

Evil 203

Chapter 203 - 203: Curse.

Rasmus came back with Javi after he spent three days in the forest. He went to the smithy to check on Aris, and she hadn't finished the sword she was trying to make. It was reaching the final stage of finishing the sword.

Aris wanted to make a greatsword out of the Vanadis 8, and since the ingredients were limited, she had to work really hard to not fail. She didn't struggle, she was making it very carefully and slowly to achieve perfection.

"That blade looks good," Rasmus said when he watched Aris hammer the glowing red blade on the anvil. "You even put some engravings on it as well..." He added as he pulled out his sword and looked at the similar engravings on the blade.

"It's similar to a magic formation. It makes the sword alive in a sense," Aris explained as she kept hammering the blade. "Your sword. You have fed it blood, and from a powerful beast it seems..." She stared at Rasmus's sword.

"How did you know?" Rasmus asked, and he made sure he had cleaned the sword thoroughly.

"I told you, the sword is alive, and it told me about what you fed it with," Aris answered as she put the blade back into the forge.

"I haven't told you about those engravings since there were a lot of people back then. But, those engravings are similar to a curse. The moment the sword is bathed in blood, it will grow sharper and sturdier. However, it also makes the wielder thirst for blood," she explained as she took the sword from Rasmus's hands.

Rasmus was surprised that something like that existed. It sounded like something that came out of a legend, a fantasy story. He didn't know that Orthias could do something like that to a dead object, making it alive and aware.

"So you're telling me, the more I kill, the sharper the sword becomes?" Rasmus looked at the sword with his brows raised.

"Yes, that's right. All of our weapons are engraved with these," Aris nodded and gave the sword back to Rasmus. "Your mother's sword. The reason why I want it is because her sword must have bathed in so much blood that no humans should be able to wield it," she pointed out as she checked on the forge.

"If her sword falls into the wrong hands..." Rasmus muttered as he furrowed his brows, realizing how severe the problem was. "If one of fallen angels took it then..." He paused to imagine how troublesome it would be.

"Whoever they are, they will be unbeatable..." Aris nodded.

Rasmus didn't know where they had put his late mother's sword. The one who should know about the sword would be Lenin since she was there during the execution. She was the representative from the Council of Neva.

"But I don't think anyone should be able to wield it. No humans or demons with their caliber could hold a weapon of an Aristoria. I could be wrong, but at the moment, it should be impossible," Aris said as she checked on the blade in the forging.

"I'll ask Garret about this," Rasmus said and then left the smithy.

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"Your late mother's sword? I never heard anything about that," Garret answered after Rasmus came to his office to ask about the sword. "Great Sage Lenin should know the answer. She's a Great Sage, so she knows everything."

"That's what I thought. Can you send a letter to her? I need to know about the location of the sword," Rasmus asked as he looked out the window at the heavy snow.

"That might take a while, but I can send someone right now," Garret said as he pulled a piece of paper and dipped the quill into the ink bottle.

"I'm not in a rush. I would be on the battlefield when Lenin received the letter anyway," Rasmus muttered as he walked away from the window. "And you should ask about the situation in Central Neva as well. What is happening over there since we don't receive any news from outside the continent," he added and sat on the couch.

"I thought you were one of us, the people who sat behind the desk, dealing with the world's affairs through influence and power," Garret looked at Rasmus as he kept writing the letter.

"I'm a Blackheart, I'm not raised to sit behind the desk like you," Rasmus answered as he leaned back and rested his head and eyes. "Maybe I just want to kill. The way humans treated me just because I'm a Blackheart, I won't forget. Let's just say that I want to make humanity pay for what they have done," he said calmly.

Garret stopped writing and slowly lifted his head to look at Rasmus. He didn't know if Rasmus was telling the truth or not, but he knew Rasmus wasn't the type who spoke with empty words.

"Let's just say that I don't hear anything," Garret said as he cleared his throat.

"Don't ask if you don't want to know the answer, Marquess Earnwind," Rasmus opened his eyes and glanced at Garret. "We are just business partner, and I hope you can keep it that way. After all, I know you don't want to get involved in my mess," he said as he stood up.

Garret sighed as he nodded in agreement, knowing what Rasmus said was right. He planned to use Rasmus in the first place, back when he saw Rasmus for the first time, but after he knew how capable Rasmus was, he decided to put walls between him and Rasmus.

"Ah, I almost forgot," Garret said as he folded the letter. "Archduke Thalior wants to see you."

"I'll see him now," Rasmus nodded as he left Garret's office.

Rasmus entered Thalior's office, and saw Uriel sitting on the couch in her golden full plate armor. She glanced at him for a moment before she stood up and gave him a nod. Rasmus nodded back at her and then approached Thalior who was sitting behind the desk.

"You want to see me, Your Grace?" Rasmus asked.

"Please, have a seat," Thalior pointed his hand at the couch Uriel was sitting on.

Rasmus sat across from Uriel, and she had been observing him ever since he entered the office. Uriel could see the drastic changes in his appearance, especially in his height since she remembered he wasn't that tall before.

"How was the trip to the Sand Tower, Count? Seeing that you have changed, I believe the training went smoothly," Uriel asked.

"The Druloem Kingdom is gone now. The emissary had taken over the whole kingdom and killed the royal family," Rasmus answered without showing any expression. "But you don't have to worry. The Sand Tower is still there, but unfortunately they're being leashed by the emissary," he added.

Uriel and Thalior were shocked when they heard that because they didn't know anything about the situation in East Neva. Thalior immediately got up from his desk and sat on the couch with those two.

"Is that true? The Druloem Kingdom is gone?" Uriel asked as she clenched her fists and gritted her teeth. "Everyone is dead?" She added.

"Everyone is dead. They were either killed or taken away by the demons. There's another thing that happened. The Champions, they have become a part of the demon forces, they were possessed by demons, and I fought one, but I couldn't kill them because of how strong they were," Rasmus answered as he nodded.

"No..." Uriel was in disbelief and looked devastated as she put her left hand on her temple.

"Javi," Rasmus called as he looked at the ceiling.

Thalior and Uriel looked at Rasmus with a confused look when suddenly someone knocked on the door. Rasmus then went to open the door, and when Uriel looked at Javi, she was shocked and in disbelief as she got up from the couch.

"Ermes?" Uriel furrowed her brows with a confused look.

"I no longer belong to the tower, Lady Uriel. My name is Javi now, it's the name that Rasmus gave me," Javi said as he lowered his head.

"Well, I would love to let you two have a talk, but that can wait," Rasmus said, and then looked at Javi as he nodded his head.

Javi nodded with understanding and left.

"Let's focus on why do you want to see me, Your Grace," Rasmus said and sat on the couch.

"Right..." Thalior nodded in agreement.