

Evil 205

Chapter 205 - 205: Strongest race.

"It's finished..." Aris grinned widely as she held the greatsword in her hands. "My greatest masterpiece," she muttered as she admired the blade with her fingers.

The greatsword that Aris made was similar to Rasmus's, the only difference was its size. It had the same matte black color and a crown-like hilt. As Orthias, their swords needed to be as tall as their bodies, and that made the swords impossible to wield by humans.

"What are you going to call that sword?" Rasmus crossed his arms and stared at the greatsword that was as tall as Aris.

"Of course, I'll name it like yours, Blackheart Greatsword," Aris smiled as she swung the sword and hit the ceiling, cutting the ceiling open like a piece of paper. "I want every mortal to tremble in the presence of this sword of mine."

"It seems that you're ready for the war as well," Rasmus said with a smirk on his face.

"Humans are parasites that have sickened this world. They can't get away from what they have done to us. They massacred the ones who taught them everything, and they will pay for it," Aris said coldly as she stared into Rasmus's eyes with a cold gaze.

Rasmus only responded with a smile, and then he pulled out his sword from thin air and held it tightly. He looked at how identical his sword and Aris's were, and then he tapped Aris's sword with his.

"Want to spar for one last time?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised.

"We need to find an open space far from any buildings. We can go all out without having to worry about the damage we're going to make," Aris smiled as she lowered her sword.

"I know a perfect place, and there won't be anyone watching," Rasmus nodded. "Come," he said and then walked away.

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Daryus was in the library, reading books that he couldn't get in East Neva. He was learning about the diseases that existed in South Neva and how to deal with them. Carrion was there with him, reading about people that had achieved greatness by bringing peace post-war during the Great Era.

Daryus and Carrion were fond of each other because they shared the same ideals. They both wanted to change the world from the corrupt system that burdened the middle class and lower class. They both had been discussing an ideal system, a system where it benefitted all classes with a fair share of responsibility.

"Are you going to join them? To war?" Daryus asked.

"I'm just an intermediate mage, and my physical strength is mediocre. I'm as strong as any knight, and I'm not as skillful as any mages. I'm worse than a normal soldier, so I'm not going," Carrion chuckled as he shook his head. "You're going?" He asked.

"Yes, I'm a doctor after all. I'll be needed out there," Daryus nodded. "I haven't gone to war before, so I'm a bit anxious that I might not be a big help to them," he revealed his anxiety.

"Hmm, it's winter, so there will be a lot of soldiers that might get sick. Priests can heal small wounds, but they can't heal sickness or any disease. You'll play a big role there," Carrion said with a serious expression. "You have been doing nothing but reading and learning, you'll be fine," he smiled as he stared at Daryus.

"I want to make sure of everyone's well-being," Daryus smiled softly as he nodded.

"I wish I could go, but I was told that I would be staying here to prevent any kind of threats that are lurking in the shadow," Carrion sighed as he looked at the book in his hand. "I don't know which one is better, going to war or staying here. I might die in the war or I might fail to protect the remaining peace that we have here."

They both went quiet, thinking about the surreal feeling that war was about to happen. They had already imagined the lives that would be taken by death, and how much suffering they would see out in

the street. Suddenly, they felt a gentle tremor on the floor, and it made them look at each other to make sure they weren't imagining it.

It wasn't just them who felt it, everyone felt the gentle tremor and wondered what it was. The first thing that came to their minds was Aris and Rasmus since they had done something similar during their training.

Everyone walked out onto their balconies or left the buildings to find Rasmus and Aris. They didn't find them on the training ground until they saw birds flying away from the forest. They looked at the trees shaking uncontrollably by powerful forces.

Uriel who saw that, immediately went to the forest to watch those two spar since she had heard from the knights that those two spar like nothing else. When she was close to the scene, she saw Javi on the tree, observing from the distance.

"What's going on?" Uriel asked as she landed beside Javi.

"Those two are going all out on their last spar," Javi answered.

Uriel squinted her eyes and saw dozens of trees flattened on the ground, and in the center were Aris blocking Rasmus's swift and fast attacks. She watched Rasmus attack from different sides in a matter of a second, throwing relentless and deadly blows at Aris. However, Aris stood still without moving her body as she used her sword to block all of them.

Every time their swords clashed, it released a powerful shockwave, which was why all those trees toppled and were on the ground. Uriel was shocked by Rasmus's swordmanship, strength, and speed that was on par with Swordmasters she knew.

"He's really fast..." Uriel's eyes followed every movement that Rasmus made. "He's almost as fast as me..." she pointed out.

"Just wait, he'll get even faster," Javi responded, his eyes never leaving Rasmus's hand.

Rasmus was attacking Aris relentlessly as he kept gathering Mana from around him, turning it into Aura and fed the Aura that was already in his system. His speed and strength were gradually increasing at exponential speed.

"His body shouldn't be able to handle such dense Aura..." Uriel furrowed her brows as she felt the surge of Aura when he clashed with Aris.

"Because he's an Orthias, not a human like us. He can handle more than this, way more..." Javi explained as he shook his head.

Aris began to move her feet and torso to keep up with Rasmus's attacks. She was no longer taking it lightly and began to attack Rasmus. When she swung her sword downward diagonally, Rasmus swung his sword upward diagonally, clashing their Auras and their swords. The ground turned into a massive crater when the shockwave was produced.

The shockwave was enough to make Javi and Uriel out of breath because their chests were tightened. They almost lost their footing on the tree even though they had reinforced their bodies with Aura to anticipate it.

As Aris and Rasmus kept clashing their swords and Aura, Aris suddenly smirked and released more Aura from her body to her sword. It was the first time Rasmus felt such a horrifying and immense Aura that Aris was released. He felt to one knee as he tried to push Aris's sword away, but it felt like he was being crushed by a mountain. He knew he couldn't hold it any longer, so he used Aura to dismantle her Aura by using his thoughts.

Aris felt the force that Rasmus had released, but she dispersed his Aura with hers with a simple glare. The dispersed Aura turned into slash waves that cut the trees around them, including the one that Javi and Uriel were on.

"This is..." Uriel was dumbfounded when she saw it. "It was the same power that he showed me..." she muttered in disbelief.

"Who?" Javi looked at Uriel.

"The one and only Northern Black Star, Lord Lazarus. He called this stage as the Transcendent stage where people can use formless swords..." Uriel answered as she clenched her fists, in disbelief that Rasmus and Aris could do it so effortlessly.

"So that what's called..." Javi hummed.

"What? You have seen them do that before?" Uriel stared at Javi with a shocked expression.

"A few times," Javi nodded. "And it seems they're done as well," he pointed out.

Uriel looked at Rasmus on his knees, his hands trembling while using his sword that he had stabbed on the ground to support his body.

"He might be on par with me..." Uriel muttered and kept her eyes on Rasmus.

"That's what I thought," Javi nodded in agreement. "And yet he keeps getting stronger and stronger day by day," he added.

"Orthias really lived up to its name as the most powerful race in Neva..." Uriel loosened up her fists.