

Full-Moon 931

Chapter 931 Capital Offense

In a wasted plain that bears the scars of a fierce battle stands two horrific figures, one of them is a monstrous red Demon that emits no lesser aura than the strongest Demons. There was a glowing mark on his forehead, containing a power of ancient damnation.

His hand rested above the mark as his eyes widened in horror.

Realizing that the Slave Mark branded onto him was activated struck his demonic soul.

Without the presence of higher beings, the mark should've remained dormant.

Even then, the reality that the Slave Mark was somehow activated couldn't be denied, and his eyes unconsciously shifted back to Flunra who was already putting on a devilish look, enjoying Demon Lord Kirgil's petrified expression.

Flunra's smirk clearly indicated that he was the one responsible for this weird occurrence.

Turns out, the experiment he was talking about is not nonsense.

Demon Lord Kirgil stands rigidly and utters in a whispering tone, "What's the meaning of this...?"

But then, he suddenly fell to one knee.

Coming from the damn energy of the Slave Mark, a sudden electric shock traveled inside his veins and forced him to one knee. A powerful surge of invasive energy boiled within him, able to statue his entire being on the spot.

It was without a doubt, this effect belongs to the Slave Mark.

"Like I said, I'm here for an important experiment. Now I see that it's working" Flunra replied.

Gulping harshly, Demon Lord Kirgil forces his body to stand up.

Even though he is the most powerful Demon Lord of the Rastrikan Demons, he knows the grave danger of this situation. If there was a way out of this, then he would fight back, but there was absolutely no chance he could reverse this effect.

Demons lost to the Ancient Humans were not without a reason.

Blitz!

"Kaarghkh!" Demon Lord Kirgil grunted as his power was negated when he tried to stand up.

Panting heavily with his eyes fixed on the ground, a shiver coursed through his body as his mind was propelled back to the time he wanted to forget, the time when he was first branded with this cursed Slave Mark.

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"Trial for Kirgil, an entity of the Supernatural Force"

"Estimation of transgressions surpasses 10,000 souls, with over half among them being civilians. By the decree of the Supreme Law, within Chapter 11, Section 6, it is proclaimed a Capital Offense.

In the name of the Supreme One, Kirgil is hereby marked with a Capital Slave Mark, bound to callous servitude until death"

Inside a tall spiraling spacious structure, a trial is commencing.

At the center of the circle platform near the peak of the building, encircled by a precipitous, abyssal ring leading to the base of the structure, a sheer vertical drop awaiting any who dare defy gravity is a Demon, chained on the limbs and neck.

Holding these chains are four mythical knights clad in gleaming golden and blue.

Each one of them holds the chain with one hand, and a spear on the other, exuding grace and power that could make anyone refer to them as Demi-Gods. In addition to that, their nonchalance as Demon Lord Kirgil struggled to break free shows that they were used to this kind of situation.

Standing at the podium, reading the decree from a golden scroll is a revered priest.

Arrogance in their position of power.

"Release me this instant! If you don't, the Origin will come and ransack this entire place and kill each one of you!" Demon Lord Kirgil roared, pulling the chains in order to break free to no avail as the four mystical knights were unmovable like a rock.

But the esteemed priest only smiled, cruelly, "Is that your last words?"

Chuckling in hubris, taking the threat as nothing but a child's threat, the esteemed priest walked down the podium into the stone stairs, his golden boots clanking against the ground as he made his way down.

Still adorned in a mocking grin, he approaches Demon Lord Kirgil and stood before him.

"Supernaturals' time has reached its end, your demise has arrived. Currently, the Supreme One is hunting you Demons, and that includes your Origin" The esteemed priest stated, he then leaned down to stare straight at Demon Lord Kirgil's eyes. "If your precious Origin is not dead already, he soon will be. So don't waste your breaths on pitiful threats, you won't scare anyone here..."

Upon hearing this, Demon Lord Kirgil tries to bite the esteemed priest's head off.

However, he was pulled back like a leashed dog.

shaped his hands into a triangle and pointed at his target.

Swish!

Finding the attempt pathetic, the revered priest erupted into hearty laughter, causing his ample belly to undulate with mirth. A golden formation then swiftly appeared before Demon Lord Kirgil when he shaped his hands into a triangle and pointed at his target.

Swish!

Radiating brightly with power, the intricate formation's aspects dance majestically.

Putting his index finger at the center of the formation, the esteemed priest condensed the formation and branded it on Demon Lord Kirgil's forehead, causing an enormously painful sensation beyond imagining.

"KRAARRGHHH!!!" Demon Lord Kirgil roared in agonizing pain.

As the branding process continued, forcing Demon Lord Kirgil's eyes to roll back, the esteemed priest took his time to elucidate, still with his mocking expression. "The Capital Slave Mark will be etched not only onto your flesh but into the very essence of your soul. Its reversal rests solely within the Supreme One's purview. It shall negate any powers within your being when summoned and render you incapable of harming humans, the holy race that sits at the top, as you shouldn't have done from the start until the end of your life"

It was the highest degree of the Slave Mark, reserved only for the worst of Supernaturals.

Even the Origins wouldn't be able to erase this Slave Mark.

The esteemed priest retracted his hand after two minutes, when the branding was finished.

Gasping for air, Demon Lord Kirgil was glad that the pain ceased.

Now, his body hung by the chains as his body was rendered completely powerless, devoid of the demonic energy that once had. Then, the esteemed priest slammed his staff and crouched in front of the weakened Demon Lord Kirgil.

"Additionally, I also add a few other special effects to your Slave Mark" He mused.

In response, Demon Lord Kirgil raised his gaze with knitted eyebrows weakly.

Panting heavily from the pain that was forced onto him, he asked, "What did you do...?"

Upon hearing this, the esteemed priest's countenance twisted into one of grim satisfaction as he eagerly responded, "Now, for whenever this mark is invoked, you shall endure the very agony you now bear, and the more wrath consumes you, the more excruciating it shall be. Moreover, I also added an effect that would grant you an insurmountable urge to slay your own kin the stronger you resist, similar to the urge you have when you want to kill us..."

Demon Lord Kirgil's expression is ashen at the news of this.

Standing up and turning around, the esteemed priest walked away in satisfaction.

"Of course, you may ask why would I do this when the Capital Slave Mark shouldn't be this vicious" the esteemed priest mused, but he then glanced over his shoulder with his piercing eyes, glowing golden. "My answer is... Why not? Hahahaha~"

"Hahahaha~!"

"HAHAHAH~!"

~

A breeze of memory flashed in Demon Lord Kirgil's mind.

Slave Marks were only present to those who had killed an Ancient Human.

Other Supernaturals that don't have their hands stained by the blood of Ancient Humans were spared from this mark. Additionally, those who were branded differed into levels depending on the severity of their crimes.

Compared to the others, Demon Lord Kirgil was at the top, the Capital Slave Mark.

It was even worse when his Slave Mark was tampered with.

Due to the vicious priest, a Magus of the Ancient Human, the Slave Mark branded to his forehead is more lethal than the others. He was utterly terrified remembering his trial in the Ancient Human's territory before being enslaved for thousands of years.

Throughout those years, not once had he experienced the full effect of the Slave Mark.

So the prospect of feeling it right now smeared dread to his heart.

"Make- Make this stop!" Demon Lord Kirgil glared at Flunra, his eyes bulging in fury.

However, Flunra was far from intimidated by such a sight. Instead, he responded with a sardonic grin, thinking to himself, 'This marks a significant breakthrough, I can now activate the Slave Mark. It's a resounding success, and Rex would need to know about this'

Despite being eager to inform Rex, he would need to deal with the matter at hand.

Focusing back on Demon Lord Kirgil, he charged at him again.

Not being in the state of fighting due to the negation effect of the Slave Mark, Demon Lord Kirgil didn't realize that Flunra was already right before him, cloaking his claws with the powerful energy of the Banished Dark Moon.

Splash!

In one quick movement, his claws pierced through Demon Lord Kirgil's chest.

Grunting in pain, the two crashed back and rolled on the ground.

Realizing that he was cheaply attacked by Flunra who was not someone near his level of power, Demon Lord Kirgil recovered and was furious. But in that second, the veins across his body bulged and his eyes widened.

"Kraaghh!" He coughed a disturbing amount of blood, falling to his knees.

Sensing anger that builds up inside of him, the Slave Mark glows golden once again.

The additional effects of the Slave Mark from the esteemed priest were activated, replacing the sensation of anger within Demon Lord Kirgil with excruciating pain that had the power to incapacitate even a Demon Lord, vividly illustrating the agony he endured.

Even Flunra was surprised, it takes a huge amount of pain to put Demon Lord Kirgil down.

Not stopping at that, Flunra sends a barrage of attacks.

Moving like a blur, he traversed the battlefield with lightning-fast steps, attacking Demon Lord Kirgil at the center from all sides and leaving a trail of scratches across his body. Each strike also propelled Demon Lord Kirgil around the battlefield like a ping-pong.

Swoosh!

Appearing behind the propelled Demon Lord Kirgil, Flunra garner his energy to his claws.

Compared to before, the energy he draws is far greater.

Seems like he was about to cast something but frowned and stopped mid-way due to the excessive force it brought to his body. He decided to refrain from doing this attack, and instead do a vertical slash.

In that second, Demon Lord Kirgil turned around but had his neck grasped instantly.

With his claws raised high, Flunra swung down powerfully.

Swoosh!

CRASH!

The ground exploded as Demon Lord Kirgil crashed, producing a vast crater.

His attack slammed Demon Lord Kirgil to the ground again.

Landing outside of the crater, Flunra gazed at the devastation he caused with his arms crossed. He felt pain across his body, but he endured it with a straight face. 'With the Slave Mark activated, he's no match for me'

From the looks of it, there was no need for him to stall for time.

Since the Slave Mark's effect was more powerful than he initially thought, Flunra decided that he would kill Demon Lord Kirgil right now and offer his head to Rex as a surprise when he arrived later.

But as he was about to do that, his attention was drawn to the center of the crater.

Demon Lord Kirgil struggled to stand back up, his body viciously trembling at his attempt to regain his standing. It was obvious that he was on the verge of defeat, as his body wasn't able to recover from Flunra's relentless attacks.

Had he still retained his demonic energy, he would've been fine.

Now that his demonic energy is negated completely, he has no healing powers anymore.

Screeching down into the vast crater, Flunra rubbed the Herald Mark on his arm while he strode towards Demon Lord Kirgil nonchalantly. Despite his body being wounded, it was starting to heal albeit slowly.

It was the end of the fight, and there was nothing that Demon Lord Kirgil could do.

Just as he strode closer to Demon Lord Kirgil, Flunra frowned at the sight of demonic energy starting to seep out once again. 'Hmm...? How did he regain his energy? It shouldn't be happening. Did the Slave Mark wear off?'

Responding to this, Flunra immediately becomes alert.

Getting into his battle stance, he squinted his eyes to search for any cues of an attack.

However, his eyes caught sight of the Slave Mark's golden light glowing slightly brighter, and the energy from it also permeated like a golden mist and devoured the reddish hue of Demon Lord Kirgil's eyes.

A bizarre sight and Flunra didn't know what was happening.

ROAR!!

Suddenly, Demon Lord Kirgil unleashed a powerful roar, shaking the entire place violently.

Flunra became even more alert, and his eyes widened when Demon Lord Kirgil vanished from his spot, dashing with incredible speed. But then, he tilts his head in confusion when Demon Lord Kirgil dashed out of the crater instead of to him.

"What? Is he trying to escape?" Flunra mused with a frown. "Not on my watch!"

Chapter 932 Friendly Fire

Fearing the possibility that Demon Lord Kirgil would use his remaining power to cause as much destruction as he possibly could to the Dwarven Kingdom, Flunra wasted no time and propelled himself after him.

In the entire Dwarven Kingdom, plus the reinforcements, he was the only capable one.

He was the only one capable of fending Demon Lord Kirgil.

Even though there were a couple of strong Dwarves that were tasked with defending the Dwarven Kingdom, as well as Lady Lauren and Daniel who were informed by Adhara of a possible attack, they would at best be able to stall a moment against Demon Lord Kirgil.

Demon Lord Kirgil is too strong for them.

Looking through the lens of power hierarchy, he's in the upper ninth-rank realm.

Compared to the likes of Baralt, Solomon, and the other previous Kings and Queens of Supernaturals, he's way stronger than them. Had it not for the First Breath, it would be possible that he was on the verge of the tenth-rank realm, a pseudo-tenth-rank realm.

Because of that, Flunra would need to end this quickly before anything bad happens.

It would be a failure on his part if bad things happened.

Just the thought of failing Rex's direct instruction alone makes his chest burn from within, causing determination to flicker in his sharp eyes as he exerts even more force to move quicker in order to reach Demon Lord Kirgil.

Flunra takes one huge leap and soars in the sky, scanning the ground beneath him.

Clearly, the fight is still continuing fiercely.

Under the barrage and collective heat that the Rastrikan Demons were emitting from their bodies, able to reach miles away, the snowy landscape of the Dwarves' territory quickly melted like butter with the footprints of thousands.

Enchanters cast demonic incursions, fueling the Rastrikan Demons with more power.

On the opposite side, the Dwarven Kingdom's force retaliated.

Medieval weapons made by Dwarven craftsmanship stationed atop the walls launched a barrage of energy-infused rocks, shaking the ground with each impact, while the Dark Elves sent a hail of arrows that darkened the sky.

In addition, Tigerman also used their superior physiques to wrestle even the largest Demons.

However, Flunra couldn't find Demon Lord Kirgil anywhere.

'His scent and trace of energy vanished. What's wrong with his Slave Mark? It's only supposed to weaken him, not cause something like this' Flunra frowned, he couldn't fathom how Demon Lord Kirgil could vanish like this.

Flunra tries to search for Demon Lord Kirgil's tracks to no avail.

Despite having a monstrous body that should've stood out, there were Rastrikan Demons that were even bigger than he was, making the search for him through size alone quite impossible to do.

But since there was no scent and trace of energy, this was the only way.

Clicking his tongue in displeasure as searching like this would be of no use, he decided to dart his eyes to the right, taking another approach. 'Since he's weakened due to the Slave Mark, he would definitely try to escape. Maybe I should search the rear'

Not intending to give up early, he landed on the ground and dashed away.

Zooming through the snowy grounds quickly.

Assessing the landscape with his sharp eyes, he heads to the plausible directions that Demon Lord Kirgil might've taken in his attempt to escape. 'He shouldn't be far with his current state, let's pick up the pace!'

Swoosh!

However, contrary to what Flunra was thinking, Demon Lord Kirgil is not there.

Near the battlefield, guarded by powerful eighth-rank realm Rastrikan Demons are two female humanoid Demons with ashy black skin, wearing minimal black-veiled clothing were smiling at the anarchy they caused.

A pair of hideous entities from the depth of hell itself, the Rastrikan Demons' Enchanters.

Each of them was constantly whispering demonic chants.

It conjures numerous effects throughout the battlefield that either empower, granting protection to the Rastrikan Demons, or even cause as much chaos on the enemy forces from sickening effects and hellfire explosions.

Seeing the Dwarves have reinforcements is quite unexpected.

Nevertheless, the power of the Rastrikan Demons legion is not to be underestimated.

One legion alone is far beyond the grasp of feeble lower-rank Supernaturals that it's simply unlikely for them to resist and win this fight, and the Enchanters recognized this clearly and were elated at the sight of the struggles of the enemy forces.

"Emmh...? My Lord!"

Just then, one of them was surprised when she saw a figure standing behind her.

Even more so as the demon guards said nothing to them.

But turns out it was Demon Lord Kirgil.

If he was here then he had definitely taken care of the annoying pest that blocked his way earlier, Flunra the Special, and now, he would be joining the battle and fixing the destruction of the Dwarven Kingdom for good.

"You arrived at the perfect time, my Lord. With you joining, they will definitely crumble"

"We would end their peaceful days, and bring them back to reality"

Feeling excited, the two Enchanters' eyes glowed red as they cast one last look at the battlefield which will soon be over when Demon Lord Kirgil joined the fight. There would be no chance for the Dwarven Kingdom then.

Nodding her head, an Enchanter then said, "We're ready to cast enhancements on you, m-"

While she was saying that, she suddenly felt a hand grabbing her head.

"M- My Lord...?"

The Enchanter was initially perplexed when she felt Demon Lord Kirgil's hand on her head, but she soon surmised that her Lord might want to commend her for her exceptional performance against the Dwarven Kingdom

However, the other Enchanter was having other thoughts.

Gazing at the golden gleam in Demon Lord Kirgil's eyes, she felt uneasy for some reason.

Even the Demon Guards were feeling somewhat weird.

But then, the other Enchanter noticed that the Slave Mark on Demon Lord Kirgil's forehead was emitting a radiant golden energy, causing her eyes to widen. She hadn't noticed it before due to the angle, but now it was unmistakable.

"W- Wait! Keturah, get away from him!" the other Enchanter shouted.

Upon hearing this, Keturah cast a weird glance at the other Enchanter before out of nowhere, without warning, the grip on her head intensified, and in the next moment, she found herself hurtling through the air before colliding forcefully with a nearby tree.

She thought that she got thrown, but her eyes widened when she fell to the ground.

"Eh...?"

Right beside Demon Lord Kirgil was her standing body.

It shocked her remaining consciousness beyond comprehension before her eyes rolled back.

Seeing Keturah's head ripped from her body and thrown to the side by Demon Lord Kirgil, the two Demon guards quickly threw themselves in front of the other Enchanter, trying to protect them as they were told.

"My Lord! What's happening?"

"W- We are your underlings, my Lord!"

Both Demon Guards exclaimed, trying to reason with Demon Lord Kirgil.

However, the other Enchanter shook her head, "It's no use, he's under the Slave Mark's influence! I don't know how this happens, but we need to retreat first. Get us out of here, and inform the others that we are retreating!"

ROAR!!

Just then, Demon Lord Kirgil unleashed a powerful roar, shaking the ground around him.

It was so powerful that the shake permeated through the battlefield.

Amidst the chaos of the ongoing battle, even the enemy forces, including Sir Daniel leading the front-line assault and Lady Lauren perched atop the walls paused, and turned their attention away from the battle toward the source of the deafening roar.

Seeing a powerful Demon standing in the far distance, the two frowned in worry.

"Is that the Demon Lord...?" Sir Daniel muttered under his rigid breath.

Lady Lauren, her eyes wide with concern, gasped, "Does this mean Flunra is defeated?"

While the two were stressing from the fact that the battle might've turned for the worst, knowing that there were none aside from Flunra capable of blocking a Demon of that caliber, something unexpected happened.

Contrary to their expectations, Demon Lord Kirgil attacked the Enchanter near him.

Several formidable Dwarves had quietly plotted to ambush the distant Enchanters who had been making the battle way harder than it should have. However, it appeared that their intervention was unnecessary, as Demon Lord Kirgil took care of the matter himself

Even the Rastrikan Demons were confused at the sight of this.

In their minds, they were confused as to why their own Lord was attacking the Enchanters.

But their trains of thought were abruptly shattered as Demon Lord Kirgil catapulted himself onto the battlefield, descending into the heart of the Rastrikan Demon legion with a bone-chilling impact, and didn't waste time to start his rampage.

No matter what, he butchered every single Demon that caught his sight.

Roar!

Graah!

Whimpers and wails of pain spread throughout the Rastrikan Demon legion.

All of the Dwarven forces and their reinforcements stood transfixed as they witnessed this unbelievable scene, utterly dumbfounded by the sight of the Rastrikan Demon leader turning against his own kind, unleashing a torrent of violence that no one could have anticipated.

Despite the weird gladness in their hearts, it doesn't diminish the shocking aspect.

"Should we let this happen or should we help him...?"

Out of nowhere, an Awakened approached and asked Sir Denzel who was still in shock.

Upon hearing this, Sir Denzle smiled wryly, "I don't know what to do myself..."

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Meanwhile, back to the Dwarven army.

"Go deliver the message to Flunra as quickly as possible, and don't worry about your kingdom. It's going to be fine" Rex commanded Huvuki who was already mounting a mutated bear with a calm tone.

Beside him is the Dwarven army that is ready to journey back to the kingdom.

On top of that, the Elves' army is also ready to help them reach the kingdom faster using their natural spells. Hastios told them that there was a teleportation formation nearby that could be used to teleport the Dwarven army back to the kingdom.

It's about half a day's journey, and this would make their journey back way faster.

Compared to going on foot, this is way better.

Upon hearing this, Huvuki nodded his head hesitantly, "Are you sure about this?"

"Indeed, your kingdom is secure. I give you my solemn word. One of my most trusted pack members has discovered a means to incapacitate Demon Lord Kirgil, and I can personally vouch for myself" Rex responded with unwavering confidence, his words flowing seamlessly and assuredly.

Huvuki gazed at Rex's eyes for a few seconds.

A few thoughts came to mind, 'He's a Werewolf, a powerful one at that. He must be keeping contact with this trusted pack member of his through some sort of link. I assume it's Flunra, the one sent to deal with King Samobas back then'

Having no reason to not trust Rex, Huvuki nodded before he signaled to the army to move.

With that out of the way, Rex turned around and strode away.

Only the Dwarven Army as well as the Elven army depart back to the kingdom.

Rex alongside Adhara and Ryze stayed behind, and the two weren't aware of the reason they were not going back with the armies. But it would be foolish to question Rex as he definitely had a legitimate reason to be here.

"Now that they are gone, we also need to be on our way. Follow me" Rex said nonchalantly.

Walking to the cliff, he then jumped down the waterfall.

Crack!

A crack was created as Rex's feet made impact with the ground.

Similarly, Adhara and Ryze followed after him and landed right behind him. Compared to Rex and Ryze who made a crack in the ground, Adhara fell gracefully, she didn't even make a sound as her feet touched the ground.

Then, the three of them made their way in a direction.

"Least you could do is tell us where we are going, Rex" Adhara commented from the back.

Upon hearing this, Rex smiled mysteriously.

But he decided to answer, "The Rastrikan Demon's temporary den is our destination"

Chapter 933 Esoteric Discussion

Since the defeat of Aructh and Mazel happened at daybreak, it was bright right now.

Rex and the others made their way to their destination.

But along the way Ryze was surprised to find that Aructh and Mazel came across them, the two previous, monstrous Demon Lords who were now reduced to a human-like shape were following them from behind like obedient dogs.

It worries him, but Rex and Adhara don't seem to give them any mind.

Knowing that they were already turned into a Half-Werewolf, they pose zero threat right now.

Not that they were too weak, but they were incapable of doing anything.

Having endured the traumatic event that left their minds completely shattered, coupled with their newfound allegiance to the Silverstar Pack means that they were fully subjugated, incapable of causing harm to anyone unless expressly ordered by Rex.

Due to those reasons, Adhara wasn't worried about Aructh and Mazel at all.

"Why did the Rastrikan Demons have this den? For what purpose?" Adhara asked curiously.

She understands that a huge army would need to have a camp for them to rest and recover, but the Rastrikan Demons don't need any of that, thus having a temporary den seemed odd to her.

Upon hearing this, Rex cast a glance over his shoulder, "Why don't you explain it to her?"

Realizing that it was directed at him, Aructh's body stiffens.

Even though he watches the process from the start to the very end, it is still surreal for Ryze to see that Aructh, the more aggressive out of the two becomes this weak and docile almost as if he had turned into a different person mentally.

Heeding the command, Aructh then explains, albeit with his voice trembling.

"We are an assault section of the Demons, an effective one at that," He started, despite feeling uncomfortable stating this in his condition. "We mostly spend our time outside of hell attacking other small encampments or strategic places, and thus bestowed Caraptaros, a unique Demon that has numerous handful abilities that would make us better as an assault legion by the Origin"

"It serves as a portal connecting to the kingdom that could be used as an escape route or a swift path to reinforce the kingdom if it's attacked, generate demonic energy to help the legion recover faster, and also similar to the D--- Huh?"

Aructh stopped when he found himself unable to utter the word he wanted to say.

"This is weird" He mused in confusion. "It's also similar to the D----?!"

Despite trying to repeat his sentence for the second time, he failed to say it again.

It was almost as if his tongue was twisted before he could say it.

Rex and the others looked at Aructh in confusion, not expecting something like this. He had no trouble talking earlier but it seemed he couldn't say a specific word or term. Something stopped him from saying it as if his own tongue wasn't willing to utter it.

System, what's wrong with him?

At times of confusion like this, he relies on the System to explain this situation.

<...>

<Aructh is possibly being bound by a powerful race suppression, rendering him unable to say confidential information to others. It's ingrained into his very essence and couldn't be overpowered as the suppression gets stronger with time>

Huh... So there are things like that.

Well, considering that he was captured like this, it makes sense.

Having someone, especially such a high-caliber Demon like Aructh be captured, it's crucial for the entire Demon Race to keep their secrets hidden as there are many spells or abilities that could force someone to talk.

There were probably more in the ancient times.

So having a suppression like this should not be that surprising.

Knowing that he wouldn't be able to say it no matter how much he tried, Rex waved his hand.

"Skip that and tell us its effect instead" He instructed.

Upon hearing this, Aructh nodded his head before he continued, "Essentially, similar to this 'thing', the Rastrikan Demons that fall in battle would also be rebirthed inside Caraptaros which would allow us to constantly attack without pause"

Aside from the weird pause earlier, Adhara nodded in understanding.

Most of this Caraptaros Demon abilities are similar to a regular military encampment with a few special effects that made it way better, and designed to really compliment the Rastrikan Demons' nature of conquering.

It's overall an effective den.

But she wasn't expecting that this den was also a Demon.

Putting the pieces together, she then turned to look at Rex, realizing his plan. "Does that mean you are expecting the last Demon Lord, Demon Lord Kirgil to come back here if he gets into trouble he couldn't handle?"

"Yes. I know about the den from them, and the plan just hits me" Rex replied leisurely.

Despite knowing that Flunra and the reinforcements were there to defend the Dwarven Kingdom, Adhara still couldn't help but think that Rex was jumping to conclusions and underestimating Demon Lord Kirgil.

Surely, something unexpected is bound to happen.

It would be better if they also rushed back to the Dwarven Kingdom to help.

Even though she followed Rex here, fully trusting in his decision, she didn't expect that Rex would be this confident in the situation. Almost as if he knew exactly what was going on in the battle right now.

"Aren't you rushing things? What if Demon Lord Kirgil doesn't meet that kind of problem?"

"Don't worry, he would"

Upon hearing Rex's quick and confident answer, Adhara frowned.

She couldn't help but blurted out her own thoughts, "Why are you so confident? You even gave Huvuki your words earlier. I don't know if you have forgotten your own words, but you should avoid making important decisions based solely on your emotions. Your trust in Flunra's abilities might have blinded you to other potential risks"

Rex stopped and glanced at her with a smile.

Despite he was technically being questioned right now, he felt elated instead.

Maybe it takes quite a long time for her or the others to get it, but she's starting to rely more on her logic in crucial matters while still retaining herself when it's not an important matter, like her teases earlier.

"Logical, but let's just say that my eyes can see what's going on directly" Rex replied.

As he said that, his eyes glowed with a white hue.

Having spent the most time with Rex out of the others, she was familiar with some of his abilities that could change the color of his eyes. However, this was the first time she had seen his eyes gleam white.

But then, she was reminded of the moment when he had sat meditating on a boulder.

After the fight against Demon Lord Ranath, he meditated.

Since she was not paying attention closely, Adhara wasn't aware back then.

Now that she tries to remember that time some more, his eyes at that time despite being closed should also emit the same white hue which indicates a new power that she wasn't aware of, or maybe he got this power a while back but he never used it.

"Is that so? Then it's my fault for being too worried" Adhara resigned with a light smile.

Rex shook his head and rubbed her head, "No, I'm happy that you asked"

Upon traversing for another hour through the woods with the help of Aructh who showed the way, the landscape around them started to gradually shift from dry to moist until they finally entered a mystical swamp.

A sudden change that they realized when the ground in front of them was filled with water.

But the three at the front didn't really mind about the water.

Stepping into the liquid crystal shimmering with a soothing light, Rex activated his red force and determined that it was shallow water before proceeding. Adhara followed suit, using her violet fire to create a barrier, ensuring no water touched her. Ryze did the same, his natural heat forming a dry path with each step.

On the other hand, Aructh and Mazel have nothing of the sort.

Coursing through the mystical swamp, they looked around the swamp in appreciation.

An enchanting greenish glow that was intensified by the sunlight pervades every corner, casting an ethereal radiance upon the While walking, Rex gestured for Ryze to come walk beside him.

landscape. Its foliage was painted in vibrant shades of emerald and jade, a crystallization of nature's wonder and enchanting magic.

While walking, Rex gestured for Ryze to come walk beside him.

Upon seeing this, Ryze quickly picked up his pace and looked at Rex with raised eyebrows.

"Do you have something to tell me?" He asked curiously.

Rex nodded his head and kept his gaze forward, alert to any danger unseen as they should be nearing the temporary den, "When you are inside Ratmawati City, tell me what is the situation there. What changed?"

Not expecting a heavy question, Ryze remained silent and pondered for a moment.

"I guess, if you're talking about the situation, it was very tense, uncertain, and chaotic" Ryze replied, remembering the look on the people's faces. "At the center, near sector 1 is the Executor's castle. The area around it has become a forbidden place and is guarded by Awakened and military personnel tightly"

"For the changes itself, there was none. The Executor doesn't care about the people"

A devious smile crept onto Rex's face when he heard this.

Like an open book. One should not judge a book by the cover, they say... But for the Executor, he wears his personality on his skin. He acted exactly as I, or anyone else, thought he would. Predictable.

Pausing for a second, he then thought of another question.

Although he wanted to ask about the people around the Executor, he doubted that Ryze would have any information on the matter. If Ryze ended up here, then he was definitely not with the Executor or even near the castle at all.

Considering that he's pompous in his supremacy, it makes sense that he neglected Ryze.

Rex could only sigh at himself.

Despite he also felt that he was stronger than others, or might not need others' help, he would always use the resources around him effectively. Neglecting a Heavenly Dragonman, an obvious asset that could help is just plain arrogance.

But then again, this is something that would benefit Rex, so he's not complaining.

"What about Edward...?" Rex asked blatantly.

Even though it's better to think that Ryze remembered all the things he had done inherently, he knows that it's simply not true. In order for Ryze to come to this realization, something must've happened between him and Edward.

Only when he was all alone that he remember Rex.

"I assumed he took care of you there, so what happened?" Rex added, squinting his eyes.

Looking down at the crystal clear watery ground, Ryze arranged his thoughts while fidgeting with his hands before he eventually replied, "Me and Edward, we got told by President Sebrof to learn from Awakened folks from the neighboring major city. I was going fine for a bit, but things got weird when the Executor woke up. He got even grumpy cause there was no news from Lady Giana"

"Hmmm...? Is that so?" Rex muttered silently, pondering about the matter.

Seems like Edward has made a secret deal with Lady Giana, yet she didn't come back.

How could she when she's turned into a Werewolf?

If it's a clandestine agreement with Giana, I can deduce that she intended for him to remain within human territory as a hidden asset, possibly to act as a deterrent in case I ever considered attacking humans. She wanted him to be a shield against me. But if that's the case, then that means Edward's demand is...

Upon coming to a realization, Rex looked over his shoulder with a peculiar smile.

So that's it. Guess the act you did earlier was also a test.

Rex shook his head as he now needed time to contemplate this, thus he decided to pick up his pace, "Let's move quicker, we need preparations for Demon Lord Kirgil too. I want this to be over as soon as possible"

With that, Adhara and Ryze also picked up their paces.

On the other hand, Aructh and Mazel felt a chill when they heard the word 'preparation' from Rex's mouth remembering what had happened to them. But the two of them too quickly followed from behind.

Chapter 934 Soulreaver Lance

"Welcome back, Executor...!"

In front of the castle, hundreds of people bowed deeply and greeted the Executor.

Since there was nothing they could do aside from believing in the hardly-human entity called the Executor who has ruled over the entire Ratmawati City and cities under it, the Awakened, Black Hands, and military personnel dedicated themselves to him.

When the Executor heads back, a communication was sent.

Everyone who was tasked to guard the castle prepared a charade to greet the Executor.

Neatly lined military vehicles from SUVs and even tanks could be seen, creating a pompous path behind the deeply bowing people that ended at the castle's entrance, a sight that was quite marvelous to view.

Despite his arrogance, the gesture cracks a smile on his face.

"Looks like people started to understand their place" the Executor mused, derisively.

Most of the people around the area were already expecting Brigitta to be alongside him, and they also received a message that the Executor brought along new weapons with him, but none of them expected to see something like this.

Under the presence of the weapons, these hardened men and women trembled.

It was a feeling that they recognized clearly.

No real threat was heading towards them, however, the weapons in each of the Executor's clutches were emitting horrendous energy, capable of creating a threatening illusion that activates everyone's natural fight-or-flight response.

Both of them were spears, one was black and the other was gleaming grey.

Out of the two weapons, the black one was about six meters in length and exuded a notably more aggressive energy. Its body appeared as deep space-black, resonating and humming like a formidable black hole, while a ruby-red aura layered it that resembled the darkest hue of blood.

As the Executor advanced, it left behind a trail of dripping, incandescent red liquid.

While the other one is a steely-grey spear of the same length.

Contrasting to the black spear, this one emanates an uncanny, bloodcurdling energy. Its body resonates and gleams like the brightest star and the base of the spear emits a swirling grey smoke that spirals up to the spearhead.

Despite the more aggressive nature of the black spear, people were more afraid of the other.

How could they not when they knew the tragedy behind the grey spear?

A couple of Awakened that were stationed in a small city that unfortunately is in the path of the Executor was almost wiped out to the last fraction of citizens. It's been said that the Executor barged in, and asked them demandingly to sacrifice their lives for the greater good.

He described it as an honorable act to die for the benefit of himself.

Fortunately, he didn't do this homicidal act without a reason.

One of the Awakened in that city explained that this act was done to fully activate the grey spear, whatever that meant, which still seemed to hunger for more souls. Consequently, the Executor determined that the citizen of the city would suffice to satisfy the grey spear's appetite.

Some of the citizens tried to run in fear, but that didn't bore well for them.

Eventually, out of the population of this third-level city, only less than a quarter remains.

Now that the people greeting the Executor look at the grey spear, the news is repeated in their minds and makes them even more terrified as that spear had just devoured close to a thousand innocent people if not more.

Despite warming up to the Executor already, Brigitta still feels her head throbbing.

Her morals were undergoing an imminent crisis.

Seeing those innocent people killed caused this to happen, it was almost as if she got punched directly. In the previous reign of President Sebprof, there was a couple of tragedy such as this that happened.

But it was not to this extreme.

At the very least, he did it secretly and away from prying eyes.

Or better yet, he manipulated them into thinking that this was the right choice.

Contrary to the Executor, who did it openly in plain view and imposed his will without giving the people a choice, President Sebrof appeared like a saint. People were beginning to see this even more clearly, the difference between them, like a transparent surface of water.

Keeping a cool demeanor despite feeling chaotic inside, Brigitta keeps on walking onward.

'It's fine... Everything is fine... If we want to win against the Supernaturals and their awakened older generations, this kind of ruthless leader is needed. Yes... This is okay, this is necessary. Those lives killed are necessary sacrifices for the greater good...'

Brigitta has been repeating these words inside her head along the way.

She was attempting fiercely to hypnotize herself to consider this homicidal act as necessary.

Upon reaching the castle's entrance and opening it with a wave of his hand, the Executor was greeted by Edward and also King John who was also already expecting his arrival and waited patiently behind the entrance.

"Is it okay to assume that your journey has gone smoothly, master?" Edward greeted.

Viewing the two new spears, the answer should be clear already.

Deciding to not reply with words but instead offering a sly grin, the Executor nodded before stretching out his left hand and gently putting the grey spear into the ground in front of him.

Clang!

It produces a deafening metallic ear-irritating sound.

Also, a pulse of numbing smokey-grey energy erupted from the point of impact.

Despite being laid gently, the impact was quite heavy.

Edward knitted his eyebrows when he saw this, and he hesitantly raised his gaze to meet with the Executor's gaze who was surprisingly, smiling at him, "A weapon for you, Soulreaver Lance. It's crafted by me, and assembled with strong souls. Its power could even reach the tenth-rank realm with enough souls devoured, and the First Breath's suppression is lifted"

Upon hearing this, Edward was shocked as he wasn't expecting any gifts.

Despite having a good relationship with the Executor, it hasn't progressed this far yet.

Grasping the grey spear when the Executor gave him an acknowledging nod, giving permission even though he was feeling reluctant, Edward could feel the course of smoke on the spear's surface brushing against his hand, and the power within whispering to him.

It sparks a mental pain, the corruption capabilities of the spear are otherworldly.

'Kill...'

'Use me to impale all...'

'Use me to kill all...'

Edward shrugged off the whisperers and refocused his attention on the grey spear.

Seeing that he could bear the sadistic nature of the spear, the Executor retracted his hand.

Only then that Edward could feel the entire weight of the grey spear.

Boom!

It was so heavy that the bailey's ground trembled as the end of the spear dug into the soil.

A weight that no normal human or most Awakened could bear.

Just this alone showed that this grey spear's weight is completely irregular to the core.

No wonder that despite the Executor seemingly laying the grey spear gently, the impact still created a deafening sound and also erupted a pulse of energy. Turns out, the weight of this marvelous weapon is not a joke.

In a heartbeat, Edward's damned black armor moved and gathered on his right hand.

A blub of darkness covered his right hand.

When it was done, he yanked the grey spear from the ground easily with one hand.

Gazing at the grey spear, inspecting it from top to bottom, a peculiar look appeared on Edward's face, 'Hmm...? It feels familiar for some reason. It's almost like I had seen this somewhere but I couldn't remember' He mused inwardly.

Upon seeing this peculiar look, the Executor smiled cheekily.

"Don't dwell excessively on the spear, direct your efforts towards controlling it is a challenging endeavor. Ensure your mastery of it familiarizing yourself with it. If you haven't grasped it yet, understand that the spear houses a formidable entity within, and controlling it is a challenging endeavor. Ensure your mastery of it within the next three days" the Executor declared before striding purposefully towards the castle.

On the other hand, Edward was still inspecting the grey spear weirdly.

But then, he quickly snapped out of his trance and gazed at the Executor's imposing back.

'Maybe I'm closer to him than the others to him, including Brigitta, but it's too soon to think that he trusts me so much to give me a weapon like this. Just like what he did to King John, he must've had something in mind for me from giving me this spear. I can feel it already...'

Edward gulped harshly at the thought of that.

None of the people around the Executor is truly lucky, they were oppressed the same.

King John is obvious, while Brigitta endures mental pain throughout.

It came to the point that even Edward began to suspect that the Executor kept Brigitta close to him, almost like a secretary, because he took pleasure in the moral dilemma and agony that she experienced whenever he committed atrocious acts.

From Edward's perspective, this kind of torture is something that the Executor would do.

Kindness and honor are not traits that the Executor possessed.

Associating human traits with the Executor is a foolish endeavor, as he's not a human.

Now Edward believed one hundred percent that even if someone dedicated themselves to the Executor for a thousand years, he wouldn't show some kind of appreciation or honor as he was incapable of acting humanly like that.

Thus, it was natural for Edward to think that there was another reason behind this.

Another hidden reason for giving him this spear.

"Why three days? Is there something going on in three days?" Edward blurted out a question.

Upon hearing this, the Executor abruptly stopped.

Pausing for a moment, he then turned. His gaze swept slowly over his shoulder, eyes aglow with a formidable glint of power that could instill fear in even the bravest of hearts. With a somber tone, he pointed to the fractured, sunlit sky and uttered grimly, "It's going to be the Hare Full Moon soon..."

It was then that a frown crept into Edward's face.

'Hare Full Moon...? What's that have to do with us?' He mused in utter confusion.

Currently, his mind was racing with thoughts.

But the Executor didn't grace him with an explanation and entered the castle, disappearing from view. When he disappeared, Edward stood on his spot still pondering about the matter as he tried to peer through the Executor's mind to no avail.

Unbeknownst to him, while he was thinking, something happened.

A portion of black armor dripped to the ground.

It was a blob of black liquid that started to move slightly, almost as if it was alive.

Like a bullet, this blob then shot into the castle.

Not even Edward noticed this as the blob of black liquid seeped through the cracks of the castle's gate and disappeared. However, King John who was standing by the side, still seemingly in pain saw this from start to finish.

His brows furrowed at the sight of this, 'What was all of that about...?'

Meanwhile, inside the Executor's castle.

"Go and keep an eye on Gistella" the Executor commanded with an authoritative tone.

Upon hearing this, Brigitta nodded sternly and walked away.

Gazing at Brigitta's back going further away before disappearing into the hallway, the Executor trained his gaze forward again before purple Chaos element swirled on his hands as he headed towards his throne.

Just then, a black blob flew towards his hand, like a magnet to a piece of steel.

Reaching the throne, he sits on it leisurely.

With his legs crossed, the Executor raised the black blob in his hand, a flicker of keen interest dancing in his eyes. "Now, let's see what you've been up to in my absence. I'm certain that you've had a conversation with her," he mused with a sinister smile. "This would determine your death, so if I were you, I hope you don't do something ignorant"

Flicking his fingers, the black blob glowed for a second with the same purple hue.

"Oh...? It seems I was correct, you did talk with her" the Executor whispered grimly.

Chapter 935 Unabated Persistence

'No... Not again!'

Slash!

Crunch!

'It should never happen, ever. I need to regain control, somehow!'

Splash!

'I- I can't do it! Flunra... He's keeping the Slave Mark active!'

Growl!!

Raahh!

Demon Lord Kirgil could only complain and shout inside his head, unleashing the frustration and helplessness that he was forced to experience. His body wouldn't listen. No matter how much he tries, the carnage wouldn't stop.

Five minutes have passed, and the damage to the legion was catastrophic.

In a breeze, his own force was scattered.

Contrastingly, the enemy forces ran to the safety of the walls, letting him run rampant freely.

Even though his willpower is still burning strong, blazing with the desire to regain control and stop the massacre he was committing, his claws were now coated heavily with the blood of his own kin that he had killed.

All of the fallen ones would be revived back in Caraptaros, but will it be the same?

It was true that none of the Rastrikan Demons he killed would die permanently, however, that doesn't mean their view of him wouldn't change. Having their own leader sabotaging their assault and even killing them is not something that can be shrugged off easily.

None of them would forget about this.

Demon Lord Kirgil wouldn't be surprised if they become hesitant to follow his leadership.

Because of that, he was struggling with all his might to resist this damned ancient power. A curse that was engraved into him by a Magus, the evil priest who was cruel enough to disregard sanity and punish him in this cruel way.

Killing enemy forces should be a natural thing in war.

Regardless that he killed more than 10,000 people, they are at war, it should be normal.

However, the priest, pompous in supremacy punished him through torture.

Giving him a swift, permanent death would be the honorable route. But the priest wasn't going to give him that grace and decided that forcing him to kill his own kin in return would be the best possible punishment for him.

His vision is now dripping with killing intent, the desire to kill is like a natural hunger.

In the next moment, powerful Rastrikan Demons, four of them that were Demon Captains take hold of his limbs and restrain him in place. 'Yes! Stop me! Use everything you have to stop me! I don't want to do this!' Demon Lord Kirgil shouted inside his head excitedly.

But sadly, their collective might wasn't able to hold him for long.

Kaboom!

A blast of demonic energy exploded from Demon Lord Kirgil's body, freeing himself.

Similarly, the Demon Captains were propelled away.

Each of them screeched across the snowy ground before crashing into the walls, the forest, and even rocks. It was a devastating blast that none of them could hope to endure, even with their own demonic energy protecting them.

It was at that moment that Demon Lord Kirgil's countenance grew ghostly.

After millennia of existence decorated with countless battles against a myriad of foes, Demon Lord Kirgil found himself in an unprecedented situation. It was the first time for him to encounter a situation where his power became a disadvantage.

He regretted not heeding the plea of the other fellow Demon Lords.

Had he listened and cast away his pride, regrouping into one, this wouldn't happened.

Even if it did happen, three Demon Lords would be enough to restrain him.

Now that there were no Demon Lords here aside from himself, there was no one stopping him. Naturally, this frustrating situation triggers his Sin Epicenter of Wrath and Envy which in turn sends an excruciatingly painful electric wave from the Slave Mark.

But despite this, his body couldn't stop attacking other Rastrikan Demons.

Demon Lord Kirgil is in a perpetual state of torture.

It was a horrifying thought to be in Demon Lord Kirgil's shoes, his body was tortured with pain and his mind was also tortured as more and more Rastrikan Demons fell to his absolute might that couldn't be stopped.

Only about another ten minutes later, the entire battlefield had become emptier.

All of the Dwarves, Awakened, Tigerman, and Dark Elves that were now inside the safety of the walls sucked in a cold breath as the entire legion was reduced to a fraction of its size with Demon Lord Kirgil kneeling at the center.

His body is riddled with wounds and spasming a couple of times in pain.

Even though he was quite strong, the Demon Captains were able to hurt him for quite a bit.

Numbers also played a big role as the entire Rastrikan Demon legion turned against him, attacking him in order to somehow snap him out of his rampaging state. But in the end, only a handful was left before Demon Lord Kirgil fell to his knees.

At this moment, his body has already exerted everything to the point of exhaustion.

"My Lord..." One of the remaining Demon Captain utters.

Currently, half of his torso was gone, and was limping forward before falling to his knees right beside Demon Lord Kirgil with rigid breaths, "What happened? How did your Slave Mark get activated when we're only facing- facing small Dwarves...?"

"Defeat against them shouldn't... be... possible..." He added before falling face-first.

Like an ember, the Demon Captain's body burns and disappears.

But unlike what the Demon Captain thought, Demon Lord Kirgil couldn't hear him as he was still assaulted by the excruciating pain until suddenly, he blinked his demonic eyes a couple of times and took in a huge amount of air into his lungs.

Prostrating on the ground, he then started panting as the Slave Mark dimmed.

"It- It stopped... Finally..." He uttered silently.

Raising his gaze weakly, Demon Lord Kirgil was faced with the hauntingly empty battlefield and realized that he was the one who caused this. In the end, he could only grit his teeth and assemble his remaining strength to dash away.

With Flunra still around, he could stay idle here or else he would be killed.

Even though he would be reborn if he died, he would be weakened for quite some time.

Demon Lord Kirgil doesn't want that, so he needs to escape from this place.

Upon seeing that Demon Lord Kirgil attempts to escape, a couple of leaders including Sir Daniel and Lady Lauren command those under them to chase after the wounded Demon Lord, with no intention of letting him go.

It was true that the fight ended as their victory.

However, leaving Demon Lord Kirgil alive would've been a dangerous move for them.

One day he would come back again, seeking revenge if he managed to escape.

With an unstoppable tide of determination, the defending forces poured forth from the safety of the walls, sweeping across the entire battlefield and mercilessly dispatching the remaining Rastrikan Demons, who were now scattered.

Having no chance of winning, they attempt to flee the desolate battleground.

The Dwarves, Dark Elves, and Tigermen were the ones most excited about this situation.

None of them expected that the day of them chasing the infamous Rastrikan Demons who were fleeing a battle would come. But it did, and the sense of superiority and triumph fueled them with unabating endurance.

Despite their fatigue, all of them sprinted without the care in the world.

Just then, a figure landed at the very front of the charging force, halting their stampede.

It was Flunra who saw what happened from start to finish.

"Focus on chasing the remaining demons. Don't underestimate Demon Lord Kirgil, I'll be the one to chase after him" Flunra said with a stern tone, seeing that many of them were getting ahead of themselves to chase Demon Lord Kirgil.

Even though he's weakened heavily, he's still a Demon Lord.

After saying that, he turned around before dashing into the snowy woods once again.

Leaving the battlefield to chase the main leader of the enemy force, Flunra sniffed the air and followed the bloody and ashen scent that was coming from Demon Lord Kirgil. It's easy to keep track of him now that the Slave Mark is deactivated.

'His Slave Mark is unique, the others shouldn't have that kind of effect' Flunra pondered.

Witnessing the scene from earlier, it became quite obvious.

Flunra doesn't know fully about the Slave Mark as much as the Magus of the Ancient Humans, but he does know that Slave Marks are capable of suppressing a Supernatural's power, and its suppression varies depending on the category of the Slave Mark.

Just like his Slave Mark, he would be severely weakened if that happened.

But this should be the only effect it has.

Surprisingly, the Slave Mark that was branded on Demon Lord Kirgil has more effects.

It was a special Slave Mark capable of also making him berserk.

Although it was not the time, Flunra couldn't help but feel curious about the Slave Mark.

'If I could get my hands on the configurations of his Slave Mark, the intricate combination of ancient runes, and their powers, it would undoubtedly provide us with a significant advantage in the final showdown. If Rex were here, I'm sure he would have considered the same' Flunra thought, nodding his head with determination.

No matter what, he would need to capture Demon Lord Kirgil.

However, since Demon Lord Kirgil is weakened already, it wouldn't be hard to capture him.

Swoosh!

Picking up his pace, he could already see Demon Lord Kirgil not far from him.

Flunra's eyes flickered with a dark hue, leaving a trail of dark energy that followed him as his body turned into a blurry shadow, closing in on the unsuspecting Demon Lord Kirgil who was desperately trying to escape.

But then, his eyes darted to the right seeing a blur appeared right beside him.

Bam!

A powerful punch landed on his face, forcing out a groan.

'There's no end to his persistence!' Demon Lord Kirgil gritted his teeth tiredly.

Under the sheer force of the punch, the demonic armor-like skin on Demon Lord Kirgil's face cracked. With the agility of a striking snake, Flunra pressed his advantage, digging his claws into the skin and seizing Demon Lord Kirgil by the collarbone directly.

Gripping him in place, Flunra coated his claws with dark energy and slashed him in the face.

Slash!

Demon Lord Kirgil got propelled to the side, and his collarbone shattered.

Even though he was weakened, he managed to enlarge his arm and punch Flunra's entire being with all his might, sending him also crashing away to the opposite side and destroying multiple trees that obstructed his path.

'I must make a swift exit out of here!'

Seeing a chance, Demon Lord Kirgil used the momentum to escape once again.

However, Flunra's lightning-fast reflexes and battle instincts honed through countless battles kicked in. He seized a nearby tree as he was being propelled and with a swift manipulation of his energy, transformed it into a sharp, lance-like splinter.

Charging it with power, he hurled it directly at Demon Lord Kirgil.

Boom!

Like a bullet, the infused splinter broke the sound barrier and pierced through the air.

Startled by a piercing sound from behind, Demon Lord Kirgil quickly turned to look over his shoulder. In a fraction of a second, he spotted the sharp object heading toward him, but he couldn't react in time thanks to his weakened state.

Nothing obstructed its way as the splinter impaled him from behind, jutting out of his chest.

This sent him stumbling across the snowy ground like a ragdoll.

When he recovered, he struggled to rise, hacking up a mouthful of blood painfully.

As he examined the jagged shard embedded in his body, he became acutely aware that his regenerative powers had been completely compromised, and his strength would rapidly diminish if stayed here and kept fighting.

Demon Lord Kirgil manipulated his remaining energy and outstretched his right hand.

In a second, a reddish portal slowly materialized.

But his eyes widened in horror as the portal neared completion. In a gruesome spectacle, he witnessed his own right arm cleanly severed and propelled out of his field of vision, splashing a daunting arc of blood in its wake.

Flunra, crouching in a stance appeared in front of him with a grisly grin, "Leaving so soon...?"

Chapter 936 Foreboding Gripping Tight

'A perfectly timed slash...' Flunra grinned savagely as he sliced Demon Lord Kirgil's arm.

It was a perfect moment that he had been waiting for.

Flunra savored the horrified expression of Demon Lord Kirgil delightfully.

With a shift of expression from shock to dread that could be clearly viewed through his facial expressions, the gravity of his situation becomes all the clearer, Demon Lord Kirgil realized that his chances of leaving were decreasing rapidly.

Now, Flunra's victory against him is almost sealed as his means of escape is relinquished.

His motivation is visible through his actions.

Demon Lord Kirgil was making a desperate attempt to escape rather than fight.

Managing to decipher his motivation, Flunra could easily anticipate Demon Lord Kirgil's actions. He understood that the only viable escape route for the latter would involve creating a portal. In a battle of attrition, there was no way Demon Lord Kirgil could emerge victorious.

As sharp as an eagle, Flunra has been loitering for him to create the portal.

But the reason for his victory is because creating the portal requires immense energy.

Demon Lord Kirgil essentially poured most of his remaining demonic energy into summoning that portal, and now that he failed, his Sin Epicenter that contained his demonic energy has been reduced to a few strands remaining

No way of replenishing it, this mistake brings a hefty cost for him.

"S- Stop harassing me!!"

In a fitful rage, he roared and blasted a shockwave that pushed Flunra back.

However, Flunra tanked this shockwave with a grin on his face.

Crossing his arms in front of him as a shield, he smiled in ridicule as the dread could already be seen crawling in Demon Lord Kirgil's face, knowing that his doom was nearing, 'This is it, this is his last stand. The shockwave is nothing compared to before'

Even then, the fire of retaliation still burns Demon Lord Kirgil's eyes.

Not wanting to give up early, he crawled and grabbed his severed hand in desperation.

'I- I need to reattach my arm or else this is over!' He screamed inwardly.

Demon Lord Kirgil knew that he would need the demonic energy that he gathered in his severed arm. If he could reattach his arm soon enough, he would still be able to control the demonic energy and summon the portal again.

But that was easier said than done as Flunra is not going to let that happen.

It was said that the world is a rotating wheel and living beings are within this wheel of fate.

Some would be at the top while some would be at the bottom.

But the wheel will not stay idle and rotate, potentially bringing those at the pinnacle to the bottom and those at the bottom to the zenith top. However, Demon Lord Kirgil could never have fathomed that he, a mighty Demon Lord of the Rastrikan Demons, would be dragged by the wheel of fate to rock bottom.

He was the chosen one, he was close with the Origin, and he should've been blessed.

Alas, even he is not higher than fate itself.

Even now, he was praying to the Origin for help as he underestimated his opponent severely.

Swoosh!

Before the intervention from Flunra, he did everything he could think of to survive.

Flunra bore witness as numerous crimson holes appeared across the entire snowy ground before spawned demons crawled out, numbering in the dozens. Obviously, these Demons are going to try and buy time for Demon Lord Kirgil to escape.

Growl!

Graah!

Multiple of these demons lunged at him, blocking his vision and path with their bodies.

It was then that Flunra's eyes glistened fiercely.

Like the dancer of death and carnage, he made his way through these spawned demons relentlessly. Each of them stood no chance as their bodies were cut in half, or their heads were grabbed and crushed into meat paste.

Nothing could stop Flunra's onslaught.

On the other hand, Demon Lord Kirgil quickly put his arm back and channeled his energy.

Swish!

Controlling the energy inside his severed arm, he summoned the portal again.

A few seconds felt like an eternity, the tension was sky-high.

Slowly, the portal manifests into reality from reddish swirls of energy and creates a door to his escape. His heart was thumping hard as the adrenaline coursed through his blood. At this moment, the imminent crisis climbed alongside the sound of torn flesh and painful growls from the butchered spawned Demons.

Any later, Flunra would've reached him, and it will be all over.

But then, Demon Lord Kirgil's eyes rekindled with hope as he saw the portal was finally open.

Not wasting a single precious second, he reaches for the portal.

Demon Lord Kirgil felt ecstatic at the sight of his hand reaching the portal and his entire body being pulled into it. However, when he glanced to the side, his countenance ashen as Flunra's face was already right beside him, a close meter away.

'I- It's too late...' Demon Lord Kirgil uttered inwardly, helpless.

Compared to Flunra's speed, the speed of him being sucked into the portal is way slower.

But even though he would be slain here, he wouldn't next time.

He closed his eyes and accepted his defeat with a smile when Flunra raised his claws.

Though he had steeled himself for the inevitable taste of defeat, his first humiliating defeat, Demon Lord Kirgil frowned in surprise when he felt no searing pain. As he cracked open his eyes, found most of his body was already inside the portal.

Shifting his eyes, he also saw Flunra freezing mid-attack.

An odd sight when victory is already right in front of him, there's no reason to hesitate.

If he continued his attacking motion, then Demon Lord Kirgil would die.

Demon Lord Kirgil's mind raced with numerous unanswered questions, he couldn't decipher the reason for Flunra's hesitation. But right before he disappeared, he saw Flunra's lips curled into a mysterious, ominous smirk.

'What is he thinking?' He pondered.

But his question was left unsettled as he was sucked into the portal and teleported away.

Flunra slowly straightens his back as the portal vanishes.

In the eleventh hour, just as he was poised to deliver the decisive blow that would seal Demon Lord Kirgil's death, he abruptly halted his assault. He sensed a distinct presence in the far distance, one he was certain belonged to none other than the Alpha himself, Rex.

Sensing that it was a signal, he ceased the attack and calmly let Demon Lord Kirgil go.

His suspicion also proved to be true in the next second.

Flunra detected a faint trace of Demon Lord Kirgil's energy in the same direction where he sensed Rex's presence. It was obvious that Demon Lord Kirgil hadn't been able to teleport far due to his depleted energy, which meant he couldn't return instantly to the Demon Kingdom.

Pausing for a second, Flunra mused with a smile "Caraptaros, he's heading to Caraptaros..."

As an old Supernatural himself, he knew about Caraptaros.

Upon realizing that Rex was already lying in wait for Demon Lord Kirgil's return to Caraptaros, Flunra shook his head in pity. With the upcoming death of Demon Lord Kirgil, the Rastrikan Demons would be effectively eradicated from the world.

'What a blessing it was, being turned into one of his pack members that is...' Flunra thought.

Knowing what's about to happen to Demon Lord Kirgil, his body shivers.

Deciding to not stress about it, he turned around preparing to leave and take care of the aftermath of the battle. "Well, I did what I was told. I managed to buy time. I'll leave the rest to you, my Lord"

After saying that, he dashed away, heading back to the Dwarven Kingdom again.

Swoosh!

Meanwhile, Demon Lord Kirgil came out of the portal and fell to the ground with a grunt.

Raising his gaze, he found himself standing at the entrance of a humid swamp, unmistakably the location where he had stationed One of the things he noticed instantly was the change of landscape.

Compared to the cold landscape earlier which was covered in snow, it was way warmer here.

He was not in the Dwarven Kingdom's territory anymore, it was obvious.

Raising his gaze, he found himself standing at the entrance of a humid swamp, unmistakably the location where he had stationed Caraptaros. 'Where are they? I can't sense their auras or life energies... Perhaps it's due to my weakened state. I'm probably too exhausted to detect them'

Demon Lord Kirgil took a deep breath and forced himself to stand up.

In the process, his severed arm fell to the ground, eliciting a sharp sting that forced a hiss of pain from his lips. Nothing seemed to be going well for him, their endeavor to assert dominance in the Dwarven Kingdom had failed miserably.

Making his way into the swamp, he stopped to take breaks a couple of times.

Not even a hundred meters into the swamp, Demon Lord Kirgil had already taken 5 breaks.

Despite the breaks being intended to help him recover some strength before moving on, only his body was able to rest as his mind couldn't. It was a hunch, but he could feel the shadows created by the canopies of the forest moving.

Almost as if there was someone watching his every movement.

Because of this feeling of uneasiness that illicit paranoia, he stumbled onward forcefully.

Chirp! Chirp!

Swish...!

Every ordinary background noise became eerily distorted in his ears, intensifying the sense of dread within him. He forced himself to move quicker, determined to reach Caraptaros and reach safety as soon as possible.

"Kaargghh..."

Demon Lord Kiril leaned on a tree trunk and coughed a mouthful of blood.

His instincts were telling him to keep on going, but his body gave up earlier than his mind.

"It shouldn't be far from here..." He mused, attempting to motivate himself.

One should understand that Demons weren't meant to experience exhaustion like this, they were beings that were created for warfare, a perpetual force that keeps on coming and possesses remarkable physical resilience. However, the wounds inflicted by both the other Rastrikan Demons and Flunra proved to be stubborn and resistant to be healed.

Additionally, the First Breath also contributes to this greatly.

Had this been any other normal day, Demon Lord Kirgil would've been completely fine.

But it's not, the world's power is suppressed, and so does he.

Just as he prepared to press forward, knowing that Caraptaros couldn't be too distant from where he was, Demon Lord Kirgil looked up through the canopy's openings when the sky suddenly began to rumble.

A deafening thunder accompanied the sudden turn of the once-bright sky into a dark one.

It happened suddenly, the sky started brewing with thunderstorms.

Demon Lord Kirgil watched as the thunderstorms gripped the heavens tightly, adorned with flashes of lightning that fractured the sky before a relentless downpour began which swirled the wind into a frenzy, creating an uncomfortable whistling sound to the ears.

"A sudden heavy rain...?" He uttered with a troubled voice.

Like the beliefs of the old that reach even the Rastrikan Demons, a sudden downpour is a harbinger of catastrophe, a phenomenon born of nature's wrath that signals an impending cataclysm that should be feared.

Knowing this legend only serves as another injection of crisis in his heart.

Not wanting to stay on his spot any longer, Demon Lord Kirgil moved against the wind.

In mere moments, the swamp's water has risen to his knee-length.

Demon Lord Kirgil found the deeper he went into the core of the swamp, the harder the obstacles that obstruct his path became. It was a hazardous time for him as his wounded body was forced to exert strength to push onward.

However, in the midst of this situation, a thought suddenly came to mind.

'I should be really close by now, but where are the others? Where are my fallen legions? If they were killed, they should've been reborn and be guarding Caraptaros. Yet, I haven't caught a glimpse of a single one of them. Something is amiss...' Demon Lord Kirgil's heart quickened its rhythm.

But then again, he might've missed the others as the downpour is strong, blurring his vision.

Or at least, that is what he had hoped.

Not wanting to ponder for long as reaching Caraptaros was the priority right now, he fought against the resistance before his eyes suddenly caught a glimpse of two pairs of eyes. He abruptly stopped and needed to squint his eyes to determine if what he was seeing was real.

Just as he tries to see who it is, both pairs of eyes suddenly disappear again.

At this point, he knew that something was truly amiss. There was a pervasive sense of foreboding, and he couldn't dismiss the feeling that all the obstacles in the swamp had been deliberately orchestrated to welcome him.

Chapter 937 Haunting Terror

Despite trying to keep positive, the sight of the blurry figures swept all positivity away.

In addition to the sudden heavy downpour that came out of nowhere, Demon Lord Kirgil has already got the answer he needed. What awaits him ahead is nothing but trouble if he persists in going to check Caraptaros and the others.

Pivoting his body around, he groaned weakly and looked in the opposite direction.

'No, I can't...' He pondered with a troubled mind.

Sensing that escaping the swamp would be impossible with his current condition, and also with the pouring rain impeding his progress in the opposite direction, he made a decisive decision. He knelt on the ground and used his index fingernails to draw his own blood.

Following that, he quickly dipped his fingernails into the water.

A subtle glow appeared in the water's body as Demon Lord Kirgil carved an ancient rune.

Running out of options, he decided to cast his pride to the side.

It was a circle with an inverted heart shape inside alongside six dots that adorned the sides.

Demon Lord Kirgil's face displayed unmistakable unwillingness and hesitation. He appeared humiliated, forced to resort to carving this ancient rune, yet he understood it was his sole option in order to get out of this foreboding situation.

With gritted teeth, he endured the humiliation and activated the ancient rune.

Swish...

Casting his eyes left and right in crisis, Demon Lord Kirgil waited as the ancient rune glows.

Soon enough, a purplish mist seeped out of the ancient rune.

It was then that the purple mist started to swirl into a single entity. Observing the process is a visual delight. Moments later, the purple mist coalesces into an entity, and before long, a manifestation of a voluptuous woman stands before him with a teasing smile.

A misty Demoness, oozing with great power.

"Demon Lord Kirgil, I was surprised to be summoned by you" Elder Tilrith whispered.

Gazing at Demon Lord Kirgil with slightly surprised eyes, she puts her demonic claws on her cheek in a graceful manner before she continues, pretending to be oblivious to the situation that befell him, "How was your hunt on the outside world? Is it refreshing? It's wonderful to stretch after such a long sleep, don't you think so?"

Upon seeing her, Demon Lord Kirgil feels elated.

Both have their own altercations, but Elder Tilrith has always been tolerant of his behavior.

No matter what he did, she never showed any sign of aggression.

Out of the entire Elders that were awakened thanks to the First Breath, she was the only one who was not forceful in exerting control over the Rastrikan Demons. Surely, she would be willing to help him to get out of this situation.

"Elder Tilrith, I need a favor from you. Summon be back" He said, trying to hide his crisis.

However, this makes it all the more transparent in Elder Tilrith's eyes.

With her outward appearance remaining passive and kind, inwardly she couldn't help but smirk at the sight of Demon Lord Kirgil. He was now bruised and battered to the point of appearing pitiful, a far cry from his previous imposing demeanor.

It was a delightful sight for Elder Tilrith.

'You brought this to yourself, Kirgil. You should've listened and supported me on the throne...'

Done discreetly and without obvious cues that would give her away, Demon Lord Kirgil remained oblivious to the fact that he was asking a favor from the snake itself. She was the one who had requested the Silverstar Pack to eradicate the Rastrikan Demons entirely.

A group of outlaws who don't want to listen to orders is not a needed force.

Elder Tilrith has no use for them.

One might argue that the Rastrikan Demons could be exceptional as shock troops, creating chaos in strategic locations, and drawing attention. However, this would only be possible if they were willing to cooperate, and Elder Tilrith already knew that they were not inclined to do any of that.

Thus, she has no pity for Demon Lord Kirgil. It was his arrogance that led him there.

"My apologies, but I have other things to attend to" Elder Tilrith replied.

Upon hearing this, Demon Lord Kirgil gritted his teeth in frustration, it's not going well.

Before he could respond, Elder Tilrith continued with a sly smile, not allowing him to intervene, "I believe that you, above all others, possess the means to return to the kingdom effortlessly. Just create a portal or use Caraptaros. Is it truly fitting for us to engage in discussions of such mundane inconveniences? We are not ordinary Demons, after all..."

"Wait- you don't understand!" Demon Lord Kirgil exclaimed.

However, he was ignored as Elder Tilrith dissipated and the ancient rune dimmed again.

It took a moment for Demon Lord Kirgil to register what had happened.

Demon Lord Kirgil cursed inside his head viciously as he wasn't given any chance to explain his situation despite already deciding to endure the humiliation of appearing weak, he was now left with no other options.

Moving again, he heads in the opposite direction, hoping to get out of the swamp.

But in the process, his breaths had become very heavy.

Each step was akin to a nail stabbing the sole of his foot as it was completely exhausting, even his eyelids began to fall heavier as his consciousness started slipping away. He needed a huge amount of demonic energy before he could recover.

Crack!

Boom!

Just then, a flash of lightning lit up the entire sky.

For a brief moment, the flash also lights up the entire place and also a figure in the distance.

A pair of reptilian eyes that bore fiery malice adorned the figure.

Upon spotting this figure, Demon Lord Kirgil's eyes widened in recognition—it was one of the same enigmatic figures from earlier, the ones who had vanished into thin air. Overwhelmed by panic, he swiftly pivoted and bolted in the opposite direction, employing any means possible to make his escape.

Another fight would spill his doom, and being revived in Caraptaros is not ideal.

Something awaited him there, he could feel it.

Huff...

Huff...

Huff...

Demon Lord Kirgil continued to flee, his speed greatly hindered by the knee-length water that impeded his movements. With each step, a gory trail of blood was left behind, the result of wounds bleeding profusely from all the forceful movements.

His sense of direction faded, the only way he went was forward.

Crack!

Boom!

Another flash of lightning brightened the sky, and the exact same thing happened to him.

Leaning casually against a tree, there stood another figure, larger than the one he encountered earlier, with eyes emanating a chilling white energy. It was at this moment marked the first time he had ever felt such an overwhelming sense of dread.

No matter where he goes, these figures follow like a haunting specter in his shadow.

It was a completely new feeling for him, the dread. He tried to run away once again.

Amidst this run, he remembered the smirk on Flunra's face as he halted his attack.

Now, he realized that Flunra's hesitation to finish him off wasn't due to mercy or anything, but because something even more sinister lay in wait on the other side. He was now fully immersed in that horror that had somehow intercepted him.

Bam!

Splash!

"Krrggh..." Demon Lord Kirgil groaned in pain.

Out of nowhere, he got bodied from the side and fell to the watery ground.

Glancing to the side he found that it was the figure with white gleaming eyes that caused this, and compared to an actual attack, this was more of a light tap to knock him to the ground without any hint of killing intent.

Demon Lord Kirgil struggled to stand up, but the same thing happened again.

Every time he regained his footing, he was knocked down.

It was almost as if the figure was playing with him, delighted to see him struggle in despair.

Anger was present inside of him but there was simply nothing he could do as he got tossed around like a toddler, unable to retaliate. Moments later, he fell to the ground again before he raised his gaze, exposing his bulging eyes.

'Survive, I need to survive...!' He pondered with determination.

Despite his situation being very bad, the anger becomes a source of motivation for him.

No matter what, if he managed to escape this place and reach the safety of the Demon Kingdom, he already swore in his heart that he would absolutely pay back whoever did this to him a hundredfold without mercy.

A humiliation of this caliber was even worse than what the Dwarves did.

At the very least, the Dwarven race only resorts to tricking them in order to kill a lot of them.

But this one is a direct humiliation, way worse in Demon Lord Kirgil's opinion.

"I heard you lean to bully the weak and take pleasure in their horrors, how about now? Do you like to be the one bullied instead?" A voice taunted him from the side as he struggled to push himself up from the ground.

However, when he regained his footing once again, the water around him started to bubble.

Splash!

Out of nowhere, the water explodes, sending him flying to the sky.

Following that explosion, the figure with reptilian eyes spread his wings and delivered a devastating punch to Demon Lord Kirgil's face, shattering his lower jaw and sending him tumbling through the swamp like a discarded doll.

Almost like a recurring nightmare, the horror didn't stop.

"Rastrikan Demons are conquerors... Rastrikan Demons are the most brutal section of the Demons... Rastrikan Demons are unkillable... We've heard a lot of things about you. But alas, it was nothing special. All are easily slain" the same voice echoed, able to pierce through the loud background sound of the heavy rain.

Upon hearing this, Demon Lord Kirgil prostrates on the ground with widened eyes.

"All are easily slain...?" He mumbled in disbelief.

Though not entirely certain, that single statement strongly implies the likelihood that the others have met their demise—a chilling prospect he dared not dwell upon, for if it were true, it would signify that he was the last one standing.

If that's the case then it would signify the irrevocable end of the Rastrikan Demons.

Just then, the figure landed right before him.

Crouching in front of him, the figure grabbed his head and forced him to stare into its gleaming sharp white eyes. Terrorizing might is what lies behind these animalistic eyes. "But for the sake of clarity and simple delight, I'll show you what a brutal and unkillable conqueror looks like"

Brak!

Demon Lord Kirgil got thrown in a direction and slammed to the ground again.

Groaning in immense pain, he took a full minute to stay still on the watery ground before eventually trying to stand up once again. It was only when he raised his gaze that he saw two other figures right beside him.

It was then, he stumbled back at the sight of these two figures.

Splash!

Squinting his eyes to inspect the two humanoid figures, his eyes slowly widened in shock.

"Demon Lord Kirgil..."

Despite the profound transformations the two had undergone, Demon Lord Kirgil couldn't help but frown as he sensed a hint of familiarity in these two figures. He refused to believe it, blaming it on his eyes playing tricks on him.

However, even then, a voice crept out of his throat, "A- Aructh...? Mazel...?"

Although the two were completely in a different form, a humanoid form, Demon Lord Kirgil could recognize them from the way the two were looking at him. But even then, he still tries to deny who he is seeing with all his heart.

But that denial was short-lived.

In a defeated tone, the two figures then replied, "Yes, Kirgil. It is us..."

Upon hearing this, Demon Lord Kirgil couldn't help but gasped in utter shock and disbelief.

Only a few resemblances of a Demon could be seen on them.

Demon Lord Kirgil dared not guess, but from his point of view, it was evident that Demon Lord Aructh and Mazel were stripped from their lineage and turned into something else entirely, "No... Dear Origin, how is this possible?"

Chapter 938 The Unaware Slave Of Pride

Demon Lord Kirgil was petrified, his body took a still pause like a statue.

He had hoped that some of the other Demon Lords survived so that he could reunite with them and join forces to defeat the enemy forces, or at least make a tactical retreat to fight another day, and as expected, the others were still alive.

But he wasn't expecting to see them in this kind of state.

Reality slapped him across the face as he regretted being an obedient slave to his own pride.

If even he was defeated, then what chances do the others have?

"W- Who did this...?" Demon Lord Kirgil asked, his voice trembling in utter fright.

Upon hearing this, Aructh and Mazel averted their gazes elsewhere, clear humiliation could be seen on their faces, "It's the leader of the new era's rising power. We tried to fight him and his forces, but we hardly put up any fight"

"It's the Werewolf... It's him, right?" Another question slipped out of his mouth.

Demon Lord Kirgil remembered the conversation he had with Flunra, about his new master, and he was now certain that the one that defeated and turned Aructh and Mazel was definitely this supposed new master.

Surprised, Aructh glanced at Demon Lord Kirgil with raised brows, "You knew him?"

"Yes, Arnulf the Special served a new Prince, and I suspected that it was him" Demon Lord Kirgil nodded, but he quickly shook his head. "Enough with this small talk, let's head back to the kingdom. I'm sure we can revert both of you back to normal"

"Elder Tilrith knew the forbidden ritual, she must be able to do it" He added firmly.

But he noticed a change in Aructh and Mazel's faces.

None of them moved from their spots and their expressions were that of hesitation and fear.

It surprises Demon Lord Kirgil as this kind of meek-natured reaction is not something Aructh and Mazel usually do, especially Aructh, "What's wrong? Come help me and leave this place! Caraptaros is definitely sabotaged, so we'll have to go by foot"

As he said that, another question then appeared in his mind.

"What about Olgaroz and Ranath? Where are the two of them?" Demon Lord Kirgil asked.

Upon hearing this, Aructh and Mazel looked at each other with a troubled look.

Looking at this, Demon Lord Kirgil could already feel a bad premonition that both of them were already dead. But instead of answering, Aructh and Mazel stepped to either side to Demon Lord Kirgil's confusion.

Only when the two of them stepped away that Demon Lord Kirgil realize his situation.

"How did I reach here?" Demon Lord Kirgil muttered in doubt.

Even though he was quite sure that he was going in the opposite direction of Caraptaros, using the wind that blew the rain as an indication of direction, he was surprised to find himself beside an open glade.

Relentless downpours still adorned the place alongside occasional bright lightning in the sky.

It was still dim and hindered the vision.

However, each of these intermittent lightning strikes illuminated a vast, dark lake at the heart of the glade, which jutted a colossal, round boulder in the middle. It's round and massive in size, a sight that Demon Lord Kirgil recognized instantly.

The colossal boulder in the lake was in fact, Caraptaros.

Compared to the time he left it here, the cracks on Caraptaros' skin are not glowing anymore.

Almost as if it was dead, devoid of demonic energy.

Demon Lord Kirgil gulped harshly as it turned out he lost his sense of direction and somehow reached here, the place that he wanted to avoid at all cost, trusting his guts that were telling him that this place was no longer secure and had become dangerous.

From the view of the glade, it seemed his guts were correct.

Not one Rastrikan Demons who were supposed to be revived here could be seen.

Adding to his distress, he noticed a silver sword thrust into the ground beside the lake, radiating an aura of thick holy energy. It was a grim indication that the remnants of his once-mighty legion had been wiped out again.

Moreover, none of them will be revived again, all of them died permanently.

But as he was in a horrified trance, a haunting voice pierced the rain and reached his ears.

"Are you looking for these two...?"

Thud!

Out of nowhere, Demon Lord Kirgil saw two headless bodies landing right before him.

A single glance revealed the grim truth, the headless corpses before him were unmistakably those of his kin and comrades, Olgaroz and Ranath. Both of their lives had been permanently extinguished, with no hope of resurrection.

Demons are known as an immortal and fierce force.

In ancient times, this nickname lingers because not all have access to Holy energy.

With the presence of Holy energy, killing Demons permanently is plausible.

Averting his gaze away from the lifeless forms of Olgaroz and Ranath, Demon Lord Kirgil's attention was drawn to a figure perched atop Caraptaros. He didn't notice this figure earlier, but now that he does, his danger senses instantly scream at him.

Cloaking in an enigmatic veil of darkness, the figure's full form is hidden.

It was almost as if the relentless rain served to further obscure and diminish his presence.

Moreover, this figure should be the one who spoke the words from earlier.

"No matter who you think you are, this offense will be paid by blood. For interfering with our vengeance, you had committed an extreme offense against the Demon race!" Demon Lord Kirgil tries to probe his way out using words.

Even though this figure is definitely strong, the Demon race has a reputation of its own.

If he played it right, he could still survive. Or at least that's what he thought.

Seeing that the figure doesn't reply with anything and only keeps gazing onward, Demon Lord Kirgil becomes even more daring, assuming that the threat is working, "You've done enough barbarity, and if you wish to be pardoned, then come with us to our kingdom and I'll guarantee your amnesty"

"You may not know me, but I am close with Elder Tilrith" He added, smirking pridefully.

Upon hearing the threat from Demon Lord Kirgil, Rex tilted his head slightly as his lips trembled, in the break of laughter. But he kept a steady gaze and raised his shrouded hand before flicking his fingers.

Swish...

Almost in an instant, the downpour immediately stopped, leaving only dark clouds in the sky.

Demon Lord Kirgil looked around with a frown.

Even though he couldn't see Rex due to the shrouding darkness, he could already tell that he was talking with the supposed leader of the new era's rising power that Aructh and Mazel mentioned before.

"Good, now, escort us back to th-"

Bam!

Just before he could finish his sentence, something hit the back of his knees.

It was strong enough to put the unsuspecting Demon Lord Kirgil to his knees, the gesture angered him and forced him to turn his head to the side. Only then that he saw a similar figure with glowing white eyes, a white-furred Werewolf.

Not giving him any chance to say anything, Adhara grabbed him by the nape.

She then pushed his head to face down to the ground.

Subsequently, Demon Lord Kirgil observed the approach of another figure, catching sight of a pair of legs advancing toward him from the opposite direction with a pinned head. Despite being puzzled, he knows that their attention is definitely bad.

It was then that the second figure, Ryze came to a halt directly in front of him.

Unknown to Demon Lord Kirgil who wasn't able to raise his gaze to see Ryze properly thanks to Adhara's gripping hand, Ryze turned around to look at Rex, seemingly asking if he really had to do this.

Rex returns the gaze, remaining motionless which is an answer enough.

Having no other choice, Ryze took a deep breath to follow through with his instructions.

He lifted the two daggers he held, Adhara's weapons, and then breathed fire into them, imbuing them with the potent power of Zaddrass. With a swift and forceful motion, he brought them down, piercing Demon Lord Kirgil's remaining hand and firmly securing him in place.

"Kaargh!! Curse you!! You won't get away with this, bastards!" Demon Lord Kirgil yelled.

But no matter how much he struggled, he couldn't do anything.

Only when he's fixed on his spot that Adhara let go and head back to the edge of the lake alongside Ryze, letting the stage be taken over by Rex who was going to be the one to decide the fate of Demon Lord Kirgil.

"Everybody feared you, Demon Lord Kirgil" He started, jumping off of Caraptaros.

Landing gracefully on the ground, he began advancing, his eyes alight with a malevolent crimson glow that represents death. "Many have doubted my ability to defeat you," he sneered, "and it's going to be a hassle to be needing to show everyone about my power. So I'll have you volunteer to be a permanent testament to my formidable might, a lesson for all to witness"

Upon hearing this, Demon Lord Kirgil growled.

His burly body tries to break free, but the dagger doesn't budge at all from the earth.

Seeing his struggle, Rex chuckled in ridicule as he could already tell that Demon Lord Kirgil had been completely exhausted of his demonic energy. If it weren't for that, he would be way more than capable of freeing himself.

Is this Flunra's doings or is it the Slave Mark's doings? Either way, this is very good.

Rex nodded his head before he squatted before the pitiful Demon Lord.

"Fear nothing, Demon Lord Kirgil. After I'm done with you, you will be more legendary than ever" Rex's lips curled into a devilish smile, depicting the fierce punishment he would do to Demon Lord

Kirgil. "Though you'll no longer be remembered as a conqueror, nevertheless, your infamy will be unparalleled"

Upon hearing this, Demon Lord Kirgil gritted his teeth, "Do you not fear me?!"

"Do you not fear me from the Demon's wrath?! If you do this to me, then you will be humiliating the entire Demon race. You and the entirety of your forces would be doomed by then! All of us will come for you and stop at nothing!" He roared, realizing that his threat was useless.

It should've worked, so he was really confused as to why Rex was not fearful of them.

Despite his strength, the Demon race is not to be underestimated.

But as soon as he finished venting out his frustration, his eyes slightly widened when he realized what he had said, "R- Rex...? Why did I say that? I want to say D-Rex...?! What's happening to me?"

Realizing that he couldn't say what he wanted, and say Rex's name instead, he was puzzled.

However, in the next second when he raised his gaze to look at Rex, he gasped as Rex's appearance changed entirely. Now, he was adorned in sinister white clothing that was oozing with an insurmountable amount of holy energy.

A dense holy energy that terrified his entire being, almost like an Angel.

Upon seeing the horror in Demon Lord Kirgil's eyes, Rex frowned before his forehead ceased in realization. Oh, is it the Minor Oustification taking effect? The bleak energy coming out of him suddenly grew more intense.

"Since you are going to die already, I'll give you the answer" Rex suddenly said.

Smirking wickedly, he then stares into Demon Lord Kirgil's soul and continues, "Just like you, I also happen to be close with Elder Tilrith. She and I were quite closer lately, and I suppose you don't know that"

"W- What do you mean by that...?" Demon Lord Kirgil asked, trembling.

Rex's wicked smile stretched even wider when he saw this reaction, he then dropped the news that would shatter Demon Lord Kirgil's entire mind, "In this world, the Rastrikan Demons, you are chaotic and unrestrained. Everyone hates you more than anything. So, I was given permission..."

"Do you want to guess who gave the permission to slaughter all of you?" He added.

Watching the dread on Demon Lord Kirgil's face grow more evident, Rex continued with a sinister chuckle, "Indeed, it was Elder Tilrith who offered you up... making a deal with me to exterminate all of you, regardless of the cruelty it would entail"

Chapter 939 Testament Of Might

"E- Elder Tilrith did what...?" Demon Lord Kirgil gasped in shock.

He couldn't believe what his own ears heard, but Rex didn't seem to be joking around.

A confident, and jarring smile adorned Rex's face, depicting that he was absolutely certain and even looked slightly eager to convey the news. But it couldn't be. In Demon Lord Kirgil's point of view, the Elders were all hostile towards him except for Elder Tilrith.

Demon Lord Kirgil didn't bow to their rules, wanting to live a free life as a conqueror should.

Obviously, this irked the Elders, branding him as a parasite.

But it was different for Elder Tilrith, she had never shown any kind of contempt towards him.

Not a hint of annoyance, contempt, or even killing intent came from her. Demon Lord Kirgil always saw her wearing an understanding smile on her beautiful face whenever she traversed into his vision deliberately or accidentally.

Out of all of the Elders, at the very least, she was indifferent towards him.

Due to that, it was very hard to believe that it was Elder Tilrith herself who asked Rex and his pack to dispatch the Rastrikan Demons. The beautiful Demoness who was the dime and also the leader of the current Demon King turns out to be the snake itself.

Gulping harshly, Demon Lord Kirgil then frowned in defiance.

"No, you're lying... She- She always prioritizes the futures of Demons!" He argued back.

But this made Rex's smiles even wider, it seemed Demon Lord Kirgil was blinded by his own desperation and didn't realize even though the answer was clear already. "Precisely..." Rex grinned mischievously. "Shouldn't the answer be clear already? You said it yourself, Elder Tilrith always prioritizes the futures of Demons above all else"

"Doesn't that mean she simply finds you worthless for the Demon Race's future?" He added.

Upon hearing this, Demon Lord Kirgil's eyes widened.

A sense of doubt and dread started to arise within him, thinking that Elder Tilrith was being fake towards him all this time. On one side, he refuses to believe that Elder Tilrith was the one behind all of this. But on the other, he also finds Rex is very convincing right now.

Lowering his gaze to the watery ground, his pupils trembled, shaken to the core.

It was too much for his mind to handle.

Maybe when he was still fresh and strong, this sense of dread and helplessness could be replaced by anger as he would try to survive in the hope that he could confront Elder Tilrith about this treachery.

But right now, none of that sensation was present.

Raising his gaze once again, he regained some hope that this was nothing but fabricated.

"Do you think you can fool me, Werewolf? The Dwarves gained your favor, so you must be attacking us to protect them, not because of Elder Tilrith's request. It would take a lot more to deceive me your wretched bastard!" Demon Lord Kirgil barked in a mocking tone.

Upon hearing this, Rex chuckled, seeing Demon Lord Kirgil being desperate for justification.

His mind is everywhere, and he wants to believe anything but the truth.

"Correct, the Dwarves is under me. But don't you think at this point, with all the destructions I caused to the entire Rastrikan Demons, Elder Tilrith should come to your aid or at least send some help if she was not involved in this...?" Rex asked back, still a devious smirk plastered on his face.

When he heard this, Demon Lord Kirgil choked as he couldn't rebut Rex's words.

A permanent death of Demon Lords should alert the others.

Since the Demons were connected to their home and could be revived even after death, if one soul didn't come back, then it should've been noticed, especially when Elder Tilrith is the current ruler of the Demon Kingdom.

Out of everyone, she should've been the first one to notice this.

But where are the reinforcements?

Moreover, Demon Lord Kirgil also remembered the brief exchange he had with Elder Tilrith.

Instead of listening to him, she cuts the communication one-sidedly.

Rex observed as Demon Lord Kirgil's expression darkened and darkened by the second, showing that he was starting to realize that Elder Tilrith was not as good as he thought, "I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news. However, I must say that you put too much trust in your leader for a rebellious force..."

Just like that, Demon Lord Kirgil's newfound hope was shattered into a million shards.

Nothing could rebut Rex's words and justify Elder Tilrith's action.

Slowly but surely, Demon Lord Kirgil started to realize that he couldn't do anything to get out of this situation when his own leader was not on his side. It was a total defeat, and now, his face rests in his enemy's hands.

"I'm defeated..." He whispered silently.

Despite muttering it very lightly, Rex caught him admitting defeat and smiled in triumph.

Only when defeat started to settle in Demon Lord Kirgil's mind dominantly that Rex pivot his body around and strode away. He rests his hand on the handle of Silver Eye and pulls it out of the ground, sparking a blinding white light.

Swish!

A powerful radiance of holy energy coated the entirety of the blade.

Earlier while waiting for Demon Lord Kirgil's arrival, Rex already told Adhara and Ryze that he was going to make an example out of Demon Lord Kirgil who boasts of a fearsome reputation for in the future, none would doubt his strength ever again.

However, both of them doesn't know how he would do that.

Adhara is very curious, while Ryze is somewhat scared of what Rex is about to do.

Holding the Silver Eye in his grasp, Red drew its tip across the ground as he approached, etching a delicate line into the earth. He came to a halt before Demon Lord Kirgil, who had come to terms with the fact that this moment would mark the end of his millennia-long existence.

"Do you have any last words...?" Rex asked, a courtesy before the final act.

Upon hearing this, Demon Lord Kirgil sighed, "Just make it swift, end this misery for me..."

Rex frowned in confusion when he heard this.

On the other hand, finding that Rex didn't answer, Demon Lord Kirgil raised his gaze in confusion. But then, Rex squinted as his confusion turned into a savage smirk, "End your misery...? I think you've misunderstood me, I'm not going to kill you"

"Eh...?" Demon Lord Kirgil's pupils dilated when he heard this.

But following that, Rex thrust the Silver Eye and destroyed Demon Lord Kirgil's Sin Epicenter.

Crash!

Gazing down at his torso, Demon Lord Kirgil gritted his teeth in pain.

"What in the Origin's name are you doing?! You should've destroyed my heart first before destroying my Sin Epicenter!" Demon Lord Kirgil exclaimed, feeling a climbing uneasiness from what Rex was about to do to him which seemed to be a fate even worse than death.

As a Demon's heart possesses the ability to heal the Sin Epicenter, this is a wrong move.

However, Rex seemed to intend to do this.

It was his plan all along to not kill Demon Lord Kirgil, his fate would be way worse than that of Mazel and Aruchth to the point that when Rex is finished with him, Mazel and Aruchth would be thankful that they were not in his shoes.

"Along your arrogant stampede, countless Supernaturals' lives were taken" Rex said lightly.

He then pulled back before a glow could be seen on his palm.

<Holy Soul Shattering rune is ready to be engraved>

Upon preparing the rune that he bought specifically for this at a hefty 25,000 gold, he stretched out his hand and engraved the rune on Demon Lord Kirgil's chest. He then continued, "I am the embodiment of their wraths, and thus, death is too light of a punishment for you. So instead, I would be making a display out of you"

<The target has been engraved with the Holy Soul Shattering rune!>

<Please cast a soul attack on the target to activate the Holy Soul Shattering rune's effect>

Rex nodded his head before his eyes glowed with a sinister light.

Now that the System had already given him the instruction, he stepped back and smirked.

Demon Lord Kirgil felt an overwhelming unease when he saw this smirk, but his unease didn't last long as an ominous chant that sent chills down his spine escaped Rex's lips, "Decimation Fervor..."

Swish...

Instantly after the chant, a weird phenomenon occurred.

Adhara and Ryze bear witness as countless red lights glowed from beneath the watery grounds, surrounding Demon Lord Kirgil who writhed in agony, unaware of the grim fate that loomed before him in a circle.

"What's going on?" Ryze mused in confusion.

On the other hand, Adhara squinted her eyes and muttered, "It's the Demons' carcasses..."

Just earlier before Demon Lord Kirgil arrived here, the Rastrikan Demons that were revived within Caraptaros were met with Rex and got mercilessly slaughtered with the Silver Eye, killing them permanently.

Most of them sunk into the watery ground, and Demon Lord Kirgil didn't realize it.

Following the red glow from these carcasses was a spirit-like entity crawling out of them, a horrifying sight for anyone to see. It was the souls of these fallen Rastrikan Demons being brought back to the world of the living with their hatred amplified.

Albeit Rex was the one who killed them, these malevolent souls still appeared.

Rex was surprised by this sight.

What's this? I didn't expect this to happen. He pondered, looking around in utter confusion.

His skill was cast to Demon Lord Kirgil, but it shouldn't proceed like this.

The System told him earlier that although the Decimation Fervor wouldn't summon any souls since Demon Lord Kirgil's victims were not around, it was still enough to stimulate the Holy Soul Shattering rune and cast the effect he wanted.

However, this is a surprise as all of the dead Rastrikan Demons' souls were summoned.

Under normal circumstances, the Decimation Fervor skill wouldn't summon any souls if the directly fallen victims of the target were not around. But somehow, it still manages to bring these souls back to the material world.

Do you have any explanation for this, System?

<It's a special case>

<Something like this could happen if the Rastrikan Demons experienced death 2 times>

Rex frowned when he read this explanation.

Experienced death 2 times? Since they were revived in Caraptaros, they definitely died in the battle at the Dwarven Kingdom. The others should be the ones that killed these demons, so it doesn't make sense, unless...

Shifting his eyes to the side, he looked at Demon Lord Kirgil with interest.

Unless he's the one that killed his own legion.

Despite not knowing the full story of the battle, he could ask Flunra before. But right now, it was better that the Decimation Fervor worked like this, the pain Demon Lord Kirgil would suffer is increased because of this pleasant progression.

It didn't take long before Demon Lord Kirgil was swarmed by the red souls.

GRAAHH!!!

Aructh and Mazel felt their bodies go rigid, for they had never before heard Demon Lord Kirgil utter such a harrowing cry. His anguished scream echoed a prolonged wail that seemed to strain his very vocal cords, making the excruciating torment palpable through his voice alone.

<Calculating Demon Lord Kirgil's Malovelent Souls...>

<49% souls retrieved!>

<10% threshold has been reached. Demon Lord Kirgil is suffering from immense mental pain and bodily pain, all attacks's potency and pain inducement directed at Demon Lord Kirgil will be enhanced by 49%>

Perfect. 49% is right below the mark. Any higher, his soul would've torn apart.

While the featureless red souls relentlessly clawed Demon Lord Kirgil, the engraved rune on his chest was activated. Then, a surge of power pushed Demon Lord Kirgil's own soul out of his own body, positioned directly behind him like a spirit.

As expected of a Demon Lord, his soul is robust, blazing with fire, and huge.

It's an imposing soul, but it doesn't terrify anyone.

Normally, the sight of his soul would, but right now the soul was in excruciating pain.

Upon seeing this with a widened smile, Rex's once-gleaming red eyes began to crackle with sinister bolts of black lightning, a sign of his awakened power coursing through him. He extended his hand toward Demon Lord Kirgil, full of malicious intent.

"Now... Prepare to become the living legend, etched in the annals of my might!"

"A demonstration so none will doubt my power ever again!"

Blitz!

CRACK!

Chapter 940 Worse Than Death

Similar to the stream of blood hastened with adrenaline, the black lightning mana inside of him coursed from his heart media to his arm in an instant and also got mixed with his spirit energy, amplifying its power.

It gathered quite an intense aura despite the First Breath.

During the time of waiting for Demon Lord Kirgil, Rex was thinking of an effective method.

A method that would remind everyone about his strength.

Being doubted by the Dwarves to take down the Rastrikan Demons is a good thing for me.

Even though many would be angry when their power is being doubted by others, Rex didn't feel furious at the very least, taking this as a learning lesson instead. Because of this incident, he realized a significant problem that he wasn't aware of.

Despite his feats, there were some forces that still found him foreign.

Additionally, including the recently awakened Superanturals Elders, his feat diminishes.

Rex thanked the Dwarves secretly for helping him realize this problem as if this happened during the fight against the Executor, then the consequences would be catastrophic. It would plummet the morale of his forces if they didn't have full faith in him.

If there's no certainty that he would be able to beat the Executor, then why fight?

Taking this incident as a valuable lesson, he resolved to achieve more astounding feats in order to measure up to the accomplishments of the Executor from ancient times. Various accomplishments of the Executor were ingrained severely in the minds of Supernaturals and survived the test of time.

And to get to that level, he would start with dealing with the Rastrikan Demons.

But defeating them alone is not enough, Rex needs something more.

Just then, it suddenly hit him out of nowhere, and he thought of the perfect method to use.

Rex's eyes glistened ferociously as he eyed Demon Lord Kirgil who was overwhelmed with pain due to the red souls' relentless attacks, to the point of his eyes rolling back. A chant then escapes his mouth, "Ultimate Spell, Sky Imprisonment..."

Instantly after his chant, the sky rumbled thunderously.

Blitz!

CRACK!!

Following that, the sky which was covered with dark clouds for miles suddenly spat four intertwining black lightning strikes, four lightning strikes that took the form of a slithering dragon spiraling straight down to Demon Lord Kirgil.

Not regarding Demon Lord Kirgil's condition, the four lightning dragons bite his limbs.

Back then, Rex used this spell to restrain others.

However, due to the power of his opponent and the First Breath, he rarely uses this spell.

Knowing that the surrounding area is covered in water, and Rex did a lightning-based spell, Adhara grabbed Ryze and leaped away, landing on a tree branch to also being hit by the spread of the lightning spell.

On the contrary, Demon Lord Kirgil was hit by the full brunt of the force.

An unfathomable amount of volts invades his body, electrocuting him from the inside severely to the point of seizure. It was a horrendous sight as Demon Lord Kirgil was already in a bad state, weakened badly.

Horribly enough, Rex with his perfect control of energy limits the power output.

He limits it to just enough so that Demon Lord Kirgil will not pass out.

Rex raised his hand as Demon Lord Kirgil got pulled into the sky by the four lightning dragons. While he was being lifted, the red souls didn't stop and chased after him from behind, like a spiraling supernatural phenomenon.

It was only when he reached a considerable height that he stopped.

Due to the relentless attacks from the malicious red souls, swarming him in the sky and constantly attacking, it looked like a red beehive. But Rex ignored the sight and focused on feeling the power of the rune he engraved on Demon Lord Kirgil's chest.

Just then, a radiant glow appeared from within the red beehive.

"KRAAGGHHKK!!!"

Following that was the echoing, loud roar of pain coming from Demon Lord Kirgil's mouth.

Visible to the onlookers below, the red souls got propelled away as the Soul Shattering Rune was activated, exploding with a gush of energy before Demon Lord Kirgil's imposing soul also let out an astral scream of pain.

Numerous cracks appeared across its body, the pain was unimaginable.

Splash!

A moment later, Demon Lord Kirgil's soul was stretched into a couple of fragments.

Each of the soul's limbs was torn from its torso including the head, connected by a single thread of energy that is shaped like a T-pose, a crucifixion of the soul. It was also after that, a notification from the System appeared.

<Killed a peak seventh-rank realm Supernatural, obtained 1 billion Exp>

Upon seeing this, Rex couldn't help but frown.

I did not intend to actually kill him, but it seems the Soul Shattering Rune is too much.

Even though he wanted to make Demon Lord Kirgil a living testament of his might, he couldn't do anything if he could actually endure the Soul Shattering Rune's effect with the condition he was in right now.

But then again, it's not the end of the world.

Just then, another notification from the System appeared.

<Demon Lord Kirgil's body is rendered dead from the excruciating pain, but Demon Lords such as himself will not actually die if his heart and Sin Epicenter are not damaged. Thus, he's technically still alive, but he couldn't revive because his soul was held hostage by the Soul Shattering Rune>

Rex's eyes widened for a second before he smirked deviously. I forgot about that.

For a moment there, he forgot about that.

Demon Lords are unkillable through regular means, and so this has turned even better.

Gazing at Demon Lord Kirgil's fleshy body that was still held by the lightning dragons, and his soul being stretched by the Soul Shattering Rune, Rex smiled as this is exactly what he had depicted in his mind earlier.

With time, his soul would reattach itself back together.

However, the Soul Shattering Rune would intervene again whenever it was almost finished.

A perpetual soul torture method that Rex thought as he browsed through the System's shop earlier. Observing his own barbarity, Demon Lord Kirgil's corpse clamped by the black lightning dragons as well as the stretched-out soul, he was quite satisfied with the sight.

No doubt, anyone who came across this would be terrified.

Even this sight alone, thanks to its height, could be seen from miles and miles away.

Many Supernaturals or even Humans would see this, and if they did, they would remember this incident when Rex Silverstar slaughtered the notorious Rastrikan Demons who dared to face off against him.

It will act as a constant reminder of Rex's incomparable might.

But in order to finish this, he would need to do one more thing to make it perfect.

Last thing, I'll need to create a formation so that the Sky Imprisonment spell would be constantly supplied by lightning mana and wouldn't need to me directly supply it. In that case, this will be automatic, and will never disappear until at least someone as powerful as me decides to take it down.

Although that might happen, Rex doubted it.

With permission from Elder Tilrith, the Demon race wouldn't take it down.

As for the other Supernatural races, they wouldn't go on their way just to take this down.

Rex strode forward and began drawing the formation with the help of the System's guidance, he would need to finish this before he could move on. He has more things to take care of after he's done with the Rastrikan Demons.

Some needed a big decision that he would need to consider carefully.

But making the formation wouldn't take long as the formation is not that complicated.

It'll probably take only about five minutes or slightly longer.

However, while he was doing this, Adhara and Ryze were completely stunned at the sight.

Both of them watched what Rex did to Demon Lord Kirgil from start to finish, and now, both of them still had their eyes fixed on Demon Lord Kirgil's corpse and tortured soul in the sky, constantly letting out an astral groan of pain. None of them expected that Demon Lord Kirgil would end up with this fate.

A fate that is way worse than death itself.

At the very least, if he was killed, the pain wouldn't last that long.

His entire life and story would end, and the world would eventually forget about him. On the contrary, now he was tortured for essentially all eternity, and the world will not forget about him as he would be known as the testament of Rex Silverstar's power.

It was a humiliating fate beyond what anyone can comprehend.

Snapping out of her surprised trance, Adhara shook her head and looked down at Rex who was making the formation in silence. A conflicted feeling arise inside of her, "Just when I thought I've already seen it all, you keep on creating new heights of brutality"

"From time to time, I wonder if I should tell you to tone down that side of yours" She sighed.

Even though it's needed sometimes, this also terrifies Adhara.

But she knew that in this particular situation, this kind of brutality was quite effective.

Now everyone would see the fate that Demon Lord Kirgil suffered and words would spread to every corner of the world. It wouldn't even take long before the words reached back home, Dargena City where the people would have more confidence in Rex.

After all, he was quite kind when he was in the city except for the shocking introduction part.

Nothing is more loved than a ruler who acts fierce and brutal to his enemies but is kind and loving to his people. With this display of might, Rex has already started to establish his presence more and more.

On the other hand, Ryze muttered a question, "Does it have to be as bad as this...?"

"Hmmm...?" Adhara raised her eyebrows. "Of course, the Rastrikan Demons are savages and need to be punished. Also, it's the logical route as with this, the incident like the Dwarves undermining his power would not be a problem anymore" She continued, explaining the effect to Ryze clearly.

She then shrugged her shoulders, "Though it has a bad effect, it's still necessary"

In response, Ryze turned his head and exposed his troubled look.

Clearly, he was not used to seeing such a brutal sight that the enemies suffered.

"I think there will always be other better ways for this, a more humane one that has no need for something like this. Why does Rex always takes the harsh way?" He asked, expressing his emotions out.

Upon hearing this, Adhara felt a chill running down her body.

Not that she felt that Ryze was right, but she was afraid that he would say this to Rex.

Adhara quickly turned to face him and said, her voice stern, "Listen to me carefully, Ryze. I don't want you to say something like this in front of Rex, okay? Can you first promise that you'll be careful for me?"

Despite his confusion, Ryze nodded his head, making a promise to Adhara.

"Well, now to answer your question, there's a good reason for that" Adhara sighed lightly, wiping the sweat on her forehead. "Everything that involves our lives or the lives of many must be done with logical reasoning, not emotional reasoning. I learned that from Rex the hard way. If you ask why, then I'll say this"

Pausing for a second to make sure Ryze was paying attention, she then closed her eyes.

A flash of memories went past her mind for a brief second.

Numerous faces were amongst them which brings clarity and gravity to her answer. Her gleaming white eyes opened, revealing the stark reality. She continued with a somber, warning tone, "The Delarosa Vampire Family consumed by their lust for power and the folly of underestimating Rex, all of them died. The arrogant Atkins Family, once again miscalculating Rex, shared a similar fate, meeting their demise. Zero, in a desperate bid, took the life of Rex's parents, sealing his own doom"

"Do you understand? If you are guided by emotions, you'll die..."