a new breed of demonic fire element from the combination of the Sin of Wrath and Envy wasn't able to quench the water element that Delfin possessed.

And that goes the other way, Delfin couldn't take out Kirzil's fire no matter what.

However, in the bout the two were about to engage in, there would be a certain victor. Ending in a draw wouldn't satisfy the two of them, and that is precisely what Kirzil wants, to provoke Delfin into attacking him.

"Aquatic Rampage, Shark's Vehemence..."

Swish...

Like a torrential gathering of energy, Delfin's aura rapidly increases to the absolute limit.

Finding that Kirzil only smiled at him mockingly, not taking the confrontation seriously, Delfin's determination surged. He clenched his fist and extended his trident defiantly, assuming his battle stance.

With unwavering resolve, he thrust his trident forward with full force.

"Aquatic Rampage, Sea Dragon Pierce!"

Blast!

Exploding from the concentration of aquatic energy from the trident was a water dragon.

It coiled through the trident before propelling forward, manifesting the form of a water dragon that opens its imposing maw, surging relentlessly toward Kirzil. Its intention was to engulf him, subjecting him to an inexorable deluge that would overwhelm him. 'No going to defend? Then don't blame me for seizing this opportunity to harm you, Kirzil. Even if you managed to destroy the colony, I would at least take you down'

Roar!!

Upon nearing Kirzil, the vicious water dragon unleashed a mighty roar and sped up.

But it was at that moment, a smirk crossed Kirzil's face.

"Delfin, I think you misunderstand..."

Kirzil utters with a rasping tone as the black imposing bastard sword in his hand blazes with flame, he then raises his gaze to meet with Delfin. In an instant, his body moved incredibly fast, harnessing the full extent of his physical attributes.

On the other hand, Delfin saw Kirzil sliced through the water dragon with his sword easily.

In a fraction of a second, he then arrived in front of Delfin.

Delfin's eyes flared in horror when he saw this, and his entire body became stiff from the surprise that he was susceptible to. "I have never taken our fight seriously, not that I'm weak. To make it easier for you to understand... In truth, I was never incapable of defeating you"

Slash!

Like the grim reaper's scythe, Kirzil's bastard sword sliced through him.

Snapping out of his daze, Delfin glanced back and found Kirzil standing on his back. Realizing that their powers were not close, he tried to run away but the lower part of his body wasn't responding to him.

"Eh...?"

But soon enough, his eyes widened seeing the upper half of his body slide to the side.

Delfin tries to keep his body intact, however, it is futile.

Thud!

What Delfin thought would be a hard-fought battle between them to repay the honor lost of the colony that was killed brutally without any specific reason other than thirst ended in one swing of Kirzil's fearsome bastard flaming sword.

No struggle was involved, taking him out was akin to taking out a literal ant with a squash.

Kirzil doesn't even need to use any of his demonic skills.

It was a complete and utterly mundane task for him to take out Delfin, an Elder of the Fishkin.

Upon finishing off the person that he knows the most out of the Fishkin, Kirzil strode over to the upper half of Denzel's corpse before he lifted it up by the head. Taking daunting steps, he then stands at the edge of the cliff before raising Denze's corpse like a trophy.

Roar!!

Letting out a fearsome roar, he attracted the other demons below him.

All of them cheered and let out their own wicked roars at the sight of Kirzil at the very top.

Flames danced mercilessly as these demons' roars fused together into chants of a brutal requiem of wickedness, leaving nothing in its wake as even the ghosts of the fallen were absorbed by their claws. It was a scenery that acts as a testament to the Rastrikan Demons' fearsome nature.

In ruin, the smoldering embers show that the place is scarred, its spirit forever changed.

"Make haste, crawlers! Let's haste to bathe in Dwarves' blood!"

~

Despite the distance between them, Rex's ears perked up.

Pulling back away from the confronting and fragrant scent that lingers on Adhara's neck, he shifted his eyes to the unglazed window before a frown appeared on his face, sensing that trouble was approaching them.

It was obvious what was coming, the haunting whispers already reached him.

Similarly, Adhara also sensed the same thing.

Looking over to Adhara, he gave her a meaningful look before she nodded her head in understanding. Deciding to not linger around, knowing that the Rastrikan Demons were approaching, she then explained the report from the scouts.

A moment later.

Rex listened to the report attentively to make sure that he didn't miss out on a single detail.

However, his smile stretched more the more he listened to the report.

"But something is still puzzling me," Adhara mused, her brow furrowed with uncertainty. "If the Rastrikan Demons harbor bad blood towards the Dwarves, shouldn't they be eager to launch their attack quicker? Why are they even paying attention to the other low-rank races?"

Upon hearing this, Rex leaned back on the sofa with a meaningful smile.

Rex knew exactly what they were thinking, "It's for fear. Knowing that the Dwarves knew they would be coming here, the Rastrikan Demons used this to inflict terror, delaying their arrival to make them restless to the point of despair"

"Delaying will reward them with an even more amusing expression from the Dwarves"

For a section of Demons such as them, this is the most logical answer.

Slaughtering would not be delightful for them if there was no reaction from their victims. On the other hand, strengthening that reaction would make the process more pleasurable, and that is what the Rastrikan Demons craved after being slumbered through thousands of years.

Adhara nodded her head in understanding, she should've known.

Pausing a second to ponder, Rex's eyes then lit up as he had a great idea in his mind.

"Okay, here's the plan. We're going to..."

Knowing the perfect plan to fight the Rastrikan Demons, Rex conveyed his plan to Adhara.

When he finishes, Adhara's eyes jolted open in shock.

"Isn't that too risky, Rex? Did you forget already? These demons are empowered by the Sin of Wrath and Envy. If we do something like that then it would only make them angrier and thus stronger"

"Yes, it will. But it will only make the Demon Lords angrier"

"So are you saying that in order to cut the casualties, you're going to leave the weaker ones to the army while you fight with the angered Demon Lords? Are you expecting me to agree with this?"

Upon seeing Adhara's disagreeing face, Rex chuckled and patted her on the head.

"Relax, I'm only going to fight with two or three of them at most. It will be fine" Rex said, giving her a reassuring smile. But in an instant, he cast his gaze to the side before his expression turned vicious. "I'm also frustrated and in need of letting out some steam, so I'll have them help me with that..."

## Chapter 897 The Army

A moment later the Dwarves are already preparing their armies for this fight.

In addition, the Awakened reinforcement that was brought here by Adhara was also preparing themselves for the big fight. Having a plan in mind, the next step would be executing it and achieving total victory.

Currently, the army is gathering on a vast snowy plaza.

Numerous kinds of units of the Dwarven Kingdom could be seen rallying for a big fight.

From a glance, the Dwarven army was divided into three unit sections.

Just like any other army, those unit sections are the infantry, artillery, and lastly, cavalry.

The infantry unit consisted of extremely built foot soldiers clad in heavy metal armor and armed with rune-powered blunt weapons, showcasing their exceptional physical prowess. Additionally, the artillery unit comprised gunners, lightly armored individuals wielding either flintlock musket-like firearms or large, heavy crossbows.

Lastly, on the flanks was the cavalry unit, Dwarves mounted on mutated bears or boars.

It was clear that the cavalry unit was the most exceptional.

Each of the Dwarves that mounted on the mutated animals was holding onto big battle axes with relative ease, and their fearsome demeanor shows that they were already honed in the furnace of battle for a long time.

While waiting for the army to gather, Rex and Adahra were standing on the side.

Damn it, It's too soon to fight. My head is still misty. But this can't wait, I need to focus.

Rex massaged his forehead lightly and complained.

The toll from the earlier incident continued to weigh heavily on him, he hadn't had even an hour to rest his mind. It was exceptionally tiring as he was trying to conceal this from Adhara. Having her finding out about this would not be a good thing right now.

Deciding to endure the throb in his head, he takes out the Silver Eye from the inventory.

Since I still don't have the Amuerus Katana, I'll have to make do with this.

Although the Silver Eye is not as high-rank as the Amuerus Katana, it's still a strong weapon capable of withstanding numerous powerful strikes. It's also made of silver, so this would have to make do against the Rastrikan Demons.

System, will I be able to engrave a rune on this?

<Yes, one rune can still be engraved on the Silver Eye. More than one will break it>

Only one, huh...? Alright, recommend me one that could make it lethal for demons.

<Scanning the shop...>

<Pure Holy Rune is recommended, does the user want to purchase it for 60,000 gold?>

It's expensive, but it doesn't matter. It's worth it. Buy it.

Rex knew that he would need to increase the potency of the Silver Eye if he wanted to win against the Demon Lords, he couldn't underestimate them. Coming from the ancient eras, he would be a foolish man if he underestimated them.

On top of that, transforming into his Werewolf form is a little bit uncomfortable.

But he already tried it before and found that it was nothing more than an inconvenience.

Upon purchasing the rune, he quickly engraved it.

Putting his hand above the rain guard of the Silver Eye, a subtle white glow emanated from his palm, eventually forming a radiant white rune that took the shape of a simple circle. It surged with power and infused the entire blade with its holy energy in the next second.

Following that, he also decided to buy another item from the System.

"Adhara, wear this at all times. It will protect you" Rex said, handing over the item he bought.

The item he purchased was a seventh-rank sheer scarf called White Radiance that has its surface glistening with a vibrant white hue that indicated its properties to the holy energy. A defensive item that has the ability to act as a protective shield, intercepting incoming attacks to safeguard the wearer.

Due to the First Breath, this should be enough to protect her against the Rastrikan Demons.

"I don't want you to get hurt, these demons are strong" He added.

Seeing that he was extremely worried despite his indifferent look, Adhara nodded her head and offered a reassuring smile to appease his worry. Knowing his fear, she would need to adjust lest she made him feel even worse. "Yes, I'll wear it and be extra careful. I won't get hurt, so you also try to not get hurt for me, okay?"

"That goes without saying, I also don't want you to worry" Rex nodded his head firmly.

Having an understanding, she then wore the sheer scarf on her waist instead of her neck.

Rex then shifted his gaze to the army again.

System, would the demons killed by the Dwarves be counted for the calculation?

<Yes, the demons killed by the Dwarves will be calculated>

<As the Dwarves are under the reign of the Silverstar Pack, their efforts will be counted>

Upon reading the notifications Rex couldn't help to smile, he wouldn't be the one lifting the heavy work thanks to this. It's a great situation for him, there wouldn't be any demon cores lost if his and Adhara's kills were the only ones counted.

While he was dwelling in his mind, Adhara nudged him with her elbow.

Gesturing to look to the front with her chin, Rex followed the direction of her eyes and found the Awakened that she was focusing on the Awakened that was also preparing themselves to fight the upcoming battle.

However, he couldn't quite put his finger on it, but something is definitely off.

"It seems their morale is rather low, possibly due to hearing about the Rastrikan Demons' reputation. Moreover, they are still relatively new under our rule. Maybe if you can provide them with some motivation, something to look forward to, it may help uplift their spirits" Adhara suggested, their emotional auras bring her to that conclusion.

Rex gazes at them with a pondering look before he eventually nods his head.

Unlike the Dwarves who have a direct motivation to fight the Rastrikan Demons that were aiming for them for what their ancestors did, the Awakened don't have the same motivation, they are here because they were told to be here.

Essentially, they are fighting what their leader pointed at.

Out of everyone, Rex who has served in the military relates to them immensely.

Yeah, this is natural. It hasn't been that, but I already bring them to a fight. This is normal.

Deciding to go with Adhara's suggestion, Rex went over to them with steady steps. It didn't take long before one of the Awakened noticed him approaching and quickly signaled to the others of his presence and stood upright.

Stopping before the crowd of Awakened, Rex scans his eyes to them sternly.

A pause happened and it went on for an uncomfortable amount of time, making the Awakened's head wonder about what he was thinking. Did he come here for a pep talk? Did they do something wrong? Did something catch his eye? None of them knew the answers.

But then suddenly, Rex pointed at the man with brown short hair to his right.

Caught off guard, the man flared his eyes open in surprise when he realized that he was being pointed at by Lord Rex himself. In the next second, his expression turned pale as he didn't know why he was picked out of all the Awakened.

He was nothing more than a normal Awakened that didn't stick out whatsoever.

"You there, what's your name?"

"I- It's Cal- Callan, my Lord"

"Callan, huh... You are an early sixth-rank Zephyr Tempest Elementalist and have been stuck there for more or less seven years. Is that right?"

"E- Eh...? Y- Yes"

Shifting his eyes to another Awakened to the side, Rex then repeated the process.

"The guy with the scar on his left eye, what's your name?"

"Millam, my Lord!"

"You are a peak sixth-rank Zephyr Phantom Elementalist and have been there for more or less five years, is that right?"

"Y- Yes..."

Rex did it again to three more Awakened, asking their names and stating their exact elements and realm. It was something that none of these Awakened knew that he could do, almost as if his eyes could see through them like an open book.

However, this is very easy to do as he could scan them with the System.

Pausing once again, letting the Awakened wander even more, he then eventually nodded.

"All of you may be wondering why am I doing this, and the reason for that is very simple. I want you to perform your best, but I also know that saying it will not be enough. Now that you know I could read through all of you, I'm going to propose a condition for you all."

"Count the demons you killed later. For those who did exceptionally, a reward awaits..."

Upon hearing the promise of a reward, the Awakened's eyes lit up.

It was then that one of the Awakened raised his hand and was brave enough to deliver the questions he had in mind, "How do we count them? Surely, if we count it ourselves, someone would try to cheat his way"

Surely, the promise of a reward is tantalizing enough to make anyone reckless.

Desperate ones would definitely cheat.



Contrary to what these Awakened expected, Rex put a brief pause to his answer again before he smiled mysteriously, "Of course, there was no need for all of you to worry about that. I would trust that all of you would be truthful. Also, most of you are in the sixth-rank realm prior to the First Breath, but for those above the sixth-rank realm, don't be disheartened..."

Rex scours his eyes around the Awakened before he turns around and leaves.

Just like what Adhara said, it seems giving them the promise of a reward will do the trick.

Not even needing to turn around to inspect the morphing of the spirit of the Awakened, he already knew that his attempt was working as he could even hear their excited whisperers about the promised rewards.

A promised reward always does the trick for a crowd of people like this.

Deliberately showing them that his eyes could see through their elements and realms leads them to have power in their mind, and avoiding stating the exact rewards and only hyping up the effects it brings increases their morale greatly.

Of course, he was not lying. He would give them all the promised rewards.

However, only the most exceptional will be given special treatment.

Elemental affinities, elemental stones, and even evolving their elements. I could do them all.

Adhara gave him a thumbs up seeing that he successfully lifted the Awakened's spirits, they would be fighting even better now that they had a motivation in mind. In any case, the two of them wouldn't need to worry about the Awakened.

Just then, a loud howling sound of a horn could be heard, signaling that the army was ready.

Glancing to the side, Rex could find the Dwarf King approaching.

<Huvuki Darkarm>

Race: Giant Dwarf

Power: Sixth Rank (Peak) - Terra Master

Mental: 8,500

Strength: 2,700 (+16,000)

Agility: 1,750 (+2,000)

Endurance: 2,300 (+11,000)

Intelligence: 1,250 (+1,000)

Hmmm... So he's an eighth-rank before the First Breath.

Examining the stat of the Dwarf King, Huvuki, he wasn't surprised as it's more or less on par with Queen Shanaela's. Those who had already reached the ninth-rank realm before the First Breath were the only ones to retain power levels exceeding the sixth-rank realm.

It was not surprising that Huvuki got reduced this weakly compared to Rex.

Additionally, the eighth-rank realm is also out of reach for everybody. Without enhancements or equipment that would bolster their physical prowess near the eighth-rank realm, it's practically impossible to reach.

"Lord Rex, the army is ready and we can now depart" Huvuki said respectfully.

Upon hearing this, Rex nodded his head as he also had finished lifting the Awakeend's morale and preparing himself. "May I know how will we approach the fight against the Rastrikan Demons?"

"Yes, we are going to annihilate the isolated legion first" Rex replied with a peculiar look.

Huvuki saw a fierce glint in Rex's eyes, but he quickly bowed in understanding. Having Rex with them is quite reassuring, the Dwarven Kingdom might survive this ancient bad blood, and not lose much in the process.

Bowing slightly, he nodded his head, "Then that would be the legion commanded by Ranath"

### Chapter 898 Stepping Into A Trap

Finishing the preparation, Rex, Adhara, and the army of Dwarves departed for the battle.

It was already sunrise, the start of a new day.

The legion underneath the Demon Lord Ranath would be the first one to be confronted.

His legion would be coming from the southeast direction of the Dwarven Kingdom and was isolated, far enough from the other legions due to the Dark Fairy race that managed to stray away from them in an attempt to escape.

Adhara and even Huvuki anticipated them to have a way to contact each other.

Being nervous is unavoidable for them.

On the other hand, Rex agrees and disagrees with them at the same time.

It might be true that these demons have a way of contacting each other in case of an ambush, however, that doesn't necessarily mean they would do that. He derived his rationale from the Rastrikan Demon's natural dynamics, the dynamics of a conqueror.

Five Demon Lords leading five legions, I'm quite sure that they won't do it.

Rex smirked while pondering about this.

A demonic force that is fully focused on fighting is bound to be highly competitive between themselves, similar to the atmosphere of a competitive sport. Being the first one to ask for help only meant the specified Demon Lord admitted that he was the weakest of them all.

Due to that, Rex was not that worried about alerting the other legions and being surrounded.

However, there are methods that he prepared if that came to fruition.

Rex's assurance as he said this made the other two feel more at ease as it made sense.

"Remember, as soon as we encounter them, your foremost task is to create a mental barrier to protect the Dwarves in the frontline from the enemies' influence. Know that if you're late or can't hold on, the damage will be catastrophic" Adhara who was also mounting on a mutated white bear warned the Awakened.

Earlier, Rex and her were briefed about the legion underneath the Demon Lord Ranath.

It was Huvuki who briefed them, and he gave quite useful information.

Surprisingly enough, the Dwarves have names for each of the Rastrikan Demons' legions. For this instance, the legion underneath Lord Ranath is called the 'psycho-fellows' which implies their abilities to influence others' psychology or the mind.

Adhara's distribution seems to be the right thing to do in this situation.

Distributing the Awakened based on the races' weakness is a good move, the Awakened they have now were all from Lady Lauren's force, and most of them are Mind Elementalist while the few others have varying basic elements.

Facing the Demon Lord Ranath's legion should not be that hard because of that.

Currently, the army is coursing through a snowy plain.

Thousands of individuals are lining up neatly in a formation while marching forward strongly.

Locating Demon Lord Ranath's legion was relatively straightforward for them.

Following the whisperers of malice that filled and reverberated in the air alongside the scorching heat that the legion is emanating will do the trick. Judging from those two factors, it seems it would take some time before they reach the legion.

Rex who was mounting a mutated black bear used this time to meditate.

After dealing with the problems he caused in the city, he instantly departs and heads here.

Since this provides a considerable amount of time to recuperate from the mental backlash, he keeps his senses up and meditates throughout the way. It was only when he felt better, a couple of hours or so later that he eventually opened his eyes.

We're getting close, I could already sense the temperature rising and the whisperers louder.

Just as he thought about that, a voice startled him from the side.

"Was the problem in the city caused by Gistella?"

Out of nowhere, seeing that Rex had opened his eyes, Adhara decided to ask curiously.

"Hmm...? No, it's not about Gistella"

Even though she was dense lately towards Rex's feelings, she could still feel the powerful wrath permeating through their connection which signifies that he erupted in anger. It was bad news, it's natural for Adhara to think of the worst.

Something that could set Rex off, she suspected that it was related to Gistella.

But it seems that she was wrong, something else happened.

"Oh, I thought it was because of her. So has she come back yet? I haven't seen her lately"

"No, let's talk about that later. But I can say that if she's in trouble, I'll know. So don't worry"

"Huh? You say that, but you're acting as if Gistella's disappearance is a regular occurrence. This is the first time she vanished suddenly like this, yet you appear strangely composed, almost as if you know Gistella's current whereabouts or you are the reason she disappeared"

Adhara looked at him with great suspicion, her eyes squinted as she gazed at him intently.

Upon hearing this, Rex paused and kept silent for a moment.

"Are you reading my emotional aura right now, Adhara?" Rex asked, he then glanced at her and smirked. "Since you know what you did wrong already, then that means you should know that my appearance doesn't always represent what lies within"

Just as he said that Adhara's eyes widened as she saw his emotional aura soaring higher.

It was a mix of deep red and bleak blue.

Rex feels a mix of frustration, guilt, and anger right now due to the incident in the city. Hurting Evelyn is unforgivable, and he couldn't take his mind off of it. Due to that, he feels the pent-up emotions swelling inside of him.

He is in dire need of solace, and the Rastrikan Demons are the best way to vent.

On the other hand, this only acted as a distraction from Adhara probing her way into the problem with Gistella. However, it didn't work on her as she mused inwardly, 'He's trying to avoid the conversation, so that means he knows where Gistella is but won't tell. Flunra is probably the one who knows about this. Did Evelyn know too...?'

Deciding to trust Rex, she didn't probe further and averted her attention elsewhere.

A moment later.

"We'll halt right here. Go scout and find out what those demons are doing"

A Dwarf General, Eridro commanded a couple of squads to scout the place beyond the hill.

It was about half an hour ago that the terrain turned from snowy to normal tundra, the vast plain was littered with nothing as far as the eyes could see except for a couple of hills in the distance which is where the Rastrikan Demons' energy was coming from.

While waiting for the scouts to come back, the army stayed on the spot vigilantly.

However, this position makes Rex feel uneasy.

Not a good spot to be in, I don't like this. We're in the middle, a sitting duck.

Although it was true that the scorching heat, whisperers, and foul scent were coming from the front beyond the hills, there was no guarantee that there were no more Rastrikan Demons hiding on the other sides, suppressing their auras.

It might be safer to assume that there were to be more focus and ready.

Rex expanded his senses to cover the sides which had a slope that might hinder their vision from the center, he couldn't feel anything out of the ordinary. But that didn't stop him from conveying his thoughts.

"King Huvuki, send some scouts to the side. I feel like we're being trapped"

Upon hearing this, Huvuki nodded his head.

Just as he was about to send the scout as Rex requested, the scouts from the front already signaled to them that it was safe, and the Rastrikan Demons could be seen at sight rampaging through a bloodied city.

Since the army is vast, it advances forward under the generals' command.

Albeit still feeling uneasy, Rex strode forward to follow the army while still scanning around.

On the other hand, Adhara was wearing a frown as she stared intently at the slop to her right. She seemed uncertain about what she was observing as she continued to move alongside the army, keeping her head still turned to the right.

It was around the same time that Rex's senses were spiked by something.

None of the Dwarves seemed to realize it, however, his senses could feel a weird sensation coming from the ground that his black bear passed earlier. This prompted him to look back, searching for any cues for the weird sensation he sensed earlier.

Something was definitely wrong, I could feel it.

The more we go forward, the worse this feeling gets. We need to turn back...

Catching sight of a weird thin peculiar red line that the army including him passed earlier, the very thing that created this weird sensation, he becomes certain that this place is not what it seemed to be.

He doesn't know what but he feels like they are heading to a trap, an ambush.

Knitting his eyebrows together, he started to meticulously scan the entire area in worry.

One sign is all he needs to call this advancement off for now.

Eventually, finding that there's nothing on the ground, he looks skyward at the clear blue sky before his eyes catch sight of a flying silhouette that he has never seen before, it swims through the sky in a circle.

Judging from its shape, this flying black silhouette should be somekind of mutated bird.

Rex didn't pay any attention to it and shifted his gaze elsewhere, however, his head snapped back at the mutated bird realizing that it was emanating energy that alerted him instantly, an energy that showed that this bird was not a regular mutated bird.

Demonic energy! It's a demonic bird!

"Go back! We've been spotted! It's an ambush!" Rex shouted at the top of his lungs.

Upon hearing this, King Hivuki alongside the armies turned towards him in great confusion.

Similarly, Adhara's eyes widened when she heard his shout, realizing that the subtle red color coming from beyond the slop is getting more intense as they strides forward. It was only that she realized that the subtle red color was a gathering of emotional energy.

As Rex suspected, there are the Rastrikan Demons hiding on the side.

Heeding the warning that comes from Rex himself, the army quickly turns around and heads back to where they came from. Despite a fight being inevitable, they wouldn't want to fight in a disadvantageous position.

But suddenly, their path back was blocked by a searing sky-high hellfire wall.

Boom!

Swoosh!

A blast reverberated through the surroundings as the red thin line earlier threw up a hellfire wall. It was a sky-high wall that spanned to the side, covering the entire tundra plain and blocking their way of escaping back to safety.

Following that, vicious and menacing growls could be heard from everywhere.

Emerging from both sides of the slope were the Rastrikan Demons, their eerie laughter and maniacal chuckles filled the air. Surprisingly, they managed to effectively trap Rex and the army, leaving them with no choice but to confront the demons head-on.

Some tried to go through the firewall, but their bodies were vaporized instantly.

Just as the situation became dire, something more happened.

Rex and the others gaze to their front and see a monstrous demon towering behind the Dwarf scouts. It has a massive body that emits a horrifying amount of demonic energy for being suppressed by the First Breath.

Glancing to their backs slowly, the Dwarves gasped in utter fear.

But in the next second, their bodies got cleanly cut in half, leaving one single Dwarf.

Upon seeing that his comrades were killed rather easily, like squishing a bug, the last Dwarf started to tremble uncontrollably. "I like your expression, Dwarf..." the Demon mused before he lifted the last Dwarf by the head savagely.

It was then that the Demon crushed the last Dwarf's head.

Splash!

While gazing at the army, he then lets out a powerful roar that produces a soundwave.

Boasting its dominance over these low-lives that try to attack him.

Rex on the other hand fixed his eyes on this monstrous demon with two big and thick goat horns, he then smirked as his battle intent was riled up at the sight of this Demon. So that's Demon Lord Ranath... This is going to be way more than venting out my frustrations!

Roar!

Chapter 899 Stare Off

Like a rat tempted by the allure of a cheese, the army walked straight into a trap.

It was certainly odd for the army to be forced to walk at the center of the tundra plain with downward slopes on either side, the Rastrikan Demons' energy that lies beyond the hills also seemed to be deliberately placed there to lead them to this path.

Rex or the other generals were supposed to realize it sooner, but they didn't realize it.

All of them were caught off guard.

A formation was made to hide the army's aura.

Huvuki prepared it himself so that the quality of the formation was top-notch and had no flaws.

Nobody would be able to sense their auras if not for a detection skill.

Since Rex and the army are going to ambush the Rastrikan Demons, this formation will do.

However, the army was found out, not because the formation not working but because there was an aura-less scout in the sky, hiding in the dark spots of the broken sky and spotted them approaching from the distance.

Even Rex couldn't sense its aura as it was far up and had a minuscule presence.

"I'm going to attempt to stop the fire" Adhara mused and turned back to the soaring fire wall.

Upon reaching the towering wall of flames that radiated a searing heat that even she, a Fire Elementalist, could feel. Adhara swiftly invoked her gladiator form, undergoing a complete transformation of her appearance.

With her hands stretched forward and the coiling fire serpent, she prepared to take action.

Despite her attempt to control the fire, she failed. Adhara wasn't even able to interact with it.

Rex frowned when he saw this, she should be able to do something at least.

System, why can't she do anything?

<Adhara is a Fire Elementalist of the mana, she could only interact with mana. On the other hand, the firewall is created by hellfire, and it contains no mana but demonic energy instead. Thus, she wasn't able to interact with it>

It was the first time for him, seeing an Awakened couldn't control their own elemental affinity.

But it was natural, the very essence of the is different.

I should've trusted my instincts and acted. But... this isn't a bad thing entirely.

Despite being situated in the midst of the expansive tundra plain, surrounded from all sides, this incident could potentially lead the Rastrikan Demons to become overconfident, which might actually work to their advantage.

While not as ideal as ambushing them from the flank, this still holds a strategic value.

None of them could dispute that a fight was going to break out.

Huvuki immediately commanded the army, raising his war hammer skywards with great vigor.

"Formation!"

Moving in perfect synchronization, the army formed a cleaving formation resembling the curved half of a circle, designed to counter frontal and lateral assaults. All of them raised their weapons, while those at the forefront planted their heavy shield firmly into the ground.

Swoosh!

Following that, Huvuki raised his infamous War Maul of Glacia.

It was a big weapon that was supposed to be wielded two-handed, however, Huvuki raised it with only one arm. Additionally, the weapon looks like any war hammer except for the intricate design and runes carved at its steely head, glowing bright blue.

Clenching the hammer, the runes were activated and summoned a powerful hail.

A torrent of icy power that surged forth from the hammer.

Like creating a domain of his own, the ground around the area was influenced by the hammer's power and turned icy. It keeps on expanding exponentially, encompassing the flora of the plain into nothing but frozen bits.

Just looking at the power of this hammer alone, Rex acknowledged its strength.

For a weapon to have the power that could turn the entire terrain into an advantageous terrain for the Dwarves, he could understand why the Rastrikan Demons wanted to Dwarves to make them a weapon of a similar kind.

Naturally, if they have this kind of weapon, their onslaught will be unstoppable.

If the Rastrikan Demons had their own weapon, raiding other races would've been easier.

Meanwhile, the sight of the War Maul of Glacia's power being displayed didn't seem to intimidate the Rastrikan Demons, instead, it made them even more rigorous, remembering that the hammer is the reason this bad blood starts.

Laughing maniacally, the Rastrikan Demons savored the taste of the meal to come in the air.

Craving for Dwarves' blood, the sight of so many delights stroke their desires.

Rex cracked his neck in preparation for a fight before he scanned his eyes around, inspecting the situation so that he could create a quick battle plan. Two captains each on the sides, and the front was guarded by Demon Lord Ranath himself. Adhara, Huvuki, and the other capable ones could take care of the captains so that leaves...

Fixing his eyes forward, he looked at Demon Lord Ranath and checked his stat.

<Demon Lord Ranath>

Race: Wicked Crimson Archdemon

Power: Seventh Rank (Peak) - Lord of Desires

Mental: 1,700

Strength: 16,700 (+15,500)

Agility: 22,300

Endurance: 13,000 (+5,000)

Intelligence: 7,250 (+5,250)

Observing Demon Lord Ranath's stats, he found that it was extremely high.



Based on the total stats alone, he's actually almost on par with a peak ninth-rank realm.

Rex couldn't help but frown as he came to this realization. He already expected that the Demon Lords would be in the ninth-rank realm, however, he wasn't expecting their stats to reach this high.

It was obvious that Demon Lord Ranath's strength matched that of the Rasphet Twins.

Additionally, the increase in stats is also worrying.

<Rex Silverstar - Werewolf Form (Weakened)>

King Mark: Banished Dark Moon (Active) and Blood Moon (Active)

Ascension: Banished Dark Moon (First Ascension), Blood Moon (First Ascension)

Pack: Silverstar (7/20)

Level: 73 (111,300,500,000/557,250,000,000)

Race: Exalted Royal Black Werewolf

Full-Moon: 7 Days - Hare Moon

Berserk: 65%

Sanity: 21%

Mental: 10,109 (+357)

Strength: 15,160 (+5,480)

Agility: 18,705 (+6,697)

Endurance: 13,345 (+5,087)

Intelligence: 36,855 (+120)

Attributable Stats: 0

In comparison to his own stats, it was frighteningly comparable to Demon Lord Ranath's, which crossed a frown on his face. Now he couldn't help but wonder how strong Demon Lord Kirgil, the strongest of them all be when Demon Lord Ranath was already this powerful.

Moreover, I don't think I could turn into my Werewolf Form here...

Rex was troubled knowing that if he turned right now then his energy would be amplified, and that would alert the other Rastrikan Demons' legions. If that happened, then Demon Lord Ranath's pride would be useless as the others would be the ones coming here instead.

No matter what, he would need to beat Demon Lord Ranath without turning.

Save that for later when he fought the other Demon Lords.

Wicked Red Archdemon? I need to be careful. All hits from wicked entities are amplified.

But it seems the situation keeps on getting worse as he remembered the side effects of using the Treaty of Infernal Physique, a backlash that would amplify all attacks from wicked entities, whatever that might mean.

Judging from the name alone, he already has a hunch that it is related to the Demons.

Rex was proven correct earlier as the System told him the requirement.

Despite the challenging situation presented by the untimeliness of this battle, making it hard for him to defeat Demon Lord Ranath, there was no fear in his eyes. Instead, his fighting spirit burned even brighter, the prospect of an easy victory wouldn't satiate his frustration.

If he wanted to vent out everything then this better be a difficult battle.

"Adhara, aim for the demon captains on the side. Can you see them?" Rex whispered lightly.

Upon hearing this, Adhara nodded her head, "Yes, I see them. Leave them to me"

While the two forces stared at each other with mounting intensity, a profound silence descended upon the battlefield. Only the occasional swooshing sound of hail in the background could punctuate the quiet.

However, in the next second, Rex's eyes flared open with focus.

ROAR!!

Out of nowhere, Demon Lord Ranath spread open his chest and roared menacingly.

A formidable gust of soundwave exploded from his roar, vibrating the very air in a vast radius and bringing with it a scorching sensation that heated up their eardrums. Even then, Rex shrugged it off and maintained his unwavering gaze on Demon Lord Ranath.

But a series of notifications from the System suddenly materialized in his vision.

<Warning! The user has been inflicted with Covetous Gaze!>

<Mental stat has been reduced by 50%!>

Rex's eyes jolted open when he saw this, however, another notification appeared.

<Covetous Gaze's effect has been lifted! The user's mental stat is recovered>

Hmmm...? So that's how it works.

Sensing the effect from Demon Lord Ranath, the Awakened started conjuring their mana and created a mental shield for the entire army. However, it will not completely block the Covetous Gaze skill.

"Don't look at its eyes or you'll go insane!"

Upon hearing Rex's command, the army quickly looked down to avoid making eye contact.

Even though it seemed like a battle cry, the roar from Demon Lord Ranath acted as a signal or a war horn for the entire Rastrikan Demon legion to surge forward like a black tide, fixing their sights on their enemies.

Immediately, the ground trembled from the sheer power of their footsteps.

Not stopping at that, Demon Lord Ranath took a massive leap, touching down twenty meters in front of him. With a resounding boom, he initiated a powerful dash, shrouding himself in a blazing crimson hellfire as he advanced.

Similarly, the Dwarves also roared as the generals issued for them to charge forward.

Rex who was standing at the center back lowered his stance, gazing down at the ground.

Meanwhile, Hubuki observed as the energy around him surged while red and black linings or patterns began to etch across his body, causing his skin to crack. It was evident that he was activating both of his King Marks.

'I knew that Lord Rex has more than one King Mark, but the sight of it is still surprising'

Both King Mark merged on his forehead, creating a single new mark.

A new appearance as his King Mark now appears to be half crimson red and half black.

"Keep the demon captains company while I finish off Demon Lord Ranath. Don't overextend. If there's a chance that you're going to die, then stop and pull back" Rex suddenly said without even looking at both Huvuki and Adhara.

From Huvuki's point of view, this is an amiable instruction.

Rex doesn't want him dead was a sign of respect for the entire Dwarven Kingdom.

However, unlike Huvuki, who seemed to be inspired by this command, Adhara could only offer a wry smile in response. She knew that Rex's command wasn't just about ensuring their safety, it was also his way of wanting to take all of the demons himself.

Clearly whatever happened back in the city frustrates him.

'Sigh... he's not even trying to hide it' Adhara pondered and shook her head.

Looking from the side, she could already see that he was smiling from ear to ear excitedly.

Boom!

Just like a bullet, the muscles in Rex's legs bulged as he propelled himself forward with precision, aiming directly at Demon Lord Ranath when his power reached the optimal state. He moved through the army skillfully, like a force of nature in motion.

I need to reach the legion first before Demon Lord Ranath reaches our army.

Knowing that Demon Lord Ranath would take out a lot of Dwarves if he clashed first, Rex picks up his pace with even greater speed, infusing his body with black lightning that exponentially increases his speed.

It takes a moment before Rex goes past the army and so does Demon Lord Ranath.

Gazing at each other with a maniacal intensity, the two prepare to clash.

Rex pulled back the Silver Eye and infused it with his dense red force, while Demon Lord Ranath's arms transformed into sharp blades, both preparing to strike with deadly intent, filled with the desire for a fearsome fight.

Clash!

KABOOM!!

A powerful and destructive shockwave exploded as they locked in a power struggle.

## Chapter 900 A Clash With The Demon Legion

Rex's movement was blazing fast, his legs were moving like a rapid blur.

Across his position, the figure that his eyes were fixed on was Demon Lord Ranath. Each of his demonic stomps was thunderous, cracking the ground beneath him, depicting the immense power rampaging inside his veins.

It was easy to determine his target.

Out of the entire army of Dwarves, there was only one emanating a thick killing intent.

'A Demonified Human...? Or is he just a human?'

Demon Lord Ranath gazes at the figure that is coming straight at him with a frown. A sense of familiarity settled on him when he gazed at the wicked facial expression this figure was wearing that was akin to a demon similar to him.

But the weird part is that this figure doesn't emit demonic energy.

Maybe he was wrong and this figure was not a demon, nevertheless, this made him excited.

Rex was oblivious to what Demon Lord Ranath was thinking, he only kept on sprinting forward and went past the army. In this fleeting moment of rushing in, he could feel the muscles inside his body bulging in exhilaration.

Even his chest felt somewhat elated and soothed, seeing the charging legion of demons.

I don't know if it's because I'm frustrated or I've been dealing with too many matters regarding Dargena City and the alliance or even the fact that I was in a coma, but this... I miss this. I can tell that my body also misses the excitement of a real fight!

Starting from the First Breath, he was cramped in dealing with political matters.

Focusing solely on establishing his new home.

Leaving humanity also means that he was not participating in the war directly, he was a third major party in this world dominated by the war between the other two big parties, and thus he wasn't able to fight as much as before.

Additionally, the big fights he had with the Executor and Supernatural Elders were worse.

First of all, the Executor easily defeated him without an actual fight.

On the other hand, the encounter he had with the Supernatural Elders wasn't a real battle, it wasn't a battle to the death. Instead, it felt more like a chore as he needed to convince them of his capabilities rather than fully immersing himself in the fight.

However, in this fight right now against the Rastrikan Demons, he could fully let loose.

Gaining permission from Elder Tilrith who wanted the Rastrikan Demons dead, and the fact that the other high-rank supernatural races also don't seem to care about them, he could absolutely go nuts right now.

Planting his front foot onto the ground, Rex bolted forward in a flash.

Swoosh!

Kaboom!!

Rex gripped the handle of the Silver Eye with both hands and swung it in full force.

A powerful shockwave, a combination of red force and demonic energy, erupted from the collision of their attacks before the two were locked in a fierce power struggle, vying to overpower the other with a maniacal look that hungered the other's destruction.

"Hmmm, seems like I was mistaken. It turns out to be the infamous powerhouse I heard"

"Now, now... Don't tell me that my reputation scared a Demon Lord"

Rex and Demon Lord Ranath exchanged a mocking banter as the two were stuck in this extreme moment, it was rather a comical sight as both of them seemed to be as excited as the other, gauging from their gradually increasing energy.

In addition, the ground beneath their feet also started to sink under their auras' pressure.

Smiling savagely, Demon Lord Ranath exposed his gruesome fangs.

"Fear...? We Rastrikan Demons never experienced fear, we only inflict it on others"

"Great! That means I get to test if that's true or not!"

Crack!!

Blitz!

Motivated even more now that Demon Lord Ranath indirectly challenged him, Rex circulated the red force that was cloaking his body even more and made it steam stronger while also simultaneously activating his black lightning.

Suddenly, he gains a boost, propelling him forward as he uses the Flash spell.

Demon Lord Ranath was taken aback as his feet were lifted off the ground, propelling him thirty meters backward. His demonic red eyes dilated in shock just before a slashing attack struck his abdomen, sending him crashing away.

Like a bowling ball, his hurtling body hits dozens of red demons that were charging forward.

Rex then stopped and summoned Devo's presence on his back.

A dense mist enveloped the entire icy plain upon Devo's appearance, obstructing the vision of the Rastrikan Demons. Many of them continued to growl and charge forward, eager to encounter either Rex or the army to start their onslaught.

However, in the next second, a rumbling sound came from above.

Out of nowhere, a sudden shift of weather happened as thunderclouds covered the sky.

It's been a long time since you did this Devo, are you confident in an improvement?

[Please, your mana was nothing back then. Now, it's different. I'll show you the improvement]

Rumble!!

While Devo was gathering as much lightning mana that was starting to become abundant in the surroundings thanks to the rumbling thunderclouds, the army had already begun to clash against the Rastrikan Demons.

Sounds and exchanges of a battle permeate throughout the entire icy plain.

Thousands upon thousands of Dwarves embarked on a harrowing battle of life and death, all in a bid to safeguard the future of their dear race, which hung in the balance of ceasing to exist with the awakening of the Rastrikan Demons.

Not having an option to choose is what made them fight fiercely.

If the army was defeated here then there was no hope for the Dwarven Kingdom to survive.

Harnessing their deep connection with the earth element, the Dwarves unleashed a torrent of flying earth blocks and rocks through their incantations while also firing their strengthened arrows and bullets. On top of that, the stronger Dwarves initiated small-scale earthquakes, wreaking havoc upon the demon legion.

Additionally, thanks to the War Maul of Glacia, their spells were stronger.

Compared to firing normal rocks of different shapes, the rocks were not covered in ice.

Despite their rigorous raw strength and power to battle against a force that wanted to end them, the Rastrikan Demons proved to be as resilient as a cockroach, able to sustain horrifying damages and still stand back up and charge again.

It was not without reason that Huvuki suspected that the First Breath made them stronger.

Likewise, Adhara and Huvuki stick close to each other and take on the Demon Captains in the east. There are two of them and they would need to beat or stall depending on how they fare against them.

"Remember, don't use too much power until the Elves finish the domain" Adhara mused.

Upon hearing this, Huvuki nodded his head in understanding.

After saying that, she then redirected her focus back to the Demon Captain who was sprinting towards her, an imposing eight-foot-tall demon adorned in crimson and black armored body. His head bore two formidable straight horns, while a pair of light red imp wings protruded from his waist.

In his hand was a taller crimson trident, oozing greatly with its lethal demonic energy.

Not wanting to wait for the Demon Captain to approach any further, Adhara channeled her purple flames and leaped into the sky, a surge of fiery purple energy propelling her. With the two Dwarven daggers in hand, a pair of daggers she was given earlier, she swung them down.

A pair of two scorching purple arcs of fire shot down aimed at the Demon Captain.

Huvuki also didn't stay idle and swung his hammer down to the space in front of him, infusing icy energy into the earth which made his eyes glow with a light bluish hue, infected by the power of the hammer.

"Glacial Obelisk!"

Kaboom!

Crack!!

Both flaming arcs created a massive explosion upon colliding against the ground.

In the nick of time, the Demon Captain managed to dodge the attack by leaping high into the sky. But the other Rastrikan Demons weren't able to react as quickly and got blasted to smithereens due to that explosion.

More than a hundred got sent hurtling away in all directions.

Additionally, Huvuki summoned a sharp and long ice spike, impaling many demons.

Despite some of them being completely impaled through their bodies, creating gaping holes in their chests, none of them died as their heads were the only place that would guarantee their deaths, unlike the modern demons.

Even then, the other Demon Captain managed to block this ice spike with his trident.

"Humans allying with those wretched Dwarves...?" the Demon Captain in front of Adhara said with a haunting voice, astral and echoing. He then laughed in a maniacal manner, finding humor in this realization. "It appears the Dwarves have thrived in this new era, forming alliances with modern humans"

Upon saying that, the Demon Captain's expression turned hideous. "Unacceptable..."

"This won't do... Every last one of them must suffer, facing a life of misery for their deeds. What they did to us is unforgivable, and those who helped their lives become better, will also pay for the sins through agonizing death!" the Demon Captain continued and flapped his wings quickly.

Roar!!

Letting out a powerful roar, a wave of migraine hits Adhara in an instant.

For a fleeting moment, she struggled to steady her throbbing mind, leaving her momentarily dazed. Oblivious to her, the Demon Captain had closed the distance, poised to strike her down with his trident.

Slash!

However, the sheer scarf moved automatically and blocked the incoming attack perfectly.

Clang!

Upon seeing this, the Demon Lord frowns before he reacts fairly quickly.

"Hellfire Mind..."

Not even wasting a single second after having his attack blocked, the Demon Captain's sinister eyes then flashed with a peculiar light, unleashing a demonic beam that quickly stunned Adhara's entire body in place, akin to the feeling of being turned into a statue.

Following that, the Demon Captain grabbed the scarf and did another powerful slash.

"Kyarghh!" Adhara grunted as she was slashed across her body.

A disturbing amount of blood exploded out of the deep gash that she suffered from the Demon Captain that disorients her mind. Even then, the gash started to heal rapidly, however, the Demon Captain was not done.

Still maintaining the effect of the Hellfire Mind, he raised his trident again for an attack.

At this moment, Adhara tries to raise her daggers desperately.

However, it was futile as the binding power was too strong. In order to break free, she would need to transform into her Gladiator form or her Werewolf form. But she can't do it right now, not until the domain is established.

"Defending the Dwarves is a wrong move, now, regret it as I sent you to hell!"

Smiling wickedly, the Demon Captain intends to finish her off.

However, as he was about to slice Adhara's body into two, Huvuki came and intervened.

Just as the tip of the Demon Captain's trident glowed scorching red from the concentration of demonic energy, Huvuki came in clutch, putting himself on the way between them to protect Adhara from the attack.

In the nick of time, using his ice-armored arm, he managed to thwart the deadly blow.

Despite being a King, he knows that Adhara's life is extremely valuable.

Clang!

Upon blocking the attack with his left ice-armored arm, he swatted the Demon Captain away with a blow to the side with his hammer, sending the Demon Captain crashing back onto the ground, creating a vast crater.

"Lady Adahra, are you okay?"

"I'm fine, it's just hard to fight without being able to go all out"

But as this battle continued, Huvuki and Adhara stopped when it suddenly started raining.

"Hmm...? Black rain?" Adhara mused with a frown.

Huvuki also gazes up, hearing what Adhara said which then makes him confused.

Reaching out her hand, she observed the unusual droplets falling from the sky. Instead of the typical clear water, these droplets were a mysterious shade of black, showing that there's definitely a magical influence behind this phenomenon.

Sure enough, she sensed mana and spirit energy in them.

A particular mark then started to manifest on her palm, shaped like an ominous black gate.

On top of that, both energies were extremely familiar to her.

'Isn't this Rex's energies...?'

Upon realizing that this phenomenon was caused by Rex, she glanced over her shoulder. It was then she gasped when she saw a spirit in the far distance shooting a powerful ray of spirit energy into the sky.



A spirit that was the sole reason for the drastic changes on the battlefield.

"I am the Gatekeeper of the Sky! Devoratar Tridan!!"