

Evil 165

Chapter 165 - 165: Breaking through.

Silva was on the ground, with his ragged breath, panicking and in pain. His eyes were glimmering with tears because he had never heard such screams and couldn't imagine what kind of pain those people felt to make such a sound.

He felt a hand on his shoulder and immediately he screamed as he tried to push the hand away. But then he got slapped in the face, making him snap back to reality. He noticed the screams were gone, and it became completely silent.

He looked around and realized all the bodies had melted and turned into ashes. He grabbed Videl's arm, clinging onto it like a lifeline as he tried to get up.

"You..." Silva paused to swallow his saliva. "You killed all of them?" His voice trembled uncontrollably.

"I did. Is that really a surprise?" Videl raised his brows. "But this is far from the end. I want you to get yourself together," he patted Silva's shoulder and looked at the tent in the distance where the intense and immense demonic energy was oozing from.

"Can you walk? You need to get all the prisoners out of this place," Videl said as he looked around and found the Knight captain's sword on the ground. "You should be fine on your own. I'll keep the leader busy," he added and grabbed the sword, swinging it around.

Silva looked around and he could see that everyone was dead. He slowly made his way toward the prisoners, who seemed terrified and couldn't move their bodies out of fear.

Videl cracked his neck and massaged his shoulder after the feast as he walked toward the tent. He felt stiff all over his body but felt great at the same time. He suddenly stopped because he saw the curtain of the tent move slowly.

A man in a black robe came out of the tent with his whole face hidden under the hood. The man looked at the mess and noticed all of his men were killed. He slowly pulled down the hood, revealing his gray long hair and his wrinkly face. The man was old in his fifties, but his eyes said otherwise because of the way he looked at Videl.

"You did all this?" The old man asked in a calm voice. "I can see that you're also one of us, but why?" He added.

Silva listened to the old man's voice, he was confused by what he meant by that. He looked at Videl and thought that maybe Videl was possessed by a demon because that was the only explanation that he came up with. He wondered if it was the case, and that answered why Videl enjoyed killing and had no fear toward those demons.

"One of you?" Videl asked and scoffed with his brows raised. "You're not even on the same level as me. You're just a weakling, not even worth my attention."

The old man tilted his head with a confused look.

"Enough with the talk, I'm here to take your life and the soul of that old man..." Videl swung his sword and walked toward the old man.

The old man giggled and turned into laughter as he covered his face with his hands. He slowly ripped his face as his face muscles and skull morphed, reshaping themselves. He began to scream as if he had lost control over his body and was being killed slowly by a demon inside him.

Silva and the prisoners couldn't believe what they saw. They saw the hunchback old man collapse as his body grew rapidly. His fingers and nails became long, his back and shoulders widened, ripping the flesh and skin off his body. The old man begged, but the body kept morphing until the old man's face fell to the ground and he was no longer screaming.

The old man's body became taller, twice the size of his original body. There was no skin, only flesh and bones on his body that were exposed to the world. Suddenly the body got caught in fire, forging the flesh and muscles. His voice became deeper and rougher just like what the rumor said about demonic voices that sounded nothing like humans.

The old man's body was completely burned, so crusted that a simple movement was enough to make those crusts fall and make cracking sounds. He was no longer an old man as his knees bent the other way like a flamingo and horns appeared on his skull. He completely became a demon, and the old man was no longer in that body, just pure evil.

"He will be pleased to have someone like you..." The demon grinned widely with sharp teeth like a razor.

Videl wasn't amused or bothered by the transformation, it was quite the opposite. He knew what kind of demon he was facing based on the demon's appearance.

"Little horns, you're just a Noble, one rank higher than a Soldier," Videl smirked as he swung his sword and lit it with a purple flame.

The demon tilted his head, he was surprised that someone knew his rank in the demon hierarchy. No humans should know about the true hierarchy of demons because that was something sacred to them. Being called out by their rank was an insult even if they were being called out by other demons.

"I don't know what you are, but you just crossed the line!" The demon yelled and flew toward Videl at immense speed.

Videl blocked the demon's claws with his sword and pushed the demon away like it was nothing. Silva was stunned because he couldn't see the demon's movement at all, and also by the fact Videl could block it and push the demon away.

The demon's hands sizzled and he didn't expect to feel pain from the fire, especially when it was made from Mana. He then realized the only demons who could create such powerful fire that even demons couldn't withstand were demons with high ranks.

"Why stopping?" Videl appeared behind the demon and swung his sword.

The demon repelled the sword with the back of his hand, but he didn't see Videl's left hand that already cast hellfire. The demon got hit right in the chest, and he couldn't extinguish the fire with his power. He had no choice but to rip the flesh where it caught on fire and throw it away.

Videl didn't give the demon a chance to think or run by bombarding him with hellfire as he swung his sword swiftly. The demon could block the sword, but the hellfire was the only thing that could kill him. The demon knew that he couldn't win, and he should have run away when he could.

Videl slowly but surely forced the demon to rip his own body because of the hellfire. He was toying with the demon because he wanted the demon to be in a weakened state so he could devour him without struggling.

Silva and the prisoners didn't blink their eyes as they watched Videl outmatch the demon both in physical strength and magical ability that was supposed to be a powerful being than humans. Silva thought that if Videl was a swordsman, he could easily become a Swordmaster.

After a full five minutes of a one-sided fight, the demon fell to his knees with both arms missing and his body covered in hellfire. The demon knew he was no match for a high-ranked demon after he found out the hard way.

"You're a fool to show your true self against me, you lowly creature," Videl stared down at the demon. "Now you can't escape, and you're now mine," he said as he grabbed the demon's horn and forced him to look up at him.

"Please, my liege..." The demon begged as he stared into Videl's glowing red eyes, the eyes that only the high-ranking demons had.

Videl didn't say a word and began to burn the demon's body from within through the intense gaze. The demon couldn't fight against it as he was defeated both in power and status. He could only accept his fate and became fodder for Videl.

As the demon turned into ashes, Videl devoured the demon's existence and ceased to exist. His chest felt like it was burning and crushing at the same time, but it was the feeling of breaking through. He began to laugh manically, and at that moment, Silva and the prisoners trembled in fear because they could feel their hands brushing against their necks and backs.

Videl stood in front of Silva and stared down at him with a cold smile. Silva slowly looked up and saw Videl's glowing red eyes with his pupils shrunk like a cat's eyes. Videl slowly placed his index finger on the lips, and there was an ugly creature as dark as the night crawling on his shoulder.

Silva's eyes trembled as his whole body became powerless when he stared at that creature. The creature had black eyes and sharp teeth, and it was as small as a baby. It was staring back at Silva when it suddenly jumped right onto his face and entered his body through his mouth.

Videl glanced at the prisoners and then grinned widely as he raised his sword, imbued it with hellfire.