

Full-Moon 911

Chapter 911 Hypocrite

Adhara listened to his answer and remained silent, averting her gaze away.

Seeing the peculiar look on her face, Rex sighed in hesitance.

"I know that you might feel foreign and unappreciated because I didn't share the plan to you, but you and Evelyn are better off not knowing. Believe me when I say that I'm only doing this to keep you safe" Rex crossed his arms, deciding to give her some form of assurance.

But this assurance was replied with a frown from Adhara.

Contrary to what he was expecting her to respond, he received a frown from her instead.

"What are you saying, Rex? I thought we already passed this" She mused, putting her hands on her waist and shaking her head. "No matter what you do, I trust your decision. I'm not troubled about that right now"

"I was thinking about what to do with him" Adhara pointed to a figure on the side.

Rex turned to the figure, a unique young dark elf.

Out of the Supernaturals that lived inside the islet, he was the sole survivor, and he had been sitting in silence after being saved while the Dwarves and Elves overwhelmed the Rastrikan Demons inside with their numbers and sundering firepower.

While observing the young dark elf, his eyes glowed, harnessing the System's power.

<Vaelinor Elowen Thornevyr (Suppressed)>

Race: Drow

Power: Rank One (Peak) - Spellbane Fortitude (4)

Mental: 12

Strength: 16

Agility: 5

Endurance: 11

Intelligence: 0

For a suppressed peak first-rank realm entity, he's quite strong. He also has 5 total powers.

Rex praised this young drow, Vaelinor for having such high physical stats when he was suppressed by the First Breath. It made him wonder what Vaelinor's regular physical stat had he not been suppressed.

Additionally, Vaelinor also has 5 powers, mostly gifts.

Clicking the power section, a dropped-down holographic interface appeared before him.

<Vaelinor's Power>

-> Spellbane Fortitude

- > Hyper Strength
- > Super Endurance
- > Aegis of Mind
- > Rapid Regeneration

Possessing four innate gifts lying dormant in his body is no small matter.

Rex nodded his head in acknowledgment as this was his first time to see a person having 4 innate gifts in total. It tempted him to make Vaelinor a possible candidate to expand his pack members, he would make a powerful Werewolf.

Among Vaelinor's arsenal of powers, Spellbane Fortitude remained inscrutable.

Struggling to get an educated guess about what this power does, he resorted to the System, hoping to glean more information about this new candidate. Maybe, if it's a really good power, then he would reach his decision easily.

Care to explain to me about the Spellbane Fortitude?

<Yes.>

<Spellbane Fortitude is a gift for an extremely small amount of entities that have their body undergone a unique mutation. It happened naturally, and changed their skin properties to contain anti-mana cells which allows them to ultimately have higher resistance to any kind of magic or external energies in general>

Upon reading this, Rex was quite impressed as that is quite a powerful power.

Compared to my Anti-Elemental Body, which one is better?

Rex also possessed a similar skill akin to Spellbound Fortitude, bolstering his resistance to elemental forces. But a growing intuition whispered that Spellbound Fortitude far surpassed his own Anti-Elemental Body in terms of prowess.

<Calculating...>

<Spellbound Fortitude is stronger than the user's Anti-Elemental Body passive skill. While the resistance provided by the Anti-Elemental Body passive skill is higher against elemental attacks, the Spellbound Fortitude's resistance works against all forms of energies>

Just as he expected, the Spellbound Fortitude is way better than the Anti-Elemental Body.

It was stated to work on all forms of energy.

This essentially translates to heightened resilience even against high-ranking energies, a critical advantage in elite-level confrontations. Unfortunately, this advantage holds little significance for a low-ranking entity like him. He remains vulnerable to conventional weapons and firearms.

However, his eyes widened when he realized what he was thinking.

Earlier he told the Demon Captain to not include a child in their conflicts, but here is, deliberating whether he should turn Vaelinor into a Werewolf. Due to that, he quickly shakes his head, refraining from pondering the matter further.

If I do that, then I'll really become a hypocrite.

But his power is too tempting to turn down. Sigh... Whatever. I have enough on my plate already, adding one more to the pack is not going to be good for me. I'll just try to not consider this.

Rex lets out a deep sigh, deciding to dissuade from turning Vaelinor into a Werewolf.

"Just ask him if he wants to come back to the city with us" He eventually said.

Upon hearing this, Adhara pondered for a moment before her eyes lit up, remembering something that may make this option more desirable. "Since he looks to be around the same age as Ryze, maybe bringing him back would be a good idea"

After saying that, Adhara stole a glance at Rex to inspect his expression.

Differing from what she was expecting, Rex had no reaction when she mentioned Ryze.

It seems he was still suspicious and slightly disappointed in Ryze.

But then again, this is a natural reaction.

Considering that Ryze chose Edward despite Rex being the one who took him in, he has the right to act as cold and indifferent as he wants. Moreover, his motivation was also solidified knowing that Ryze spent a considerable amount of time inside the human territory.

For all they know, he might still be a spy sent to infiltrate Dargena City.

On the other hand, from another pov, Adhara does understand where Ryze is coming from.

Having to witness the onslaught Rex did during his rampage, a youngster like him would definitely feel conflicted inside and thus decided to go with Edward who looked more sane compared to the berserk Rex at the loss of his parents.

None are in the wrong, but that doesn't mean they would get along.

"Rex, isn't it about time you give him a chance?" She implored, troubled by Rex's indifference.

"Even if you don't want to associate with him, remember that you are the one that brought him to this path. Also, if you really can't view him in the same light, consider utilizing his strengths. He's a formidable heavenly dragonman, and his power could prove invaluable"

Despite her pleading, Rex remained silent with his eyes averted.

It's not the time to dwell on the past. I'll do as she said, but I still need to be vigilant.

Nodding his head, deciding that he would use Ryze to his advantage, he eventually replied, "Finish up. We would still need to move again. Demon Lord Ranath is the second strongest Demon Lord, so the other legions should fall rather easily"

Adhara sighed when she didn't get an answer again, but she already expected this.

"Yes, those Rastrikan Demons on the islet were practically trembling like scaredy-cats after witnessing your display earlier. When fear peaks, envy, and wrath tend to take a backseat, and that

is when their powers start dwindling. I couldn't even believe that they were the same Rastrikan Demons because of that" She replied, her voice still containing a tinge of disbelief.

Compared to the Rastrikan Demons under Demon Lord Ranath, these ones were weak.

But that was all thanks to Rex's plan working.

Opposed to fighting the legions of Rastrikan Demons head-on, he deliberately planned to take care of one legion and use their carcasses to intimidate the other legions. The plan that he came up on his own proved to be extremely effective.

Just then, Huvuki came out of the Islet and approached them.

"It's time, one of our scouts found the Demon Lord" He said, pointing in a direction.

Upon hearing this, Rex nodded and stood up from the big boulder.

<Rastrikan Demons Killed: 4,311>

Checking the killed Rastrikan Demons, he was quite satisfied as this much hails only from one legion. If he could take down the other legions smoothly, then reaching 20,000 would not be a far-fetched hope.

Grabbing the Silver Eye on the side, glistening with malice, he puts it over his shoulder.

"Okay, lead the way. I'll have to finish this quickly" Rex mused and walked away.

~

Meanwhile, somewhere in the Great Barricade.

It was the aftermath of a bloodied battle that stretched for hours to no end.

Waves of Supernaturals surged forth relentlessly, akin to an unending, vibrant colorful tide. Fearlessly, they charged at a singular entity that had haunted their slumber, a vessel for the deep-seated hatred ingrained within their very bodies, now unleashed without restraint.

However, their hatred proved not enough.

Looking down from the walls were the military men, Awakened, and Black Hands.

All of them wore the same expression, a mix of shock and disbelief as they watched the desolate plains beyond the walls, littered with thousands of carcasses and blood that covered the entire ground for almost a mile.

None of them managed to reach a hundred meters from the walls.

Such a might capable of toppling tens of thousands of Supernaturals lay far beyond their mortal understanding, especially knowing that these Supernaturals are from the older generations.

In their ranks, many stood on par with the Kings and Queens of the new generation.

Despite feeling a bit fearful and uneasy by the amount of older generations of Supernaturals that charged at them earlier, the humans on top of the wall now could breathe easily as none of them survived the massacre.

The perpetrators, the entity that was responsible for this were none other than the Executor.

Even though he came here for a massacre, he's quite in a pitiful shape.

Gruesome wounds could be seen across his body, and even his claw-like hands had some of his fingers broken and shattered. Surprisingly enough, the might of the Executor is still reachable by the older generations of Supernaturals.

However, this is only possible due to the First Breath where physical prowess reigns supreme.

Contrary to his pitiful, injured state, the spear in his hand was not.

Absorbing and devouring the blood, souls, and lifeless forms of the vanquished Supernaturals, the once ordinary black spear had transformed into a radiant, mythical weapon. It now gleamed with a dark crimson aura, adorned with intricate markings—a peculiar fusion of scarlet and white that adorned its body.

In addition, an air of sharpness emanates from it, reaching any who lies their eyes upon it.

Sharpness that was akin to a thousand knives piercing the skin.

Clang!

Taking one mighty motion, the Executor thrust the spear into the earth beside him, causing the ground to fracture upon impact. With a fluid and overbearing movement, he pushed himself upward to stand upright like normal.

Subsequently, the remaining carcasses were converted and absorbed by the spear.

Swoosh!

Reaching the peak of its existence, the spear glowed even brighter.

Upon seeing this, the Executor puts on a sly smile as he has finally completed what he came here for. "Finally, it's done. I have those fool but strong Supernaturals to thank for this" As he said that, his wounds started to close up rapidly and unnaturally.

It was almost as if his own body reattached the wounds back and healed them completely.

Such a regeneration is unseen and unheard of in the modern day.

"Now, onto the last step..." the Executor mutters, shifting his eyes in a particular direction.

Just as he did this, a figure came from the back.

Brigitta descended from the wall and approached him, finding that the battle had already been concluded with the Executor as the victor, as expected. "Executor, should I arrange for heale-" Her words suddenly trailed off abruptly.

She noticed that the Executor's injuries had mysteriously vanished.

However, this puts a frown on her face remembering the unforgettable sight when she peeked at the Executor, tending to his wound inside his bed chamber. 'I'm quite sure that he doesn't have this kind of regenerative ability, he even treated his own wound back then'

Back then, he was quite secretive and embarrassed about being injured.

It serves as proof that he doesn't have a regenerative ability, or at least as strong as this.

No matter how much she tried to guess, this remains a mystery.

As one of the closest people to the Executor, she knows him better than the others. But she never knew that the Executor has such an exceptional regenerative ability when he's not supposed to have it judging from her observation.

'I'm quite certain about that, his regeneration is like any other strong Awakened at best. So how come his injuries were already gone?

Chapter 912 Bottomless Power

Listening to what Brigitta said, the Executor turned and gave her a very sharp glare.

Any comment of that kind does nothing but make him feel insulted.

For someone like her, a feeble existence, to worry about him was a jab to his ego, and this made him reprimand her with a cold tone, "I don't need your worry or your help, lesser human. Save that for the weak"

"Just do as I told you, nothing more, nothing less" He added, clearly displeased by this.

Snapping from her daze, Brigitta bowed slightly, "I apologize for overstepping"

It has been some time since she started to work as the Executor's secretary, regulating the matters inside the human territory on his behalf, and staying by his side lest he have any request. Dealing with the Executor is not a difficult task for her anymore.

On this kind of occasion, the best thing she could do is to not argue and apologize.

"Make sure to not do this again. In the whole entire world, I am the only blessed one" the Executor declared overbearingly, pompous in self-flattery. "Even if the collective might of the entire world were arrayed against me, I shall forever stand at the pinnacle"

Responding quickly, Brigitta nodded in agreement, "That, I believe..."

Acknowledging that she had already learned her matter and place well, the Executor scoffed.

Just as he was on the verge of dismissing Brigitta's insult, and shifting his focus elsewhere, an unsettling occurrence transpired. Blood began to seep from the ground behind him, yet it carried an eerie absence of any discernible aura.

It's devoid of anything that could stimulate most sensory attributes except the eyes.

Due to that, even the Executor didn't realize it.

Forming one quite big puddle of blood, it slowly constructs itself into the shape of a Vampire.

Brigitta caught sight of this anomaly and instantly recognized the Vampire as one of the High Lords who had clashed with the Executor earlier. It should've perished, having been stabbed through the heart, but here it stood, inexplicably surviving.

On that note, she also saw the Vampire's lips moving uneasily, chanting something sinister.

Alerting the Executor should be the priority right now.

However, Brigitta was too shocked to utter any words, the sight was quite horrifying.

Upon the completion of the sinister incantation, the High Lord Vampire gauged its own heart from its chest and crushed it mercilessly. Its heart exploded, unleashing a torrent of black blood, coating its right claws entirely in darkness.

With blinding speed, it then lunged at the unsuspecting Executor.

Startled, Brigitta leaned back, having a gut feeling that this attack was extremely deadly.

'Oh, no! The Executor is still unaware of the Vampire!' She exclaimed in her thoughts, realizing that the Executor still had his back turned toward the approaching threat, utterly unsuspecting of the impending attack from behind.

Brigitta eventually forced out a scream, warning him of the attack, "Executor! Behind you!"

Caught off guard by Brigitta's shout, the Executor swiftly glanced over his shoulder, only to find the Vampire High Lord was already before him, its claws coated in black blood and poised to deliver a swift clean decapitation.

It was completely unbelievable.

For a brief moment, the Vampire High Lord's power reached leap and bounds.

"Underestimating us will be your grave, Fifthborn. Die in humiliation, I'll offer your life to my ancestors that you done wrong" the Vampire High Lord savagely said, his eyes brimming with excitement. "Even though now is a new era, once a loser, always a loser!"

Mocking the Executor brazenly, he swatted his claws strongly, aiming straight for the kill.

His chances are enhanced through the element of surprise on his side.

Not taking this advantage would be a foolish move of him, and he has confidence in himself.

Similarly, even the onlookers on the wall believe that the Vampire High Lord has managed to catch the Executor off guard. Feeling the tension, they unconsciously hold their breaths in response as this would be the first time the first awakened ancient human gets hurt severely.

Obviously, from their point of view, the Executor is in great trouble.

The Vampire High Lord's claws were already nearing his neck, close enough that they could render the Executor's burst of speed useless, solidifying the fact that even he couldn't dodge an attack when it was already less than an inch away.

However, contrary to their expectations, something happened in that instant.

Just as the Vampire High Lord's claws drew near, a big spark was created from a collision.

Beating the odds, the attack got deflected.

Despite having full confidence that his attack was going to hit the Executor, severing his head or at least wounding him grievously, the Vampire High Lord was shocked when the trajectory of his attack got deflected to the side, dispersing his momentum away.

It happened so fast that he didn't even realize what had just happened.

Upon missing his attack, a sly grin appeared on the Executor's face, dripping with ridicule.

"Loser...?" the Executor chuckled, amused by the Vampire High Lord's attempt. "That was all in the past, and now, in this new era, everything is going to change. I will become the strongest. But unfortunately for you... you wouldn't be able to see it as your life ends today"

A chill crawls on the Vampire High Lord's spine when he hears the Executor's voice.

Following that, his face drains from all colors.

Realizing that his impending doom was near, he could only gulp harshly in a sense of dread.

Not even giving him the chance to react, a quick succession happened as the Executor grabbed the Vampire by the neck with both of his hands. Lifted from the ground, the Vampire High Lord could feel the Executor's claws piercing deep into his throat.

Casting a mocking grin, the Executor then ripped his entire form into two brutally.

Splash!

Blood splattered everywhere, creating a harrowing sight of gore.

Deciding that he would make sure that this Vampire High Lord wouldn't come back to life once again, the Executor placed his remains in front of him and raised the black spear high into the air, changing the air around him.

Garnering his Chaos element, a concentration of purple energy appeared at the tip.

In a swift motion, the Executor then swung down powerfully.

Clang!

Kaboom!

Upon impact with the ground, the black spear triggered a potent, purplish blast that vaporized the Vampire High Lord's form into nothingness. No possibility remained of its resurrection, for its body had ceased to exist entirely.

Pausing for a second, the Executor observes the remains attentively.

It seemed he was still unsatisfied.

Knowing that the attack from earlier could've gone bad, he blasted the ground a couple more times to make sure that the chance for the Vampire High Lord to come back and attack him again was less than 0 percent.

When he finished, he turned around again and gazed at Brigitta.

His expression is devoid of any worry, he was taking something like this rather well.

"Tell me about the progression. I hope for their sake, they are not slacking at all. I am in a bad mood, and I won't show them any mercy if they did" the Executor said, changing the topic and shrugging the attack earlier as nothing worth mentioning.

It was even surprising that he didn't blame Brigitta for alerting him sooner.

While that may have been the perception of onlookers, Brigitta held a different perspective. She understood that the Executor wouldn't place the blame on her, for in his eyes, the other humans were regarded as lesser beings, and his expectations for them were exceedingly low.

Due to that, Brigitta acting like this is in a way, befitting of a lesser human in his mind.

Jolted out of her momentary trance, Brigitta paused briefly before realizing what the Executor was talking about. "Our forces are currently carving a path through Supernatural territory to the Symposium, precisely as you instructed. However, it will take some time before the operation is completed"

"What about those puny Supernaturals? Are they resisting?" the Executor asked again.

Not needing to ponder, Brigitta nodded, "Yes, but we're making progress"

Prior to the fight that transpired earlier, she had already requisitioned a report from the other section of the Great Barricade, and it confirmed that Sir Denzel and his forces were adhering to their orders, advancing into Supernatural territory as commanded.

Considering the Executor's public image, it's hard to imagine them slacking off.

"Good, keep me updated. I'll expect it to be done as soon as possible" the Executor replied.

As he uttered those words, he executed a great leap, returning to the Great Barricade and landing gracefully on the wall. His sudden appearance sent a collective shudder through those who stood upon the walls, as merely being in proximity to the Executor was enough to leave them quaking in their boots.

It was even more so as they now had seen the Executor's power directly.

Casting a descending glance at them, the Executor then fades away into nothingness.

On the other hand, Brigitta remained rooted to the desolate plain, appearing lost in contemplation, her posture unwavering. Nevertheless, anyone who had witnessed what she had would likely have reacted similarly.

"What was that...?" She utters softly, her mind still fixed on the attack earlier.

Positioned beside the Executor earlier, and also having a strong perception as a ninth-rank realm Awakened, she managed to discern the events that had transpired in that fleeting moment, albeit with considerable difficulty.

Just when the Vampire High Lord's attack was about to hit, she saw a weird phenomenon.

In that instant, a loud ring resounded in her ears.

While the faint ringing sound went unnoticed by many, it left others with a momentary sense of daze, making it harder for others to discern what had happened. Additionally, this phenomenon occurred as a result of a double or a copy of the Executor.

A ghastly astral projection, a purplish doppelganger that came out of his body.

It was the one that expertly diverted the Vampire High Lord's strike on the Executor's stead.

During that moment, the Executor was clearly still caught off guard.

Obviously, he was genuinely surprised by the Vampire High Lord, not suspecting the attack.

Contrastingly, the purple double responded with even greater alacrity than the Executor himself, successfully shielding him from the impending assault. In doing so, it nullified the lethal threat, rendering the attack incapable of harming the Executor.

'Will there be any end to his power...? It seems bottomless' Brigitta thought in disbelief.

However, she quickly shook her head.

She should've already expected this immense power from the entity that is the center of the whole Supernatural's hatred. If the Executor is not this powerful, then there's no way that his presence would be this impactful for the Supernaturals.

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Meanwhile, back to the Executor's castle.

Gistella was given food for her amusement, yet she left the food untouched.

Ever since her meeting with King John, the castle has been in a complete serenity but that changed at this moment when the door was opened. It was not King John that visited her, but it was a familiar figure instead, Edward.

Closing the door behind him, Edward stared at Gistella with a calm and collected gaze.

Approaching subtly, he then stopped a good distance away.

Glancing over to the Awakened inside the room, they all quickly bowed and retreated away.

Judging from the way these Awakened acted, obediently leaving the room without refuting him, contrary to how they reacted when King John asked the same thing, it was clear at least to Gistella that he had the higher authority around here.

But then again, he did sell his soul to the Executor who turned him into this, creature.

However, Gistella's expression contorted grimly.

Compared to the expression she wore for King John, she was evidently giving him a different treatment. Her expression is deathly ice, and the fact that she wasn't fond of meeting with Edward is not at all, hidden.

If a random stranger was inside the room, they could feel the big elephant between them.

"Don't give me that look" Edward said subtly.

Taking a lingering chair on the side, he placed it before him and sat on it, crossing his legs in a nonchalant manner. "I'm here in peace, no malice in mind, wanting nothing but a friendly conversation with you" he continued.

But this doesn't lift the mood at the very least.

Gazing at Edward with disdain, something that was foreign in Gistella's face which usually was meek or tender, she forced out a derisive smile. "Maybe... But I failed to imagine a proper conversation with someone like you" She replied, cold and sarcastic.

"Don't misunderstand my purpose, I've come to be rid of Calidora. However, it's worth noting that my view on you doesn't differ at all from his... Traitor" She declared, her words resonating with a thunderous gravity.

Chapter 913 Nicest of the Bunch

Edward puts on an ironic smile, her sharp words are akin to a sharp knife.

It was quite obvious that the others would've hated him similar to Rex right now for deciding to stay behind, however, Gistella is the nicest of the bunch, and he didn't anticipate her to react this strongly towards him.

But then again, this wasn't entirely out of expectations.

Disregarding the cruel truth that came from her mouth, he remained silent and leaned back.

A friend who turned to betray is oftentimes more hated than even the most fearsome enemies. It was a saying that is depicted clearly through Gistella. Her eyes were sharp and intense, and she hadn't broken eye contact with Edward throughout the entire minute.

If eyes could kill, then Edward would've died multiple times already.

Waving his hand nonchalantly, he leaned forward in interest. "What games are you playing here, Gistella...?" He asked, squinting his eyes. "No matter how much I ponder about your whole situation, it's rather odd. Coming here willingly bears risks that outweigh the benefits greatly, and I don't see you as a reckless person. So, what is the real reason you are here?"

"Even if I'm here for a spectacular scheme, which I don't, I won't tell you" Gistella replied.

Upon hearing this, a smile appeared on his face.

"The Executor might regard others as nothing, but I don't. I grasped several cues to suspect you already" He replied, smiling knowingly. But then, he pointed around the room with an overbearing look, "As you can see earlier, I am number two around here. If you are truthful, I could definitely help you"

Gistella smiled slyly in response, showing that she was not tempted at all.

"Stop bothering me, Edward. I'm here and only here for the death of Calidora" She replied.

Contemplating for a moment, Edward summoned enigmatic black flames that developed in his right hand. Gradually, a purple hue ascended from his arm and merged with the black flames, intensifying their radiance and power.

Looking back at Gistella, he then offered, "How about I'll be the one to kill Calidora for you?"

"I'd rather trust the Executor or even die than ask you for help. Also, no matter what you ask of me, I won't answer you simply because I don't have anything to hide. Additionally..." Gistella added, standing convincingly on her stand. "I'm sorry to say this to you, but killing Calidora is not something you could do"

Deciding to not push any further, Edward pulled back and stood up.

Moving rather slowly, seemingly having something in his mind, Edward eventually glanced at Gistella before he asked with a whispering tone, "The word you said earlier, Traitor... Is it true that Rex thought that of me too?"

Not expecting such a question, Gistella was caught off guard.

But she quickly snapped out of her trance, nodding her head, "Of course. You are a Traitor"

Gistella find it baffling that he would still need to ask that.

Just the form he was taking, corrupted by the Executor's power is already enough of an answer. If Edward found it hard to know the answer, then he would only need to look in the mirror to be certain of what a Traitor he is.

Upon hearing this, Edward's expression darkened.

He kept to himself for half a minute, almost as if the answer came as a shock to him.

"Is that so? Hmm... I guess I was wrong to expect you to know" Edward uttered softly, almost inaudible to the ears. Taking a deep breath, he puts the chair back to where it was, intending to leave the room.

Seeing this, Gistella smirked at him mockingly as he gained nothing from this meeting.

'What was he thinking? Surely he wasn't expecting me to confess anything'

However, as she thought of that, Edward who was already turned around abruptly stopped in his tracks. It was then he raised his chin slightly and turned back over with a meaningful gaze before he approached Gistella with wide steps.

In response, Gistella frowns in worry, "What are you doing? Don't come close to me!"

Not answering the question thrown at him, Edward only etched a mischievous grin on his face. His hand burns again with the black flames, emanating a chilly heat. Reaching before Gistella, he stretched his blazing hand.

Edward grabbed her on the wrist and intensified his flame to a higher degree.

"Mmmphh!" Gistella bit down her lips in pain.

Her arm was infiltrated with a contrasting pain from the black flames, a cold yet burning pain.

'Just as expected, she won't tell me anything. But I could still use this to make sure of my assumptions. If I'm correct, there should be a reaction of some sort' Edward pondered, his eyes seemed to see this through to the end.

Despite Gistella's wails of pain, unable to retaliate, he kept on going.

It was a painful sight.

As this hazardous, torturing process continued, Edward felt a cold wind hit his body.

Something odd happened a heartbeat later.

A peculiar look was etched on his face, he was forced to pull back his hand and take several steps back as different sensations overwhelmed his senses in an instant. It feels like motion sickness that rendered his senses incomprehensible.

'What's wrong with me? Is this the reaction?' Edward pondered, shaking his head.

On top of the weird, dizzying sensation inside his head, his vision was also impaired. Edward could see blurry doubles of all things inside his vision, and no matter what he did, his vision wouldn't go back to normal.

Deg...

Deg...

Deg...

Gazing down to his black armored body, he found that it was wobbling.

Provided by the corruption of the Executor, he became a vessel and gained this black armor-like skin that is said to be sentient and give him an extreme boost of power. But the very same black armor is right now, trembling.

Similar to a droplet that falls to a surface, a small wobbling depression was created.

Upon realizing this, Edward grasped his chest.

It was instantly evident that his heartbeat was gradually becoming faster, and additionally, he also found it increasingly harder to breathe. Almost as if there was a person choking him right now to the point of gasping, leading to asphyxiation.

"EDWARD!!!"

A haunting light voice entered his ears, unclear if it was real or only in his imagination.

Regardless if the voice was real or not, its impact was undeniable.

Edward experienced a chilling sensation that rippled through his entire body, caused by this voice calling out his name from afar. He lifted his gaze once more to observe Gistella and noticed the presence of an ethereal aura behind her.

Something sinister, a silhouette of blackness that seemed to glare at him.

Despite his situation, Edward couldn't hide his light smile, 'Seems like my guess is correct...'

While Edward was taking his time to recover from the reaction that struck him, and Gistella rubbing her burned wrist, glaring at the Traitor hastily, the door into the room suddenly burst open as a figure stumbled inside.

Gistella was surprised as she was pondering about Edward's intention deeply.

Looking at the figure that stumbled inside, she widened her eyes when she realized that it was King John. One glance is all it takes to tell that he is not fine, the pale complexion and blood drenching his shirt and vest indicate that vividly.

It was clear that he was extremely wounded.

Edward was late to realize it thanks to his motion sickness, but he eventually glanced back.

Only then that he see King John leaning on the door weakly.

Compared to Gistella who was shocked upon seeing King John's condition, Edward doesn't seem to be that much surprised. He was looking at this situation with an indifferent gaze, "What are you doing here, King John? Be grateful for your condition, it means you are still useful to the Executor"

Raising his gaze weakly, King John's eyes widened, not expecting Edward to be here.

"C- Can you let it slide this once?" He pleaded.

Upon hearing this, Edward squinted his eyes sharply. He glanced back over to Gistella with a meaningful look before he walked away, "Just the one time, I still don't trust Gistella yet. So If I were you, I would refrain from being too close to her" he stopped beside King John before leaving the room.

As soon as he left, King John quickly stumbled toward Gistella with immense difficulty.

Falling to his knees, he then looked at Gistella with begging eyes.

"It hurts... I can't take it anymore, it hurts..."

Gistella quickly caught King John's body and was about to fall to the ground, she then helped him lie down on her lap. It was then that she saw tears drizzling down King John's eyes which was shocking to see.

"It... hurts..."

Realizing what he wanted, Gistella nodded and smiled tenderly.

Gracefully, she activates her suppressed energy and dances her fingers above King John's face, drizzling specks of energy dust to his face, "I understand, I'll help you ease the pain. Go to sleep, you'll wake up when it's over..."

Just before the door closes, Edward takes one last look inside.

He saw King John being consoled by Gistella, and this somewhat made him feel bitter.

~

Meanwhile, back to the Dwarven Army.

Harnessing the scare tactic against the Rastrikan Demons has proved to be effective.

With the combination of the element of surprise and scare tactic, Rex and the Dwarven Army have been on a rampage streak, taking out the divided Rastrikan Demons legions that were spread out and unaware of their incoming attacks.

In addition to this, the Dwarven Army's morale is at an all-time high.

Knowing the horror their ancestors suffered from the Rastrikan Demons, the fear of these creatures from the blackness is ingrained deep within them. However, that natural fear has started to gradually lessen as the battle continues.

Now, none of them were fearful of the Rastrikan Demons thanks to Rex's onslaught.

Currently, they were in another fight.

Since now they were fighting another Demon Lord, the same tactic as before was assumed.

Elves surrounded the area and created the formation barrier once again, blocking the rampaging energies from the fight. On the other hand, the Dwarven Army confronted the legion while Rex fought against the Demon Lord, leading this legion.

Due to their collective efforts, the battle is nearing its end.

Huvuki was standing amidst carcasses of Rastrikan Demons with two other captains.

At the far distance was the vicious battle between Rex and Demon Lord Olgaroz, smaller than Demon Lord Ranath but have four wings, allowing him to fly with incredible speed while sending barrages of hellfire towards Rex.

Boom!

Crash!

Kaboom!

"My King..." A Dwarf Captain approached and stood beside Huvuki.

While still keeping their eyes glued on the fight between Rex and Demon Lord Olgaroz, the Dwarf Captain then continues, "I know that this is a bit late to say this, but shouldn't we pause the attack and continue tomorrow night? We could take two more tomorrow and Demon Lord Kirgil the day after tomorrow"

"Hmm...? Is the army tired already? We didn't even do much" Huvuki asked back.

But the Dwarf Captain shakes his head, that is not why he asked this. Glancing over to Adhara to make sure that she was far away enough and was not listening, he then continues, "Even though Lord Rex is very strong, I don't think he would be able to sweep the entire Rastrikan Demons. The First Breath will take a toll on him. Also, the other captains fear that something might go wrong if he keeps going. If he got defeated, then we'll be in trouble"

"I agree, the Demon Lords should not be underestimated" another Dwarf Captain chimed.

Upon hearing this, Huvuki sighed.

Since his captains already voiced their opinions, he would need to bring it up to Rex.

Just as their discussion ends, a voice creeps from the back.

"What are the three of you talking about...?"

Huvuki and the other Dwarf Captains had their bodies stiffened when they heard this dulcet voice that could only belong to one person. Looking over their shoulders, the three saw a woman standing not far from them.

It was Adhara, and she had her eyes on them. "Do the three of you have something to say?"

Chapter 914 Devil Of Trauma

Huvuki and the others were startled by Adhara's appearance.

It's already bad enough that they were using the Silverstar Pack to shelter themselves from the Rastrikan Demons' rampage, and now they are doubting Rex's power. Even if it's only a little, this is not something to be taken lightly, especially by Adhara.

Just her sight alone made the three stiffened.

"Forgive my captains, they were simply being careful" Huvuki defended.

Obviously, the three of them have mistaken Adhara's stoic, indifferent expression with anger.

In truth, she was not that angry, their conversations just soiled her ears, annoying at best.

"Explain it to me, what were you talking about?" She asked.

Not having any other choice, Huvuki could only comply with her demand.

"Despite eradicating the Rastrikan Demons has been going smoothly, it would be better to take a brief break to rest before continuing. We don't want Lord Rex to overexert himself, and you must not want it too" He explained clearly, trying his best to convey the suggestion as politely as possible.

Upon hearing this, Adhara smiled instead.

Although that kind of thing wouldn't happen, it's natural for them to worry about that.

Looking over to Rex who was still trapped in a vicious fight, leaping through great distances and creating sparks in the sky, she replied, "I think the three of you forgot something. Despite being anomalies, we are still essentially, Werewolves. Our power rises the angrier we got..."

"Coincidentally, Lord Rex is in a very bad mood" She added with a meaningful tone.

Knowing that something must've happened back in the city, Adhara believed that he would be fine. His anger that was produced by the incident in the city would definitely help him, constantly fueling him to keep on going.

If Rex was to hear this, he would say that she's more or less, right.

Fatigueness is present, but it doesn't last long.

Having fought Demons on multiple occasions already, Rex is already used to fighting them.

Demons are nigh-perfect entities designed solely for war and spreading terror, and thus, their physique is inherently stronger. Moreover, they do not possess blood like normal living beings, rendering the option of weakening through blood loss unavailable for them.

Vampires and other has a difficult time fighting them because of this.

Even though one of their limbs or even more was severed, Demons would keep on going, and their battle prowess was not impacted much. However, the Rastrikan Demons are one of the few Demons who have blood coursing inside of them, devoured from their victims.

Due to that, the Red Frenzy skill that Rex has made his stamina endless.

Fatigue was present, but got recovered almost instantly. Only mental fatigue remains behind.

So long as blood is flowing, his tank wouldn't be empty.

Huvuki and the two Dwarf Captains still have doubts in their minds, knowing that Adhara is completely biased toward Lord Rex. But in the end, the three nodded their heads in understanding, none of them had much to say to influence this decision.

It was the Silverstar Pack that was helping them, so they must effectively comply with them.

Swoosh!

"Canonade of Hellfire Fiend!"

Pointing both of his hands forward, Demon Lord Olgaroz fired a barrage of hellfire balls.

Along their daunting path, these hellfire balls quickly morphed themselves into a fiend-like ball creature, cackling and laughing as they swiftly descended, heading toward Rex who was standing unwaveringly on the ground.

Moving to the side, he tries to dodge these hellfire balls.

However, the hellfire balls pursued him like seeking missiles, impossible to shake off.

Rex attempted to increase his speed, but the hellfire balls gradually accelerated the longer they soared through the air, closing the distance rapidly. Inevitably, they struck him, resulting in devastating explosions that shook the ground.

Flapping his wings on the sky, Demon Lord Olgroz gazed at the smoke with a frown.

Managing to land an attack on his enemy, thoughts raced through his mind as he contemplated his options. 'Should I flee...? He's undeniably powerful, having even dispatched Ranath' He gritted his teeth, furious about this situation. 'No... I would not let Kirgil have the satisfaction, I must vanquish this damn beast!'

Devoured by pride, Demon Lord Olgroz decided to take care of this himself.

Rather than regrouping with the other legions and informing them of Rex and the Dwarven Army's relentless attacks, picking them off one by one, Demon Lord Olgroz insisted on taking matters into his own hands to put an end to this assault.

If he sought help, Demon Lord Kirgil would have a field day mocking him.

Even the thought of it alone doesn't sit well with him, so he would not do that no matter what.

Soon enough, the smoke waned and Rex came into view again.

However, weirdly enough, instead of facing Demon Lord Olgroz, he was looking at the far horizon in the opposite direction. The frown on his face shows that he sensed something, but that frown quickly turned brutal in the next second.

Out of nowhere, his breathing becomes heavy, slight panting.

Like a swarm of ants, his red and black kingly energy started to spread out of his body.

Gritting his teeth, Rex glared at the distant horizon and unleashed a howling roar.

"EDWARD!!"

Upon hearing this powerful roar reverberated to the surroundings, Adhara gasped, startled by this roar, and turned her head around. It was then she saw Rex, glaring in a direction with his eyes glowing white.

It made her frown as she had never seen Rex's eyes glow white before.

But she soon shakes her head realizing that there was an even more important matter, 'Edward...? Why is he saying that name? Is Edward somewhere around here?!' She exclaimed, scouting his attention to the surroundings.

No clues of Edward can be seen, and this puzzled her.

On the other hand, seeing the changes, Demon Lord Olgaroz could feel his body reacting.

'Something is wrong with him...'

His instincts that permeate through his tensed body are telling him to fly higher, and he trusts his instincts enough to act upon them, soaring higher into the night sky. But the second he did that, he saw claws reaching for his face.

Since he was higher, the claws weren't able to reach him.

If he had been less than a second left, his face would've been torn by the claws.

Swoosh!

Realizing that he wasn't able to reach Demon Lord Olgaroz, Rex's furious eyes flashed before he used his lightning element to enhance his momentum, propelling him higher. A decisive act that happened in less than a second.

In response to this, Demon Lord Olgaroz garnered his demonic energies into his hands again.

Not the normal demonic energy too, it was Hell-Void energy.

"Futile! It's all futile! You can't reach me!" Demon Lord Olgaroz exclaimed, laughing frantically at Rex's attempt to reach him. "I'll engulf you in flames," the Hell-Void energy gleams brighter as he prepares to unleash a devastating beam, "and ensure your very soul burns painfully in purgatory!"

But as he said that, his eyes dilated seeing a glistening of a sharp object.

Swish!

Stab!

During that moment of Demon Lord Olgaroz flaunting, Rex hurled the Silver Eye, striking him squarely in his right wing. Swiftly following through, Rex propelled himself forward and landed a powerful punch on the face, shattering Demon Lord Olgaroz's nose.

It disoriented him for a moment, and when he recovered, he quickly fired the beam at Rex.

However, it didn't go as planned.

Rex gripped the blasting beam with his bare hand, stopping its strong momentum.

Smiling wickedly, he then crushed the beam with his claws easily.

Kaboom!

Fueled by the anger inside of him that made his entire body heat up and also his energies rampant, Rex got stronger to the point that he was able to easily crush Demon Lord Olgaroz's attack as if it were nothing.

Groaning in pain, Demon Lord Olgaroz recovered and saw Rex already holding his wing.

Putting on a brutal smile, he then whispered, "Got you..."

Splash!

Growl!

Brutally, Rex tore Demon Lord Olgaroz's right-wing clean off and threw it to the side.

Embers of fire mixed with blood could be seen splashing out of the wound, as the scream of pain that came out of Demon Lord Olgaroz's was akin to a beautiful requiem that was pleasant to Rex's ears.

With one swift motion, he grabbed another wing and threw Demon Lord Olgaroz to the ground.

Crash!

Upon impact, a vast crater was created.

Many of the remaining Rastrikan Demons who were already on the brink of defeat saw this and realized that their end was already fixed, it was the wrong move to barbarically go on a campaign of rampage in the new era.

If they had known that this would be the end, they would've adapted first before attacking.

"Kahhkk!" Demon Lord Olgaroz spat a mouthful of blood.

But it was then Rex landed right before him, towering like a Demi-God that had come here to bring death's decree. Feeling the climbing dread, Demon Lord Olgaroz retaliated yet his attacks were swatted away easily.

Realizing that he had no chance, he opened his mouth and bared his sharp fangs.

Deciding that he wouldn't go down without a fight, he puts everything he has, burning the inside of his mouth with violent flames. However, Rex wasn't going to stand idle and let him charge up for his attack.

Giving no chance whatsoever, he grabbed Demon Lord Olgaroz's jaw in a tight grip.

In the next second, he crushed it completely.

Crack!

A bony sound resounded as he completely crushed Demon Lord Olgaroz's jaw and ripped it from his face. The mandible made a crunching sound as it shattered into pieces, leaving the once fearsome Demon completely helpless.

Such a sight was disturbing even for veteran Dwarves.

What makes it more terrifying is the fact that Rex did this without any hesitation.

Bloodshed and gore are already normal for him to the point that doing such atrocity doesn't faze him, then again, the anger inside of him was the one fueling him to do this. Like a serpent, his hand moved and grabbed Demon Lord Olgaroz on the neck.

Hauling him off the ground, he tilts his head a little, "You were saying...?"

Just in under one minute, Demon Lord Olgaroz who was laughing frantically, feeling confident in himself got absolutely destroyed and left helpless. It wasn't even given a fighting chance, humiliated beyond measure.

Despite his condition, Demon Lord Olgaroz still tries to retaliate.

Rex keeps a calm gaze, hiding the wrath inside of him, and tilts his head a little savagely.

"Still going? I guess you have a stronger will than Demon Lord Ranath even though you are weaker than him" He mused, acknowledging Demon Lord Olgraoz's unyielding will before he punctured two holes in Demon Lord Ranath's body.

Each was gaping and provided clear access to what Rex needed to take.

The Sin Epicenter and the Heart.

Due to having his lower jaw all the way to his tongue ripped off, Demon Lord Olgaroz wasn't able to say anything back and could only endure the pain. But this made Rex even more amused, "Say, I was wondering, how much trust do you have in your legion?"

"Because I heard that Rastrikan Demons kill anyone but themselves" He added softly.

Upon hearing this, Demon Lord Olgaroz glared at him in response.

Smiling from ear to ear, Rex could tell that Demon Lord Olgaroz already knew where this was going. "Adhara, can you help me bring one Rastrikan Demon, please?" He glanced to the side, looking at Adhara meaningfully.

Nodding her head, she grabbed a Rastrikan Demon and brought it to Rex.

Restrained by the Alpha Bearing's skill, forcing the Rastrikan Demon to stand rooted on his spot, Rex lets go of Demon Lord Olgaroz and puts his arm around the Rastrikan Demon with a teasing smile, "I have a proposition for you. It's quite a good deal, I'm sure you're going to be stoked"

Glancing back at Demon Lord Olgaroz teasingly, his eyes glistened with malice.

"Carve out his Sin Epicenter and heart, and I'll let you and the remaining Rastrikan Demons live. How about that? Quite a good deal, isn't it?" Rex proposed. An evident sadistic smile on his face.

Chapter 915 Appetite Of A Succubus

From the naked eye, the high-rank Supernaturals are in peace and collaboration.

Any civilians, those who oathed themselves to their Origins, living under their domains were both excited and happy for the fact that there was no war between them, focusing solely on a common enemy for a better future for Supernaturals.

Even the older generations of Supernaturals have just made a mutual agreement recently.

It was time for them to forget the past momentarily.

Due to the situation of the new era, recognizing that they have a very high chance to finally reign over the entire world with the fall of the Humans, most of them vowed to forget about the past until humanity is defeated.

Such a movement surprised even the leaders of the high-rank Supernaturals.

Knowing the deep hatred and blood feud that some of them have for one another, the leaders thought that in order to achieve this united banner, time was required to develop a stronger bond between them.

However, it happened faster than they expected, which was quite a pleasant surprise.

Naturally, there are outliers that don't agree.

Rastrikan Demons are one such force that refused to postpone their hatred strongly.

Bending stubbornly in their quest for revenge for the Dwarves.

But unlike the other leaders of high-rank Supernatural races, Elder Tilrith is not one who is fond of softness and thus arranges the demise of the Rastrikan Demons coldly, a favor she asked to an entity that she knows would be able to massacre them all at once.

It would save her the trouble, and damage to her public image.

Just as she anticipated, she could already feel the Rastrikan Demons were being wiped.

Upon sensing this pleasant occurrence, her lips curled into a smile.

"Perhaps it's time for me to move..." Elder Tilrith stood up unwillingly from her throne.

Taking a tender look at the throne, still infatuated by the fact that the day she could sit on the throne where the previous Rulers of Demon sat finally came, her smile blossomed before she straightened her nigh-perfect, curvy body and turned around.

Waving her hand, she summoned a portal leisurely.

Inside the crust of the Demon Kingdom, she has the free reign to go anywhere like this.

Moreover, all Demons inside are also way stronger than those outside.

Albeit staying put inside the throne room and making use of the First Breath to cultivate her power in preparation for the Second Breath is the best thing to do, she was not naive enough to not expect others to take advantage of the arrangement she had made herself.

Elder Tilrith is not that foolish, she needs to take preventive measures to anticipate this.

"Rex against Kirgil..." She muttered softly.

Gazing at the portal with a troubled look, she frowned in contemplation, "It's too hard of a chance to pass up. If I were them, I would definitely take this advantage. Both of them have been silent for a while, but that made it even more obvious that they were going to move"

Unlike what it appeared to be, there was a strain between the leaders of Supernaturals.

It happened after the fight against Rex.

Elder Noskear and the Storm Prince evidently bore resentment after that incident.

Rumor says that one is experiencing a heavy backlash from the people while the other is extremely angry for being stopped from landing the final blow to Rex. Due to that, both remained chillingly silent for a while and surely developed a strain against Elder Rancaladra and Elder Enima who were siding with Rex.

On the other hand, Elder Tilrith and Elder Nolacula remained in the center, neutral.

None of the two express too much favorability to Rex.

However, that is going to change in a bit, considering what she was about to do.

"Zara, do you mind coming here? I have a place to go" Elder Tilrith muttered whisperingly.

At a glance, there was nobody inside the scorching, lava-filled throne room with her. It was as if she was talking to herself. However, a massive figure resurfaced from the sea of lava beside the throne, dripping with steam and thick lava.

It looked to be a demonic serpent, and it made no sound as it slithered to Elder Tilrith.

When it came into view, its humongous size was exposed.

Even though the throne room is not at all, small, this demonic serpent easily coils its body around the entire place. It has a robust, thick black body, a pair of rubies from the depth of hell itself as its eyes, and also sharp spikes on its spine.

Subsequently, its power definitely matches its appearance.

Reaching out her hand, the demonic serpent lowers its head fondly to be caressed.

Hiss...

Upon hearing this, Elder Tilrith understood what the serpent meant and giggled.

"I know I've disturbed your sleep, but we have to go", She said tenderly.

Elder Tilrith then looked over her shoulder, her eyes fixed on the entity hovering above the throne exuding immense pure demonic energy that literally fueled the entire Demon Kingdom and beyond with its grace.

Smiling gently, she waved her hand, "I'll see you later, dear..."

It was the Demonic Eye that she was talking to, the core energy of the entire Demon Race created and a loyal companion to the Demon Origin himself. In return, the Demonic Eye gazed at her and sent a wave of demon energy toward her.

Responding to her words which it had not done to Saruth who was the previous King.

Just this reaction alone made Elder Tilrith unable to conceal her smile.

It was a clear sight that the Demonic Eye acknowledged her as a rightful ruler, a distinction it reserved for those deemed worthy. Not one Demon would not be delighted to be acknowledged by the sacred core of Demons like this.

Fulfilling her ritual of leaving, she then entered the portal and left.

A moment later.

Just when she was awakened and got to see the world outside, she realized that many things changed throughout the course of thousands of years being sealed by the Ancient Humans, the new era is full of surprises.

Forests that mainly dominated the whole world were now lesser than ever.

Even the air feels different compared to back then.

However, the desolate lifeless plain that surrounded the Demon Kingdom didn't change.

Mounting atop Zara, the two moved through the plain quickly.

Unlike regular serpent-like creatures that slither, Zara moved a bit differently than them.

Covered with a disturbing amount of demonic energy that it had cultivated inside the lave, cloaking its entire body with a thick purplish hue, Zara slithered forward before disappearing, only to reappear half a mile in front.

It was an odd way of moving, showing its innate power over space elements.

While the two continued, Elder Tilrith caught sight of a standing figure in the distance.

It's not a Demon, nor is it someone she expected to be nearby.

Squinting her eyes, Elder Tilrith realized that it was someone whom she knew, but the appearance of him is not expected here. Doing one last blink, she and Zara appeared right before the figure who had a towering and imposing presence.

At the sight of this figure, Zara hissed, using its intimidation display.

"Calm down, Zara... It's okay" Elder Tilrith rubbed its head, calming it down. She then turned her attention towards the figure, raising an eyebrow, "Elder Rancaladra, should I say what a pleasant surprise to meet you here at an opportune moment?"

"Don't bother, I was waiting for you" the figure, Elder Rancaladra replied nonchalantly.

Upon hearing this, Elder Tilrith frowned as she wasn't expecting Elder Rancaladra to know anything about her entire ordeal. But even then, she still kept a composed look, assessing the situation with a clear mind.

"So you know about my deal with Rex too?"

"Yes"

"Then are you here to help me in case Elder Noskear and the Storm Prince do something?"

"No"

Contrary to what she was expecting, Elder Rancaladra denied her assumption.

Elder Tilrith frowned, she was now puzzled.

If Elder Rancaladra wasn't here to help her in an event where Elder Noskear and the Storm Prince taking advantage of the ordeal, then she doesn't know why he was here. He should've been on Rex's side, so she thought this was the reason.

At least until the Executor has taken out of the picture.

But then again, Elder Rancaladra is probably not aware of the development of the plan.

"Can you come another time?" Elder Tilrith shrugged her shoulders.

Since it was not what she expected, then she only had another guess aside from that. "I'm busy right now. I know that the Dragonman Race is in a difficult situation right now, and I can understand that you're lonely. How about after I deal with this matter, I'll help relieve yourself?"

Listening to this made Elder Rancaladra's reptilian eyes glow sharply.

"Do you really think I want to be stained by a filth like you...?" He asked back blatantly.

Upon hearing this, Elder Tilrith smiled back teasingly.

Her eyes sparkled with amusement at the uncharacteristic reaction from Elder Rancaladra, who was typically known for his calm and collected demeanor. With a subtle flick of her hair, she exuded an irresistible charm.

A move that left Elder Rancaladra captivated for a fraction of a second.

"Oh, is that so?" she purred, a sultry smile playing on her lips. "I had quite the appetite for a dragon's robust life essence. Would you deny me that pleasure?" Her gaze intensified, locked onto his. "Trust me, you won't regret it"

"In fact, you might find yourself addicted to me" She said, oozing with a Succubus charm.

Elder Rancaladra scoffed when he heard this.

However, when he was about to say something, his eyes widened and his body stiffened.

Raising his gaze to look at Elder Tilrith, he could hide the shock in his face. It was surprising that the subtle demonic energy that oozes out of Elder Tilrith managed to actually incite his dormant lust which should have been impossible.

"You... Your power is stronger" He muttered in complete disbelief.

Now that he realized it, Elder Tilrith lifted up her chin in confidence, there was no one in the entire world who could resist her charm now. "It's a stressful time, Elder Rancaladra. I guess you should understand what I meant..."

Shaking his head, Elder Rancaladra quickly turned around, avoiding eye contact.

"Let's not idle in this useless banter, Elder Tilrith. I would go with you because there's someone amongst Rex's forces that I wanted to meet, that's the reason I'm coming with you" He quickly added, refusing to be swayed by Elder Tilrith.

Not minding the companion, Elder Tilrith shrugged her shoulders, "Come, I don't mind..."

In the next second, the two darted in a direction.

Elder Tilrith was now also interested in this person that Elder Rancaladra wanted to meet. Seeing that he was going to such lengths to meet this person, it should be related to the Dragonman Race.

None excites Elder Rancaladra more than his own race.

If Rex has someone like that amongst his forces, she wouldn't be that surprised.

Considering that he even has an extinct race, a Cyclops in his forces.

While traveling with extreme speed through the desolate plain, Elder Tilrith casts a glance at Elder Rancaladra on the side, flapping his majestic wings, clearly influenced by her demonic energy that acts as an intoxicating aphrodisiac that can ignite the natural desires of males.'

Even she, herself was not expecting Elder Rancaladra to be affected this much.

'I'm now sure that my power got stronger. But then, how come he didn't get affected...?'

Remembering her visit to Dargena City, she frowned.

During that visit when she talked with Rex about the situation with the Rastrikan Demons, she tried to sneak her demonic energy into Rex and found that he was completely unfazed by her. It was almost as if he had no lust.

But then again, that should be impossible as Rex is still a Werewolf with brimming lust.

Just then, Calidora's smile appeared inside her mind.

'Hmmm... Does that Vampire do something to him? No, it can't be. Rex is very meticulous and calculating. Not to mention, he also has strength comparable to us' Elder Tilrith pondered, however, Calidora's presence made her doubt her judgment. 'No, if it's her, then she might do something'

'That little Vampire, she will really be the next Queen Elizabeth...'

Chapter 916 False Invincibility

Listening and seeing it firsthand is a completely different feeling.

Rex has already heard so much fear other races had towards the famous Rastrikan Demons.

All of the gruesome atrocities they have committed in the past, survived through thousands of years, living inside the memory of their victims. It must've left a very deep impression for their feats to survive the test of time.

Due to that, it was also expected that they would not pick and choose their victims.

Sympathy or other related traits were not present in their hearts.

No matter if it's old or young, woman or man, civilians or not, they kill everybody regardless.

Knowing what to expect from the Rastrikan Demons helps Rex prepare himself mentally for the possibility of seeing something outrageous. The amount of horror he had seen was not a joke either, he's not easily disturbed or irked by gruesome acts anymore.

But the Rastrikan Demons had gone through the limit of his tolerance.

Killing children alone is bad enough already.

If Rex saw something even remotely close to that, he would already burst into fury.

However, the Rastrikan Demons went even further.

For them, killing their victims normally is no longer satiating their brutal hearts. Instead, the only way to satiate themselves is through maiming and mentally torturing victims, including children, gradually breaking their will and sanity before ultimately ending their lives.

Just their acts alone wiped all hesitation in Rex's heart, he would let loose for once.

Currently, the Dwarven army was left speechless.

Once again, a surreal sight entered their vision that left them completely stunned.

All of them still remember vividly the horror they are induced by the Rastrikan Demons. In their perspectives, the Rastrikan Demons were unkillable and absolutely monstrous to the point that no plans they created were thought would be able to work on them.

Even before the First Breath arrived, Huvuki already tried to create countermeasures.

Dwarven Captains, high-rank families, and even Huvuki himself gathered for a meeting daily, brainstorming a plan and revising it countless times in preparation for when the First Breath arrived and the Rastrikan Demons came to attack.

Because of their fear, the plan they concocted never seemed to be enough.

It was always imperfect.

Due to that, the sight in front of them served as a wake-up call, a pleasant reverie.

Rex's imposing presence that pressed down on his surroundings with Demon Lord Olgaroz lying on the ground weakly made the Rastrikan Demon who was offered a choice hesitate, looking over to his remaining comrades that were already on the brink of losing.

Out of the thousands inside their legions, now, a handful hundred remain.

No sign of winning could be seen, their leader was already reduced to helplessness.

"I'm giving you a simple choice. Hand me your leader's heart and Sin Epicenter in exchange for you and your fellow demons' lives, or risk dying with my holy blade and can't be resurrected forever" Rex added from the side, stretching his hand upside down.

Seeing the hesitation, Rex puts more pressure to help the Rastrikan Demon make a choice.

Just his voice alone made the Rastrikan Demon tense up even more.

Even the Dwarves onlookers tensed up to, feeling the words that came out of his mouth.

"Imposs'ble, eh...?"

"Y- Yeah, there's nae way tha' Demon'd do that."

"Err... it's a Rastrikan Demon, he'd rath'r die 'an doin' that."

All of them expressed a sign of disbelief, the Rastrikan Demon wouldn't succumb to that.

But their disbelief halted, their lips quivered, and their breaths were stuck in their throat when the Rastrikan Demon's body trembled visibly, showing that he was actually deliberating on doing what Rex offered him.

Even Huvuki gripped his war hammer's handle tightly at the sight of this.

None of the Dwarves believed that a Rastrikan Demon would stoop this low, it's impossible.

"They are fierce... horrifying... and monstrous... t- there's no way, eh...?"

Remembering the past horror of the Rastrikan Demons, Huvuki also believed the same as the others. For an apex predator that even their ancestors feared, this is simply going too far. It's impossible for the Rastrikan Demon to do that.

But the sight made him repeat the words in his mind, convincing himself that he was right.

Forcing the Rastrikan Demon to carve out their leader's heart is stretching too far.

Suddenly, he gasped when he saw the Rastrikan Demon's hand move.

Almost as if Rex's words were acting like a spell, influencing the Rastrikan Demon's judgment, he surprisingly reaches out his claws to the gaping hole in Demon Lord Olgaroz's body, intending to take out the heart as well as the Sin Epicenter as requested.

It was obvious that the fear of not being able to be resurrected got to the Rastrikan Demon.

Rex smiled when he saw this, still having his hand stretched forward.

Despite asking for the heart and the Sin Epicenter of Demon Lord Olgaroz might've gone too far, and had a very high chance of the Rastrikan Demon refusing, he was sure that this would work because he knows one fatal fear that a Demon possessed.

And that is the fact that Demons killed would be resurrected back in the Demon Kingdom.

Something inside the Demon Kingdom gives Demons this ability.

Rex doesn't know what gave such a powerful ability of resurrection to the Demons, but he knows that their souls would go back to the Demon Kingdom where they will be reborn and ready to fight again.

Due to this ability, most of the Demons have this confidence of not fearing to die at all.

But that was completely different when a Demon was killed by a holy weapon.

Engraving a rune that turn Silver Eye holy made it possible for Rex to kill a Demon for good, he would need to exert more power from the rune to do that. The System told him that the rune he bought could only kill 4 Demon Lords before breaking apart.

It was obvious that there would be a limitation.

However, killing a regular Rastrikan Demon is way within the capability of the rune.

As expected, even Demons could feel fear of death.

Maybe the Rastrikan Demons were able to intimidate others to think that they were invincible, but not me. I'll show the world that these Rastrikan Demons are the same. They are vulnerable, can also feel fear, and be conquered.

Looking at the Rastrikan Demon, Rex smirked evilly.

There was an eerie silence on the battlefield as the Rastrikan Demon did the deed.

Demon Lord Olgaroz who wasn't able to move or even talk due to his condition was horrified, he watched the Rastrikan Demon approaching him with wide eyes. Not in his wildest dream that his heart and Sin Epicenter would be carved out by a member of his own legion.

Not forced either, the Rastrikan Demon was willing to do this, fearing for all of their lives.

Splurt!

Blood gushed out as the heart and Sin Epicenter were harvested.

Such a sight plummeted the Rastrikan Demons' famous reputation all the way to the ground.

A sly smile was etched on Rex's face, and it spread even wider when he saw this. His eyes glistened with a fearsome light, as the Rastrikan Demon handed him over the harvested heart and Sin Epicenter with trembling hands.

"Smart demon. You are determined to survive, and I like it" Rex said raspily.

Pausing for a second to view the humiliated Rastrikan Demon, his eyes then slowly shifted back to Demon Lord Olgaroz who was utterly shattered by the sight. Rex gave him a mocking, savage smile to see him so broken.

He then raised the Silver Eye, ready to strike with the holy rune glowing brilliantly.

"I see that you have faith in your legion. However, it appears your faith means nothing to them" Rex said with a mocking tone, satisfied with how this fight turned out. "Just like other forces, it seems yours are still vulnerable"

Not idling any longer, Rex decapitated Demon Lord Olgaroz.

It takes only one elegant brandish to sever his head, ultimately ending his life here.

<Killed a peak seventh-rank realm Supernatural, obtained 500,000,000 Exp>

Upon ending the battle by killing Demon Lord Olgaroz, Adhara approached him from the side while fixing her gaze on the Rastrikan Demon. She leaned to his ear and asked, "What should we do with the remaining ones? Are you going to honor your words?"

"Let the rest of these Demons go, I'll honor my word" Rex suddenly declared out loud.

Gazing back at the Rastrikan Demon who still has his claws smeared with Demon Lord Olgaroz's blood, he continues, "Run along, Demon. Since you are brave enough, you have earned the right to keep living. Now, go..."

Clenching his fists, the Rastrikan Demon dashed away, leaving the battlefield.

Seeing this, the other Rastrikan Demons also did the same thing and fled the place quickly.

"Are you sure this is the right thing to do? They will alert the other legions" Adhara asked.

But this made a sly smile come through Rex's face as he gazed at the fleeing Rastrikan Demons, "I've decided to change my plan against them. I already showed the Dwarven and Elven armies that the Rastrikan Demons are killable, and their legions are also breakable. In the next ones, I'll show them that the Demon Lord of the Rastrikan Demons are also vulnerable, and lastly..."

"Demon Lord Kirgil... I'll show that even the Rastrikan Demons are conquerable" He added.

While saying this, there was no doubt in his voice.

Some might find this a bit too much, but Adhara believed that he would be able to pull it off.

Pshh...

Rex's body started steaming as the anger within him increased his power, his eyes fixed on the direction of where the remaining Rastrikan Demons had run off to, a flash of the young drow being bullied appeared inside his mind.

"I don't want to only kill them, I will expose their false invincibility. When I'm done, nothing of them will remain. The fear they induced on others, I will erase them all and return it back to them tenfold" He muttered, determined to set things straight.

~

Meanwhile, back in Dargena City.

Evelyn has been spending most of her time interacting with the people of the city.

Knowing what Rex wanted from her, she kept presenting herself as a queen figure of the city who would provide comfort. A much-needed figure in a time when worry was at its highest, considering that most of their forces were currently outside fighting right now.

It proved to be effective, as her warm aura and presence made them feel safe.

Most of the people were more at ease because of her.

Additionally, using her charm as a queen figure, she directed their uneasiness to work even harder in developing the city and making it self-reliant, which is the most important step right now in preparation for the increasingly chaotic world.

However, underneath her warm facade was an ultimate worry that was crippling her.

"Sigh... It's hard to keep a calm front when I, myself is not"

Evelyn reached back to the castle and leaned her back against the gate with her hand above her heart, feeling exhausted from the constant mask she was putting on. But then again, this is not much different than when she was still a part of the Luc Family.

Out of the others, she was the one who was most used to this kind of situation.

Sitting on the stairs of the throne, she buried her face in her arms and rested for a moment.

Five minutes later, she took a deep breath and raised her face again, more refreshed than before, "I need to do something. When he finishes the Rastrikan Demons and comes back, he might just instantly leave for Calidora because of her damn scheme. I need to know the probability of that happening"

"But how do I know that...? I don't even know his plan" She muttered in deep contemplation.

Pondering for a moment, her eyes then widened in revelation.

Glancing to the side, she then walked away, "The Witch. She... She must know something"

Chapter 917 Mysterious and Impactful Plan

Calidora's scheme has been haunting Evelyn's mind like a maggot to a carcass.

It was even worse knowing that Rex was still troubled by that incident, saying that they were lucky that he was weakened. Had he not weakened, the incident would have ended in tragedy instead, and she understands that this must be weighing down on him.

All due to the fear of losing more than he already lost.

Just the thought of killing those dear to him with his own claws must've been dreadful.

Evelyn could only massage her forehead as problems kept on arising no matter if it involved the whole world or only the greed of one person. It was also unsettling, the fact that the more she thought about Calidora's scheme, the more she found that it was flawless.

She twisted the situation so badly to her advantage.

Gaining Luna energy and managing to achieve a significant step in her relationship with Rex.

Her scheme managed to kill two birds at once.

On top of that, her plan also managed to somehow make Rex think that being with her was the best possible scenario. She made him think that there was nowhere else for him to stay aside from beside her.

No matter how many times he went berserk, he wouldn't be able to kill her.

A manipulative reverie that made them perfect together.

If Evelyn wasn't able to stop Rex from leaving, then it would be Calidora's total victory.

However, there was one question that still troubles her mind.

'Even if that's the case, what makes Rex consider being with her? He should be fine alone'

Despite it's true that he wouldn't need to worry when he is with Calidora, there's no substantial motivation that Evelyn could think of that made him want to be with her. If he wanted to get away from the others, then he could be by himself.

She found it weird for Rex to want to be with her.

While walking through the halls of the castle, Evelyn was in deep contemplation.

'Is it love...? No, that can't be it. Rex is not someone who falls for someone easily, and he also doesn't have the time to think about that with the way things are. I hate to admit it but Calidora is also too smart to rely on something as uncertain as love'

No matter how much she thought about it, she couldn't figure out a reason.

But she is certain that all will be answered when she meets with the Witch of Chaos, one of the people who definitely knew of Rex's plan. Going underground, she was greeted with a single chamber at the end of the narrow hallway.

The Witch of Chaos wanted peace and silence, so this was the perfect place for her.

Coursing through the hallway with steady steps, Evelyn stopped before the door.

Just when she reached for the handle, her hand halted as a thought came to mind, 'I should've attempted to figure out a way to help Rex in his fight with the Executor... I'm sure Calidora must've won him over by doing that' She pondered, biting her lower lip before she suddenly clenched her hands. 'But it's not fair, he kept his plan from me, so how am I supposed to help him?'

Shaking her head, she opened the door and stepped inside.

Upon entering the room, Evelyn was greeted by a bed chamber covered in soft carpets.

Equipped with plush sofas, a queen-sized bed, plant pots, and pillows scattered on the floor, there was not a freckle of light seen in this bed chamber. It was also not the regular darkness, it was shrouded with something more.

If not for her being a powerful Werewolf, she wouldn't be able to see anything.

However, she could clearly see the Witch of Chaos sitting on the sofa near the corner of the room, humming melodically with Dealkandrax sleeping on her lap, and the insectoid creature wrapping its huge body around the sofa they were on.

Sensing someone coming into her room, the Witch of Chaos raised her eerie eyes.

Realizing that it was Evelyn and seemed to have something to say to her, the Witch of Chaos put her index finger across her lips, signaling her to keep silent as the two cursed creatures were slumbering peacefully.

Nodding her head, Evelyn walks out again to wait for the Witch of Chaos.

'She's really weird. It was almost as if she was their mother, and that is very unsettling'

Despite being humanoid, previously human, the Witch of Chaos treated the two cursed creatures as if they were actually her children. But this must have something to do with her power, and she was required to act like this.

Then again, she might as well enjoying this roleplay.

If Evelyn understands it correctly, her power is a lineage, passed to those who are chosen.

But the understanding of cursed powers has never been clear.

On top of that, the power of curses could be applied to a myriad of things. The thought of this made Evelyn click her tongue in displeasure, 'Calidora has this power, and that helps her a lot in doing her scheme. If only I also have that kind of power...'

Soon enough, the Witch of Chaos came out.

Closing the door gently, she flicked her fingers and made the door glow bronze briefly.

When it returned to normal, the Witch then turned to look at Evelyn.

Ever since she had arrived in Dargena City, this marked the first time she had a visitor, and she was not expecting her first visitor to be Evelyn instead of Rex. Although unexpected, curiosity brewed inside her about the purpose of Evelyn's visit.

"I must say, I don't expect you to come down here, ever" the Witch mused in amusement.

Albeit not knowing her objective in coming here, it must be pressing.

Seeing that Evelyn was nervous and seemed to have something she wanted to say judging from her wavering expression, this made the Witch even more curious. But she already assumed that this had something to do with Rex.

After all, she's the Luna of the Silverstar Pack.

Just as she inspected Evelyn, waiting for her to say something, the Witch slightly frowns.

'Something changed about her, I don't know what. Am I mistaken...?'

Pausing for a moment to arrange the rambling thoughts inside her head, Evelyn decided to be blunt. Beating around the bush would not get her anywhere with the Witch, "I know you are involved directly with Rex's plan, so you must know something. Can you tell me what's his plan?"

Upon hearing this, the Witch eyed her for a couple of seconds.

But soon she puts on a sly smile.

"I must apologize, but that, I can't do. Rex doesn't want you to know" the Witch replied softly.

Not gaining an answer, Evelyn clenched her jaw strongly.

It was not out of her expectations that the Witch was also instructed to not say anything about the plan to her and Adhara, "Okay. Then answer me this, does that plan have something to do with Calidora?"

but she was determined to extract that information. Also, the sly smile on the Witch's face irked Evelyn.

"Okay. Then answer me this, does that plan have something to do with Calidora?"

"Calidora...? I don't know who you're fussing about, Luna"

Pivoting her body away, the Witch deliberately pretended to not be aware of who is Calidora.

Evelyn's expression darkened when she heard this, contorting into a hideous look. "Stop playing games, Witch. I am not in the mood. All you have to do is tell me, I won't let Rex know that you told me about it"

"No, can't do, Luna" the Witch chuckled in hubris. "Everything has a price, don't you think?"

Just from this comment alone, Evelyn knows where this is going.

Locking her eyes with the Witch who was leaning on the wall leisurely, Evelyn squinted her eyes, trying to read through her face, "Tell me what you want in exchange. But I'm sure you're smart enough to not request anything against Rex and the city..."

"Of course, I value my life. What I want is nothing like that" the Witch grins mysteriously.

Standing straight and striding forward, she puts her hand on Evelyn's shoulder playfully, circling her with extreme delight. "In fact, what I want might just align with you, Evelyn. If you help me with this, then I'll give you all the answers you wanted"

Keeping silent, Evelyn didn't budge from her spot and stayed still.

"What I want is inside Rex and Calidora's bodies" the Witch eventually whispered to Evelyn's ear, exposing her desire. "I want the Eternal Curse bonding them two. If I succeed in extracting the Eternal Curse, then you won't have to worry about Calidora again, no?"

Upon hearing this, Evelyn couldn't keep her expression in check.

It would be a lie if she didn't find this proposal enchanting, this is big for her fight.

But even then, she must be careful and think this through with a level head, "When you managed to extract the Eternal Curse, what would happen to Rex? Don't lie to me, because... I will know" She asked, still fixed her gaze forward.

The Witch puts her hand away from Evelyn's shoulder and walks back to the door.

"Nothing" She answered nonchalantly, there was no hesitation in her answer. "Nothing will happen to Rex because if I extracted the Eternal Curse, only one of them need to die. And of course, we can both agree to sacrifice Calidora for this"

Evelyn could feel a sense of dread when she heard this.

Somehow, she felt a sting in her heart, but that was overwhelmed with her excitement.

"Okay, I'll help you do that. So long as you get rid of Calidora, giving you the Eternal Curse would not be too expensive of an exchange" Evelyn nodded, deciding that this was not that difficult to do.

When she caught the words that came out of Evelyn's mouth, the Witch smiled.

It was obvious that she was ecstatic.

Just the slight tremble of her body alone shows that clearly, and that didn't flee Evelyn's eyes, she noticed this reaction. "Well then, since we have come to an agreement, I'll answer your question. Yes, Rex needs Calidora in order to reach the appropriate cursed epiphany to advance his plan against the Executor"

"A crucial part of the plan to be exact, so he really needs her" She added.

Upon hearing this, Evelyn frowned as this was expected.

"Did Rex tell his plans to Calidora? If he really needs her then he must be" Evelyn asked.

However, the answer was surprising as the Witch shook her head, declining her assumption. "No, I'm quite sure Rex didn't tell Calidora. If he did, then that would essentially mean he is giving away the leverage Calidora had over him. As you might know already, he would never put himself in a position of disadvantage"

Once again, this made Evelyn forced to admit that Calidora is very smart and perceptive.

If the Witch is adamant that he didn't tell anything to Calidora, then somewhere along the way, she must've realized that it was going too smoothly with Rex and found out that he needs her for something.

"What is the plan, exactly? I need to know" Evelyn finally asked.

Having a clear picture of the entire plan would definitely help her understand the situation.

But the Witch shook her head which put her at a loss for words, "Don't be mistaken, it's not that I'm not honoring our agreement, I just reckon that you wouldn't want to know. Trust me on this, you don't need to know because he's facing the Executor, a very powerful being that has powers you couldn't even begin to imagine. The more know about the plan, the higher the chance of it failing"

"And if it fails... I can say that you'll watch Rex crumble and die" She added warningly.

Evelyn wasn't expecting this kind of information.

Judging from her expression, the Witch doesn't seem to be joking around either, so the plan must be as complicated and impactful as she said. Unconsciously, she forced down her saliva as she was too hasty.

Not once had she thought that knowing the plan would make the situation worse.

Pausing for a second, the Witch then turned around and turned the door's handle, "We'll start the plan of extracting the Eternal Curse after Rex defeats the Executor. Only then, can we really make our move..."

After saying that, the Witch enters the room and leaves Evelyn in the dark.

Chapter 918 Unpleasant Obstacles

Once in a long time, the Witch finally was able to crack up a smile on her own.

It was an unfamiliar countenance.

Entering back into her quarters after striking a deal with Evelyn who agreed to give up the Eternal Curse, she could no longer hold her emotions. An ecstatic smile broke across her features, revealing the exhilaration bubbling within her.

"Good, this is not going as I anticipated but still on track..." the Witch utters whisperingly.

Stretching out her hand, her cursed energy could be seen dancing excitedly.

Remaining motionless in contemplation, her eerie eyes flashed with a wicked light, "I was hoping that Rex would ask me to be rid of the Eternal Curse, and use that reason to not destroy the curse, taking it over for myself instead. But he hadn't asked for that. Maybe he experienced a change of mind. Nevertheless, Evelyn would suffice in convincing him"

While she was pondering about the matter, Calidora made an appearance in her mind.

"The Vampire Princess... I know that she's not someone to be underestimated ever since her fight against my children, but her deed turned to my advantage, and she has my thanks. Evelyn sought me for help because of her. However, she's very dangerous" the Witch mused inwardly, troubled by her presence.

Nothing seemed to be certain in regard to the Vampire Princess.

It was more so since the Witch knew that even Rex wasn't able to handle her properly.

Judging from Evelyn's reaction alone, she's almost certain that Calidora is slowly becoming a huge problem for the Silverstar Pack. A pack of anomalies that triumphed over many and rose to the third power of the whole world.

By that standard, the Witch is determined to be vigilant when around her.

Shifting her attention away, the Witch glanced over to her children and flicked her fingers.

Mindful not to disturb her peacefully sleeping children, the Witch settled into a cross-legged position, levitating gently in the air through her wicked power. She infused her right hand with cursed energy and proceeded to cover her right eye with it.

While this was happening, a gathering of cursed energy appeared somewhere in the sky.

It swirled slowly before manifesting into a cursed eye.

As the eyelid lifted, it revealed an eye with a raven-black sclera and piercing yellow iris.

Clearly, this cursed eye belonged to the Witch of Chaos.

This cursed eye surveyed the scene below, a vast landscape, where a procession of human army could be observed. Many of them bore wounds and were also exhausted, suggesting they had recently engaged in a fierce battle.

None of the humans below realized that the cursed eye was inspecting them from above.

Due to the cursed energy around the eye, it was untraceable.

Observing this scenery from high above, the cursed eye then turned to the side.

Back at the castle, the Witch of Chaos pulls her right hand away and dissipates the cursed eye from the sky above the human army. "At their speed, they would reach the Symposium about a week or so. Taking into consideration the Supernaturals' future attempts to stop them, they would probably reach their destination in less than a month"

"Tick, tock, Rex... Time is ticking, and you better reach it before them" She added.

~

Meanwhile, somewhere inside the Supernatural territory.

A steep slope was located near the end of a lake, two lands collided with each other like tectonic plates, caused by natural phenomena or even the force of a powerful entity that possessed immense force in the past.

Greeneries fill the slope, and the entire place is also quite rocky.

Some small rocks all the way to huge boulders can be seen, decorating the mundane sight.

But due to the night sky, the mundane sight becomes quite extraordinary instead.

Unlike the daytime when the ground's greenery appeared ordinary, the night transformed the grass into a radiant spectacle, emitting a soft, sparkling green glow and releasing tiny, dust-like particles that added warmth to the cold night.

one's breath away.

On a mile to the right from this place, however, the grass was Despite the world has gone into chaos, this place could still take one's breath away.

On a mile to the right from this place, however, the grass was corrupted with a gradient pale blue energy as an aura-less army marched through with steady and strong steps. An air of death emanates from this imposing army.

It takes one look to recognize this army as an Undead army.

Leading in front of them was a massive, horrifying Undead adorned with ungodly jewelry.

Most of the Supernatural races would instantly recognize this powerful Undead as the current Leader or Queen of the Undead, Elder Noskear who now seemed to be extremely unhappy with the condition she was in.

Even the other Undeads could feel the wrath despite her being calm and composed.

"That insolent Storm Prince! How could he reject such an opportunity, claiming it to be less than ideal, arguing that Kirgil wouldn't inflict sufficient harm to the Royal Black Prince? Just admit that your libido is uncontrollable in the face of the impending Hare Full Moon" Elder Noskear grumbled whilst levitating above the army, coursing through the slope.

Just earlier, she already talked with the Storm Prince about this attack.

Since the news of the fight between the Royal Black Prince and the Rastrikan Demons managed to reach her, she thought that this was a perfect opportunity to strike, or at least see if the opportunity arose.

In a battle of life and death, anything could happen.

Both of them could get lucky and encounter a very injured Royal Black Prince.

However, the Storm Prince denied that chance and refused to come with Elder Nosekar. And that answer was the reason she was in a very bad mood which made her even more determined to strike right now.

If she defeated the Royal Black Prince, she could shove it into the Storm Prince's face.

A moment later, the army passes through underneath a jutting rock.

Elder Noskear was about to command the army to go even faster, which is not a problem for an Undead who has unlimited physical stamina, but the ground suddenly rumbles and abruptly halted the Undead army's march.

Gazing downward, Elder Noskear frowned, sensing an entity inside the ground.

Crash!

Out of nowhere, the earth erupted in a torrent of molten lava, forcing the Death Knights present in the army to create a nether shield to protect the Undead army from the searing heat of the molten lava.

It was then an enormous serpent appeared, suffused with malevolent demonic energy.

Surprisingly enough, this serpent was able to coil its immense body completely around the entire Undead army, ensnaring them within its fiery embrace. Despite the army consisting of thousands of Undead, it was still big enough to do this.

Upon seeing this, Elder Noskear squinted her eyes, finding this serpent blasphemous.

However, the demonic energy that emanated from the serpent's body made her realize that it was no regular serpent. A second is all it takes for her to realize whom this serpent belongs to, and that person is somewhere nearby.

"Well, well, well... You're getting quite predictable, Elder Noskear"

A soothing, graceful voice reverberated to the surroundings, annoying Elder Noskear greatly.

Turning around, a figure could be seen sitting on the tip of the jutting rock above.

Just the purplish skin and seductive violet long hair, enveloped in an enticing purple mist swirl with each breath that even had the power to captivate the same gender, this figure is unmistakably Elder Tilrith.

She appeared to be eagerly anticipating the arrival of Elder Noskear.

Elder Tilrith crossed her plump, thick legs while eyeing Elder Noskear from above, a teasing smile clearly etched on her face, "Surely, you don't believe I'll simply stand by and let you proceed, do you? Personally, I tend to stand by my words"

"Words? It means nothing as long as I can get what I want" Elder Noskear barked back.

Not going to entertain Elder Tilrith and her games, Elder Noskear pointed her deathly index finger before her eyes flickered with nether energy, a chant escaping her mouth, "Nether Magic, Fleeting Death Ray..."

Swish!

Clang!

Despite her attack, Elder Tilrith didn't move from her spot.

Upon the invisible magical attack reaching Elder Tilrith, it hits something and dissipates.

"It seems the chaos of the world serves you" Elder Noskear mused.

Just from that simple attack alone she could already tell that Elder Tilrith was stronger than before, the chaotic situation of the world must be fueling her Sin of Lust with more power as that is generally what living beings turned to in stress.

Seeing that Elder Tilrith was attacked, Zara raised its head higher, shadowing the army.

HISS!!

A menacing hiss escapes its mouth, baring its fearsome sharp fangs.

However, not intimidated by this at all, the unhinged Death Knights also roared back as their energies climbed, preparing to take down this overbearing demonic serpent that didn't know its place.

Similarly, Elder Noskear was also not intimidated, "Are you going to force us to stop?"

"I just might, and that would be a huge loss for you. Reestablishing recognition with the Netherworld for a dead Death Knight can be quite troublesome, don't you agree?" Elder Tilrith retorted, her resolve unyielding.

But this made Elder Noskear scoffed, "You alone? I don't think your power could affect me"

"Who says I'm alone...?" Elder Tilrith smiled teasingly in return.

Just as she uttered those words, a figure descended from the heavens, blocking the moonlight for a brief moment before crashing into Zara's form. His majestic wings unfurled with imposing grace, teeming with brilliant azure, and his reptilian eyes gleamed with pride.

Crossing his arms in front of his chest, Elder Rancaladra flapped his wings one time.

Swoosh!

At that moment, bright celestial stars adorned his wings.

"Elder Noskear, I had believed Undeads to be devoid of emotions. I anticipated my patience to be even more limited than yours, but this is nothing short of pitiful," Elder Rancaladra proclaimed condescendingly, his presence akin to a mountain. "If you desire the opportunity to kill him, it shall come in due time. However, that time is not now. Stand down, or I shall wipe your feeble army from existence"

Upon hearing this, Elder Noskear grinds her teeth in anger, her eyes bulging in fury.

"Despite his origins, he's no Supernatural. Are the two of you truly prepared to wield your might against a fellow comrade of this new era?!" She roared in disbelief, unable to fathom that the two were collaborating to thwart her advances.

Jumping down and landing beside Elder Rancaladra, Elder Tilrith giggled sweetly.

Leaning her head playfully against Elder Rancaladra's shoulder, she locked eyes with Elder Noskear with the same unwavering gaze and declared, "I've heard a glimpse of his plan, and I have a distinct feeling that he might actually succeed in defeating the Executor. I have no desire to face the Executor in battle, so I won't allow you to pass"

It was supposed to be a fine night.

But that all came crashing down as these two appeared as spectacles.

Elder Noskear had intended to exact her revenge for the humiliation she endured, turning her own people against her. However, it had become clear that she couldn't do so, not with Elder Tilrith and Elder Rancaladra obstructing her path and siding with the Royal Black Prince.

'Royal Black Prince, you wretched bastard!' Elder Noskear's mental scream echoed.

~

Meanwhile, back to the Dwarven Army.

Rex picked his ears when a ringing sound infiltrated his eardrums, and this made him look to the far distance with a frown on his face. Is someone talking about me behind my back? Whatever. The preparation should be complete now, time to subjugate more Demons.

Approaching from behind, Adhara reported, "It's about half done, we need more time"

Upon hearing this, Rex nodded his head.

Pivoting to turn towards the Dwarven Army that was preparing something with the corpses of the Rastrikan Demons, gathered from the previous fights, he then commanded with an authoritative tone, "Move faster! I want it done before midnight!"

Responding to this, the Dwarves move even faster.

Despite his authoritative tone, none of them felt bitter as Rex has proved himself already.

"Why exactly are we making it here?" Huvuki chimed from the side.

At Huvuki's inquiry, Rex turned his distant gaze toward the forest beyond the river, which flowed toward a rushing waterfall. A sly smile played on his lips as he contemplated the scene. "It's an ideal stage for a performance they'll never forget, etched into their very demonic souls," he mused. "For unless I am gravely mistaken, they are simmering with fury and coming straight at us as we speak..."

Chapter 919 Wrong Person to Offend

It was nearing midnight, the time of peak power for nocturnal creatures.

A searing heat brushes away the cold embrace that should be present, an uncomfortable sensation for anyone who is near. Damned whisperers of souls were permeating the entire forest landscape, frightening the faunas that were now stripped from their powers.

Snivels and yells of animals could be heard, fleeing the source of this ominous air.

Nothing remained near this hazardous sensation.

Choosing to flee at the sign of danger turns out to be the best choice as distant footsteps, stomping against the earth could be heard approaching from afar. It sounded like a disorderly march of a horde of thousands.

As it got closer, the ominous sensations intensified to an extreme degree.

Paving a violent path through the forest like a tide of blackness is a legion of Demons.

Moving like feral beasts, surging forward with malice.

Bigger ones gallop with four limbs, other smaller ones jump from tree to tree, and the stronger ones sprint with upright bodies. Growls and barks were run free from their demonic fang-filled mouths, dripping with savageness and anger.

It was a depiction of violent emotion, transferred from their leaders.

Just a moment ago, the news came that two legions of Rastrikan Demons were slaughtered.

Surviving Rastrikan Demons conveyed the situation to the other Demon Lords.

Upon receiving the news that Demon Lord Ranath and Olgaroz were defeated by an army of Dwarves led by a powerful individual called Rex Silverstar, Demon Lord Mazel was outraged, fuming with anger that activated his Sin of Wrath.

More so when he knows that Demon Lord Ranath and Olgaroz couldn't be revived.

An incident that he didn't expect to happen in the new era.

Nevertheless, the anger didn't cloud his mind and dissuade him from taking a completely rational decision, pushing away his pride and asking his comrades, Demon Lord Aructh and Kirgil to join forces against the Dwarven Army that is hunting them.

Similarly, Demon Lord Aructh acknowledged the rationality and agreed to stick together.

However, that wasn't the case for Demon Lord Kirgil.

Despite the fact that two legions were slaughtered completely, boasting the power of their enemies, he's still too prideful to work together and instead, decides to hasten his pace to the Dwarven Kingdom.

In front of the legion of Rastrikan Demons, the two Demon Lords were leading at the front.

One is a slender but tall Demon while the other is hulking and burly.

Demon Lord Mazel is a slender and tall Demon, with a hunched yet towering posture. His abnormally long claws scraped against the ground as he moved. Despite his calm demeanor, his lips bore a perpetual and unsettling smile.

Judging from his facial structure, a smiling face is his resting or stoic expression.

Riding a creature, a fiery shark entirely composed of hellfire beside him is Demon Lord Aructh.

Compared to Demon Lord Mazel's slender and tall figure, Demon Lord Aructh possessed a monstrous, broad physique. He wielded two fiery spears in both hands, his impatience to confront the opposing force evident in his expression.

"Blasphemous creatures, I will put an end to them" Demon Lord Aructh mused.

It seemed he felt humiliated more than anger.

Knowing that even the Leaders of the current high-rank Supernatural races would've thought for the second time about confronting them, Demon Lord Aructh considers what this measly Dwarven Army has done as stepping too far.

Opposed to fighting back, they should've bowed their heads and served the Demons again.

But that option was thrown out of the window now.

Since it has come to this, the Rastrikan Demons were forced to genocide the Dwarves.

Like any other conquerors, the Rastrikan Demons were not having fun if they were the ones on the losing side. So this loss would need to be repaid through blood or else other Supernaturals would view them lighter than before.

Soon enough, followed by the legion, the two almost reached a clearing of the forest.

A waterfall could be heard nearby.

Swoosh!

Penetrating through the forest and stepping into the clearing of the forest, Demon Lord Mazel and Aructh halted their march abruptly. Across the river is the army they were looking for, the Dwarven army that is already ready for a battle.

Each of them stacked shoulder to shoulder, clamping their bodies together.

Mounted Dwarves could be seen at the center of the army, ready at a moment's notice.

However, Demon Lord Mazel and Aructh's attention was drawn beyond the Dwarven army, where a barbaric and grotesque sight unfolded, sending shivers down their spines. It was a shocking sight, one that could even shame the devil's own devilish feats.

Both of their eyes bear witness to hundreds of Demon carcasses, nailed to the trees.

All of the fallen Rastrikan Demons were nailed to the trees.

Each tree stood as a macabre testament, bearing the weight of more than a dozen carcasses in a nightmarish display of demonic arboreal horror. Limbs and body parts were grotesquely

intertwined, twisted into unnatural configurations, and contorted to encase the entire tree's form with the remnants of the fallen Demons.

On top of that, the remaining carcasses were tied and drowned in the streaming river.

It was a testament that even scared the Dwarven Army.

Although not the intended recipients of the intimidating spectacle, their bodies trembled visibly, their armors producing faint clinking sounds due to that, and the mutated bears they rode grew increasingly difficult to control, feeling extreme unease.

Someone who could come up with such an intimidating display is definitely not normal.

Offending such a person might be the worst mistake anyone could make.

At the center of it all is a figure, seated with his legs spread on a boulder in a relaxed posture.

Judging from the sharp aura, it was obvious that he was the leader.

"Rex Silverstar..." Demon Lord Mazel uttered.

Not stopping at the gruesome aftermath of the slaughtered Rastrikan Demons, Demon Lord Mazel, and Aructh were further stunned when they noticed an upright ice spike, drenched in thick blood from its base to its menacing tip, positioned behind the seated Rex.

A chain attached to two heads of Demons could be seen at the tip of the ice spike.

Swaying slightly by the night, blowing wind.

Rested on either side of the boulder Rex is sitting are two demonic hearts and two Sin Epicenters, helping both of them to recognize the two Demon heads on the tip as none other than Demon Lord Ranath and Olgaroz.

Killed from the ambush, and now their heads become a decoration of horror.

It takes a moment to wrap their heads around this situation.

Upon realizing that they were mocked, and their fallen comrades were disrespected even in death, Demon Lord Aructh has his entire body trembling with fury, and the demonic energy around his body starts to increase.

Not once in his entire life that he was confronted with such a situation.

Despite having needed to deal with intimidation such as this regularly in the past, nothing surpassed this one, he was completely baffled and ultimately surged with anger at this entity called Rex Silverstar.

Since he is the leader, he must've been the one who came up with this barbarity.

Crack!

Swoosh!

Overwhelmed with anger that was boiling inside of him uncontrollably, Demon Lord Aructh controlled the fiery shark and lunged across the river aiming at Rex at the center who still didn't seem to be concerned.

Even though an attack was coming, he didn't move from his spot.

Raising both spears wielded in his hands, Demon Lord Aructh roared menacingly.

However, when the tip of his spears was about to touch Rex's chest, a shadow moved from behind and landed a powerful drop kick right on his face, hurtling him away back across the river and sending him back, right beside Demon Lord Mazel.

In addition, the fiery shark was relinquished with a swing of a pair of daggers.

"Rex..." A soothing voice called out to him.

Standing before him is Adhara, she was the one responsible for intercepting Demon Lord Aructh's attack. She had already activated her Herald Mark and also her elemental prowess, turning herself into a combination of powers that couldn't be ignored.

Adhara then said, asking for permission, "Let me try fighting the two of them first"

"What makes you think I'll allow that?" Rex asked, calmly.

Upon hearing this, Adhara turned her face away again while tying up her hair into a ponytail using her violet fire. "I may not reached a higher realm but, that doesn't mean I haven't improved. Let me test them so that you can gauge their powers and end them swiftly"

"I may not win, but I'm confident I won't die" She added, confidence in her voice.

Rex remained silent when he heard this.

When she said it like that, it was hard for me to refuse her. But then again, those Rastrikan Demons are clearly shaken by my display. Even if they could defeat Adhara, I could step in any time and it wouldn't be a problem.

Pondering briefly, he decided to wave his hand in agreement.

"Just remember, I don't like to see you hurt. So don't make me regret this" Rex replied.

Giving a thumbs up, Adhara nodded in understanding.

Rex stood up from the boulder and took a few strides forward before letting Adhara fight against the two Demon Lords. In a heartbeat, his power surged forth and weighed down on the surroundings strongly.

surrender and not end up like these fellow comrades of yours"

"For you to surrender, you are only required to... kneel" Rex added, "It's an honor to meet the two of you, Demon Lords," He said, his voice daunting and clear.

Pausing for a moment to let the tension rise even more, he then continues, spreading his arms to the side. "I have something to say before my Female Alpha here, has a go against the two of you. Since I am kind and a magnanimous person, I will offer you a choice to surrender and not end up like these fellow comrades of yours"

"For you to surrender, you are only required to... kneel" Rex added, grinning mischievously.

Upon hearing this, Demon Lord Mazel and Aructh were outraged.

Despite the view of gore behind him that was clear to see, his shamelessness knows no bounds, offering an option to surrender when the two obviously couldn't. Both of them were here to save the face of the Rastrikan Demons.

Revenge is their motivation to come here.

At first, ambushing him was the plan. But it seems Rex has already anticipated them.

"I swear upon the Origin! I will have your head today, Rex Silverstar!!" Demon Lord Aructh roared in anger as he recovered from the attack, exploding his demonic energy into the area, an outburst of his anger.

But this was replied with nothing but a condescending chuckle from Rex.

This response made Demon Lord Aructh grind his teeth in anger, the humiliation was too much, and it was almost as if Rex wasn't taking him very seriously. Nobody, especially knowing the Rastrikan Demon's reputation would not be fearful of them.

Giving no proper response, Rex turned around and headed back to the boulder again.

It makes it evident that he didn't view Demon Lord Aructh as anything.

As Rex settled back onto the boulder, his legs crossed in a leisurely manner, Adhara took confident strides forward in exchange. Her fiery eyes blazed with anticipation, her body poised and ready, eager to engage in the impending battle against the two Demon Lords.

"My apology, but to fight with the Alpha, you have to go through me first"

Pssh...

Crack!

Simultaneously, the blazing fire around her body becomes even brighter and hotter while her body slowly makes cracking sounds as she slowly transforms into her Werewolf form, a form that the two Demon Lords have never seen before.

"Come, let me stimulate your powers to see if you're even worthy to fight the Alpha..."

Exposing an excited grin, Adhara taunted the two with her hand.

Upon hearing the arrogant tone in her voice that seemed to be confident in fighting the two of them at once, Demon Lord Mazel and Aructh burned with hellfire before the two quickly lunged forward.

Meanwhile, on the back, Rex watches this with the same grin as Adhara.

Don't want to kneel? No matter. I'll make sure before this concludes, you will bow before me.

Chapter 920 Approval and Vulnerable (1)

Demon Lord Mazel was the first one to reach the overbearing Female Alpha.

Coating his overly long claws with searching hellfire that is capable of burning through even those who have higher resistance against fire elements, he closed in the gaps whilst still keeping his attention on Rex.

It might be a trap for all he knows.

But even when he got close to Adhara, there was no sign of moving from Rex.

Even the Dwarven Army who was lining up behind Rex in a battle formation didn't seem to be making a move, instructed to stand by and watch the fight unfold. 'None of them looked like they were about to strike, is he really going to let us fight the Female Alpha squarely?'

'Is that how low he's looking down at us?' Demon Lord Mazel thought with a sneer.

Unlike Demon Lord Aructh who was taking this with a burning heart, he instead assessed the situation with a level head. Moreover, instead of announcing his anger for the disrespect Rex gave him, he would show it through his actions.

Taking down the Female Alpha would be a loud message.

Reaching Adhara, he engaged a powerful swipe backed by his immense strength.

Clang!

A fiery spark exploded from their clash as the attack was blocked by Adhara's sharp daggers, forcing her several steps back before she stomped the ground, stopping the momentum, her body fully transformed.

Locking eyes with her brilliant white eyes, Demon Lord Mazel frowned heavily.

'A Werewolf that could turn into a human?' He pondered, a heavy frown on his face. 'So it's true, there are these anomalies in the new era. What kind of form is this? Albino Werewolf? No, if it's true then that would mean she has to be insane, but she's not'

While he was being distracted, a circle of fire appeared on the ground beneath him.

Not intending to waste this temporary advantage that was created thanks to her shocking transformation, Adhara managed to propel Demon Lord Mazel upward with a blast, the Ring of Fire spell and positioned him for an easy follow-up attack.

However, she was not given the chance to do that.

Demon Lord Aructh emerged from the smoke with a maniacal smile, mounting a fiery shark again. Pointing his two spears forward, he gathered demonic energy on their tips and drilled them forward, straight to Adhara.

It was his favorite attack that could penetrate anything.

But his maniacal smile stiffened when he saw his two spears go past Adhara's body.

"For an old Demon, living for thousands of years..." Adhara mused, grinning wickedly at the sight of Demon Lord Aructh's expression. "You sure are reckless, attacking an opponent without knowing full well what their abilities are like this"

Using her Anti-Werewolf's powers, she shifted through the two spears like a ghost.

Pivoting her body around when she passes through the spears and Demon Lord Aructh completely, she brandished both of her daggers in a circular fiery arc, hitting the shocked Demon Lord and sending him crashing to the side.

At the sight of her fight, Rex was quite surprised.

More so than not, he underestimated Adhara who was quite powerful for her realm.

From an obvious standpoint, Rex and even the Dwarves could see that in terms of speed and overall strength, Adhara was lacking compared to the two Demon Lords. But her abilities greatly help her in this fight.

Considering that she could hold her own against two Demon Lords, it was commendable.

Even against non-Werewolves, her abilities are still prominent.

Sometimes he had forgotten that Adhara was the one who was able to hold Flunra back then, and she did quite a phenomenal job, helping him win that fight. Now, that appreciation started to come back to him once again.

Upon managing to win the initial clash, Adhara surged with confidence.

Gazing at the two Demon Lords, one at her front and the other thrown into the flowing river, she smiled teasingly, "Demon Lord Ranath and Olgaroz put up a bad fight in front of their legions, and it was all downhill from then on for them. I hope the two of you don't make that kind of mistake"

It was a mock to Demon Lord Aructh's ears, but not to Demon Lord Mavel.

Looking over his shoulder, he grimaced at the sight of his legions already at the mouth of the forest. None of them depicted fear in their expressions, but their bodies were more honest, evidently trembling at the sight.

Additionally, their leaders being trashed was another reason for them to be fearful.

'This is planned... Now me and Aructh were forced to fight alone'

Despite the legion behind them, a combination of two legions, being overly outnumbering the Dwarven Army that was already shaved because of the previous two fights, the two of them were now forced to beat Adhara as they were seen handled by her.

Respect is everything, a crucial factor in leading an army.

Moreover, individual strength is the only thing that determines values in the Demon Race.

Observing Rex, who remained firmly in his position, Demon Lord Aructh clenched his jaw, realizing they had fallen into his trap. It was obvious that the battlefield was a meticulously prepared stage, favoring their opponents, Rex, and his allies.

Now that it has come to this, there's only one way to reverse the situation.

"Aructh, let's take this seriously..."

"About time, I'm sick of these gnats' arrogant look. Let's butcher them all!"

Crack!

Growl!

Demon Lord Aructh and Mavel unleashed a deafening roar, their demonic energies enveloping their entire beings. With another resounding bellow, their malevolent auras surged to the very peak, climbing high into the air, and amplifying their powers to the absolute limit.

A showcase of their worth for being called Demon Lords.

In response to this, Adhara lowered her stance and prepared herself to engage again.

When their auras reach their peaks, the two Demon Lords slowly exhale before raising their gaze to Adhara. A malevolent gaze that was enthralled with bloodlust, sending danger signals to her senses.

Swoosh!

A heartbeat later, Adhara blinked her eyes and saw Demon Lord Aructh right before her.

Gripping his spears tightly, he swung them at her powerfully.

Slash!

Adhara was not expecting the increase in speed and was caught off guard.

Due to that momentary shock, she got hit cleanly and sent hurtling through the air, bouncing on the river water and crashing into multiple sturdy trees that were unable to stop her propelling momentum.

Pushing herself up, she saw two burn scars on her left arm near her shoulder.

It was seething with demonic energy.

However, the Demon Lords don't want to give her a chance to recover and continue.

As if boiled from within, the ground beneath her started to bubble.

Upon seeing this, her eyes widened realizing that she needed to move. But it was too fast for her to react as a fiery shark shot out from the ground and clamped its jaw on her entire body, sending her high into the air alongside it.

Gritting her teeth, Adhara pondered, 'I need to reset this fight and recover properly'

Just as she believed she had escaped, triggering her Anti-Werewolf power to free herself from the fiery shark's grasp, she was wrong. At that very moment, as she prepared to move, her senses were jolted by a sharp metallic sound.

For a moment, her vision and mind were dazed.

Adhara looked to the side and found Demon Lord Aructh, hitting his two spears together.

Each time he did it, the same jolt happened.

Rex, his lunar light Gladiator Form activated, summoned his wings and soared into the sky with his arms crossed. From this vantage point, he observed the unfolding battle between the Demon Lords and Adhara, which was now starting to take up space.

While watching the fight, he saw this occurrence and couldn't help but frown.

System, is that a demonic disturbance skill?

<No, it's not a skill or spell>

Then what is it? How can that sound affect Adhara that much?

<Analyzing the sound attack...>

<Analyzing patterns...>

<Analyzing energies...>

<Completed!>

<It appears to be a raw method of infusing demonic energy into a produced sound>

<Werewolves are the Supernatural race that has the most sensitive senses, rivaled only by the Dragonman race, and Angel race. A strong enough sound attack is usually able to irritate Werewolves and Dragonman senses>

Upon reading the description from the System, Rex frowned.

It must be a method from the Ancient Era to fight Werewolves. I'm learning something.

Since it's not a skill or a spell, only a method infused with demonic energy, he could already assume that it's another method from the ancient era that was devised specifically for Demons to fight Werewolves and Dragonman.

But he still believes that it's not enough to take down Adhara, she's quite resilient.

Returning back to the fight, Adhara's forehead creased in irritation.

Just as her mind was irritated by the metallic sounds, Demon Lord Mazel arrived in front of her and landed a massive attack with his claws, sending her crashing onto the ground with a fiery slash, Kaboom!

creating a vast crater.

Due to the force, Adhara spat a mouthful of blood. Her back feels like shattering.

However, her regeneration ability was healing her quickly.

Kaboom!

Adhara's body suddenly exploded with purple fire, forcing out a strong enough shockwave to knock Demon Lord Mazel and Aructh who were about to attack her at the same time. At that moment, her entire aura becomes even sharper.

Combining her Werewolf form with her Gladiator Form, she displayed immense control.

Even Rex was surprised by this sight.

I haven't trained much on combining my Gladiator Forms with my Werewolf form. I focused more on other powers, but it seems Adhara has been training to do that. Even I couldn't do that right now.

Seeing Adhara's transformation, he couldn't help but smile in return.

Despite not having paid too much attention to her lately, she still lives up as a Female Alpha.

Swish!

Having activated her Gladiator Form, the purple serpent that hovers around her waist hisses at the two Demon Lords menacingly. Her entire aura turned sharper, like fiery fangs pushing against their skin.

Glancing over to the Demon Lords, she slowly raised her daggers.

"Since the two of you are taking this seriously, then I guess I should done the same" She uttered, her eyes as sharp as the sharpest blade. "Let's start round two, shall we?" Adhara added, an evident smile on her face.

Meanwhile, back to near the river.

Even though the fight has gone elsewhere, the two armies haven't moved from their spots.

Considering the number of them, thousands upon thousands that completely fill the riverside, it was surprising that none of them has made a move yet. It was all thanks to the display of gore that even made the Rastrikan Demons hesitate.

It was too effective that their bodies were crippled by fear.

However, amongst the Dwarven army was a dark-skin figure who seemed to be uneasy.

"Don't overthink..."

"Don't overthink..."

Ryze mutters the words that Adhara says to him repeatedly, he feels out of place due to the invisible strain between him and Rex, but he knows that if he wants to gain his approval and right to be here, then he needs to perform.

No matter what, he would need to stand out so that Rex would look at him again.

Unconsciously, this thought sparks heat to emanate from his body, and this surprises the Dwarves around him that doesn't know what he truly is aside from a person who has a connection with the Female Alpha.

Following that, his body started to be covered in red, armor-like scales.

More Dwarves started to take notice and were surprised to realize that he was a Dragonman.

Pssh...

"If I want to be accepted, I need to do something..." Ryze keeps on muttering, he raises his gaze forward and exposes his feline sharp yellow reptilian eyes. In that very second, with power, he took a hammer from a Dwarf and leaped into the air before a pair of crimson wings sprouted on his back.

Upon doing this, the Rastrikan Demons were also aware of his presence.

Glaring at the legion of Rastrikan Demons that has now turned into an opportunity in his eyes, Ryze gargles his mouth before breathing fire to the hammer, turning the regular hammer into a fiery hammer instead.

It was then that his eyes glistened violently.

"All of you... All of you will suffice"

"I'll- I'll- I'll kill you all!!"