

Full-Moon 981

Chapter 981 Vampire Bump

An unbelievable sight was presented before Mavenna.

In the last five minutes of watching Calidora engaging against the berserk Rex who has his power soaring terrifyingly, Mavenna managed to see the full might of the Royal Black Prince as Rex activated both of his King Marks instinctively.

His power was the stuff of legends in the entire history of Werewolves.

Mavenna had never seen a Werewolf making use of two King Marks during a fight like this.

Normal Werewolves would never have the chance to have two King Marks.

Additionally, even if a normal Werewolf acquired two King Marks, they would experience an energy overload, resulting in their bodies collapsing entirely. It would be fatal for them, but the Royal Black Prince would have no problem handling this.

Since their physiology is designed for this, containing multiple King Marks is their forte.

Other than that, she also got an unexpected surprise.

Calidora has shown to possess a remarkable power of dark revival. Each time Rex managed to cut her down, she effortlessly rose again, wearing the same maniacal smile. It was an unnatural and formidable ability, one that a Vampire shouldn't have.

Looking at Rex's ability feels like looking at the last kind of an animal.

Differing from that, looking at Calidora's ability feels like looking at a new terrifying animal.

Tonight is definitely one of the most shocking nights in Mavenna's life.

Crash!

Just then, Mavenna was abruptly snapped from her trance as Calidora collided with the wall beside the door. A glance revealed the utterly gruesome sight of Calidora's headless body sliding against the wall, blood spraying in all directions.

However, like before, her head started regenerating at a rapid pace.

Upon closer inspection, Mavenna now sensed the odd bronze energy that was healing her.

'A curse? She also cultivated in the way of witches?' She pondered in shock.

Much like becoming an Awakened, which requires an affinity to a certain element and is quite rare amongst normal humans, the path of becoming a witch unfolds along similar paths. Only those who have a cursed source is able to become a witch.

Having an affinity to an element is more common than having a cursed source.

In the ranks of Vampires, it was even rarer.

So seeing Calidora able to cultivate her cursed source to this degree is quite shocking.

Judging from her ability, she must have a very strong curse too.

Manipulating the essence of her own blood energy, Calidora stood up without a physical gesture, hovering defiantly as her gaze locked onto Rex again. His fury intensified as he realized that he couldn't kill Calidora for good.

For him, Calidora is like a cockroach that refuses to die no matter how much he tries.

"I'm uncertain about the nature of your ability, but if you're using your curse for this revival ability, I suggest not doing it too much. Excessive use of that may weaken your cursed source" Mavenna cautioned from the side, seeing that Calidora had no intention of stopping.

Mavenna couldn't understand why Calidora wanted to engage in a fight with him like this.

If she did it out of fun, then at least pick a better time.

Going against Rex right now, fueled with the zenith of the Hare Moon when he's already so strong already, is really foolish. Any attempt she threw at him would undoubtedly fail, she wouldn't even be able to scratch him.

Upon hearing this, Calidora clicked her tongue, "Shut up, old hag. No one is asking you!"

'Nobody is listening to me, I wonder why...' Mavenna rolled her eyes.

Despite her benevolent attempts to caution Rex against meeting with Gistella, he paid no heed and fell into the Executor's trap. Now, she sought to warn Calidora, who had ties to Rex, but her advice was met with another refusal.

Sighing to herself, Mavenna turned to leave and closed the door behind her.

Mavenna doesn't need to worry about anything.

No matter what Calidora tries inside, it would be futile, she won't be able to do anything to Rex in his state. Moreover, having already been defeated by Calidora and was too late in helping Rex, Mavenna found herself powerless in the current situation.

It was already too late ever since she fell asleep earlier.

'Thankfully, I'm not Sir Rex's Luna. If I were her, my soul would've left my body after learning about this, and that's not fun at all' Mavenna pondered with a shake of her head, imagining to be in the Luna's shoes made her shiver.

But then again, she's not, so she doesn't need to think about that.

She decided to return to the bed chamber, coursing through the empty and dark hallway.

'Hmm... Should I go back to the Demon Kingdom?' Mavenna thought, rubbing her chin in contemplation. 'Probably not. Elder Tilrith would've overworked me, so I'll just see where fate brings me, yes... that's what I'll do'

Just like that, Mavenna returned back to the bed chamber.

Unperturbed by the violent tremors caused by the prolonged battle between Calidora and Rex within the underground chamber, she chose to return to the dreamland instantly after reaching back to the bed chamber, mirroring her earlier tranquility.

On the other hand, the intense battle remained until the first streak of dawn.

A moment later.

Despite being inside an underground chamber of a castle, the morning was still able to whisper its arrival. Through the thick stone walls, there was a deceptive sense of dawn in the air, disturbing the slumber of a man lying in the center of the chamber.

Gradually, the underground chamber started to be illuminated with a bit of light.

Filtered light through unseen crevices.

Under this collective disturbance, Rex's eyelids started to tremble softly.

It took another minute before he slowly regained his consciousness and opened his eyes.

Blinking reflexively, he acclimated to his surroundings and discovered himself lying inside an expansive chamber, its unfamiliarity puzzling him. He was not in his Werewolf form anymore, so the Hare Moon must've ended already.

"Where am I...?" He uttered and slowly sat up with his hand on his throbbing head.

Nothing seems to make sense to him.

His mind is currently being blocked by a fog, and he felt drowsy and exhausted despite only just waking up. Trying to remember what had happened, he vaguely remembered lying on the bed before Calidora also climbed onto him.

When she leaned down to start the feeding process, everything became black.

Rex couldn't remember what happened after that.

Seeing now that he was inside the underground chamber, he must've moved here after the feeding process was done. But he felt uneasy as he didn't remember going down here, and he instinctively touched his neck.

'Right... The wound is probably healed already' He pondered with a wry smile.

Taking another minute to recollect himself, he took a deep breath and scanned the chamber.

In his astonishment, he observed that the chamber's walls were saturated with a deep red liquid, unmistakably blood, as the pervasive scent of it filled the entire chamber. However, he discerned that it wasn't all his blood, as he was well acquainted with the distinct aroma of his own blood.

Being wounded almost daily, the scent of his own blood is ingrained in his mind already.

Rex reckoned that his blood scent was dominated by another scent.

Did Calidora bring me here? Her blood is all over the walls.

A sense of realization came to him. Unable to remember what had happened after Calidora leaned to him meant that he went berserk, and through impossible odds, Calidora somehow managed to bring him here.

Naturally, she must've been wounded severely in the process, and that's not good.

System, can you tell me what happened last night?

<Negative>

<All features are suspended until the conclusion of the System Relaying Bet Quest>

Having read the notifications, Rex let out a big sigh, realizing he had forgotten about this particular matter. Determined, he pushed himself to his feet and strode out, with the intention of seeking out Mavenna to inquire if she was aware of what happened last night.

Reaching outside, he made his way back to the bed chamber that he was assigned to.

Last he remembered, Mavenna was sleeping soundly.

It was also because of her that he went to Calidora alone, which is quite dangerous.

She was the one who offered.

Remembering how reckless she could be when she was the one who offered to accompany him to meet with Calidora but ended up falling asleep, he could only shake his head and hastened his pace to the bed chamber.

Arriving there, he was speechless as he found Mavenna sleeping on the bed.

This girl... Is she the sleeping Demoness?

Looking at Mavenna still sleeping soundly even though she slept early and was now already dawn, Rex could feel his countenance twitching, rendered speechless by how nonchalant Mavenna could be inside a castle that she was not familiar with.

Since her position moved, she must've woke up and instantly headed back to sleep.

Despite he was standing right by her, she didn't react.

Rex was fearful of how relaxed she was. If it was him, much less someone standing directly beside him while he was sleeping, he would have undoubtedly roused at the faintest hint of someone nearing his chambers.

Even if that someone didn't eventually enter the chamber.

Finding no purpose in asking her about what had happened last night, seeing her sleeping like a log without a care in the world, he decided to head out once again. He would need to check on Calidora, to make sure that she was indeed okay.

Knowing the Eternal Curse, he was not that worried.

He walked through the hallway and stumbled upon a particular section of the castle.

It should have been a drawing room, judging from the antiques.

But it was completely dark.

Not that there were no windows, but all of them were covered by thick blood energy.

He was attracted to this room because Calidora's scent was inside.

"Calidora, are you here?" Rex asked with a loud tone, announcing his presence clearly.

Although he could see through the darkness, he couldn't find her anywhere which was quite weird since her scent was obviously here. But after saying that, he felt some movement from above which prompted him to tilt his head up.

On the ceiling, he found Calidora sitting upside down.

Calidora seemed to be meditating in the darkness, undisturbed by the slow rise of the sun.

However, Rex realized there were some changes in her.

Did she get stronger again? Or am I thinking too much? But what's with these changes?

Strangely enough, her form emitted an otherworldly glow in the darkness, an unusual luminosity for a Vampire who revels in hunting in the night. Adding to the peculiarity, Rex noticed a set of diminutive bat-like wings near her waist, which she clearly didn't have before.

It must not be nothing if her form changed like this.

Rex, once again, cursed inside his head as if he had the System, he wouldn't be in the dark.

He could scan Calidora right now, but he obviously can't right now.

"Do you need blood for breakfast or something?" Rex asked, offering to give her blood.

Now that he's here, he would need to be on Calidora's good side as he would be asking for help with his cursed source right after this. In response to his question, Calidora jumped down from the ceiling.

Landing graciously in front of Rex, she raised her eyes which were now the normal violet.

"Hmm... No, I'm not in the mood" She replied casually.

Upon hearing this, Rex knitted his eyebrows together weirdly. He had never seen a Vampire refusing blood. Moreover, this was Calidora he was talking to, she was usually crazy about his blood but it seems today is not her day.

Calidora seemed to be in a bad mood, and her expression also showed that.

Like a woman in her period to be exact.

Finding that Rex was being awkward, not knowing what to do to return Calidora to her good mood before asking for her help, she intervened, "I know that you want me to do something. Just tell me, and I'll gladly help you. Alas, that's one of the reasons you decided to stay here with me, right?"

"Ask away, I'm all ears" She continued, blooming a weak smile on her face.

Chapter 982 Convincing Calidora

"I can ask you about it later if you're not up for anything right now. This is your castle, and I'm only a guest. At the very least I should respect your need for privacy" Rex shook his head, he couldn't come out as rude and risk offending Calidora in ways he didn't know or even realize.

He really can't mess this up, this is the crucial part of his planning.

With the stake heightened to the point of uncomfortably high, he needs to be extra careful.

Seeing him being like this, Calidora chuckled sweetly.

Not once has she ever seen Rex being this overtly courteous.

Calidora could clearly tell that he was trying to not offend her for some unknown reason, but it was obvious that he needed something yet didn't want to shove it at her. It must be quite an important something to make him act like this.

But considering that he was usually dominant, seeing this side of him is quite refreshing.

"Rex, if you're being like this, you're also making me uncomfortable," Calidora said assuringly. "Treat this castle as your own, and talk to me normally. If you need something, go ahead and tell me. As long as I don't need to step out into the light, then I'm fine"

Upon hearing this, Rex could only smile wryly.

He cursed himself realizing that he must be acting way too differently than normal.

Clearing his throat, he decided to take Calidora on her offer and act normally, "I could tell that your cursed power has gotten stronger again since you were able to bring me to the underground chamber yourself. On that note, I wanted your help to cultivate my cursed source and reach the ninth epiphany"

A peculiar glint, flashed inside Calidora's eyes when she heard this.

She wanted to ask what he remembered from last night, and now she got the answer.

'Bring him to the underground chamber? I thought he would at least remember a bit from last night, but it seems he passed out completely. I'm not going to correct him though' Calidora pondered, coming to a realization that Rex didn't recall anything from last night.

Then again, during the feeding process, he was out of it.

In addition, when he exited the bed chamber, he was also being influenced hard by the last stroke of the Hare Moon. Lastly, within the underground chamber, he went berserk and transformed so he also didn't remember that.

So it was understandable that he didn't remember anything that happened last night.

"Help cultivate your cursed source? And why would I do that?" Calidora asked.

Currently, she has the upper hand in the cursed power.

Due to her superior cursed power, she can control Rex within a limit, such as stopping him completely during an attack. If Rex's cursed source grew stronger, then she would also lose that ability as controlling him would be harder then.

Obviously, she was leaning to refuse to help him in this regard.

Upon hearing this, Rex remained silent for a brief second, his mind turning its gears.

I think taking the soft approach wouldn't work for Calidora.

She even noticed it instantly.

Judging from her character, and the way Evelyn portrayed her, it was clear that she likes me in her twisted way. So she must like the usual me, and becoming less dominant wouldn't let me have my way with her.

Rex nodded, he decided that he would act as if he didn't need Calidora's help that much.

He excels in this kind of thing, so he's not worried.

"What do you think about the Executor, Calidora?" Rex suddenly asked, his eyes squinting.

Not expecting that kind of question, Calidora arched an eyebrow. She contemplated for a second before she eventually replied, "A nuisance to the world, but very strong. Eventually, the threat he poses would reach me, and it's preferable if he dies before that occurs"

"Right, you're a Supernatural after all" Rex nodded, expecting her answer to be like this.

He then continued nonchalantly, "His purpose is to make Humanity sovereign again, and he would sit at the top of power, ruling over the entire world. So, of course, you would need to think about that eventually" But then, a mysterious smile climbed to his face. "Now, what if I say that you are one of the targets in the Executor's kill list?"

"Me...? I don't even know him, it's impossible" Calidora was completely perplexed.

Being on the Executor's kill list never crossed her mind.

However, from the way Rex was smiling, it didn't seem like he was lying, "Yes, you don't know him, and there's no reason for the Executor to put you on his kill list. But... you do realize that you are not quite likable amongst my pack, right?"

Upon hearing this, Calidora's eyes widened in realization.

In the next second, her countenance darkens, "Is it Evelyn? What did she do...?"

"No, it's not her, you'll be surprised" Rex shook his head, and the smile remained on his face. "It was Gistella. She sneaked out of my territory and went to the Executor. I was in really big trouble because of her before coming here, and from what I can decipher, she decided to help the Executor take me down in exchange for the Executor killing you..."

Calidora narrowed her eyes, trying to see whether it was really the truth or not.

Personally, she wanted to believe that this was a lie.

But there was no sign of Rex lying about what he said, he was completely truthful, and even the blood inside of him was coursing at a normal pace. Calidora was absolutely shocked by the news, she didn't realize that Gistella would go to such a length.

'Huh... This is unexpected. Then again, if I pass this, taking Rex for myself will come true'

Despite the news, Calidora's mind is still set on one goal.

Returning to her normal expression, she then asked, "I am quite surprised by this, and I'm sorry that Gistella betrayed you but... What does this have to do with helping you cultivate your cursed source?"

"I need to cultivate my cursed source to kill the Executor" Rex eventually confessed.

Now is the time for him to be transparent.

"If you refuse to help, my plan's failure is imminent, and the Executor will win. After I die, then you're going to be next. In a way, we're in the same boat, Calidora. Like the Eternal Curse that bound us together, my death will result in your death. So knowing this, are you still not going to help me?" Rex asked once again, now with a more confident look.

He had already rephrased his request to be irrefutable.

Calidora would be seeking death if she still fixed on not wanting to help him cultivate.

Naturally, Caldiora has her own doubts about this as it was too coincidental for Gistella to be seeking her demise which leads to this situation. She was reluctant to help Rex with this due to the fact that this was the one thing she was better than Rex.

If she helped him, then she would lose that advantage.

Her stress could be seen through her biting her bottom lip with a clear frown on her face.

Come on, you know you can't refuse to help me.

Rex was observing Calidora's expression closely, he wanted to see whether he would need to give another push to make her agree. But it seemed there was no need as Calidora let out a deep sigh in defeat and rested her hand above her stomach.

"Okay, I'll help you. If the time is pressing, I can even transfer my cursed energy to you"

"What...?"

Out of nowhere, the table was turned as Rex was now the one who seemed to be troubled.

Just like that? She decided to help me just like that? She doesn't need any more convincing, promises, or guarantees? Heck, she even offered to give up her cursed energy to me if the time was pressing as if it meant nothing to her.

What is this? What is she thinking? Now I'm the one who became hesitant.

Surprised by her compliance, Rex looked at her intently, pure doubt on his countenance.

But furthering his mind to be wild, Calidora pivoted around.

"Let's go. Let's do it right now, inside this room" She said, gesturing for him to start training.

Although this was a good progression for him, as he now convinced Calidora to help him willingly, he doesn't feel good at all. Doubts haunted his mind, and he couldn't take care of his doubts as Calidora had already started cultivating already.

Guess everything went according to plan... Yeah, whatever, let's start cultivating.

...

Meanwhile, back to the Shifting Realm.

Inside the shroud of the forest were Elder Nolacula and Elder Tilrith, both of them watched the battle inside the Shifting Realm from start to finish and gained some insights that they put in their arsenal of knowledge.

Despite losing so many people, the two already knew the risk and had no problem.

None of them felt sorry for the fallen Demons and Vampires.

"Hmm... I wished the Executor would do more than that. His ability to render Kurt like that is something that I am aware of, it's the innate ability of Chaos elements called Corrupted Reflection, able to reflect a spell his body sustained to others in a corrupted version" Elder Nolacula mused with a dejected tone.

Most of the Executors have this power, so it's quite a renowned ability.

Upon hearing this, Elder Tilrith nodded her head, "Since that Vampire cast a blood spell, the Executor gained a transient command over blood energy and made him end like that. Alas, it's quite regrettable that the Royal Black Prince was only able to elicit that much"

Just as the two were talking, two figures dashed and landed gracefully beside them.

Both then went to one knee in respect to the Elders.

Appearance-wise, one figure resembled a human woman, but she was obviously not a human judging from the blue demonic aura that she was emitting. Naturally, this figure is definitely one of the Executioners of Tyro.

On the other hand, the other figure is a Vampire in its ancient form.

Despite his hulking bat-like body, its presence was fainter than even the smallest dark fairy.

Elder Tilrith and Elder Nolacula have infiltrated both of them inside the armies.

Both of them are tasked to keep a distance and not engage in a fight and would come to meet with the Elders when the entire army that they sent here was defeated. Now that they are here, it's a clear signal that the army was done already.

Not even needing to say anything, the Elders intend to leave to prepare for their next move.

However, the Vampire suddenly called, "I plead for forgiveness, Elders..."

Upon hearing this, Elder Nolacula and Elder Tilrith stopped and turned to look at the Vampire with a questioning look. In haste, the Vampire continues, "A lot of our people are dead, and I humbly ask why we are doing this?"

"If we want to stop the Executor, then a full force is what we need" he added to his question.

Elder Tilrith looked at Elder Nolacula after he finished his question.

Obviously, it was Elder Nolacula's subordinate who asked the question, and he would need to be the one to answer. Moreover, questioning the Elders is bad etiquette and Elder Nolacula was slightly embarrassed by this.

"Firstly, you know nothing, Fabio. I suggest keeping your question to yourself next time"

Bowing his head deeper, Fabio apologized again, "I'm sorry, Elder"

Scoffing lightly, Elder Nolacula then continued, "As for the answer to your question, it's because we are not aiming to stop the Executor here. In a couple of days, the Executor would reach the Symposium of Upper Divinities, and there is where the real fight begins"

"That's where the real fight begins...?" Fabio utters back, still puzzled.

Elder Nolacula nodded firmly before he smirked, "Yes. Even the Executor knows that, which is why he didn't do anything, to reserve his energy. He knows that when he reaches the Symposium, he will be fighting not two sides, but three sides at the same time..."

Chapter 983 Passue Matriarch

Nothing much changed in the encampment after the incident that transpired against Rex.

People were still patrolling around and wrapping up the entire place since they now could move forward with the Shifting Realm cleansed of Supernaturals. Out of all of them, the military was taking the longest as their gears were many and hard to move.

On the east side of the encampment was the most crowded.

At least nearly a hundred military men could be seen gathering in a humongous tent.

Inside the tent was some kind of weapon none had ever seen before.

General Charles from the special force division was the one overseeing this side, instructing the soldiers who were working together to take out the machine. He has a typical stern look that a general would have, a nicely trimmed beard, and a sharp gaze that could make any soldiers avert their eyes away.

"Leave a scratch on it, and all of you will get a bullet to your head!" General Charles shouted.

Soon, the machine inside was brought outside successfully.

Naturally, it turns out to be a weapon, a highly sophisticated and advanced canon made of a special alloy and steel combined with mutated animal parts. It was the size of four tanks, the structure also boasts the weight that it possesses.

Looking at the machine with pride, General Charles then turned his eyes to the side.

He was looking at a particular group of military men.

All of them are wearing a different set of outfits than the rest, raven-black combat armor that covers their bodies from head to toe and a skull mask to hide their identity. A dozen of them were present, and it was obvious that they were the special unit of the military.

With a nudge of his chin, General Charles instructed them through silent words.

One of them nodded and stepped to the machine.

General Charles watches as this man put his hand on the humongous weapon and in the next second, the black and dark green alloy turned transparent. Surprisingly, the entirety of the weapon turned translucent.

It didn't turn invisible.

Anyone who gets close enough would be able to see the weapon, but not for those far away.

Upon the weapon turning translucent, the rest of the special force unit grabbed a hold of its handles and started pushing the weapon to the very front. Considering that the weapon should at least weigh 100 tons, it was very hard to believe that 12 non-Awakened were able to push the entire thing.

Despite it being hard for them, the weapon is still moving, and that should be impossible.

Meanwhile, at the center of the encampment.

The Executor wasn't basking in triumph after what he had accomplished, instead, he seemed to be slightly nervous, standing in front of five steel cylinder structures taller than himself, which should make these structures about eight to nine feet tall.

Standing on either side was Brigitta and Edward who were told to be by his side.

On top of that, there were three more Awakened behind them.

It has been two hours already.

Both of them were watching the Executor draw runic patterns on the steel structures with his claws, and he had a very serious expression right now. Asking him about what he was doing right now is not appropriate because of that.

However, Edward and Brigitta had a guess in their mind.

From the looks of the cylinder steel engraved with runes, they must be a makeshift totem.

Although the two don't know why the Executor is making five totems right now, they don't question it as he should have a purpose for them. Soon enough, the Executor stepped back and wiped the sweat on his forehead.

Oddly enough, engraving the runes seemed to be draining him.

"Have you prepared what I asked?" the Executor turned to look at Edward to his left.

Upon receiving the directive, Edward nodded and moved to the side, presenting the three Awakened behind him that the Executor requested. Earlier, the Executor specifically sought three of the strongest Awakened possessing ultimate element branching from water, earth, and fire elements.

It was a rather weird request, and Edward thought that he might want a sacrifice again.

But then again, he did it anyway as the Executor's word is absolute.

Just as he presented the three Awakened, Edward paused for a second, he felt extremely bad and this led to him remembering that time when Rex had to do all the dirty things when they were still in the military, knowing that he didn't have the stomach for it.

'So this is what it feels like. He doesn't like this too, but he never once complained...'

Clenching his jaw, Edward quickly shook his head.

"I've brought what you requested, these three were previously at the eighth-rank realm before the First Breath and are definitely one of the strongest amongst our ranks" He introduced, giving the three Awakened a confidence boost as they lifted their chins slightly.

The Executor nodded his head, and he took out something from a black portal.

Expecting to be his weapon, Edward sighed.

However, he was proven wrong when the Executor took out about three dozen vials instead.

Looking at the vials that hovered in the air under the influence of the Executor's power, Edward is quite sure that they were mana potions. But unlike the regular, the substance within was sparkling and had a deeper shade of blue.

Surely, it was an even more potent mana potion.

Giving the three Awakened a dozen mana potions each, the Executor then said, "Do exactly as I told you, there must be no mistake. If there's even one mistake, then you three would suffer the consequences from me, do you understand?"

"Yes!" the three Awakened nodded their heads repeatedly.

In the event following that, the Executor supervised the three Awakened to infuse their mana into the five-cylinder steel structures with great precision. Even the amount of infused mana needs to be exactly as he said.

Under his guidance, the three Awakened started their work.

Despite only needing to do the same thing five times, it takes another two hours to finish.

By this time, the three Awakened were completely exhausted of mana.

Even the dozen mana potion vials they were given were completely drained, none was left as the process surprisingly required an insane amount of mana. Along the process, the Executor even gave another dozen seeing that the three Awakened's mana capacity was even lesser than he anticipated.

Now, the cylinder steel structures were glowing with rainbow light, nearing completion.

It needs a bit more strokes from the three Awakened.

While waiting for the three Awakened to finish, the Executor turned towards Edward.

"Edward..."

"Yes, my Lord?"

"Since we are going to arrive at the Symposium soon, I'll tell you your task when we get there. A fight will break, I'm sure of it, and you will not be participating in the battle but instead will keep an eye out for the Passue Matriarch"

"Passue Matriarch...? Who is that?"

Edward was puzzled, he didn't know who this Passue Matriarch was.

Then again, he can't believe that there would be someone out there who would dare to come in between the Executor and the Symposium of Upper Divinities aside from Rex and the Supernatural forces that obviously don't want him reaching there.

For a moment, the Executor weirdly paused, saying nothing.

Eventually, he replied, "She's called the Broken Guardian, the guardian of the Symposium"

"Just remember that the Passues, her children will let out relentless growls. There are a lot of them, so it would be loud, but you would need to listen carefully and find a crying woman voice among them. If you find the source, go in that direction and stall the Passue Matriarch for me, that's your job" he explained with a quickened voice.

Upon hearing this, Edward frowned and had numerous questions in his mind.

But the Executor doesn't seem to want to talk more.

He quickly turned to Brigitta and said, "When these three are done, it's your turn. Encase the five totems with your mana and create a barrier around them. Only when they are finished, we will continue our march as planned. Also, where's Mavenna? I need to see her"

"Emm... Sir, I have bad news" Brigitta intervened when the Executor was about to leave.

Upon hearing this, the Executor frowned, "What is it?"

"Last night, when all of our attention was on Rex, something bad happened. Mavenna... She managed to escape, and the team I sent to find her hasn't gotten anything" Brigitta added, she was a little bit nervous when she said this, fearing the Executor's reaction.

As expected, the Executor's countenance contorted hideously.

"How the fuc—"

It was specifically said that Mavenna was needed when they arrived at the Symposium.

Now she was gone, nowhere to be seen.

Fully expecting that she would need to deal with the Executor's wrath, not necessarily because of her fault, but because he wanted to vent, Brigitta prepared herself. However, contrary to what she was expecting, the Executor suddenly stopped mid-sentence and looked down.

Without saying anything, he turned around and simply walked away.

Brigitta and Edward were utterly confused by his actions.

However, as he watched the Executor strode away, he saw something shocking.

It was so shocking that he instinctively turned to Brigitta, searching for confirmation in her eyes. To his surprise, Brigitta mirrored his own shocked expression, silently affirming the undeniable truth they both beheld through one glance.

Looking back at the Executor, Edward saw that his arms and legs were shaking.

Not a normal shaking either.

Edward could tell that these shakings were caused by a source of fear, even the way the Executor missed a step and limp shows that what he thought seemed to be true. "No way, the Executor... he's afraid?"

Meanwhile, inside another quarter not far from where the totems were being made.

Last night, King John accompanied Gistella for half an hour.

He was afraid that Gistella was going to do something reckless like she tried to do if he left her alone without supervision. But thankfully, Gistella spent most of her time contemplating in silence instead of doing anything rash.

Now, he was inside his own quarter, also contemplating about last night.

King John was not contemplating Gistella, but the visit he got from Mavenna instead.

"If I changed sides right now, then what President Sebrof thinks about me will be true. I'm not fit to be a leader if I do that. But, on the other hand, I can't deny that it might be the right path I could take right now..." He muttered inwardly, massaging his throbbing forehead.

Due to working with the Executor, he has never been at peace.

In addition, most of his messengers became distant from him even though they did it subtly.

He could tell that their respect for him was waning right before his eyes.

Additionally, he couldn't seek console as the Green Messenger went missing, and he doesn't have anyone to talk to about this except himself. "Is it really true that Prof. K delivered that message to me? Does he really think that I'm making a mistake too?"

Just thinking about this made King John sigh heavily, he couldn't come to a decision.

...

"Sir Rex sent his greetings, King John..."

"What? Have you gone mad, Mavenna? The Executor wouldn't like this"

Unlike Brigitta and Edward, King John was tasked to supervise the entire encampment as he has leadership skills and the Executor simply couldn't be bothered with small problems. But he was surprisingly visited by Mavenna in his quarter late in the night.

More shockingly, she instantly said this the moment she stepped inside.

"He wanted me to tell you that he knows of your situation with the Executor, and wanted to offer you a way out. If you comply, then you could see the end to all the mess you caused from your decision and return back to normal" Mavenna ignored his remark and continued.

King John was even more at a loss for words.

He was confused as to how Rex would know about his situation with the Executor.

But then again, if it's Rex, he should have his own methods.

Shaking his head to snap out of his trance, King John looked at Mavenna fiercely and stood up with immense malice. He was not going to be pushed around like this, "I'm not going to listen to you. Mavenna, you're going to answer to the Executor!"

"Really? What if I told you that Prof. K was the one who asked Rex to give you a chance?"

"What...?"

Chapter 984 Path of Curse

"What do you mean by Prof. K asking Rex to give me a chance?" King John utters.

Mavenna kept her stoic, "It means exactly what it is, King John"

He had a look of shock on his face.

From the last report about Prof. K's whereabouts, he was last seen in the Great Barricade before he vanished completely. Initially, King John thought that Prof. K's time had come and that he would silently make his exit without anyone knowing.

Since he has a unique and unknown sickness, his time in this world is limited.

It was Prof. K's sole motivation, to further humanity as much as he could before his death.

King John assumed that Prof. K was already dead.

Both of them weren't emotional people, both devoid of excessive sentimentality, they shared an unspoken understanding rooted in their same way of thinking, having responsibilities that they need to fulfill in this world as the ones blessed with strength.

Due to that, Prof. K confessed that when his time drew near, he would simply disappear.

No need for farewell, that would be his end of the line.

However, now King John knows that Prof. K is alive, from Mavenna's mouth surprisingly.

"Rex is offering you a second chance, a chance for salvation. By now, you must know that the Executor is not a human, he's an abomination that thinks nothing of those he deems lesser than himself" Mavenna continued, her gaze sharp. "Even you, one of the closest to him had a taste of his lethal influence"

Upon hearing this, King John leaned back in his seat, his mind was a jumbled mess.

"It's simply a price I need to pay for power, nothing else" King John rebutted.

Although the price for the Executor opening up his bloodline was so expensive, he knew that the Executor was doing this for the sole reason of exchange. He would need to show that he wouldn't use his power against the Executor in order to get help.

Even though the way to show that is by becoming the Executor's meat shield.

Mavenna raised an eyebrow, stunned at his answer.

She was aware that the Executor had a tight grip on King John, but she hadn't anticipated the extent to which it had ingrained, rendering him blind to the glaring truth. His perception had become clouded, obscuring the obvious realities before him.

"Let me guess, is it because he said that he's glad to have you? Because of your bloodline?"

"How did you know about that?"

"I've lived in the same era as the Executor. If I told you how he treated the ancient humans back then, you would understand that this is all a facade for his bigger plan. Can't you see it, King John? You're being used by him"

Despite the urge to report all of this to the Executor, he found him fixed on his chair.

He couldn't move and stayed on the edge of his seat.

Not that he believed what Mavenna said was true, the fact that the Executor was using him for some kind of plan, but he was searching for something to rebut her with. But he couldn't come up with a single word.

Seeing his expression, Mavenna then restarted, "Let me ask you this..."

"In your time with the Executor, have he sent you to a battle? Provide backup for humanity's big walls, perhaps? Or even now as you advance to the Symposium, have you been in any battles, King John?" She asked. clearly trying to prove a point.

Listening to her question, King John's mouth was sealed completely.

Now that he was asked, he has never been in a battle.

Brigitta and Edward were sent to battles all the time, accompanying him for the preparation amongst other things. He, himself, on the other hand, was cramped in safety, dealing with the problems regarding the people.

'I thought that he was giving me this task because he recognized my skills in leadership...'

A pause happened as Mavenna let her questions sink in.

Even though she expected that she wouldn't need to go this far to make King John realize his situation, she decided to go all in as this would determine whether Rex would take her with him or not, "No, right? You're cramped in safety, and you might ask yourself why. It's because the real fight is nearing, and he didn't want to risk you dying, that's why"

"You have to understand. The Executors are pure evil, others are bugs for them" She added.

Upon hearing this, King John took a deep breath in disbelief.

...

Back to the present.

King John was sitting inside his quarter, thinking back about his exchange with Mavenna.

It was completely out of the blue, catching him off guard.

However, he now understands what Mavenna is trying to tell him, in fact, he understands it very clearly now. Some doubts appeared in his mind. From the start, the Executor was as Mavenna guessed, glad to have him as he has an ancient bloodline.

An ancient bloodline of a Magus.

Naturally, after his bloodline was fully unlocked, his physique grew stronger exponentially.

He was even confident to say that he was the 2nd or 3rd strongest in this encampment. If he was pitted against Edward, he might lose but he for sure would not put on a bad show as his physique is paramount right now.

So initially, when the Executor wanted him to be his meat shield, he accepted.

Out of the others, only he could take on this role.

But now that Mavenna has planted a seed of doubt in his mind, he couldn't help but think that the Executor planned this from the start. Pretending to just realize the ancient bloodline inside of his body, the Executor proposed to unlock it.

In truth, he already knew from the start, and his reason to help unlock it is for himself.

Mavenna talked about the real fight, and she must meant the fight that would happen in the Symposium of Upper Divinities which they were heading to. Something there must pose a threat to the Executor, and thus he opted to seek for safety measures.

As for now, if the Executor was killed, the one who will be dying is King John.

It's why Mavenna said that he's the Executor's second life.

Looking at a piece of demonic crystal the size of his hand with a minuscule aura, King John frowned as Mavenna left this as if he had come to a decision. If he didn't say anything she would assume that he refused the offer.

"Should I really turn on the Executor...?" King John mused in contemplation.

Heaving out a big sigh, he threw the demonic crystal to the table and rubbed his forehead.

From the looks of it, he was still undecided about his next move.

...

Meanwhile, it was the very start of noon when the sun was at its highest.

Rex has been spending most of his time inside the dark drawing room with Calidora by his side, instructing him on what to do. He was told to circulate his cursed energy throughout every nook of his body one thousand times.

It was a dreadful process as he was not accustomed to using his cursed energy.

On top of that, his constitution was making it even harder.

Due to the unique nature of cursed energy, shockingly enough, Rex found that his body treated it as a malicious external energy. Whenever he tries to circulate his cursed energy, his body instinctively attempts to push it out.

Additionally, his body's reaction is very strong thanks to him being the Royal Black Prince.

His first bottleneck has come in regard to cursed energy.

Since he had the system, there was no bottleneck for him, and he was accustomed to that.

He initially believed that attaining the ninth epiphany—the crucial milestone for advancing his plan, which the Witch of Chaos has set—would be a matter of days. His accelerated growth was attributed to his abnormally strong cursed source thanks to the Eternal Curse, and also the abundance of cursed energy that he could get from the Humming Damned Forest.

But it seemed it was not going to be easy for him.

Especially now that he couldn't seek a solution from the System which always has a way.

However, Rex would not give up as the stake right now is literally life or death.

Calidora who was expecting him to finish the one thousand circulation in one hour was surprised to find that he only finished after almost three hours. It took him a considerable amount of time and now it's already noon.

"Very unfortunate. It's your fault for possessing too strong of a body" Calidora chimed.

Rex could only sigh as this was an unforeseen event.

Not wanting to idle any longer, he then asked, "What do I have to do next?"

"Close your eyes again and focus on your cursed energy" Calidora instructed, she was now standing behind Rex with a serious expression. "Unlike other energies, we need to adapt to the curse inside of us in order to grow faster as a Witch. Focus on your cursed energy, empty your mind, and listen to its voice"

Just as she instructed, Rex did exactly that, trying to empty his mind.

It took ten minutes to empty his mind.

Due to the constant perpetual state of thinking about everything around him, it was harder to empty his mind than it sounded like. When he does, he focuses on his cursed source, trying to find the voice that Calidora is talking about.

Although she said that it was a voice, Rex found that it was not an actual voice.

Instead, it was a premonition on what he needed to do.

Upon finding what he needed to do, he opened his eyes again and snapped back to reality.

"So? What does your curse want you to do?" Calidora asked.

Pondering for a moment, she continued, "If you really know what your curse wants, it should tell you the time it wanted to be cultivated and also the activity you need to do to hasten its growth. I don't really understand why, but it differs from person to person"

"It wants me to circulate it under the sun while exercising?" Rex replied and paused.

Calidora raised an eyebrow, seeing that he still seemed to have something to say.

"It also—It also wants you to always be close to me" He added.

Listening to this, Calidora smiled and gently tapped his shoulder. "Considering that we are bound by the Eternal Curse, don't be overly surprised when it wants me close. After all, we are one way or another, connected..."

"I'm not surprised, I already expected something like this" Rex shrugged his shoulders.

Even the Witch already told him to stick really close to Calidora.

Although he doesn't know whether the Witch said that knowing the nature of the Eternal Curse or perhaps other reasons, he already somewhat expected this, and doesn't mind now that he's essentially sharing a castle with Calidora.

In a moment, the two headed to the courtyard.

Now that the two were walking side by side, Rex asked a question that had been bugging his mind ever since he came here. "It hasn't been that long since I last saw you, and yet, how did you manage to have your own castle? Did you perhaps climb in nobility?"

"I'm the Vampire Princess, there's not much nobility rank above me" Calidora replied lightly.

Rex smiled wryly as he forgot that Calidora was literally a princess.

Still fixed on the subject, he asked again, "Then how did you get this castle for yourself?"

"I reckon that we are situated deep inside the Vampire territory, coupled with the fact that there were countless abandoned houses out there, this castle should reside in a big city, even if it's the capital city, I wouldn't be surprised" Rex added, the expanse of houses out there can host tens of thousands of Vampires.

Upon hearing this, Calidora puts on a sly smile, she was quite proud about this.

Truthfully, this castle really resides in the capital city.

This is Vampire King's castle, the one that her father was using, and now she has this place for herself thanks to Elder Nolacula. "Let's just say that I won this castle over from my father, the previous Vampire King"

Chapter 985 Best in Close Combat

Beating the previous Vampire King, Saruth is quite a feat for Calidora.

Considering that he's her father, it's commendable.

Rex remembered that it hadn't been that long from his first encounter with Calidora, and back then, she was guarded by two Royal Vampire Guards. She was no more than a mere third-rank realm, having guards beside her is a must as the Vampire Princess.

Now, she went anywhere alone and even possessed her own castle.

Her growth could be seen evidently.

"Go easy on your parents. In time, you will be stronger than them, so cut them some slack" Rex mused with a shake of his head, had his parents been alive, he would've pampered them with the entire world.

Maybe, he would even turn them into Werewolves, to help them survive better.

Alas, that was all too late.

Upon hearing this, Calidora couldn't help but sweetly smile and delicately interlocked her hand with Rex's hand as the two walked, understanding that his words were shaped by his experiences with his own parents. His story with his parents was a tragic one.

Calidora knew that both his real and foster parents were killed.

Such a burden could make anyone go mad.

It was more hurtful for Rex as he should've had the power to prevent it. Maybe he was utterly powerless to do anything to prevent his real parents' deaths. But his foster parents, that is an entirely different thing.

'No matter how strong he will become, he will never feel enough' Calidora pondered.

Her intuition is telling her that, and she's quite certain of it.

Rex was surprised when he saw Calidora locking her hand with his, but she soon looked at him with a vibrant expression. "Since you're the one who said it, I'll try and do it when I meet my parents. After all, you're right, a quarrel with them is meaningless" She said.

"I'm surprised you understand that" Rex replied, fully expecting Calidora to not understand.

A moment later, the two arrived at the courtyard.

Unlike what Rex expected, the courtyard is adorned with living mutated plants.

Most of the castle sections were hollow and empty, adorned with only a couple of banners and ornaments, so he thought that the courtyard was the same. But he was dead wrong as multiple species of crimson mutated plants could be seen.

An additional layer of sunlight made their color more vibrant to the eyes.

On top of that, he also saw the source of the blood energy that encased the entire castle.

Located on every corner of this square-shaped courtyard was a Blood Bunya, not the regular one either, but a special one. It was even bigger and had this air of olden to it, telling tales of the ancient world through the spiraling branches and their vibrant red leaves.

Due to the shadow covering them on the corner, an air of mystery was also added to them.

Instead of coming out to the courtyard, Calidora stayed in the shadows.

She told him earlier that she wouldn't step into the sunlight, even though she obviously had an artifact that protected her from it, so he didn't insist. "Due to your constitution, I think the Eternal Curse telling you to exercise is to weaken your body's spirit"

"Go and do that, and when you're ready, tell me and I'll help you" She added firmly.

Rex nodded before he walked out.

He did know that curses influence an entirely different essence of the material world, which is why it was the most versatile energy, able to do most things, and it's also the reason most defensive spells weren't able to entirely block their might.

Against curses, it's better to use curses too, that's what Rex knows.

Not a lot of things decorated the courtyard.

From a quick inspection, there was only a fountain of blood and a statue close to the walls the shape of a figure that Rex assumed to be a Vampire. It was not Saruth or any Vampires he had ever seen, maybe another respective figure in the Vampire Kingdom.

Stopping near the fountain, he basked in the warmth of the sunlight.

It's been quite some time since I exercised properly. Most of the time, fighting is my exercise.

With one quick motion, he takes off the robe he was wearing and exposes his torso.

Just as he did that, however, he realized that Calidora was watching and he instinctively turned towards her. He shifted his gaze, only to witness Calidora's form liquefy into blood, seamlessly trickling into the earth before reappearing underneath the protective shade of the Blood Bunya to his right.

Calidora then sat down to enjoy the show, which she had never been blessed with.

Hmm...? Weird.

I expected discomfort being observed by her while I was bare-chested. But oddly, there's an unfamiliar ease to it. It's as though I've done this already, and it's not awkward. It feels like I'm standing before Adhara or Evelyn, it feels normal.

Shaking his head, Rex focused back on her and noticed something else.

Not only did Calidora not want to be exposed to sunlight, but her aura which felt heavy and sinister like always was also leaning towards the shadows of the Blood Bunya, which was the first for him. Normal Vampires' aura doesn't avoid sunlight as much as this.

Rex thought that this was odd, but he thought that maybe it was a period or something.

A period but for Vampires that he wasn't aware of.

Huh, maybe now that I'm not always focused on the System, I started to notice things more.

Dismissing trivial thoughts, he began to stretch, followed by light jumps to loosen his body up. It's been some time, but he was going to try to shadow box again, going through the usual moves crafted through rigorous training and real battles.

When he was ready, he took a deep breath and flexed his hands.

One could see the sinews beneath his skin hinting at the sheer power dormant within him.

Rex then positioned himself with the precision of a highly seasoned warrior, battles flashed in the glints of his eyes. Drawing another quick breath, he unleashed a straight punch ahead, the air parting before the force of his blow.

It was a normal straight punch, nothing was imbued in that punch.

However, even a regular punch from him shoots a blast of air that hits the wall across him.

But he didn't stop there. His movements, initially steady, gained momentum. A symphony of strikes followed—jabs, crosses, kicks—a dance of unparalleled strength and agility. His fists and legs blurred as they cut through the air, leaving behind an ethereal trail of motion.

As he seamlessly transitioned from one dangerous move to the next, something happened.

Responding to his ferocious attacks, a subtle whirlwind materialized, an invisible force that amplified the might of his blows. His attacks were now a blur of inhuman speed, and in that moment his hand-to-hand combat prowess was exposed fully.

He pulls nothing back, letting loose as he needs to weaken his body's spirit.

To witness him shadowboxing was to witness a combat ability of unfathomable proportion.

Calidora watches this in a reverie, she has never seen someone with such formidable combat ability. Under her gaze, sweat started forming across his bare torso, as each strike was sent forth with the intent to kill.

Just as this continued, the number of onlookers increased.

Stepping out of the castle was Mavenna, she had been woken up by the vicious commotion.

It seems that Rex was so immersed in his exercise that he failed to realize Mavenna's entries, even when she walked over and sat beside Calidora, he didn't realize her. "Ancient humans, or Humans in general has always been an expert in martial arts, don't be too surprised" She commented.

Looking at Rex, she continues, "Based on their standards, Sir Rex can be considered a very seasoned expert, but not the best. The Seconborn of the Executors, for example, his martial art and physical prowess was so strong that his red force has evolved to a higher de—"

Crash!

Out of nowhere, Mavenna's words were stuck in her throat when the walls cracked.

Her eyes were opened wide, fixed on Rex.

Unlike before, the once subtle whirlwind surrounding him had transformed into a violent hurricane, and his form began to radiate a fierce Red Force that steadily intensified, slowly becoming stronger the more attacks he threw.

Mavenna found herself utterly bewildered by this sudden turn of events.

She was forced to swallow back her words.

Now that she takes a closer look at it, the Red Force was even stronger than the usual one.

"Oh—his Red Force is actually not normal too" She mused with a wry smile.

Witnessing her instant change of reaction from the side, Calidora chuckled as the moment Mavenna started talking, she was in for a surprise. Having seen Rex use his Red Force a couple of times already, she knew that his Red Force was not normal.

Calidora waved her hand and created a blood barrier to protect them from the hurricane.

On the other hand, Mavenna was frowning deeply.

Her eyes glowed as she inspected the energy coursing inside of Rex, and she found that the Red Force was not stationary. It swirled inside his body, enhancing his muscles and bones, before gathering to the point of impact in an instant when Rex threw out an attack.

A sign of full mastery, Rex was also perfectly accustomed to his own powerful Red Force.

Oblivious to this, Rex's eyebrows dipped into a frown.

Even though he was going at it with all he got, the strain this exercise put on his body was not enough to completely exhaust him, and weaken his body's spirit. He would need more stimulation, and he had quite the thing.

Suddenly, Calidora and Mavenna saw a red portal appearing behind Rex.

It gave off an eerie and heavy suppression.

Red tendrils slowly came out of the red portal, the sight of them brought a heavy physical fatigue that influenced even the two who were watching from the side. Then, the tendrils took a deep hook on Rex's red force before his form started to be pulled back.

Calidora has her mouth slightly hanging at the sight of this.

'I assumed wearing him down would be a swift task, especially with the First Breath is still here, but I couldn't have been more mistaken. Just like I anticipated, taking the rough route against him is nothing short of foolish' She pondered, shaking her head incredulity.

Like an iron mountain, Rex stood with his entire body flexed, resisting the pull of the tendrils.

This was the exercise to grow the power of his Red Force.

More tendrils start to come out, increasing the pulling force, and in retaliation, Rex lets out his Red Force to the fullest extent. It made a huge cracking noise as the ground beneath him shattered, and veins across his body bulged violently.

Unlike before, he now needs to take a stance to resist the force and resume his shadowbox.

Obviously, his movement was way slower thanks to the tendrils.

Each strike now met formidable resistance, as if punching through water's heavy resistance.

Compared to earlier, his strike was several times slower, and the veins that slithered across his form clearly depict the immense struggle his muscles were experiencing from a simple strike. His fatigue was drained even faster.

Rex is now certain that he would be exhausted quicker if he kept this up.

Having an idea, Mavenna stood up and walked out of the shadows of the Blood Bunya. Her sudden entrance surprised Rex, he wasn't paying attention to her, but then her demonic energy swirled on her hand, "I don't know why you're doing this, but you're obviously trying to make the exercise harder. So do you want me to give you some help?"

"What can you do, Mavenna?" Rex asked, his voice was struggling to come out.

Listening to this, she smiled.

Raising her index finger, she stretched her hand to tap on Rex's forehead, "I'll show you. Doing a shadowbox is good, but you're essentially fighting an imaginary person. So why don't you fight an actual opponent?"

"I'll manifest your fear into a demon, and you can fight it" She added with an excited smile.

Chapter 986 Fear Manifestation

Mavenna was surprisingly resourceful in this kind of situation.

But then again, Rex understood that those who came from the ancient era were forced to be resourceful. It was a trait they heavily relied upon for survival. Flunra was the prime example, he was so resourceful that he survived through the bloodiest times.

"My fear...?" Rex uttered with a raised eyebrow.

Giving a firm nod of confirmation, Mavenna replied, "Yes, your fear. I can show you right now"

Out of nowhere, a chuckle interrupted the two.

Calidora was the one who was chuckling, she seemed to be amused by Mavenna's proposal, volunteering to manifest Rex's fear, "I don't know if you noticed, but I'm pretty sure Rex's fear of other beings is too small to be manifested. It's a waste of time"

"Hmmm? I don't know about that" Mavenna replied, casting a teasing smile at her.

At the sight of her smile, Calidora scoffed with confidence.

During the time she spent with Rex, she has never seen him being fearful of anything. Even the Executor and the immeasurable threats he brought with him don't seem to be able to induce fear into Rex's heart.

He was stressed, but that was it, he didn't fear the Executor as an individual.

Just as Calidora was about to say something more, she caught sight of Rex's countenance.

Rex was looking down at the ground, seemingly troubled by the situation.

"Wait—" Only then does Calidora realize that he was wrong, that expression clearly shows that he already has someone in mind. "Are you being serious? You fear someone? You must be a really good performer because I didn't even realize it"

Upon hearing this, Rex clicked his tongue and rebutted, "It's not what you think"

Let's do it. I don't have time, so I'll take that offer.

Recognizing that Mavenna's ability could assist him in pushing his limits and accelerating the progression of his cursed power, he turned to her and subtly nodded, informing her that he would take that offer.

Approaching lightly, Mavenna stood before him with her index finger raised.

Levitating above her finger is a ball of demonic energy.

Tapping on his forehead lightly, her demonic energy pierced his head and infiltrated his mind.

Rex didn't try to resist the demonic energy, allowing it to exert its influence. In no time, a potent beam of energy erupted from his forehead, striking the ground in front of him, the impact instantly gave rise to a summoning demonic array, pulsating with power.

While this was going on, Calidora had her eyes fixed on the demonic array.

Out of all emotions, she was dying of curiosity.

An individual that Rex feared must be really something, and she needs to know who it is.

'Is it the Executors? One of the Origins that he somehow knew? Or maybe the Gods? Who is it? I'm dying to know already!' Countless guesses appeared in Calidora's mind, she was on the edge of her seat, waiting for the demonic array to manifest his fear.

Soon, the demonic array was activated, letting out a swirling demonic smoke.

Under their gaze, the smoke climbed up slowly.

However, it didn't take long before the amorphous mass coalesced into a towering figure, easily surpassing 7 feet with a robust physique. Crimson eyes, resembling unearthly jewels from the depths of Hell, gleamed ominously. Gradually, the figure manifested, revealing its imposing stature to the onlookers.

A great shock swept over both Mavenna and Calidora before it quickly turned to realization.

Both of them could've guessed who Rex feared the most.

Grrr...

Letting out a baritone growl from his mouth as he fixed his sharp animalistic eyes at Rex was none other than Rex himself who was in his Werewolf form. It seemed the only individual who could make Rex feel fear was none other than himself.

Compared to the stern look on Rex's face, the Werewolf Rex wore an unhinged one.

It was drowning in bloodthirst.

Had it been the real him, the entire situation would've been exceedingly dire as he had only been this angry when his parents died. Now, Rex could see the immediate spectacle of his condition when he went berserk in Ratmawati City back then.

Rex wouldn't be surprised if many people were traumatized by this as even he shuddered.

Something straight out of a horror movie.

If anyone asked him about what to do when confronted with him in such a state, then the sole piece of advice that he could give was to start praying because in no probability that they were going to get out of the situation alive.

On the side, Calidora shook her head, she should've known that it would be like this.

'Well, he came here precisely because of this fear' She mused inwardly.

Driven by the fear of losing control once again, especially in the presence of others and the potential harm it could inflict on them, Rex chose to disregard Evelyn's plea and arrived here. So it should be expected that he harbored fear to his own self.

But then again, put in his situation, anyone would end up like him.

Having both the power of a human and a Werewolf has its downside, and is simply a curse.

Contrary to Calidora, Mavenna was mesmerized by what she was seeing.

Mavenna had never witnessed Rex's Werewolf form, despite being aware that he's a human that could transform into a Werewolf. Now that she bears her eyes on its form, she understands the source of pervasive fear that others possess of the notorious entity called Rex Silverstar.

"Don't worry, his power is probably at the eighth-rank realm" Mavenna assured.

Rex nodded his head and went into his battle stance.

He had experience fighting himself in Kaiser's realm, the difference only being the fact that he was now restrained by the portal of ethos. Even then, he figured that no eighth-rank realm entity would be able to hurt him that much.

Swoosh!

In the blink of an eye, the Werewolf Rex blitzes and does an uppercut with his claws.

Splash!

"Karggh!" Rex grunted painfully with his eyes opened wide.

Upon looking at his stomach, he found that the Werewolf Rex's claws penetrated through completely. With the turmoil his internal organs were experiencing, a disturbing amount of blood gushed out of his mouth as he stood there in shock.

Gritting his teeth, he exercised his strength and intended to elbow the Werewolf Rex's face.

But surprisingly, his attack was negated completely.

The Werewolf Rex swiftly parried the incoming elbow strike, countering with a rapid barrage of claw attacks. In mere moments, he executed five slashing motions before Rex was even able to do a thing, leaving behind a trail of claw marks across Rex's face, including his face.

Even the onlookers flinched at the sight as the attack was vicious.

Rex took a quick breath before he kicked the Werewolf Rex away, giving him some space.

At that moment, he turned to look at Mavenna in aghast.

"Didn't you say that it only possesses eighth-rank realm power? I'm pretty sure that's not eighth-rank realm" He asked, completely flabbergasted at the situation. He then repeated, "That's not a damn eighth-rank realm!"

Mavenna smiled wryly as she was also surprised.

Snapping out of her trance, she replied, "It can get stronger the more you fear it, so..."

"Okay, fuck that shit. Cancel your spell, that thing is almost as powerful as me, and there's no way I could match his pace when I'm heavily restrained like this" Rex quickly said, telling Mavenna to cancel the spell right now as this is simply ridiculous.

No way he could exercise against an almost full-power clone of himself.

He would definitely get fucked up.

Upon seeing the expression on Rex's face right now, which was quite pale as the Werewolf Rex was prowling on the ground with the same bloodthirst, Calidora couldn't help but let out a burst of hearty laughter as she never thought to see this kind of scene.

It was funny considering that the only person that could make Rex like this was Rex himself.

Likewise, Mavenna also tried to contain herself to not laugh.

Witnessing that the Werewolf Rex was looking at Rex as if he were prey was truly comical.

"Maybe you should keep on fighting, Rex" Calidora said amidst her laughter, the tears in her eyes were swelling from too much laughing. "If you're wounded enough, then your body's spirit would also be weakened, perhaps it would weaken even faster"

Rex was grinding his teeth as he stepped back little by little, sweating profusely.

He ignored Calidora's teasing remarks and turned to Mavenna, "Stop joking around, this is not funny. Look! He's really intent on killing me! Cancel your damn spell or I swear, I'll take you back to the Executor right this instant!"

Before Mavenna could even answer, the Werewolf Rex already leaped ferociously again.

For a moment, the courtyard was as chaotic as it gets.

Mavenna and Calidora were enjoying the sight as Rex ran throughout the courtyard as if his life depended on it. Even though he wanted this to end, he couldn't deny that he was getting exhausted at a faster rate, and this realization made him even angrier.

...

On the other hand, Dargena City.

It had been hectic ever since Kyran woke up from his deep slumber, the castle was in turmoil.

Flunra with the help of Prof. K, who was slightly exhausted from his journey, spent most of their time analyzing the pattern that Kyran drew on the ground. Both were working seriously without stopping to crack the pattern.

With their combined effort, some results were produced albeit minimal.

A pattern like this is hard to crack without context.

However, as far as they can tell right now, the construct should be some sort of map that leads somewhere. Even though they knew that, it was hard to tell the exact map as there were only two glowing dots that should represent the start and the destination.

Both thought that the start should be their location, Dargena City, but it was clearly not.

It didn't match the terrain around the city.

Additionally, Naela and Ryze were trying to get Kyran to say anything but it didn't work.

Kyran remained silent in his passive state.

Despite the situation inside the chamber, Adhara felt compelled to venture outside of the city to visit the Tigerman Kingdom before making her way to the Dwarven Kingdom. She was told by Prof. K that the arrowhead was given to him when he was near the Tigerman's territory.

She would go there to meet with the Elementals which might be able to help her.

In addition, Flunra asked her to go to the Dwarven Kingdom too.

Knowing the importance of Caraptaros, someone needs to oversee the transportation of Caraptaros. Flunra volunteered to accompany Adhara on her journey, but she refused him, telling him to take care of Kyran as he was needed there.

Of course, Flunra was not going to let her go out alone.

Both of them were arguing back and forth about this until eventually, Ugrok volunteered.

He surprisingly volunteered to accompany her on this journey.

Eventually, Flunra surrendered and only asked that she would keep close contact with him.

'Get stronger. I need to get stronger so that Rex will not need to worry about staying with us. It's up to me as the Female Alpha to take on this role. I can't fail. I must succeed' Adhara pondered inside her head, determined to become stronger to avoid this kind of situation happening ever again.

Dashing through the landscape with Ugrok beside her, she abruptly halted.

Similarly, Ugrok also stopped with a frown.

Scanning their surroundings for a fleeting moment, the frown on his expression deepened as he unmistakably sensed several figures discreetly lurking nearby, Adhara, too, sensed these figures, detecting numerous auras surrounding them from all directions.

It wasn't even that far yet trouble already came knocking.

"Keep close. Try to avoid fighting at all costs if we can" Adhara instructed, her tone serious.

But then, the figures came out from their hiding spots.

All of them possess malicious intent that they didn't bother to conceal.

Upon seeing them, Adhara's sharp eyes sized them up before she asked, "Who are you?"

Chapter 987 Intercepted by Dark Elves

Coming out of the corner shadows of the forest itself was a group of individuals that Adhara instantly recognized as Dark Elves, their ashen skin and pointy ears were enough of features to make her sure of what they were.

However, Adhara noticed that these Dark Elves were massive in stature.

Not to the point of even nearing Ugrok's size, yet clearly unnatural for the size of their kind.

Moreover, their outfits were identical to each other with small differences. It seems to be some kind of traditional sleeveless black robe, finely made judging from the very detailed pattern, coupled with a crimson silk belt on their waist.

Adhara looked at them and couldn't recognize their faces.

Having gone to the Dark Elf Kingdom multiple times already, she at the very least would somewhat recognize the faces of the important nobles there. But these Dark Elves were completely foreign to her.

It was not that they were unimportant either.

All of them emit a considerable presence, averaging at the eighth-rank realm minimum.

"Do you know who I am?" Adhara asked, sweeping her eyes at them before she fixed on the one leading the group, a male Dark Elf with sharp features. He has an air of elegance around him, traditional tattoos across his arms, and red eyes. "If you know who I am then step aside, I have somewhere to be"

Instead of moving to the side, the leader of this group crossed his arms in front of Adhara.

Clearly, he doesn't have any intention of moving aside.

While he was looking at Adhara with a calm gaze, the others around him started speaking using an unknown language. But it was obvious that the group of 11 Dark Elves were sizing Adhara up and down, commenting something about her.

Upon seeing the Dark Elves surrounding her, Adhara frowned, this shouldn't be happening.

'Could they be among the newly awakened Dark Elves...? Back when I visited, I interacted with only a few of them, hosted by King Jorik. These, however, seem to be the other Dark Elves from the ancient era' Adhara contemplated, already sensing trouble.

Soon, one of them approached the leader and whispered something.

Then, the leader's eyes suddenly sparkled.

Looking at Adhara with a peculiar glance, he lowered his arms and executed a slight bow, one hand placed over his stomach. His long, flawless white hair tumbled down, partially veiling his face.

"Forgive the abrupt interruption, Lady Adhara. I was hoping to have just a moment of your precious time"

Adhara looked at this Dark Elf with squinted eyes, still on alert.

'He's a ninth-rank realm, as strong as King Jorik. He must be someone very influential in the Dark Elf Kingdom. It would be bad to offend him with the situation we are dealing with right now' She pondered and nodded.

Despite her purpose of coming out here, it was not that urgent and could wait.

Raising her gaze, she replied, "It's okay, it's not a problem at all"

Gaining her affirmation, the Dark Elf straightens his back gracefully again before he puts on a light smile, one that can leave a good impression on anyone. "Let's start with an introduction. I am Dosanu Khuurtid, the trusted counsellor of the head of the Khuurtid Noble Family. You can simply call me Dokhur"

"So, Dokhur, what do you want to say to me?" Adhara asked, trying to see through Dokhur.

However, she found that she couldn't read him at all.

Even Dokhur's emotional aura remained unwavering, fixed in grey color, and stayed like that.

While she couldn't read through his emotional aura, Adhara could tell from this that his smile was a fake one. He must have an ulterior motive behind this meeting, but she couldn't simply fathom what he sought from her.

But knowing who she was, Dokhur must be cautious with his demands.

"Since you seem to be in a rush, forgive my bluntness, I will go straight to the point" Dokhur started, his eyes as calm as water. "I heard when the alliance between us was made, there was a tribute given by Lord Rex as a sign of respect. He's a magnanimous leader indeed, to take into account such things"

"I reckon that as a great leader he is, he also envisioned when we awakened" He added.

Upon hearing this, Adhara frowned.

Adhara vaguely recalled that Rex had presented something to King Jorik during Naela's betrothal to Kyran. It was indeed for the alliance between them, but she could tell what Dokhur meant by what he said.

Obviously, now that the others were Awakened, there was a need for another tribute.

"It was done out of goodwill, so I don't think there's a need for a second one, even taking into account your awakening. I hope you can understand that" Adhara replied, she was not going to let Dokhur coerce her into doing what he wanted.

Just as she said that the other Dark Elves have a change in expression.

Seems like they understand what Adhara is saying, and they clearly didn't like it one bit.

Looking at this, Ugrok clasped his club, already growling lightly at them.

Noticing the changes in the others, Dokhur raised his hand, signaling to the others to stop whatever they were doing. "Please, this is a civil conversation, don't make such an unsightly reaction, especially in front of Lady Adhara" he warned.

Quite surprisingly, the other Dark Elves listened to him and returned to normal.

One act is all it takes to know that Dokhur is very respectable.

After doing that, Dokhur lowered his hand and redirected his focus to Adhara again. A light smile played across his lips as he nodded, "I understand your perspective. However, I must remind you,

Lady Adhara, that the power dynamics are in disarray due to our sealing, and King Jorik's rise in power might arouse envy and offend some parties"

"It's tense right now but will break out soon enough" He added, conveying his perspective.

Despite her unwillingness, she couldn't deny that it was logical.

Just like the Vampire Kingdom for instance, King Solomon was reigning over fifteen years to make sure that the Vampires were coordinated. But as soon as Elder Nolacula woke up from his slumber, he immediately got stepped down.

Since their power was vastly apart, it was natural that he would get dethroned.

However, it's different in this situation.

King Jorik, with the help of the gift from Rex, was able to soar in terms of power, and when the Elders awakened, they were surprised to find him so strong to the point of being able to retain his position as King.

Naturally, this will create internal conflicts within the kingdom which will be very bad.

"If that happened, I can only imagine that you also will be influenced. After all, these are uncertain times, am I right?" Dokhur continued, maintaining eye contact with Adhara. It seemed he was hinting at something through his words.

Adhara is sharp enough to pick it up, which makes her frown deepen.

'The way he said it... Did he know that Rex is not in the city? Is that why this is happening?'

Skepticism arose as she found the oddity in Dokhur's tone of deliverance.

Despite the lack of clear indication, Adhara sensed an implicit threat carefully veiled in the depth of ambiguity. It was a threat so intricately woven that confronting him directly would be futile as he could effortlessly craft a plausible excuse.

Now, Adhara has a change of view of Dokhur.

It was obvious that he was an expert in a war of words, a troublesome sly person.

"Then what are you suggesting?" Adhara asked.

Upon hearing this, Dokhur clasped his hands behind his back, poising as an elder before he proceeded to elucidate, "King Jorik will face constant challenges from the other nobles if he retains the throne, each potentially escalating into a deadly conflict. To forestall such things, what better solution than appointing a temporary replacement until the dust is settled"

"Let me guess, that replacement would be you?" Adhara intervened sharply.

Pausing for a second, Dokhur smiled.

"Of course, not. I don't have that much of a reputation to cease the conflict. But the head family, however, is a different story. Appointing him as a temporary replacement is saving yourself from future problems" He replied, and the words came out of him smoothly.

Adhara could only sigh lightly at this.

Every time Rex went away, problems seemed to be mounting on her shoulders.

Her primary goal was to undergo training with the Elementals, aspiring to acquire the ability to restrain Rex whenever he went berserk. But now, trouble appeared to have a knack for timing, choosing the worst moments to encroach upon her.

"Okay, I understand. But we need to wait for Lord Rex about this" Adhara replied.

She said that, but in truth, she wanted time.

Making a decision now without thinking it through would be bad, she needs time to think.

Deciding that she would think it over, Adhara gestured to Ugrok to continue their journey again, passing Dokhur who was still standing on his spot. Reaching a couple of steps past Dokhur, Adhara halted as Dokhur's voice penetrated her ears again.

"Perhaps, I'm not being clear. But it's urgent and would need resolution right now" He said.

Not even looking back, he said that to stop Adhara.

Upon hearing this, Adhara clenched her jaw, a strong desire to distance herself from Dokhur coursing through her. There was an unsettling aura about him as if lingering too long in his presence might subject her to some form of hypnotic influence, forcing her to comply with his every whim.

Adhara pivoted around with a darkened expression, "I said that this matter needs to wait"

"Something like this needs to consult with Lord Rex" She added.

Dokhur turned around, his expression registering a hint of surprise. "But he's not here, is he?" He inquired, one eyebrow raised. "I came here with the information that you are the Female Alpha of the Silverstar Pack. Surely, as the Female Alpha, even without Lord Rex's presence, you can still make decisions, can't you?"

Just like that, Adhara was put in a spot.

Now, if she didn't make a decision, then her reputation as the Female Alpha would diminish.'

Dokhur puts her in a spot where she has to make a decision.

'I don't even know the head of the Khuurtid noble family. If I accepted his suggestion, then I would be putting all of my trust in Dokhur's words. But if I don't do anything, then there might be a conflict in the Dark Elf Kingdom'

'Just what should I do...? Should I visit the Khuurtid noble family first?'

'But if I do that, my presence there would already increase their reputation to gain power'

Adhara has many scenarios inside her head, swirling around.

Because of Dokhur, she couldn't leave right now and save this problem for another day.

On the other hand, while Adhara was obviously contemplating the situation, Dokhur's eyes squinted before he eventually said, "Of course, the Khuurtid family will try their best to postpone the conflict to give you time. Please, don't mind my words. I hope you can contact me when you've come to your decision"

Upon saying that, Dokhur bowed gracefully again before leaving.

He brought the other Dark Elves alongside him, leaving Adhara rooted on her spot.

Meanwhile, when they reached a considerable distance, one of the Dark Elves approached Dokhur and asked, "Are you certain that bringing our family to her attention is the right way? Our encounter earlier has undoubtedly placed us under their radar"

"Yes, it is. With such a mighty ally, it will be a waste to not use them" Dokhur replied.

Glancing over his shoulder towards the direction where Adhara was, a sly smile played on his lips as he continued, "Now is the right time to move, we can enhance our family's power, and even take control of the throne. We can use the Silverstar Pack. No time is better than now, especially with Lord Rex being absent..."

Chapter 988 Absence of the Alpha

A problem arises from nowhere which comes as a shock to the unsuspecting Adhara.

Out of all things, she wasn't expecting to be intercepted by the Dark Elves.

Everything seemed fine on the surface, there wasn't any problem aside from the matter with the Executor. This led her to believe that she had the freedom to focus on what she wanted to focus on right now.

She planned to train, but the encounter made her rethink her actions again.

However, unlike what she assumed, it didn't appear suddenly.

It started about two days ago.

Just like what Dokhur said, the power dynamic inside the Dark Elf Kingdom was jumbled when the older generations awakened from their slumbers. All of them learned about the situation and were accepting of the new rule under the Silverstar Pack.

Despite them having the same hatred for Humans, Rex's special condition made it fine.

Unexpectedly, they decided to try and co-exist.

But even though this was a great thing, the Dark Elves were far from perfect as the fact that King Jorik retained the throne as the King made the nobles from the older generations react strongly, wanting to dethrone him.

Knowing this, King Jorik had a meeting with Lady Lauren who was stationed there.

She was the emissary of the Silverstar Pack.

"I'm sure you already have a gist of why we are having this meeting" King Jorik starts, beside him is General Theodas with a stern expression. "You definitely could sense the tension that was increasing lately, between me and a couple of parties that are still adjusting to the new era"

Lady Lauren, sitting across King Jorik nodded firmly.

Although she was here regarding potential attacks from the higher-rank Supernaturals, the Undead to be exact, a threat that loomed over the Dark Elves, she was not oblivious to the stark changes happening within the kingdom.

Due to her situation, she was dragged into this power struggle between the Dark Elves.

Some individuals tried to approach her discreetly.

Most of the talks were circulating around mundane topics, predominantly asking about the situation involving the Silverstar Pack. But Lady Lauren, as the head of one of the 25 Golden Crests families, astutely perceived the subtle attempts to probe her standing.

From her perspective, it was obvious that they were trying to see if she favored King Jorik.

"Before you continue, I wanted to ask," Lady Lauren intervened, her eyebrows dipped into a contemplating frown. "With the Executor in the picture, is it really relevant to have this kind of quarrel at this time? Wouldn't waiting until the matter with the Executor be resolved be a far better time?"

Upon hearing this, King Jorik nodded.

Her questions were natural for an external party, detached from their world.

Clasping his hands together, King Jorik then answered, doing his best to explain the situation as clearly as possible, "I need you to understand, Lady Lauren. The Executor is an entity far beyond us. When I say us, I mean us lower-rank Supernatural races. It doesn't matter which side will win, the end for us is always the same"

"We would always be slaves to the victor, that's our view of the world" He added dejectedly.

Lady Lauren was muted when she heard this.

Naturally, with the constant unfortunate fate they were forced to endure through thousands of years, they were bound to develop this kind of mindset. For them, the big war between the Executor and the Supernaturals was a problem above them.

Its conclusion will bring immense changes to them, but it doesn't require their concern.

All they need to do is follow orders, that's it.

'Given the circumstances, the intense power struggle among them becomes even fiercer. No matter who wins, their fate is to be slaves. For them, it's a matter of becoming the king of slaves rather than being the slaves burdened with toil' Lady Lauren pondered with a sigh, massaging her forehead in exasperation.

Even though they were under the Silverstar Pack', changing their mindset is going to be hard.

Time is needed before they can fully understand that their fate could change.

Raising her gaze again, she threw out a question, "Okay, so, what do you want to say to me?"

"I want your help to contact Lord Rex or anyone of the Silverstar Pack. If any of them were to come here and show their favorability to me, then the situation would calm down. It will fully end the problem, but we will have time" King Jorik eventually asked.

His solution to the matter is to show the older generations that he is worthy of being King.

A simple display would do the job.

Unexpectedly, Lady Lauren shook her head when she heard what he was asking for.

King Jorik frowned when he saw this.

But Lady Lauren quickly intervened and explained herself, "Don't be mistaken, King Jorik. It's not that I don't want to help, but I can't. I've sent one of my men back to Dargena City, but the captain

of the city guards, Gelmar blocked him from meeting with any of the Silverstar Pack members. I thought it was due to the Hare Moon,"

"He tried again after the Hare Moon, but the result was the same" She added truthfully.

Just as she said that General Theodas looked troubled.

Voicing his concern, he said, "I apologize for intervening, but my King, shouldn't we go to a more secluded place to discuss something like this? I know that we are inside the castle, but it's not foolproof. I suggest we move to another place"

"Relax, General. If anybody is watching, I will know" Lady Lauren replied nonchalantly.

As a mental Elementalist, she's confident in her detection ability.

Despite disapproving about the location of this meeting, General Theodas could only stop and not push any further as this is already reaching far enough. Any more than this then he would be humiliating King Jorik.

So he quickly stepped back and dropped the matter.

"I humbly asked to tell Captain Gelmar that we insist, the situation will only get worse from here, and we need to take care of it fast" King Jorik resumed, he was concerned that the older generations would create a coupe to dethrone him.

It's very possible as most of them were not on his side.

Lady Lauren nodded in understanding, she would try and deliver this message to Gelmar.

Had the situation called for it, she would go back herself.

Reclining in his chair, King Jorik shook his head in vexation, for he had foreseen such events during the First Breath. Despite his best efforts at preparation, it proved unavoidable. "I am certain that other races are facing similar challenges. I don't think the Elves and Dwarves will be influenced, as their elder generations were no more, but the Tigerman might encounter the same situation as us"

"I understand. I'll tell Daniel about this" Lady Lauren said with a nod.

However, unlike what she had anticipated, their conversations were being listened to.

Not knowing the stark difference in power and utilities between the Supernaturals in the new era and the ancient era, it seemed Lady Lauren made a miscalculation. She hasn't fought an entity from the ancient era so she doesn't know what to expect.

Lady Lauren doesn't know the resourcefulness those from the ancient era have to survive.

Due to that, she overestimated herself.

Standing within the very confines of the room itself, leaning on the wall with his arms crossed was another Dark Elf, listening to the entire conversation from start to finish. If Adhara was here, she would recognize this Dark Elf as none other than Dokhur.

He was standing beside the table with his ears perked at the conversation.

Even though he was there, he was unnoticeable.

King Jorik, General Theodas, and even Lady Lauren weren't able to sense his presence.

It was caused by the veil of bronze energy, cloaking his body invisibly.

Considering that Lady Lauren's detection ability stretched beyond sensing aura, she was also able to read minds, the fact that Dokhur can go unnoticed is quite a feat of his own. Furthermore, he doesn't seem to be struggling to do this.

At the last stroke of the conversation, Dokhur's eyes gleamed mischievously.

'So the Alpha of the Silverstar Pack is absent, huh...'

...

Meanwhile, on the border between the Tigerman Kingdom and the Dwarf Kingdom.

A couple wagon of Dwarf workers could be seen coursing through a small pathway inside a forest without any stark significance, that is until they crossed over an edge where the trees changed from normal into something else entirely.

Instead of wood, the trees that surrounded them were made of steel materials.

Compared to regular steel, these ones were stronger.

Even though it wasn't compatible with being used as materials for weapons, as the steel materials have a weird nature of rejecting rune engravings, they were quite perfect to make tools for daily activities.

The Dwarven Kingdom relied on these trees to produce their tools.

Due to the nature of their work as craftsmanship, tools were in high demand every day.

"Aye, laddie! Hew down a mountain o' materials, and we'll be earnin' a job t'replenish them farmer tools. Do it swift, I want to be back for beers 'fore the sun turns to gold!"

"Aye, captain!"

Under the instruction of the Dwarf in charge, the other Dwarves stepped down to work.

It was his job to oversee and make sure the Dwarves were not lazying around or even nick some of the materials for themselves. But as he watched them from the wagon, he heard a commotion coming from his east.

Confused, he jumped down and investigated in that direction.

As he got close to the source, he heard grunting growls and the clanking sound of metal.

Taking a mouthful from his flask of beer, he surveyed the scene. He found a glade, he clearly remembered that there was no glade yesterday. As his eyes roamed, he discovered a dozen creatures diligently felling the trees.

Observing the creatures, the Dwarf recognized it to be a group of Tigerman.

Realizing this, the Dwarf came out and announced himself to the Tigerman who was still busy chopping down the trees, "Oi, ye got the King's nod fer workin' 'ere? This be our patch, ain' ye need the King's say-so"

Upon hearing this, the group of Tigerman stopped their work to look at the Dwarf.

All of them had their eyes on the Dwarf in silence.

Seeing their reaction, the Dwarf felt slightly uneasy as they didn't seem to be heeding his words. But this made him angry as this is the Dwarf's territory, so he has the right to warn them from trespassing, "If ye ain't got the King's nod, then clear off, sharpish! Don't fancy muckin' things up"

Despite another warning from him, the group of Tigerman kept their silence.

Because of their lackluster reaction, the Dwarf was furious.

Just as he was about to say something more, his body suddenly tensed when his entire body was shadowed by something standing behind him. In a slow manner, he pivoted to look to his back and found another Tigerman standing right behind her.

However, this Tigerman donned in deep red furs with black stripes.

A combination of colors that made this Tigerman distinct from the regular color of Tigerman.

Due to the vicious fights that the Tigerman had to handle every single day during the ancient era, their furs adapted a darker shade of red to mask their bodies when they were drenched in blood, a kind of camouflage.

It was a color possessed only by the Tigerman living in those times.

Upon seeing this Tigerman, the Dwarf stepped away, nervousness started to kick within.

Red-colored Tigerman is a trait possessed by Tigermen who were adapted to bloody fights.

Obviously, the Dwarf felt nervous because of that very fact.

Staring at the Dwarf with an unsettling grin, baring his vicious sharp fangs, the Tigerman cocked his head slightly and spoke in a hushed tone, "Permission from your King? We don't need approval from anyone, especially from your King. As far as I'm concerned, this is my territory, and it's you who was the one trespassing, not us..."

Chapter 989 Bitter Feeling

At what the Tigerman said, the Dwarf couldn't hide his frown anymore.

Something was definitely off here.

Initially, he thought that the Tigerman made some kind of mistake to be taking the resources from this forest, within the Dwarven's territory. A mistake that is not completely out of place as this part of the forest was at the edge of their territory, and wasn't touched by the power of the Dwarf King's weapon, the War Maul of Glacia.

No snow covered the ground and trees of the forest.

Due to that, the Dwarf found it quite logical that the Tigerman might made a mistake.

But now he realized that this group of Tigerman was aware.

Obviously, this group of Tigerman knew that this forest was the Dwarven's territory, but they didn't care and decided to steal the resources of the forest for themselves. To make matters worse, the red-colored Tigerman even announced that this was his territory.

Such a bold act is obviously an offensive challenge to the Dwarven's power.

"Ye jestin' with me now, ain't ye?" He asked raspily.

Upon hearing this, the red-colored Tigerman's smile stretched even wider, he clearly meant what he said and didn't intend to take it back despite offending the Dwarf, "What? What can you even do at this moment?"

After saying that, the red-colored Tigerman laughed, taking the Dwarf as nothing but a joke.

He scoffed in ridicule before pivoting around and walking away.

Ignoring the Dwarf who was completely rooted on his spot, the red-colored Tigerman told the other Tigerman to continue chopping down the trees. All of them resumed what they were doing, taking down the trees and loading them into their own wagons.

Due to the severity of the situation, the news spread like wildfire.

Soon enough, the news reached Huvuki and the other high-standing Dwarves around him.

"I knew from the start, alignin' with them Tigermen be a blunder!"

"We've been scrappin' since our first stirrin' in this new era, and trustin' 'em is like trustin' a dragon with yer gold!"

"Aye, I'm with ye on that."

"I say we muster our forces and drive 'em out of our lands. If it comes to blows, we report straight to Lord Rex, and he'll back our play, mark my words!"

A meeting was being held to talk over the situation.

Huvuki sat on the side, attentively absorbing the voices of the other Dwarves expressing their thoughts. In that moment, his own mind also delved into the predicament. For him, it was obvious that the root of the problem seemed unmistakably tied to the reawakening of the older generations of the Tigerman race.

Judging from the description of the leading Tigerman, he's from the older generations.

It explains why he was aggressive and confident.

Despite the clear fact that the Tigerman race was asking for trouble, Huvuki couldn't do anything rash right now. Compared to the Tigerman, the Dwarves were in a severely bad situation as they had no ancestors anymore.

All of their ancestors were wiped out in the past.

Because of that, they have a devastating military disadvantage against the Tigerman.

Even though they were only taking a small portion of the resources that were supposed to belong to the Dwarven Kingdom, the amount would only grow for now. The Tigerman would keep on becoming bolder to instigate the Dwarven Kingdom.

Huvuki knew that they were waiting for him to make a mistake and start a fight.

'I can't let that happen...' He pondered with a sigh.

While he was dwelling inside his mind about the situation, the discussion continued.

"I cast me vote to rally our forces and boot 'em out! This be downright intolerable!"

"Nay, hold yer axe, friend. Let's mull it over. What might've tickled their whiskers to stir at this very moment?"

"Reason, ye say? Those scoundrels need no rhyme nor reason!"

"Don't be too quick on the draw, Boboul. There's gotta be a cause for stirrin' trouble in ours, an allied hall. Them Tigermen ain't daft; they know the Silverstar Pack won't stomach such antics. Somethin' must've stirred the pot, and we best find out before we swing our hammers."

Upon hearing this, Huvuki turned to the Dwarf on his right who said that with widened eyes.

He came to a sudden realization.

Even the Dwarf was surprised to see Huvuki was looking at him with that kind of look, but he knew that it seemed Huvuki had deciphered what made the Tigerman do that. "I know why the Tigerman is doing this, it's because Lord Rex was absent right now..."

A couple of days ago, after defeating the Rastrikan Demons, Rex got some bad news.

Just as he arrived at the Dwarven Kingdom, he was forced to hurry back.

Gelmar has sent a message through a Dwarf to report that an unexpected visitor came to Dargena City, Edward. He was evidently shaken by the news and even needed time to process what he had heard.

Subsequently, a lot of Dwarves on the walls saw what was happening.

As the onlookers, they overheard the conversation between Rex and the others about this.

From that conversation, they gleaned that Rex anticipated his unforeseen departure, and even entrusted the city's leadership to Evelyn and Adhara while elevating the entire city to the extreme of high alert.

The severity of the situation must have prompted such measures.

Due to that very reason, it easily became the hottest topic among the Dwarves recently.

Everyone was talking about it.

Countless assumptions about what was happening to Dargena City came and made the topic even more popular within the Dwarven Kingdom. Some Tigermen still remain within the Kingdom as they were the reinforcement sent to help them fend against the attack from the Rastrikan Demons.

Naturally, these Tigermen were exposed to the information.

By now, the topic of Rex's conversation must already spread in the Tigerman Kingdom.

It would be weird if the topic didn't spread.

"Er... but what does this have to do with Lord Rex being absent?" A Dwarf asked.

He doesn't seem to follow what Huvuki is saying.

Huvuki turned to that Dwarf with a clear glint in his eyes, he elaborated with a question "Tell me, Hegret, do you know how the Tigerman was converted into an ally by the Silverstar Pack despite they were at first, loyal to the higher-rank races?"

Upon hearing this, Hegret nodded.

Most Dwarves knew of this story as they were at war against the Tigerman back then.

"I heard their King laid down his life, a noble sacrifice for his people's survival" He replied.

"Yes, that's right!" Huvuki pointed at the Dwarf, his eyes sparking clarity. "Compared to our Kingdom, which essentially used the Silverstar Pack as a shelter from the Rastrikan Demons, we received no punishment. If that's the case, then how would that make the Tigerman feel?"

Attentively listening to Huvuki's explanation, the other Dwarves were muted instantly.

Of course, the answer was clear.

Compared to the Tigerman race that needed to sacrifice their own King to be spared, the Dwarven Kingdom paid no price. Regardless of the other factors, the Tigerman would definitely feel bitter about this.

Like salt to a wound, they must've felt even more bitter as they were also forced to help.

It would be natural for them to say that this is unfair.

When their older generations awaken, they must learn of this particular information.

All of them must be enraged, thus, this situation happened.

"Unless I miss my guess, with Lord Rex not in the picture, dealing with an unprecedented situation, the Tigerman would take advantage of this moment to expand and take anything they could from us, to make it even" Huvuki continued, his voice firm and fixed.

Such a thing can happen with the motivation the Tigerman has.

Upon hearing this, Boboul slammed his hammer to the ground angrily, "Blasphemous!"

Just listening to Huvuki's conclusion made his blood boil in fury.

"Even if Lord Rex couldn't butt in, them other Silverstar Pack folks still be standin' strong. If we spill the beans to Lady Adhara or mayhaps Lady Evelyn, they'll be bound by honor to put a halt to it, or be punished once more!" Hester added, thinking the matter thoroughly.

However, Huvuki shook his head, denying the possibility of that resolution.

It sounded plausible, but it's not.

Gazing at the empty space before him with a sigh, Huvuki replied, "Unfortunately, both Lady Adhara and Lady Evelyn don't have enough of a presence to make that happen. Had any of them intervened, the Tigerman would only deny the accusation or even find ways to argue that what they were doing was not wrong"

"Maybe Sir Flunra can help, but he's not the type to meddle" He added dejectedly.

As he said that, Huvuki massaged his forehead.

He knew that the matters needed to be handled now, as even if Rex eventually came back and learned about the situation, he wouldn't be able to do anything if the Tigerman had already taken their territory and turned it into theirs.

But he couldn't think of anything aside from fighting the Tigerman.

It's a headache for him.

'Even so, I still think informing Lady Adhara or Lady Evelyn would be a great initial move. I just hope that one of them would be able to somehow suppress the Tigerman' Huvuki pondered while shaking his head.

...

Meanwhile, back to Dargena City.

Completely oblivious to what was happening to the other allied Kingdoms, Flunra was still attempting to decipher the construct that Kyran drew. He wanted to take care of this fast before he could resume what he needed to do.

On the other hand, Prof. K was taking a step back, leaning on the walls in contemplation.

He was looking at the construct from a further view.

Even though the two tried their best, the construct that they suspected to be a map was very much impossible to crack. Nothing made sense about it, there was absolutely no clue that could help them in knowing the location of the map.

Prof. K tried to put the map of the surroundings right beside it, but it was still futile.

One thing that they could decipher was a tiara at the center.

After hours of fruitless attempts to decipher the construct, Prof. K began to question their assumption and approach. He started to second guess. 'If it were a map, we should have identified at least one trademark by now. What if this construct serves a purpose other than being a map?'

Reckoning the possibility of the construct not being a map, Prof. K tried another approach.

Focusing on one assumption wouldn't get them anywhere.

Kneeling beside the construct, he laid his hand on the tiara and imbued his energy into it.

Swish...

Before the watchful eyes of onlookers, Prof. K's energy radiated through the tiara, only to swiftly dim once more. Despite his efforts to infuse more energy, it became apparent that there was little chance of extracting further results.

Not that he wasn't stronger, but it seems the construct is denying him.

Glancing at Flunra with a peculiar look, Flunra nodded and also tried to do the same thing.

Surprisingly, Flunra's energy almost lights up the entire tiara before it dims again.

Prof. K was about to continue with his attempts, reaching the epiphany of trial and error, but the sensation of infusing the tiara with his energy made Flunra's frown deepen. 'It's reacting to my energy, I almost complete it, but I can't. I thought this was not a formation or array, but it seems it was'

Looking at the construct in a new light, Flunra's eyes manage to spot some shapes.

On the right and left side of the construct to be exact.

Flunra squinted his eyes for a brief moment before he eventually came to a realization, the shape was that of a small snowflake and an inverted crescent moon. It was only then that he realized that this was the seal of the Ice and Snow Full Moon.

Precisely, the seal of the Ice and Snow Full Moon.

'So that's what happened to Kyran, I should've known from the start' He mused inwardly.

Contrary to before, Flunra quickly activated his Banished Dark Moon King Mark which quickly boosted his power to an insurmountable degree. He garnered most of his power before he tried to infuse the construct with his energy once again.

Shiiing!

Just as he anticipated, the entire construct lights up and activates.

It turned into a portal in an instant.

An item came from its center which made Flunra smile in scorn, knowing what this meant.

"So the answer is the Princess, you cheap Lunirich God"

Chapter 990 Proposition of Ice and Snow

"What is it, Flunra? What have you realized?" Prof. K asked in question.

His eyes were fixed on the construct that was being activated.

After several attempts which ended up in total failure, the two were finally able to ignite a reaction from the construct. The tiara at the center was finally reacting, it reacted to the black moonlight energy from Flunra and lit up.

Slowly, the black color was corrupted by the Ice and Snow Moon energy.

It was gleaming beautifully, showing the true nature of the tiara.

Flunra backed away a couple of steps before he was overwhelmed, falling to his knees.

A sense of reverence swayed his body at the sight of the bluish energy.

Such a sight made Prof. K and the other onlookers inside the room surprised, the fact that Flunra went on his knees willingly despite it not being Rex speaks volumes. A work of an abnormal entity.

"We have been given a proposition," Flunra said, lowering his head in respect.

Upon hearing this, Prof. K frowned.

'A proposition? What proposition? And from who?' He pondered.

Never crosses his mind that this construct turns out to be a proposition. Only an entity above their reality could possibly adopt such a method to offer a proposition, it simply exceeds the grandeur of a mortal.

Even the fact that Kyran has woken up from his deep slumber is still surreal for them.

Before Prof. K could make a guess, Flunra continued, "It was the Lunirich Goddess of the Ice and Snow Full Moon, her name is Iseldra. Only she has the power to wake Kyran up from the deep

slumber induced by the Ice and Snow Full Moon, and the construct, it's her seal that belongs to her to contact us in the mortal world"

Prof. K was absolutely shocked when he heard this.

Naturally, ever since he knew about Rex's real identity, he has researched about Werewolves.

In his research, he stumbled across the Lunirich Gods.

Just like the other Gods that the Supernatural races worshipped, the Lunirich Gods were the ones responsible for giving power to the Werewolves through the full moon. So realizing that it was one of the Lunirich Gods that did this came as a shock.

Knowing this, he now understands why Flunra expressed such respect in this situation.

Even Naela on the back decided to also go on her knees.

For her, the Lunirich Gods were Gods that were higher than the Gods she worshipped.

Soon enough, the radiance emanating from the tiara permeated the entire construct and turned into a blinding brilliance. Within this luminous spectacle, myriad azure dots merged, coalescing into an object of radiant light.

When the blinding light receded, they could see a floating blue piece of parchment.

It hovered over to Flunra with a light melodic sound.

Flunra bowed once again before he stood up and grabbed the piece of parchment.

As Flunra clutched the parchment, the sanctified aura, and luminosity swiftly receded once again, restoring the room to its ambient light. Glancing at the contents, he discovered that it was a map, an actual map that led to a destination marked with a crystalline blue tiara.

Prof. K stood up and asked, "What does she want?"

"I think she's asking us to awaken her Princess in exchange for Kyran" Flunra replied firmly.

Judging from the map alone, he was quite sure that this was what Iseldra wanted. She wants them to go and awaken the Princess of Ice and Snow in exchange for awakening Kyran from his deep slumber faster than the designated time.

Realizing this, Flunra's frown deepens.

From the scale of the matter, he doesn't have the authority to act upon it.

"I will be heading out. Inform Lady Evelyn that I will be leaving. With this urgent matter, I need to inform Lord Rex about this" Flunra declared before he rushed out of the room, this matter definitely needs Rex's attention as soon as possible.

A short moment later, Flunra was intercepted.

Evelyn was the one who intercepted him, knowing that he was going out to meet with Rex.

Standing across each other, Flunra could tell that she had something to say.

It was obvious that she was trying to desperately hold herself back, and eventually, she only managed to force out a couple of words instead of her true feelings, "Tell Rex... Tell Rex that I will

keep the city safe and functioning. Tell him that I want him to end the Executor for good, and I'm rooting for him"

"Yes, I understand. I will relay that message to him" Flunra nodded and walked past her.

Flunra left with a loud thudding sound from the entrance's door.

On the other hand, Evelyn stood rooted on her spot before she raised her gaze to look at the empty throne at the end of the hall. Her eyes became tender while she looked at the empty throne, the thoughts inside her mind were unknown.

...

Meanwhile, Rex didn't know what had transpired inside Dargena City.

He had been fighting against the fear manifestation that Mavenna created for almost half an hour already, and it was hazardous as he was forced to sustain hit after hit. Dodging attacks have become something beyond his capabilities.

With the restraints on his body, dodging the Werewolf Rex was quite impossible.

Rex would need immense luck to do that.

Crash!

Eating another hit to the face, Rex was sent hurtled away and crashed onto the wall.

It was a powerful hit as it managed to draw blood from his mouth.

At the sight of this Calidora giggled as she was enjoying every second of this show.

Likewise, Mavenna was also amused but she was trying very hard to suppress her chuckle right now as that would be an inappropriate thing to do to her savior. But even then, her chuckles were on the verge of breaking out.

Coughing a couple of times, Rex fell to one knee and wiped the blood on his lips.

He was panting heavily and on the verge of exhaustion.

But it was then his eyes sparkled in realization before his entire demeanor changed, the glint in his eyes turned stern and sharp as he stood on his feet again. He gazed at his own double before the tendrils from the red portal detached from his body.

All of them went back to the red portal before the red portal closed.

"Calidora, I'm done" Rex turned towards her and said.

Upon hearing this, Calidora paused before she nodded her head in understanding.

Since the plan was to make him exhausted, weakening his body's spirit, which was now completed, there was no need for him to continue fighting his demonic double again. He could now move on to the next step.

However, the Werewolf Rex didn't stop and lunged in for an attack again.

Unknown to him, Rex was completely different than he was five minutes ago.

In the very second the Werewolf Rex initiated his assault, a cascade of potential counter raced through his mind. Out of all of the options his mind created, he picked the one he wanted and executed it with remarkable speed.

Not even knowing what happened, the Werewolf Rex found his body suddenly stiffened.

He didn't see what happened that made his body like this.

On the other hand, Calidora, through her Eyes of Terror could see that Rex side-stepped the attack and sent a perfect punch that hits the Werewolf Rex's sternum. It paralyzed his body for a brief second, he stunned like a statue.

Rex cracked his neck before he placed his hand over the Werewolf Rex's shoulder.

"I understand you're not real and likely devoid of emotions, but your enjoyment in pummeling me didn't sit well," He declared, locking eyes with the Werewolf Rex. "It irked me, so I'm going to return the favor with a punch, alright?"

Upon hearing this, the Werewolf Rex raised his eyebrows in confusion.

But it was then that Rex got into his position.

He pulled his arm back as his red force, mana, and moonlight energy gathered at his fist, his aura was climbing higher as he did that. It came to a point where the energies created a light vacuuming sound and eventually cloaked his entire fist.

Smiling wickedly, Rex's eyes then flashed before he punched the Werewolf Rex strongly.

Using his entire body in that punch, he drives his fist into the Werewolf Rex's stomach. His punch was so strong that it forced Werewolf Rex's body to curve backward, the devastating explosion of force then sent him crashing away to the other side of the courtyard.

Crash!

Now that he was not restrained, Rex easily defeated the Werewolf Rex.

It's not that the Werewolf Rex is weak, but it was because his close combat was way better.

Mavenna and Calidora looked to the other side and found the Werewolf Rex planted into the walls, he was unmoving after receiving that punch. But surprisingly enough, his body didn't dissipate into demonic energy, meaning that he tanked that punch and survived.

After delivering that punch, Rex looked at his fist and frowned a little.

He disappeared from his spot and reappeared in front of the Werewolf Rex with his hand placed on the Werewolf Rex's shoulder again. While loosening his hand, he said, "The angle of that punch was off, I didn't punch you properly. Let me do it again"

Leisurely, Rex wanted to do the punch again, he didn't feel satisfied with the previous one.

Reloading a punch again, he intends to do the exact same thing.

However, this time, Rex's body started to make cracking noises, he turned into his Werewolf form. A devilish smile was plastered on his lips as this time, he would be using more power than the previous punch.

Even the Werewolf Rex realizes that he won't survive this punch.

"Force Beam..."

Bam!!

Rex delivered another punch that landed at the center of the Werewolf Rex's chest, and this one didn't only create an explosion of force, but it also pierced through the Werewolf Rex's body, jutting out from the back.

It was so strong that the attack even created a hole in the walls behind the Werewolf Rex.

Nothing seems to be able to obstruct this punch.

Then again, his Werewolf form amplified 150% of his physical stats thanks to the Sovereign of the Night passive skill. His punch naturally becomes even stronger. And upon eating that punch, the Werewolf Rex's body instantly puffed into demonic energy.

Seeing this, Rex nodded in satisfaction, "Now that's better"

After finishing his own demonic double, Rex turned his gaze to look at Mavenna.

Mavenna instantly averted her eyes away when she saw him looking at her, the gaze alone made a bead of sweat seep out of the side of her face. Obviously, Rex was annoyed at the fact that she didn't cancel her spell even though he was shouting at her earlier.

But even then, he couldn't be angry as that spell works, he was physically exhausted.

Panting heavily, he turned towards Calidora.

"So, what now? My body's spirit is definitely very weak right now" Rex asked through gasps.

Upon hearing this, Calidora gracefully shifted into a meditative posture. "Now, take a seat and close your eyes. We'll start cultivating your cursed source and reach your desired realm, but be warned—the pain can be quite extraordinary"

"Pain?" Rex chuckled. "Out of all things, that's the only thing I'm completely used to"

Following that, the two started to meditate.

Oblivious to the two of them, a shadowy presence leaped out of Rex's body into the sky.

It was the Countess of the Dark Lunirich.

Suddenly, she came out of Rex's body and hovered in the sky above the castle, her eyes were looking in a particular direction to the west. Judging from her expression, she seemed to sense something which was able to pique her interest.

"Odd... the divine ambiance, why did it tremble slightly?" She mused inwardly.

For a very brief second, she sensed the change.

But it only happened for a fraction of a second before returning to normal again. Despite her worry, there doesn't seem to be anything that could further her suspicion so she decided to go back inside Rex's body again.