

Evil 193

Chapter 193 - 193: Singularity.

Rasmus was on the training ground with Aris, and he had nothing that covered his upper body. He sat on the ground with his legs crossed as Aris sat right behind him with her hands on his back. The snow surrounded them as the knights watched them from the distance, questioning what they were doing there.

"We are going to war, are you sure that you want to do this now? If I failed, you would be a cripple for the rest of your life," Aris asked as she stared at Rasmus's ear. "And even if I succeeded, you might be crippled for indefinitely," she added.

"I'm going to war, to the battlefield. What I have right now isn't enough, and I don't want to stand still in the back," Rasmus answered as he stared at the cloudy sky.

"What you lack isn't strength, but rather techniques. If you want to fight on the battlefield, you should focus on your swordsmanship or any weapons you choose. This isn't a solution to the problem nor this is the only solution," Aris said as she pulled her hands from Rasmus's back. "I'll teach you swordsmanship, and I'll teach you how to control Aura more profoundly. That will help," she added.

Rasmus looked over his shoulder and looked at Aris with his brows raised. He then stared blankly at the distance and wondered if it would change anything because demons were above humans in terms of strength. He had experienced it first hand when he fought a champion that got possessed by a powerful demon and his magic wasn't enough to kill them.

"Demons are powerful beings, is my current strength alone enough for my survival in the battlefield?" Rasmus asked.

"No, not even close. Even if you're a master in swordsmanship, the risk of dying is barely make a difference with your current state," Aris answered without hesitation. "That's why I'm going to make you learn Aura more profoundly. You can protect yourself and how to escape death better," she added as she stared into Rasmus's eyes.

"In the first place, why do you want to go to the frontline? For what reason?" Aris asked with her brows furrowed. "You have me and Videl that can do it for you, so why?" She tilted her head.

"Because in the end, the moment Satan regained all their power, do you think words alone and humanity alone can stop them from destroying this world?" Rasmus raised his brows and kept staring blankly at the distance. "Videl warned you that Satan aren't the same as the ones any Orthias had defeated for centuries. They're the deceiver and the embodiment of humanity's destruction. I know you're not a human, and so is Videl, but he doesn't take Satan lightly even though his position was on par with Satan back then," he explained.

"But can't it wait? Your growth, is important, and so is the future of this world. If you become a cripple now, you won't stand a chance against them," Aris looked at Rasmus's eyes back and forth.

Rasmus sighed as he nodded his head and turned his head to look at the front.

"You're different than usual. You feel intense..." Aris pointed out as she stared at Rasmus's back.

Rasmus couldn't tell Aris the whole truth. His existence in this new world was merely out of a bet between God and Videl. He had seen hell, and no matter how fearless a human could become, hell was the place where humans felt nothing but fear, pain, and suffering.

"Maybe because I took a peek at something that no living beings were forbid to look at," Rasmus answered as he slowly got up. "Well, enough for that. We don't have time to waste, so teach me how to survive in the battlefield against demons," he turned around and looked down at Aris.

Aris nodded as she stood up and walked toward the racks where the weapons were stored. She tossed the sword at Rasmus as she approached him.

"Show me your swordsmanship. Swing that sword to kill," Aris said as she crossed her arms.

Rasmus swung the sword, but then he looked at the ring on his finger. He pulled it and put it in his pocket before he readied his stance and stared at Aris with a sharp gaze. The burden on his body got lifted as his mind and body became one again and he focused on the sword he was holding.

The moment Rasmus turned all the Mana around him into Aura, the ground cracked and the snow got pushed away. The Knights were baffled that he had such an immense Aura that he could control it. They had never seen anyone with such control other than their Commander-in-Chief, Uriel Goldmane.

"You're wasting your Aura, make it denser," Aris said with a serious expression.

Rasmus tried to understand it in a scientific way that made sense to him. He closed his eyes, imagining his body as a black hole, a point of absolute compression where no energy escaped. Instead of dispersing Aura outward, he forced it to collapse inward, drawing all of it into himself like a singularity.

The moment he did, his body felt heavier, as if the energy was folding into itself. He was not just absorbing Aura, he was condensing it, packing it into a smaller and more potent form. His mind perceived two opposing forces, the crushing weight of the Aura pressing inward and the overwhelming power trapped inside, trying to expand outward. It was like holding a star inside his body, an immense force contained within an impossibly small space.

The ground trembled beneath him as the energy compacted. Aris could no longer sense his Aura flowing freely around him. Instead, it had been devoured into his very being, hidden but infinitely more dangerous.

Rasmus didn't stop because he could handle more of them as he kept devouring Mana and turning it into Aura within his body, feeding the already-densed Aura in his muscles, veins, blood, and heart. The moment he opened his eyes, the veins were visible in his eyes, red and swelling.

Aris had never seen anyone do anything like that before to Aura. She didn't think she could achieve that even if she tried. The way Rasmus controlled Aura and how he made it dense was terrifyingly beautiful.

"You, how did you do that?" Aris asked.

Rasmus didn't respond, and the moment he stomped the ground, the whole training ground shook fiercely. Cracks on the ground appeared and they grew wider and longer as if the ground couldn't handle such pressure that he was released. The knights immediately took a few steps away while their eyes were still focused on him.

The moment Rasmus dashed forward, he broke the sound barrier, his dash toward Aris reached Mach 1. He appeared right in front of her and had already swung his sword right toward her head, catching her off guard. The moment he swung his sword, the sword shattered before it could hit her because of the pressure and the force he had released.

The energy he released had created a powerful shockwave that destroyed the whole training ground and all the buildings surrounding it. All the people were panicking and hurriedly walked out of the building to see what was going on.

Thalior went to the balcony and saw the ground flattened as the surrounding buildings collapsed. He was confused as to what had happened, but when he followed the cracks on the ground and tracked it down, he saw Rasmus and Aris on the training ground, standing still.

Aris was so shocked that her hand trembled when she tried to reach her neck. She felt pain and slowly a cut appeared on her neck, a long one from the right to the left. If it wasn't because of the sword that couldn't handle the Aura and disrupted its destructive power, her neck would be cut open.

Rasmus grunted and began to vomit a lot of blood. He collapsed as his eyes, ears, and nose dripped blood. He couldn't control the Aura within his body anymore and his body was going to explode as the Aura began to expand itself within him.

Aris who saw it, instantly absorbed the Aura within him by placing her right hand on his back. To her surprise, her right hand felt like it was about to explode as well and she immediately released the Aura upward, creating a powerful shockwave toward the sky, cutting the sky open.

"What was that..." Aris looked down at Rasmus who had fainted, lying on the ground in the pool of his own blood.