

Evil 194

Chapter 194 - 194: A matter of perspective.

"Even after what happened this morning, he got back up and starts training again..." Altair approached Thalior and stood beside him. "You have seen thousands of knights and assisted you in the war fifteen years ago. Tell me, what kind of people will fight to protect?" He asked.

"The ones who will raise their hands and wield the sword even their bodies have given up," Thalior answered and stared at the moons in the sky. "It's not something that strength and experience can achieve, it's the will and the mind inside them."

"Then, what do you see in him?" Altair asked as he pointed at Rasmus in the distance, swinging his sword with Aris's guidance.

"A dangerous one. Because those who can still stand and wield their swords whose bodies have given up, they're dangerous to the enemies," Thalior answered and walked back inside since the cold and the snow reminded him of what had happened in the Blackcliffs.

"A matter of perspective..." Altair muttered under his breath and followed Thalior inside.

Rasmus had his left eye covered with a bandage because of the injury that he had that morning. He learned the stance and the wielding from the basics again, from the very fundamentals of sword fighting under Aris's order. It seemed pointless, but she explained that it was necessary to adapt to his growth that had awakened Primal Force.

"You will learn a lot faster because you can feel which muscles to use and which muscles to focus on in each swing. Find your way to understand it, and you will find the best way to wield and swing a sword," Aris explained as she swung her sword and the moment she stopped swinging, the sword didn't tremble, it stayed still perfectly.

Rasmus closed his eyes as he swung his sword, trying to understand the muscles he used from his toes up to his fingertips. He kept repeating the same move until he got used to it and managed to create a deadly blow perfectly.

Aris watched Rasmus swing his sword for the thousandth time since noon. The flow of his body became effortless with a strong foundation of his stance. She thought that he would ask for the next thing to learn, but he kept focusing on the same move for half a day.

Once Rasmus was done swinging his sword, he took a deep breath and looked at his palms and fingers with lots of peels on them. Aris reached his hand and healed the wound with her power until his hands became smooth again.

"Let's continue," Rasmus said as he grabbed his sword again.

Aris telekinetically pulled the sword to her hand with Aura and began to show a different move. She made the move slow so Rasmus could learn of every move she was showing. Her movements looked so graceful when she did it slowly, but when she showed it at her own pace, it looked terrifying and deadly.

Rasmus began to follow Aris's move and tried to copy her, but it was just before, it was hard and confusing. He only focused on following like before until he found out behind the move on his own just like earlier.

Javi was also observing from the roof of the main building since noon. He watched silently with the crows surrounding him, resting on his head and shoulders. He then heard footsteps from behind, and it was Carrion with a bottle of wine with Daryus following him from behind.

"We haven't introduced ourselves. So, let's have a drink and get to know each other better since we will be stuck together from now on," Carrion sat in front of Javi and watched the crows fly away.

"I heard so little about you from Rasmus. He said that you were from the Sand Tower, the top assassin they raised," Carrion opened the bottle and took a sip directly from the bottle. "How did you end up with him?" He asked and offered the bottle to Javi.

"He saved my life, and I paid it in return with my life as well. Once you escaped death because of someone, your life is not yours anymore," Javi answered as he took the bottle and took a little sip of it. "But it was because the Grandmasters made a deal with him and sold me to him," he added and passed the bottle to Daryus.

Javi told the story to Carrion as the three of them drank the wine. It was a short story, but Carrion felt like he was missing out on a lot of things.

Daryus already knew the story from both Rasmus and Javi. He wanted to know from both perspectives and he got the same answer from both. Little did he know that both Rasmus and Javi hid the fact Rasmus had connections with the emissaries.

"That sounds like Rasmus," Carrion chuckled as he leaned against the pillar and watched Rasmus train. "Even if I wanted to say that he was being cunning by waiting for you at the brink of death so he could get some leverage to save your life, that didn't change the fact he would help you in the end," he yawned as he crossed his arms.

"I'm here and alive, that's what matters," Javi answered.

"That's true. Also, I'm glad that Rasmus brought someone like you and Daryus," Carrion looked at both of them with a smile. "It'll be less suffocating from now on. You know what I mean?" He looked at Daryus.

Daryus only responded with a smile, didn't want to partake in that topic because he didn't like talking about the people behind their backs.

"Lady Erlina spoke about you a lot, are you two together?" Daryus asked.

"No, we are not together..." Carrion laughed as he shook his head, but then he looked at the distance where the heavy snow blocked his vision. "But, we are going somewhere though. It's just that it's not the right time to think about it. People are dying out there, so our focus should be on that and nothing else," he said and looked down at his hands.

"Yes, people are dying, and we are doing nothing at all in here. Although I don't have the power and influence, it bothers me because I feel like it's my responsibility. It's my consciousness..." Daryus nodded and looked at the sky as he watched his breath flow.

"You joined Rasmus knowing what kind of a person he is?" Carrion asked as he crossed his arms and stared at Daryus.

"He gave me an option, to be a bystander or join him so I could make a change and not just all talk..." Daryus sighed and grabbed the wine bottle. "I don't like him, at all, but he knows what needs to be done and I agree with him," he said and took a sip of the wine.

"Yeah, I was like that too. He's heartless, and he doesn't put emotions or feelings into the picture he's painting. It's our job to do so for him, and I don't mind it at all because he's doing his thing while we do what's best for others," Carrion responded and reached his hand to the bottle in Daryus's hand.

Daryus nodded in agreement because that was what he thought as well about Rasmus. He believed Rasmus needed people who could fill in the flaws that he had.

"What about you? I know you're an assassin and have killed many lives. Do you have any concerns about this situation?" Carrion glanced at Javi.

"No, I was taught and raised to be an assassin. I don't have a purpose at all," Javi shook his head.

"You know, Rasmus won't recruit you if you don't have something that he needs," Carrion said as he watched Rasmus swing his sword. "Maybe he needs an assassin or a spy to do the dirty work for him..." he added.

Daryus and Javi glanced at Carrion and wondered if he had something else to add.

"But I know for sure that he might have something else for you to do other than killing and gathering information. After all, he's not the type who would bring in mindless people to his side..." Carrion said as he pushed himself away from the pillar. "But who knows, I might be wrong," he shrugged and looked at both of them.

"Anyway, it's getting late. He won't stop training because I know him that much, so I'm going to rest. You two should get some rest as well," Carrion said as he walked away.

They both nodded but decided to stay a little longer to watch the beautiful city in the distance.