

Esper 941

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Chapter 941: Hey George

The room was filled with a serene quietness as Rudy and Alice lay on the bed, their bodies entwined in a warm embrace. The only sound that broke the silence was the gentle cadence of their breaths.

Alice's voice, tinged with sadness, pierced the tranquility. "Rudy," she began in a soft tone, "I... I feel sad and guilty."

Rudy shifted slightly to look at Alice, his eyes filled with concern. "Sad and guilty? What do you mean, Alice?"

She met his gaze with a seriousness that was uncommon for her. "I feel sorry for Alice in the other worldline," she admitted. "The other me... she never got to experience any of this." Her hand gesture between them, indicating their intimate moment. "She didn't get to have her Rudy."

A heavy silence hung in the air as Rudy absorbed her words. Alice continued, her voice laden with guilt, "She... she committed suicide after years of depression. I know it's not my fault, but I can't help feeling guilty for being here, for being happy, while she went through so much pain."

Rudy searched for the right words, his brow furrowed with thought. Finally, he spoke, his tone gentle but unsure. "Alice, I... I don't know what to say. I think about the other girls in the other worldline too, the ones who didn't get the chance we did." He sighed, his eyes distant. "But, you see, it's not our place to dwell on what happened in another worldline. What's done is done, and we can't change it. We're here now, together, and we have to make the most of it."

He turned his gaze back to Alice, his eyes filled with tenderness. "Don't feel guilty for being happy, Alice. You deserve all the happiness in the world. And I'm here with you, just like you're here with me. That's what matters."

Alice's expression lightened slightly, a hint of relief in her eyes. "Thank you, Rudy," she said softly. "I do feel a little better now."

But her somber mood quickly returned as she shifted her thoughts to the other Rudy. "You know," she began, "as sad as I feel for the others in the other worldline, I can't help but think that the other Rudy had the worst fate of all."

Rudy's reaction was subtle, but a hint of annoyance flickered across his face. He chose not to let Alice notice and responded, "That Rudy got exactly what he deserved. He couldn't have had a more fitting end. Alice from the other worldline and the other girls suffered because of him. He was... well, he was an absolute piece of shit."

Alice was surprised by Rudy's vehement response. She couldn't help but question, "But Rudy, don't you think that the same events might have unfolded even if you didn't have the future memories from the other worldline? It's not entirely his fault, is it? I mean, you could have made the same choices if you didn't already know the end results of them, right?"

Rudy's gaze grew distant as he pondered her question. "At first, I thought that too," he admitted. "But the more I learned, the more I realized that many of the things that have happened in this worldline

didn't occur in the other one. There are significant differences between the two, and I'm not sure how they would have played out without my influence."

He sighed, his brow furrowing. "But one thing's for certain: Rudy from the other worldline was a terrible person, and he's the reason all those girls suffered. I'm determined to make things right in this worldline, to ensure that no one else has to endure what they did."

"I know, Rudy. You don't have to push yourself too hard." She kissed Rudy on the lips before continuing, "You are just a regular teenage highschool boy who isn't even eighteen yet. You can take it easy sometimes and enjoy your life without worries, just like a normal person."

"If I had time... Alice, if I had time..." he muttered in a solemn voice with a wry smile on his face.

"You mean, if you 'have' time, right?" she asked with a judging look on her face.

Rudy smiled and nodded, "Yes..."

The night enveloped the room in an inky darkness, and the only sounds were the soft rustling of sheets and the rhythmic sound of Alice's calm breathing. She lay nestled in Rudy's arms, her head resting on his chest as he gently stroked her hair. Rudy's touch was tender, his fingers trailing down her back in soothing patterns. He couldn't resist placing a light kiss on her forehead, his affection for her evident in his actions.

As Rudy continued to pamper Alice with back rubs, head pats, and sweet kisses, her eyelids grew heavy, and a serene smile graced her lips. The warmth of his embrace and the softness of his touches lulled her into a peaceful slumber.

Once he was certain that Alice was in a deep and undisturbed sleep, Rudy carefully cradled her in his arms and rose from the bed. He moved with the utmost care, not wanting to wake her. Gently, he lowered her onto the soft sheets and pulled the blanket up to cover her, tucking her in like a precious gift.

With Alice safely tucked in, Rudy silently slipped out of the room, closing the door behind him. The house was cloaked in darkness, not a single light to be seen. Rudy moved through the inky blackness with the confidence of someone who knew the place like the back of their hand.

Hours passed, and the front door creaked open. George stepped inside, a tired and weary look on his face. He headed straight to the kitchen, his movements mechanical. The soft hum of the fridge filled the room as he opened it and retrieved a water bottle. The dim light from the fridge momentarily illuminated his figure before fading as he closed the door.

Just as George was about to take a sip from the bottle, a voice sliced through the silence, sending a shiver down his spine. "Hey, George."

Startled, George turned toward the sound, his heart pounding in his chest. The kitchen lights flicked on, and there, sitting comfortably on the living room couch, was Rudy. His eyes bore into George like a predator locking onto its prey, a sly and knowing smile playing on his lips.

"Ru...dy...?" George stuttered.

"Let's play a little game, shall we?" Rudy said as an evil smirk covered his face.

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Chapter 942: Organization's Reaction

In the dimly lit command center, the elites responsible for the clandestine experiments watched in disbelief as reports flooded in about the devastating attack on their facility. Their faces twisted with a mix of shock, anger, and bewilderment. How could a single individual possess such power and singlehandedly dismantle their carefully crafted stronghold?

The screens before them displayed the wreckage left in the wake of Rudy's assault. The bodies of their once formidable super soldiers lay strewn across the floors of the labyrinthine facility. The room was filled with the eerie silence of their defeat.

Frantic whispers filled the air as the elites tried to piece together what had just unfolded. Their minds raced, struggling to comprehend how this solitary figure had managed to achieve what seemed impossible. They reviewed the surveillance footage, analyzing every frame in search of answers, but all they found was chaos and destruction.

"He must have had allies," one of the elites suggested, desperation lacing their voice. "No one person could have done this alone."

But their scans of the facility revealed no traces of outside interference, no signs of any secret accomplices. It was as if Rudy had materialized out of thin air, wreaking havoc and dismantling their empire.

"He had access to esper powers," another elite muttered, their voice tinged with fear. "Unparalleled abilities that defied our understanding."

Frustration and confusion filled the room as they realized the extent of their defeat. The elites exchanged glances, grappling with the notion that their fortress had been breached so easily. They were entangled in a web of questions, yearning for answers that seemed just beyond their reach.

One thing was certain – Rudy had left no trace of his identity behind. He had obliterated the labyrinthine facility, erasing any evidence that could lead back to him. It was as if he had anticipated their pursuit and ensured that his identity would remain an enigma.

"Maybe one of the test subjects awakened their powers thanks to their special blood traits and destroyed everything?" Someone suggested a possibility.

The top elites erupted into a storm of furious voices, their anger consuming them like a wildfire. They slammed their fists onto the table, veins bulging on their foreheads, as their shouts filled the room.

"He must pay for this! Find him! Find him now!" bellowed the leader, his voice thick with venom and rage. His face flushed crimson with fury, the intensity of his wrath causing his body to tremble.

The others, equally consumed by fury, paced the room, their eyes burning with a fervor that bordered on madness. They hurled accusations and threats, their words dripping with venomous intent.

"We will tear him limb from limb!" one elite hissed through clenched teeth, their hands curling into fists, knuckles turning white. "He will know the true meaning of suffering!"

Another elite, veins pulsating on their temples, smashed a nearby monitor with a swift strike of their hand. The shattered glass and twisted metal mirrored their seething emotions.

"He thinks he can challenge us? We will make an example of him!" an elite roared, their voice a thunderous growl that echoed through the room. The sheer force of their anger sent objects crashing to the ground, the room quivering under the weight of their fury.

As their rage reached its peak, the elites exchanged glances, their eyes burning with a shared determination. They had been humiliated, their authority undermined, and now vengeance was the only solace they sought.

"We will spare no expense, leave no stone unturned," the leader declared, his voice dripping with menace. "We will find him, and when we do, we will unleash a fate upon him that will make his every waking moment a living nightmare."

Their expressions twisted with a mix of vengeance and grim satisfaction. Their desire for retribution was palpable, their thirst for cruel justice insatiable. They reveled in the thought of inflicting pain upon the one who had dared challenge them.

In that room, amidst the wreckage and the echoes of their fury, a sinister resolve took hold. They swore an oath to track down the elusive figure responsible for the audacious attack, to hunt him down like a cornered animal, and deliver unto him a fate so cruel that it would echo through the ages.

With their minds consumed by vengeance, they dispersed, each elite tasked with a mission to uncover the truth and to bring about the retribution they so desperately craved. The air crackled with their collective determination, their furious steps echoing through the corridors, as they embarked on a relentless pursuit of the man who had dared to challenge their dominance.

With a heavy sigh, the elites acknowledged the enormity of their defeat, but swore to take revenge. They knew they would have to regroup, rebuild, and seek revenge against the force that had decimated their empire. But the road ahead seemed uncertain, filled with shadows and unanswered questions.

"We don't have to worry too much. Only one of our facilities was destroyed. We have many... many more..."

As the elites dispersed from the command center, a lingering sense of fear and determination settled within them. They would hunt for clues, tirelessly searching for the truth behind Rudy's powers and his motives. For they understood that until they unraveled the mystery of this singular figure, they would forever be haunted by the echoes of his unstoppable might.

The command center buzzed with frantic activity. Thousands of workers, clad in white coats and sporting furrowed brows, scurried about the cavernous room. Computer monitors flickered with lines of code, and stacks of documents piled high on desks. The tension in the air was palpable as everyone focused on the daunting task at hand – finding clues to unravel the mystery of the recent attack.

Seated at the top floor of the command center were three individuals, their expressions varying from stern concentration to thinly veiled frustration. Among them, George leaned over a console, eyes locked onto the screen, his fingers deftly manipulating the controls.

George was known for his meticulous nature, and when a puzzle presented itself, he relished the opportunity to piece it together. This was no different. He scrutinized the recovered footage of the attack, frame by frame, his eyes darting back and forth as he looked for even the smallest hint that might lead them to the assailant.

"Whoever you are... I will find you for sure..." he muttered.

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Chapter 943: Rudy's Deliberately Dropped Evidence

In the busy command center, George's sharp eyes remained fixed on the blurry, chaotic footage of the recent attack. The monitors bathed his stern visage in pale, flickering light as he meticulously scanned each frame for any clue that could shed light on the mysterious assailant.

The room hummed with tension as countless workers sifted through data, documents, and debris scattered across the attack site. While George's colleagues, Seated nearby were his two colleagues. One, a bespectacled woman with a perpetually furrowed brow, hunched over a cluttered table, scribbling notes feverishly. The other, a middle-aged man with a perpetually unamused expression, observed the proceedings with a detached air of skepticism.

The footage played out like a chaotic symphony of destruction. Smoke billowed, alarms blared, and figures moved in a bewildering dance of violence. George focused on every detail, determined not to overlook even the smallest hint that might lead them to the assailant.

As George meticulously analyzed the footage, his eyes narrowed at a particular frame. In the midst of the chaos, something caught his attention—a glint of metal, a familiar shape. He froze the frame and zoomed in, revealing a bracelet, partially obscured by debris and dust.

Recognition struck him like a bolt of lightning. He knew that bracelet. It was a piece he'd seen before, one that had caught his eye on a different occasion entirely.

George's mind raced back to a conversation he'd overheard in a car, an innocent exchange between Alice and Rudy. They'd been discussing a lost bracelet, a gift from Alice to Rudy, and George recalled Rudy's careless remark about misplacing it somewhere.

Could it be? Could the bracelet from that conversation and the one in the footage be one and the same? George's heart quickened, but he was reluctant to draw any conclusions. It was possible that someone else had a similar bracelet, after all.

The image on the screen remained unclear. Blurriness, dust, mist, and fog obscured the area, making it impossible to definitively identify the attacker. The presence of the bracelet was certainly intriguing, but George knew that evidence this circumstantial wasn't enough to accuse Rudy.

He shifted to another tab on his screen and sent a message to the workers at the attack site. He attached a picture of the bracelet, along with a request for them to search for it amidst the wreckage. If Rudy were indeed the attacker, logic dictated that the bracelet should be present at the scene.

Now it was a waiting game. George leaned back in his chair, his fingers steepled as he contemplated the implications of what he had seen. The revelation, if true, was a grave one. Rudy, the kid he has known since forever, had seemingly orchestrated this audacious attack.

The minutes dragged on as George watched the live feed from the attack site. Workers scoured the area with meticulous care, their headlamps piercing the darkness. Every overturned stone and shredded piece of metal became a potential clue.

As he waited for a response, George's mind churned with conflicting thoughts and emotions. On one hand, he couldn't dismiss the possibility that Rudy was involved. The connection between the bracelet and their earlier conversation was too conspicuous to ignore. On the other hand, he hesitated to accept the idea that his own family member could be responsible for such violence.

Minutes felt like hours as George anxiously monitored his screen, hoping for word from the workers on the ground. He knew that finding the bracelet wouldn't definitively prove Rudy's guilt, but it would be a critical piece of the puzzle. In the shadowy world of clandestine organizations and covert operations, any lead was precious.

Finally, a message pinged on George's screen—a photo attached. His heart pounded as he opened it. They had found the bracelet—Alice's gift to Rudy—in the midst of the wreckage.

Its distinctive design left no room for doubt.

A heavy sigh escaped George's lips as he contemplated the gravity of this revelation. He couldn't deny the evidence before him.

"Rudy... was the assailant behind the attack on the clandestine facility?"

George's colleagues, engrossed in their own tasks, hadn't initially noticed the change in his demeanor. But as he continued to scrutinize the image of the recovered bracelet, they picked up on his altered state.

The bespectacled woman, her pen poised over a notebook filled with scribbled notes, was the first to speak up. "George, have you found something? A clue, perhaps?"

The middle-aged man beside her leaned in, clearly eager for any lead they could uncover.

George hesitated, his mind wrestling with conflicting motives. On one hand, he wanted to maintain his image as the diligent investigator who'd cracked the case. On the other hand, a more sinister ambition gnawed at him—to eliminate Rudy and claim the glory for himself.

After a few seconds of contemplation, he chose the path of deception. He gave them a reassuring smile that concealed his inner turmoil and replied, "Well, I wouldn't say it's anything groundbreaking. Just a few pieces that might lead somewhere, might not. You know how these cases go."

His colleagues nodded in understanding, although the tension in the room didn't dissipate.

The middle-aged man arched an eyebrow, clearly unsatisfied with George's vague response.

"Interesting? Come on, George, don't keep us in suspense. What did you find?"

George weighed his words carefully. "It's related to the attack, but I need to investigate it further. Sitting in front of a screen won't get me the answers I need. I think it's time to visit the attack site in person."

He glanced at his colleagues, offering them an opportunity to join him in the field. However, their practical minds prevailed, and they declined his offer.

Both of his colleagues seemed intrigued by the idea, but practicality won out. The woman shook her head. "As much as I'd love to join you, George, we can't leave the command center unsupervised. We have to oversee the investigation from here."

The middle-aged man nodded in agreement. "That's right. We'll provide support from here, analyze the data, and coordinate with the teams on the ground."

George's fake smile remained firmly in place, but inwardly, he was relieved. He didn't want his colleagues to accompany him to the attack site. He had his own agenda to pursue, one that didn't align with their interests.

"Well then," George said, rising from his seat, "I'll head to the site and see if there are any leads to follow up on. I'll keep you both updated."

George then went to the attack site in his car, picked up the bracelet and went straight to his house— all while planning to eliminate Rudy from the picture.

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Chapter 944: Unspoken Intentions

George's mind was in turmoil as he drove home. The bracelet he'd retrieved from the attack site lay on the passenger seat, a constant reminder of the enigma that was Rudy. Thoughts swirled in his head, a mix of anger, confusion, and a thirst for revenge.

As he navigated the streets, he couldn't help but ponder how Rudy had acquired such incredible powers. It was as if he had become a force of nature, capable of tearing through the clandestine facility with ease. George had spent his life in pursuit of mythical beings and their powers, but nothing in his experience could account for what he'd witnessed.

"Why didn't I know about this before?" George muttered to himself, his knuckles white as they gripped the steering wheel. "How could Rudy have hidden such abilities?"

It was a question that gnawed at him. If Rudy possessed these extraordinary powers, why had he never used them before? Why had he remained hidden for so long, seemingly content with a life that masked his true potential?

As he pulled into his driveway, George's thoughts raced. He decided to keep the bracelet with him as evidence, just in case. His office bag, slung over his shoulder, was a convenient cover for his late return from work.

George unlocked the front door and stepped into the darkness of his home. He moved with the confidence of someone who knew every inch of his surroundings. Passing through the living room, he headed to the kitchen, intent on quenching his thirst.

Just as he opened the refrigerator door and retrieved a bottle of water, a voice, dripping with a sense of foreboding, echoed through the darkness.

"Hey, George."

George froze, the bottle of water halfway to his lips. He knew that voice. It was Rudy's, and it carried with it an unsettling certainty that George's world was about to be upended.

Startled, George questioned Rudy, his voice filled with a mix of surprise and suspicion, "Rudy, what on earth are you doing in my house at this hour, sitting here in the dark?"

Rudy, unfazed by the inquiry, replied calmly, "I came to ensure Alice made it home safely before her curfew. She was worried about being alone, so I promised to wait with her until you returned."

George's eyebrows furrowed with concern as he glanced around the dimly lit living room. "Where is Alice now?"

Rudy maintained his composure. "She's sound asleep in her room. It's just the two of us here in the living room."

The room fell into a tense silence as George struggled to make sense of the situation. He couldn't help but feel that something was amiss, and the unexpected presence of Rudy in his home at this late hour raised a multitude of questions in his mind. Rudy's calm demeanor only added to the enigma, leaving George to grapple with the unknown intentions of his uninvited guest.

George took a deep breath and decided to compose himself. He walked to a platform where he had a coffee maker, figuring that a cup of coffee might help him think more clearly. "Would you like some coffee, Rudy?" he asked, doing his best to keep the conversation casual.

Rudy nodded appreciatively. "Sure, I'd love some. I prefer it brewed strong, black, with just a touch of sugar."

As George busied himself with the coffee maker, grinding the beans and starting the brew, he engaged in small talk to maintain the façade of a normal, friendly interaction. "So, Rudy, how's everything going on your end? Keeping busy, I assume?"

Rudy, too, kept his responses light and unassuming. "Oh, you know how it is. Always something to do, someone to see."

The seconds ticked by, and George couldn't help but feel the weight of the situation pressing on him. On the surface, he appeared calm and collected, but underneath, he was battling with a difficult decision. He knew the risks of attacking Rudy. If he made a move and failed, it could expose his own identity as one of the clandestine facility's elites. But if he didn't act, he might be placing his own safety, and Alice's, in jeopardy.

The coffee machine beeped, signaling that the brew was ready. George poured the dark, steaming liquid into two mugs, one of them customized to Rudy's taste. He turned around, handing Rudy a mug, his eyes locked onto Rudy's every move.

As Rudy accepted the coffee with a gracious smile, the room was filled with an uneasy silence. Both men were acutely aware of the tension hanging in the air, and they continued to tread carefully, each contemplating their next move.

In the midst of their seemingly casual conversation, George remained standing in front of Rudy, casually leaning on the platform where the coffee maker rested. He wanted to maintain a façade of normalcy, despite the turmoil brewing within him.

"So, Rudy," George began, his tone relaxed, "how are your exam preparations going? And how's Alice doing academically in school?"

Rudy took a thoughtful sip of his coffee before responding, "Well, my exams are coming along fine, thanks for asking. And Alice? She's a bright student, always at the top of her class."

The words exchanged between them appeared mundane, the kind of small talk one might expect between a father and his daughter's close friend. But underneath the surface, the atmosphere was charged with unspoken tension.

With a sip of his coffee, Rudy decided to venture into deeper territory. "You know, George, I've been thinking about Alice's future. What are your thoughts on letting her move out once she finishes high school and enrolls in a university in another city?"

George's expression remained stoic for a few seconds, his gaze locked onto Rudy's, neither of them blinking. It was a pivotal moment in their conversation, a topic that carried significant weight.

Finally, George broke the silence. "I've always said I want what's best for Alice. If she decides that moving to another city for her education is what's best for her, I won't stand in her way."

Their eyes remained locked, a silent battle of wills taking place beneath the surface. It was a contest of unspoken desires and hidden motives. And then, in a sudden, unexpected turn of events, Rudy placed his empty coffee cup down and stood up.

His index finger rose, glowing with a mysterious energy. With a mere thought, he manifested a magic ball, causing it to expand in size before his eyes. The ball was a vibrant display of ethereal colors, but then, as Rudy concentrated, it transformed into something far more ominous – a violent black matter ball, its size reduced to that of a mere pinpoint.

George watched in a mixture of awe and horror as the surreal scene unfolded before him. It was a stark reminder of the extraordinary powers Rudy possessed, powers that defied explanation and comprehension. The unspoken tension in the room had escalated into an unspoken threat, and George couldn't help but wonder what Rudy's intentions were.

'What's going on? Why is he revealing his powers to me? Moreover, what is he planning? He shouldn't know who I am, so the possibility of him attacking me is little to none. Perhaps, he is trying to see my reaction? This insolent.... Is he trying to test me?'

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Chapter 945: Kitchen Battle

The room hung heavy with tension, a palpable sense of dread that clung to the very air they breathed. George, a man of intellect and reason, stood frozen before a phenomenon that defied all rationality. He ached to dismiss it as an elaborate illusion, a conjurer's trick, something born of technology or sleight of hand. But the look on Rudy's face, the unyielding intensity in those dark eyes, shattered any illusions of normalcy.

The violent black matter that swirled malevolently on Rudy's fingertip demanded an explanation that George couldn't provide. His mind raced, thoughts colliding in a frantic scramble for coherence, for any semblance of reason. What he witnessed challenged the core of his understanding of the world.

Rudy's voice, calm and chilling, sliced through the silence. "I asked you to play a game with me, so let's start. The game will be called Truth or dare, shall we?"

George's facade of indifference faltered for a moment. He cleared his throat, an attempt to regain some semblance of composure, before he cautiously replied, "Truth or dare? Rudy, I'm not sure I understand what you mean. Is this some kind of elaborate prank or...?"

Rudy's stare, unrelenting and dark, bore into George's soul. It was as if he could see through the layers of pretense and denial, peering into the depths of George's thoughts. The sinister nature of the swirling matter on Rudy's fingertip gnawed at the edges of George's sanity.

For a brief moment, George toyed with the notion of accepting Rudy's game, of navigating this incomprehensible territory with caution. But the fear, the instinct for self-preservation, held him captive. The unknown loomed like an abyss, a precipice from which he dared not descend.

George fought to maintain his composure, his face a carefully crafted mask of confusion. "What...what do you mean by all that, Rudy?" He waved his hand vaguely toward the swirling black substance on Rudy's fingertip, feigning bewilderment.

Rudy's piercing gaze remained fixed upon George, unwavering and severe. There was no flicker of amusement, no trace of jest in Rudy's expression. Instead, his eyes bore a disconcerting intensity, a gravity that chilled George to his core.

For a fleeting moment, George's thoughts raced through a whirlwind of possibilities. Had Rudy developed some advanced technology, far beyond George's knowledge? Was this an elaborate illusion, a magician's trick on a grand scale, meant to confound his perceptions? George desperately clung to these explanations, knowing that they were flimsy rationalizations in the face of the inexplicable.

As George spoke, feigning surprise, he gestured toward the black matter with a mix of curiosity and confusion. "Is this some kind of 3D projection tool you're using for a school project?" His voice quivered slightly, betraying his facade of ignorance.

But Rudy's response was not one of explanation or amusement. Instead, without a word, he acted. In an instant, the swirling matter transformed into a projectile, hurtling forward with terrifying speed. It passed through George's chest as if he were made of smoke and not flesh, leaving nothing but a gaping void in its wake.

A strangled gasp escaped George's lips as his body convulsed, a grotesque dance of death. The shock, the pain, and the abrupt cessation of life left him sprawling on the floor, his vacant eyes staring into an abyss.

Amidst the eerie silence of the room, Rudy's eyes glowed a menacing shade of crimson in the shroud of darkness. His intense gaze remained transfixed on George's lifeless body sprawled motionless on the floor. The room seemed to pulsate with the sinister energy that radiated from Rudy.

Time flowed like molasses, each minute an eternity as Rudy's eyes remained unwaveringly fixed on the gaping void in George's chest. His initial nonchalance had given way to a growing unease, etching a faint furrow on his brow. Minutes ticked by, measured only by the soft cadence of his own breath.

Rudy's gaze briefly flickered, betraying a momentary lapse of focus. His eyes ascended, penetrating the ceiling to peer into Alice's room above. There, he observed the peaceful visage of his beloved Alice, cocooned in the serenity of slumber. A reassuring sigh escaped his lips, knowing she was safe.

However, when his eyes returned to the spot where George's lifeless body had rested, a disquieting revelation shattered his newfound calm. George was no longer there. Instead, he lurked in the shadows, concealed by the obscurity of the room.

In George's outstretched hand gleamed the glinting blade of a knife, its malevolence evident even in the dim light. The intent in his eyes was unmistakable - a ruthless determination to exact revenge upon Rudy.

Rudy, caught off guard by this abrupt transformation, had only a heartbeat to react. George surged forward, the knife poised to strike. Rudy's instincts took over, and he pivoted, narrowly evading the imminent thrust.

What ensued was a frenzied spectacle of shadows and steel. Rudy's movements were swift, his supernatural abilities granting him an eerie edge. Yet, George, driven by desperation and an all-consuming rage, pressed the attack relentlessly.

The blade sliced through the air, an ominous glimmer in the room's obscurity. Rudy's eyes continued to smolder with their ominous crimson glow, a manifestation of the extraordinary powers that coursed through him.

The room bore witness to their violent dance, a battle that seemed to transcend the bounds of reality itself.

Rudy's dodge and counterattack were swift and precise. He sidestepped George's lunge, allowing the man to crash into the wall with an audible thud. It seemed like George was defeated, but the element of surprise remained his ally.

As George groaned and struggled to regain his footing, Rudy's chuckles filled the room. It was a laughter born from the absurdity of their situation, an unexpected twist in their confrontation.

George, his back against the wall, slowly rose, his eyes fixed on Rudy with a mix of fear and determination. He was battered, but he refused to yield to this mysterious intruder.

Rudy's laughter grew louder, almost manic, as he watched George's tenacity. He couldn't contain himself, and the more he laughed, the more bewildered and infuriated George became.

"Oh Dear Lord," Rudy managed to say between fits of laughter, "so my suspicion was true after all." He wiped a tear from the corner of his eye. "Not going to lie, I was a little worried when you didn't wake up after I 'killed' you..."

He stopped abruptly, his laughter subsiding. Rudy's gaze bore into George's soul as he shrugged, his expression turning serious. "Well... Apparently."

The room fell into a tense silence, the only sounds the ragged breathing of the two men and the distant hum of the city outside. Rudy's laughter had thrown George off balance, but he couldn't underestimate this enigmatic figure any longer.

George knew that Rudy possessed powers far beyond his comprehension. His survival had defied logic, and Rudy's laughter hinted at a reality that shattered the boundaries of the ordinary.

George, still breathing heavily from their intense confrontation, managed to gather his thoughts enough to voice his questions. "What gave away my identity? On what basis did you attack me?"

Rudy, now standing several feet away, casually shrugged his shoulders. "To be honest, I wasn't entirely sure," he admitted, a hint of nonchalance in his tone. "It was more of a hit or miss situation."

Surprised and enraged by this response, George's voice trembled with anger. "You attacked me, possibly with the intent to kill, on a whim? Just to prove a suspicion?"

Rudy scoffed, his crimson eyes never leaving George's gaze. "Well, you see, Mr. George, I've done worse things for far less reason. People like you tend to underestimate the world we live in."

George's anger deepened at Rudy's callous admission. It was clear that this man possessed a cold and ruthless side, one that didn't hesitate to take extreme actions based on hunches and suspicions.

"You can't be the Rudy I watched grow up. Who are you?" George demanded again, his voice more forceful. "What is your purpose here? And how did you obtain the powers you possess?"

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Chapter 946: Black Cosmos

Fury boiled within George as he confronted Rudy. He couldn't understand how Rudy, the boy he had known from their childhood, had acquired such unimaginable powers. The Rudy he remembered had been so different, so human.

"What happened to you?" George demanded, his voice trembling with anger and confusion. "How did you become like this?"

Rudy, his eyes still aglow with an eerie crimson light, remained silent. He didn't seem the least bit interested in engaging in a conversation with George. This was not a time for idle chatter, not when they were standing on the precipice of what might become one of Rudy's toughest battles, rivaling even the cosmic conflict against Asura. Moreover, Rudy's beloved Alice was sleeping peacefully upstairs, and he had no intention of waking her with futile discourse with George.

The tension between the two men grew thicker with every passing moment. The room seemed to crackle with an electric energy as they locked eyes, each harboring their own secrets and motivations.

George couldn't fathom what had transpired in Rudy's life to lead him down this path. The boy he remembered had been full of dreams and innocence, not a person wielding powers that defied explanation.

George's anger continued to smolder as he confronted Rudy. He had little concern for Alice or her safety. In fact, he saw her as a potential shield, a reason, an excuse to save himself if the need arose.

"Answer me!" George's tone grew more desperate. "What happened to you?"

Rudy's response remained unchanged. He seemed unmoved by George's anger, his gaze fixed and unwavering.

George's mind raced, considering the unthinkable. If it came down to it, he would not hesitate to use Alice as a means to protect himself. She was, in his mind, a convenient pawn in this dangerous game.

Rudy's eyes flared with intensity as his hand rose, fingers outstretched, and once again, the violent black matter began to take form. But this time, it wasn't a mere pinpoint; its size expanded rapidly, casting a palpable sense of dread across the room.

The air quivered as if an earthquake had struck. Rudy summoned the same malevolent energy in his other hand, and the two orbs of darkness pulsed with ominous power. Their movement was chaotic yet controlled, like a tempest confined to Rudy's palms.

With a steady, practiced motion, Rudy pressed his hands together, and the two spheres merged into one. It transformed into a swirling vortex of lightning black matter, an entity hungry for more. The sphere sucked the air around it, creating a vacuum within its dark borders, which now formed a menacing ring.

George could only watch in utter horror and disbelief. He was no stranger to powers and energies, being an elite operative of the clandestine facility. Yet, even he had severely underestimated Rudy. Fear gripped him, and in a fit of desperation, he cursed himself for not eliminating Rudy when he had the chance, back when Rudy was just a child.

In his trembling voice, George muttered bitterly, "I should've killed you when I had the chance."

Rudy's laughter, tinged with a touch of madness, filled the room. The swirling black matter in his hands crackled with unrestrained energy. He had transcended any semblance of the boy George once knew, becoming something far more powerful and enigmatic.

George's nervousness was thinly veiled as he stared at the swirling black matter between Rudy's palms. He attempted to regain his composure, scoffing and attempting to sound confident despite the dire situation.

With an uneasy chuckle, George began, "I know you won't release that energy from your palm. Because if you do, it would obliterate this planet. I know a raw energy when I see one, and the energy in your hand is..."

His voice wavered as he spoke, and he cleared his throat, attempting to sound bolder, "Alice is sleeping upstairs, and there's no way you would even try to cause any damage to this house. However, you can't attack me without destroying your surroundings."

George's tone shifted, and he chuckled more arrogantly, believing he had outsmarted Rudy. "You won't attack me. Small attacks like the earlier ones won't even scratch me, and you can't use more powerful attacks. What will you do—"

But before George could finish his sentence, his world turned upside down, quite literally. In an instant, he found himself suspended in the air, hurtling upward at a breathtaking speed, his words stolen from his lips.

Rudy had grown weary of George's taunts and remarks. In the blink of an eye, he had teleported behind George, and then, with a wave of his hand, he'd hurled George into the sky using telekinesis.

Rudy watched with an unwavering gaze as George's figure rapidly receded into the endless expanse of space. His eyes glinted with a mix of determination and impatience. The swirling black matter he had conjured still crackled with immense, untapped power in his palms.

Although his face remained stoic, there was a sense of resolve in Rudy's stance. He knew that he couldn't afford to let George's threats persist any longer. The situation had escalated beyond the point of no return, and Rudy's actions had taken on an air of finality.

In the cosmic void of space, Rudy's powers were boundless, and he had no intention of allowing George to return unscathed. As he readied himself for what came next, the very fabric of space itself seemed to acknowledge the immense power at his command.

Rudy, his figure in an ethereal silhouette against the backdrop of the cosmic canvas, continued his pursuit of George as he ventured further into the unforgiving void of space. His movements were swift and precise, a testament to the unparalleled control he had over his newfound powers.

The black matter in Rudy's palm responded obediently to his commands, compressed into a formidable projectile. It struggled to escape the confines of his grasp, yearning to consume everything in its path. Rudy's intense focus held the volatile force at bay.

With a calculated motion, Rudy morphed the black matter into the shape of an arrow, a deadly implement of his will. It elongated and transformed into a menacing spear, its voracious appetite undiminished. Even in this altered form, it remained a harbinger of annihilation, eager to obliterate all it touched.

With an intensity that sent shockwaves through the cosmos, Rudy unleashed the spear. The black void of its tip hungered for its target, an insatiable maw that would spare nothing in its path.

And its destination was... George.

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Chapter 947: Guardian of the Cosmos

The spear, an ominous manifestation of Rudy's power, streaked through the cosmos with relentless velocity. In mere moments, it had propelled George beyond the boundaries of the solar system, and then... he was gone. A sense of eerie finality hung in the air, as if the universe itself had swallowed George whole.

Rudy, his form a solitary silhouette against the backdrop of the vast cosmos, gazed into the emptiness that had consumed his adversary. His expression bore a hint of something indescribable, a mixture of relief and regret. The black matter spear had served its purpose with ruthless efficiency, obliterating George into the tiniest particles, ensuring there was no trace left to betray his existence.

The weight of his actions pressed upon Rudy's conscience, a burden he hadn't fully anticipated. He muttered softly to himself, the words carrying a solemn tone, "I... killed George. I killed... Alice's... father..."

For so long, Rudy had regarded George as the epitome of a devoted family man, a protector, and a pillar of support. It was an image he had clung to since childhood, one that had shattered as he grew more cautious, uncovering the unsettling truths hidden beneath George's facade.

Rudy's figure hung amidst the cosmic vastness, his voice almost a whisper in the emptiness of space. He let out a sigh, as if releasing the heavy burden he had shouldered throughout this encounter. "Well, now that it's over, let's go home. I will have some fun with mom," he muttered to himself, the words carrying a mixture of relief and lingering unease.

Though he spoke with a semblance of composure, deep down, a storm of emotions raged within him. The weight of what he needed to tell Alice bore down upon him like an insurmountable burden. How could he possibly inform her of the grim reality, that he had taken the life of her father?

Alice had remained blissfully unaware of the darkness that had shrouded George, seeing him as a loving parent who cared deeply for her. She had no inkling of the atrocities he had committed, the heinous actions that had led Rudy to this fateful decision. George was a man who, in Rudy's eyes, didn't deserve to live, but how could he reveal this truth to the girl he cherished above all else?

As Rudy contemplated the difficult conversation ahead, his heart ached with the knowledge that he would be shattering the world Alice knew, replacing it with a harsh reality she might never be prepared to accept.

In the boundless expanse of the cosmos, Rudy was on the brink of initiating his teleportation back to Earth. His powers coiled within him, ready to propel him across the astral distances. But just as he was about to make his departure, an acute surge of energy assaulted his senses. It was a palpable force, hurtling toward him with alarming velocity.

Rudy's reaction was swift and calculated. He pivoted on the spot, his gaze locking onto the ominous sight of the very same black spear hurtling directly at him. It was a perilous predicament, one that could not be taken lightly.

Dodging the incoming threat was almost second nature to Rudy. With the grace of a seasoned warrior, he elegantly maneuvered out of the spear's deadly trajectory. The lethal weapon sailed past him, missing its intended mark by a considerable margin.

Once Rudy had ensured his immediate safety, he took a moment to assess the situation. His keen senses went into overdrive as he scanned the surrounding space, even activating his potent vision abilities, which allowed him to perceive the universe in ways beyond human comprehension.

However, the source of the threat remained elusive, obscured by a nebulous shroud of energy that permeated the cosmos. Rudy's enhanced vision abilities, while formidable, proved to be of limited use in this scenario. The overwhelming abundance of energy in the cosmic expanse made it nearly impossible to pinpoint a specific origin.

A theory took root in Rudy's mind, one that seemed implausible, yet he couldn't dismiss it entirely. Could the spear, in some unfathomable manner, have reversed its course autonomously after traversing the unforgiving vacuum of space? It was a notion that defied the laws of physics, but Rudy had learned never to underestimate the mysterious forces that governed his universe.

As Rudy grappled with these perplexing questions, he decided to take a more proactive approach. A surge of power coursed through him as he channeled his abilities, materializing a formidable solution to the enigma that confronted him. He created a vortex, a gaping maw of pure darkness, which devoured everything in its path.

The black hole, spawned from Rudy's unfathomable mastery over energy, expanded voraciously. It swallowed cosmic matter and radiation with insatiable hunger, siphoning them into the abyss of nothingness. The very fabric of space-time seemed to warp and contort as the black hole consumed everything in its vicinity.

This formidable act served two purposes. First, it neutralized the menacing black spear, drawing it into the inescapable grip of the black hole's event horizon. Second, it formed an impervious barrier around Rudy, shielding him from further harm.

With the danger averted, Rudy remained vigilant. His expression remained resolute, and his senses remained acutely attuned to any shifts in the cosmic balance. The confrontation with an enigmatic adversary amidst the boundless cosmos had taken an unexpected turn, and Rudy was determined to uncover the truth lurking within the celestial void.

In a heart-pounding moment, he deftly caught another of the malevolent black spears hurled at him. The distance between the spear's lethal tip and Rudy's head was negligible, less than that of a single hair's breadth. The sheer audacity of the attack sent shivers down his spine.

Rather than succumbing to fear or launching into a desperate search for the source, Rudy adopted a different strategy. He closed his eyes, blocking out the vast canvas of the cosmos around him. In that tranquil darkness, he focused his extraordinary powers on a singular intention: to teleport himself to the very origin point of the assault.

In an instant, space and time folded around him. The stars themselves seemed to blur as Rudy traversed the universe at an incomprehensible speed. It was a journey measured in mere instants, yet it carried him to a destination of profound revelation.

As the veil of interstellar darkness dissipated, Rudy found himself suspended amidst the cosmic expanse. His senses flared to life, and he took in the astonishing sight before him. It was a scene that defied all logic and reason.

Hovering weightlessly in the cosmic void, unscathed and resolute, was none other than George. He held in his grasp two of the ominous black spears, each radiating with malevolence. His presence amidst the celestial tapestry was an anomaly, a disruption of the natural order.

The bafflement that swept over Rudy was undeniable. His mind raced to process the inconceivable scenario before him. George, the man he had believed vanquished into oblivion, now confronted him in the frigid embrace of space itself.

Rudy's gaze remained locked onto George, his expression a mixture of bewilderment and intrigue. He didn't speak immediately, for words alone could not encapsulate the complexity of this encounter. The enigmatic nature of the situation lingered like a shadow over their cosmic standoff.

Rudy's stance remained poised and ready. His senses buzzed with anticipation, and the inexhaustible wellspring of energy within him stood at the ready. In this desolate corner of the universe, amidst the profound mysteries of space, two figures stared each other down—one a guardian of the cosmos, the OverLord of the universe, and the other a harbinger of inexplicable chaos.

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Chapter 948: Lord of the Universe

As Rudy gazed upon George, hovering in the vast emptiness of space, a curious juxtaposition of emotions painted his countenance. His eyes, usually alight with confidence and resolve, now held a spark of bewilderment that seemed incongruous with the situation at hand. Yet, beneath the surface, concealed from George's view, there lingered a disturbing grin.

It was a grin that betrayed the hidden depths of Rudy's psyche. The earlier sense of disappointment and dissatisfaction that had briefly clouded his mind had now been replaced by something altogether more sinister. Rudy, had unwittingly uncovered a facet of his own nature he'd never truly acknowledged before – a thirst for revenge so malevolent it sent shivers through the fabric of the cosmos.

Rudy had thought, for a fleeting moment, that he had vanquished George without subjecting him to the torturous suffering he had reserved for his most despicable foes. But now, as he stared at George's unscathed form, a revelation struck him like a bolt of cosmic lightning. The universe itself seemed to shudder at the implications of this revelation.

The truth was stark and unyielding: Rudy didn't merely want to defeat George; he wanted to break him. He desired to see George writhe in agony, to hear his cries of despair echoing through the cosmic abyss, to relish in the cruelty of his demise. This was the darkness that lurked in the recesses of Rudy's soul, a darkness now laid bare in the unforgiving expanse of space.

As the stars and galaxies bore witness to this unexpected turn of events, Rudy's grin evolved into something more menacing.

With every passing moment, Rudy's resolve solidified. His gaze, once marked by bewilderment, now burned with a cold and unwavering determination. He had made his decision – George would not escape the torment Rudy had planned for him. The cosmos itself seemed to tremble, recognizing the coming clash of titans, the clash of light and darkness, justice and vengeance.

In the cold, starlit void of space, Rudy and George remained suspended, the tension between them palpable, their enigmatic confrontation continuing. Rudy, his earlier bewilderment now replaced with an eerie determination, finally broke the silence with measured words.

"George," Rudy began, his voice resolute, "I must admit, I am curious. How did you survive the black spear, and who, or what, are you really? How did you acquire such powers?" His crimson eyes bore into George, demanding answers, yet veiling his curiosity beneath a shroud of stoic resolve.

George, for his part, was unfazed by Rudy's inquiries. Instead, he met Rudy's gaze with a calculating and unreadable expression, his body suspended in the boundless cosmic theater like an enigma wrapped in an enigma.

Rudy knew he couldn't appear desperate for answers. He remembered their previous encounter when George had posed these very questions to him, and how Rudy had chosen silence, forcing George to practically beg for information. Rudy wouldn't allow himself to fall into a similar trap.

With a hint of a grin, Rudy shifted the cosmic balance with a proposal. "George," he said evenly, "let us make a deal. An exchange of information, if you will. You provide me with the answers to my questions, and in return, I shall share what you seek to know. A fair trade, don't you think?"

George considered Rudy's offer, his inscrutable demeanor unbroken. The expanse of space seemed to hold its breath, as if the cosmos itself awaited the outcome of this cosmic parley.

In the vast expanse of space, Rudy's proposal hung in the air like a fragile web, waiting for George's response. It seemed, for a moment, that George might agree to the deal. After all, he, too, sought answers to his own questions.

Rudy's crimson eyes, still glowing with a faint trace of their earlier battle-ready intensity, bore into George, awaiting his reply. The distant stars flickered as if holding their collective breath.

Then, with an unexpected twist in the narrative, George's lips curled into a cryptic smile, a sly glint in his eyes. "I no longer need your answers," he declared, his voice a mere whisper amidst the boundless void.

Rudy's reaction was swift and perceptive. His instincts told him that George's refusal wasn't driven by indifference but rather a calculated move, a tactical choice. Rudy couldn't shake the suspicion that George was protecting something—something he didn't want Rudy to uncover.

A humorless chuckle escaped George's lips, and he pointed a finger at Rudy, his body hovering in the starlit abyss like an enigmatic specter. "I now know who you are," George proclaimed, his tone dripping with a strange mix of revelation and challenge. "I know what your powers are. You are... the so-called Lord mentioned in the book of prophecy."

The words reverberated through the stillness, an enigma within an enigma, casting a shadow of uncertainty over their confrontation. Rudy's crimson eyes flared momentarily with a mixture of surprise and intrigue.

It was a revelation that held the potential to change the course of their encounter. The name "Lord" was no mere title; it was steeped in ancient prophecies and legends, spoken of in hushed whispers. Rudy, the enigmatic being with unimaginable powers, had just been thrust into the spotlight of a narrative that had been written eons before his existence.

Humans shouldn't know about it since the human race was abandoned and they were left with nothing. Knowledge and power of the unknown was taken away from them, but it wasn't completely erased.

In this profound moment of revelation, Rudy extended his hands, palms upturned, his expression bearing the weight of countless eons. A subtle, knowing smirk graced his lips. "You're right," he confessed, his voice resonating with an ethereal quality. "I am the Lord."

George's curiosity burned like a star's glow, compelling him to dig deeper. "How did you become the Lord? What were the requirements?" he inquired, his voice laced with genuine intrigue.

However, Rudy's reply remained shrouded in enigma, and his eyes harbored the secrets of the ages. He didn't yield to straightforward answers.

"Could it be that you were chosen at birth?" George pondered aloud, a theory unfurling in his thoughts.

Rudy scoffed, the sound echoing with the wisdom of ages past. "I was the Lord long before I was born," he revealed, an ancient authority in his tone.

Rudy said as his body charged with the electricity of the cosmic energy.

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Chapter 949: Book of Prophecy

With a deliberate shift of energy, Rudy's form underwent a mesmerizing transformation. His human-like figure gave way to a transcendent being, radiating a luminous, otherworldly aura. Amidst this cosmic spectacle, his body seemed to meld seamlessly with the fabric of existence itself.

In his celestial form, Rudy embodied the mysteries of creation, a deity whose very presence defied mortal understanding. His stardust limbs and eyes that held the wisdom of universes held George in awe.

Rudy had transcended the boundaries of humanity, becoming a living manifestation of the cosmic forces that governed all existence.

George's eyes widened in sheer terror as he beheld Rudy's sudden and awe-inspiring transformation. His breaths grew shallow, and an icy shiver ran down his spine. Unbeknownst to him, his own body quivered involuntarily, reacting to the overwhelming presence before him.

But it wasn't just George who quaked in this moment of cosmic revelation. The menacing black spears clutched tightly in his trembling hands, seemed to pulsate with an alien, jittery energy. These were instruments of obliteration, forged to devour anything that dared to cross their path.

However, they, too, were not immune to the undeniable power that radiated from Rudy's transformed state. In the face of such cosmic might, even these voracious black holes trembled, aware on some fundamental level that any proximity to Rudy's celestial form would spell their own swift and inexorable annihilation.

George, growing increasingly annoyed by the relentless trembling of the black spears in his grasp, finally reached his limit. With an exasperated sigh, he casually tossed the ominous weapons into the vast abyss of space. They tumbled into the cosmic void, disappearing into the inky darkness.

Turning his attention back to Rudy, a disarming smile crept onto George's face. "Why are we fighting?" he questioned rhetorically. "We don't have to fight, Rudy. In fact, we want the same thing!"

Rudy arched an eyebrow, skepticism etched across his features. "Do we now?" he responded, his tone laced with doubt.

George persisted, his voice earnest. "Yes, Rudy, we share the same goal. We could be a formidable force together."

He went on to explain his motivations, painting himself as a self-proclaimed savior of humanity. "Everything I've done, Rudy, it's all for the greater good," George asserted passionately. "It's to secure a future for humanity, to protect them from the dangers they can't even fathom."

But Rudy's patience was wearing thin. He couldn't fathom how George could justify his cruel experiments on innocent humans. His voice carried a potent mix of anger and disbelief as he challenged George's twisted sense of morality. "Protecting humanity by conducting inhumane gene experiments on the most vulnerable among them, from newborns to the elderly? George, you're deluding yourself."

George, despite the skepticism in Rudy's eyes, continued to press his case. "Yes, Rudy, sometimes sacrifices must be made for the greater good," he reiterated, a hint of desperation in his voice. "It's not always pretty or ethical, but it's necessary. I've seen what's coming, the dangers lurking in the shadows. I had to act, even if my methods were... extreme."

Rudy's gaze remained unwavering as he replied, his tone firm. "No one gets to play God, George. No one gets to decide who lives and who dies."

George, undeterred, argued his point further. "But people die all the time for useless causes," he asserted. "Soldiers die in wars that only serve the government's lust for power. People perish from diseases they brought upon themselves, chasing unhealthy lifestyles. They even die in absurd pursuits of validation on social media. What I did, Rudy, it was different. At least those humans served a purpose before they met their end."

Rudy couldn't hide his astonishment. He had never encountered someone who saw themselves as a savior while conducting such monstrous acts. It was a warped sense of morality that left him baffled. "George," he said, shaking his head, "you're no savior. You're a perpetrator of cruelty, and I won't let your delusions continue."

George's face contorted with frustration at Rudy's response. "It must be nice," he sneered, "To be the ultimate judge of what's right and wrong, good and evil. But if you say no one should play god, then, Rudy, you shouldn't either."

Rudy simply shrugged, an air of indifference surrounding him. "Perhaps," he replied calmly. "But when one holds the power I do, the responsibility to make those judgments often falls upon them."

This only fueled George's anger further. He jabbed a finger towards Rudy, accusingly. "You're a hypocrite," he hissed. "You, the Lord, the supposed most powerful being in the universe according to your so-called prophecy."

George's voice grew even more intense as he revealed his twisted motives. "The human race is the weakest among all the other races out there," he said with a venomous glare. "I conducted those experiments to change that, to make us capable of standing our ground, of annihilating the other races if need be."

Rudy's expression remained composed, but his eyes bore into George's. The stark contrast in their beliefs was undeniable, and the confrontation between them seemed far from over.

George's words hung heavily in the air as he continued, his tone passionate. "All the things mentioned in the book of prophecy came true. There's another prophecy, Rudy, one that foretells that the human world will once again be inhabited by the other races, just like it once used to be!"

Rudy maintained his silence, his gaze unwavering, as he absorbed George's argument.

George's voice held a sense of urgency now. "Think about it, Rudy," he implored. "If the other races return to Earth, humans will become their slaves once more, as history has shown. Humanity will either be tools and toys of the other races or go extinct. Either way, it's doom for us. And if that truly happens, who will save humanity? The answer is clear: humanity itself."

He emphasized his point, his eyes locked onto Rudy's. "If every human has superpowers, they can be unbeatable. We can stand our ground and ensure our survival, no longer at the mercy of others."

George's eyes bore into Rudy's, challenging him to see the reason behind his actions, even if they had been horrific.

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Chapter 950: George's Dream to Create a Perfect Utopia

George's vision for a utopian world where everyone could be a superhero was becoming clearer with every word he spoke. He leaned forward, emphasizing the magnitude of his dream. "Once we master the gene experiment, truly understand it, it will cause a revolution unlike anything the human world has ever seen," he declared with unwavering confidence.

His eyes gleamed with determination as he continued, "With gene therapy, we will be able to create designed children in the lab. We'll use their parents' DNA and enhance it with specific gene sequences, granting these children superpowers according to their parents' desires. No longer will anyone be bound by the lottery of genetics; everyone can be extraordinary."

George's voice grew more fervent. "Diseases that have plagued humanity for centuries will be eradicated through gene therapy. Weakness will be a thing of the past. We'll usher in an era where humans are no longer at the mercy of their limitations but can shape their own destinies."

He paused, letting the weight of his words sink in. "Imagine, Rudy, a world where every child is born with the potential for greatness, where no one suffers needlessly. That's the world I wanted to create, a world where humans can truly be superheroes."

George's vision for human genetic manipulation seemed boundless. He leaned in closer, a spark of passion in his eyes as he explained further. "Imagine, Rudy, parents or even sperm donors having the power to design a child of their choice. They'll have complete control, from selecting the gender to fine-tuning details like hair, eye, and skin color. It goes beyond aesthetics; they can even instill innate skills if they possess them, shaping what their child will become."

Rudy remained skeptical, expressing his concerns about the ethical implications. "This kind of power, George, it's like playing god," he cautioned.

George's expression hardened as he countered, "But, Rudy, isn't it time someone became the god humanity deserves? We were created as the weakest among all beings, with no special traits or abilities.

The divine hand wasn't fair to us. Someone has to level the playing field, to make humans truly exceptional."

He leaned back, his gaze unwavering. "I see it as a duty, a responsibility, to bring humanity out of the shadows and into the light of their full potential. That's the god I aim to be—for humans."

George continued to lay out his grand vision. "In the future, once every human possesses superpowers, we'll establish academies to teach the young generations how to control and evolve their newfound abilities. These academies will be centers of excellence, nurturing young minds and powers to become guardians of humanity."

Rudy, however, maintained his skeptical stance. He shrugged and retorted, "But, George, even now, with the human race as it is, we see daily crimes committed by hundreds of thousands. The so-called weakest race has its flaws. Now, imagine that same race with powers that can bend reality. Chaos could be inevitable."

George took a moment to ponder Rudy's words, then replied, "True, Rudy, humans are far from perfect. But isn't that part of the reason why I'm doing this? To elevate humanity, to guide them towards a future where their potential is realized, and their flaws are managed. It's about giving them the chance to be better than they are today."

Rudy, with a stern expression, continued his argument. "Humans have always harbored greed and an insatiable desire for power. It's part of their nature to want everything. If all humans were to possess superpowers, it would unleash a perpetual wave of chaos. Wars and violence would engulf the world once more. The crime rate would skyrocket to the point where even the most righteous individuals would feel imprisoned in their own homes. They would come to see these superpowers as a curse rather than a blessing, yearning for the days when humanity was weak and powerless."

He paused, letting the weight of his words sink in. "George, the idea of a utopian world where every human is a superhero is enticing, but it's a naive dream. With great power comes the potential for even greater destruction. It's our responsibility to guide humanity wisely, not to hand them unchecked power that could lead to their own downfall."

The stark contrast in their visions for the future, one filled with hope and potential, the other marred by fear and distrust, hung heavily in the air as they continued their debate.

George, faced with Rudy's compelling argument against the potential chaos of a world filled with superpowered humans, pondered for a moment. Then, a determined look crossed his face. "Rudy, you're right that unchecked power could lead to chaos, but I've thought of a solution. We will create an impeccable justice system, like nothing the world has ever seen."

He leaned in, his eyes shining with conviction. "We're developing advanced surveillance devices that can monitor the mental state of individuals. If someone's mental level reaches a certain point of instability, we'll offer therapy to help them regain control. But if their mental state crosses an irreversible threshold, they'll face execution, regardless of whether they've committed a crime or not. There will be no room for injustice or for criminals in this world."

George continued, "Imagine a society where every thought, every intention, is scrutinized for the greater good. We'll maintain order, and everyone will know that their actions have consequences. It

won't be a perfect system, but it's a far cry from the chaos you fear. With our guidance, humans will evolve, not just in power but in responsibility. We will mold them into guardians of justice, and together, we'll build a utopia."

George awaited Rudy's response with bated breath, his eyes reflecting a mix of anticipation and determination. He believed he had addressed all of Rudy's questions and objections about his dream world, and now, he sought validation or, at the very least, an acknowledgment of the careful planning and conviction behind his vision. It was a critical moment, where their paths might converge or diverge entirely, depending on Rudy's next words.

"How about it, Rudy?" George's voice carried a plea, seeking Rudy's approval for his grand vision. "This dream isn't born of selfish ambition; it's a dream for the betterment of all humanity."