

## Full-Moon 921

### Chapter 921 Approval and Vulnerable (2)

Not one of the Dwarves expected this kind of progression.

Pushed by the desire to be approved, the human that they thought was normal, possibly a fire Awakened due to the heat emanating from him turns out to be another Supernatural, an actual Dragonman.

Additionally, he doesn't seem to be a normal Dragonman either.

It was when Ryze stretched his imposing draconic wings that a phenomenon happened.

The Rastrikan Demon legion felt an unusual pull as the hellfire within their bodies seemed to be drawn towards Ryze hovering in the sky, a phenomenon that couldn't be explained by the actions of a regular Dragonman, leaving them with only one possible conclusion.

A heavenly Dragonman!

Due to the hesitation and fear inside of him, he has been taking the sidelines.

But the words of encouragement from Adhara made him want to stand out, and the fanatical approval degraded his mind and made him turn berserk. Like a fabulous War God, Ryze levitates in the sky with the burning war hammer in his hand.

"I'll kill you all!"

Swoosh!

Unleashing an overbearing proclamation, a pair of horns stuck out of his head.

Ryze's entire demeanor instantly changed, his reptilian eyes dilated, and let out a completely different look. No meekness could be seen in his now sharp eyes, it was almost as if those eyes didn't belong to him anymore.

Crimson fire cloaked his entire form, so hot that it was able to heat the surroundings.

Even friendly force was affected by this.

Many Dwarves could feel their armor heating up and started steaming at the exposure of the crimson fire, and the same goes for the Rastrikan Demons as their skin-like armor gradually heated even more, cracking its surfaces.

When his aura reached its peak, Ryze put the war hammer on his shoulder.

"I am the Lord of Red! Rejoice to die by my flames!"

Roar!

A heartbeat later, Ryze flapped his wings, propelling him straight at the Rastrikan Demons.

Reacting with lightning-fast reflexes, three Demon Captains leaped and stood in his way. Each of them is fueling their tridents with demonic energies, preparing for a clash with the unexpected Dragonman.

However, the Demon Captains were not the only ones that managed to react quickly.

"Assist him! We're going on the offensive!" Huvuki exclaimed.

Not going to sit still himself, Huvuki slammed the War Maul of Glacia onto the ground and concentrated his ice power to create a shield in front of Ryze. It was melting at a fast rate, but enough to provide cushion to the Demon Captains' attack.

Crash!

With one sharp motion, the Demonic Captains thrust their tridents forward.

It hits the ice shield and shatters it completely.

But the ice shield was not there to protect Ryze at all times, it was there to specifically block the three Demon Captains' attack and allow him to land an attack of his own. And the ice shield did exactly that.

Ryze's savage expression tightened as he raised his fiery hammer up.

Heeding their King's command, the Dwarven Captains, mounting a big mutated bear pointed their hands forward and infused their earth energy into the fiery hammer. An enhancement that would cause destructive effects.

In that second, Ryze could feel the hammer becoming heavier and heavier.

Exerting all of his draconic strength, his muscles bulged as he swung it down powerfully.

Swoosh!

Due to the blunt surface of the hammer, it created a whistling sound as it descended.

Not knowing the extraordinary weight and force of the fiery war hammer, the Demon Captains raised their tridents again and tried to block the attack. But in the very next second, a realization came to them, it's a mistake to try and block it.

Crash!

Like three bullets, the three Demon Captains got plunged into the ground.

Ryze didn't stop there and flapped his wings to increase his momentum downward, it also turned the fiery war hammer in his hands into a literal meteor as he solely focused his power on this one attack.

Crack!

Kaboom!!

A powerful explosion of crimson fire sprouted and excavated the point of impact.

Since he landed squarely in the heart of the Rastrikan Demon legion, the resulting devastation was catastrophic. His impact sent numerous demons flying, igniting the entire forest in a fiery conflagration, all to display his desire and power of the Lord of Red.

It was so bad that even the ground shook violently.

Due to the impact that was loud and catastrophic, Rex's attention was pulled to it.

What's happening here?

Gazing at the towering explosion coming from the river the others were at, Rex frowned as such an explosion could only be caused by a powerful entity with a fire-related power. But Adhara is fighting, and the Dwarves are incapable of using fire-related power.

Obviously, the explosion is quite odd.

However, he soon realized that there was one entity amongst them that could do this.

Taking a brief pause to scrutinize the receding explosion closely, Rex discerned the presence of an entity amidst the chaos at the heart of the Rastrikan Demon legion. An entity that wielded a blazing hammer, embarking on a relentless slaughter of demons, hacking through their ranks left and right.

Ryze...? Is that really him?

Seeing Ryze battling the Rastrikan Demons, he was pleasantly surprised.

Furthermore, there appeared to be a notable shift in Ryze's personality. He no longer bore the docile or meek demeanor he once did, instead, he had undergone a complete and utter personality transformation.

With each strike, newfound confidence emanated from him.

His eyes which were once filled with fear, now gleamed with unwavering determination.

Is it because of the training he had in the human territory, or something else?

Although it had been some time since he last saw Ryze, the extent of his transformation was surprising. Rex doubted that training alone in the human territory could account for such a significant change, he suspects that this was caused by something else.

Maybe Zaddrass' power caused a personality change in him.

<Warning! Hellfire Domain has been activated!>

Upon reading the notification from the System, Rex turned back to Adhara's fight again.

Earlier when Adhara finally combined her Werewolf form and Gladiator Form, a fusion of both strength and magical prowess, she becomes on par against the two Demon Lords, showing that the fusion of power is extremely effective for her.

It was more so because her spirit, a violet serpent helped her in the battle.

Despite mostly watching the fights between Rex and his opponents, she didn't stay idle.

Observing the fight closely to implement it, she picked up a thing or two and is now able to perfectly utilize the sequester tactic that Rex frequently used against more than one opponent with similar strength.

Adhara was able to use her spirit to isolate a one-on-one fight with the Demon Lords.

Something that made Rex praised her attentiveness.

However, the tide of the battle changed as the two Demon Lords were not a pushover.

Demon Lord Mazel has had enough of the humiliation and caused his ultimate skill, a Hellgate Ruination called the Hellfire Incursion. It was a skill that immediately expanded to the surroundings and suppressed other energies aside from demonic energy.

Upon casting that, Adhara got beaten and was not able to retort back.

Her violet fire was suppressed heavily, and her spirit also in return became extremely weak.

Guess this is her limit. But it already exceeded my expectations, and I got all I needed.

Rex already grasped the fundamental fighting style of the two Demon Lords, he could already predict their movement and would have no problem in taking them both out before the final showdown with Demon Lord Kirgil.

"Now you die, Female Alpha! HAHAA~"

Demon Lord Aructh laughed maniacally, lunging forward for the final strike.

Receiving a powerful slash from Demon Lord Mazel across her torso, Adhara staggered, and her mind was all over the place. It was even worse seeing that her regenerative ability starting to slow down, depicting her exhausted body.

But when the spears were about to reach her, something came crashing from the sky.

It was then that Demon Lord Aructh felt something grabbed him.

Crash!

Like a wooden board, his head was planted to the ground, stopping his momentum.

"Go back now and recover Adhara, you've done enough," An overbearing voice echoed, it was Rex who grabbed and slam Demon Lord Aructh's head into the ground. "I'll take it from here. It's time these two give me their answers"

Upon hearing this, Adhara shook her head, trying to regain her composure.

Eventually, she managed to be composed enough to stumble away.

Demon Lord Aructh gritted his teeth and tried to push himself up, his eyes were bulging in anger from being planted on the ground his head.

Not disturbed at the very least, Rex lifted him up and threw him like this. But he found it hard to overpower the strength, gripping his head.

Not disturbed at the very least, Rex lifted him up and threw him away roughly.

Rex crossed his arms in front of his chest as Demon Lord Aructh crashed near Demon Lord Mazel, and quickly stood up with extreme anger. Both of them suffered a life-long humiliation in a single day.

"So, what is your answer?" Rex asked calmly, his eyes red and sharp.

Demon Lord Aructh growled in fury, listening to Rex's calm tone. "Answer what?!"

"Please refrain from shouting too much, it displeases me" Rex replied nonchalantly, picking his ears. "I already told you before, both of you have two choices. Either die and never be resurrected or kneel before me and beg for your lives" He added, declaring the same two choices.

However, Demon Lord Aructh scoffed in return, "You're in our domain, what can you do?"

Upon hearing this, Rex pondered for a brief moment.

"Oh, you mean this Hellgate Ruination?" He then chuckled, diminishing the threat of this domain. "Surely, you don't think this will work on me, do you? Out of the five Demon Lords, both of you are the lowest. What makes you think you can suppress me when Demon Lord Ranath and Olgaroz couldn't...?"

Smiling wickedly, Rex's aura then exploded like a surge of torrential, vicious energy.

It was so powerful that it pushed the two Demon Lords back, despite their efforts to stand their ground. Their feet left two dragged lines on the ground as they struggled to maintain balance. Even when they managed to regain their footing, the energy from Rex continued to intensify.

Putting their arms in front of them, the two conjured their demonic energies.

An attempt to protect themselves from the gushing energy.

But at that moment, the two Demon Lords saw Rex's aura slowly manifesting into a giant Werewolf that triumphed over anything in sight. Its appearance completely shattered the domain of Demon Lord Mazel's Hellgate Ruination.

Not even lasting for a minute, Rex's power shatters any suppression around the area.

"I'll give the two of you another chance to answer, but first..."

Swoosh!

Out of nowhere, Rex's aura climbed higher, sending danger signals to the two Demon Lords.

It made them both feel puny like an ant in front of such power.

Demon Lord Aructh and Mazel were completely petrified, the aura coming from Rex was too much. Both of them thought that they would have a chance in a two-against-one, but they were gravely mistaken.

Not even their combination of powers could amount to Rex's power.

Had the First Breath was not present, the earth would've split open by Rex's aura alone. When the two snapped to reality, breaking free from the magnetic effect of Rex's aura, both of them realized that they were back at the waterfall.

Around them were the Dwarven Army and the Rastrikan Demon Legion.

Upon realizing that the three of them had arrived back at this place, the fight between them halted for a brief moment as the two forces were surprised. It was even more so for the Rastrikan Demons, seeing that it was the two Demon Lords that retreated back to the river.

Crash!

Just then, a powerful pulse exploded from Rex's body, draining the entire river to the bottom.

Rex who was still activating his kingly energy stood indomitably, his might permeating the surroundings before he slowly straightened his spine. An evident King Mark on his forehead, glowing with only the red color.

"Now... I'll ask you again. Your answer will determine the course of this fight"

"Kneel before me or die and never be resurrected again. Choose carefully, Demon Lords..."

Chapter 922 Fantasy Become Reality

'I better get out of the way right now or even I would be in trouble...'

Despite her rattled mind from the demonic sound attack, capable of rendering her senses numb and disoriented, Adhara could feel the hidden chill beneath the voice that commanded her to stand back.

She has done enough, and it's time for her to take the sideline.

But the reason she complied instantly was because of the danger signal from her senses.

Rex confronted the two Demon Lords with his usual indifferent look that didn't seem to bear any emotion, his decisiveness and power brought them all back to near the waterfall, right beside the fighting Dwarven army and Rastrikan Demon legion.

Every altercation stopped at their arrival.

It was like the right thing to do, stopping the battle when Rex arrived at the scene.

Given the power that was oozing out of him, the kingly energy tightly bound to the surface of his skin, its density reaching an unprecedented level to the point that his aura created a resonating, humming sound. It was an occurrence foreign to the onlookers.

However, the effect was palpable, as the humming sound was akin to a war trumpet.

Depicting the incoming catastrophe in the near future.

Provided the choice of kneeling or dying permanently, the two Demon Lords were baffled, seemingly at a loss for words. Similarly, the other Rastrikan Demons witnessing this were taken aback, in their mind, obviously, their fearsome leaders were not going to do anything of that sort.

Enduring such intense humiliation already, it's better to die with dignity instead of kneeling.

Not intending to deliberate, Demon Lord Acruth launched an assault.

Clutching the two fiery spears from the deepest depth of hell itself tightly with his hands, his body blurred and reappeared before Rex. His arms stretched and positioned to the side, all the way to the back, ready to swing with all of his might.

"In your dream, Rex Silverstar. I'd rather die than kneel to you" Demon Lord Arucuth barked.

Swoosh!

A sharp, whistling sound was produced as he swung his spears.

Under the vicious demonic energy that was dense enough to the temperature of the surrounding area, the two spears pierced the wind like a flight of bullets, aiming at Rex's neck in the hope of a clean, decapitation death.

When both spears are near their destination, a sudden change happens.

Harnessing all of the power that he had, Demon Lord Aructh drew energy from underneath his Sin Epicenter, turning his demonic energy into an even more potent energy, Hell-void Energy. It forced blood to climb his throat, but the power it brought was unimaginable.

In the back of his mind, he was aware that he needed to go to this length.

Even getting a slimmer of hope in beating Rex would need him to sacrifice everything he has.

A necessary sacrifice to defeat this formidable foe in front of him.

Concisely, in the heat of the assault, Demon Lord Aructh saw that Rex wasn't attempting to block his attack, underestimating him. 'Good, underestimate me more. This will definitely hurt you' He smirked savagely.

Due to the sudden change in his demonic energy, he's confident in his attack.

Following the propelling guidance from the Hell-void Energy, his swing becomes even faster, and the hellfire coating the two spears becomes even denser. Not even the Elders would be able to come out of this unarmed.

Watching the scene unfold from the back, Demon Lord Mazel frowns.

Upon seeing that Rex wasn't trying to defend, he should be glad, this is a chance for them.

However, he couldn't shake a foreboding feeling inside of him.

Clang!

Kaboom!

Like a vortex of raging hellfire, resembling the very gates of hell itself opening, it consumed Rex in its searing embrace, triggering a deafening explosion upon impact. Amidst the chaos, an otherworldly, maniacal laughter echoed, akin to the diabolical cackle of the Devil himself.

As the vortex soars to the sky, a manifestation of a malicious Demon's face appears.

It was a sight that terrified the onlookers as that face was diabolical.

Even Demon Lord Aructh was ecstatic when he witnessed his attack connect squarely. He firmly believed that not even the likes of Rex Silverstar could emerge unscathed from an onslaught of such staggering power.

No doubt, he would be injured very badly, and this would give them a chance to beat him.

However, that was nothing but a momentary reverie.

When the violent hellfire momentarily receded and Rex's form became visible, Demon Lord Aructh's expression underwent a drastic transformation. He watched in disbelief as Rex blocked his spears with a casual raise of his left arm, remaining unwavering in his position.

Demon Lord Aructh's lips quivered finding this whole ordeal surreal, "I- Impossible..."

But he couldn't refute what his eyes were seeing.

Additionally, his gaze shifted to Rex's forehead and noticed his King Mark had changed.

It wasn't pure red anymore, it was now halves of red and black.

Rex didn't even bother to glance at the incoming attack, his unwavering gaze remained fixed forward, devoid of any sign of concern or subliminal concern. Gradually, his eyes shifted toward Demon Lord Aructh.

A savage grin blooms on his face as he raises his right fist, fueled with kingly energy.

Bam!!

Demon Lord Aructh got punched squarely in his face.

The impact was so immense that it slammed his entire body to the ground, and his body bounced back up, causing the armor-like skin clearly until now.

on his face to be completely obliterated by the force of the punch. It was a devastating strike and outright eye-opening for the onlookers.

Such a gap between them existed, but none of them realized it clearly until now.

Demon Lord Aructh crashed back to his previous position, right beside Demon Lord Mazel.

Surveying the aftermath of the devastating punch delivered to Demon Lord Aructh, completely incapacitating him from the fight, Demon Lord Mazel resolved not to let this offense go unanswered and promptly launched an assault of his own.

Like a vicious beast, he launched hundreds of swipes in a fraction of one second.

Each swipe was fueled by Hell-void Energy, burning his Sin Epicenter to its absolute limit, but it offered no result. Rex remained standing unwaveringly, and any wounds he was inflicted with were miraculously healed in a matter of seconds.

When the attack ends, Rex finally makes his move.

In quick succession, he uses his claws to shatter Demon Lord Mazel's claws.

Following that, he grabbed Demon Lord Mazel's head and threw him away again roughly.

Brak!

Stamping his feet with tremendous force, cracking the ground beneath him, his devilish red eyes gleamed at the two injured Demon Lords who had failed to harm him in the slightest, beaten and battered quite easily.

"My patience is wearing thin. Kneel now, or you won't see five minutes from now..."

A final ultimatum, it was now or never was given by Rex.

While he is forcing his dominance on the Demon Lords, Huvuki watches this from the side.

Despite winning the fight rather easily, he was doubtful of Rex's demand. "Both of them would never kneel, not when they are alone, and especially not in front of their own legion no matter what he does. It's just not possible"

Just as he thought of that, his eyes were attracted to the side.

Turning his head to the right, he noticed Adhara standing beside him with her grievous wounds from the previous battle visibly healing. She too was watching the unfolding scene. However, Huvuki couldn't help but notice her body trembling slightly, which raised his concern.

"Lady Adhara, are you okay? We have healers amongst our ranks" Huvuki asked softly.

Not replying to his question, Adhara instead said, "I say that it's possible..."

"Hmm...?" Huvuki frowned, but he quickly realized what she was talking about. "Do you mean that Demon Lord Aructh and Mazel are going to kneel? I couldn't imagine the two of them doing that" He added, his tone was that of disbelief.

It was very hard to picture the two Demon Lords kneeling in front of their own legion.

Losing is way better than kneeling to an enemy.

At the very least, losing to an enemy still allows them to retain their honor through death.

Kneeling, on the other hand, it's expiated, unforgivable.

Despite Huvuki's doubts, Adhara refrained from arguing and continued to watch the confrontation between Rex and the two Demon Lords in silence. A nervous smile played on her lips as she thought, 'If only you could see what I see, Huvuki... Then you'd understand that the idea of both Demon Lords not kneeling is even more surreal than them actually kneeling'

Swoosh...

Viewing the world through Adhara's vision, a deep crimson hue corrupted the surroundings.

A progression that began not too long ago.

It started off with Rex's emotional aura coming to life, a flicker of crimson with a deep and unsettling shade when he saw Vaelinor, a child being sadistically bullied by the Demon Captain without mercy which made his mood hideous.

Clearly, a storm of anger has taken hold of his entire being.

But to Adhara's surprise, this unsettling emotional aura grew with each passing second.

Then, something remarkable and disconcerting happens.

Moments ago, when she was instructed to stop her battle against the two Demon Lords, she managed to gather her composure that was disoriented by the sound attack, she found herself surrounded by a crimson emotional aura.

It was supposed to be cloaking Rex's entire form only.

Instead, this emotional aura expands outward like a spreading inkblot on a piece of paper.

She witnessed Rex's overwhelming emotional aura swallowing the entire world.

Adhara's vision is entirely consumed by the relentless crimson tide in a matter of moments, it's as though she is seeing the world through the lens of Rex's wrath, her perception warped by the sheer intensity of the emotion inside of him.

For an unsuspecting person, this might look like the end of the world.

Some might think that this was some sort of an unexplainable Supernatural phenomenon.

But it's not, it was the representation of the wrath underneath Rex's calm demeanor.

Understanding Rex's and even Edward's sensitivity to exposing children to the harsh realities of the cruel world, the brutal deeds of the Demon Captain released Rex from the emotional constraints that had previously held his conscience captive.

Now that it has gone, he was freed from limitations and could exercise his cruelty freely.

Despite being unable to cause any lasting damage to Rex who was akin to a sturdy mountain, Demon Lord Mazel began to cackle as he lay on his back on the ground. Blood seeped from his mouth, yet his cackle persisted.

With a bit of effort, he managed to sit up and cast a savage glare at Rex.

"It's futile," he rasped out, his voice filled with defiance. "I see what you're trying to do, tarnishing our image, trying to make us kneel. But that's a fantasy, Rex Silverstar. No matter how hard you try, the image of us kneeling will only exist in your wildest dreams"

Upon hearing this, Demon Lord Arucuth also cast a mocking grin.

Just as expected, the Demon Lords are hard to conquer, unwavering in the face of defeat.

A collective sigh escaped the Dwarves, realizing that attempting to make the Demon Lords kneel had been a futile endeavor. From the start, they should've annihilated them. Now, while they might have won the battle, Rex had certainly lost the psychological war.

"Figured, it's bleedin' impossible to make 'em kneel"

"At least we're gonna win this fight, it doesn't matter"

"Aye, at least we'll be victors in the end..."

Rex's expression soured as he overheard the banter of the others, causing him to lower his head. It seemed that he was also disappointed, in the end, he couldn't break the Demon Lords' wills enough to force them to kneel.

Seeing this reaction, the two Demon Lords grin in ridicule.

But in the next second, a sudden confident, brutal smirk appeared on Rex's face.

"Do you really think so...?" He uttered whisperingly.

Upon hearing the question, a wave of chilling air breezed the two Demon Lords' bodies, and the familiar foreboding sensation dawned on them. In a blur, their faces were grasped and hauled from the ground.

A burning sensation penetrates their foreheads, causing them to groan in pain.

From the onlookers' perspective, the Demon Lords appeared to struggle briefly before Rex released his hold on them. Despite their stubborn determination to remain standing, it was clear that something strange was happening to Demon Lord Arcuth and Mazel's bodies, as they began to twitch erratically.

In a heartbeat later, a deafening roar escaped Rex's throat, bulging with veins.

"KNEEL!!!"

Gasp!

Crack!

The onlookers were left in stunned disbelief as following that shout, an unbelievable situation happened which left them speechless. It was a testament that couldn't be comprehended by their minds instantly and would need time to process.

As the once-thought fantasy turned into reality.

## Chapter 923 Conquered

It was not a matter of possible or impossible from the start.

Rex is already determined to utterly destroy the Rastrikan Demons' forces and image, he wouldn't fail no matter how hard it will be to reach that goal, he's confident that there's nothing that could stop him from getting what he wants.

A confidence that has been tested numerous times.

Despite the doubts that he was given by everyone else, he has never doubted himself.

From the moment he planned on showing the world that even the Rastrikan Demons could still be conquered, his mind already raced and concocted numerous plans, coming to a conclusion of one solid plan that would not fail.

Out of everyone, he was the one who believed in the Demon Lords' willpower.

If he wanted to force them to kneel before him, then he would need to accept this fact first.

Just as predicted, Demon Lord Aructh and Mazel rather die than kneel.

Being watched by their own legions from the sideline that already have their morals on the ground from seeing the hideous fate that their fallen brethren suffered, both of them couldn't do anything that would cause the legion to be in a worse state.

A leader must be the one to make sacrifices.

Pride as a Demon Lord of the Rastrikan Demon is something that they need to protect.

However, it was precisely because of this trait that they had that would make the dramatic moment when they finally bend their knees was all the more sweeter and shocking. Ripples of astonishment would course through the watching crowd, including the hearts of the Rastrikan Demon legion who had fervently believed their leaders would never bow.

Seeing the sight of Demon Lord Aructh and Mazel succumb would be destructive for them.

As the progression of the bout went as planned, Rex exposed a brutal smile.

It was a smile that sent a shiver to the two Demon Lords, sensing their impending dooms.

Deciding that it was finally time for the climax of the bout that would ultimately shatter the Rastrikan Demons' fearsome reputation, Rex made his move, swiftly closing in on the two Demon Lords and grasping their faces.

Easily, he hauled them off the ground overbearingly.

No amount of struggle from the wounded Demon Lords could hope to break free.

Brand them...

Whispering an inaudible chant inside his mind, his palm began to burn.

Likewise, Demon Lord Aructh and Mazel sensed an intense, searing heat penetrating their foreheads, intensifying with each passing moment. It was akin to the relentless pressure of a branding iron against their skin.

A painful groan escaped their fang-filled mouths, the heat was different than their hellfire.

Soon enough, Rex's grasp loosens and he lets go of them.

<Please select the outcome the user wants>

Half-Blood

Werewolf

High Werewolf

Half-Blood, turn them into Half-Blood. I'll let the two of them experience true fear.

Others might find it difficult to force these Demon Lords to do anything, but that doesn't apply to Rex who has the System with him. Branding the Silverstar Mark on their foreheads and picking the desired outcome, Demon Lord Aructh and Mazel were instantly influenced.

"Akkkhh...! W- What's happening?"

"Rrgghh!"

Both Demon Lords were utterly helpless as the bones inside of them started to move.

More changes started to take effect.

Demon Lord Aructh and Mazel had their eyes widened in sheer horror as they witnessed their once-impenetrable, armor-like skin visibly shedding away, revealing a vulnerable human-like flesh beneath. Simultaneously, the raging hellfire within them began to dissipate bit by bit, painfully.

It was an utterly terrifying sight that the Rastrikan Demons legion couldn't bear to witness.

Roaring in utter desperation, all of them charged at Rex in a thunderous stampede.

However, Rex knows that they are choosing death more instead of watching this horrendous act, and he doesn't want to give them that satisfaction. With a wave of his hand, he summoned Devo and created a black lightning barrier that covered him and the two, transforming Demon Lords.

None of the Dwarves uttered a single word as they witnessed this.

A complete silence covered the entire battlefield as the Rastrikan Demon legion started banging on the black lightning barrier, roaring desperately trying to get inside, but was unable to do anything of that sort.

Such a sight was truly impeccable, the amount of psychological damage was otherworldly.

But in the midst of watching this, the Dwarves started crying.

Drizzles of tears flooded out and made their way down, the sight made them remember the time when their ancestors were colonized and humiliated by the Rastrikan Demons. And at this moment, all of that was paid back in full.

It was their first time to see the Rastrikan Demons this desperate.

Even Huvuki was influenced, he was trying his hardest to not be emotional at this moment.

Despite wanting to, he needs to keep his composure as the King.

"How is this possible, Lady Adhara? Is this also one of Lord Rex's powers?" Huvuki asked.

Upon hearing this, Adhara nodded firmly.

She had never anticipated that the altercation would lead to Rex deciding to turn them into Werewolves just in order to achieve his unwavering goal of utterly destroying the Rastrikan Demons. "Yes, Lord Rex can transform anyone, I mean anyone, into a Werewolf"

"He turned an Undead into a Werewolf for all I know" She added whisperingly, still in shock.

Although she knew that Rex could turn others into Werewolves, she didn't expect that even the likes of the Demon Lords could not resist his power, almost as if he had no limitation. If that's the case, then he could literally turn anyone into a Werewolf.

"An Undead...?" Huvuki uttered, gasping a cold breath.

Out of the Supernatural races, the Undead is the most 'dead' by regular standard.

Undead were Supernatural beings fueled only by Death energy, most of them don't even have functioning internal organs, and the fact that Rex could turn them into Werewolf is quite a shocking discovery.

Crack!

Krrkk!

"Oh, Origin, Why...?"

Looking down at his body, shrinking visibly, Demon Lord Aructh sucked in a cold breath.

Something like this is beyond his comprehension.

Despite their partial immortality, always being revived upon dying, the concept of a permanent death is present in the Demon Race. It was present because the Ancient Humans and the Angel race possessed power that could kill them for good.

Demon Lord Aructh has already thought of ways that he might meet his end.

experiencing death multiple times already. However, the idea of being stripped of his own race terrified him in ways he had never. Physical pain was something he had grown accustomed to over the course of his life, having fought in countless battles, and experiencing death multiple times already. However, the idea of being stripped of his own race terrified him in ways he had never imagined.

His entire life is based on the pride of the Rastrikan Demon.

As one of the Demon Lords, he takes great care of his pride and image as the Demon Lord.

Now that he was not a Demon anymore, he felt an emptiness inside of him.

For him, this is a worse way than the most painful death imaginable.

It breeds an unfathomable dread that overwhelms his entire mind and soul, the prospect of not being a Demon anymore broke his entire being to the point of shedding tears, an act that wasn't supposed to be in the Demon's emotional arsenal.

Crying is not a concept known by the Demon, and yet he was crying.

But this was possible only because of the fact that he had already turned into a Half-blood.

Demon Lord Aructh who was now already turned into a big, muscular bearded man with red spikey hair and crimson eyes clasped his hands in a pleading gesture, a pathetic sight from the previous Demon Lord.

"S- Stop this, please! I- I- I'll serve the Dwarves forever! I'll do anything! Just turn me back!"

A broken remnant of his former self, Demon Lord Aructh begged desperately.

Out of the two, he was the one who was supposed to be more fiery and berserk compared to Demon Lord Mazel. However, the situation was too much for him to handle, and his arrogance was wiped away completely.

Since he's no longer a Demon, his bravado was vanquished.

Meanwhile, Demon Lord Mazel was also inspecting his own body which has now turned into a tall and lean dark-skinned human with very long black hair and gleaming red eyes, "M- My energy... It's fading! Am I turning into a lowly human?!"

Just then, his glowing scarlet eyes darted to Rex in fuming anger.

"Rex Silverstar! What have you done to me?!" He roared, finding this situation unbelievable.

But his eyes quickly widened in even greater rage as he witnessed Demon Lord Aructh pleading, an unbecoming act for a Demon Lord. "Aructh! For the sake of the Origin, cease this begging!! Do not succumb to his scheme!"

"Regain control, ARUCTH!!" He bellowed thunderously, veins in his eyes bulging in rage.

Despite the shout, Demon Lord Aructh didn't listen and continued.

Watching this progression with cold, indifferent eyes, Rex was satisfied as this had been a productive attempt. It was even more so seeing that the Rastrikan Demons who were still banging on the black lightning barrier becoming weaker.

It was obvious that the pathetic sight of their leaders rendered them weaker.

Although being disrespected or humiliated would incite anger, and thus make them stronger, there was a limit to their emotions. If their emotions exceeded the limit, that anger would turn into despair and dread that would render the two Sins empowering them useless.

Rex smirked at the sight of this, his satisfaction bubbling inside of him.

Taking one deep breath, he then unleashed a thunderous, overbearing roar, "KNEEL!!!"

Even though the roar wasn't infused with anything in particular, the dominance that it carried was like a tidal wave that hit the onlookers hard on their chests. It was more of an irrefutable command than a roar.

Demon Lord Aructh was the first one to fall to his knees, surprising the Dwarven army.

Most of them doubted Rex, but now they were proven wrong.

Harnessing his commanding might as the Alpha of the Silverstar Pack, the newly added pack members, Demon Lord Mazel and Aructh were influenced by this the most, despite having their transformation unfinished.

It was so bad that Demon Lord Mazel had his legs trembling violently.

"No! I refuse! My respect is reserved solely for the Origin!" Demon Lord Mazel groaned, resisting the overwhelming urge to kneel, exerting every ounce of his willpower. "I will not yield! I'd rather be purified and die permanently, rather than die on my knees!"

Surprisingly enough, Demon Lord Mazel persisted even more than a minute.

Rex was amused when he saw this, seeing Demon Lord Mazel refusing to kneel this much made him respect him a bit, but also intrigued him. I already expected him to be the last one standing. But after he succumbed, all of the Rastrikan Demons would kneel to me, and this would be my total victory.

Striding slowly, each step echoing to the surroundings, he stood before Demon Lord Mazel.

Upon seeing a figure in front of him, Demon Lord Mazel raises his gaze.

As their eyes locked in a confrontation, Rex's ruthless gaze was adorned with a sly smile, and his overpowering aura seemed to encompass Demon Lord Mazel's entire being. But just Rex was about to speak, a smile of defiance curled upon Demon Lord Mazel's lips.

"Even if you win this fight, you will lose the war, Rex Silverstar," He said raspingly.

Listening to this, Rex furrowed his eyebrows before he continued maniacally, "Kirgil... Kirgil and his legion are probably already attacking the kingdom right now, and he would pay back this humiliation in full, mark my words"

But to his surprise, Rex's expression didn't waver, he was eerily calm.

"Why is it that everyone always wanted to say their piece in their final moments?" Rex mused with a chuckle, shaking his head. "You are as good as dead, Half-Werewolf Mazel and the dead have no say in the world of the living. So don't worry about that. Just like you, Demon Lord Kirgil would end up the same"

"But for now, kneel..." He added, pointing down and infusing more pressure with his voice,

Crack!

Boom!

Having no more strength to remain standing, Demon Lord Mazel fell to his knees roughly.

It was the ultimate showdown, the two Demon Lords had fallen to their knees, and the tapestries of humiliation had been bore into the Rastrikan Demon legion's mind as Rex stretched his arms to the side in triumph.

Utterly defeated, the other Rastrikan Demons also fall to their knees in despair.

All hope was vanquished from their hearts.

On the other hand, the Dwarven Army witnessed with their own two eyes as Rex Silverstar, the person that they sought for help managed to create a painting of victory, showing to them that the Rastrikan Demons can be defeated.

Despite their fear and everything they went through, it was no longer important.

The invincible Rastrikan Demons had finally been conquered.

Chaprtter 924 Minor Oustification

Like a theatrical performance as a conductor, guiding the flow of the orchestra on a fabulous stage, Rex revels and spreads his arms to the side in triumph. A declaration of his complete victory over the notorious Rastrikan Demons.

Breaking through the vigor, the power of his command pierced through.

Demon Lord Mazel, a Demon Lord who stubbornly lasted despite already being stripped from his own race, the one that the Rastrikan Demons legion put all their hopes on to keep their reputations and dignities was finally broken.

It was a sight that instantly stopped the Rastrikan Demon legion's struggle.

When Demon Lord Mazel's knees made contact with the ground, the Rastrikan Demon legion ceased attempting to break into the black lightning barrier, done instinctively, almost like their bodies recognized that they were already lost.

A haunting picture that bore permanently into their souls.

Even the very essence of death and fear they previously had was replaced by Rex's being.

All of the Dwarves that were witnessing this sucked in a cold breath when the other Rastrikan Demons started to fall to their knees one by one, they then looked at Rex as if he was the first ever person to create fire.

Not even the most fearsome entities in the past were able to do this.

Despite the rumors circulating about the person called Rex Silverstar, the leader of the Silverstar Pack and the world's third emerging power, his ruthlessness had reached an entirely different realm.

It was almost as if there was no limit to his ruthlessness.

However, none of them were aware that it was simply a glimpse of what he could do.

For the first time in his life, Rex had completely no restraints in dealing with the damned Rastrikan Demons. Their barbarism and outlandish actions left him devoid of even the slightest trace of sympathy or empathy towards them.

Due to that, he sets no limit for his own barbarity.

"H- He did it... He actually did it..." Huvuki gasped. His expression was pale and ghastly.

Upon hearing his whispering voice, the corner of Adhara's lips curled.

Now that Rex has achieved his ruthless plan against the Rastrikan Demons, Huvuki finally comes to a realization that he has been in the wrong. In contrast, Adhara never harbored a shred of doubt, always believing that Rex would be able to execute his plan flawlessly.

All normality doesn't work on Rex, he is the embodiment of abnormality.

Like a domino effect, the Demon Lords leave no other choice for the legion but to kneel.

But it was then that something weird happened.

<Notice!>

<Minor Oustification has been triggered!>

<Calculating details...>

<Target of Minor Oustification: Rastrikan Demons>

<Quintessence of the Minor Oustification: Fear and Death>

What's this...? Minor Oustification? I've never heard of that term before. Rex reads the notifications from the System and couldn't help but frown, this was an entirely new concept for him. Darting his eyes around him, he saw a subtle wind started to blow in the opposite direction.

Following that, a vortex of darkened clouds descends from the sky like a thin snake.

System, should I be worried?

<No, the user will not be harmed by this phenomenon>

Deciding to go with the progression flow of the situation, he welcomed the dark vortex.

But when the dark vortex of clouds approached, Rex sensed a presence leaving his body in a breeze. Looking up, he realized that it was the Countess of the Dark Lunirich, who appeared to be confronting the looming darkness, the Minor Oustification heading towards them.

Surprisingly, an unfamiliar sight catches Rex's attention.

It was the smile on the Countess' face that seemed to be foreign as she hardly ever smiled.

Even though I don't know what this is, it should be a good thing.

Swoosh!

Rex witnessed the dark vortex of clouds approaching the Countess before it got sucked into her chest, almost as if she was absorbing or devouring this unknown darkness called the Minor Oustification.

Many of the onlookers also witnessed this scene with their naked eyes.

After the astonishing event where Rex had forced the two Demon Lords to kneel before him, another unexpected twist occurred in the battle, leaving their jaws dropping in sheer disbelief as the weird incidents never stopped.

In their perspectives, the universe seems to favor Rex.

No phenomenon of this magnitude ever happened to them, but it was constant for Rex.

From the Countess, a sense of bottomless pit strikes their very cores.

On the other hand, the Minor Oustification leave them with a chilling feeling of utter dread.

Upon devouring the dark vortex of clouds, the Countess processed it within her body, remaining motionless for a few moments. In the next second, Rex's entire body also started to levitate towards her, like a steel attracted to a magnet.

Rex didn't struggle and let it all happen.

Soon, the Countess' body becomes astral as he entered her, and sublimed by her core.

Swoosh!

A surging wave of dark energy then burst forth from them, radiating outward.

Like a tidal wave of ultimate ascension, the dark energy engulfed everything in its path.

It was not destructive but smooth instead, like a ripple on a clear pond.

Nothing happened to the others but the Rastrikan Demons, caught in its burst found their bodies enveloped by it. But none of them reacted strongly, instead, it was almost as if they were serene as this happened.

The energy penetrated their skin and jutted into their very soul.

<Soul Gaze skill has been temporarily bestowed on the user by the Countess>

Hmmm...? Rex was surprised at the notification, and out of curiosity, he cast the Soul Gaze skill that blackened the area around his eyes for a moment. Through his new vision, there are not many changes aside from the fact that he could now see the others' souls.

Like a smokey ghost, the souls of others are now visible to him through the Soul Gaze skill.

Observing the Rastrikan Demons, his eyes were entranced by something.

Rex squinted his eyes to see the soul of Demon Lord Aructh that was right below him, and on its chest area, he saw a crack that was caused by a black circle-shaped mark that wasn't present in the souls of the others aside from the Rastrikan Demons.

It was like a dark patch that covered a good portion of their souls' chest.

Just what is happening...? System, explanations here?

However, before the System could answer, the Countess started laughing out loud.

It drew Rex's attention back to her and found that she was excitedly looking at her hands which summoned her godly energy. Seems like she noticed some changes, but it seemed it was only obvious to her.

"What's happening? Care to share your excitement, Countess?" Rex decided to ask.

Upon hearing this, the Countess glanced at him, still with a smile.

Without needing another moment, the Countess nodded with excitement, "Gladly. Royal Black Prince, you've triggered a Minor Oustification. It was an occurrence beyond my wisdom, I can't believe it. You truly are the chosen one, and you now solidified your presence as unreplacable"

Rex clicked his tongue as he still didn't have the answer.

But then, the Countess pointed to the dark patch on Demon Lord Aructh's soul and continued her explanation. "It's the law of the universe, the Minor Oustification. Essentially, one can replace the very essence of other beings, granted by their Gods, to their liking if they can break a person, an entire race, or others to an otherworldly degree until it can even interject divine energy"

"In this case, you've broken the Rastrikan Demons so badly that the essence of Fear and Death they recognized has been changed through the Minor Oustification. Simply put, the name and presence of Rex Silverstar are now synonymous with the Grim Reaper for them"

At the end of her explanation, Rex sucked in a cold breath.

Despite hearing this for the first time, he could already tell the weight of his brutal actions.

If I understand this properly, doesn't that mean their entire culture will change? So basically, I become the Grim Reaper to them? If they think of the God of Death, instead of the Grim Reaper, they would think of me?

Such a big-scale phenomenon has never entered Rex's mind.

Just before this happened, doing something like this had never crossed his mind.

But wait a minute, she said that the essence of other beings was granted by Gods. If that's the case, then doesn't that mean I basically overwrite the Demon God's creation with my own narrative?

Fear and Death have been manipulated through Minor Oustification.

Due to that, it was logical to think that he had overwritten the Demon God's creation, tampering it with his essence. This also definitely means he offended the Demon God in some ways, and that is not something that he wanted to do right now.

Considering that the Demon God should be stronger than the Lunirich Gods, it's really bad.

Rex frowned for a second before he turned to look at the Countess.

Hmm... If that's the case, the cause of her excitement must be because she's influenced too.

Upon realizing the fact that the Countess also gained power from this Minor Oustification, a devilish smile played on his lips at a revelation of one important detail that he gained from this sudden incident.

I now know one way to make even God stronger... <Minor Oustification has now been established!  
>

<All of the Rastrikan Demons would now consider the user as a God, the user's presence would freeze them and make them shudder in crippling fear. Thought processes of the Rastrikan Demons also have an influence over the user, able to strengthen the user greatly>

<The user can view the established Minor Oustification in the stats tab>

~

Meanwhile, in the snowy borders of the Dwarven Kingdom's territory.

It has been quite some time since the army alongside Rex departed to confront the impending doom, provided by the Rastrikan Demons. Ever since that departure, the Dwarves and some Awakened that remained behind were nervous.

Worry and doubt are natural for those who remain behind.

As time passed without any news, more worry and doubt grew inside of them.

Despite the plan of bringing the fight to them instead of playing on the defense, Huvuki has assigned the guards and other able Dwarves to remain vigilant, keeping their scouting routine tight and orderly while they are away.

No matter what, the Dwarven Kingdom must remain safe until they come back.

If not, then the fight would be meaningless.

Currently, two long-bearded Dwarves are patrolling near the border, mounting a mutated black bear to make their movement faster in the snowy terrain. Both were bantering about assumptions about how the fight would go against the Rastrikan Demons.

Even while they were conversing, their eyes darted left and right vigilantly.

Since this is a matter of the continuation of the entire Dwarven Race, the two Dwarves couldn't afford any slip-up. Had it been their fault that the Dwarven Kingdom fell, then even death wouldn't atone for their sins.

Just as the two were moving slowly, a sudden whisper entered their ears.

It was a rasping, astral whisper.

Upon hearing this, the two Dwarves looked at each other with raised eyebrows as a huge migraine struck their minds. Following that, the two also suddenly felt a searching heat brushing against their skin.

"Wha' in tarnation...?"

"By the beards of our ancestors! 'Tis those Rastrikan Demons, they've made their way here!"

Realizing the gravity of the situation, the two quickly head back.

But in the process, their eyes darted to the different landscape that borders against their own territory and found that the ground started to be tainted with flames from hell. Raising their eyes, they saw a black legion in the far distance.

At the center of it all is a monstrous Demon, smiling at them savagely.

Making eye contact with this monstrous Demon, the two Dwarves have their faces drained from all colors as he recognizes this Demon. It was Demon Lord Kirgil! The strongest of them all managed to reach their territory!

Just before they could alert the others, the hellfire caught them.

With a small and brutal flick, their bodies got infiltrated and imploded from the insides.

Boom!

Splash!

Despite the distance between them still far, Demon Lord Kirgil managed to get a grasp on them and explode them in a fiery reverie. It made him smack his lips in delight, as killing Dwarves was the best feeling in the world for him.

"Carnage has finally come to you, little Dwarves..."

Chapter 925 Long Time No See

It was more pride than hatred that led them here.

Demon Lord Kirgil is the strongest Demon Lord of the Rastrikan Demons that could even be comparable to the likes of Elder Tilrith, or at least he believed he was comparable, and thus the pride dwelling within him is overwhelming.

Finding that the others wanted to join was disdainful in his eyes.

No matter the enemies hunting them, it was their role to always come out on top in triumph.

Losing is not an option, it was a foreign word for them as a whole.

Also, celebrating or basking in victories against other forces should be a privilege reserved for other factions in the world. However, for the Rastrikan Demons, it was a different thing entirely as they considered themselves better than others.

Triumphs require no celebration, as such outcomes are simply expected, especially in this new era.

Due to this mindset, their reputation soared in ancient times.

Reaching a fearsome degree that even the major forces need to think twice in order to face them head-on. So joining forces to anticipate an attack from a single force is a disgrace, and Demon Lord Kirgil is not willing to stoop that low.

Ignoring the others' request, he and his legion keep on moving forward.

A decision that made them reach the Dwarven Kingdom earlier.

At the break of dawn, when the sky shyly began to brighten, Demon Lord Kirgil and his legion finally reached the border of the Dwarven Kingdom. A devilish grin spread across his face as he sought to assess the state of the Dwarves in this new era.

From the others, he heard that sixteen years had passed since the Supernaturals awakened.

During that time span, the Dwarves had definitely flourished.

No matter what, due to the sin that the Dwarves committed in the past for deceiving them, Demon Lord Kirgil will see to it that their peaceful days will be over. Sixteen years would only be the ultimate break for them before they become slaves again.

Upon killing the two Dwarven guards, Demon Lord Kirgil raised his arms skywards.

It was then his demonic energy concentrated in his hands.

Swoosh!

Bam!

Garnering his demonic energy to a terrifying level, Demon Lord Kirgil slammed both of his hands into the earth, causing the ground to fracture beneath them. The resulting crack spread forward, spewing forth uncontrollable demonic energy that scarred the surrounding terrain.

A demonic incursion of the entire landscape was unleashed by him.

Spreading faster than the sprint of a mutated cheetah, the crack collided with the snowy terrain of the Dwarven Kingdom, generating a massive plume of steam that enveloped the entire area like a dense mist.

But in that cloud of steam, the demonic energy kept on going, and barely even slowed.

Demon Lord Kirgil managed to corrupt the entire landscape.

Even the mutated trees and rocks weren't spared from the rampage of his demonic energy, they were mercilessly corrupted, cracking violently before a sinister red light emanated from within, a clear sign of the demonic energy's possession.

Reacting to this change, the aura of his legion climbs even higher.

Under Demon Lord Kirgil's showcase of power, the Rastrikan Demons roared and growled in anticipation, their targets were firmly in their sights, and the tantalizing scent of Dwarven blood hung heavy in the air.

So palpable they could almost taste it on their tongues.

Finishing the preparation, Demon Lord Kirgil then straightens his monstrous back once more.

Pointing forward with both arms, he then commanded, his tone was gruff and powerful.

"Massacre and obliterate every trace of their progress from the last sixteen years. Topple everything they've built, and reduce their existence to ruins. Let them remember that their lives served no purpose other than serving us, the Rastrikan Demons..."

GROWL!

RAAHH!!

Like a colony of ant soldiers, the legion surged forth in a red tide of malice.

Demons of all kinds can be seen in this stampede.

Leading the charge were four-armed, small but swift demons, the fastest among them all. Flying demons wielding demonic weapons crowded the sky above, while massive demons, each step shaking the ground followed from behind strongly

It was shocking to see that such a might from a single legion of Demons.

Despite his legion having already begun to charge, Demon Lord Kirgil was not going to sit idle and let them all have the fun. "Demonic Incursion, Summon the Scarlet Royals..." he chanted, creating two big portals in the sky.

Out from them were two massive objects, hurtling from the sky like meteors.

Both aimed at the snowy terrain of the Dwarven Kingdom.

"I'll usurp the Dwarven Kingdom first and create a haunting sight by their ruin, then we'll wait and fight the army that has been hunting us," Demon Lord Kirgil smiled, he was already anticipating the total fall of the Dwarven Race. "Our victories are inevitable in this new era..."

Upon pondering this, he then frowned as he remembered something.

"The Executor is alive, after this, we'll aim for the humans and grace the others with our help"

Just as he mutters his thoughts out loud, a streak of shadow flies to the sky.

Demon Lord Kirgil looked upward and witnessed a figure shrouded in potent dark energy ascending into the sky, intercepting one of the black cocoons he had summoned. To his surprise, the figure managed to stop it in mid-air and proceeded to shatter it completely.

Kaboom!

It was clear that this figure is strong judging from this single feat alone.

Meanwhile, the second black cocoon manages to descend and create a snowy explosion upon impact with the ground. It eventually cracked open, revealing a colossal fiery demon adorned with thick scales emerging from within.

From a glance, it looked like a demonified titan.

On top of that, its huge claws were heated red, searing with scorching flames.

ROARR!

A powerful roar erupted from its mouth, sending shockwaves and shaking the entire place.

However, the same figure as before moved swiftly, darting left and right through the forest like a cricket before its body slammed the colossal red demon, into the Scarlet Royal's chest, and toppling it to the ground.

Crash!

Shockingly, the colossal red demon, the size of a big building fell to the ground.

Demon Lord Kirgil watches this with a calm gaze, remaining standing on his spot before his eyes shifted down when the figure reappeared a distance away before him after taking down both summoned demons.

"My apology, Demon Lord. But I'm afraid the Dwarven Kingdom is off limits..."

Standing with his arms crossed is a Werewolf-like figure, more broader and massive compared to the third generation of Werewolves. His power can be felt through the skin, and his daunting expression shows that there is no fear in him.

Even though he was standing before Demon Lord Kirgil, the figure was not intimidated.

But this doesn't offend Demon Lord Kirgil.

Possibly among all the awakened Supernaturals, the figure before him is the hardest to intimidate, boasting an age surpassing even Demon Lord Kirgil himself. From the figure's voice, Demon Lord Kirgil frowns as he recognizes this voice.

His demonic eyes dilated as he stared at the figure, "Arnulf..."

"Long time no see, Kirgil" Flunra replied, the corner of his lips curled. "I see that you're still the same as before. It's been thousands of years already, isn't it about time you moved on and pursued something greater?"

In this exchange, it was quite clear that Demon Lord Kirgil and Flunra have a history together.

During the ancient time, Werewolves also fought with the Demons.

Blue demons typically held the upper hand against the Werewolves in most encounters, but when it came to the red demons, the record favored the Werewolves more. Both of them have a history from their encounter in battles.

Like his nickname, Flunra has survived Demon Lord Kirgil multiple times already.

He was akin to a cockroach that refused to die.

Just the sight of him resurfaces the frustrated feeling Demon Lord Kirgil feels back then.

Upon hearing this, Demon Lord Kirgil scoffed, smiling in a pleasant surprise.

"Guess you've found your way forward, seeing that you've gotten way stronger than last time. But don't let this new power fool you, Arnulf..." His face suddenly darkened, his eyes wide open like a horrifying lunatic. "I don't believe this is a battle you desire. Dwarves are my quarry, and I'm warning you, do not obstruct my path"

Flunra cackled in response, regarding this threat as nothing.

If it was him in the past, then he wouldn't have confronted Demon Lord Kirgil head-on.

However, this time would be different, he has nothing to fear.

"Call me Flunra now, I have changed from the last time I met you" Flunra replied cheekily.

Demon Lord Kirgil tilted his head and grinned mockingly.

As he did in ancient times, he had no concerns when it came to Flunra, who was primarily adept at surviving and preserving his own life. "Changed? Even with your newfound power, you remain nothing more than the Prince's lackey. So what if your master changed your name? Unlike me who is free, you are restricted"

Upon hearing this, Flunra chuckled as he didn't take any offense in this.

"My master changed alright, but I don't think you would want to offend him" Flunra replied.

Finding confidence in his tone, Demon Lord Kirgil frowned, this statement was ridiculous for him. None of the Prince is a threat to him if not for the Full Moon, which is why he found Flunra's statement outrageous.

But this ridiculing reaction made Flunra's smile stretched even wider.

Since Demon Lord Kirgil came here alone, he was either the first one to get here or didn't know what had happened to the other Rastrikan Demons' legions yet. However, this reaction confirmed that he wasn't aware of the others' fate.

"Figured, it would be weird for you to attack here alone if you know who you are up against"

Going into his battle stance, bending his knees slightly as he spreads his entire frame back and raises his razor-sharp claws, Flunra then continues, "Let me make it easy for you, Demon Lord Kirgil. My master is probably making a mess of the other Demon Lords right now"

Just as he said that Demon Lord Kirgil's eyes slightly widened in revelation.

Now he realized where Flunra's confidence came from.

He knows that Demon Lord Ranath and Olgaroz were already taken down by an entity called Rex Silverstar and the Dwarven Army, and now he realizes that this supposed Rex Silverstar is also Flunra's new master.

It was clear that he was a force to be reckoned with.

Demon Lord Kirgil's aura climbs higher as he realizes this fact, readying for a battle.

On the other hand, Flunra also circulated his energy, and before long, the Herald Mark on his arm glowed with a dark hue, pushing his power higher than before to the point that even Demon Lord Kirgil was shocked once again.

But this is already expected, the Herald Mark must be Flunra's way to become this strong.

"Hah! You can try me, Flunra the Special!"

Clash!

"I'll cut you down first, Demon Lord Kirgil. It would be worse for you to meet with the Alpha"

"Hah! You can try me, Flunra the Special!"

Clash!

~

Meanwhile, back to the place near the waterfall.

Rex was excited at his new breakthrough, a breakthrough that he had not anticipated.

Due to the Minor Oustification, he decided to only kill half of the Rastrikan Demons and let the others go as he learned a neat effect from the System regarding his God-like effect on all of the Rastrikan Demons.

It forced a smile on his face as he collected the Rastrikan Demon carcasses again.

He would need 2,000 of them to recover from the side effects.

But while he was doing this, the smile never left his face as it stubbornly remained there, this is a pleasant progression that he gladly accepts. In a way, I've become the White Omicron of the Rastrikan Demons. Wait... If that's the case, then doesn't that mean the White Omicron is also a person too that managed to obtain Minor Oustification?

Pondering in silence, this might as well be true as it makes sense.

Rex contemplated for a moment, he would need to ask Flunra to learn more about this.

Maybe learning more about the White Omicron would help him understand the Oustification better, as like always, the cost of learning about Oustification is too expensive for him right now, the typical System annoying feature.

I'll put this at the back of my mind for now since we need to depart soon.

## Chapter 926 Being Grumpy

Under his command, the Dwarven Army collected the carcasses of the Rastrikan Demons.

Since the intimidation display is no longer needed, it is time to take the carcasses down from the trees and make a small hill out of them. Rex would need to absorb these wicked entities in order to erase the Infernal Weakening of the Abaddon.

All of the Dwarves were having cold feet while doing this.

Each one of them was thankful that their King had chosen to side with the Silverstar Pack.

It would be quite horrifying to think of being on the other side of the equation.

Rex gazes at the small hill, a pile of thousands of Rastrikan Demon carcasses, a victim of his vicious claws and scheme with a nod. He puts out his hand forward and activates the weird weakening that is suppressing his power.

Swish...

A pale red energy shot forward and encompassed the entirety of the small hill.

Under the gazes of the onlookers, the Rastrikan Demon carcasses turned into essences of energy and were absorbed by Rex, rejuvenating every cell of his body. Gradually, these essences weaken the suppressing seal inside of him.

Eventually, a glass-breaking sound could be heard.

Rex clenched his hands, the Infernal Weakning of Abaddon was already broken.

<Congratulations for breaking the Infernal Weakening of Abaddon!>

<An infernal blessing has been granted!>

<Pseudo-Infernal Physique>

Fulfilling the demand of the infernal abyss after borrowing its power, the user has been blessed and granted a portion of the infernal's might, which has now become their own. This infusion has enhanced the user's physical attributes, bolstering the user's physique and infusing every cell with infernal energy. As a result, the user experienced a 20% increase in overall stats and can use the Infernal Shield skill to gain 10% demonic energy resistance.

Upon the appearance of the notifications, Rex could feel the inside of his body changed.

It was a sensation akin to a blowing wind from within.

Rex could see his veins, muscles, ligaments, and even bones bulging powerfully.

A smile was plastered on his lips as he had gotten stronger once again.

Had the Dwarves known that Rex had gotten 20% stronger compared to earlier when he was fighting Demon Lord Aructh and Mazel, some of them would probably have died in shock as their minds couldn't keep up.

Let's see the increase, I should be able to handle the Elders better now.

<Rex Silverstar - Werewolf Form>

King Mark: Banished Dark Moon (Active) and Blood Moon (Active)

Ascension: Banished Dark Moon (First Ascension), Blood Moon (First Ascension)

Oustification: Rastrikan Demons - Minor (Death and Fear)

Pack: Silverstar (9/20)

Level: 73 (376,300,500,000/557,250,000,000)

Race: Exalted Royal Black Werewolf

Full-Moon: 3 Days - Hare Moon

Berserk: 38%

Sanity: 51%

Mental: 10,109 (+357) -> 12,209 (+357)

Strength: 15,160 (+5,480) -> 21,432 (+9,668)

Agility: 18,705 (+6,697) -> 24,366 (+10,965)

Endurance: 13,345 (+5,087) -> 19,014 (+8,622)

Intelligence: 36,855 (+120)

Upon seeing his stats, Rex smiled, he's gotten way stronger than before.

Most of the increase in his stats was thanks to the Infernal Weakening of the Abaddon that has been lifted and also the Psuedo-Infernal Physique, but there's also another factor that gave a considerable amount of contribution to this increase.

It was the fact that he had gotten 2 additional pack members, Aructh and Mazel.

Rex has gotten 10% additional bonus stats from them.

Abusing the pack member feature to become stronger is effective, but the problem with that is the unpredictability factor. Some might go berserk without attentive supervision. Moreover, I have only been managing five members as of late. But if there's more, or even surpassing ten, something wrong is bound to happen.

Due to this problem, he has been meticulous in choosing a new pack member.

Prof. K and Giana were turned not without a good reason.

Both of them passed the test to become a member of the Silverstar Pack simply because they are adequate, and most importantly, Rex knows both of their motivators, the fuel that keeps them driving forward.

If he knows their motivators, then he essentially knows how to leash them.

One wanted to contribute to humanity more, while the other wanted to atone for her sins.

Since turning someone into a Werewolf would amplify their feelings towards him as well as their desires, he really needs to pay attention to this. Any mishaps would be disastrous, as his enemies are everywhere, and an internal problem is not something he needs.

This also applies to Adhara, Evelyn, and Gistella.

Adding pack members is not a simple feat and requires extreme finesse and contemplation.

that all living beings possess.

However, Aructh and Mazel passed all of that easily.

Rex has induced a Minor Oustification of fear and death upon them, which essentially means that their very being is now naturally infused with fear of him. It was akin to the instinctive fear of death that all living beings possess.

Due to that, he could turn them without much thought.

Minor Oustification is not a simple occurrence, it's impossible to be undone by the affected.

After absorbing the Rastrikan Demon carcasses, Rex turned his head to the horizon.

Even though he has gotten considerably stronger, he knows that he is still incomparable to the Executor. His only window of beating him is during the First Breath, or else he would regain his power once again.

If he doesn't reach the sufficient cursed epiphany, his plan will also fail.

Despite my win against the Elders, all of them haven't really gone all out yet. I could tell. Flunra could give me some trouble back then with weird methods from ancient times, I'm certain that all of them have something too. Even Elder Noskear was probably not going totally all out back then.

Yes, she tried to kill me, but that doesn't mean those are her strongest summoned puppets.

Rex still has a long way to go before he can establish his position.

Just like what Elder Rancaladra said back then, 'Even a weary heavenly dragon can still be slain, I want you to remember that', he knows that despite the passiveness of the Elders against him, they would turn on him someday.

Elder Noskear and Storm Prince were the obvious ones.

But what if it was the others?

Elder Enima, Elder Tilrith, Elder Nolacula, or even Elder Rancaladra himself, what would he do if any of them attacked him when he least expected it? He could've died as each one of them has sufficient strength to hurt him.

May not be able to beat him in a duel, but definitely able to kill him off guard.

Nothing is certain in a game of deception and politics, extreme care is required in this.

For now, I need to prepare before meeting with the Executor.

Aside from cultivating his cursed source to the required epiphany, he would need to attempt to increase his physical stats as much as he can in order to scan the Executor with the System and gauge the Executor's strength.

He could achieve this after he finished the Sudden Quest for the Rastrikan Demons.

Demon Cores are definitely the way to go.

Since the Executor would definitely call for him in a bit, he would need to prepare himself.

"Are we preparing to depart quickly? I could call for the Elves to help us travel faster" Adhara suddenly came from the side with a relaxed expression, she heard Mazel's last words, and it was unnatural for her to be this calm.

On the other hand, Rex seemed to be concerned slightly.

Crossing his arms with a frown, he replied, "No need to worry, we should have enough time"

"Did you anticipate this to happen?" Adhara asked back.

Upon hearing this, Rex nodded his head. It would be foolish of him to not anticipate a legion or two legions of Rastrikan Demons to somehow reach the Dwarf Kingdom while the army and him was busy fighting another legion.

At first, Rex didn't expect that the fight would go smoothly.

He anticipated that at least one of them managed to escape and reach the Dwarf Kingdom.

Due to the fearsome reputation of the Rastrikan Demons, he would need to take them very seriously and give them some credit. So he has already made precautions, "Flunra is there, I trust him. Even though he won't win, he should stall enough time for us to get there"

Adhara pursed her lips when she heard this, puffing her cheeks cutely.

"I also already contacted Lady Lauren and the Dark Elves, as well as the Tigerman to spare a portion of their military to help in case of an attack on the Dwarf Kingdom. I thought I would surprised with it, but seems like you had the same thought" She explained, slightly bit annoyed.

She thought that for sure she could give Rex a pleasant surprise.

But it seems she was wrong.

Upon hearing this, Rex paused for a second before he smiled pleasantly in return.

Since he was in a hurry, he was only able to tell Flunra to help the Dwarf Kingdom. He was concerned that even though Flunra was strong, the numbers would overwhelm him and the Dwarf Kingdom might suffer a considerable amount of damage before he and the army arrived there.

Rex also had no time to contact the others for help as they departed soon enough.

However, it seems he didn't need to be worried.

Adhara has already taken the initiative in doing that, fortifying the Dwarf Kingdom's defense.

Even though she wanted this to be a perfect situation where Rex didn't anticipate this situation at all, her initiative would definitely help, and this made Rex rub her head with a genuine smile, "What are you puffing your cheeks for? It's good that you have taken the initiative"

"Should I pretend to not anticipate this situation?" He asked, obviously teasing her.

Listening to his teasing tone made her roll her eyes.

Obviously, the topic is sensitive, and it made her grumpy, "Shut up, I don't want to hear it!"

Rex laughed out loud seeing her turning her body away with her arms crossed, acting all grumpy like a woman in her period. It seemed conquering the Rastrikan Demons blew some of his steam off, and he was in a good mood.

On the other hand, the Dwarves could only smile wryly at this sight.

Just earlier, Rex was akin to the devil as he conquered the fearsome enemies with brutality.

But now, he was laughing vibrantly, his scary demeanor vanished just like that.

While it wasn't a particularly remarkable exchange, witnessing this moment reinforced the idea that they would need to act really good, or essentially suck up to Adhara as she could even break through the fearsome facade of a God that Rex had presented earlier.

It was then, both of their banter stopped as their attentions were pulled to the side.

Glancing to the side from the other end of the river that has now streamed again, resuming the waterfall, Rex could see two figures approaching them from the distance, and he instantly recognized the two of them.

One is a Succubus and the other is a Dragonman.

Rex stepped forward and faced the two of them, displaying that he was unwavering.

"Elder Tilrith, Elder Rancaladra, are the two of you here to check my work?"

Upon hearing the names that Rex uttered, the Dwarves felt their throats tighten at the sight of these two figures. Being caught working together like this is the reason why the Dwarves were having this reaction.

Although the leaders already changed, the problem remained the same.

Finding that Rex was helping them shows that there's an existing relationship between them.

If not careful, then the fact that the rebellious group exists would be exposed.

Moreover, the presence of the Elven Army nearby is also not helping, making it even more obvious that the rebellion group exists. But then again, there's nothing they could do as the two of them are already here.

The only thing they can do right now is hope that Rex can save them from this.

Chapter 927 War of Words

Oblivious to what the Dwarves were thinking, Adhara inspected the two Supernaturals.

A frown appeared on her face at the sight of them.

Not because of their imposing auras that were on par with Rex, showing that the two of them were the Elders of the Supernaturals that were awakened recently, but she frowned because of the dominant emotional auras coming from them instead.

Elder Rancaladra with his fearsome presence is gleaming with golden emotional energy.

It was the quintessence of pride and confidence.

On the other hand, Elder Tilrith whose hips swayed left and right as she walked, boasting beauty and temptation that could even tempt a silence-sworn old monk emanated a fiery pinkish aura, an aura of constant lust as a succubus.

Compared to the two, Adhara was more wary of Elder Tilrith.

Appearance-wise, being more meticulous in the presence of Elder Rancaladra would have been the conventional approach. However, Adhara couldn't ignore the way her senses responded more to Elder Tilrith, whose lips curled into a mysterious yet playful smile.

Something feels off about Elder Tilrith.

'I couldn't see through her, this is the first time I've experienced this' Adhara pondered.

Because of the thick, overpowering pinkish emotional aura that Elder Tilrith has, it is impossible for Adhara to discern any emotions other than lust, and the fact that this was her first encounter with someone she couldn't read is all the more troubling.

Moreover, this is their first encounter to boast.

Unknowingly, her presence alone already made a great impression in Adhara's mind.

Adhara shook her head and stepped forward, standing beside Rex as her expression turned serious, and her bearing changed to that of the stern Female Alpha again. "Who are they, Rex? Do you know these two?" She asked.

"Both are the current leader of the Dragonman and Demon Race" Rex replied shortly.

Keeping his eyes trained forward at the Elders, he then continues, "I confronted them during their meeting as per Queen Shanaela's information. I've fought with Elder Tilrith and won, but she didn't go all out, and her limit is still unknown. As for Elder Rancaladra, all I know is that he is the Prime Heavenly Dragon. Nevertheless, both of them are on my side for now, so their arrival here shouldn't be a problem"

Listening to this, Adhara nodded and put on a frosty look.

"As expected, you were eradicating them quite easily, Royal Black Prince" Elder Tilrith was the first one to speak, standing across them, ignoring the gazes from the Dwarven army. "It seems I was mistaken to think that they would at least give you a proper fight"

Upon hearing this, Rex grinned, his eyes gleaming with power.

"Now, now... Is this why you asked me to deal with them? To test my power?" He asked.

Elder Tilrith shrugged her shoulders gracefully, "No, actually. I have not such intention"

Darting her sharp demonic eyes to the side, she noticed that the scars from the brutal clash between Rex and the Rastrikan Demons were gradually healing. It was one of the effects of the World Awakening, where the world itself could mend its wounds.

However, the lingering remnants of the battle were still discernible for the time being.

"It's sad to be suspected of this. We're on the same side, so it'll be great to start trusting each other more," Elder Tilrith chimed, but she soon smiled in understanding. "But I won't force it, the time will come by itself"

"Yes, indeed. I'm sure the time will come soon enough" Rex replied, his voice peculiar.

Of course, Elder Tilrith caught this oddness.

But both of them knew that a verbal battle between them was unavoidable.

Despite being on the same 'side' right now to take down the Executor, that status between them is quite blurry and can change suddenly if the situation presents itself, and the tension between them albeit small, its presence couldn't at all be ignored.

Just then, her eyes rested on Adhara with great interest.

"Care to introduce me to this lovely woman beside you?" Elder Tilrith suddenly asked.

Adhara lifted her chin proudly and took the initiative to deliver her introduction with a frosty tone that carried undeniable authority, depicting her status, "I am Adhara Alpenore, the devoted counselor and the Female Alpha of the Silverstar Pack. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance, Succubus"

Upon hearing this, Elder Tilrith's eyes flickered, and her smile spread wider.

"Female Alpha?" She mused whisperingly, but she then found an intertwining bond between them that stretched more than simple pack members. "And more it seems... I pity you, Adhara, fate might turn cruel for you"

Since she was whispering inaudibly, Adhara couldn't grasp what she was saying.

"I am Tilrith, the epitome of lust and the current leader of the Demon Kingdom. Recently, a new friend of Rex too. And the pleasure is mine, Adhara" Elder Tilrith introduced herself in a graceful manner, her movement was slow and depicted the bearing of royalty.

Briefly ending their introduction, she then turned to Rex again.

"So, where are they?" Elder Tilrith changed the subject, both hands on her waist.

Surveying the surroundings, expecting to see a battlefield strewn with carcasses if the battle between them really happened, she found that there were only lifeless bodies of Dwarves with no sign of Rastrikan Demons in sight.

Due to that, it raised a perplexing question, one that she couldn't help but voice aloud.

In return, Rex didn't answer and summoned two heads from the inventory.

Thud!

Knowing that he would eventually need to show proof of the Rastrikan Demons' demise, he withheld from absorbing these two heads, it's better to have them on hand rather than devouring them as he did to the other Rastrikan Demon carcasses.

With a light flick of his hand, he threw Demon Lord Ranath's and Olgaroz's heads to her feet.

Both rolled on the ground before stopping at Elder Tilrith's feet.

"No souls, and decapitated heads. Killed permanently" Elder Tilrith nodded her head, inspecting the two heads with her eyes. "I expect no less from you, Royal Black Prince. But what about the others?"

Rex shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly, "Just assume that the deed is done"

"Demon Lord Kirgil is the last one standing and had not for the two of you disturbing us, we would already be on our way to attack him right now" He added, deliberately not telling the fate of Aructh and Mazel who were turned into a Half-Blood.

Elder Tilrith nodded leisurely, seemingly trusting his words.

However, it was then that she looked Rex dead in the eyes, "What about Aructh and Mazel?"

It was going smoothly, but that suddenly changed.

Adhara who was attempting to pry the direction of this conversation, furrowed her brows as the tension abruptly escalated upon that question. Elder Tilrith's genuine smile acted as a catalyst, further intensifying the already palpable tension.

An unreadable expression that could either be a mask or not.

Since her emotional aura was unreadable, it was impossible for Adhara to know either.

Despite the tension between them, Rex kept an indifferent and composed look, making sure to keep his eye contact strong. But then, Elder Tilrith added raspingly, "You... You didn't do anything absurd to them other than killing them, did you?"

Swoosh...

Upon her second question, a cold wind blew to the surroundings.

Compared to Rex and Adhara who were able to withstand the unbelievable tension, the Dwarven army started sweating profusely, and their legs began to shake as their minds reverted back to the sight of Rex turning Aructh and Mazel into Half-blood.

Elder Tilrith seemed to want the Rastrikan Demons dead, but this might be too far.

Stripping Aructh and Mazel from their race might be going too far.

It was obvious that there was a potential that Elder Tilrith would take offense to this, and initiate a conflict that could result in countless Dwarves' lives as collateral damage, and that is what the Dwarven army was concerned about.

"Absurd act is a subjective means, no? I eradicate them in my own way" Rex replied vaguely.

Just as expected, Elder Tilrith squinted her eyes when she heard this.

A pin dropping could be heard in the next minute as the tension kept on choking everyone in the area. Some were even holding their breaths, fearing that they would draw attention to themselves since it was so quiet.

But eventually, Elder Tilrith giggled, "Well, as long as they're gone. I'm sure it's fine"

"Besides, no matter what you did to them, it doesn't really matter to me. I've given you the benefit of the doubt, Royal Black Prince. I'm sure you'll not fail in taking down Kirgil, so I've already done my part too" She added, waving her hand gracefully.

Upon finding her returning to normal, the Dwarven army could sigh in relief for now.

Rex nodded his head, it seemed she fulfilled her words.

I'm 70% sure she knew that I stripped Aructh and Mazel from their own race. But I'm not sure why she would suppress her anger if that's the case. Is it to catch me off guard later? Bury it until the time is right? Or am I wrong and she's really indifferent about it?

Despite the conversation went smoothly with a small hiccup, her reaction is quite odd.

From her pause earlier, it was clear that she was feeling something.

Suspecting her to know the fate of Aructh and Mazel made her angry is the thing he assumed, but that was still a long guess. Evelyn, Adhara, Calidora, and now her... Sometimes, I can't get any of them. Women are quite formidable in a game of wits.

Putting that to the back of his mind, Rex's attention then shifted to Elder Rancaladra.

"I may be mistaken, but have the two of you always been this close?" Rex asked, probingly.

Elder Rancaladra shook his head, his reptilian eyes gleamed with wisdom.

But instead of answering, he replied with a statement of his own, "Did you suppress the young Dragonman's energy? If you are, then don't bother because I already sensed him already and am here to meet with him"

Rex frowned when he heard this.

Finding that Elder Rancaladra was here, he instantly suppressed Ryze's aura with his.

However, it seems it was too late to do that.

Similarly, Adhara also instantly realized who was Elder Rancaladra referring to.

She instinctively stole a glance at Ryze in the crowd of the Dwarven army which she quickly realized was a big mistake as Elder Rancaladra noticed her and gazed in the same direction, finding Ryze who was already standing out amongst the Dwarves.

"Come forward, young one..." Elder Rancaladra commanded.

Ryze who was surprised to find his energy being encompassed with Upon seeing this, Adhara clicked her tongue as she cursed her reflex.

"Come forward, young one..." Elder Rancaladra commanded.

Ryze who was surprised to find his energy being encompassed with a powerful energy, originating from Rex was shocked again when he was called by Elder Rancaladra, who was looking at him with great interest.

Not having any other choice, Ryze walked out of the crowd and stood beside Adhara.

If I'm not mistaken, the Dragonman is having a problem within their race. Unlike the others, the Dragonman's civilians or even other regular Dragonman were not awakened. Something must be wrong with them, and Ryze should be able to help him with that.

Just from assessing the situation alone, Rex already grasped the fundamental knowledge.

He must know what cards he can play in every situation.

Swoosh...

But it was then that Elder Rancaladra stretched his hand and shot a dark azure energy.

Aiming straight at Ryze, the dark azure energy hits him solidly.

Both Rex and Adhara were late to react as this gesture contained no malice whatsoever, and thus their senses were not triggered by it. In a second, the dark azure energy cloaked Ryze's entire being and lifted him from the ground.

"No matter what you are doing, stop it" Rex commanded with a frosty and sharp tone.

Smirking lightly, Elder Rancaladra replied, "I'm just examining"

As Rex prepared to take action, his attention was suddenly drawn to a brilliant red light emanating from the side like the sun, accompanied by an unfamiliar and ominous growl that reverberated through his ears overbearingly.

When he turned to look, he discovered Ryze envelopped in blazing flames.

"Let go of me..."

## Chapter 928 Ryze's Ultimatum

It was already expected that things would turn out this way from the start.

Rex already suspected that the arrival of Elder Tilrith and Elder Rancaladra was a little bit odd, he could feel that the two of them were not close enough to be going together aside from dealing with matters regarding the entire Supernaturals as a whole.

So he suspected that Elder Rancaladra was here for a specific reason of his own.

True enough, he was here to meet with Ryze.

Zadress the Lord of Red is one of the Heavenly Dragonman, the supreme being of the Dragonman race, and its power is absorbed and resides within Ryze's body, turning him from a regular human to a Heavenly Dragonman.

Maybe if it was a couple of days ago, Rex wouldn't have cared too much about this.

However, the conversation he had with Adhara changed his mind.

Despite the strain and weird tension between the two of them ever since their separation, the fact that Ryze has immense potential as an ally is not debatable, it was even more so when he remembered the time when Zaddrass threatened to break free from its seal.

Back then, they were only trying to suppress Zaddrass' soul and were having a lot of trouble.

Had Zaddrass broken free, there would've been nothing he could do.

Just that incident alone clearly shows that if Ryze is cultivated properly to harness Zaddrass' power, he would've been a great asset for Dargena City, greatly improving the city's military. And thus, he wasn't willing to let him go.

I haven't done anything, there's a big chance that Ryze would've followed him.

Rex attempted to hide Ryze from Elder Rancaladra's scrutiny, but he underestimated the formidable senses of a Dragonman, renowned for their acute perception, which rivaled, if not surpassed, even the keen senses of the Werewolves.

A moment is all it takes for Elder Rancaladra to find Ryze amongst the crowd.

Witnessing Elder Rancaladra shooting a portion of his azure draconic energy, he felt his heartbeat start to increase, as Ryze, despite his appearance is still a kid, and his naivety must nurtured to have a sense of belonging with the city.

If Ryze was given a chance to be together with his own race, then Rex would lose.

I need to do something about this, I can't let him go.

Glancing over to Adhara, he found a great idea that could save Ryze from being taken.

But he was halted in surprise when a powerful growl came from the side, and when he turned to look, he found Ryze was burning with blazing draconic fire and was also glaring at Elder Rancaladra dauntingly.

"Let go of me..."

Swoosh!

Embers of fire splashed around as his draconic energy resurfaced on his skin.

Upon seeing this Elder Rancaladra's eyes sparkled in excitement, the flames that Ryze's body exerted made contact with his azure energy, and he instantly knew the Heavenly Dragonman's power that was residing with him.

"Lord of Red, Zaddrass!" Elder Rancaladra muttered excitedly.

It was quite a pleasant surprise to find that Ryze has Zaddrass' power for Elder Rancaladra.

"What is your name, young one?" Elder Rancaladra asked.

Ryze breaks free from the azure energy's shackles before his eyes burn brightly, a pair of fiery eyeballs before his skin is slowly covered in scales again, "Someone that doesn't deserve to be probed with your power, is who I am. I don't appreciate it one bit"

Just the tone and the answer alone put a frown on Rex's face.

Quite prideful and hostile, his personality must be influenced every time he uses his power.

Seeing this puts a smile on Rex's lips as this encounter might not lead to astray.

Knowing that he wouldn't get through Ryze without doing something, Elder Rancaladra also activates his draconic power, his entire body glows with a pompous royal blue, and the same thing happens, his humanoid body slowly being covered by dark azure scales.

A transformation that heightens his power to a higher degree.

Upon finishing the transformation, he breathed easily as two horns jutted from his head.

Like a spirit that the Awakened possessed, a shadowy figure with gleaming blue insides coils around Elder Rancaladra's body as he raises his gaze, exposing his sharp reptilian eyes that made powerful eye contact with Ryze.

Grr...

Eerily, the shadowy figure with a dragon's head emitted a low, baritone growl.

A growl that shakes the hearts of the onlookers.

Ryze who was hostile to the unknown Supernatural that seemed to be aiming at him could feel an immense suppression from Elder Rancaladra, a suppression that even bypassed Zaddress' power.

On the side, Rex watches this exchange with an evident frown.

Keeping his eyes locked onto Elder Rancaladra, his mind raced and produced a question.

Hmm... This pressure, it's way stronger than he was before.

Despite already meeting with Elder Rancaladra before, knowing the burning and sharp energy that he emitted, Rex frowned as the aura he was emanating right now was way stronger than Elder Rancaladra ever emitted.

A drastic change, almost akin to him turning into his Werewolf form.

System, scan him.

<Rancaladra - Scaled Ancestry Form>

Race: Heavenly Prime Dragonman

Power: Seventh Rank(Peak) - Celestial Stars

Mental: 4,500

Strength: 31,000 -> 44,500

Agility: 19,200 -> 26,350

Endurance: 27,300 -> 40,500

Intelligence: 0

Just as he thought, Elder Rancaladra's power was increased tremendously.

Scaled Ancestry Form...? Rex pondered with a frown.

Most of the opponents he had faced lacked the means to surpass their physical limitations, with only a select few, such as the ninth-rank realm Awakened possessing such abilities. However, Elder Rancaladra appeared to possess an additional form beyond his humanoid one.

But even more troubling than that, it seems Elder Rancaladra still has another form.

Currently, he looked to be a half-dragon.

Features such as the horns, an enlarged body, a more menacing aura, and even the presence of shadowy figures were retained. However, it wasn't a complete transformation into a dragon form, which led Rex to suspect that he might be capable of assuming another form.

It was now clearer that Elder Rancaladra was a formidable individual.

Rex squinted his eyes as he probed further, a thought occurring to him. Could it be that the Dragonman was once a human who underwent a strange transformation to turn into this? It appeared to be like that.

A thought came to mind because of the shadowy dragon-like figure.

Judging from appearances alone, Elder Rancaladra and the shadowy figure are different.

On top of that, Ryze who was a human also turned into a Dragonman.

"Listen to me," Elder Rancaladra said, his eyes still firm and resolute. "We share a common origin, and our powers stem from the same source, young one. You must sense the kinship that binds us. Join me, and together, we can harness our shared potential to shape a future where our kinds will thrive"

Exactly as Rex expected, Elder Rancaladra takes the family approach.

Knowing that things will end badly if he lets this continue, Rex takes a step forward, activating his King Mark which is halved of black and red. "I told you to stop, Elder Rancaladra. I don't care about your situation, nor about your grandeur plan... He is a part of my force"

"Dragonman is never a part of any other forces other than our own" Elder Rancaladra replied.

Following that, Elder Rancaladra sneered.

Nudging his chin at Adhara, who stood resolutely behind Rex, he then posed his question with a dominant voice, "If your Female Alpha were a part of my force, clearly in the wrong place, would you simply stand by and allow her to stay lost? Or will you attempt to take her back to her rightful place?"

Upon hearing this, Rex remained silent, finding no answer to give.

Elder Rancaladra scoffed in response, seeing Rex's stance as nothing more than selfishness.

It was obvious that the answer was to attempt her back to her rightful place.

Rex intervening in this process of persuading Ryze to come with him is nothing but a selfish act, wanting Ryze to be a unit of his force without actually thinking about his well-being and future.

Just from his reaction alone, he understands what Elder Rancaladra was trying to say.

Damn it, there's nothing I could do right now.

Similarly, Adhara felt troubled when she found that Rex had no answer and already receded.

Leaving the choice to Ryze and Ryze alone.

Adhara quickly turned to look at Ryze and the two made eye contact, she tilted her head with her eyebrows furrowed helplessly, delivering a telepathic message that his decision would be the ultimatum of this exchange.

"Now, what do you say, young one? Come with me, this is for the best of you"

"Best for me..."

Upon hearing this, Ryze looked down and contemplated.

It was at this moment that his mind sprinted like a thoroughbred, wrestling with this matter.

A sudden silence enveloped all of them as Ryze contemplated.

Just like that, a minute passed, and Rex had resolved that there was no need to prolong this situation when the answer was crystal clear, and he saw no point in forcing things to go his way, despite the unfortunate circumstances.

Logically thinking, it's best for Ryze to come with Elder Rancaladra.

"I understand what yo-"

"No..."

Out of nowhere, Rex's sentence was cut short by the sudden answer from Ryze.

Elder Rancaladra frowned, displeased with the response.

Surprisingly, the exchange hadn't gone the way he had initially hoped.

Ryze should've followed his instinct as a Dragonman and come with him, but he refused, suspected due to an established emotional connection. Thus, he insisted, "Choosing to come with me doesn't mean you won't have the opportunity to meet with the Royal Black Prince again, young one. This is for your better future, your path is clearer if you come with me"

"I said no," Ryze repeated instantly. "I will not be going anywhere"

Upon hearing this, Adhara's eyes widened excitedly, this was the answer she had hoped.

'Great answer, Ryze. Now you're making progress...' She pondered.

Knowing that his desire is to be accepted by Rex again, this answer is the right one.

However, it was not the same for Elder Rancaladra.

"Don't let your emotions cloud your judgment and lead you down the wrong path, you can't hide from your true lineage. So let's not waste any more time and join me" He implored, his authoritative tone tinged with a tint of desperation.

Seeing the hesitance in Ryze's expression, he gritted his teeth in anger.

Just as he was about to take a step forward, a figure appeared and blocked his way.

Rex decided to intervene.

Even though he was also surprised by Ryze's answer, thinking that he would definitely follow Elder Rancaladra, he decided to step in with an evident smirk on his face. "Following your hypothetical situation earlier, you're right, my answer will be to try to bring Adhara back. But if she refuses to come back, then I will not insist" He said with a playful smile.

But this made Elder Rancaladra even more frustrated.

"You heard his unbiased answer, now step back" Rex added, his tone low and commanding.

Not wanting to let this go, Elder Rancaladra pushed forward and roared, "Stop obstructing me, Royal Black Prince. You don't understand his importance. I am the logical answer, this is simply not right!"

Since it has come to this, Rex could now do anything he wants.

Perhaps when the answer was still uncertain, he had refrained from acting too much lest he risk appearing selfish. But now it was different, the situation had completely changed and turned in his favor.

Ryze has provided a definitive answer, effectively resolving the issue.

Now, if Elder Rancaladra insists, he would be the one who would look driven by selfishness.

As Rex contemplated his next move, Ryze stepped forward, locking eyes with Elder Rancaladra. With unwavering determination, he declared, "I don't know you, and I know Rex better. If you persist in trying to force me to join you in the name of our same lineage, then don't blame me for what I might do"

"If I wanted, I could ask Rex to turn me into a Werewolf instead..." He added, raspingly.

Chapter 929 Pressured For a Chance

Swoosh...

A subtle wind swept the entire place, an obvious backdrop of the fierce exchange.

Silence encompassed the entire place at the sound of Ryze's shocking ultimatum which crackled the battlefield with an electric tension, intensifying the onlookers' heartbeats in an echoing war drum that stiffened their bodies.

Instinctively, all of them know that this could end very badly.

Between two monsters that could even shake the entire world and reign down catastrophe beyond imagining, the onlookers were nothing but a particle of dust that could be blown and erased from existence in a snap of their might.

Had Rex and Elder Rancaladra fought, they would have been the ones suffering the most.

Due to that, it's natural for them to feel cold feet.

Adhara who was watching this in silence quickly signals to Huvuki with her hands.

Nodding his head at the sight of this signal, he quickly commanded the Dwarven Army with hand gestures to slowly back away as the situation might escalate, because if it did, then they wouldn't want to be anywhere near here.

One more Rastrikan Demon legion is left to defeat.

Being caught in the blazing flames of the fight between two monsters would be very bad.

Losing more would be detrimental, especially since the next legion is the strongest.

Even now, the Dwarven Army has lost many already.

Rex was the one who mostly killed the most Rastrikan Demons as he was mainly the one to clean up the entire legion to let out some steam, but that doesn't mean the Dwarven Army has been doing nothing along the way.

Out of their original robust numbers, they have now been reduced to almost half.

Due to that, they would need to avoid loss as much as possible.

Like a thunderous boom, Ryze's words shake Elder Rancaladra's ears in a raging storm.

"W- What did you say...?" He asked, his voice trembling.

Not even showing any sign of wavering despite the obvious signs of Elder Rancaladra, furious at his declaration, Ryze continued, "Didn't you hear? Okay, then, let me recite it again to make it clearer. Rex can turn anyone into a Werewolf, and if you force me, then I'd rather be turned into a Werewolf than come with you"

Shatter!

A sudden lightning strike reformed in Elder Rancaladra's mind when he heard this again.

He then turned to look at Rex who was still with his indifference.

It was clear from Rex's reaction that what Ryze was saying was not a lie, and this brought a sense of doubt inside of him. "No, you wouldn't do that, it's not possible. The Lord of Red is the most prideful even amongst the heavenly dragons, even though you own his power, the power itself wouldn't let you do something that atrocious!"

"Do you want to give that a try?" Ryze said, his eyes were burning with the same flames.

Upon seeing this, Elder Rancaladra's words got stuck in his mouth.

Elder Rancaladra grimaced in return, lowering his gaze down to the obsolete ground.

A tinge of hesitation and unwillingness could be seen decorating his face, there was absolutely no way he would take Ryze on and risk actually losing the power. Eventually, he breathed a sigh as his body returned to his normal humanoid form.

It was futile to be forceful about this.

Rex also lowered his energy when he saw Elder Rancaladra returning to normal.

"Okay, I'll respect your decision" Elder Rancaladra mused, raising his gaze back at Ryze once again. "However, you can't run away from your fate and lineage, and I hope you will adhere to that when the time comes"

Seeing that the tension had de-escalated, the onlookers breathed in relief.

No fight would occur, thankfully.

On the other hand, Rex shifted his gaze towards Elder Rancaladra and spoke, "My objection is solely to your force in this matter, I hope you understand that. Also, this doesn't mean you wouldn't be able to see him forever"

gaze.

It lasted for a fleeting moment, yet Rex couldn't ignore the eerie "Hmph! You better allow me to meet him" Elder Rancaladra said frostily and walked away.

As Rex's eyes traced Elder Rancaladra, he met with Elder Tilrith's gaze.

It lasted for a fleeting moment, yet Rex couldn't ignore the eerie coldness emanating from her gaze. But this didn't seem to be killing intent. If it did, the System would've picked it up and issued a killing intent quest but it didn't.

Rex becomes even more confused, the meaning behind her look remains a hollow mystery.

"Well, we'll leave you for your hunt then" Elder Tilrith said and turned around.

Just as her body was slowly devoured by her own demonic energy, intending to leave alongside Elder Rancaladra who was also already preparing to leave, "Wait!" Rex stopped her, halting her steps. "Elder Rancaladra's reason for coming here is clear. But you, are you here only to see what I'm doing?"

Now that Elder Rancaladra's matter was finished, his mind traced back to Elder Tilrith.

Aside from her banter, she didn't really have anything of importance.

Coming only to visit is not the relationship between Rex and Elder Tilrith had, neither of them was close enough to do that, and thus there must be something of importance that made her come here herself.

Upon hearing this, Elder Tilrith raised her head skyward and smiled.

"I've come here to inform you that I already did my part, that's all" She glanced over her shoulder and replied, the sweet smile on her face made it hard for Rex to believe the words that came out of her mouth.

Obviously, her answer is nothing but a lie.

Informing him about the deal between them could be done through other means.

Coming here personally when he was taking care of the Rastrikan Demons is not necessary, and thus, he suspected that Elder Tilrith lied to him, "I see, then I'll try and finish my part of the deal quickly too..." Rex eventually said.

Elder Tilrith then pivoted her body around, "We'll be taking our leave"

"I'll wait for the great news of the Rastrikan Demons completely eradicated, Royal Black Prince" She continued as her body dissipated. But then, her gaze weirdly shifted to Adhara with a crooked smile, "Be careful..."

Swish...

Just like that, Elder Tilrith vanished from her spot.

Following that, Elder Rancaladra cast one last look at Ryze before he flapped his wings powerfully, cracking the ground beneath and as he zoomed into the sky, also disappearing in an instant on the horizon of the bleak sky.

Compared to Rex who was looking at the horizon, Adhara's eyes fixed on an empty spot.

It was the spot where Elder Tilrith stood earlier.

'Be careful...'

Adhara frowned in contemplation, her intuition telling her that Elder Tilrith's final words weren't meant as a warning for Rex against Demon Lord Kirgil, but rather, they were directed solely at her for some unknown reason.

Seeing his feat against the other legions, she wouldn't be too worried about Rex.

It was more believable because of that.

'But what could made her say that to me? Is there someone out there that wanted to get to me in order to get to Rex? Who? I couldn't think of anyone aside from the Executor' Adhara pondered, he couldn't find the answer regarding this.

She was so engrossed that she failed to realize that Rex was talking to her.

"Well, it surprisingly ended in a peaceful way" Rex muttered, still keeping his gaze on the horizon. He has a lot on his mind right now, "I thought Ryze would for sure accept and go with Elder Rancaladra, did you say something to him, Adhara?"

Even after a moment, Adhara didn't reply, and this forced Rex to glance at her.

It was then Rex found that she was looking to the void, spacing out, engrossed inside her mind while biting her nail. He then reached for her shoulder and pulled her attention to him, "Are you okay, Adhara? What's wrong?"

Rex was worried that Adhara might've sustained injuries from the fight earlier.

But in an instant, she snapped out of her daze and realized this almost instantly, "Oh, it's nothing. I was only thinking. I'm not hurt or anything like that" She smiled assuringly, trying to convince him that she was fine.

Shifting her gaze back, she continued, "Anyway, shouldn't you talk with Ryze now?"

Upon hearing this, Rex nodded his head and approached Ryze.

Now that Elder Rancaladray has already gone, he already assumed a regular form, the blazing eyes as well as the thick armor-like scales that covered some parts of his body earlier have returned to normal.

It was then when he saw Rex was approaching that he returned to meek once more.

For some reason, he couldn't act anything but reverent in front of Rex.

Rex stood towering in front of him with a peculiar gaze, he didn't know what to say for a brief moment before he decided to be direct and upfront, "Why didn't you take his offer? If you did, you could become strong and free"

Even though it was a pleasant surprise, Ryze's decision that is, he still needs to be thorough.

Coming back from Ratmawati City, he is still a suspected spy.

"Y- Yes, you are right. But like I said earlier, I know you more than him" Ryze replied truthfully.

Pausing for a second, Ryze could still see Rex squinting his eyes, trying to see through his mind. It is obvious that Rex still doesn't trust him, "Back then I was scared. I was scared of you so much that I was late to make a decision. All of you already left, and Edward was all that was left beside me"

"Now I remember, it was you who helped me the most. So give me a chance to prove myself"

Upon saying that, his face threatens to break.

Seeing that a fierce heavenly Dragonman, on the verge of crying is quite a foreign sight.

Adhara who turned out to be eavesdropping from the back quickly heads over, she grabs Rex by the arms from the back and puts on a pleading look, encouraging him to pardon Ryze for once as he's not more than a kid.

It shouldn't be that surprising for him to be scared at that time.

Even adults would be terrified shitless if they saw Rex's savage rampage back then.

Pressured by her feminine charm of compassing, Rex could only massage his creased forehead as his decision wavered. I really shouldn't, but okay, I'll give him a chance. Not that I would trust him completely though.

"I was wro-"

"Okay, I'll forget about what happened. In return, work hard. You'll be following me"

Ryze who was on the verge of tears suddenly stopped and looked at Rex.

He heard what Rex said but it was too surprising for him that he doubted his own ears.

Waving his hand with a light sigh, Rex turned to the side before he repeated, "I'm saying that I'll give you the chance to prove yourself. You can work together with me, so make sure you do not make me regret this choice, Ryze"

His face blossomed into a radiant sunflower, bathed in the warmth of pure joy.

Deciding to not waste a single second, he quickly nodded repeatedly in response. Visible excitement could be seen in his reptilian eyes, and he quickly replied with fierce enthusiasm, "Y-Yes! I'll- I'll do everything I can to help you and make sure to not disappoint you again"

Seeing this, Adhara also bloomed in joy.

Approaching Ryze, she quickly wrapped her arm around Ryze's neck in a headlock.

She playfully scolded him, emphasizing, "What did I say? I told you that this is your opportunity. You're a Heavenly Dragonman now, not a child. So, be more proactive" The difference in height made Ryze bend down slightly as he laughed joyously.

"Thanks for the help, Adhara" Ryze said, he was genuinely happy right now.

On the side, Rex quickly cleared his throat. "Stop that, Adhara. He's not a kid anymore"

Upon hearing this, Adhara raised her eyebrow in question.

But she then realized that her breast was pressing against Ryze's cheek due to the headlock, she was too excited that she didn't realize this. 'Hahaha... Right... Although he has the mind of a kid, his body is not a kid anymore'

Ryze, on the other hand, doesn't seem to get what Rex meant.

Adhara lets go of Ryze from the headlock and approaches Rex with a teasing smile.

Likewise, the spectators couldn't help but let out a collective chuckle, grasping the humor of the situation that had eluded Ryze. Despite the fearsome side, this moment made them see the other side of Rex when he's not in battle mode.

Adhara covered her mouth, muffling her teasing laughter.

Bending her body to lean toward Rex who was trying to hide his own blush by turning his head away in embarrassment, she teasingly asked, "Is that jealousy in your voice? I was not thinking about that. But clearly, you don't like it"

"If you admit it, then I'll consider being more careful" She poked his stomach with her finger.

#### Chapter 930 Keep It a Secret

It was finally morning, the sun was already permeating its warmth to Mother Earth.

People inside Dargena City are doing their daily activities and regulating the unassigned buildings that still have their purpose unknown, there were various foreign tools, machines, or even magic equipment that were foreign to them.

Some of them were unknown even to the likes of Evelyn.

Gelmar, Dindora, and Linthia are still working hard to regulate the city optimally.

In addition to their existing, time-consuming tasks, they were also undergoing rigorous training to prepare themselves for more demanding roles that Rex had already outlined but had not yet assigned, recognizing that their current sixth-rank realm powers left them extremely ill-prepared.

Currently at the town square, the three of them gathered early in the morning.

None of them has had a wink of sleep the last couple of days ever since Rex's departure, the citizens were in constant need of assurance and help in this early stage, and thus it takes quite a toll on them.

Only Linthia, a Dark Fairy has no problem being sleep-deprived.

"Morning..." Linthia greeted softly.

Gelmar and Dindora smiled weakly in return as the morning, the time when everyone should be the freshest was the opposite for them, the two had bags under their eyes and were sitting under the shade.

Seeing their state, Linthia proposed, "Both of you don't look good, take the day off"

"How can I do that? I would need to take care of most of the mutated animals' needs until the others got used to it. Also, I still have to create more fertilizer in addition to supervising the people on the farm lest they ruin the crops" Dindore replied with a sigh, rubbing her eyes tiredly.

In addition, Gelmar also nodded in agreement, "I can't leave my post to supervise the guards"

"My work is in mapping the city and special buildings are flexible, the section I'm assigned to is not that hard either. They are also not urgent either. Just take the day off, I'll handle it and tell Lady Evelyn about this" Linthia insisted, feeling bad for the two.

As a Dark Fairy, she doesn't need to sleep at all.

Compared to an Elf and a Dryad, she could work non-stop without losing focus.

Upon hearing this, Gelmar and Dindora looked at Linthia in appreciation, looking as if she was an angel. It was a much-needed help as even now, the two of them could already see doubles from the exhaustion gnawing their minds.

Only with the burning desire to serve their new home were they able to persevere.

Just then, Linthia glanced around the place in confusion.

"By the way, where is Lady Evelyn?" She mused, finding that Evelyn was nowhere to be seen.

Evelyn usually came earlier than the three of them.

Despite the tense situation, she would take the time of her day to listen to their daily reports about the obstacles and situation of the city in general before she helped out the people with a smile on her face until the sun was at its peak.

It was quite surprising and refreshing to see her taking care of the citizens.

Gelmar and Dindora gazed at the castle in the distance.

Not once has Evelyn been late for this early meeting, this is the first time for her to do this.

"Sir Gelmar!"

Suddenly, a voice called out for Gelmar from the side.

Turning his head to the source of the voice, he frowned when he saw a city guard rushing towards him from the city gate's direction. He quickly stood up and asked, "Osku, what are you doing abandoning your watch post?"

"A messenger from the Dark Elf is in front of the gate" Osku quickly replied.

Upon hearing this, the frown on Gelmar's face deepens fearing that this might be a stress messenger that's in search of Rex. But Osku, recognizing the worry added assuringly, "It's not a stress signal, Sir"

Lady Evelyn comes, please inform her about this. But I'll try to be quick"

Raising an eyebrow, Gelmar waited for him to continue.

But instead, Osku takes a quick glance at Linthia and Dindora, signaling for privacy.

Gelmar turned towards them who also seemed to be curious about the matter and excused himself, "I'll be taking care of this first. If Lady Evelyn comes, please inform her about this. But I'll try to be quick"

Just like that, Gelmar pulled Osku away in search of a more private place.

It was then the two of them went to a secluded alley.

"So, what is it that you need to talk to me in private? What's the Dark Elf messenger's purpose for being here?" Gelmar asked, not wanting to beat around the bush as this seemed to be quite important.

Nodding his head, Osku replied, "The messenger is here to escort Lady Evelyn"

"Escort Lady Evelyn...? Where? Even if it's true, then why do you need to tell me this in secret from Linthia and Dindora?" Gelmar blurted out the questions that appeared inside his head, this made him even more confused.

Despite his confusion, one thing is clear. He must know this in detail.

Osku continues, his back upright as he is talking to a superior, "I was the only one told about this, and the Dark Elf messenger said that their arrival here must be kept a secret. She then told me to tell Lady Evelyn about her arrival, but I decided to tell you about this first"

Upon hearing this, Gelmar frowned in contemplation.

Sending Osku back to his post to keep an eye on the Dark Elf messenger, he made his way back to the town square, his thoughts consumed by the issue at hand. 'If she requested this to be kept a secret, then who is it that she doesn't want this matter to reach?'

Clearly, something is going on but he knows too little to determine.

Just as he got back from the talk with Osku and reached the town square, she saw Lady Evelyn already talking with Dindora and Linthia, it seemed their daily early meeting had already begun.

Approaching the three, he didn't waste time and leaned to Evelyn's ear.

"My lady, a Dark Elf messenger awaits you" He whispered, observing her reaction to this.

Evelyn's eyes flickered when she heard this.

Smiling brightly at Dindora and Linthia, Evelyn said, "It seems our meeting will be cut short for this day. I'll let Linthia take over, the two of you should rest so that tomorrow you can start being productive again"

"For now, I'll take my leave as I have matters to attend to" She added, excusing herself.

When she was about to leave, Gelmar whispered again urgently, "Lady Evelyn, if I may, where are you going? I am tasked with the safety of the city, and that also includes you. I'm afraid that I can't let you go anywhere if you don't tell me where you are going"

Under no circumstances that Gelmar would let her go anywhere without saying where.

He is the one who is going to answer Rex if something happens.

Considering that the situation outside is not particularly safe either, he feels very uncomfortable letting Evelyn go. But at least he would feel more at ease if he knew where she was going so that he would know where to look if something did happen.

"I'm going to the Dark Elf Kingdom" Evelyn turned her head slightly and replied.

She then reaches out her left hand in a graceful manner and places it on Gelmar's shoulder, her violet eyes fixated on his eyes, "Also, I trust you would refrain from telling this to anyone. Can you do that for me, Gelmar...?"

Despite his resistance, the plea from her voice crumbles all of his defense.

"Yes, I'll do as you say, my Lady" Gelmar bowed, promising that he wouldn't tell a single soul.

Just like that, Evelyn nodded her head before leaving.

Gelmar looked at her back going further away and thought to himself, 'Usually, she puts on a warm smile and helps the people of the city, giving moral support. But when she's alone, sometimes, I see her spacing out in contemplation. Something must've haunted her mind, and it seems now she is certain of what to do'

Meanwhile, inside the castle.

Oblivious to what was happening, the Witch of Chaos is still inside her chamber.

Numerous kinds of herbs were scattered around the room, and there were also varying cursed tools that were levitating around her as she meditated, channeling her cursed energy to do what her heart desired.

It was then, her closed eyes started oozing a smoke of cursed energy.

The Witch of Chaos turned her head left and right, seemingly possessed as the smoke of cursed energy became even more intense to the point that the entire chamber's floor was covered in a cloud of bronze smoke.

But this process continued only for five minutes before her eyes jolted open.

Brak!

In that instant, the cursed tools also fell to the ground.

Gasping for air with her hand above her chest, the Witch of Chaos seemed to be exhausted, and this made Dealkandrax and the Insectoid creature approach her in worry, "It's fine, my Child. Only a slight over-exertion of cursed energy, nothing too serious"

Both of them whimper, showing their displeasure seeing her like this.

However, the Witch of Chaos simply rubbed their heads as a cruel smile played on her lips.

A flicker of excitement and ferocity danced in her eyes while she was doing this. Clearly, something had ignited her enthusiasm. "Yes, I can't believe his plan worked. It's not a complete weakness, but it's certainly exploitable. I must share this fantastic news with the Royal Black Prince"

"If played properly, this may be a factor that would make us win..." She added.

Looking into the empty space in front, the smile on her face turned playfully as her mind traveled elsewhere, "Now... Let's see whether you will notice this, or will your arrogance blind you from this attempt, Executor"

~

On the other hand, the battle still raged on in the Dwarven Kingdom.

Demon Lord Kirgil and his legion have underestimated their opponents too much.

A flock of weak Supernaturals was able to pose a considerable threat to them under the First Breath's blessing, making it hard for them to penetrate through and start their rampage like they usually do.

Under the help of the Tigerman and Elves, the Dwarven Kingdom stood strong.

It was a hard-fought battle, but the walls are still intact.

Seems like the teleportation formation that Adhara has devised for all allied forces has proved to be extremely useful, the process of reinforcing has been extremely efficient thanks to the teleportation formation.

Even the people were surprised that they were doing this well.

Despite being from different races entirely, a united banner made them extremely strong.

Along the top of the walls were Elves, harnessing their perfect marksmanship and showering arrows to the violently charging Rastrikan Demons, providing backup for the Tigerman and Dwarves below who were working together in a synchronized manner.

Fighting alongside each other was unbelievable.

Since the Elves and Dwarves have conflicts with the Tigerman race, this is quite surreal.

However, their altercation made them know each other well.

It was precisely because of that they knew each other's fighting styles and strengths, allowing them to synchronize perfectly, and become a formidable united force that even the Rastrikan Demons had a hard time breaking through.

A couple of miles away from the fight is a fight between two powerful individuals.

Flunra and Demon Lord Kirgil were also locked in a fierce fight.

Bam!

Exchanging powerful blows to the face, the two fell from the skies and landed on the ground.

Unlike Demon Lord Kirgil who managed to remain standing, Flunra crashed to the ground before pushing himself up. Evident wounds covered his entire body, but they were already starting to heal at a rapid pace.

"It's futile. No matter the era, I am and will always be superior" Demon Lord Kirgil declared.

Listening to this, Flunra spat blood to the side savagely.

Raising his gaze, a devious, bloody smile could be seen on his face.

Flunra exposed his sharp row of fangs that were already coated with his own blood, there was no fear or helplessness on his face, "I was here at the instruction of the Royal Black Prince, not to kill you, but to do an experiment to you"

"Hmph! Experiment? Enough with your excuses, time to die" Demon Lord Kirgil scoffed.

But it was then that Flunra raised his hand.

On the back of his hand, there was a weird combination of runes, glowing with eerie energy.

Upon seeing this, Demon Lord Kirgil frowned, but he suddenly felt a sharp sting on his forehead. Instinctively, he reached out his hand to touch it. However, his eyes widened when he sensed that something had been activated weakening his power.

It didn't take long before he realized what it was, "M- My slave mark... it's activated?"