

Evil 251

Chapter 251 - 251: Protectors of humanity.

On the sixth day, a snowstorm hit the city, but fortunately, Lenin was there to take care of it. She created a massive barrier that protected the city and the camps outside the city from the heavy snowstorm. It was the heaviest storm they had ever seen, and that made everyone think that it was a bad sign for them.

Rasmus was in his room, alone with a book in his hand and a lantern that lit the room. He couldn't sleep because he had so many things going on inside his head. He planned for every possible outcome that might happen during the war against the demons.

Rasmus was deep in thought when suddenly someone knocked on the door. He had become more sensitive to Mana ever since he had grown stronger. He noticed the immense amount of Mana behind the door, and the only person who had such Mana around them was Lenin.

"Come in, Great Sage," Rasmus said as he closed the book and turned around to look at the door.

Lenin came in and the first thing she did was look around Rasmus's room and noticed a stack of books on his table. She showed a faint smile as she walked in while Rasmus got up from his chair, allowing her to sit on it.

"A man who's hungry for knowledge is either a dangerous man or a virtuous man," Lenin said as she sat down. "We both know that you're not the latter, so are you the former, Count?" She asked as she crossed her legs and stared into Rasmus's eyes.

"Why did you ask if you already knew the answer, Great Sage?" Rasmus asked back and stared back into Lenin's eyes.

Lenin nodded slowly and repeatedly.

"You said that I still have one favor that you can grant me, Count. If I said that I want you to save humanity, would you do it?" Lenin asked with her eyes narrowed.

"Save is subjective, Great Sage. If I annihilated the current system and the people who made it, and then brought in a new system where it benefited everyone, wouldn't that also count as saving them?" Rasmus narrowed his eyes, mirroring Lenin's gesture.

"You always know how to break someone's perspective into yours, Count. You always do..." Lenin smiled and chuckled as she shook her head. "Then what if I'm asking you to never harm humankind in any way. Would you do it?" She glanced at Rasmus with her brows raised.

"I'm not a Saint, Great Sage. You're asking too much with that kind of favor," Rasmus answered with a stoic expression, but there was a faint smile at the end.

"You're like a genie that would grant any wish that only brings dissatisfaction and disappointment to the wisher," Lenin sighed as she crossed her arms.

"Great Sage. Don't make a wish until you're desperate, that's all I'm telling you," Rasmus responded as he rested his elbows on his thighs. "You already know me well, and you're not here to judge me or to observe me. So why don't we just cut to the chase and let me hear the reason for your visit?" He raised his brows and clasped his hands together.

Lenin exhaled deeply as she stood up and leaned against the desk, staring at the stack of books on the table. She tapped her index finger, matching it with her heartbeat. There was complete silence for a whole minute, but neither of them found it awkward.

"Why do you want to destroy humanity, Count?" Lenin asked. This time she didn't look Rasmus in the eye, but still on the books, her voice was soft and quiet.

"You wouldn't understand, Great Sage, nor do I want to tell you why," Rasmus answered without hesitation.

Lenin closed her eyes as she took a deep breath, holding it for a moment before she exhaled it quietly and slowly.

"Are you going to kill all of us, Count?" Lenin glanced at Rasmus, her gaze showing vulnerability, and there was no hostility toward him.

"Depends, Great Sage. Where do you place yourself in that situation? In front of me or on the side?" Rasmus said with a cold gaze. "This world, I'm going to bring the end of it," he answered. There was nothing but honesty in his words.

Lenin showed a weak smile as she lowered her head. She suddenly nodded slowly as she pushed herself off from the table and walked toward the door, silently. Rasmus watched her stand in front of the door, and he couldn't help but wonder.

"You could kill me, right here, right now, with your powerful magic that I wouldn't be able to stop. But you didn't, why?" Rasmus asked.

"Call me a fool or naive, Count," Lenin smiled gently at Rasmus as she held the door handle. "You said that I should make a wish when I got desperate, then can I ask you one favor, Count?" She asked in a soft voice.

Rasmus nodded and stared into Lenin's eyes.

"You can shape this world however you like, but I want you to know that I'll be there, standing against you, all of us will. My favor is... don't make us suffer more than it should when we were losing," Lenin said and stared into Rasmus's eyes.

Rasmus stared at her for a moment before he gave her a slow nod and got up from the bed to continue reading. Lenin looked down for a moment as her smile faded away and she left his room.

The morning came, the snowstorm disappeared, and only the bright and warm sun in the morning welcomed everyone. The day had finally come, the forces that had joined in to fight evil had gathered. There were more than Thalior had expected, even during the snowstorm, more forces made their way there in time, showing their resilience to fight evil and making their resolution unquestionable.

The meeting hall that had only had a dozen people over the past few days had been filled with close to one hundred people on the seventh day. They were all wearing their armor, representing the family from which they came. There were more people who weren't from South Neva who had joined the cause.

"It appears that none of you fear death," Thalior smiled as he looked at each figure in the room.

All of them nodded their heads, crossing their arms or polishing their weapons, some even chuckled and laughed. They had accepted their fate the moment they left their houses and left behind their precious families.

"I hope there's enough room for us in heaven, Your Holiness," a commander said with a huge smile on his face and looking at Astrea.

Astrea couldn't help but chuckle as she nodded her head.

"Heavens are meant to be filled with people like all of you here, ladies and gentlemen," Astrea answered with a gentle smile on her face.

Rasmus was leaning against a pillar in the corner, and even he couldn't help but smile at their interaction. He admired all of them for showing what he couldn't disagree with, and it reminded him of how beautiful humankind truly was.

Thalior, Lenin, and Astrea shared a look for a moment before they all nodded their heads. Suddenly, the three of them stood up and lowered their heads to everyone in the meeting hall. There wasn't a single sound in the hall, everyone was frozen still as they stared at the three of them bowing their heads very low at them.

One of the commanders suddenly got up from his chair, and didn't hesitate to bend his knees to the ground, lowering his head at the three of them. The other commanders looked at him for a moment before they all got up, making a clanking sound of their armor and weapons. They all bent their knees and lowered their heads at the three of them. They didn't want the three figures to bow to them for helping them, they wanted to tell them that it was their choice to die for humanity.

Tears fell from Novia's eyes, she couldn't hold back her sobbing as she tried to wipe the unstoppable tears. Novia, Uriel, Xena, and even Agnis got up from their chairs and bowed down to the commanders. All the commanders clenched their jaws and closed their eyes with their heads lowered. Rasmus and Aris were the only ones who didn't lower their heads, witnessing the greatness of humanity.

"Death is only one step away for us to achieve eternal paradise, and I believe all of you have known that already," Astrea said with her head still bowed down. "But it's those we left behind that pained all of you, and for that we apologize and for that we are grateful. Please, forgive us for bringing pain to those you all left behind," she continued as tears fell down to the floor.

All the commanders had lumps in their throats, they could no longer hold the tears that had been trying to slip through their eyes. The sound of the armor clanking filled the hall because their bodies were trembling. They couldn't stop imagining their families back home, who were hoping and praying for their safety and their journey back home to them.

"Thank you for your sacrifice, oh great protectors of humanity..." Astrea's shaky voice as she closed her eyes, and more tears fell to the floor. She could feel their pain and acceptance.

Chapter 252 - 252: Promises.

Based on the report, Rasmus watched the armies from the top of the city wall gather outside the capital city, preparing themselves before they marched to the Verdnan Kingdom, where the full force of the demons was seen. He then glanced at the wagons filled with sacks of letters from every soldier for their families. Those letters were their last string of longing for going back home and their last string of longing for comfort.

"Count Blackheart, Lady Aris," Astrea bowed her head at Rasmus and Aris. "We will march soon. How do you feel?" She asked as soon as she lifted her head.

"We are ready, Your Holiness," Rasmus answered as he lowered his head at Astrea.

Astrea smiled faintly as she stared down at the one hundred thousand soldiers beyond the city's walls. She placed her hands on the railing and kept that smile on for almost a whole minute. The silence was comforting for her, and that would be the last thing she would feel comforted by before she set foot out of the city.

"Isn't humanity beautiful, Count?" Astrea turned her head to look at Rasmus.

"Which part of it, Your Holiness?" Rasmus asked.

"The part where we are united to save humanity, the purest form of what humans are created by God," Astrea answered and then looked at the soldiers again.

Rasmus didn't want to argue with Astrea's perspective because he wanted to respect her moment of serenity. He didn't react or respond to her statement, nor did he bother to consider her words and what she felt.

"Count, there's no need to be so quiet. Just be yourself, no need to be considerate," Astrea chuckled softly at Rasmus. "Be the pain that brings me back to reality," she turned around, fully facing Rasmus.

"Tragedy can be beautiful, Your Holiness. The thing you find beautiful will turn into a tragedy for humanity later on," Rasmus said as he stared at the commanders laughing and smiling at their soldiers. "They sacrifice themselves for millions of lives, they're willing to do so. But what would their families say? Would they be willing to let go of the ones they loved? If you said that it was the act of selflessness, weren't they also selfish for leaving behind their families because they wanted to?" He asked.

"Humans are complicated. What's beautiful for some, others will think otherwise. They want to think it's beautiful because they choose it that way, not because it is," Rasmus continued.

Astrea smiled as she stared at Rasmus, finding his way of thinking as fascinating as ever. She wished there was someone like him by her side, someone who would stand against her view but honor it at the same time.

"Then what's beautiful in your perspective, Count?" Astrea asked.

"If I knew, I would have done something to achieve it, Your Holiness. Perhaps, what I'm doing right now, being myself for who I am, and how I thread my path would be the path to achieve that thing you questioned, Your Holiness," Rasmus answered as he stared into Astrea's eyes.

"But again, as you said, what you believed to be beautiful, the others would think otherwise," Astrea chuckled, realizing the true words of Rasmus.

Rasmus smiled and closed his eyes as he nodded in agreement.

Astrea suddenly approached Rasmus and stood right in front of him as she stared directly into his eyes. She slowly put her hands on Rasmus's cheeks, cupping them gently, putting Rasmus in a bit of discomfort. She stood there and stared at him for a moment before she took a deep shaky breath.

"Count, if I'm going to die in this war, I want you to protect my child, my only child, Aurelia. She will be the future saint, the saint who will guide the world on her own. She will face so many types of evil in this world, and I know she won't be able to do it alone, so can I ask you a favor to protect her from them?" Astrea asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

Rasmus kept a straight face as he stared into Astrea's eyes, and he could feel her hands trying to grasp onto his cheeks even more firmly.

"What if I'm one of the things that you fear, Your Holiness? Aren't you worried that I'm going to be the thing that you're afraid of that will happen to her?" Rasmus asked.

Astrea smiled on both her lips and in her eyes when she heard his question.

"If you're evil, you wouldn't be standing here with us, Count. If you're good, you would have prevented evil from lurking. You're neither, and I want you to stay that way. Be the law of nature that can wipe both sides when it's necessary," Astrea answered with confidence and without hesitation.

"Please, Count?" Astrea frowned, but kept the smile intact. "Can you promise me that, for me?" She asked.

Rasmus closed his eyes and nodded.

Seeing Rasmus's response, it made Astrea's hands tremble and ragged as she breathed. She slowly closed her eyes and nodded repeatedly, not knowing how to express her gratitude. Aris was staring at both of them from the side, not understanding what it was all about and why Rasmus had agreed to Astrea's request.

Astrea slowly pulled her arms away from Rasmus' cheeks as she took a few steps away. She then bowed her head once again at him before she excused herself to be with the others.

"You have been giving promises to two people in less than a day. Are you planning to accept and listen to their requests now?" Aris asked as she stared at Rasmus with a stoic expression.

Rasmus stared at the distant sky and slowly formed a smile as an answer to Aris's question. Aris raised her brows when she saw his response and decided to brush it off since it wasn't an important question in the first place, only curiosity. They both then went down from the wall and gathered with the rest.

Rasmus, Aris, and Javi wore their armor and put their helmets on before they left the city gate. The three of them walked side by side in the middle of the thousands of soldiers as the last people who had left the city to go to war. They were being stared at, and they knew who they were.

"Our survival depends on their actions," Lenin said, standing among great figures like Thalior, Astrea, Xena, Uriel, and Agnesia. "They're the shield, the blade, and the head of this whole army. We move when they make a move, it's that simple," she continued as she watched those three approach them from a distance.

"For the better or worse..." Thalior muttered as he nodded in agreement.

"For the better or worse," Astrea smiled as she stared at Rasmus who walked in the middle. "Everything is subjective and a matter of perspective, isn't it? Don't overthinking it, Your Grace," she smiled at Thalior and then looked at the front where the evil had descended and resided in the world of the living.

"Someone has finally let go of her last string of regrets," Lenin looked at Astrea with a big smile on her face.

"Don't be silly, Chancellor. We still have regrets in our hearts, it's just that we are ready to face it," Astrea smiled as she glanced at Lenin.

"You're still the best student that has ever enrolled in the academy, Your Holiness," Lenin chuckled, reminiscing about the time when Astrea was still a young adult and enrolled in her academy.

Astrea lowered her head, smiling as she remembered when Lenin was still a strict Chancellor who always gave her unnecessary tasks and lessons. She was grateful that Lenin had tempered her heart and mind so she could survive in the real world. It had been more than two decades, but it felt like yesterday at that moment.

Rasmus, Aris, and Javi got on their horses and lined up with Astrea and the others who were waiting for them. Everyone looked at Rasmus and nodded their heads at him, asking if he was ready. Rasmus looked at them for a moment before he turned his head to the front and pulled down his visor.

Thalior unsheathed his sword and raised it up high, pointing it at the sky. All the soldiers put on their helmets, and the sound of steel clanking was unified, echoing throughout the peaceful day. The moment Thalior's horse began to move, the others followed almost instantly, marching to where death welcomed them with open arms.

(At the same time, on an island)

Videl stared down at the body of the dead Saint that he had dug from the ground. He watched the casket's door move, and a pale hand appeared from the gap, pushing the door further.

"Welcome to the world of the living, Lilith," Videl grinned as he stared down at the beautiful young woman with bright yellow hair and pale skin who tried to sit up.

"I'm not Lilith, at least based on the memories of this woman's body," Lilith responded as she brushed her silky smooth hair.

"Oh? Then who are you?" Videl tilted his head and raised his brows.

"Serena..." Serena answered as she got up from the casket and got out of it. "Serena Valentine..." she muttered as she looked up as the sunlight sipped through the leaves and hit her face.

Chapter 253 - 253: Colossal.

Lenin and Novia were floating up high in the sky to become the eyes of the army. They both scanned through the forests and the fields around them to make sure there were no demons that were going to ambush them. It had been two days since they marched toward the Verdnan Kingdom, and they hadn't seen a single demon or soul yet.

"Not even a bird has been seen in the past two days," Uriel muttered as she looked at the forest on her right. "I have never seen anything like this..." she added and tried to calm her horse by caressing its neck.

The cold winter, the silence, and the empty road were unnerving and terrifying for the reinforcement armies. They didn't experience what it felt like to fight the Revolutionary parties that had sided with the demons. They realized how brave the South Neva Union army and the Servil faction's army were.

Agnesia was riding her horse beside Uriel, and then suddenly she raised her right hand, signaling everyone to stay put. As a sorceress, she could feel both Mana and nature around her, communicating with them. Thalior and the others looked at her troubled expression as she perked her ears up.

"The ground is trembling..." Agnesia said as she looked down at the ground.

Everyone looked down at the ground, and they felt nothing at all. Rasmus suddenly felt the Mana around him begin to linger on his body as if it were afraid. He never felt anything like that before, and how more Mana was coming toward him.

"You feel it too, right? The fear of nature," Agnesia glanced at Rasmus.

"I do. Something is either coming, or something terrifying is not far from us," Rasmus nodded and looked into the distance. "They must have felt it too," he looked up at Lenin and Novia.

Not long after Rasmus said that, Lenin and Novia suddenly created combined magic formations that nobody had ever seen before. There were ten magic formations stacked in front of each other, with each formation having ten magic circles.

A gush of chill wind went upward toward those two and got absorbed into the magic formations. It went on for a whole minute until suddenly the gush of wind disappeared for a moment before the gush of wind went back down, pushing the soldiers to the ground.

The moment Lenin and Novia released the spell, it looked like a visible gas that flowed like water and looked solid that it could be touched. At that moment, Rasmus was surprised when he saw plasma for the first time in this world.

The plasma charge was shot into the distance, releasing extreme and devastating electric charges that tore and ripped apart the ground and trees below it. The magnetic field that contained the plasma charge was imperfect and leaked out the extreme heat and energy. The heat it produced was enough to burn the trees into ashes in a matter of seconds, skipping the burning process.

That spell was the one that Rasmus had been looking for, the magnetic field. He couldn't understand how he created a magnetic field using magic, yet, and that was the main key to creating the spell that he was trying to make, the antimatter bomb.

The moment the plasma charge hit the ground in the far distance, it was revealed how devastating the spell was. Rather than create a mushroom-like smoke or explosion, it was a dome of plasma field that kept expanding, and within the field were countless bolts of lightning that ripped and tore everything inside.

Rasmus didn't expect that a Great Sage would have such a complicated and destructive spell like that. There was no shockwave, there was no deafening blast, only obliteration and destruction.

Within a minute after Lenin and Novia's spell obliterated something in the far distance, glowing dark purple lights appeared around them inside forests. Everyone looked around and didn't know what it was until Rasmus warned them that those lights could be demonic portals that could transport demons through those portals.

Without thinking twice, Agnesia jumped down from her horse and slammed her hands on the ground. The ground was moving, and it was enough to make a hundred thousand soldiers fall on their backs. She then raised her hands up into the sky, making waves on the ground, destroying the forest, and toppling the trees in a matter of seconds, turning the forest into open spaces.

"There!" Agnesia pointed at the wave, turning flat land into hills. "Are those the ones that you mentioned about portals?" She asked Rasmus as she stared at a massive magic formation on the ground that glowed dark purple in the far distance.

Aris saw those magic formations and instantly dashed toward those magic formations. She jumped so high that she reached the sky, beyond where Lenin and Novia were. She unsheathed her black sword and formed the same Aura and glowing bright blue light on the blade. The moment she thrust her sword, the hills were obliterated, turning into a massive and deep crater because of the powerful slash wave.

"Lady Aris!" Novia flew toward Aris as she offered her hand.

Aris glanced at Novia's hand and then turned her head toward the other side, noticing a few more magic formations. She grabbed Novia's hand, and in an instant, a gush of wind pushed her back toward where the magic formation was. Lenin also created wind magic to make Aris fly even faster.

Aris flew to the other side and did the same, turning the hills into a massive crater, preventing the demons from ambushing them. She landed at the center of the crater, and suddenly the sky turned dark, and the sun disappeared because a massive demonic barrier blocked the sunlight. A massive portal appeared in the sky above them, and she knew she wouldn't make it in time if she tried to destroy it.

Astrea and the Archbishops prayed and released a divine barrier, big enough to protect a hundred thousand soldiers behind them. The barrier prevented the demonic barrier from sucking out and absorbing Mana and prevented the soldiers from losing strength. Astrea and the others had never seen such massive demonic energy ever since they encountered the powerful being beyond the Blackcliffs.

Aris held her sword with both hands and watched the portal that opened up in the sky, sensing a surge of demonic energy that was coming out of it. Her eyes glowed bright blue and she immediately bent her knees before she jumped up high into the sky toward the portal.

Everyone watched Aris fly toward the portal, leaving visible trails of silver and light blue translucent light. She was covered with those lights, and when she swung her sword, the silver and blue lights combined, turning into a crescent shape. The light was released beyond the speed of sound, cutting through the sound and wind barriers. It was the biggest attack she had shown so far, and everyone believed it would be enough to break the portal.

Suddenly, a massive black hand came out of the portal, taking Aris' attack and even dispersed it when the hand clenched its fist. Although it managed to block her attack, the hand was badly injured, almost losing its thumb and losing half of its hand.

Everyone was petrified when they saw the massive hand, the hand that was big enough to crush a big mansion with it. They had never seen anything that big before, however, their fear of the hand became insignificant when they saw another hand come out of the portal. Slowly arms, shoulders, legs, torso, and finally a head came out of the portal, revealing the complete body of the being.

A towering forty meter tall abomination of celestial blasphemy, the creature stood like a nightmare etched into reality. Its skeletal frame, ashen flesh covered in tar, pulsating with golden runes that glow like imprisoned divinity. One half of its face was angelic, eerily serene and expressionless, while the other was torn open by a vertical maw lined with human teeth. From its hunched spine erupt featherless, twitching tangled wings. A halo floated above its horned crown, and its massive clawed hand, fused with bone and rot. It is a paradox of heaven and hell, divine order twisted into grotesque chaos, and the very air around it burned with an unbearable rancid smell.

The moment the creature landed on the ground, the shockwave that flattened the land and how the ground moved and waved like water was enough to put every soldier on edge, losing their breath out of fear. Agnesia immediately pushed her hands down, creating a similar effect to neutralize the wave while Lenin created a Mana barrier that blocked the shockwave.

"Your Holiness... is that..." Thalior's eyes trembled as his eyes couldn't stop staring at the colossal being in front of him.

"Yes, that thing is Nephia... the only being that isn't created by God, the face of extinction of creation..." Astrea answered with her shaky voice.

Chapter 254 - 254: The Masked Being.

The portal in the sky was wide open, and that was when the Corrupted and the possessed bodies came out of it, free-falling to Nephia's shoulders and then sliding all the way down to the ground. There was more than fifty thousand army of demons, more than what Grayson had reported. The number of the enemy was half of the army of humans, however, the demon had Nephia, a colossal being. Not only Nephia, but they also saw seven figures flying below the portal with their massive black wings spread widely as their bodies shrouded in black cloaks and tar.

"That's him..." Thalior pointed at one of the seven figures. "The one that we encountered... the one who single-handedly overpowered all of us..." He stared at the Prime Lord among the other six Prime Lords.

"We couldn't even win against one of them, but now there are six more..." Xena clenched her fist against her sword's handle.

Rasmus's hands were numb ever since he saw the creature called Nephilim for the first time. He had visited hell when Videl brought him there before he entered this new world called Neva, and he never thought there was something terrifying other than what was inside hell. He was anxious and shaken, but he knew that his path to achieving his goal would require him to deal with something like this or even worse.

"(Satan is out there. This is nothing...)" Rasmus closed his eyes as he tried to calm down by taking a deep breath. "(Death is out the option...)" he thought as he exhaled deeply.

Everyone was still petrified by Nephia's existence, but then they saw Rasmus ride his horse, charging toward the demon army. They watched him ride his horse, on his own with his sword in his hand. Thalior and the others realized it was no time to be scared because they signed up for this.

"Raise your weapons!" Thalior screamed his lungs out, trying to strip the fear and anxiety from his shoulders.

"Fight!" Uriel raised her sword and then pointed at the demon army in the distance.

"Charge!" Xena screamed as she raised her sword as well and began to ride her horse toward the demon army.

The commanders began to scream their lungs out as well, showing the fear in their voices, but as they kept screaming, the shaky and cracks in their voices disappeared. The soldiers screamed their lungs out as they raised their weapons. All of their hands trembled in fear as they raised their weapons, but in a matter of seconds, their hands stopped trembling and began to charge toward the demon army.

Rasmus was all the way at the front as he imbued his sword with Aura and stared at the thousands of demon army in front of him. He saw hundreds of the Corrupted running toward him, but he didn't falter. He absorbed Mana, turning it into Aura, into his system, and then turned the remaining Mana into electricity, shocking his body rapidly, making him see things in slow motion as his strength multiplied by a dozen times. He then used the remaining Mana in his body to coat his muscles with heat, allowing his body to be more durable and capable of taking in more Aura and electrifying his body.

Rasmus jumped down from his horse and swung his sword horizontally, releasing sparks of lightning and fire embers. He held his sword with both hands as he watched the dozens of Corrupted right in front of him.

Thalior and the others were still too far away from Rasmus, who was surrounded by the Corrupted. They weren't worried about him since they had seen how strong he was, however, they didn't expect him to be that overpowered.

Rasmus minced the Corrupted into pieces, preventing them from coming back to life. Every move he made, sparks and embers were released from his body. He then dashed forward, massaging dozens more of Corrupted without hesitation.

Bits and pieces of flesh flew and were thrown around the demon army soldiers. No Corrupted or possessed bodies could stop Rasmus, they couldn't even get close to him. Even magic couldn't reach him because he had a strong Mana barrier to protect his body and armor.

Aris landed beside Rasmus and released a strong energy wave, the same bluish color. The moment it hit the Corrupted and the possessed bodies, their bodies were caught on fire with white flames. It was the first time Rasmus saw her use that kind of power.

"You're joining me?" Rasmus glanced at Aris.

"Is it okay if I reveal myself to those Prime Lords, Kiel, and Yaza?" Aris asked as she watched hundreds of Corrupted and possessed bodies charge toward them.

"No need to hide anymore. We have achieved what we need on this continent. Go all out," Rasmus answered as he readied his stance. "Go, let the others deal with these weaklings," he continued.

"I'll protect him, Lady Aris," Javi said as he stood behind Rasmus.

Aris looked over her shoulder at Javi and then gave him a nod. She looked up at Nephia, who was still busy letting the Corrupted and possessed bodies land on his body before he could make a move. She then bent her knees and jumped so high toward Nephia, trying to get the Prime Lords' attention.

Rasmus and Javi began to massacre the Corrupted and the possessed. Thalior and the others joined them not long after, showing their might. Uriel went ahead of Rasmus and the others as she unleashed her power as the Queen of Swords.

Nine gold swords floated behind Uriel as she wielded two gold rapiers in her hands. The floating nine swords moved as if they had their own free will and were imbued by Aura, cutting the Corrupted and the possessed into a few pieces.

Uriel looked around her as she watched the Corrupted get minced with her floating swords. The moment there were Corrupted or possessed who approached her, she swung her swords so swiftly before they could react, cutting their bodies into pieces.

Seeing how the Corrupted and the possessed seemed to be outmatched by Rasmus and the others, the soldiers' morale rose. They began to clash their weapons with the possessed and the Corrupted bravely. However, some of them were overwhelmed by their enemies' strength. The soldiers needed assistance from each other, or they would die and turn into Corrupted and cause trouble for the others. They didn't want to be a burden, moreover, to be the cause of their comrades' deaths.

The Prime Lords noticed that Aris was on her way to fight Nephia, and so far, they had seen how powerful she was. They didn't want to risk their master's creation being killed before it could show its might.

Two of the Prime Lords descended and flew toward Aris with their wings turned into massive cloaks that could change shape at their will. The moment they used their wings to attack her, they were surprised that she was capable of cutting through their wings, which were supposed to be unbreakable to humans' capability.

The Prime Lords didn't expect there would be another powerful human among the human army. They were told Uriel, Lenin, and Astrea were the ones they should be focusing on, not a random knight.

However, when the Prime Lord from the previous battle saw Aris's black sword, he realized the one that he fought against was her, not Uriel.

The two Prime Lords felt a spike in Aris's body, a powerful energy that surged within her body, that they knew would be enough to kill them. They thought that blocking her attack would be foolish, so they tried to fly away, however, Aris's eyes had glowed bright blue, and she had already swung her sword at them. The moment she released a strong slash wave at them, that was the moment they saw their last moment as demons in the world of the living.

Two Prime Lords vanished into ashes as soon as they were cut in half by Aris's attack. The remaining five Prime Lords were shocked that a human could kill two Prime Lords that easily. They realized they were in danger, the whole demon army was in danger because of a single knight in front of them.

While the Prime Lords were shocked by Aris's power, they saw massive magic formations in the distance. It was Lenin and Novia again; they both had been ignored for long enough for them to create the same spell as before. They released the plasma beam toward Nephia, but with more intense destructive power. They flew and tried to block that spell, however, Aris appeared right in front of them with her sword that had glowed bright blue, ready to cut them all in half.

In the blink of an eye, a black feather fell from the sky and floated in between Aris and the Prime Lords. They looked at the black feather and suddenly the feather released a massive and dense demonic energy that was enough to push the Prime Lords and Aris away quite far.

A masked being, wearing a red robe appeared from the explosion of demonic energy. The masked being glanced with glowing red eyes at the plasma beam that was approaching him. He simply flicked his left hand, and the enraging plasma beam disappeared into thin air and broke the magic formations.

At that moment, everyone looked at the appearance of the masked being, the demonic being whom the humans called the Emissary. The Emissary slowly glanced at Aris, who was floating in the air, and noticed her glowing blue eyes underneath her helmet.

"I remember that energy..." The emissary said calmly. "We met again..." he continued as he stared at Aris.

Aris knew there was no point in wearing the helmet anymore, and it had been bugging her vision. She removed her helmet, revealing her white hair and glowing blue eyes to the demons. They were shocked when they saw an Orthias in the South, but the emissary knew why she was in the South.

"Since you're here, that means Rasmus Blackheart is here somewhere as well?" The emissary looked down at the battlefield on the ground. "So his concern was right that Rasmus Blackheart played on both sides and fooled both of them..." he muttered as he stared at the knight who used a black sword similar to Aris's.

Chapter 255 - 255: The might of Orthias.

Aris and the emissary, who didn't seem to be Kiel based on Rasmus's description. Kiel was wearing a white robe with gold engravings, and the one she was fighting with wore a red robe. She believed the one she was facing was Yaza, and based on Videl's information, Yaza was the leader of the other emissaries.

Rasmus and Javi killed the Corrupted and the possessed bodies that were busy fighting with the knights. They chose to play as backstabbers, hunting enemies that were busy fighting. They both were the reason the human forces could maintain their footing on the battlefield.

Uriel, Xena, and Thalior were at the front, acting as the spearheads of the formation. They opened the path for the commanders and the warriors to spread and prevent the enemy from surrounding them so easily. Everyone moved in unison, and they were all strong enough to keep up with those three.

On the back line, Astrea, the Archbishops, the paladins, and the mages were assisting them with divine power and energy. Lenin, Agnesia, and Novia were right above them, acting as protectors of the back line.

The formation was solid and seemed to work really well, however they knew it would last long. Nephia and the Prime Lords hadn't joined the battle yet, and it worried them. No matter how solid their formation and plan were, in the face of those beings, they were like ants trying to hurt an elephant.

"We can't even do anything to that thing because the Prime Lords are protecting it," Lenin stared at Nephia, who was still acting like a building for the demon army to walk on. "We need to find a solution. The moment the portal is closed, we can say that we are doomed," she warned as she clenched her fists.

"That demonic barrier that covers the sky, we need to break it open first. We are currently in the domain of demons, and Mana is being drained over time," Agnesia looked up at the black ceiling of the demonic barrier. "We won't last long as soon as Mana gets completely absorbed," she continued as she held her top hat so it wouldn't fall off.

Astrea looked up and stared at the demonic barrier that blocked the sky and the sun. She took a deep breath since she was the only one who could do anything about it.

"Your Grace?" Novia asked in a soft and worried tone.

"I might be able to break the barrier," Astrea said, looking at Lenin, Novia, and Agnesia. "However, I don't know how much divine energy I need to break it. Even if I did break it, what's the chance of the emissary being able to create a new barrier again? We both know there should be at least two emissaries here right now, and there's only one that has shown himself so far," she continued as she looked up at the demonic barrier again.

"So..." Agnesia looked up at the demonic barrier. "We have to wait until another emissary appears, and once we break the barrier, we only have one chance?" She asked as she looked at Lenin and Astrea.

"That seems to be the case," Lenin nodded in agreement. "Our only hope is Lady Aris because she's the only one who can lure the other emissary out," she muttered as she watched Aris clash her energy with the emissary up high in the sky.

"To see an Orthias fighting against the masked being and show how strong the ancient race is," Agnesia couldn't see the movements of Aris and the emissary. All she could see was a thick and solid Aura that could be seen with the naked eye.

Aris spun her body around so swiftly and effortlessly as she swung her sword, releasing countless energy blasts and slash waves. Yaza also released intense demonic energy that could match Aris's energy, clashing and ripping the sound and wind barriers.

Although they both seemed to be on the same level by the naked eye, Yaza was slowly losing his footing and confidence. The more he clashed with Aris's energy, the weaker he got because Aris purified a small portion of his existence. He underestimated how strong she was, and he wouldn't be able to deal with

her alone with his current state since he was still weak and hadn't recovered his full power ever since he descended to Neva.

Yaza spread his wings, signaling the Prime Lords to assist him. The moment the five Prime Lords surrounded Aris, they released immense demonic energy at her. The demonic energy was so intense that the soldiers on the ground felt nauseous and out of breath.

Aris endured the immense demonic energy that tried to corrupt her body and soul. She gritted her teeth as she gripped her sword tightly, resisting the energy that tried to take over her body. Suddenly, her eyes glowed even brighter, and her silver hair turned a bit bluish.

Yaza tried to take that chance to defeat her, gathering Mana from his surroundings and turning it into demonic energy. However, before he could finish the process of creating enough demonic energy to defeat Aris, he noticed that she began to absorb the demonic energy around her, purifying it back into Mana.

The Prime Lords that surrounded Aris felt their existence was being sucked out of their bodies. They were weakened while Aris grew stronger as she kept absorbing the demonic energy and purifying it back to Mana. They flew away as far as they could from Aris before they would lose their lives.

Aris ignored the Primal Lords that were no longer a threat to her since she had drained their energy quite a lot. Her focus was on Yaza and Nephia, and with her current state, she could get rid of Yaza with confidence, but her plan was to lure Kiel out as well to get rid of the threat in one sweep. With that being said, all she had to do was put Yaza in the corner.

Aris was about to have a rematch with Yaza, but then the portal suddenly closed, no longer ripping the space. At that moment, the last Corrupted and possessed had landed on the ground. That was when Thalior and the others swallowed their salivas because that was when Nephia could finally do what he was created to be, to destruct and annihilate.

Nephia slowly spread his arms and untangled his wings that looked like horns and spikes. The moment he opened his disfigured mouth, he released a loud, deafening, and ruptured roar. All the soldiers covered their ears, but half of them had blood coming out of their noses and eyes, screaming in pain. For them, it felt like their heads were being pressed and crushed slowly while at the same time spinning really fast.

Since almost half of the soldiers were immobilized and stunned by the roar, the Corrupted killed them, turning them into Corrupted like them. Thalior and the others couldn't let the Corrupted grow, so they raised their weapons even though they could barely stand still. Suddenly, Javi moved passed them, decapitating the Corrupted that were unaware of his presence, preventing them from killing the soldiers.

Javi could withstand the roar because he was near Rasmus, protected by Rasmus's vacuum space magic, making any sound unable to reach them. Because of him, Thalior and the others could recover from the roar without any worries. As soon as they recovered, they continued to fight the demon army while they were hoping for Lenin and the others to deal with Nephia.

"Finally..." Rasmus muttered as he stored his sword in his spatial ring and stared at Nephia in the far distance.

Lenin, Nevia, and Agnesia noticed the fluctuation in Mana at the front line. They watched the traces of Mana's flow that moved toward one direction. When they noticed the Mana was lingering around Rasmus's body, they realized that he was trying to create a spell.

"Your Grace, I believe the time is now..." Lenin turned around to look at Astrea.

Astrea stared at Aris up high in the sky, seemingly unscratched from the battle. She then gave a nod at Lenin, agreeing with Lenin's words. She turned around to look at the Archbishops, signaling them to give their divine energy to her. Without hesitation, the Archbishops nodded and began to pray on their knees with their hands clasped.

Rasmus created a hydrogen bomb as big as a basketball, it was the first time he had created a hydrogen bomb through magic. He didn't know how powerful it would be, but he had the perfect target in front of him to test it. He was being protected by the knights and he didn't have to worry about his surroundings because of Javi.

Rasmus wrapped the ball of hydrogen bomb with wind magic and then threw it toward Nephia. He watched Nephia walk toward Aris, wanting to seek revenge for what she had done to his hand. He clenched his fist, hoping that Nephia wouldn't notice the ball. However, Nephia noticed the surge of Mana coming toward him and found the ball flying toward him.

"Take cover!" Novia screamed so loudly with wind magic to travel her words more clearly and louder.

The soldiers didn't know why Novia wanted them to take cover while they were in the middle of the fight. Suddenly, the only thing they could see was nothing but blinding white. No matter how hard they tried to cover their eyes, the blinding light could seep through their gloves. The next thing they heard was a deafening explosion and was followed by a massive shockwave that pushed everyone to the ground.

Rasmus was the only one who stood tall while the others got knocked down and even fainted. He watched Nephia endure the hydrogen bomb that exploded right on his chest. He saw Nephia fall to his knees as his right arm fell off to the ground and the radiation of Mana depletion began to devour his existence slowly.

"So it was you... the one who fooled me..." A familiar voice was heard behind Rasmus.

"I wasn't lying, not even once," Rasmus looked over his shoulder, seeing a masked being wearing a white robe with gold engravings. "I do want war, and I do hate humans, but I didn't say anything about siding with the demons," he continued as he turned around to face Kiel.

Chapter 256 - 256: Counterpart.

Rasmus stared right into Kiel's eyes, the glowing red eyes that would be enough to bring any mortal to their knees begging for their lives. However, he had seen hell and had seen the eyes of the Devil himself, making him resistant to corruption.

Thalior and the others regained their consciousness after they got hit by the shockwave. Once they got back up, they saw Kiel, standing in front of Rasmus in his white robe with gold engravings. They were thinking of attacking him from behind, taking him by surprise. However, when they were about to lift their hands, their bodies didn't listen to their commands.

"Don't even try, mortals..." Kiel said in a soft voice as he stared at them from over his shoulder. "I can hear thoughts, and do you think that I won't know what you are all trying to do?" He asked as his red eyes glowed brighter.

The moment they saw Kiel's glowing eyes, they could hear thoughts of their own. The thoughts that they never thought they had, the thought of fear of death and pain. They listened to their own voices, yelling and screaming at them, which affected them deeply, deep enough that it affected their subconsciousness.

Thalior suddenly lost his breath as his vision became blurry, and he collapsed to his knees. He breathed heavily as he clenched his fists on his chest, trying to remove his chest plate. It wasn't just him, all the commanders and soldiers who saw Kiel's glowing red eyes also collapsed and couldn't breathe.

Uriel, Xena, and Javi were the only ones who could resist corruption, even though they still heard their own voices in their heads. Kiel didn't expect there were humans who had accepted who they were and made peace with their feelings.

"I'll spare your life, all of you in exchange for his life," Kiel stared at Uriel and Xena as his glowing eyes slightly dimmed. "What will be your answer?" He asked in a soft and soothing voice.

Uriel and Xena looked at each other for a moment before they looked at Rasmus. They wouldn't hesitate to let Rasmus die, but that was if Kiel wanted Rasmus dead and not make Rasmus the demon's pawn. They didn't know what to do, but they knew it would be better for them to let Rasmus go for the lives of thousands of soldiers.

"That's it, you just make the right choice," Kiel said, smiling with his eyes. "Those mortals are more important, correct? You humans believe that sacrificing one life for a thousand lives is much better," he continued.

"Just leave," Rasmus slowly pulled off his helmet, revealing his face to Kiel. "He will use your desire to get him what he wants. Just leave and save yourself," he continued as he threw the helmet away.

"Humans think they're complicated beings, but for us, you're all just shallow creatures," Kiel chuckled softly, mocking humanity.

Uriel approached Thalior and helped him stand up, trying to avoid unnecessary problems. Xena also helped the Commanders who had recovered from the corruption since Kiel no longer used his power on them.

As soon as Thalior and the others left and continued their fight with the Corrupted, Rasmus was left behind. They looked back for one last time and saw Rasmus standing tall with no fear in his expression or eyes. They were shocked and in disbelief by how indifferent he was, even in the face of a powerful being.

"You're not going to fight now?" Kiel asked as he put his hands behind his back.

"Do I stand a chance?" Rasmus asked as he kept staring at Kiel with a calm expression. "We both know that I'm just a bug in your eyes, a harmless and powerless bug. So, no, I don't think I want to fight you," he shook his head.

"Then join us, Rasmus Blackheart. You stand no chance here, even though your magic is quite extraordinary. Just look at what you did to that creature. Did you think it would be enough to kill it?" Kiel glanced at Nephia, regenerating its body even in the state of Mana depletion. "In this dome that I created, nothing can stop that thing," he pointed out.

Rasmus turned around and noticed that Nephia had regenerated his body. He couldn't believe that it wasn't enough, and he regretted that he hadn't used enough Mana to create the hydrogen bomb. However, there was no reason for him to dwell on what had happened.

"Join you? Is there a reason for me to consider your offer?" Rasmus turned around to look at Kiel. "You can kill everyone here, and I won't bat an eye," he added as he kept staring into Kiel's eyes.

"Reason? I have many reasons. One of them is that I can offer you freedom of mind and body. I can easily turn you into a puppet while your body will no longer follow your command and your mind will go against your will," Kiel answered as he walked toward Rasmus. "There are countless ways to make you suffer worse than death, Rasmus Blackheart," he leaned his head down so he could be on the same level as Rasmus.

Rasmus stared at the glowing red eyes in front of him for a moment while Kiel tried to read his thoughts. Kiel was about to find out everything inside Rasmus's mind, but then suddenly a surge of divine energy burst and exploded from behind. Kiel slowly turned around and saw a pillar of blinding white light that had pierced through the demonic barrier.

The divine pillar took all the demons' attention, even Yaza and the Prime Lords. They watched the pillar hit the center of the demonic barrier and the impact was enough to purify demonic energy in the air. The divine pillar kept pushing through the demonic barrier until it managed to crack the barrier and finally shattered the barrier. The fresh air combined with the divine pillar, releasing a shockwave of divine energy that made all the soldiers regain their strength and stamina in an instant.

Kiel slowly moved his pupils down and pointed right at Astrea, surprised that she could break his barrier. However, he realized what she did also cost something within her because he could see the divinity within her body had weakened. The Prime Lords also noticed her condition, thinking it was a perfect opportunity to get rid of her.

In their current state, the Prime Lords believed that it would be enough to get rid of Astrea and the others who were protecting her. They all flew down at the speed of sound, but before they could reach her, a flash of lightning struck one of them and zapped the others. If it was made of Mana, they would be thankful since it would charge their power because Mana would get converted into demonic energy the moment it entered their bodies, however, it wasn't made of Mana, it was purely a lightning strike that nature created.

The Prime Lords were badly injured, and they noticed more lightning bolts were about to strike them. They spread and tried to dodge the lightning bolts that were chasing after them. It was different from what Rasmus did or used back then because the lightning strikes weren't moving awkwardly. The Prime Lords wondered who was controlling nature until they saw Agnesia ascend to the sky, floating with her hands wide open and arms spread widely.

Every strand of hair, every toe, and every finger she had released sparks of lightning as her body got struck by dozens of lightning simultaneously and rapidly. Everyone's attention was pointed at her. She kept ascending as the dark clouds formed and turned bright daylight into darkness and flashes of lightning could be seen beyond the dark clouds.

The moment she clenched her fists, her red hair turned into fiery flames as her eyes released ambers and sparks of lightning. Her hands and feet also got caught in flames as lightning bolts kept striking her body rapidly. When she pushed her hands to the front, dozens of lightning bolts struck the ground, obliterating the demon army and turning them into ashes.

Agnesia screamed as she clenched all her muscles, making the flames on her hair and limbs grow fiercer. She then glared at the Prime Lords and flew toward them, leaving trails of smoke. The Prime Lords could tell that everything that was happening on her body, there was barely any Mana within or around her.

The fire and the sparks of lightning that she released weren't made out of Mana as if her body was one with nature and acted as the vessel of natural order.

As soon as Agnesia was close enough to the Prime Lords, she spread her arms and legs, releasing a massive explosion with extreme heat. The Prime Lords fled and protected themselves with demonic energy that they had left within them. If mages were the operators of a mass destruction weapon, sorcerers were the nuclear reactor itself, possessing power that could kill anything around them.

"I knew that I wouldn't stand a chance against you or your army. But those people, they believe otherwise," Rasmus looked at Agnesia in the sky, chasing after the Prime Lords as she released beam-like flames from her hands. "You were wrong about humans being shallow creatures. They're complicated to understand and to predict once you choose to go against them," he continued.

Kiel slowly turned around and looked at Rasmus's stoic expression. He opened a portal right behind Rasmus, and hurriedly walked toward him. Before his hand could reach Rasmus, Aris landed in between him and Rasmus with her silver hair that had turned bright and light blue with her glowing bright blue eyes that seemed to be the counterpart of Kiel's eyes.

Aris released a bright blue energy, and the portal that Kiel opened suddenly got disrupted and vanished. Kiel took a few steps away from Aris and looked up at Yaza. To his surprise, Yaza got badly injured and used Nephia as his shield, saving his own life because if he died in Aris's hand, his existence would disappear completely, and he wouldn't be able to resurrect.

Aris dashed and appeared right in front of Kiel, slashing her sword at him without hesitation. When her sword cut through Kiel's body, it turned into black smoke. The moment the smoke dispersed, Kiel had teleported to Nephia's left shoulder. He then flicked his fingers, and suddenly all the Corrupted and possessed bodies collapsed.

A thick and immense demonic energy flowed toward Kiel, Yaza, and Nephia. Each of them absorbed demonic energy to gain strength. The Prime Lords retreated and landed right behind Yaza and Kiel, kneeling at them. Kiel and Yaza then grabbed their heads, absorbing their existence to give both of them extra power.

"I need to rest for a bit..." Aris staggered as she held her head. "The amount of energy that I'm using, the more I let it within me, it might force me to evolve..." she explained as she released the energy within her.

"Rest, we will try to do something about those three to buy you some time," Rasmus nodded with understanding and kept staring at Kiel, realizing the real fight had just started.

Chapter 257 - 257: Underwhelming.

"Count, what happened to Lady Aris?" Lenin asked as she approached Rasmus and looked at Aris, who was on one knee, using her sword to support her body.

"She has her own circumstances," Rasmus glanced at Aris, looking down as she took deep breaths. "She won't be able to help us at least until she recovers," he continued, and looked at Nephia.

Thalior and the others looked at Aris, and they were worried about her. It was a shame and unfortunate that she couldn't help them when the enemy was at its strongest. They knew they couldn't ask for more since Aris had helped them more than anyone else could.

Rasmus looked at Astrea's pale face and nosebleed, which couldn't be stopped. He wondered what had happened to her until Novia told him about her condition. He found out that Astrea used a lot of her divine energy and divinity within her body, which affected her health. Based on what the Archbishops said, she also needed to rest because her life would be in danger if she used more of her power.

"Two of the important figures are basically down, and we are as vulnerable as we could ever be," Agnesia said as she stood beside Rasmus. "Do you have any plans on what we are going to do without these two?" She asked.

"Plans? Don't die, that's for sure. The more of us die, the stronger they become since they will absorb the souls of the dead. Death is out of the option, but we all know that's impossible," Rasmus answered as he sighed, thinking of how to buy time for Videl and the Saint. "I have something in mind, and that's I'll teach you how to create a powerful magic that's enough to prevent Nephia from flattening us to the ground," he added.

Agnesia raised her left eyebrow and stared at Rasmus with a curious look on her face. She had seen the hydrogen bomb magic that Rasmus used on Nephia, and she was interested in how he could do it. The reason that Rasmus only wanted Agnesia to copy his magic was that she was the only one who was capable of creating magic without a magic formation. Lenin and Novia could learn about it, but to put it

into sequences of magic circles and formations, there would be a risk of instability that would harm them and even kill them.

"Well then, we will fight them with everything we have," Lenin looked up at Nephia, finishing his feast of demonic energy. "We mages might be able to fight that thing since he's not a demon. He doesn't turn Mana into demonic energy, and with that being said, he can get hurt by magic and divine power as well," she pointed out after she learned that Rasmus's magic was capable of hurting Nephia.

Under Lenin's command, the mages separated themselves from the soldiers. They would act as the arsenal of the human force and focus on dealing with Nephia.

"Your Grace, we will follow your lead," Uriel said, looking at Thalior. "What will be your order?" She asked.

Without having Thalior reveal his plan, the soldiers already knew what their job was. If Lenin and the mages were going to fight Nephia, they were going to fight the remaining threats, the two emissaries. They didn't know which was worse, to fight a colossal being that weapons wouldn't be able to harm it or the creator of such a colossal being, the emissaries.

"We protect the mages at all costs..." Thalior answered as he lifted his sword and stared at the emissaries who stood on Nephia's shoulder.

They all nodded, knowing that they had no choice and that their lives would fly away soon. They didn't have any regret since they had done everything they could and fought the Corrupted, there was only fear of a fate worse than death within them.

Nephia began to make a move toward them, with each step being enough to make the world shake. Lenin and Novia immediately created a Mana barrier that went through the ground and up high to the sky.

They watched Nephia bend down and scoop up a big chunk of land from the ground. His left hand held a whole hill and slowly crushed it, shaping it into a massive ball. He then slowly pulled his left arm back and threw the ball at them at the speed of sound.

The ball of land was as big as two elephants, hitting the Mana barrier. It was enough to crack the strong Mana barrier that the Great Sage herself had made. The massive weight and speed of the ball would eventually break the barrier.

"Start firing!" Lenin shouted as she reinforced and fortified the Mana barrier.

The mages pointed their staves at Nephia and released thousands of fireballs. In Nephia's eyes, the fireballs looked like embers flying toward him.

Nephia didn't try to dodge the thousands of fireballs that were flying toward him. The moment the fireballs exploded on his skin, it felt like he was getting pinched hurtfully thousands of times. It bothered him a bit, and his skin regenerated in almost an instant, showing the mages that their attacks were futile and a waste of energy.

Nephia bent to his knees and swung his right hand on the ground, sending big pieces of land to the sky and toward Lenin and the others. This time, it looked like the ground was being folded and was about to fall on top of them. Lenin didn't know if her Mana barrier would be strong enough to protect everyone, however, Uriel suddenly walked past through the Mana barrier as she held her rapiers.

Uriel coated her swords with Aura as she closed her eyes, remembering Lazarus's words about Aura. She had trained for a whole year since she witnessed the power of the Northern Black Star, and she wanted to become like him. When she opened her eyes, the big tide of land was right above her like a tsunami.

Uriel swung her rapiers upward, releasing two massive slash waves toward the tide of land. She then spun around and swung her rapiers horizontally with everything she had, releasing two other slash waves. She jumped as high as she could and watched the slash waves that were enough to cut the big tide of land into big chunks of land. She then swung her rapiers rapidly, creating countless slash waves to cut the chunks of land into tiny cubical pieces of land.

Everyone was speechless that Uriel showed them how strong she was, and it proved that she was befitting of being the 2nd Swordmaster of Neva. When she cleared the threat, they saw an emissary appear, it was Yaza, and he was right in front of Uriel with his black wings that were shaped like swords.

Uriel's eyes widened and immediately pulled out all the swords on her back with Aura. She tried to create a shield made of swords, readying to clash her swords with Yaza's wings. The moment her swords clashed with Yaza's wings, her swords shattered into pieces, but it was enough to protect her. However, the overwhelming power of Yaza was enough to send her flying away from the impact.

Uriel coughed out blood when she hit the ground really hard. She felt like her ribs were crushing her lungs and chest from that impact alone. She knew that she was no match against the emissary since they were the masked beings, but she didn't expect that it would be that big of a gap.

"That was... underwhelming..." Yaza stared at Uriel who could barely stand up without her legs shaking uncontrollably.

Yaza lifted his left index finger, forming a ball of demonic energy and then flicked the ball toward Uriel. The ball exploded, melting the ground and everything it touched, however, Uriel was nowhere to be found until he saw Javi carrying Uriel in his arms, saving her from the attack. Not long after, Thalior, Xena, a few warriors, and the commanders joined them.

"Javi... what are you doing..." Uriel vomited blood before she could finish her sentence.

"Rasmus doesn't want you to die, I'm only following his order," Javi answered and carefully put Uriel down. "We need to buy time, Lady Uriel. That's what he said," he revealed Rasmus's plan to Uriel.

"Buy time? For what?" Uriel asked as she wiped off the blood on her lips. "Nevermind... I don't need to know..." she breathed heavily as she looked at the bladeless rapiers in her hands. "But I don't have a weap-" Before she could finish her sentence, Javi offered her a black sword, the sword that Rasmus used.

Javi leaned in and whispered something to Uriel as he put the black sword in her hands. Uriel narrowed her eyes and looked at Javi with a skeptical look written on her face. She then glanced at Yaza and then back at Javi.

"I see..." Uriel nodded with understanding.

"Lady Uriel! Catch!" Novia shouted as she threw a vial at Uriel.

Uriel caught the vial with a bright purple liquid inside it. She didn't know what it was, but Novia gestured to her to drink the liquid. Without hesitation, Uriel pulled the cork and drank the liquid in a single gulp. She then watched Javi drink the same liquid and throw the vial away, she also noticed that Thalior and the others also drank it.

"Wow..." Uriel was out of breath as her heart raced so quickly that she could feel the veins all over her body pump. "I feel great..." she scoffed in disbelief as she held the sword tightly.

"Can you still fight, Uriel?" Thalior asked.

"Yes, I can..." Uriel nodded as she readied her stance and glared at Yaza.

Yaza descended to the ground, and as soon as his wings touched the ground, it melted and got covered in tar.

"Don't disappoint me again," Yaza said in a gentle voice as a sword made of tar appeared in his right hand.

Chapter 258 - 258: Divine intervention.

Uriel swung her sword at Yaza with dangerous precision and speed. Yaza could see the difference in her strength after she drank the unknown drink. He could tell the effect of the drug made her three times stronger and faster.

Yaza blocked every attack that Uriel threw at him, but there was something off about the sword that she held. He had never seen any sword like that, and the fact that the sword seemed to be alive rather than an inanimate object. He felt something chipping off his body every attack she made, and the sword devoured him in a way that he didn't recognize.

Xena and Thalior appeared on Yaza's sides, swinging their swords at him while he was busy analyzing Uriel. Yaza used his wings to block their attacks and spread his wings to push them away. However, he noticed someone was lurking in his shadow, and his back was wide open.

"Useless..." Yaza muttered as he revealed his tail, which looked like a whip from his lower spine.

Javi was about to thrust his katars on Yaza's back when the tail hit him right on his left ribs. Javi got thrown away as well, but to Yaza's surprise, what he hit was an afterimage, not a real person. He glanced over his shoulder and saw Javi behind his back, an inch away from getting his back stabbed.

Yaza didn't try to stop Javi, and that was when Javi realized how tough and hard Yaza's skin was. His katars couldn't even leave a mark on Yaza's back, even with the immense Aura that he coated around the blades.

Yaza's cold glance at Javi was enough to make him see death and forced him to jump away from Yaza. However, that didn't stop the commanders and the warriors who had surrounded Yaza. They decided to attack him at the same time while Uriel kept him busy.

"Know your place..." Yaza's distorted voice was enough to put them in fear, and they couldn't move their bodies.

Yaza spread his wings and spun around, decapitating five commanders and three warriors in the blink of an eye. He impaled the bodies with his wings and devoured their souls while he kept clashing his sword with Uriel.

While Yaza was playing around with the humans, the Archbishop had gathered enough divine energy. They changed and prayed silently and released the divine ray at him, hitting Yaza's back. They didn't know how effective their attack was, but their faces turned pale when divine energy didn't even affect him a little.

Yaza glanced at the Archbishops in the far back, and he immediately pushed Uriel to the side with an unknown force. His eyes glowed even brighter and redder, bringing terror and torment on whoever saw a glimpse of it, an unforgiving and instant suffering.

"Divinity? You tried to use that against me?" Yaza asked as he spread his wings, brushing off the remnants of divine energy on him. "I was created and lived in that. You thought divine power would hurt me when it is the source of my existence!" He glared at the Archbishops and pointed his left hand at them.

All six Archbishops suddenly felt like their lungs and hearts were being squeezed. In a matter of seconds, their eyes, nose, ears, and mouth bled. They felt an intense pain inside their heads and organs before their vision suddenly turned dark. Their bodies were squashed like oranges, leaving only their skins, while the rest had turned into jelly.

The commanders and warriors dropped their weapons with their eyes wide open at the power of an emissary. Tears filled their eyes, and slowly their knees felt weak, falling on their backs as they tried to crawl away from him. They didn't stand a chance, and there was no point in fighting him in the first place.

Yaza saw the desperation and fear in their eyes, and he fed on those emotions. He suddenly dashed toward them, running rather than flying. His glowing red eyes were nightmare fuel for those commanders and warriors. They couldn't help but scream, and the worst part was that their legs had given up on them, so they could only crawl.

Uriel and the others tried to stop Yaza, but they got pushed away by an unknown force, sending them flying. They were helpless and could only watch him dismember the commanders and warriors into pieces with his sword-like wings while they were screaming in pain. They closed their eyes, but their ears listened to the scream of pain until it turned into gargles and complete silence.

Astrea was having a high fever, and she began to experience cold sweats. She could barely open her eyes, and she witnessed how her trusted and closest Archbishops, who had been with her for almost all her life, died in the most gruesome way. She couldn't even open her mouth or breathe when she saw what Yaza had done to them. She was devastated, furious, and felt powerless, which triggered something within her.

Thousands of knights were trembling with their eyes wide open when they witnessed the cruelty of Yaza, the emissary. They all dropped their weapons and fell to their knees, clasping their hands. They prayed to both God and Yaza for mercy, they were too scared that praying to a demonic being was the right thing to do even though Astrea was right there next to them.

"God... will you accept my one last prayer?" Astrea muttered as she tried to stand up. "I have seen many deaths... and all I could do was to pray for their souls to be accepted by you and would be by your side. I have spent my whole life guiding others and bringing them to your light. But, God? If this is all I am, when the world is needing my protection, and I'm unable to answer their prayers, the burdens are too much..."

"God, if you can hear my prayer... I'm willing to trade my life for the life of others..." Astrea said as she walked toward the remains of the archbishops. "God... our lives are yours to take, but please, just take me and keep the others safe..." she collapsed right in front of the lump of flesh and ragged attire of the archbishops on the ground.

"God... if the afterlife is the only thing that awaits them, what's the point of us fighting? God... give me your power, the power to fight evil..." Astrea's voice shook a bit as she grasped onto the attire and could feel the warmth of the bodies that used to reside underneath them.

As soon as Astrea finished mumbling, a ray of light pushed away the clouds as if a divine intervention was approaching. Everyone looked up at the bright sky that came not from the sun but something beyond the universe. Yaza and Kiel stared at the sky and knew what it was, but then suddenly the sky collapsed as if the sky was about to crush the ground. It felt similar to the feeling of falling off a cliff in a dream, and that feeling was enough to cause almost every soldier to collapse and faint.

Yaza and Kiel were about to prevent something from descending by spreading their wings and flying toward the light. However, they both were pushed to the ground so hard that they were buried deep into the ground. Even Nephia, a colossal being, got pushed to the ground, leaving only its upper body above the ground.

A deafening blast cracked the sky in a split second, and a bright ball of light descended right into Astrea's body at the speed of light. Lenin's Mana barrier got shattered, and everyone got pushed away from Astrea. The moment they all got up and looked at Astrea, they witnessed something unworldly, something that they would never see in their whole lives.

Astrea was floating right above the ground, her toes barely touching the ground. A glowing gold halo slowly formed above her head. Her back robe got torn apart, revealing her bare back that began to crack, revealing a glowing bright gold light. A glowing gold mist sipped out of her back, forming into golden light wings. She slowly spread her arms, and the gold mist sipped out of her fingertips, forming into a shield on her left hand and a sword on her right hand.

Rasmus narrowed his eyes, and it reminded him of Aurelia when she was about to get possessed by an angel. It was a similar feeling, a feeling of allure and admiration, to the point he felt euphoria, but he then pulled out a dagger from his spatial ring, stabbing his left palm with it. He groaned in pain, and that snapped him back to reality while the others were bewitched by the presence of an angel.

"What's that?" Aris asked, and she was unaffected by the angel's apparition.

"An angel..." Rasmus groaned as he kept focusing on the pain to keep himself sane. "An angel that possesses Astrea's body."

Yaza and Kiel came out of the ground with their wings spread open, and they both glared at Astrea, floating above the ground with a divine sword and shield in her hands. When Astrea slowly opened her eyes, her eyes turned glowing gold with blood dripping down her cheeks.

"Ah... an old friend..." Yaza's eyes glared widely, grinning beneath the mask.

"The one who didn't fall..." Kiel stared at Astrea's glowing gold eyes that kept bleeding because her body couldn't contain the divine being within her.

Chapter 259 - 259: Cosmic horror.

Astrea ascended as the glowing golden wings made of light spread even wider, mesmerizing everyone who looked at them. Kiel and Yaza began to ascend as well as they spread their tar-like wings, putting terror on those who looked at them. The three of them were up high in the sky, two demons against an angel in the body of a mortal.

Astrea made the first move, flying toward them with the shield right in front of her body while her right hand spread open with the light sword in it. Kiel and Yaza used their wings to attack the light shield, and the impact created a mixed energy of demonic and divine energies. The clash and the energy it released snapped everyone back to reality. However, they were affected by the energy, and it gave them an intense panic attack where they thought about nothing but their existence, which didn't matter in the eyes of the cosmic.

Rasmus wasn't affected by the energy because he had seen hell, and he had experienced it long before them. He knew that humans weren't even on the food chain, not even matter in the universe, only a speck of dust in the world of existence.

Astrea tried to push Kiel and Yaza away, however, the limitation of her body prevented the angel within her unable to extracting more of its power. The moment the angel tried to push a little bit further, the body would break, be smitten, and disappear from existence.

"What's the matter? The body can't accept your existence entirely?" Yaza asked, smiling through his eyes as he kept pushing his wings at the light shield, trying to pierce through the divine energy.

Astrea didn't say a word, her glowing golden eyes were focused on eliminating Kiel and Yaza. She didn't falter or show any hesitation or fear, not even a slight discomfort. A seasoned cosmical being that had gone through countless wars against the fallen, the one and only angel that they both were familiar with.

"Ah, that gaze... it has been a while, Gabriel, the destroyer..." Kiel's glowing eyes grew larger and brighter.

Astrea added more strength to her left hand, cracking her whole left arm, leaking divine light and energy through her cracked skin. She pushed both of them and instantly swung her sword at them, but Kiel and Yaza used the tar-like swords made of demonic energy to block her sword. Each clash worsened the state of the mortals, screaming and crying because of their insignificant and existential crisis.

Rasmus and Aris noticed the cry of helplessness of the soldiers, and even Novia was screaming hysterically, covering her ears and eyes shut tightly. One of the knights began to grab his sword on the ground and began to slit his throat. He didn't expect the effect would be that severe, but he didn't care about their lives, he only cared about the important figures.

Every clash that those three had, more and more knights and mages killed themselves in various ways. One who strangled themselves, lit themselves on fire magic, or even decapitated themselves. The moment Thalior grabbed his sword and pointed it at his chest, Rasmus ran toward him and slapped the sword away.

"Even that isn't enough?" Rasmus narrowed his eyes, shocked by Thalior's lack of response after he slapped the sword away.

"Let me try," Aris imbued blue energy into her right fist and then punched Thalior right in the face.

Thalior fell on his back, and suddenly he began to gasp for air with a terrified expression and widened eyes. He finally snapped back to reality and began to scream in pain as his nose started to bleed. He grunted in pain as he covered his face, and that alone was enough to put Rasmus at ease.

"Can you do it to the others? I don't want them to die," Rasmus said as he looked at Aris. "I don't care about the soldiers, just Lenin and the others," he pointed out.

"Alright," Aris nodded with understanding as she walked away to wake Lenin and the others.

Thalior slowly lowered his hands, and the first thing he saw was Rasmus standing in front of him, staring down with a cold and stoic expression. He looked so confused as if he had lost his memory for a few seconds until he remembered what was going on. Suddenly, Rasmus offered his hand to Thalior, and without hesitation, Thalior grabbed Rasmus's right hand and got up.

"What... what's going on..." Thalior asked, but then he heard a massive shockwave and sound blast in the sky. When he was about to look up, Rasmus grabbed his face and pulled it down. "What?!" He was so shocked that Rasmus's hand was on his face.

"If you looked up, you would end up like those men," Rasmus forced Thalior to look behind him, showing Thalior the number of soldiers killing themselves in various ways. "Don't you ever look up or you'll go insane again," he warned.

Thalior was so shocked that he couldn't blink or make a noise when he saw the soldiers ending their own lives. He hurriedly ran toward the soldiers who were about to end their lives, preventing them from harming themselves.

"Hey! What are you doing?!" Thalior asked as he took away the sword from the knight in front of him. "Hey! Are you listening, soldier?!" He shook the man's shoulders aggressively, but the man's eyes were focused on the sky.

Before Thalior could snap the soldier back to reality, the other soldiers had killed themselves. He was petrified by what he was seeing, and why they ended their lives. He knew the answer, and it was right above him in the sky, the thing that Rasmus had prevented him from looking at.

Thalior was shocked and panicked, but when he saw Aris snap Lenin and the others back to reality, he realized that Aris could save the soldiers with her power.

"Lady Aris! Please! Save these people!" Thalior shouted, begging Aris to his knees.

Aris glanced at Thalior with a cold gaze, and then she walked away, ignoring his plea. At that moment, Thalior was lost for words, and then he looked at Rasmus, who was standing there, staring at him with a stoic expression. He then narrowed his eyes when he saw Rasmus's left hand bleed with a dagger pierced through his palm.

Thalior looked at the sword that he had taken from the knight and thought for a moment as he stared at the knight's hand. He closed his eyes and stabbed the knight's hand, hoping the knight would snap back to reality. When he opened his eyes, his eyes trembled so that the knight didn't show any reaction, still staring at the sky with empty eyes.

"It's too late for that," Rasmus said calmly. "Their minds are no longer here with us. They're in a trance, devoured by their own thoughts," he pointed out.

Lenin and the others watched the soldiers kill themselves and realized what was going on. Lenin the Great Sage, with immense knowledge, had questioned the existence of God and had pondered it for more than half of her age. She knew that divine beings were beyond her understanding, and she didn't expect her to be in a dilemma about her existence in the vast universe.

"Move! Get away from the soldiers! I might be able to save them!" Lenin shouted at Thalior and the others.

Thalior and the others ran away from the crowd and stayed behind Lenin's back.

Lenin formed a magic formation that was pointed at the soldiers. A translucent dome covered the soldiers, and then she created another magic formation. They didn't know what she was doing until a minute passed and the soldiers fainted. Rasmus noticed what she was doing, it was a vacuum space where no air existed inside the dome. She removed the air and made the soldiers suffocate until they passed out.

Lenin broke the magic formations as soon as the last soldier fainted, letting the air back in for them to breathe. Rasmus could do it, but he didn't want to, and he didn't have to.

Rasmus looked up at the sky and watched Astrea fight relentlessly against Kiel and Yaza. He couldn't see the movements, only demonic energy and divine energy clashing. The others were in disbelief that he was capable of witnessing the ultimate truth about the universe in front of him and kept a stoic expression. They looked at his bleeding hand and how he prevented himself from being enchanted by the terror of cosmic beings.

"How did you do it, Count?" Novia stared at Rasmus with her brows furrowed and eyes narrowed. "How can you withstand what you're seeing right now?" She asked.

"If I cared so much about morality, empathy, and humanity, I wouldn't be able to," Rasmus answered as he glanced at Novia. "I have forgotten and ignored the humanity within me. I have been seeing everything through the lens of reality without any form of illusions, including hope," he continued.

At that moment, everyone looked at Rasmus with a train of thought. They had seen Rasmus as the heartless and most unorthodox person they had ever met. However, if Rasmus was the only one capable

of seeing the truth about cosmical beings, the terrifying truth that no humans could comprehend, was he the wrong one, or were they the ones who had been living wrongly?

"This isn't the time to think about your understanding," Rasmus turned his head, staring at Nephia, who had freed himself. "We need to take care of that thing while Her Holiness is buying us time," he said calmly.

Thalior, Lenin, Uriel, Xena, Novia, and Agnesia looked at Nephia standing still and stared at them from a far distance. The seven of them against a colossal being, seven ants against an elephant.

Chapter 260 - 260: Teamwork.

"Count, I can't understand your explanation about the magic that you told me earlier," Agnesia said as she looked at her hands after she tried to recreate the hydrogen bomb formula. "It's too complicated, and I believe I can't waste time on learning in this kind of situation," she continued as she watched Nephia walk toward them.

"That's fine," Rasmus nodded with understanding, realizing that this world's knowledge about fusion was still nonexistent. "Let's focus on getting rid of that thing," he added.

Lenin and the others nodded in agreement, even though they were still in the presence of cosmic beings clashing their powers above them. They weren't in their best condition because the energy the cosmic beings released still deeply affected them. Their minds were playing tricks on them, and they tried to pull them back into the trance state, inciting them.

"Your Grace, Lady Uriel, Lady Xena, can the three of you act as baits? Javi will join you as well. I want you to distract him while the rest of us try to defeat him," Rasmus said as he looked at the four of them.

The three of them looked at each other for a moment before they all nodded their heads. Thalior and Xena might not be able to do anything to Nephia since they lacked strength, however, Uriel might be able to hurt Nephia and help Lenin and the others.

"What about Lady Aris?" Uriel looked at Aris, standing still with her sword stabbed to the ground beside her.

Rasmus looked at Aris, and she answered with a shake of her head. Rasmus nodded with understanding, however, he was curious as to why it took her so long to recover. He noticed that her hair had turned a lot blueish compared to before, as if something had changed inside her. He wondered how close Aris was to evolving into a true dragon, and from losing her memories and existence as an Orthias.

"Her presence near the soldiers would be enough to prevent the emissaries from trying to do anything funny to them," Rasmus answered as he looked up at the sky, where the clouds dispersed and the sound barrier couldn't contain every move of the cosmic beings. "It's a good thing that she's not coming with us. You won't be worried about the well-being of your soldiers, right?" He asked as he looked at Thalior and Xena.

Everyone nodded in agreement, and they didn't have a complaint with Aris not joining them, even though she could single-handedly defeat Nephia.

"It's now or never..." Lenin said as she began to float and gather Mana, absorbing it into her body and storing it.

"We can't waste the time that Her Holiness gave us," Novia said as she floated right behind Lenin.

"Let's go all out. One less enemy in this kind of situation is enough to increase our chances of survival," Agnesia removed her top hat and put it down on the ground before she floated and gathered Mana around her body.

Rasmus nodded as he began to float as well and removed his spatial ring since it consumed a lot of Mana from him. He tossed the ring over to Aris and he felt lighter instantly as if the heavy weight on his shoulders were being lifted.

Uriel folded her tongue and put her fingers in her mouth, whistling to call her horse. Xena and Thalior did the same, calling their horses to their side. As soon as they rode their horses, they unsheathed their swords and looked up at Lenin and the others.

"Good luck," Lenin said, looking down at Thalior and the others.

"We are counting on all of you," Thalior nodded. "Let's go!" He looked over his shoulder at Xena, Uriel, and Javi.

The four of them rode their horses toward Nephia, charging without any sign of fear in them. They didn't have any burden on the safety of their knights and mages because Aris was there to protect them. It had been a while since they charged toward the enemy without endangering other people's lives.

Lenin and Novia flew toward Nephia, right above Thalior and the others while Agnesia and Rasmus were flying behind Lenin.

Nephia noticed that they were approaching him, and without hesitation, he stomped the ground with his right foot. The stomp created a strong earthquake, but Agnesia landed right in front of Thalior with her right hand on the ground, neutralizing the earthquake.

"Thank you, Sorceress," Thalior said as he rode his horse past Agnesia.

"Don't stop! I'll protect all of you!" Agnesia shouted and then flew again, following Thalior and the others.

Lenin looked at Novia and then gave her a nod, signaling Novia to follow her. Lenin flew higher and went beyond the clouds with Novia. She then prepared a massive magic formation, forming from one magic circle up to twelve magic circles. Novia on the other hand, she created the outer layer of the formation, preventing the magic formation from breaking prematurely.

Rasmus looked up and saw the massive magic formation that was as big as a football field. He wondered what kind of spell those two were trying to make. Once he saw the magic formation had completely formed, a translucent light appeared above the magic formation like a glass.

"Fire... heat... water... mist?" Rasmus muttered as he read the runes written on the magic formation. "What are they trying to make?" He was utterly confused as he kept flying toward Nephia.

Rasmus noticed a drop of liquid ball that appeared at the center of the magic formation below the translucent light. The ball suddenly grew brighter and brighter to the point that he couldn't directly stare

at it anymore. He looked away from the sky for a moment when suddenly a beam of concentrated light descended and hit Nephia right in the chest.

"Clever, using the sunlight as the source of its power..." Rasmus muttered, realizing that the magic formation that Lenin and Novia made was similar to a magnifying glass pointed at the soil and concentrated the sunlight with it, melting the soil but on a bigger and more concentrated scale.

The concentrated light was so hot that it melted right through Nephia's chest. Nephia used his left hand to block the light, but the moment it made contact with the light, his hand got cut open as if it was getting cut open with a high-pressure water jet. However, Nephia's regeneration was as fast as the light cut his hand open.

"What a monster..." Lenin muttered as she raised her right hand and twisted it around before she pulled her hand down.

More balls appeared right below the magic formation and then released concentrated lights toward Nephia. She controlled the balls and moved them around, cutting Nephia's tough skin and flesh.

Nephia roared and glared at the magic formation beyond the clouds. He kept roaring until demonic energy formed in front of his mouth in the shape of a ball. The moment he gathered enough demonic energy, he released a similar beam but with a dark purple color toward Lenin and Novia.

The demonic energy devoured the Mana from the spell, making the demonic beam grow bigger and more destructive. Lenin and Novia realized that they couldn't stop it, so they flew away and watched as the demonic beam shattered the magic formation. Nephia moved the beam and tried to hit Lenin and Novia with it.

Lenin and Novia flew separately to confuse Nephia, and that gave Agnesia the moment that she was waiting for. Agnesia lit herself on fire, making her a burning lady, but she was completely fine which confused Rasmus because that defied the law. She then raised her hands, and suddenly the ground below her trembled and cracked it open.

The pieces of land began to levitate, following her command, which surprised Rasmus. Agnesia began to fly higher, and the pieces of land began to rise even higher, following her.

Agnesia went higher than Lenin and Novia, making her look like a small dot in the vast sky as big chunks of land kept levitating under her. Nephia was so focused on Lenin and Novia that he didn't care about what Agnesia was doing.

"Uriel, this is your chance," Thalior looked to Uriel who rode her horse beside him. "He's unaware of us, and we might be able to do something to attract his attention," he looked at the colossal being right in front of him.

Uriel nodded with understanding, and then she jumped off her horse and began to imbue her body with Aura. She held Rasmus's black sword tightly and imbued the sword with Aura as she charged toward Nephia's left foot.

Uriel jumped as high as she could and stared at Nephia's right ankle. She held the sword with both hands as she began to free-fall toward Nephia's ankle. When she was close enough, she swung her sword with all her might, hoping that her attack was enough to cut off Nephia's foot.

Nephia kept releasing the beam when suddenly he lost his balance, and before he could look down, Uriel swung her sword again and cut off his left foot. He collapsed to his knees and no longer released the demonic beam. However, Uriel used all her strength on those two attacks, and she couldn't use Aura anymore or could barely stand on her own.

Uriel was right below Nephia, and she saw how he glared at her furiously with his glowing purple eyes. Nephia tried to grab Uriel with his gigantic hand, but suddenly, Javi rode his horse and grabbed Uriel from her pauldron, lifting her up and putting her behind him.

Nephia had regenerated his feet, and he was about to chase after Javi and Uriel until he noticed a bright orange light above him. He slowly lifted his head and saw five big chunks of land, covered in fire, coming down toward him. He couldn't block the chunks of land in time, and his body got hit by them.

The impact was enough to explode his upper body and create massive shockwaves. Those chunks of land were the ones that Agnesia brought with her, dozens of kilometers above the ground. The debris hit his body parts and was enough to bring him down to the ground on his back.

"Did they kill him?" Xena covered her face with the back of her hand from the intense heat and gust of the wind.

Everyone stayed put and watched the headless body of Nephia on the ground. They were looking for any sign of movement, but they were hoping that they wouldn't see any. However, they were in disbelief when the body began to regenerate its head.

"You must be joking..." Novia muttered with a shocked expression.