

Full-Moon 901

Chapter 901 Perfect Maniacal Pair

In the extreme heat of the battle, Devo was spreading his arms to the side.

A violent torrent of spirit energy, boasting the accumulation of living for 30,000 years, exploded from his body. Simultaneously, his hands were entrapped inside a lightning bubble that was sucking as much lightning mana as possible to infuse the rain and turned the droplets black.

A sight that surprised Adhara. She saw Devo's energy shooting up into the sky.

'Compared to my spirit, his spirit energy is incredibly dense...'

Adhara might not recognize this attack, as it has been a long time since Rex used it. However, Evelyn or the other 25 Golden Crest descendants would recognize this instantly as the attack he used to obliterate the horde of mutated animals in the canyon.

Many Rastrikan Demons tried to get close, but they were unable to get relatively close.

It was due to a black lightning barrier that blocked them.

None of them realized that the black rain left a mark on them due to the adrenaline of the battle, however, there was a couple that realized this and tried to get rid of the mark forcefully using their demonic energy knowing that it was not a good thing.

But it was a futile attempt of them.

Disarming the mark was completely out of their reach, it stubbornly stayed on their skin.

Just like back then, Devo focuses for a brief second to wave his hand, disarming the mark that was imprinted on friendly forces. It was only when he finished that Rex pointed both of his hands to the sky, preparing to launch a powerful spell.

'What is he doing? Aren't we supposed to hold back until the formation is finished?'

Adhara who was watching this from the sight frowned.

In order to not alert the other legions, the plan involved the Elves creating a formation bubble to act as a cocoon that could contain the rampaging energies. Since the Elves were faster at magic and rune engraving, they were tasked with this responsibility.

But seeing Rex this blatant, it doesn't seem like he was holding back.

"Seems the Elves already did their job, I didn't realize it because the formation is quite subtle. Did the Elves know a way to mask formations? Or was it Lord Rex's doings?" Huvuki mused inwardly, finding that the formation was already established.

Upon hearing this, Adhara was also surprised slightly as she didn't sense the formation.

'Right... I thought he was swept by the battle. But it seems he was not'

Rex said that he wanted to let out some steam, and that made her think this way.

However, she didn't give Rex much credit knowing that his mind is most of the time composed, and he wouldn't be that reckless, especially when the plan to take out the Rastrikan Demons involved defeating Demon Lord Ranath and his legion silently.

Maybe I should go all out, he would definitely try to stop me.

Gazing at Demon Lord Ranath who has recovered, he fixed his mind on going all out.

"Symbol of Lightning..."

Blitz!

Rex whispered softly through his lips, casting the new spell that he gained.

In an instant, the violent black lightning around his body intensified, becoming even more chaotic. Even the pressure emanating from it claimed to a frightening level, and a circular glow appeared on his chest, a second spirit core.

Since this is a big-scale fight, he would need to rely on his lightning elements more.

Upon seeing this, Demon Lord Ranath scoffed.

Roar!

Demon Lord Ranath unleashed another soundwave, which seemed to energize the Rastrikan Demons with demonic energy even further, and then charged forward, intent on interrupting whatever spell Rex was in the midst of casting.

Propelling himself with hellfire, he managed to reach Rex in a couple of seconds.

Like searing lava, the lightning barrier proved to be utterly inefficient against his charge, allowing him to penetrate it effortlessly. Even the black lightning attempting to strike him failed to have any effect, it doesn't seem to faze him.

Seeing the black lightning travel through his skin before dissipating, Rex frowned.

Hmm...? Is he immune to lightning?

Rex suspects that Demon Lord Ranath is immune to lightning, the way the black lightning interacts with his armor-like skin is unnatural. It was then he glanced over at the other Rastrikan Demons fearing that they too are immune to lightning.

But thankfully, the other Rastrikan Demons don't seem to be immune.

Kaboom!

Demon Lord Ranath swung down at Rex with his blade arms in full force.

<Wicked entity detected!>

<The user has suffered more damage due to the Infernal Weakening of the Abaddon effect!>

A vicious explosion was created as Rex blocked the attack with his sword and got pinned on the ground, he coughed a mouthful of blood but was still smiling in exhilaration. "Surely you don't expect me to let you cast your spells? I would be a fool if I did" Demon Lord Ranath commented with a nasty grin.

"I kind of expected you'd come for me" Rex replied, a smirk plastered on his face.

Upon seeing this confident smirk, Demon Lord Ranath frowns.

Just then he realized that the ground was flooding, he didn't realize when it started to flood, but he knew that this was definitely Rex's doings, seeing that he was smirking from ear to ear at his realization.

"Come on, old spirit! Now!"

Moving fairly quickly, Demon Lord Ranath wanted to grab Devo but he was far too late.

Devo already flew to the sky and became an eye of lightning.

Rumble!

It was then the entire battlefield began to shake, and all within it gazed up when a thunderous rumbling sound permeated through the air. Compared to the normal entities, the Rastrikan Demons that saw this phenomenon growled towards the sky fiercely, having no sign of fear.

Under the guidance of Devo's spirit energy and lightning mana, the sky obediently listened.

"Great Lightning Spell, Sky Rupture Assortment!"

Since Rex and Devo were connected, their powers were identical in the lightning element department. And upon chanting that, the entire sky flashed brightly, as if the gates of heaven had opened for a fraction of a second.

Following that were hundreds of small dots, firing black lightning strikes viciously.

A sudden silence enveloped the entire battlefield.

But in the next second, a ringing sound strikes their ears and impaired their hearing.

CRACK!

KABOOM!

Rex watches this with a huge smile, however, Demon Lord Ranath moves even faster in response and draws upon his demonic energy to completely cover the sky with a shield of hellfire that stands in the way of the black lightning strikes.

Despite this move, Rex doesn't seem to be surprised.

I played it safe, knowing that he might be able to block this spell. And that comes to fruition.

Knowing that he was fighting a Demon Lord of the most vicious and brutal force, he decided to purchase a spell from the System called Flooding Area. As the name suggested, it created a flood in an entire area.

All he needs is one black lightning strike to go past Demon Lord Ranath's defense.

No matter what, Rex believed that at least one would pass through.

Oh, there it is...

Upon seeing a single black lightning strike burst through the hellfire shield, Rex smiled as the black lightning strike electrocuted one of the Rastrikan Demons completely, scorching its nerves and everything inside its body.

<Rastrikan Demons killed: 1>

Moreover, the black lightning travels through the flood and spreads around the area.

It also seemed to be getting stronger instead of getting weaker.

This was precisely why Rex chose the Grey Water of Radiant element as his water element over anything else. It has an amplifying energy, a property that could make most elements that were infused with it stronger.

Just like that, the marked Rastrikan Demons got struck and suffered the same fate.

<Rastrikan Demons killed: 7>

<Rastrikan Demons killed: 41>

<Rastrikan Demons killed: 119>

<Rastrikan Demons...>

Notifications from the System keep on coming out as the Rastrikan Demons that got hit by his black lightning died, the combination of the Sky Rupture Assortment and Flooding Area is too much for them to handle.

Despite their rigorous vitality, they fell one by one by the bouncing black lightning.

"Do you actually care for your legion? I'm surprised, Demon Lord Ranath" Rex stood up from the ground, tilting his head and commenting descendingly. "Be careful now... If I know your weakness, then helping you feel fear would not be a challenge for me" He grinned.

Finding that Demon Lord Ranath looked back at the other demons, it seemed like he cared.

Upon hearing this, Demon Lord Ranath smiled savagely.

"Care...? Don't get cocky in front of me"

Crack!

Turning around with a powerful stomp, a pulse of demonic energy came out.

One stomp is all it takes for Demon Lord Ranath to cancel the Flooding Area spell and dissipate Rex's spells with relative ease, and the mark, a combination of the Wrath and Envy symbols on the center of his chest glowed with a chilling energy.

Almost as if something inside of him was awakening, something horrifying and wicked in the core.

It was then his eyes fixed onto Rex maniacally.

Demon Lord Ranath's energy turned into an imposing mountain, cracking the ground around.

Similarly, his blade arms, oozing with reddish demonic energy started to slowly shift from crimson to eerie black. A sudden change that could be felt by anyone on the battlefield almost instantly.

Rex was no exception, he could sense his senses were alerting him of a powerful entity.

With a slow movement, Demon Lord Ranath then gets into his battle position.

Crossing both of his blade arms in front of him forming an 'X', he concentrated all of his demonic energy into them while keeping intense eye contact with Rex. It was then that his body disappeared into a blur.

Demon Lord Ranath moved faster than Rex's eyes could perceive.

SWOOSH!

Like a rampaging star fire, the furious Demon Lord Ranath closed the distance between them in an instant, catching Rex off-guard as his speed increased exponentially. It was so fast that he couldn't even glance in time at Demon Lord Ranath.

Slash!

Spurt!

Rex's eyes widened when he felt a sharp excruciating pain in his right arm.

Blinking rapidly for a second, he shifted his gaze to his right arm and found it was severed, blood gushing from his wound. His right arm hung in mid-air, alongside the daunting crimson arc, with Demon Lord Ranath standing low directly before him.

His demonic eyes flashed as this definitely would be the turning point of his victory.

It's all the same, his recipe for victory always remained the same.

'Even the strongest I've fought would be distracted I caught them by surprise like this, and everything will start to go my way starting from there. Powerhouse of the new era? I'll show you the might of the ancient era' Demon Lord Ranath pondered with a maniacal grin.

Nothing would be stopping him from his victory now.

Since the demonic energy he infused in that attack is also thick, Rex will definitely be put off.

However, in the next second, Demon Lord Ranath widened his eyes.

Slash!

Contrary to his expectations, the pain of having his arm severed and the demonic energy infiltrating his body doesn't seem to put him off. Rex grabbed his severed right arm that was holding the Silver Eye with his left hand and swung it at Demon Lord Ranath.

Inside his slashing motion was the red force and also the Executor Slash skill.

"Hmm...?!"

Demon Lord Ranath widened his eyes when he saw his own right arm also got severed.

It seems he was wrong to assume that Rex would be thrown off of his game, he wasn't. Instead, he seemed to be even more excited judging from his smirk and the peculiar spark in his battle-hungry red eyes.

Thanks to the holy energy cloaking the Silver Eye, it sliced through rather easily.

Upon realizing what had just happened, Demon Lord Ranath also smiled and his eyes flashed with the same light as Rex. At that moment, the two realized that they were as maniacal as the other, and their blood boils in desire for wanting to out-maniac the other.

On the inside, Rex was laughing heartily, finding solace in this painful feeling.

Yes, this is what I wanted! Let's dance more! Let's try killing each other more! Let me feel alive! I'll vent it all to you!

Chapter 902 Stark Contrast

Meanwhile, somewhere near the Great Barricade.

Navigating the perilous obstacles imposed by the older generations of Supernaturals, the Cessation Knights and Black Hands, under Sir Denzel's command, eventually were able to push them back out of the desolate plain by the slimmest of margins.

It was a bloody battle, the losses exceeded the expectations of many.

Because of the decree sent to them by the Executor, the forces have no choice but to oblige.

A decree from the Executor left them with two options. Comply, no matter how challenging or ridiculous the decree might be, or face execution at the hands of the Executor himself, leaving them with no alternative whatsoever.

However, they got lucky as most of them were lured away.

The Executor decided to come and step out of the Great Barricade, and thus, his sheer presence ignited the ancient hatred they bore toward him which resulted in the older generations of Supernaturals abandoning the fight and hurriedly rushing toward him.

Sir Denzel thought that was all of them, but he was wrong as some remained blocking them.

Despite volunteering to stand at the front line, the effect started to wane.

Sir Denzel is currently at the end of the desolate plain separating the Great Barricade and the Supernatural territory, he scans his eyes around to the wounded soldiers and finds the atmosphere around them is completely dark and depressing.

Clearly, their morale was plummeting as the decree seemed like suicide for them.

'I already volunteered to be at the very front, hoping to spike their morales. It worked for some time, but it's started to wane. However, I can't blame them, there's no notion of us succeeding to complete this decree' Sir Denzel pondered, frowning in contemplation.

No soldiers would be excited if they were fighting a battle that had no chance of winning.

"Excuse me, Sir Denzel. I'll start patching you up"

A healer walked up and started treating him and even needed to use strong spells to treat the deep wound that Sir Denzel sustained across his stomach, almost spitting his insides out. It wasn't healing thanks to the suppression.

Since even arcane mana was suppressed, he's not invulnerable anymore.

Only those who have an innate regeneration ability could still be invulnerable at this time.

While he was being treated, he leaned on a tree and gazed onward to a rough clearing of the forest with a pondering look. It was quite vast, and there was a small lake on the right, the water was clearly seen to be sparkling thanks to the sunlight.

In the far distance, a massive jutting piece of rock pierced the sky.

Sir Denzel is looking in this direction to inspect the path they will need to go through to reach the Symposium, and it is then an Awakened approach and stops beside him, also fixating his gaze on the same direction that Sir Denzel was looking at.

"Tell me this... Is there even a chance for us to go through this?" He asked in a hushed tone.

Upon hearing this Sir Denzel could only exhale roughly.

Earlier, the scout came back with bad news. He reported that Undead Titans were hiding inside the lake for an ambush, the sparkling clear water is only an illusion. Hiding in wait near the jutting piece of rock is another army of Vampires.

Some of the Vampires that retreated grouped up there with the army.

"Also, I already asked the other compounds and found that their area was not as guarded as ours. Aside from the Supernatural army attacking their part of the Great Barricade, beyond it, they found nothing" the Awakened added in concern.

Out of the places, it seems they were the ones that got the most difficult place.

But this doesn't come as a surprise for Sir Denzel, he was already expecting something like this. "I know that the Executor is unreasonable and outright wicked. For all I know, the Executor coming out of the Great Barricade was probably not because he wanted to help us. However, I'm sure that there's a reason he wanted us to clear a way to the Symposium"

"Seeing that the Supernaturals are guarding the way more, I become certain" He added.

No matter what the Executor is planning, it must be effective.

Even the older generations of Supernaturals, as mind-gnawing berserk as they may be, are conscious of this. Sir Denzel presumed that having the Executor reach the Symposium would be a devastating blow to them, and that's promising news.

Finding that Sir Denzel kept a positive attitude, the Awakened was awed at him.

In such a situation, there are not many who could be like him.

"Maybe that's the reason you reached the ninth-rank realm, you have a big heart, Sir" the Awakened expressed his admiration, looking up to Sir Denzel. "If that's the case, we are ready to follow your orders. What are your plans in approaching this situation, Sir?"

"We'll divide ourselves into groups to sneak past the lake. We'll only fight the Vampires"

"Okay, it's morning, so the Vampires are weakened. It makes sense, but before that..."

"I know"

Sir Denzel glanced over to the others, knowing that he would need to give hope first.

No use in commanding his force if they don't believe they could win, and that's the first thing he needs to handle. But it was then his eyes shifted over to the side, to the group of odd Black Hands sitting in a circle in the distance that surprisingly came to help them earlier in the fight.

A presence-less group that could fend off many older generations of Supernaturals.

"Guess I'll use them..."

Just a moment later, the army of Cessation Knight and Black Hands advanced forward.

Unlike before, the atmosphere was not outright depressing anymore.

It was evident in their eyes that their hope had been rekindled and now they were more firm than before, all thanks to Sir Denzel using the six odd Black Hands that had garnered attention from the others due to the fight before.

Sir Denzel asked them to act as confident as possible to look unbeatable.

While he was pretending to give them a regular pep talk in the hope of lifting the spirit, the leader of the six odd Black Hands, Ezo stepped forward and confidently stated that he and his team would make sure that they would see this decree to the end.

Flaunting and even depicting an obvious hint of arrogance made him look dependable.

None of the Cessation Knights, Awakened, and other Black Hands has the confidence to fare against the older generations of Supernaturals due to the fight earlier. And a rub of arrogance and confidence in one person is all it takes to shift this situation completely.

'Good. Now I can focus on the fight' Sir Denzel pondered with a nod.

Just as he planned, the forces were divided into multiple small groups in order to not alert the Undead Titans hiding inside the lake. Suppressing their energies tightly, the group then one by one passes the lake.

Surprisingly, it went on smoothly, the Undead Titans were not triggered.

It went on so smoothly that Sir Denzel even thought that the scout earlier might be wrong.

However, he accepted this as a blessing from God and didn't think negatively.

Knowing that there will be more reinforcement sent to the Great Barricade to supply them earlier to make a standing across the way to the Symposium, it's fine to leave the Undead Titans there until they have an overwhelming number to drown them to death.

Passing through cautiously, they advanced forward anticipating the Vampire army.

Leading the way at the forefront was Sir Denzel, accompanied by the six odd Black Hands, their grips on their weapons tightening as they approached the jutting rock. Beyond it lay the supposed Vampire army.

Sir Denzel raised his hand, signaling to stop before the forces went into battle formations.

Roar!!

Out of nowhere, a collective roar could be heard from the front.

Just as the scout reported, the ground beneath them began to shake, clearly indicating that the Vampire army was on the move toward them. Instinctively, all of them ready themselves for another big battle against the Vampire army.

However, when the army emerges, Sir Denzel frowns when he finds a stark difference

'Are they really the same Vampires as earlier? Why are they way smaller? Or is it because of the sunlight that reduced them to this state? No... I don't think that's the case' Sir Denzel pondered when he saw the Vampire army.

It was evidently different, the ones right now are half the sizes of the ones from earlier.

Despite wanting to thank God for another blessing once again, he couldn't help but feel that there was something odd going on. Seems to him that there's something more going on than meets the eye, these are not the same Vampires.

None of them emit the same bloodlust and blood energy as earlier.

'What's going on here? It doesn't feel right...'

~

On the other hand, inside the hell's mouth located in a barren lifeless plain.

Demons inside the seven floors of the Demon Kingdom seemed to be agitated, there were fights everywhere the eyes could see caused by Demons of the same floor or even Demons from different floors.

It was not a friendly fight either, many of them died brutally by the others.

But this was all caused by Saruth's policy of differentiating the Demons into seven floors and arranging them according to the strength of the strongest Archdemon that guarded each floor and represented their own sin.

Clearly, there are Demons that don't like how the floors are arranged.

For instance, the Archdemon that represented the Sin of Envy, can't accept that their floors were above the Sin of Gluttony which is further away from the Demonic Eye, the center of the Demon Kingdom located at the lowest floors.

Due to that, a fight between them is unavoidable.

Especially now that the older generation awakened and also has an opinion of their own.

Meanwhile, the lowest floors were undisputed and there was peace there including the Demon citizens that lived there. It was held by the Demons of the Sin of Lust alongside the other succubuses and incubuses that were not merged back with the Demon Kingdom.

It was all done, Saruth and Catsha have reconciled and put aside their differences.

On top of that, the Sin of Lust has the lowest thanks to the support of the Sin of Wrath and Sin of Greed. The Archdemon representing the Sin of Lust has the two other Archdemons by her fingernails, abiding by her very requests to the end.

Essentially, the Sin of Lust is not the strongest but has the most power.

Lying on the throne on the lowest point of the Demon Kingdom in a seductive position, baring her perfect body to the side was Elder Tilrith who seemed to be absorbing the demonic essence around her.

She seemed to be relaxed, and enjoying the moment of her peace.

A moment, she nudged her chin upwards with interest, sensing something in the distance.

"He's already starting... If not for the spell I cast earlier, I wouldn't be able to sense his attacks. Sneaky little devil" Elder Tilrith mused, a devilish smile on her face as she laid back again with newfound consort.

Clearly, the incident that she sensed lifted her mood.

Playing with her dangling left foot, her eyes turned vicious, "Rastrikan Demons are going to cease, finally. How dare they refuse my orders?" She pondered out loud, cursing the Rastrikan Demons. "If they are gone, I will be in full control"

"However, I need to do the part he wanted in exchange too" She added.

But it was then that her ears perked up and her wings twitched when she sensed a presence inside the throne. A smirk crossed her face when she realized who it was, 'Speaking of it, there she is...'

Glancing to the side, Elder Tilrith found a puddle of blood appearing below her throne.

It slowly climbs up, turning into a humanoid shape of blood before eventually a figure materializes. A woman that Elder Tilrith wasn't expecting, 'I thought Nezero would come here. Why in the world is her daughter the one to come here?'

"You don't look pleased to see me, Elder" the woman said softly.

Upon hearing this, Elder Tilrith sits up and straightens her back to address the woman in front of her. "Perhaps I'm a bit old-fashioned, but I have reservations about entrusting such a matter to... the inexperienced, wouldn't you agree, Calidora?"

"Inexperienced...?" Calidora giggled, her eyes then turned from violet to red, activating her Eyes of Terror. "I heard that you've come to meet with the Alpha and that I do not condone, Elder Tilrith. Any matters concerning the Silverstar Pack's Alpha, dear elder, should always come through me" She added, her tone dripping with subtle threats.

"Oh, I see now... Seems like I've caught your eyes' attention" Elder Tilrith smirked devilishly.

Chapter 903 Subtle Threats

Saruth has already filled her in on the situation in the current era.

It consists mostly of the state of the world, the relationships between the races, the state of the war, and also the people in power before the older generations woke up. One of them is the Blodirra Family which reigns over the Vampire Kingdom as royalties.

A true royal vampire blood, however, they were one of the weaker ones.

However, Elder Tilrith was surprised when she heard the daughter had the Eyes of Terror.

Vampires have eye-related power, the stronger the blood energy inside of them becomes, the higher the chances for them to awaken a hidden power inside their bloodline that is mostly related to their eyes.

'The Eyes of Terror is one of the strongest eyes a Vampire could awaken' Elder Tilrith mused.

Locking her gaze onto Calidora's bright red eyes that were emitting power and eerie pressure, she inspected them closely. 'Not only that it has the most potential to become stronger through the

partner it was linked to, but it also supplies endless motivation akin to a burning fire that made the possessor of the Eyes of Terror maniacally fix their mind to own the associated partner'

Upon seeing Calidora's daunting eyes, Elder Tilrith crooked up a smile.

'Her eyes and the way she acted reminded me of Queen Elizabeth. Sith Blodirra might be a coward, but I think she would condone his cowardly behavior for having a lineage like this young Vampire' Elder Tilrith tilted her head, amused by what she was seeing.

Calidora then didn't beat around the bush, "State me your deal with the Alpha, Elder"

"Did Solomon and Nezero fail to teach you any manners?" Elder Tilrith chided gently, her tone still graceful and sweet. "In case you've forgotten, my dear, this is the Demon Kingdom, and you're inside my grasp. I kindly suggest you mind your manners, young Calidora"

Perhaps, her tone was like this because of knowing how young Calidora was.

However, her warning doesn't seem to affect Calidora.

"I wonder that it was you that forgot, Elder Tilrith, that you are the representation of the Sin of Lust. Surely you understand that what's mine is mine, and I'm only here to peacefully remind you of that" Calidora replied, her words were bolder than before.

But this made Elder Tilrith laugh vibrantly, her shoulders raised up and down in hubris.

Covering her mouth in amusement, her demonic eyes then flashed.

Elder Tilrith's expression then turned normal in an instant, "I don't appreciate your tone, young Calidora" She mused before she pointed her index finger forward. "I warned you before to mind your manners, and you did not..."

Swoosh...

Crack!

Out of nowhere, her demonic energy pressed Calidora down to the ground.

In an instant, the ground beneath her feet cracked under the sudden demonic force, causing Calidora's eyes to widen in utter surprise. She struggled to maintain her footing against the overwhelming pressure exerted by Elder Tilrith.

"Maybe Nolacula is soft to you, but I'm not that soft..." Elder Tilrith added with a playful smile.

Crack!

More power came crashing down on Calidora's body.

Calidora was absolutely surprised to find that she could be suppressed this much when the First Breath was still enveloping them, and she fell to one knee. 'I underestimated her because I thought that since I matched with Rex, I could also match with her. But it seems I could match with Rex only thanks to the Eternal Curse between us'

'Without it, the power between us is still separated quite far away' She chimed in her head.

However, this is not too much for her to handle.

Admitting that she was being too arrogant and recognizing the lingering influence of her Eyes of Terror, Calidora, still seething with anger over Elder Tilrith, a Succubus's visit to Rex, resolved to be more cautious in the future.

It would be bad for her to be on Elder Tilrith's bad side because of this.

'But it doesn't matter, it's not like I didn't consider this happening. I'll use the leverage I have'

Not wanting to be pressed down like this and lose her bearing as a new force of the new era, Calidora exerted every ounce of blood energy inside her body and also the power of the Eyes of Terror to forcefully push herself up from the ground.

"Oh... Seems like you're not that spoiled" Elder Tilrith praised, seeing her standing up.

Upon regaining her footing, she then raised her gaze to meet with the Elder's gaze. "Let's stop this small banter, shall we? If you keep doing this, I don't think the Vampires will help you. I represent the Vampire Kingdom here, bear that in mind"

Elder Tilrith paused before she eventually dispersed her demonic energy.

In case something went wrong like earlier, Calidora already prepared something in advance.

Since this meeting was orchestrated by Elder Tilrith herself, who wants to discuss specifically with the Vampires about Rex Silverstar, it was evident that she had a particular purpose in mind and required the assistance of the Vampires.

Knowing that fact, Elder Tilrith wouldn't push too much to provoke the Vampires.

"Perhaps, now that you've proven to not be inexperienced, I'll have to make do in discussing this pressing matter with you" Elder Tilrith waved her hand nonchalantly, leaning back on her big throne with the demonic eye above it. "I've made a request to him to take care of the troublesome Rastrikan Demons. But he requested something in return, and this involves mostly you Vampires and Undeads"

"It's about the armies stationed along the way to the Symposium..." She added softly.

Calidora tilted her head in confusion when she heard this.

No matter how much she tried to ponder about the request Rex made that involved the armies, she couldn't quite understand where this was going. 'Elder Tilrith might know something about the plan, I need to find out about it'

Pausing briefly, Elder Tilrith then conveyed the request.

Just as she expected, she couldn't comprehend Rex's motives. "Why would he demand such a thing? It seems like it would only serve the Executor's interests. And in the event of any mishap, all of us, including him would fall back into enslavement"

Upon hearing the demand, Calidora couldn't believe it, she didn't expect this at all.

"To be honest, I am also hesitant to do something like this. It's too risky, and the moment the Executor gets what he needs then the entire world will be in trouble" Elder Tilrith sighed, she was also troubled by this request.

Compared to dealing with the Rastrikan Demons, this is way worse of a request.

It's not hard to do, but the possible risk is enormous.

But during that exact moment, Calidora's eyes went round as she came into a revelation. 'Rex is very afraid of losing those whom he holds dear because of the tragedy that befell his parents, his fear is definitely real and palpable. So that means if he wanted to do this, he has absolute certainty in himself and his plan'

Elder Tilrith was about to say something again but was intervened by Calidora.

"We'll do as he says, I'm going to bring this to Elder Nolacula and also the Shapeshifters. On the other hand, you should bring this to the Undead and Werewolves" Calidora said, her tone now fixed and confident.

Seeing this change sparks interest in Elder Tilrith's eyes.

However, it would be reckless of her to not give this much thought and follow along the flow.

"I need time to ponder about this as this is not a small matter" Elder Tilrith denied.

The corner of Calidora's lips curled up when she heard this, "If I remember correctly, all of the Elders have already tested him and decided to give him a chance if he wanted to take down the Executor by himself, isn't that right? If that's the case, give him his chance"

"Unlike you, I'm close with him. And I can say that he's even more capable than he seems"

Elder Tilrith looked at Calidora and remained silent.

"So you were watching from the sidelines, may I ask why...?" Elder Tilrith asked.

Calidora smiled confidently and nodded her head. "I observed his consecutive battles against you, Elder Noskear, and the Storm Prince. As for my presence there... Well, I simply needed to ensure that what belongs to me stays that way, and be rid of others"

'She truly resembles Queen Elizabeth, a terrifying Vampire,' Elder Tilrith mused.

Deciding that there's no need for further contemplation since the decision has already been made during their previous encounter with Rex, Elder Tilrith nodded, seeing that both Rex and Calidora were resolute in this course of action.

It would be unwise to back down now, "Very well, I'll follow along with the plan..."

A moment later, the two have come to a decision.

Now that the meeting had finished, it was time for Calidora to leave as the demonic energy inside this throne room was already prickling her skin. If she stayed for too long, then she would be affected by it.

But before Calidora left, she stopped and looked over her shoulder.

"Elder Tilrith..."

"Hmm?"

"What I said earlier, I still stand by it. You have my eyes' attention. So don't get too close"

Upon saying that, Calidora's body turned into blood again before it seeped into the ground and disappeared from the throne room. It was only then Elder Tilrith relaxed on the throne with an evident smile on her face.

Despite saying it with a monotone voice, there were subtle threats inside her words earlier.

Obviously, Calidora would not stand by if she got too close.

"I'll have to see what lies in the future, but I can't guarantee anything, young Calidora..."

~

Meanwhile, inside the Supernatural territory, there was a barren wasteland.

It reeks of death and decay with nothing alive, even the trees were all dead to the point of becoming extremely frail and blackened. Only undead birds could be seen lingering around, scanning the area with their green undead eyes.

At the heart of it all was a black castle, hovering with green damned souls around.

On the castle walls were engraved with numerous kinds of corpses of individuals that seemed to be strong once they were alive, and right before the castle walls were a couple of newly dug graves.

Coursing inside the castle, a Lich clad in a hood could be seen crouching on the ground.

Rex would recognize this entity as none other than Elder Noskear, judging from the immense forsaken aura she was emitting. But it seems she was not in good condition as she crawled onto her throne made of skulls of her victims.

Moreover, her decayed face seemed to be expressing a gloomy emotion.

She was clearly grieving.

'How did the others know that I lost against him? Did someone watch the fight?!' Elder Noskear screamed inside her head, the reason she was in this state was because her loss against Rex somehow reached the others' ears.

It made most of her people view her differently, losing respect for her.

On top of that, her seat as the ruler of the Undead for now was shaken, and she was about to be replaced by a couple of Elder Liches who wanted to create a council that would regulate the Undead Crypt instead.

"Raargh!!!" Elder Noskear roared, gripping the throne handles furiously.

Due to the embarrassment that she brought to the Undead race for losing to a new powerhouse, the council forced her to repay this deed through humiliation, and she was forced to dig her ancestors' graves and purify them from death energy.

Essentially, this made her ancestors temporarily forced to be in the Nirvanaworld.

An ultimate disrespect for an Undead.

It was done to appease her mistake to the entire Undead race for making a mistake.

Gazing onward to the void, Elder Noskear's eyes flickered with immense anger as a flash of Rex appeared in her bloodthirsty mind. 'I'll kill him... I'll kill him... I'll turn him into a puppet!!' She shouted inside her head.

"Yes... I need to kill him. I think the Storm Prince would want to do that too, I'll ask for his help"

Chapter 904 Pride Of The Demon Lord

Gradually, the battlefield becomes bloodier and more gory as time goes on.

It was starting to become clearer that the Rastrikan Demons had the upper hand against the army of Dwarves despite the help of the War Maul of Glacia, depicting their superiority as a high-rank Supernatural race.

About four or five Dwarves were needed to possibly take down a Rastrikan Demon.

More impressive knowing that Rex has been casting the Alpha Bearing ever since the battle started, suppressing the Rastrikan Demons around him. But the gap between their strengths is too much to close with that much.

Little by little, an iron scent started to permeate in the air.

Explosions of all kinds and the sound of weapons clashing against thick armor are the norm.

Just like Demon Lord Ranath himself, the demons in his legion possessed the same extraordinary ability to transform their arms into various weapons of their choice, granting them a vast array of options to deal with the Dwarven army.

One was even capable of creating a cannon, firing a demonic cannonball.

It exploded similarly to an artillery shell but also caused a mind corruption effect on the area.

Several Dwarves who were directly hit or positioned too close to the explosions had their mental barrier, amplified by the Mental Awakened broken, resulting in their minds being twisted into insanity which led them to attack their own comrades, further adding to the chaos on the battlefield.

Not only does this cause more chaos, but it also disorientates the army's formation.

Killing a previous comrade also induced them with a mental dilemma.

More so to the veteran who has a deep connection to their comrades, this is the spot that is taken advantage of by Demon Lord Ranath's legion which made them generally the most avoided to fight by the other races.

Attacking the mind is quite lethal to most races, causing a disturbing effect.

Being able to turn enemies against each other, forcing them to fight a friend is their specialty.

Under such a chaotic battlefield, the enemy becomes easy pickings for them.

"It's not looking good at all..."

"We already expected this, the Rastrikan Demons are too strong"

Peeking from the desolated slopes on the sides, two figures silently observed the ongoing bloody battle between the Rastrikan Demons and the Dwarven army. One of them was unmistakably

Hastios, Queen Shanaela's right hand while the other appeared to hold the rank of captain within the Elves military.

Both alongside an army of Elves already did their tasks.

Rex has instructed them to follow the Dwarven army's route from the far flank and quickly moved into action, creating a formation barrier that would suppress the rampant energy if ever they got an unexpected surprise from the Rastrikan Demons.

Time has proven him wise once again.

Due to his meticulous nature, he managed to foresee this incident happening.

"I've heard of their reputation and rumor, yet I've never directly fought against a Rastrikan Demon. Now, seeing this, I know that the story I heard about their strength and barbarity has been watered down. In my view, they are completely unhinged" the Elven Captain mused whisperingly.

Rastrian Demons were a complete fighting maniac.

None of them even paused or flinched when they suffered damage that should be lethal.

It seems their pain receptors were non-existent.

Just the mere thought of facing a formidable group of demons devoid of pain and fear sent a chilling shiver down his spine. A potentially detrimental strike could be met with casual indifference, and a single misstep could lead to death.

No wonder the Dwarves deal a second finishing blow for each fallen Rastrikan Demon.

Hastios then nodded his head, "Even the Demon princes found them a headache"

"What should we do?" Frowning for a second, the Elven captain looked over to Hastios with a questioning look. "Should we follow orders and wait until the signal or should we go and flank the Rastrikan Demons right now?"

"Guess we'll have to see, if it's going too bad, we'll step in" Hastios replied.

But after he said that, a huge shockwave exploded and forced them to close their eyes.

Opening their eyes once again, the shockwave subsided, revealing two swirling hurricanes of energy that were destructive, emerging from different points on the battlefield, each originating from a separate battle.

Shifting their attention to the side of the battlefield, a white-furred figure can be seen.

"Is that a Werewolf...?" the Elven captain mused.

Upon hearing this Hastios nodded, yet he seemed to be shocked, "It's the Female Alpha"

Adhara is fighting against the Demon Captain, she has already turned into her Werewolf form of pure white realizing that the Elves have already finished the formation. It was obvious that she was going all out as her form was also adorned in purple fire.

But the power she emitted, increasing her strength exponentially proves to be working.

The Demon Captain was having a hard time against her.

'I wanted to infuse my Gladiator Form with my Werewolf form, but it seems I need to train to do that' Adhara thought amidst the battle. She tried to activate both powers simultaneously but found that she wasn't able to maintain it even for five seconds.

However, it seems there was no need for her to do that.

Clearly, the Demon Captain was having a difficult time fighting her, the speed and the explosions that were produced every time she attacked were taking a toll on him, able to even scorch his body that was naturally resistant to fire.

On top of that, their battles know no bounds.

Exchanging attacks on the ground, traversing vast distances, and even reaching the sky.

'I'll finish this one off and move on to the Demon Captains on the other side, the Dwarf generals are going to be in trouble if I'm late' Adhara pondered, deciding that she would need to take care of this one first.

Just then, pulsating shockwaves came from the center of the battlefield.

Hastios and the Dwarven Captain then viewed the center to observe the situation.

As the two of them expected, the most ferocious clash of the battle unfolded at the center, where Lord Rex and Demon Lord Ranath were locked in combat. Each of their collisions produced thunderous shockwaves that shook the entire battlefield.

Rex has his Banished Dark Moon King Mark glowing on his forehead already.

Clang!

Parrying Demon Lord Ranath's attack with his sword, he rolled to the side to avoid another powerful swing of the other hand. Recovering quickly, Rex's eyes flashed red, sending a mental attack as he focused the Alpha Bearing skill towards Demon Lord Ranath.

However, it failed miserably with a notification from the System.

<Failed to influence the target's mind!>

<Demon Lord Ranath, empowered by the Sin of Wrath and Envy is immune to mental attacks!>

What?! His mental stat is way lower than mine, I expected this to work.

Upon finding that the Alpha Bearing skill doesn't work on Demon Lord Ranath, Rex cursed inside his mind. Fatigue starting to catch up to him, the suppression from the First Breath made it so that his stamina was not bottomless anymore.

If he exerts himself too much and suffers much damage, he can become exhausted.

Rex also already forgot the number of times his limbs were severed, and that also applies to Demon Lord Ranath who also suffered the same. No matter if it's a slash from their weapons, biting, or clawing, their battles have no bounds.

A vicious fight that was intensified as their wounds rapidly healed to be torn once again.

Similarly, Demon Lord Ranath was also breathing heavily.

Just when he was about to make a move again, Demon Lord Ranath already disappeared and reappeared behind him. Raising his blade arm, he swung down, and struck Rex right on his shoulder, cutting it deeply.

Splash!

"Gargghk!" Rex grunted but he wasn't going to let this attack go free.

Moving his body expertly, he swept Demon Lord Ranath's legs cleanly. In addition, he then turned his torso and stabbed his claws right into Demon Lord Ranath's chest, all the way until he reached elbow deep.

The Silver Eye was knocked off earlier, and he now could only use his claws.

However, Demon Lord Ranath regained his standing and did an uppercut with his blade arm.

Rex felt the impending danger from below.

But he was a tad bit too late and got stabbed through his chin and into his mouth. It was only due to the fact he managed to grab Demon Lord Ranath's arm that the blade arm didn't penetrate through until it hit his brain.

Pssh!!

Stuck in this position, their wounds started steaming, starting the healing process.

"Are you still confident now? I'll bring death near for you"

Upon hearing this, Rex's eyes flashed with determination as he yanked Demon Lord Ranath's arm, freeing his chin and mouth. In an instant, Rex's body exploded with black thorns that gruesomely punctured multiple parts of Demon Lord Ranath's body.

It was his Thousand Lightning Thorns skill, perfect for this situation.

Slowly Rex exposes his grin despite the blood drenching his entire body and also drizzling out of his mouth. Due to the exhaustion, his regenerative ability has slowed down, and it was not instantaneous like before.

Eventually, his mouth and tongue were healed before he opened his mouth.

"Are you sure you're asking that to me? From the way I'm looking at this..." Rex paused, smiling even more maniacal as he leaned closer. "I'll be the one winning. Can you feel it...? I got your heart already"

Rex already asked the System earlier the way to kill Demon Lord Ranath.

Earlier, he managed to halfway sever his head but Demon Lord Ranath doesn't seem to be fazed by that attack. From the System, he learned that killing a Demon Lord is not as easy as the other entities he has fought.

A series of events must happen to kill Demon Lord Ranath.

First and foremost, his heart must be shattered. Then, the Sinful Epicenter, containing the power of the sins a Demon Lord possesses must be destroyed. Lastly, his head would need to be severed by a holy weapon for a permanent death.

Now that Rex has gotten his heart, he only needs two more steps to kill him.

Upon hearing this, Demon Lord Ranath's expression darkens, as those words strike a nerve.

Giving not a single damn about what Demon Lord Ranath was feeling right now, Rex punched him in the face, amplified with Sharp Lightning spell and also his red force, hurtling him away like a freshly fired bullet.

Crash!

That's a good fight, my body is aching from all the damage I suffered.

Rex was satisfied with this fight against Demon Lord Ranath.

I can finally breathe again...

The fight provided the right amount of pain and exhilaration to make all of his frustrations go away, a phenomenal sensation, and he could not breathe easily again, almost as if the weight inside his chest had been lifted.

But as he was about to finish Demon Lord Ranath, the ground suddenly started to shake.

Kaboom!

A fiery blast erupted from the point where Demon Lord Ranath had crashed earlier.

Despite numerous wounds that marred his body and drained his life force to the brink of exhaustion, breathing heavily as he fixed his gaze onward, he stood imposingly. Taking one powerful step forward, he glared at Rex with immense bloodlust.

"You think all of this is the first time for me?" He said frustratingly. "Fighting someone who wanted to teach me fear? Someone who is arrogant enough to stand against me? Someone who wanted to kill me? No... Don't flatter yourself with that delusion"

Kaboom!

Demon Lord Ranath's energy turned into an imposing mountain, cracking the ground around.

It seemed the sins empowering him were activated to the fullest.

"Do you have any idea... How many prideful entities like you I've slain? How many battles I've engaged in? How many wars I've emerged victorious from? How many Werewolves, Ancient Humans, and even Anomalies like you I've killed with my hands?!"

Like a cornered beast, he roared overbearingly, his aura spiking by the second.

"And you think this time will be different...?"

"You think you will be different...?" He said whisperingly. But in the next second, his eyes flared with hellfire, depicting his pride as a fearsome demon of ancient times. "I AM DEMON LORD RANATH!"

KABOOM!

Chapter 905 Hellgate Ruination

A shockwave containing an enormous force burst forth like a nuke explosion.

Rex lost his balance due to the sudden force that struck his body, his body flipped a couple of times before he eventually planted his claws into the ground to sustain the rushing force, too powerful considering that the First Breath was still ongoing.

Nothing was exempted from this powerful force.

Even the Rastrikan Demons got hurtled away as their bodies also got struck strongly.

Following that, Rex created a barrier to protect himself.

He resisted the constant force that was still pushing against his body and raised his face. In the center of it all is Demon Lord Ranath, blazing with power from the hellish domain as the mark on his chest glowed vibrantly.

This is his last attack, he's depleting his entire demonic energy.

Just then, his eyes flickered seeing a slim demonic energy that was denser than the rest.

Is that... Hell-Void Energy?

Remembering the list of higher energies of each race, he was certain that this denser and more violent demonic energy was the hell-void energy. Something that only powerful demons that went past a certain point possess.

Since it was Demon Lord Ranath, a very powerful Demon, the surprise didn't last long.

It would be odd if he didn't possess it.

But more so than the threat from Demon Lord Ranath himself, Rex gazes up to the invisible barrier constructed by the Elves and finds them vibrating, a sign that the demonic power is starting to exceed the limit.

Perhaps it will hold on. If the energies of this fight got leaked, then it's going to be trouble.

Not only there are the other legions, but the Executor might sense this too.

Currently, the Executor has the upper hand for having Gistella in his grasp. Additionally, the Executor has stated clearly through a Dark Elf that he would be in contact soon. And it would be bad if he decided to call for Rex right now for the fun of it.

If he was called, fighting the Rastrikan Demons would be quite impossible for the others.

<Warning! A massive amount of energy is concentrated on the user!>

"Raarrgghh!!"

Kaboom!

Another explosion resounded as Demon Lord Ranath's energy neared its peak.

Multiple demonic inscriptions could be seen drawn across his body, sparking some changes in his appearance. His horns grow bigger and longer to the point of becoming monstrous, and their color also changes from black to crimson red.

A change in appearance that made him more menacing and imposing to the onlookers' eyes.

Now, his appearance is more befitting of a Demon Lord.

Following that, his aura manifests into a devilish smiling face, making him look bigger.

Rex could also hear the eerie and rasping chuckle that came from this devilish aura, a chuckle that could instill fear even in those who have a strong will. "Are you sure you're going to use that attack? I think the world sphere is not going to like it..."

Pointing at the white sphere in the sky, a smirk crossed his face.

However, Demon Lord Ranath smirked back, "I don't think you understand my power"

Swoosh!

Out of nowhere, a white suppressing beam descends from the white sphere in the sky, sensing Demon Lord Ranath's rampaging power. Phasing over the formation barrier, it then hits Demon Lord Ranath intensely.

Watching this scene unfold, Rex couldn't hide his surprise as his face twitched.

Demon Lord Ranath's energy didn't go down despite being engulfed with the white suppressing beam, it was still burning strong. Inside this white beam, he was even smiling from ear to ear with his eyes glowing demonic red.

Clearly, he managed to sustain the white suppressing beam somehow.

System, how is this possible? Isn't the white sphere stronger than everyone?

Even the Supernatural Elders were aware of this fact when he fought them back then, so he found it confusing that Demon Lord Ranath, someone who shouldn't be as strong as the other Elders was able to sustain the white beam like this.

It was not even as simple as blocking it, he was more like enduring it with his body.

But it was then that Rex remembered something.

Is he borrowing the power from the Origin or a God?

Back when he was fighting the Supernatural Elders, he remembered that the Storm Prince had done a similar feat. He also managed to bypass the white beam, and that should be because of the Storm Moon Lunirich God.

Following that logic, Demon Lord Ranath should be doing something similar.

<Does the user want to purchase the information for 10,000 Gold?>

Fine, buy it and tell me.

<Yes, Demon Lord Ranath borrowed power from the Demonic God. Similar to the King Mark of the Werewolves, strong Demons also could be somewhat connected to their Gods, allowing them to possess even greater power in a term of Sin Epicenter>

<It would also grant them a unique ultimate ability of their own called Hellgate Ruination>

Upon hearing this, Rex frowned as this would be the last clash between them.

Obviously, Demon Lord Ranath is going to use his ultimate ability to take care of this fight with one attack. It's a troublesome thing, not that Rex is not confident that he could take the ultimate ability on, but it was due to the fact of the other Rastrikan Demons.

Due to the shockwave, the Dwarves' army was already hurtled away.

Rex's side of the battlefield behind him was completely empty, but surprisingly enough, there were many Rastrikan Demons who managed to stand their ground despite the powerful shockwave generated by Demon Lord Ranath.

It was unclear whether Demon Lord Ranath helped them or whether were they that strong.

This puts him in a difficult situation.

Even if he did charge up his energies, preparing for the final clash, he would be interrupted.

Other Rastrikan Demons would undoubtedly charge at him like moths to a flame, doing everything in their power to disrupt his focus and allow Demon Lord Ranath to land the finishing blow, even if it meant sacrificing themselves in the process.

"Don't worry, you're not alone..." A resonant voice creeps in.

Upon hearing this Rex smiled recognizing the voice before Adhara came from the back.

Alongside her was another figure, Huvuki. "I've already asked for something outrageous, and yet, you accepted the request and helped us personally. I would be damned by my ancestors if I don't help out, even if it cost my life"

Both of them were the only ones strong enough to endure the shockwave from earlier.

Knowing that Rex would be all alone to fight against the Rastrikan Demons led by Demon Lord Ranath, both of them made their way to the center. It was a hard struggle against the force, nevertheless, they made it.

I'll finish this as quickly as possible before the formation barrier breaks...

Rex nodded his head with a wicked smile. This will work.

"Let's end this, Demon Lord Ranath! Know that I am the strongest in this world!" Rex roared.

Crack!

KABOOM!

Surging from a hidden depth within his body, the kingly energies awakened with a powerful explosion that gushed out of his body, instantly increasing the pressure emanating from his aura. Even the entire battlefield trembled as Rex lowered his stance, his veins, and muscles bulging with immense power.

It was not his peak power, he couldn't turn into his Werewolf form as that would be too much.

However, this is certainly the strongest output he could garner in his human form.

Upon hearing this loud and arrogant declaration, Demon Lord Ranath was furious as he roared and flapped his wings and shot to the sky before he raised both of his arms above as if he was holding the entire world in his hands.

Like a signal, the Rastrikan Demons started rushing forward in a stampede.

Responding to this, Adhara and Huvuki leaped forward approximately fifty meters, then anchored themselves firmly in the ground. Similarly, they channeled every ounce of their energy, bracing for the incoming charge of the demon legion.

Swoosh!

Adhara's Werewolf form has its pristine white fur blazed with extremely hot purple flames.

Even her big spirit manifests and coils behind her, hissing menacingly.

In addition, she also didn't waste any time and activated her herald mark to go even further.

On the other hand, Huvuki slammed his war hammer onto the ground, creating a big crack before his body started to be engulfed in icy power alongside the area around him. It was powerful enough that he managed to rival Adhara's flaming aura which was surprising.

Upon reaching their peak, the two dashed onward, straight to the legion.

Growl!

Raahh!!

Sprinting powerfully, the two turned into beams of fire and ice, heading straight at the legion of demons. When they made contact, two explosions resounded before they were entrapped in a fierce fight.

Adhara swung her daggers beautifully, fending off the Rastrikan Demons.

Each of her strikes was able to pierce through their thick armor skin, and her display of fighting was akin to dancing due to her flexible maneuver and also the smoothness and decisiveness in her movements.

Huvuki was the complete opposite of Adhara's fighting style.

Using his imposing hammer that was made specially, he crushed the Rastrikan Demons coming at him with them, causing as much destruction as he could with his icy powers that could take down multiple demons in an instant.

More brawler than a fighter, taking offense most of the time.

Devoid of fear, the vicious Rastrikan Demons kept on attacking them from all sides.

Some of the others ignored them and tried to head toward Rex who was powering up amidst the battle. However, the ones who tried to ignore Adhara and Huvuki found that they couldn't. Both Adhara and Huvuki were very much aware.

Not one of them managed to go past the duo of fire and ice.

Meanwhile, the intense powering up of Rex and Demon Lord Ranath didn't come to a halt.

Demon Lord Ranath looked down at Rex, his gaze emanating pure bloodlust. He unleashed a torrent of demonic energy into the sky, a deafening proclamation, "We are the zenith of power,

spanning across time. Even until now!" His roar echoed with unrestrained might, letting out all of the power inside his body. "I'll show your ignorant self, the unparalleled might of the Demon Race!"

Swoosh!

Out of nowhere, the raining sky dispersed and was replaced by an odd crimson light.

Rex looked up to behold an imposing door that appeared suddenly, resembling the very gates of hell, manifesting in the sky thanks to Demon Lord Ranath's energy. It creaked open slowly, unleashing searing flames and echoing with the agonized wails of millions of tortured souls.

Upon seeing this, Rex gritted his teeth and clenched his fists harder.

Blood seeped out of his hands and mouth in return.

I need more power, I'll activate everything! I will always come out on the very top!

Not holding anything back, Rex instantly activates all of the enhancements inside his arsenal and propels himself to a new height of power. Likewise, he was shot by a white suppressing beam from the sky in response.

However, a gush of dark energy blocked the white beam. It was the Countess.

[Leave this to me. It takes a huge toll on me to do this, so don't be reckless frequently]

Making a mental note that he wouldn't be able to do this repeatedly during the First Breath, he redirected his gaze upward to see the gate in the sky was already fully opened, revealing its terrifying infernal contents.

Demon Lord Ranath becomes frantic, laughing wickedly amidst this extreme moment.

"Teach me fear...? Impudent! Laughable! What are you even going to do to achieve that?!"

"It is not you but me who would teach you the meaning of fear!"

Focusing his demonic energy on his hands, a vicious blackened fire blazes around them.

"Hellgate Ruination..."

SWOOSH!!

A burst of flames comes forth and spills out of the gates upon the chant. It was then he swung both of his arms downwards, casting the ultimate ability that he borrowed from the Demon Gods.

"Infernal Pandemonium Incursion!!"

Chapter 906 Pradoxical Beauty Of Golden

I couldn't use any of my stronger skills or spells.

Pneuma spells and moon abilities, I can't use any of them while he could use his.

The First Breath impaired most of the stronger spells and skills in his arsenal, Rex couldn't use them properly and was heavily restrained because of that. On the other hand, Demon Lord Ranath doesn't seem to have that kind of problem.

Is it because the Demon God is stronger?

A question appeared inside his mind, however, he put that in the back of his head.

Currently, the extreme moment would need his full focus.

"It is not you but me who would teach the meaning of fear in this fight!" Demon Lord Ranath's thunderous voice echoed from the sky, he was drowned in maniacal laughter as he envisioned Rex's demise with his hands.

SWOOSH!!

Rex gazed up to the sky and found that it was dyed completely crimson.

His eyes bear witness to the devastating fire and monstrosity coughed forward from the deepest corner of the underworld, followed by countless meteors that decorated the sky with their harrowing arc that looked beautiful to the Demons.

Synchrony of millions of soul that cries in anguish could also be heard as this continues.

But the sight that set Rex's eyes ablaze made him excited.

A gush of adrenaline coursed through his veins, filling him with relentless exhilaration. This moment delighted his soul and rejuvenated his mind, something he had dearly missed, and had been absent lately.

This is how a fight is supposed to go, this is what I wanted!

Lately, he has always been overwhelmed by the opposing power that pressed against him.

Encounter with the Executor, the sudden attack from the Storm Prince, and even the combination of attacks from the Lunirich Gods. All of them could hardly be called a battle, it was only him trying to survive against their onslaughts.

It was a matter of life and death, he was pressured beyond his limit.

However, that's not the case against Demon Lord Ranath, the pressure just seems right.

Rex's lips subtly curled at the sight, but upon closer examination, they quivered, barely being restrained. A smile that tethered on the edge of jubilation, concealing an uncontained thrill beneath the facade of composure.

But this doesn't last long as his emotion breaks free.

"HAHAHAHA~"

Spreading his arms to the side, Rex laughed maniacally as he gazed at the incoming doom.

Fear...? Teach me fear...?!

I have been walking in the thread of life and death ever since I was young!

Swish...

His eyes gleamed with a sadistic glint, suggesting that he took Demon Lord Ranath's words as an insult to his entire journey. Slowly, his King Mark, a full moon shape divided into halves of black and red, shimmered even more brilliantly and intensely.

Not once have I ever run from danger and feared for my life.

And you think you would teach me fear through this...? Don't fuck with me, measly Demon!!

KABOOM!!

A powerful booming sound resounded as a violent shockwave exploded from Rex's body.

"Haarrgggh....!!"

Rumble!

Putting his entire focus on confronting this attack despite his weakened and disadvantaged state. Black lightning started to dance around him, red force started to steam stronger across his presence, and most importantly, his King Mark was responding to the relentless anger within him.

Upon reaching a certain extent, Rex instantly activated both of his Gladiator Forms together.

It sparked a sudden change in his appearance.

Meanwhile, watching this from the side was none other than Adhara who was entranced.

Despite the chaos and destruction unfurling before her eyes that was caused by these two horrifying individuals that turned the sky crimson and the ground shaking, her gaze was fixed on Rex who was powering up for the last attack with a huge smile on his face.

'Eh...? I've never really paid attention, but was he always like this?'

Aside from the untamed energies that were coming out of Rex's entire presence, Adhara saw through the emotional aura that he emitted, mixing together and responding to the other energies like fuel to a blazing fire.

Somehow, the colors caught her eyes, and she couldn't look away from them.

One is a vibrant enthusiastic red color while the other is a warm yellow that intertwined with each other, the two keep dancing more intensely until eventually, they merge into one, producing a powerful ray of orange-golden color.

'S- Such a beautiful color...'

During this moment of trance, Adhara realized that Rex was actually enjoying this.

Clearly, the orange-golden color represents the excitement, thrill, and happiness that surged inside of him while fighting Demon Lord Ranath. Perhaps, the years of yearning for vengeance developed his love for fighting.

It was usually hidden underneath his hatred. Now that he's free, it is displayed vividly.

Like a gorgeous symphony, the rustling and whistling sound of his energies resonated with Adhara's very soul. A strange serenity settled in, and for a fleeting moment, Adhara couldn't help but appreciate the paradoxical beauty of this destructive combat, where power and excitement converged in an awe-inspiring painting.

Even though he was always driven forward by hatred and anger, that already changed.

During this moment, she could tell that he had changed, truly.

As the hue of hatred subsided, fading away, the radiant orange of excitement replaced it.

Similar to a deadly contagion, upon witnessing this scene, the excitement radiating from Rex was transferred to Adhara, and she sensed her own body responding with intense fervor, lifting her spirit to the peak.

Instinctively, Adhara's aura spiked even higher as her eyes darted to a Demon Captain.

Realizing that Adhara and Huvuki were distracted by the display of powers, one Demon Captain tries to sneak through in order to disturb whatever Rex is trying to do, yet is only met with a powerful kick to the face.

Bam!

Hurling away, he recovered quickly but was surprised to see a pair of gleaming white eyes.

Splash!

Adhara went ahead and landed a series of fearsome attacks using her seething daggers, stabbing the Demon Captain on his elbows, knees, wrists, and even his neck in quick succession which happened in under a second.

"Where are you going, Demon...?" She asked with a haunting voice.

In the following second, the Demon Captain loses his power due to the attack, "Huh...?"

"Don't go anywhere, your opponent..." Adhara said and paused, raising both of her daggers upwards. A peculiar purple string of fire, way stronger than before slithered on her arms and circled her daggers. "Is me!"

Slash!

Slashing in a circular arc, she sent the Demon Captain crashing away across the ground.

Upon taking care of the Demon Captain, Adhara straightened her back before she glanced over her shoulder. "Leave the other things to me. Seeing you like this... it made me very happy. Go for it, Rex" she whispered tenderly.

Blitz!

Out of nowhere, the ground around the area turned raven-black.

Haunting inside of the blackened ground is the presence of black lightning. It was the Black Field Orko spell, his favorite spell, expanding throughout the entire area in preparation for Demon Lord Ranath's ultimate attack.

Rex then reaches out his hand before the Silver Eye flies over to him.

Putting it in front of him horizontally, he then focused and infused it with everything he got.

Don't let me down Silver Eye, I'm counting on you.

SHINGG!

Not wasting any more time as the meteors were about to strike, Rex garnered all of his elemental energies, kingly energies, and also red force into the Silver Eye and made it tremble uncontrollably to the brink of shattering.

It's not enough, more power!

Creasing his eyebrows together, he pushes his energies to condense even further.

Although he hasn't ever done it before, he's aware that his control over energies was exceptional thanks to learning to control the stubborn kingly energy. It was not a stretch to say that he's perhaps one of the best in controlling energies.

Under this pressure, he was able to condense his energies extremely.

Barely a few seconds passed and one could already see a combination of the color red, black, and white at the surface of the Silver Eye sword, it was only 1 centimeter thin, the product of condensing his energies to it.

Condensing the energy to this point made it even more chaotic and sharper.

I could feel that Silver Eye could cut through anything right now.

Smiling wickedly, the muscles inside Rex's legs bulged before he lunged himself upwards.

"Let's see who will be the last one standing, Demon Lord Ranath! Raarrggh!!"

"Arrogant! I'm going to teach you some manners, I'll have you pay the fee with your life!"

Swoosh!

Rex leaped high into the air for the ultimate final clash. Behind him were countless black lighting tentacles that were extremely enhanced and thick, soaring upwards like a network of entangling, destructive webs.

On the other hand, Demon Lord Ranath also did the same thing.

Deciding to end this with an ultimate clash, he descends with immense bloodlust.

Flames that came from the depth of hell itself coupled with the countless meteors that were raining out of the gate in the sky followed behind him, exerting everything he had, making sure that the victor of this bout was going to be him.

Kaboom!

Crack!

Splash!

Just before the two clashes, the black lightning tentacles and meteors collide.

Each produced an ear-shattering sound and was able to make the formation barrier wobble even more due to the chaotic mix between lightning and demonic energy, adorning the sky with a beautiful sight of explosion and destruction.

It was akin to fireworks in the night.

But a more dangerous one, the debris that fell was catastrophic.

"Spread out! Don't y'er dare stay in the middle! This is beyond our abilities!"

"Move your asses or you'll die!"

Dwarves Captains started to order a tactful retreat as the clash between Rex and Demon Lord Ranath would be too much for them to handle, the best thing they could do was pause the fight and get into safety first.

Similarly, the Rastrikan Demons were also surprisingly doing the same.

Most of them stayed behind in the hope of sacrificing themselves to distract Rex, however, they were blocked by Huvuki and Adhara who were relentless in their defense. Thus, there's no point in staying behind.

Despite their strong armor-like skin, they were not invulnerable to this.

Unfortunate individuals that got hit by the debris from the meteor were crushed completely.

"Lady Adhara, shouldn't we get into safety too?"

Seeing that Adhara was not moving to safety, Huvuki asked, his face etched with concern.

No matter what, staying here would be reckless.

However, Adhara waved her hand while her eyes were still fixed on the soaring Rex in the sky, gesturing that she wouldn't be going anywhere. "Go on without me, I want to bask in this monumental moment. Besides..."

"Right here beside him is the safest place I could be" She added with a sweet smile.

Although he doesn't understand what she is saying, he is not dense enough to not know that there's a deeper meaning to the moment for her. Huvuki didn't pursue her further and nodded his head in understanding.

Without saying anything, he dashed away to flee and get himself to safety.

On the other hand, Rex could feel the wind resistance brushing against his skin as he soared to the sky. His hands unconsciously gripped the trembling Silver Eye tighter, caressing it with power as Demon Lord Ranath encroached.

Closing his eyes for a second, he then smiled amidst the rush of the moment.

But no matter, I can turn this to my advantage. It's my weapon to protect the others.

I would not allow anything similar to what my parents suffered to happen anymore.

Jolting his eyes awake, Rex's eyes burned with determination as Demon Lord Ranath was already right before him, filled with extreme bloodlust. However, Rex welcomed him with a brutal smile etched on his face.

"I'll send you back to where you belong, Demon..."

"When I'm finished with you, even the depths of hell will learn to fear my name!"

KABOOM!

Chapter 907 Easier Than A Fool

Brandishing his enhanced sword, fueled with vigor, numerous meteors shatter in an instant.

Nothing could match the concentration of energy on the sword.

Akin to a blazing fire that was heated until reddish, the Silver Eye sliced through the meteors enhanced by Hell-Void energy like butter, and the expert movement Rex displayed with the sword was good enough to the point that not even a small pebble managed to reach him.

Obstacles that were in his way weren't able to slow down his movement at all.

Reaching face-to-face with Demon Lord Ranath who was already swinging his blade arms, Rex also did the same as the muscles in his arms bulged, a compound of his strength output before he did a crossing slash with his sword.

Clang!

During the point of impact, friction between their energies produced a small circular bubble.

It was trembling uncontrollably, finding it hard to maintain its shape.

Both of them fixed their savage gazes at each other, vying to assert dominance in this bout.

"... Even the depths of hell will learn to fear my name!"

KABOOM!

Upon displaying unwavering confidence in this ultimate clash, Rex twisted the Silver Eye a little, sending the small circular bubble into chaos before triggering a colossal explosion that illuminated the entire overcast sky with a brilliant red light.

A destructive explosion that blinded the onlookers gazing at it from below.

Even though the distance between the ground and their clash is considerable, the shockwave rippled to the ground, trembling the earth and leaving a web of fissures across the plain, boasting the immense power unleashed.

Surprisingly, this lasted for a solid half a minute.

In the process, the color of the explosion vibrantly changed a couple of times like fireworks.

Adhara was also blinded for half a minute.

When the luminous gradually receded, she turned her gaze upward again to witness the outcome of the confrontation. However, her attention was captivated by the environment around her, sensing an imperceptible rush of wind brushing against her body.

'It shattered, the formation shattered at the perfect time!' Adhara pondered with a nod.

Clearly, the ultimate clash between them was exceeding the limit.

Even she hadn't anticipated the formation to last this long, given the intensity of the destructive battle that far exceeded its usual capabilities. But it seems her assumption was wrong, the formation held on long enough until the battle was over.

Like a withered red rose, the explosion gradually waned into a thick cloud of black smoke.

Small pebbles and ashen substances descend from the sky.

Blitz!

Out of nowhere, the cloud of black smoke burst open as a black lightning strike descended and crashed to the ground with a loud violent sound. It was then the onlookers saw a completely disfigured entity kneeling on the vast crater.

Many who witnessed this sight gasped, this entity turned out to be Demon Lord Ranath.

"Huanggh...!"

Splat!

Demon Lord Ranath looked down with his eyes widened completely.

His monstrous, robust body had now been mutilated beyond measure, missing his left arm and even missing the flesh across his frame. Deep stab wounds decorate his form, oozing with grotesque blood. Additionally, half of his face was charred to the point of unrecognizable, and his horns also shattered.

Nothing of his previous imposing self remained, he was now broken and weak.

"D- Did I just lose...?"

As his mind started to take in the moment and process it clearly, a question escaped his mouth, he couldn't believe that it ended up this way. Despite giving it his all, even using his Hellgate Ruination, he was still defeated completely.

It wasn't supposed to end like this, it wasn't supposed to be different.

Demon Lord Ranath is sure that this would end up as it always would, with him on the top.

Crash!

Suddenly, a figure landed right in front of him before straightening his back.

Rex, bearing the scars of a brutal battle, masked his pain behind his indifferent facade. His body started steaming, his grievous injuries mended and started to heal at a visible pace, rekindling the fire within him.

A moment is all it takes for him to have most of his injuries disappear.

Clutched firmly in his left hand, he held a peculiar and eerie reddish circular object. It resembled a living entity, a grotesque fusion of numerous writhing, ebony-blackened serpentine creatures coalescing into this object known as the Sin Epicenter.

It's the very object that made Demon Lord Ranath possess this much power.

"Hmm... So this is the Sin Epicenter that allows you to be connected with your God. But seems like being connected with your God doesn't mean being blessed by it, considering that you lost against me" Rex mused with a condescending smile on his face.

Looking down at the once mighty Demon Lord Ranath in this state brings him utter joy.

A sight that intensifies his satisfaction with letting loose.

Following that, Rex then puts the Sin Epicenter into the inventory for further use.

Upon doing that he strode forward nonchalantly before he grabbed Demon Lord Ranath's head with his hand, forcing him to raise his defeated face. "How does it feel to be looked down on by me, a new powerhouse of the new era, Demon Lord Ranath...?"

"Does it hurt you? Does it scare you?" Rex inquires with a condescending tone.

Rex basked in his triumph over Demon Lord Ranath.

It was a sensation akin to a wind caressing his heart gently, filling him with fiery excitement.

Demon Lord Ranath smiled and chuckled.

Ignoring the blood trickling down his mouth, he then made eye contact with Rex with his demonic, taunting eyes, "I admit... I admit that you've surpassed my expectations, but don't think that this will stir anything inside me"

"For all I know, you progressed nothing aside from prevailing against me" He added.

Not much as he expected, Rex suddenly laughed out loud as if he heard the funniest joke in the whole entire world. "Progress nothing...? Demons' power lies in the Sin they are associated with, I'm sure you know that. Wrath and Envy are the runes empowering you Rastrikan Demons, am I correct?"

"Surely you don't think that defeating your legion is a coincidence, do you?" He continued.

Seeing the teasing smile on Rex's face, Demon Lord Ranath becomes uneasy.

Now that he has been reduced to this state, he comes to a revelation that Rex and the army of Dwarves came here deliberately. It was clear that there should be an objective, yet he still couldn't put his finger on it.

"Bastard! What are you trying to do?" Demon Lord Ranath barked angrily.

But Rex only replied with a mischievous smile before he stood up and turned around again.

Despite the feeling of uneasiness that could be felt climbing onto his heart, Demon Lord Ranath shook his head and smirked in ridicule, "No, your plan doesn't matter. Kirgil will not lose to you, he'll see right through you and defeat you"

"Leave the problem of the living, a dead person shouldn't meddle" Rex replied harshly.

Having no intention of answering, Rex then fixed his gaze onward again.

"Regardless, I see that the fear is not present fully inside of you yet, Demon Lord Ranath. I'm starting to believe that you Rastrikan Demons are not capable of fear" Rex chimed, his mind and the words that came out of his mouth contradicting.

Demon Lord Ranath chuckled again, "I don't care what you do to me, I will not fear you"

"Is that so..." Rex mused silently.

Just then he suddenly turned to face the remaining Rastrikan Demons who were petrified by the sight of Demon Lord Ranath, their own Lord on his knees. A thick cloud of bleak aura could be seen enveloping them like a hurricane.

Upon seeing this, Rex smiled savagely, "Maybe you don't, but I think it worked on them"

Likewise, Demon Lord Ranath turned his head and saw the same scenery.

Realizing that the other Rastrikan Demons were surprisingly hesitant in charging forward, seemingly to have emotions when they shouldn't have aside from wrath and envy, Demon Lord Ranath gritted his teeth furiously.

"What are you crawlers doing?!" He roared. "Keep attacking! All of you, attack!"

Despite the command, none of them moved.

"I heard that Rastrikan Demons are usurpers, conquerors..." Rex's voice, a low and ominous murmur, cut through the air like a shadowy blade as he strode past Demon Lord Ranath to face the remaining Rastrikan Demons. "Oddly enough, it takes little effort to instill fear in those who fancy themselves conquerors, compared to a true fool. Defeat, humiliation, betrayal, isolation, the list goes on"

Gazing at the remaining Rastrikan Demons, he then stretched his hand to point at them.

"For them," Rex continued, each word heavy as an anvil, "what could be more harrowing than witnessing their leader crumble in defeat and humiliation?" He pressed his point with unwavering conviction. Then, with a commanding gaze that sent shivers through the hearts of all who met it, he turned his attention to Demon Lord Ranath.

His voice was icy as death's grip, "And as for you, what could be more terrifying than witnessing your once-proud people being slaughtered like helpless lambs, their dignity reduced and stomped to nothing?"

Demon Lord Ranath could hear a thunderous ring inside his head as his blood ran cold.

It was then he surged forward trying to stop whatever Rex was going to do.

Rex wasn't going to let him utter a single more word, he grabbed the Silver Eye and stabbed it through Demon Lord Ranath's chest, all the way down to the ground, pinning him in place without being able to do anything.

Smirking evilly, he heads towards the legion, "Stay there and watch as I slaughter them all..."

"No! Bastard! Come back and end me!" Demon Lord Ranath roared helplessly.

But his words fell on deaf ears.

On the other hand, Huvuki who has just snapped out of his daze seeing that Demon Lord Ranath was defeated quickly wanted to command his army. However, Adhara stopped him, dissuading him from interfering.

"Shouldn't we take care of them now? This is our chance!" Huvuki exclaimed hurriedly.

Adhara shakes her head in disagreement, "Just prepare to move as planned, keep a perimeter, and make sure that none of the Rastrikan Demons flee. Ask the Elves to help out too, none should be left alive. As for the legion itself..."

"Let Lord Rex have this one" She paused and eventually said with a firm tone.

Huvuki didn't argue and nodded his head, there must be a reason why Adhara said this.

When he departed, giving orders for his forces to encircle the Rastrikan Demons, Adhara cast one last contemplative look in Rex's direction. 'This is necessary,' she thought, her eyes lingering on him. 'It's better to let him release his frustrations now rather than later, it will grant him some clarity in his mind'

Knowing that he was not in a great state of mind as of later, Adhara decided to let him be.

The next one would be Kirgil, and he would need his focus then.

Upon pondering about this matter briefly, Adhara's eyes caught sight of a figure that was hiding inside the crowd. It was then a light sigh came out of her mouth, "Ryze! Come here!" she yelled, calling this meek figure.

It was Ryze who was meddling with the army and avoiding the spotlight out of extreme fear.

Hesitantly, he then approaches and stops.

"Don't overthink. If you want to gain his approval, go help the Dwarves" Adhara instructed.

Stealing a glance at Rex who was rampaging like an animal through the Rastrikan Demons, tearing their limbs with his claws and flaunting blood to the air, Ryze took a deep breath to calm his nerves before nodding.

A moment later.

Many of the Dwarves were sweating profusely at the sight of the massacre that Rex did against the Rastrikan Demons which was hard to look at. Even more terrifying was the fact that he managed to force the legion to flee away like rabbits.

It was the Rastrikan Demons, making them feel fear should be impossible!

Nobody has managed to achieve this.

However, Rex, the new powerhouse of the new era was able to do that without a sweat.

On top of that, the sight of this made the Dwarves and even the Elves glad that they were on the Silverstar Pack's side. It would be horrifying to think otherwise. If he could easily dispose of the Rastrikan Demons, then disposing of them would be a child's play for him.

Meanwhile, Huvuki who was riding the mutated bear on the side noticed something.

Sticking out like a sore thumb was the fact that most of the Dwarves stole a glance to the side, their bead of cold sweats was the product of their uneasiness and terror. It was obvious that they were not comfortable.

"Don't look at it if you're not up for it, this is necessary" Adhara mused from the front.

Upon hearing this, Huvuki smiled, "I- I understand..."

Despite saying that, he still glanced back with a troubled gaze, 'But is it really necessary...?'

Chapter 908 Strength Is Unnecessary

A sudden shift in the weather happened, turning the bright day cloudy.

Rain pours from the sky like a million blessings, each droplet a glistening gift from the heavens above, nourishing the land of the living. Entities of nature, Supernaturals or not came to rejoice at the coming of the rain, a gift from nature itself.

Especially one that came during a scorching day.

One would only be happy knowing that rain would replenish the habitat and food sources.

It was the work of the almighty that helped the living keep on living.

Standing robustly for almost a dozen years in the center of a large wetland forest, surrounded by shallow swamps and a vast colony of cattails was a small islet, a humble home that hosted a mix of the Supernatural races living inside this area.

Different kinds of races could be seen, basking their bodies in the shower of rain.

A temporary break from their daily activities.

Judging from the light expressions on their faces and the fact that this place is located quite deep inside the forest, it seemed they were sheltered from the horror of the ongoing war between the Supernaturals and Humans.

Beastmen of all kinds and even Trolls could be seen roaming about the islet.

Peace has coursed through them for a while.

Reminiscing the times of the past, before all Supernatural races were sealed, a world that was filled with death and struggle for power, a young dark elf was looking at the small community his father had created with a huge smile on his face from the view of his terrace.

It reeks of peace and harmony that many thought impossible.

Sheltering himself from the rain, he supported his face with his hands and enjoyed this view.

From the distinctive features of the young dark elf, his darker tone of skin to the inky circle around his eyes and the intricate purple markings resembling birthmarks adorning his face and arms left no doubt about the origin of his lineage.

He undeniably belonged to a rare subrace of dark elves known as the Drow.

Drows are a rare and unique subrace of the dark elves.

All of them have better vision in the dark, unable to be obstructed by any means including spells or other abilities, have a superior physique for fighting, and also have a higher magic resistance thanks to their mutated skin.

Most of what the dark elves lack is present in the Drow anatomy.

Additionally, the things that dark elves good at were weaker or outright vanish for them.

'Others said that it's impossible, but Father managed to prove them wrong!'

Gazing at the small community that his father built through sweat and hard work tenderly, forcing the impossible, possible, the young drow's eyes sparkled in admiration. Anyone would take pride in having a father who has accomplished all of this.

Not when even the others said it was impossible, he never considered stopping.

'Father is the best in the world!' the young drow cheered.

Smiling even brightly, he stretched his hand and let the rain wet it, wanting to feel the sensation brought by nature's gift in this peaceful time. 'I can feel it, starting from now, our lives will only get better and better! Power is not necessary for peace, father is right!'

Despite not being a part of the higher-rank Supernatural races, this is more than enough.

Consisting of no more than a thousand individuals who believed in going forward in the path of peace and harmony, the little community they had kept on thriving, and would keep on developing further without any need or concern about the war and bloodshed.

It was convincing enough to make the young drow brave enough to hope.

A hope that he could look forward to the future.

'I love the rain' the young drow mused inside his head with a light smile.

But suddenly, a serenading voice creeps to him and makes the young drow turn his face.

"Do you understand now, dear...?"

Gazing upon a mature woman who shared his unique features, radiating a comforting warmth amidst the rain's chilly embrace, the young Drow's smile blossomed like a sunflower. His mother, a constant source of love and kindness throughout his life, was a cherished sight to behold.

Patting him on the head, she then continued tenderly.

"If we keep to ourselves, then peace will be possible. Strength is unnecessary" His mother mused with a reassuring smile, rubbing his head gently. "Believe in your father. As long as he's around, you could live your life in peace"

Upon hearing this, the young drow nodded his head excitedly, "Yes, mother!"

A brief pause enveloped the two as they remained silent.

Standing and being pampered by his mother like this was the best he could ask for, but the silence was shattered between them when a figure approached them through the rain and stopped in front of the house.

"Hey, idiot!" the figure, a young Troll with mohawk red hair called out to the young drow.

Gaining the young drow's attention, he then smiled cheekily and raised his thumb up, "Why are you standing there being dry? Come out! Let's thank nature for the rain and also their blessing for giving us peace!"

Pausing a moment, the young drow glanced at his mother, asking for permission.

In return, his mother replied with a light nod.

Reckoning that he was given permission to play, the young Troll pulled him out of the terrace and into the heavy rain. With a smile, the young drow sighed, "Hah... Don't tell me what to do, you're not even thanking nature properly. Here, I'll show you our rain dance"

"Okay show me, but don't make me do something silly" the young troll replied, laughing vibrantly.

While watching from the side, the young drow's mother smiled.

Not once in her life had she thought that she would be able to see a sight where her child could play normally and focus on other things aside from fighting, laughing, and playing under the heavy rain with a friend of a different race.

She unconsciously shed a tear, this was a dream come true for her.

Oblivious to this happy tear, the young drow cast his mother a genuine big happy smile.

However, like all happy things, it will eventually come to an end.

It was about a month ago when he had that hope and looked forward to the future of their small community, and now rain poured down again. But unlike last time, the rain is infused with magic and energy.

Prove that it was not the work of nature but a strong entity instead.

Splatter...

Amidst the heavy pouring rain from the thundercloud above, rampaging with constant lightning, the young drow stood in front of his wooden house with his body completely drenched and his eyes fixed onward.

Similar to before, he was watching the sight of the small community he was a part of.

But it was not the same sight.

Over the last couple of days, an ominous pall had settled over the small community, where whispers of anguish and an unrelenting, searing heat seemed to seep into their very souls. It's an insidious influence, eroding the sanity of the entire population and driving many to the brink of madness.

Mostly, the Trolls and Beastmen were influenced the most by this influence.

Contrary to them, the young drow could endure the influence, however, he was not having a better time than anyone else. Despite his ability to endure, he witnessed firsthand the community fall from grace and into a hellhole.

Even his friend has succumbed to this and cramped himself in his house.

It takes a moment for the entire situation to change.

His Father, the person that he looked up to also didn't fare well against this, trying his absolute best to contain the influence over the community to no avail as with each passing day, the community worsened.

Some refused to face the matter and committed suicide.

Realizing the impending doom was enough to make them choose death over life.

Despite trying his very best to prevent this from happening, his father was completely powerless to stop this and eventually retreated to his room. In there, the young drow heard a conversation between his mother and father.

"We need to keep to ourselves and be hidden, but it's no use..."

"Dear, what is happening? What is this phenomenon, really?"

"It's the Demons, the worst kinds, the Rastrikan Demons... If they gathered enough numbers, this kind of phenomenon happened. If we keep being composed and not fearful, they won't sense us and will leave. But now...? In this situation? Our doom is imminent"

"Should we escape? We can always rebuild, dear..."

"Leave...? Do you really think we can simply escape? We're doomed... all of us are doomed"

Upon hearing the unfamiliar term, the young Drow was confused.

More than that, his heart cracked and shattered hearing the desperation in his father's voice. It was something that he never heard before, his father's state and condition were completely foreign to him right now.

In his mind, his father is a hero who could save thousands of people.

But at this moment, that display was nowhere to be seen, his father becomes different.

Just as the community plummets into oblivion and madness, beasts from the blackness come at the opportune moment and raid the entire place, turning the islet that they called home into an absolute mess of blood and gore.

Nothing was spared from their claws and fangs.

His parents attempted to fend off these diabolical beasts, but they were no match.

Like a month ago, the young drow stood witness to the massacre of everyone he had known, their lives brutally extinguished by the merciless Rastrikan Demons. A cacophonous symphony of maniacal laughter, the savored brutality of the killers, and the agonized screams of the victims became the haunting backdrop to the relentless downpour.

Amidst all of this, the young drow's eyes started to wane and turned dead inside.

Clearly, the hope inside of him has disappeared.

Upon remaining silent for a brief moment, the young drow then reached his hand forward to feel the sensation that was supposed to be nature's gift. But there was no joy around him, his world had already gone numb.

Despite his shock, his senses started to come back to him before a stream of tears burst out.

A flash of his peaceful memories appeared inside his mind.

Mixing together with the torrential downpour, his tears were untraceable but surely mingled with the earth, bleeding seamlessly with the crimson tinge of rainwater puddles, now tainted by the flowing blood of the fallen victims.

Gazing at the ground not far from him, the young drow saw the young troll's corpse.

It seemed he was about to visit but got killed along the way.

'Mother said that power is unnecessary and that I should trust Father... But what happens now? Both of them said that we'll be fine as long as we keep to ourselves and away from the war. But what happened now?!

Remembering the lessons he had learned, the young drow clenched his fists tightly.

A moment of sorrow enveloped him as he closed his eyes.

Just as he was trying to accept reality with his denying mind, a heavy thud penetrated his ears, forcing him to open his eyes and raise his gaze. But it was then his breath got stuck in his throat at the sight of two corpses in front of him.

Standing beside these two corpses was a towering black figure, a Demon of hell.

"Are these two your parents, young one...?" It asked menacingly.

Despite the urge of wanting to embrace his parents' corpses, the young drow was rooted on his spot. He was unable to move. But in return, this made the Demon smirk even wider as the young drow's reaction answered him already.

Lowering his gaze to the young drow's eye level, the Demon becomes excited.

"Do you want to reunite with your parents? If so, I can send you to hell too..." It added eerily.

Upon hearing this, the young drow felt a cold shiver embracing his body.

Raising his gaze to meet the Demon's eyes, his pupils completely dilated as ultimate fear dawned upon him, a sensation that was so strong that his body tried to escape on its own. "Haah... Haah... HAARRGHH!!" He screamed and started to run away.

But this made the Demon even more aroused as it laughed sinisterly and chased after him.

Chapter 909 Fear Of A Child

Despite the tears running down his face, the world didn't give the young drow time to mourn.

A Demon who killed his parents came to him and intended to do the same to him.

No time to mourn for his beloved home which was once a sanctuary for a small community of Supernaturals, his dead friend, or even his deceased parents whom he loved and viewed as people who would change the world.

Instead of the bright future he hoped for, he was now running in tears.

Oddly enough, the other Rastrikan Demons that he passed along the way only cast a glance at him and laughed. None of them tried to catch him, he was let loose and free to watch as these Demons mauled and killed the others brutally.

Blood could be seen flowing on the side of the road, drained from the victims.

Even severed limbs, rolling eyeballs, and torn intestines that seemed to be pulled out forcefully and ruthlessly decorated the road with the epiphany of gore, something that should only be in nightmares were evidently displayed in front of the young drow.

Foreign to this bloody sight, his stomach grumbled as he fell and vomited his insides.

More laughter came from the Demons at his pitiful sight.

Despite the horror that was infiltrating his heart, he wiped the reservoir of his vomit smeared on his mouth before running out of the islet into the swamp. But he was knocked from the side, falling face-first into the swamp.

Splash!

Pushing himself up, the young drow glanced back and saw the same Demon as before.

A demonic trident aglow in scorching flames rested casually against the Demon's shoulder, while his malevolent gaze fixated on the young drow. His smile, playful and wicked, exuded an unsettling ease as he relished the sight of the struggling young drow, a fulfillment of his sadistic fetish.

It was a Demon Captain, smacking his lips in delight at the young drow.

"Aaaahhh!!"

Screaming once again, the young drow stumbles forward, pushing himself away despite tripping a couple of times to get away from the Demon Captain. But it proved futile, the Demon Captain easily caught up to him.

No matter how much the young drow tries, the Demon Captain appears before him.

On top of that, the Demon Captain also knocked him down several times.

Splash!

"Come now, little one, you have to do better than this. Despite your parents' failure, I hold a sliver of faith that you might just surpass their shortcomings in running away" the Demon Captain remarked, his words dripping with sarcasm. His sinister chuckle accompanied his voyeuristic delight as he was thoroughly entertained by this.

At this point, the young drow's eyes have already turned helpless and bleak.

Knowing that escape is impossible, he stayed down.

The frigid embrace of the swamp's cold waters sent shivers coursing through his body, mirroring the ominous proximity of death. The creeping dread that he felt was intensified by the relentless rain, causing the water level to steadily rise, enticing the allure of a watery grave by drowning instead of being killed by Demons.

'In the end... Peace cost more than what Father and Mother could afford'

Brak!

Not minding what the young drow was pondering, the Demon Captain walked over and kicked him on the stomach, sending him rolling on the shallow swamp. He did it with a laugh in his throat, seeing that the young drow had already given up.

"Don't disappoint me, keep running!" the Demon Captain exclaimed excitedly.

However, the young drow didn't do anything.

Despite being kicked numerous times on his stomach, forcing blood to climb out of his throat, the young drow didn't retaliate and stayed down. It was done for him, this will definitely be the end of his short journey.

Outrunning a Rastrikan Demon, a powerful entity is literally impossible for someone like him.

It would be better if the Demon Captain would end him right now.

Just as another strong kick landed on his chest, the young drow's eyes bulged as a rib broke and punctured his lung. Death is already imminent, and it would only take one more kick for the young drow to be sent to the afterlife.

But the kick that he longed for never came, the Demon Captain didn't do anything.

'Kill me... Please, I just want this to end...'

Contrary to what the young drow was thinking, suspecting that the Demon Captain wanted to torture him some more and refused to kill him, the Demon Captain stopped because of a steely sound that came from the dense forest.

Gazing at the thick forest, the Demon Captain frowns in alert.

Despite the steely sound that pierced the heavy rain, he couldn't sense anyone around.

Spreading his demonic energy to cover the forest in front of him and beyond, the Demon Captain still couldn't sense anything. Only then that he feel something was wrong, but that didn't dissuade him from engaging.

Splash!

With a powerful stomp, the Demon Captain leaned back with a trident in his hand.

Upon doing that, demonic flames swirled and surged within the trident's form, building a sinister and powerful energy. With a menacing flourish, the Demon Captain hurled the trident in the direction from which the disconcerting metallic resonance emanated, casting an unsettling atmosphere.

Like a bullet, the trident pierces the forest and melts everything that stands in its path.

It was then a big spark was produced when the trident hit something.

But unlike what it did before, piercing everything that stood in its path, the powerful trident was instead stopped in its tracks, caught in between a figure's fingers. As if that wasn't enough of a surprise, the trident shatters with a pinch.

Clang!

Only then that the Demon Captain reckon something powerful heading in his direction.

Realizing that something was going on, the young drow raised his head and saw the fiery path that the flaming trident made earlier. At the end of this fiery path was a shadowed figure, only a pair of its red eyes could be seen glowing.

A pair of glowing eyes that seemed daunting and powerful.

While this enigmatic figure drew nearer, the cacophonous metallic reverberation grew even louder, as if this mysterious presence were dragging a metallic object relentlessly across the rugged terrain or subjecting it to violent, jarring motions.

Soon, the fiery path lit up the figure's form, an imposing humanoid form.

In the instant the figure was exposed, a subtle wind blew to the surrounding area gently.

However, this gentle breeze sends danger signals to the Demon Captain's senses.

"What's happening? My body... it's shaking?"

Looking down at his own body, the Demon Captain could see that his body was shaking uncontrollably. Even though he attempted to stop this, his own body didn't want to listen, a natural reaction that he had never felt before.

But he then came into a revelation, he had seen something like this before.

It never happened to the Demon Captain himself, but his victims always tremble like this.

Even the young drow was also trembling, "Is this what they call natural fear...?"

Despite the remote location, far removed from known human territories, the Demon Captain's countenance darkens with a deepening frown. However, his eyes widened to their fullest extent in a moment of stark realization when he beheld the grotesque sight of a humanoid figure brandishing a chain coursing through the fiery path.

Attached to the end of the chain is a severed head that still oozes with demonic energy.

Stopping abruptly, the figure raised his gaze and smiled.

Raising the chain in his hand gradually, the severed head dangles when his hand reaches its peak. It was then the Demon Captain squinted his eyes before he gasped when he realized that the severed head was familiar.

"I- Impossible! Is that... Demon Lord Ranath?!" He exclaimed in extreme shock.

Crack!

Blitz!!

Out of nowhere, the figure threw the chain to the sky before a powerful black lightning strike that took the shape of a dragon descended, grabbing ahold of the chain and displaying Demon Lord Ranath's severed head clearly in the sky.

Moreover, Demon Lord Ranath's severed head depicts a contorting fearful expression.

Upon seeing this, the Demon Captain unconsciously took a step back.

"Brave enough to indulge in sadistic games and torment an innocent child, yet quaking in dread at the mere presence of a mightier force...?" A haunting voice echoed, its chilling resonance gripped the Demon Captain's very soul. "Do tell, are the vaunted Rastrikan Demons nothing more than a congregation of spineless cowards?"

Gritting his teeth furiously, the Demon Captain's legs bulged intending to attack.

However, he found that he wasn't able to move from his spot.

It was not that there were other unnatural forces that gripped him in place, but his body wasn't listening to him as if both of his feet were nailed to the ground. Realizing that his body is crippled through fear, the Demon Captain decided to do a tactical retreat.

But he failed to understand that the figure, Rex is not that merciful enough.

Swoosh!

Slash!

"Graarggh!!" the Demon Captain exclaimed in pain. Both of his legs were severed completely.

Rex walked and stood leisurely beside the crawling Demon Captain.

Gazing down at him, he mused with a nonchalant tone, "You see, I am not emotional about the bloodshed and gore that you fervently desire, as this is a time of unending war and conflict" He took a brief, intense pause before he continues. "It's a fair ordeal to further your own race and I understand. However..."

Following that very last word, Rex gazed downward fiercely.

"I am emotional about someone that brought the conflict of the world to a child..." Veins could be seen bulging in his neck, displaying a suppressed anger. "A CHILD!" He burst, his eyes glowed extremely bright red.

Upon saying that, Rex laughed in hubris, finding that saying this is futile to a Demon.

Shrugging casually, he pivots to face the Demon Captain. "I don't intend to come off as a hypocrite, for I am far from a saint myself," he began, his tone measured and calm. "Just like you, my hands have been stained with the blood of the innocent but all was done when I was not conscious. Does that not absolve me, at least in part, from the full weight of moral blame?"

Stomp!

"Gargghh!"

Despite the vice-like grip of fear that constricted his body, the Demon Captain summoned every ounce of his resolve when an agonizing stomp crushed his back, shattering numerous bones within him.

With a surge of energy, he unleashed a vicious swipe at Rex in an attempt to break free.

Although he poured everything he had, his attack was swatted away.

"Given your penchant for hunting children, are you aware of the terror coursing through their veins during the act?" Rex's voice turned glacial, his words dripping with disdain. "You Rastrikan Demons revel in aggression and conquest, but have you ever truly grasped the feeling your victims endure?"

But the thought of this made him click his tongue in displeasure.

Anybody who doesn't know the feeling of being a victim is ineligible to be called a conqueror.

In a swift and merciless response, Rex exerted even greater force into his stomp, causing the very ground beneath the Demon Captain's body to shatter and splinter. But within a span of a heartbeat, his blade danced with astonishing speed, ruthlessly severing both of the Demon Captain's arms in a vicious coup de grâce.

Now, the Demon Captain was left armless and legless on the ground.

"Armless, legless, weaponless..." Rex uttered as he gazed down at the Demon Captain that has his eyes bulging due to the extreme pain and also the desire to flee. "Just like a child, you are now helpless. Now tell me, conqueror... Do you feel the child's fear now?"

"M- Monster...!" the Demon Captain uttered, looking at Rex with extreme fear.

However, this comment made Rex scoff in disdain. He slowly lifted the Silver Eye, a malevolent grin curling on his lips, and retorted, "Have you just realized it now? Yes... I'm also quite a monster myself"

With chilling nonchalance, he then plunged the blade into the Demon Captain's skull.

Upon killing the Demon Captain, and crushing his head with a stomp, he shifted his attention to the islet where the other Rastrikan Demons were rampaging. It was then that Adhara appeared beside him, "What is your order? Should we attack them right now?"

"Yes... Don't leave a single one alive" Rex replied shortly, his voice extremely cold.

Adhara nodded her head before gesturing to the army to start their attack on the islet.

Suddenly, her hand was seized by Rex, and as she turned to face him, an unsettling shiver coursed down her spine. His countenance bore a savage expression, sending a chill through her very being, realizing that he was extremely upset. "Make sure that even if they plead for death, their demise is a macabre, slow ordeal" He commanded, a ferocious gleam in his eyes.

"Okay..." Adhara nods obediently. "I'll make sure the others receive your command"

Chapter 910 A Decade Of Setback

In a long time period of reigning in power, peaceful days have never been this pleasing.

Ever since the meeting with King John regarding the change of power in Ratmawati City, President Sebrof felt like days had gone by quickly, peace had always been a short-lived endeavor for someone like him who has heavy responsibilities.

He had the older generations of Supernaturals to thank.

If it weren't for them, King John and the Executor would still have their eyes on him.

However, the awakening of the older generations of Supernaturals also brought alongside effect in which he was forced to deploy most of the ninth-realm Awakened who were sent here by the Elpida Alliance, originating from the UWO main branches from neighboring cities, to the Great Barricade to make sure that the walls are not breached.

From early in the Supernatural Emergence, the Great Barricade has stood as a bulwark.

Many people considered it as a symbol rather than a wall.

President Sebrof's public image has indeed been tarnished by his failures. However, his decision to dispatch reinforcements to the Great Barricade was not driven by a mere desire to salvage his rock-bottom public image. Rather, it stemmed from a stark reality.

If he didn't do anything, and the Supernaturals broke through, humanity might really collapse.

Due to that, the 25 Golden Crest Families were extremely drained and busy.

It's a time of uncertainty and chaos.

Scattered on his desk in a messy way were dozens of reports that he had read earlier.

Another bad news that he doesn't want appeared before him.

"It's a costly mistake to awaken the Executor," President Sebrof exhaled a heavy sigh, perched in his office atop the UWO main branch, staring pensively at the cityscape beyond. Clutching a cigarette between his fingers, he muttered softly, "Had he not decimated Sector 2, our struggle with the older Supernaturals wouldn't be this difficult"

Just remembering the damage made him massage his throbbing forehead.

Seated on the plush office sofa inside the room were two figures, Lady Aurora and Sir Philip. Both had been unwavering companions to President Sebrof, remaining behind since their daring infiltration mission into the Executor's castle.

Knowing that the Executor was away, they had to try their luck.

Despite the information hailing from their attempt is not much, it's still a progression.

"What did those reports say, President Sebrof?" Sir Philip asked.

Finding that President Sebrof seemed to be troubled after reading the reports, he was curious and wanted to know about them. Mostly, he wanted to share the burden so that President Sebrof would not be overwhelmed.

Aurora also feels similarly, she gazed at President Sebrof with interest.

Upon hearing this, President Sebrof straightens his back before he turns around with a sigh.

Putting out his cigarette on the ashtray, he sat back in his seat and remained silent for a minute. Only when the minute passed that he finally open his mouth, "I have long worked together with the military and created a research to improve military weapons and further the role of non-Awakened personnel"

"Compared to the Supernaturals, we have technologies, so I wanted to maximize them"

Both Lady Aurora and Sir Philip don't seem to be surprised by this.

Some of the other big cities were also conducting similar research, it would be a huge advantage for them if they could somehow make the non-Awakened personnel have a fighting chance against stronger Supernaturals.

However, President Sebrof's expression shows that something went wrong with it.

"Most of our research materials and invaluable findings were housed in a highly fortified facility in Sector 2. But it was completely razed to the ground when the Executor built his castle. We suffered the loss of countless research breakthroughs because of that, effectively erasing a decade's worth of progress" President Sebrof explained the devastating setback, regret etched into his voice.

Foreseeing something like the First Breath, President Sebrof anticipated it with this research.

One of the most anticipated findings was a powerful robot.

Scientists found a way to use high-rank Supernatural carcasses to create a powerful robot that could be controlled like a drone, an exponential breakthrough for humanity that consistently has trouble with numbers against the Supernatural forces.

Additionally, there are also ways to produce elemental attacks through runes.

It was called Project Supernatural Arms, weapons that are engraved with elemental runes to cast an attack similar to a spell. High-rank commanders and generals would be able to wield this and provide more worth in a battle.

But that all came into ruin when the Executor was awakened.

Just when these projects were at the final stages too, the timing couldn't be any better.

If only the military had gotten the necessary weapons that could injure a sixth-rank or even a seventh-rank Supernaturals, then not only could humanity fend off the older generation Supernaturals who were suppressed by the First Breath, but they could also go on the offensive.

President Sebrof regretted this deeply because this could be the turning point.

Humanity could've won this war.

As Lady Aurora and Sir Philip absorbed this information, it became painfully clear why President Sebrof seemed to be devastated. The cost of his error was staggering, and now the situation had escalated to a point where even the formidable might of the ninth-rank realm Awakened offered limited recourse.

"If I may, would you grant me a pass to take a look at this research?" Lady Aurora asked.

Depicting a suspicion about the two of them, President Sebrof frowned.

But seeing this change, Sir Philip quickly added to avoid any misunderstanding between them as both Lady Aurora and him came from the same city. "Do not be mistaken, president. Lady Aurora is a scientist herself, and as a ninth-rank realm Awakened, she could also process information way faster than normal"

"Given a chance, she might reverse this situation" he added, convincing President Sebrof.

Upon hearing this, President Sebrof pondered for a moment.

Even though there was a chance that the credit would go to them instead of him if Lady Aurora succeeded, he decided to stop being selfish and see the future as one. "I'll notify the research department, give them this and they'll lead you to the research lab"

President Sebrof took the lapel pin on his chest hesitantly before giving it to Lady Aurora.

It was only then silence came back as the two left the room.

Leaning back on his seat, President Sebrof closed his eyes to rest his mind for a moment.

"Hmm... What to do, what to do..."

Since the UWO has been moving on the dark, outshone by the SCO that was now close with the Executor, he would need to figure out a way to meet with King John and discuss the matter regarding the entire humanity.

At the very least, he would need to know the Executor's plan so that he could adjust.

Just as he was resting his eyes and pondering about the countless matters inside his head, President Sebrof's forehead creased a little when he sensed a cold wind brushing against his entire form that was colder than the air from the AC.

But he thinks nothing about it other than an odd air.

Swish...

Despite wanting to think nothing of this odd air, he was starting to feel uncomfortable when the atmosphere inside the room changed. It was then that a whispering voice penetrated his ears, "Fancy another chance, President Sebrof...?"

"Hmmm?!" President Sebrof's eyes jolted open in shock when he heard this voice.

Scanning the entire office room on alert, he doesn't find anyone aside from him inside. However, he couldn't brush that voice as a hallucination, he trusted his ears enough to believe that the voice was real.

Swish...

President Sebrof turned his head to the side when the papers on his desk flew.

It was almost as if something went past them quickly.

"Who's there?! Come out, don't be a coward!" President Sebrof shouted cautiously.

Clearly, he was not alone inside this room, there should be a foreign invisible entity that is inside the room with him. But even though he already expanded his arcane mana and spirit energy, he still couldn't sense this figure.

'Just who is it? If I couldn't sense it, then this figure must be in another dimension'

Not even an invisible creature could escape his senses, it would require a very powerful entity to sneak around a ninth-rank realm Awakened such as himself. So the only explanation he has was that this figure is in another dimension.

But then again, he doesn't know anyone who could do something like this.

'An ancient Supernatural? No, if it is, how can it reach here without being sensed by Intra?'

Even though Intra couldn't sense any entity that resides in another dimension, President Sebrof believed that this invisible entity inside the room right now wouldn't have the energy to keep being inside another dimension throughout the way here.

Surely, being inside another dimension drained so much energy.

Due to that, he was confused as to how this entity could even reach him in the first place.

"President Sebrof, there's no need for concern about your safety, nor must you concern yourself with my identity. What's important is that I'm here to present you with an opportunity, a proposition that could restore things to their former state. Are you prepared to listen?"

Realizing the cautiousness in his eyes, the voice tries to assure him to calm down.

However, that's too much of a first request.

"If you don't want to reveal your identity, then there's no need for me to trust you" He said.

But instead of doing what President Sebrof wanted, the voice didn't bother and replied again, "Don't you want to regain power again? Don't you want to fix your mistakes? If you do then all you need to listen. If you don't then I'll leave this place right now"

"Make a decision, President Sebrof. I'll only give you one chance" the voice added.

Upon hearing this, he remained silent in his spot.

Approximately five minutes later, President Sebrof still remained silent and indecisive.

"Very well, I'll leave you to yourself" the voice echoed again.

President Sebrof gritted his teeth when he heard this, he couldn't stall any longer. This is the moment he would need to make a decision, and the temptation of doing everything he does wrong, right, made him succumb to the voice.

"Wait!" He shouted, coming to a decision.

Raising his determined gaze onward, he then continues, "I'll listen, so tell me your offer"

~

Back to the Dwarven army inside the Supernatural territory.

Since the confrontation with the legion underneath Demon Lord Ranath which was able to catch them by surprise, anticipating their ambush thanks to the demon scout that remained high in the sky, their ambushing method has improved.

It seemed the other Rastrikan Demons legions were also doing the same.

Rex and the army only need to keep an eye on the sky and take down the Demon scout before continuing their ambush, and thus, the next legion gets perfectly ambushed and this gives them a tactical advantage.

However, the Demon Lord leading this legion is still nowhere to be seen.

Due to that, the army took care of the Rastrikan Demons inside the islet rather easily.

Adhara who was commanding a portion of the Dwarven army to scour the entire islet for any leads snagged Rex perched upon a big boulder. His legs were gracefully crossed, and it appeared he was in deep meditation, the purpose of which remained shrouded in mystery.

'What is he meditating for? He has been doing that a couple of times already'

From the Dwarven Kingdom, he has been doing this quite a lot.

Most may think that he was meditating to reach a higher realm in his elemental prowess, but it was clear that he wasn't doing that, none of his energies were active. It must've served another reason that this managed to become his habit.

'Or was he calming his mind? I really don't know' Adhara pondered.

Just then, her eyes flickered when she saw Rex opening his eyes with a smile on his face.

Approaching him lightly, she then asked, "Care to share what you are smiling for?"

"Hmmm? It's nothing. Let's just say that something good that would benefit me happened somewhere" Rex replied with a peculiar low tone, his words were enigmatic and this only made Adhara even more curious.

For all she knew, she was still in the dark about his plans.

