

Evil 351

Chapter 351: An act.

Aris and Rullein stood in the middle of the street in the middle of the night. The atmosphere was heavy and intense because of the eyes that were pointed at them from dark alleys. Slowly but surely, one by one, the possessed humans came out of the alleys with their cloaks that hid their identity.

"Remember, we are Sira and Lurein, we aren't supposed to be powerful enough to deal all of them at once," Aris muttered under her breath, her voice so quiet that only Rullein could hear her. "We aren't supposed to kill them. We are just going to convey a message that we aren't a threat, but we aren't weak either," she continued.

"How weak are we supposed to be?" Rullein asked as she counted there were seven men in a cloak from her side.

"So weak that you're swinging your swords like you're just too lazy to even lift the swords," Aris answered as she counted there were ten men in a cloak on her side. "Do you understand what I mean? Just try your best to not look too obvious that you're holding back," she asked, glancing at Rullein.

"This is going to be so embarrassing..." Rullein groaned under her breath as she unsheathed her swords. "These swords are so fragile as well..." She glanced at the swords in her hands, the swords that Rasmus had bought for both of them.

"You'll get your time to shine when the time comes, just stop whining," Aris muttered as she unsheathed her swords and swung them around.

Rullein hummed as she readied her stance and watched the possessed humans slowly approach them, isolating herself and Aris.

"Who are you people?" Aris raised her voice, breaking the silence in the silent night.

There was no answer from the men in cloaks, they stood there staring at Aris and Rullein with cold and killing intent. However, Aris's question was loud enough to wake some people that were asleep, and some guards also heard her voice from the distance.

Although people began to turn their lanterns on in their houses or the inns around them, the possessed humans didn't bother by being seen. Aris realized those possessed humans were testing her and Rullein, to gather information for their boss, either the king or the powerful demon that hid under the city.

The guards followed Aris's voice, and people began to wonder what was happening outside on the street. However, when they all saw the men in cloaks, they immediately chose to ignore it. They had lived in the capital city for more than a decade, and they knew who those men were. They were the Night Stalkers, a unit that King Relius created the day after the rebellion ended. Their task was to eliminate threats, criminals, and suspicious people that could potentially harm the nation.

Aris began to coat her body with Aura, showing her capability to the men in cloaks, and Rullein began to coat her body with Aura as well. The men in cloaks could see Aura, and they could see the amount of Aura those two could produce. They knew those two were a threat, but not to the point they couldn't handle it since they were many.

"Not wanting to talk, huh? Fine, let the steel do the talking," Rullein smirked as she began to approach the men in cloaks on her side.

Aris glanced at Rullein for a moment before she decided to do the same and approached the men in cloaks on her side.

The men in cloaks revealed their swords from underneath their cloaks, and they all moved in unison as they walked toward them without making a single footstep sound. They all immediately dashed toward them and swung their swords at the same time.

Aris coated her sword with Aura and released three slash waves at them. On the other hand, Rullein dashed to the side and focused on the three men in cloaks first, breaking the line. They both had two different swordstyles and playstyles, and they managed to prevent themselves from getting cornered by their enemies.

The guards watched in the distances while the townspeople watched from their bedrooms or right outside their houses. They watched how those two could fight two dozens of Night Stalkers at the same time.

Aris and Rullein tried their best to not use more power than what they had already planned. They chose to focus on their technique rather than their strength, and that alone was enough to do powerful blows on some of the men in cloaks, reducing their numbers. They moved so swiftly and their foot works were the reason why they were capable of dealing with that many enemies with limited strength.

"Are they the ones that the people have been talking about? The people from the East?" The guard with a black beard asked.

"Yes, they're the ones that I have been hearing about. I believe those beautiful ladies are Lady Sira and Lady Lurein," the guard with brown eyes answered, nodding his head. "They're so strong, don't you guys think? They can handle at least twenty Night Stalkers on their own," he asked as he looked at the other guards beside him.

"They're not strong enough to win this fight, but yes, they're indeed elite warriors. I heard many words about the people from the East, they're all born as warriors, unlike the rest of Neva. Now I understand what they mean by that, they're indeed on a different league than us in term of combat skill," the guard captain said as he nodded in agreement.

Aris and Rullein stole a glance at each other, knowing that they had a chance of winning in their current situation. However, they knew that they shouldn't, and so they made a simple blunder, a mistake that cost them their momentum. They both got hit and cut by the sharp blades on their arms, making them bleed.

Aris and Rullein decided to fall back and make some distance from the men in cloaks. Their arms and hands trembled as the blood dropped to the ground and sweat ran from their foreheads to their chins and necks. They managed to mimic their bodies to be those of humans, capable of bleeding and sweating thanks to Rasmus who taught them how a human body worked.

"You dare to kill us?" Rullein asked as she pretended to catch her breath, putting a smirk on her face.

Once again the men in cloaks didn't say a word, however, they didn't try to approach Aris or Rullein, they stood still. It was as what Aris had predicted, the possessed were testing her and Rullein, to understand who they were, if they were a threat that they had been looking for, Rasmus.

"What do you want from us?" Aris asked and stared at them, acting oblivious to the men in front of her that were demons inside human flesh. "We have done nothing that cause an issue or a problem to this city," she said as she sheathed her swords, and then she saw Rullein sheathing her swords, following her.

Suddenly all the men in cloaks moved aside, and that was when a man walked past the men in cloaks. The aura around him was nothing like those around him, and Aris could tell how stronger the man was compared to those demons. With her current act, even her strength and technique alone wouldn't be able to match that man.

Aris and Rullein unconsciously put their hands on the swords they had sheathed. However, they felt a warm hand on their lower backs, turning their heads around to see Rasmus behind them. His gaze was pointed at the man, and at the same time signaling them to stay calm.

"Good evening, Lord Vije, Lady Sira, and Lady Lurein..." The man bowed his head, still hiding his face under the hood. Not long after he bowed, the others began to bow as well. "I apologize for disturbing your resting time. However, we are tasked to investigate every person that enters this city, making sure they're not a threat," he explained as he lifted his head.

"I understand, but to see you deploy a big number of people just to keep an eye on us, is that really how it works around here?" Rasmus asked, staring at the man, who was still hiding his eyes.

The man was unable to answer the question without sounding so suspicious.

"Why don't we have a talk? Just the two of us. I believe these two and me combined won't be a threat to you. Let us handle this matter in a more civilized way," Rasmus said as he pointed at the inn. "That is if you truly have no ulterior motives or your courtesy is real and not just an act," he smiled coldly at the man.

"No, that's unnecessary, Lord Vije. We got what we came for, have a good night," the man said and walked away without showing any respect anymore. All the men in cloaks followed the man and disappeared into the night.

Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein made sure that all of them had left and not stayed behind in the darkness to observe them. However, the moment the leader seemed to walk away, he brought everyone back with him, being truthful with what he said earlier.

"You two did great, thank you," Rasmus said as he glanced at the windows of people staring at them. "Let's head back in," he said as he walked back inside the inn. Aris and Rullein followed him from behind.

Chapter 352 - 352: Unravel.

Rasmus sat at the table, tilting his head and crossing his arms, staring at the Jester who sat across from him. Ayla was on the side, watching those two from the corner of the room after she carefully brought the Jester into the inn. It was a task that took her more effort than anything else because of how eccentric the Jester was, even on silent nights, his presence was like a sore thumb.

"It has been a while, isn't it?" The Jester giggled mischievously, covering his mouth and shaking his shoulder as he laughed. "Seeing you're here already and summoning me, that means you have prepared the stage for me?" He tilted his head, his eyes were wide open, his pupils shrunk in excitement.

Ayla still couldn't get used to the Jester's eccentricities, but when she glanced at Rasmus, he didn't even show any reaction. She realized Rasmus's calmness was beyond her level, even the Jester felt uncomfortable by his calmness.

Rasmus raised his hand and flicked his fingers, pulling the invitation letter from thin air. He slowly put it on the table and slid it toward the Jester without breaking eye contact. However, when the Jester was about to take the letter, Rasmus moved the letter to the side. The Jester slowly looked up at him with a cold gaze, hatred, anger, and killing intent oozed from that gaze alone.

"What's your plan," Rasmus asked, staring into the Jester's eyes.

"My plan?" The Jester slowly stood up and pushed his hands on the table. With sheer strength, he cracked the table and glared at Rasmus with his veiny eyes. "I will give them the best performance that they could ever receive. I will let them laugh, laugh loud enough to make them forget how their necks have been slit open. I will make them laugh as death comes to take them away!" He continued, his eyes slowly turning red because he hadn't blinked his eyes for a while.

Ayla who heard the revelation was shocked, finding out that the Jester planned on killing the royal family during the coming-of-age ceremony. She didn't expect that Rasmus would give such an opportunity to someone else when he was the one who experienced the cruelest of cruelty of the royal family. When she looked at Rasmus, she saw nothing but calmness while the Jester showed his true color, realizing that Rasmus didn't care much about who killed the royal family.

"I heard that Nemu had come to visit the palace. Do you still think you can achieve that?" Rasmus asked, staring at the Jester with a stoic expression. "Did you know that demons would be there to protect them? Do you have the skill to pull that off even after knowing that?" He added.

The Jester responded with a huge grin on his face, there was nothing sane about him.

"You don't have to worry about that, I know what I'm doing. You can just watch and enjoy the show, Lord Vije..." The Jester giggled mischievously.

Rasmus could see the uncertainty in the Jester's eyes, but there was also confidence, the confidence that whatever it took, he would have made sure he killed the royal family even if it cost him his life. Rasmus closed his eyes as he slowly removed his hand from the letter, allowing the Jester to take it.

The Jester took the invitation letter and stared at it with a huge grin on his face. His pupils were shaking as if he had been waiting for this moment his entire life.

Ayla wondered what drove the Jester to have such a deeply rooted hatred toward the royal family. She didn't expect the Jester to have such strong emotions if she hadn't watched everything unfold in front of her.

"There's one request that I would like to ask you," Rasmus said as he leaned back, making himself comfortable in the chair.

"Oh? A request from my patronage?" The Jester tilted his head as he sat down and mimicked Rasmus's gesture, crossing his arms and leaning back.

"You will be coming with me, to stay by my side until the time comes where I will let you perform in front of the royal family all the guests," Rasmus said calmly, crossing his legs. "You want the royal family's heads, and so do I, but there is something else that I want. Not from the royal family, but the one that pull the string from behind, he pointed out as he straightened his back. "Can you do that?" He asked with his brows raised.

"Ah, that's quite dangerous, Lord Vije. This continent is on the brink of collapsing, and there are rumors spreading that the Holy Nation is inviting all the most influential families in the world. If you're putting your nose in a place where you shouldn't have, I'm afraid that you have to sleep with one eye open," the Jester warned as he giggled mischievously. "However, for your request, I will comply..." He smiled as he stood up before he bowed his head and placed his right hand on his chest.

Rasmus slowly got up from his chair and glanced at Ayla, nodding his head.

"We will meet here again, in three days," Rasmus said, and then walked away to go upstairs, leaving the Jester alone with Ayla.

Ayla escorted the Jester out of the inn, and made sure the Jester wore the cloak and hid his whole eccentric attire. She then looked over her shoulder to the second floor where Rasmus stood in front of the window with Aris and Rullein beside him. Those three were staring at them with stoic expressions until Rasmus decided to close the window.

Ayla walked beside the Jester who suddenly became oddly quiet, not even a sound of his footsteps or breathing. It was the first time she saw the Jester quiet, so quiet that it made her feel uncomfortable. She glanced at the Jester, but she couldn't see his face because of the hood he wore.

"You're not going to ask?" The Jester asked, breaking the silence.

"Ask? Ask about what?" Ayla asked back, knowing exactly what the Jester was asking, but chose to let the Jester elaborate.

"Why do I want to do this," the Jester answered, his voice quiet, almost like a whisper. "Your eyes were pointing at me the whole conversation with Lord Vije. You must be wondering, and seen it when I spoke with him," he added.

"Yes," Ayla nodded, her eyes never stopping glancing at every corner, alley, and roof of the buildings. "But I'm not going to ask. It's none of my business," she shook her head.

The Jester slowly turned his head toward Ayla with his creepy and cold smile. He stared at her for a few seconds without blinking his eyes. It creeped Ayla out, but she chose to ignore it because she knew the more she showed her discomfort, the more the Jester would play with her emotion.

"However, I'm curious..." Ayla said, breaking the silence as she turned her head to look at the Jester's creepy smile and gaze. She tried to stay calm like how Rasmus did it, but she couldn't do it, not even lasting for a second before she averted her gaze from the Jester's face.

"What do you think, little miss? Can you make a guess?" The Jester asked, slowly turning his head and focused on the path in front of him.

"Did you lose someone important?" Ayla asked, stealing a glance at the Jester.

"In this kind of world, who's not losing experience of such a thing? Everyone must have lost someone precious in their lives. However, you're right, but not entirely right," the Jester answered, his voice suddenly becoming deep and heavy.

Ayla hummed, nodded in agreement. The world they were living in, people killed each other like it was nothing. It was a normal thing to have here, and rather than grief for those who died, they just believed those who fell were the unfortunate.

"You don't have to escort me anymore, little miss..." The Jester said as he fastened his walking pace. "You have done your job, and I believe you should get some rest now," he slowly looked over his shoulder at Ayla, giving her a soft smile before he walked into a dark alley.

Ayla was surprised when the Jester made such an expression on her face. She also knew that the Jester had disappeared into the night since she couldn't feel his presence anymore. She then took a deep breath and decided to head back to her hiding place.

"Three days, Rasmus. Three days until you can finally get rid of the ones that kill your whole family," Rullein said as she sat on the edge of the bed. "We are going to kill everyone, right?" She asked with a smirk on her face.

"Yes, everyone..." Rasmus nodded as he sat at his desk. "War is coming, but this time there will be a lot of parties, unlike in South Neva. I can sense there will be more blood here than there," he said, staring blankly at the wall.

Chapter 353 - 353: Without a problem.

Rasmus looked at himself in the mirror, wearing a nomad prince's garb made of silk. His tanned skin and appearance made him look like a prince from East Neva. He then glanced at Aris's reflection in the mirror, wearing her tailored dark-green jumpsuit made of silk. She loved that attire ever since she saw Anastasha wear it. He glanced at the other side of the mirror, looking at Rullein wearing a satin dark-blue cocktail dress, revealing more of her skin.

"This is a dress?" Rullein asked as she looked at her long pale legs, showing a glimpse of her thigh from the long slit in the skirt. "Hmm, it feels uncomfortable, but... I like it..." she muttered as she stared at her reflection in the mirror.

Rasmus used his knowledge of dress codes back on Earth, where he used to be surrounded by filthy rich people. Although he didn't know much about dresses, he had seen them long enough to know the type of dress and how they were tailored. The dress that Aris and Rullein wore, they were the result of Rasmus's knowledge. Thankfully, Rullein could reshape her body more flexibly, and matched with Aris's body since the dress she wore belonged to Aris.

"Don't you tear that dress," Aris said as she stared at Rullein.

"Why? Why do you care so much about it?" Rullein crossed her arms with a smug and mischievous smirk. "You can ask Rasmus to make another one for you," she chuckled.

"They're mine, specifically made for me. You're borrowing what's mine, so wear and treat it with care," Aris answered, her cold gaze pierced through Rullein's eyes.

"Say please then," Rullein's smirk widened.

"Are we ready to leave?" Rasmus asked, defusing the tension as he turned around to look at them. "The carriage will be here soon, so make sure that both of you look presentable," he added, staring at both of them from top to bottom.

Aris and Rullein looked down at their feet and then looked at each other's dress. They then looked at Rasmus with their brows raised, staring at him, questioning his words.

"Presentable? We are not presentable in our dresses?" Aris asked.

"Women in this world, they dominate the battle not using their fists, strength, how they're good at wielding a weapon," Rasmus said as he looked at both of them, stunningly beautiful even without a proper make-up. "It's how they represent themselves, the confidence in their walks, their gaze, and how they use their words to dominate both men and women. Just like Anastasha," he explained and then looked at Aris.

Aris gave it a thought, trying to remember how Anastasha spoke and behaved. She remembered how confident Anastasha was, and how Anastasha didn't falter even in her presence the first time she met her. She tried to relive the memories of Anastasha and tried to be like her.

"Who's Anastasha?" Rullein arched her brows, looking at both of them with a confused look.

"Can you read a portion of my memories if I allow you to?" Rasmus asked. He knew that Rullein was capable of reading and projecting people's memories, a power that only Dark Spirit could do, only a being like her that could bend nature's laws.

"Yes, I can," Rullein answered reaching her hand toward Rasmus.

Rullein was so eager to read Rasmus' whole memories, but it was impossible if Rasmus didn't allow her to. If she tried to breach it, she would be devoured by the Dragon's Blood because she could be said to have been born from it as well, and she was powerless in the presence of a True Dragon that produced her.

Rasmus placed his hand on Rullein's cold hand, and relived the memories he had with Anastasha. While he was busy projecting the memories onto Rullein, Rullein reached her hand toward Aris. She raised her brows, wondering if Aris wanted to also see the memories of him with Anastasha. Aris reached out her hand and held Rullein's hand, beginning to see the vivid memories of Rasmus with Anastasha's encounters.

"Hmm, what a lovely woman... I like her..." Rullein pulled her hands away from Rasmus's and Aris's. "I think we need something, don't we?" She glanced at Aris with her brows raised.

"Yes, folding fans..." Aris answered, nodding in agreement.

Rasmus didn't have any in the spatial ring since he or Aris ever needed it. He thought it was a good item to have, especially for both of them to make them look like high-ranking nobles. He then nodded with understanding and went downstairs, to ask Ayla to buy them with his money.

Ayla came back in less than five minutes with two high-quality folding fans. Aris and Rullein were happy to have the folding fan in their hands and began to act like Anastasha.

"We good to go?" Rasmus asked as he fixed the cloth that was hanging around his left arm.

"Yes, let's take the spotlight," Rullein smirked as she unfolded the fan, covering her lower face, her gaze was sharp and mischievous.

The three of them walked into the carriage, and they saw the Jester already inside. The Jester didn't wear his usual Jester make-up, finally revealing how he looked like. The Jester looked like he was in his mid 40s, his slick black hair and bright brown eyes. He looked like a normal man, and nobody would know that he was the Jester that had been haunting the capital city with his madness.

Rasmus sat beside the Jester while Aris and Rullein were across from him, still with the unfolded fans that covered their lower faces. Ayla was standing beside the coachmen, acting like their personal maid while the coachman Braine, the second most skilled Black Hand in combat.

They departed for the palace where the ceremony was held. People all over the town were enjoying the festival, drinking and feasting in the morning. Everyone wrapped their arms around each other,

celebrating the day of the princess becoming an adult. It was so lively, especially with many bards all over the city, singing and reciting the poems they made for such a lovely day and for the Princess's coming-of-age.

"So lively..." Rullein looked out the window at the people, laughing and shouting without a single care about the world. "I wonder what they'll look like once this is over..." She giggled mischievously, her pupils shrunk like a cat.

The Jester noticed Rullein's eyes and it gave him shivers because it was something inhuman. However, when he turned around to look at Rasmus, another wave of shivers hit him. Rasmus knew that he knew, and Rasmus stared coldly at the Jester as he put his index finger on the lips, telling the Jester to keep it a secret. At that moment, the Jester realized, something wasn't right, and everything that he found suspicious about Rasmus, began to scream at him, telling him to be careful or even to run away.

The journey felt long for the Jester while for Rasmus, it was fast when they had finally reached the gate to the palace. They were waiting in line because there were hundreds of carriages in front of them. Every carriage was being checked by the royal knights from inside-out, not leaving a single dust unnoticed.

"Wow, how many people that are being invited?" Rullein asked, tilting her head to look at the long line in front of her, trying to count the carriages at the front.

"Around five hundreds guests," Rasmus answered as he fixed his attire.

"Five hundreds..." Rullein licked her lips before she bit her lower lip, her pupils shrunk once again, excited for the main event.

The Joker was oddly quiet, realizing he wasn't the madman or the one who preyed on people. He was placed in a carriage filled with people or even unknown beings that wanted nothing but bloodshed. He heard about the rumors that went around about Aris and Rullein, who withstood the Night Stalkers, and somehow he didn't believe the gossip when people said those two lost against them. He knew that Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein were hiding their true power until the time was right, to be confined in a place where other weak predators were until they finally devoured them all.

Slowly but surely, their carriage finally reached the gate and five royal knights on their horses surrounded the carriage. A royal knight stood at the door and Rasmus opened the door for him. When the royal knight saw them, he felt the intensity in the carriage, the atmosphere was thick with pressure that immediately felt heavy on his shoulder.

"Here are the invitation letters," Rasmus offered the four letters to the royal knight.

The royal knight already knew who those three were, especially with their appearance that didn't look like from Central Neva. He wanted to tell them to get off, but he hesitated, however, Rasmus understood and stood up from his seat. The royal knight moved aside as all of them walked out of the carriage.

"Thank you, Lord Vije, Lady Sira, Lady Lurein, and..." The royal knight paused, not knowing who the fourth person was as a royal knight entered the carriage to do the checking.

"He's with us," Rasmus said calmly. "An important person," he stared at the royal knight with a cold gaze.

The royal knight gulped as he nodded with understanding. He then saw his friend coming out of the carriage and gave him a nod, signaling to him the carriage was safe and clear.

"Thank you for your patient, you may walk back inside and enter the palace area, Lord Vije," the royal knight pointed his hand at the carriage as he moved aside.

Rasmus gave a gentle smile as he let Aris and Rullein enter the carriage first, going into the palace area without a problem.

Chapter 354 - 354: Center of attention.

The four of them walked out of the carriage with grace, taking everyone's attention, even the high-ranking nobles couldn't help but pay attention to them. Rasmus was standing in front with Aris beside him while the Jester and Rullein were standing behind them. People began to murmur, gossiping about the mysterious guests that they didn't know that would attend the ceremony.

Even the high-ranking nobles couldn't help but ask around to the other nobles about who they were. Although Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein were well-known among commoner and low-ranking nobles, the high-ranking nobles were on a completely different world. They didn't know much about what was going on around them unless it was beneficial to them.

However, when the high-ranking nobles found out who they were, that the four of them had a tied and close connection with the Asghar family, they couldn't help but feel unease. They knew more about the Asghar family than anyone else, and knew how powerful and influential the Asghar family was. They knew too much that they chose to avoid them rather than indulge in pleasantries with them. They knew when not to touch a fire, especially a fire that could easily melt them by just being too close.

"Oh my... what a pleasant surprise..." A woman's voice could be heard from the side. The sound of her heels could be heard on the gravel. "Lord Vije, Lady Sira, and Lady Lurein. I heard a lot from my people, rumors about who you are," she added.

Rasmus glanced to the side, staring at the middle-aged woman from the corner of his eyes. A woman with fancy dress, gold earrings and a necklace with pure gemstones decorated them. Rasmus remembered the faces of the guests through the paintings and sketches that the Black Hands provided him with.

"Countess Valerie Estinol, is it?" Rasmus asked as he slowly turned his head to stare into the woman's eye.

Valerie stopped her advance when her name and status were known to Rasmus. The confidence in her gaze slowly turned into anxiety, thinking if she should be careful or not. The moment her existence was known by someone who had a close connection with the Asghar family, it wasn't bliss, it was a warning.

"It appears your husband isn't here with you. His sickness is worsen, isn't it?" Rasmus asked again, this time with an empty smile on his face.

Valerie gulped, knowing that it was time for her to retreat. The heat was too much, and if she dared to move one step closer, she would catch on fire.

"Yes, it's unfortunate, but he has shown a sign of recovery," Valerie put a forced smile. "Well then, I will excuse myself and go ahead first to greet His Highness and Her Highness," she bowed her head and began to walk up the stairs, holding and lifting her skirt to prevent herself from tripping.

Aris and Rullein looked to the sides, staring at the nobles, challenging them if they dared to approach any of them. However, the nobles immediately averted their gazes, not wanting to offer themselves like a log ready to get burned. Rullein unfolded her fan and covered her lower face, smiling with her eyes while Aris kept hers folded under her crossed arms.

They decided to walk up the stairs to go to the grand hall where the ceremony was being held. It was as Rasmus said, there were hundreds of nobles from all over the nations. The nobles who had been confirmed to be a part of the low-table, were members of a demonic cult.

When they entered the grand hall, it was so lively, especially with the classical music that echoed throughout the hall. Their arrival became the center of attention when the words had reached every guest. Some were staring at them with curiosity and some avoided their gaze at them completely, but both had something in common, none of them wanted to approach them.

"You guys can enjoy the moment," Rasmus said, his voice barely above a whisper. "Try to socialize, and be the person you're impersonating," he continued and decided to go his separate way on his own.

Aris and Rullein stared at each other for a moment before they both went their separate ways, leaving the Jester on his own. The Jester looked around for a moment before he decided to get something to drink, which was toward the same place as where Rullein was going.

"I can hear your heartbeat," Rullein said under her breath before she downed the whole glass of wine.

The Jester's heart clenched when Rullein could hear his racing heart because he was one step closer from achieving his goal. However, he didn't like how Rullein could hear and feel his emotions that he tried to suppress.

"Be careful..." Rullein put down the wine glass and went to grab another one. "Some of these people aren't even real. You should know what I mean," she warned as she took a sip of her wine.

The Jester didn't say a word when he heard the warning that some of the guests that were in the grand hall weren't humans, but demons. He was grateful to know that, however, he couldn't tell the difference. He then gave a simple nod as he took a sip of his wine, the taste of an expensive wine washed his dry throat.

Rasmus was standing on the balcony, checking the view of the whole city from the palace. His face was calm and collected when the truth was he saw the lingering energy that was suffocating even for him. Mana was nowhere to be found and it was impossible for him to use magic in this kind of place. It was similar to what Lenin said during their expedition beyond the Blackcliffs, making any warrior powerless without the presence of Mana.

"Lord Vije..." Viscount Heward's voice could be heard from behind.

Rasmus slowly looked over his shoulder and glanced at Heward with a few of the nobles behind him. He could see that all of them wanted to introduce themselves to him through Heward.

"Viscount, what can I help you with?" Rasmus asked as he turned around, completely facing them.

"These ladies and gentlemen want to have a moment of your time," Heward said, smiling nervously at Rasmus.

Rasmus stared at each one of them into their eyes, trying to remember the names and the faces, matching them together based on information he got from the Black Hands. Ever since he had awakened his bloodline as Orthias, his memory became sharp and he seemed to remember every tiny detail of the past memories.

When Rasmus was identifying each of the noble ladies and men, his eyes lingered longer toward a woman with curly black hair. The mole on her bottom lip was easy to identify, and she was Mariana Moris, one of the core members of the low-table. She was the only one among the nobles that seemed to be close to Heward, an eyesore in Rasmus's eyes.

"My time? Please, you have given me such an opportunity to join in this memorial and important moment in the Refenus Kingdom, Viscount Heward. I'll give you my time as long as you need. After all, we still have time to have conversation before the ceremony begins," Rasmus answered, smiling at Heward.

Everyone was smiling with joy while Heward was the only one who put on a forced smile. He could see the threat, meaning behind Rasmus's words that as if something that would happen today, and if he wasn't careful, he would be a part of it. However, the moment Rasmus called them by their names, their status, and their private affairs, their smiles disappeared in almost every instance.

"(I knew this would end up like this... these greedy fucker...)" Heward thought in his head as he kept his forced smile on his face.

Aris was tasting the food while so many single noble men wanted to approach her and introduce themselves to her. When a noble man approached her and was about to open his mouth, she placed her hand right in front of her face. The noble man thought she wasn't interested in him and immediately walked away while his colleagues and friends snickered at him.

The truth was, Aris stared at the six people that had just entered the grand hall. She wasn't the only one, Rullein and Rasmus also looked toward those six people who had just entered the hall. The three of them stared at each other, realizing that they all noticed the immense power those six people had with them.

"(Demon King Rank demons)" Rasmus thought to himself, finally finding out the identity of those six mysterious people. The guests on the list that Gorge mentioned were suspicious. "(This is a great addition)" He looked away and focused on the nobles around him again.

Rullein had emptied the fifth glass of wine, and the servants were worried that they would run out of wine because of her. When the servants noticed the huge grin on her face, their faces went pale because of how unnaturally wide her grin was. She immediately covered her lower face with the fan, glancing at the servants with her shrinking pupils.

"This is going to be so much fun..." Rullein's voice was low and quiet.

The Jester felt every hair on his body raise, an instinct and an alert signal from his body to his brain that he should run away and stay away from Rullein. He was the only who could see that wide grin that almost went from ear to ear.

Chapter 355 - 355: "Cheers..."

Everyone gathered in the grand hall when they looked at the time and knew that it was about time for the royal family to join them in the grand hall. Rasmus, Aris, Rullein, and the Jester were standing on the side, close to the door where the royal family would enter the grand hall. Across from them, they were the six mysterious guests that even most of the guests didn't know who they were.

Aris and Rullein covered their mouths with the folded fan, they both had been staring at those six people with such intensity. The moment those six people stared back at them, they smiled with such gentleness, however, those two kept staring at them with a cold gaze.

Although with such intensity in their gazes, the Demon Kings took it lightly. A sign of success in deceiving their perspective because of Aris and Rullein's act a few days ago during their encounter with the Night Stalkers.

Rasmus trained to suppress his Orthias blood by keeping them inside his bone marrow. Back on Earth, bone marrow was considered the hidden health marker, which somehow proved similarly to this world. He was interested in it, and planned to explore this to see how far he could decipher it and create something new from it.

"All rise for Their Majesties, King Relius of Refenus and Queen Selvaria, with Their Royal Highnesses, Prince Cedric and Prince Kaelen... and in honor of this day, Her Royal Highness, Princess Amarylis."

Everyone immediately fixed their attire and their hair, making sure they all looked neat for the royal family to look at. The royal knights opened the double doors and immediately King Relius came in with his wife, her arm wrapped around his. The one behind them was Princess Amarylis, in her beautiful golden dress, revealing her shoulders and a bit of her cleavage, and a tiara on her head, a sign of maturity. Behind her were the two Princes, her older brothers, wearing their royal family attire, making them pale in comparison to Amarylis on purpose.

Everyone lowered their heads in the presence of the royal family, however, Aris and Rullein glanced at Rasmus, who was standing in between them. Rasmus glanced at Aris and she glanced at the Princes who were walking in front of them. He raised his brows, and immediately responded with a nod by Aris, affirming that the Princes had possessed demonic energy inside their bodies.

Rasmus confirmed his suspicion when he heard that Nemu had visited the Refenus Kingdom, and knew there must have been something that must have happened. He thought if Nemu gave them such a

reward, meaning the royal family had given him something precious, something that even a Fallen Watcher would find it valuable.

However, when the King's Swords came into the grand hall not long after the royal family, Aris tapped the folding fan on her chin two times. Rasmus glanced at her and realized the King's Swords were possessed by demons as well, and they were at least Dukes in the demonic hierarchy, one level lower than Demon Kings.

"(This whole palace is a demon nest or something?)" Rasmus thought to himself as he watched the royal family walk to the center of the grand hall.

"Today..." King Relius said, his voice echoed throughout the grand hall. "Today we will celebrate my precious daughter, Amarylis's coming-of-age. The day that we have been waiting for, the day when she will contribute in building this nation even further, and the nation she will lead one day," he added, looking at every guest in the hall.

Everyone closed their eyes, nodded in agreement.

"However, the ceremony will have a slight change," Relius pointed out. "Because of the current situation with the Holy Nation, we are unable to bring cardinal or any representative to give my daughter for a blessing. In fact, I was supposed to attend the invitation to the Holy Nation, but my daughter is more important..." he added with a frown on his face.

Everyone began to murmur, remembering what was happening on the other side of the continent. They began to gossip about the invitation letters that Aurelia sent to every royal family and powerful family in Central Neva and even neighboring countries. Rasmus decided to move to the far back because he wanted to see everything from the right angle, and the others followed him.

"With that being said, we received such a blessing from the Blessed, and sending us one of his people..." Relius said with a smile on his face. He then looked at the royal knights who were guarding the doors.

Everyone turned around and looked toward the doors that Relius was staring at. When the royal knights opened the double doors slowly, that was when they saw a man in all-white robe, wearing a white mask that covered his face. That was when Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein saw the second highest rank in the demonic hierarchy, a Fallen Watcher.

Rasmus closed his eyes, realizing that everything went beyond his expectations. Suddenly he heard a cracking sound, and when he opened his eyes, he saw the folding fan that Rullein held had been crushed and snapped. There was nothing but anger and hatred in her eyes. She was about to reveal her power when Aris suddenly pulled her and made Rullein rest her head on her chest, wrapping Aris arms around her head.

"I know... don't...." Aris muttered under her breath as she looked down at Rullein's slit-like pupils and how her eyes began to glow.

Rasmus and the Jester looked at both of them with a confused look while all eyes were focused on the man in the all-white robe. Rasmus and the Jester could see how hard Aris tried to hold Rullein and not attract everyone's attention. The Jester could feel the air around him become thin and make him hard to breathe.

"That fucker..." Rullein's voice muffled on Aris's chest. "That fucker devoured the spirits in my forest! I could hear them! I could feel them! I could sense them!" She grunted under her breath, her hands clenched on Aris's arms so tight that Aris could feel her arms were about to snap. "He took my home..." She glared at Rasmus, her eyes glowing orange.

Aris looked at Rasmus, her eyes telling him to help her calm Rullein or things would become a complete mess. However, Rasmus's gaze was empty, showing nothing when he stared back at Aris. Aris furrowed her brows, realizing that Rasmus didn't want to calm Rullein down. With that knowledge, she loosened up her arms around Rullein's head, letting her free.

Rasmus turned around and looked at the Fallen Watcher walked toward the royal family. He knew that there was no point in calming Rullein because when a being like her had to lose her composure, it meant someone had just made a huge mistake. The wrath that consumed Rullein was a perfect addition to the current situation.

"Wait for my signal..." Rasmus said calmly as he looked over his shoulder at Rullein. "I'll let you loose, just wait..." He said as he walked toward the table behind Rullein and Aris.

Rasmus took the glass of wine as he took a deep breath and he inhaled the sweet scent of the wine. He downed the whole glass in a single gulp before he took another glass and turned around to look at the Jester.

"Change of plan," Rasmus said with a serious look on his face. "However, I'll still give you what you want," he placed his hand on the Jester's shoulder as he walked past him.

Aris, Rullein, and Aris stared at Rasmus who walked through the crowd with his head held high. He held the wine glass in his left hand while he rubbed his right thumb against the spatial ring on his finger. His gaze was pointed at the Fallen Watcher and the royal family until he pushed himself out of the crowd.

Everyone turned their heads at Rasmus, who was standing still with a wine glass in his hand. All the royal knights immediately approached him and blocked his path toward the center of the hall. However, he didn't falter, his gaze was still cold and pointed at the royal family.

Aris and Rullein noticed that Rasmus had released Mana from his spatial ring and let the Mana enter the guests's bodies. His act was noticed by the Fallen Watchers and his underlings, but they chose to ignore him. They wondered what he was trying to do and decided to keep watching.

"Cheers..." Rasmus raised his glass, his expression stoic and unreadable.

The moment the wine entered his mouth, all the guests were caught in flames. Their bodies burned and melted, including all the royal knights. The only ones who weren't caught in flames were the royal families, the six Demon Kings, the King's Sword, and Viscount Heward.

"The greatest gift and reward for any human being is to keep them alive, don't you agree?" Rasmus asked, slowly turning his head toward Heward.

Heward was petrified and fell to his knees when he watched everyone burn. Tears were dripping like waterfalls as he covered his ears, trying to block the screams of the people around him. He closed his eyes, but the image was vivid that it didn't matter if he closed his eyes or not because the image had been etched into his brain. The screams filled the grand hall, it was so loud that all the royal knights outside the palace and near the palace could hear the gruesome and terrifying screams.

The royal knights that guarded outside the place decided to check what was happening. However, they were stabbed in the back, and when they turned around, they were shocked that some of the royal knights had betrayed them. One of them slowly removed his helmet, revealing the scar on his face.

"Don't let anyone enter the palace at all cost..." Herman said to the other Black Hands in the royal knight's armor and attire.

They all nodded and then opened the secret passage on the floor, letting the remaining Black Hands enter the palace area. The ones that pretended to be royal knights immediately removed their armor and the attire they wore, revealing their all-black outfit and a mask that covered their lower face.

"Remember, death isn't an option. Retreat when you're in danger," Herman said as he unsheathed his sword and stared at the closed gate where hundreds of royal knights tried to enter the palace area. "For our Lord..." he readied his stance as the others followed.

Chapter 356 - 356: Terror.

"You... who are you?" Relius asked, glaring at Rasmus. "How dare you kill everyone in my place!" He shouted, the veins in his neck were popping.

"You already know who I am, why bother asked?" Rasmus tilted his head.

The Fallen Watcher, the Demon Kings, and the Demon Dukes couldn't see Rasmus's true identity. They were supposed to be able to see illusion and deception, but they couldn't see it. They didn't know that it wasn't an illusion, magic, or any deception because Rasmus changed his physical appearance purely from his ability as an Orthias, just like Aris.

"Take him out," Rasmus glanced at Aris and then pointed his gaze toward Heward.

Aris grabbed Heward's collar and threw him out of the window. However, when one of the Demon Dukes tried to catch Heward, the whole grand hall was being wrapped in darkness. The Demon Duke couldn't get through the black smoke that blocked the window.

Rullein slowly floated and revealed her true form, a shadow, a dark spirit with no form. A shadow with glowing orange draconic eyes that pierced through the souls who stared at them. She spread her dragon wings, growing wider and bigger as she kept pulling them out of her ribs. The sharp bones of the wings

grazed the floor, leaving clean cuts that revealed how sharp they were. The smoke that lingered all over her body made her appearance twice bigger than she already was.

All the Demon Dukes that were acting as the King's Sword, they immediately protected the royal family. They brought them to the far back, protecting them while the Demon Kings decided to join by the Fallen Watcher's side.

"You'll pay for what you have done to my home..." Rullein's voice distorted, there was anger, resentment, and confidence in her voice. "You took what was mine... and I will take what's yours..." She glared at the Fallen Watcher as she spread her fingers, materializing the smoke around her hands into black swords.

"I will devour your whole existence and I will make sure even your Lord and your God can't save you!" Rullein shouted as she released a bright orange light around her body before she flew toward the Fallen Watcher.

The Fallen Watcher revealed his true form, revealing his light gray feathered wings. That was a sign that the Fallen Watcher they faced still had the power of an angel. The moment the Fallen Watcher a force field to block Rullein's attack, that was when the blinding light was created from the clash. The Divine power was felt all over Rasmus's body, confused and curious about it.

The Fallen Watcher had a glowing yellow light with his gray skin like a statue. His face was stoic when he could easily block Rullein's attack. He suddenly formed a sword from thin air, a long sword that was almost as long as his body. The moment he removed the force field, he swung his sword, clashing with Rullein's sword.

In terms of power, both were on an equal footing, and Aris could see how stronger he was compared to Yaza or Kiel back then. She realized in a span of a few months, the Fallen Watchers could regain their power rapidly that sooner or later, even her couldn't handle one on her own.

The Demon Kings decided to join the fight, one Fallen Watcher and six Demon Kings against Rullein. Rasmus who saw that immediately pulled Aris's sword from the spatial ring and threw it into the air. Aris immediately ran and grabbed the sword, dashing toward Rullein to get rid of the pests that were trying to disturb the duel between Rullein and the Fallen Watcher.

Aris grasped the air around her left fist and suddenly yanked it to the left. In almost an instant all the Demon Kings were pushed away from the battle. She stopped running as she tilted her right foot to the left and dashed toward the Demon Kings. She swung her sword, releasing a powerful slash wave at the six of them.

All the Demon Kings landed on their feet when they all began to create layers of Demonic energy in front of them. However, all of them shattered when the barriers clashed with the slash wave, but were powerful enough to disperse the slash wave before hitting them. They immediately ripped their human skins and revealed their true forms, humanoid musculars and giant bodies with horns like crowns on their heads and burning wings.

The Jester was petrified by everything that he had witnessed, demons, dark spirits, and Orthias, all of them gathered in one place. He felt small, so small that his existence was forgotten and insignificant like dust in a vast field. He didn't know if he could do anything or knew what he should do in this situation. However, when he looked at Rasmus, he was surprised at how calm he was even amidst the chaos and intensity.

Rasmus pulled out a briefcase from his spatial ring and tossed it at the Jester. The Jester watched as the briefcase landed on his foot, and slowly bent down to grab it. When he lifted his head to look at his surroundings, he still couldn't believe the ashes around him were used to be humans. He could still remember their faces, from a young man, a young lady, and a few children.

The Jester opened the briefcase and saw his jester attire and everything he needed. He slowly looked up at Rasmus, and saw him already holding a black sword in his hand.

"I warned you," Rasmus looked over his shoulder at the Jester. "But we have made a deal. Do what you came here for," he said as he turned his gaze toward the King's Swords who were still protecting the royal family.

Rasmus pulled his hair back, changing his hair color back to silver as he walked toward the royal family. His eyes slowly turned bright blue, revealing his identity to the royal family and the demons. That was when they realized, the last person they wanted to see in this world was him, Rasmus Blackheart. Fear was etched on the royal family's face, realizing that history would repeat itself once more.

Amidst the chaos, the Fallen Watcher saw Rasmus walking toward the royal family. He was about to cast a spell with his left hand pointed at him, but suddenly Rullein used her wings and tail, pushing and

throwing the Fallen Watcher to the right side of the hall. She immediately used more of her power to force the Fallen Watcher to focus on her.

One of the Demon Kings tried to fight Rasmus, knowing that he couldn't let Rasmus near the royal family. Aris was busy holding off five of the Demon Kings, but then she pushed them all back with a single swing of her sword. She immediately grabbed the sixth Demon King in the head and crushed its head before she threw it toward the other Demon Kings.

Rasmus swung his sword as he released all the Mana from the spatial ring and absorbed them into his body. The moment he lowered his sword, his sword had been coated in thick Aura and a hint of blue-ish energy around it. The Aura grazed the marble stone like butter being cut with a hot knife. Slowly but surely, sparks appeared around his fingertips when he stretched his fingers.

Every step Rasmus took was deliberated and calculated, soundless and careful. However, the moment the veins in his eyes turned redder, his muscles tensed up, and all the veins popped all over his body, the step became heavy. Every step he took, the marble cracked by the weight and the intensity of mass he produced.

Rasmus took a deep breath as his whole body was burning and electrocuted from the inside. His muscles, his veins, his heart, everything was aching as he used everything. The moment sparks appeared around his eyes, he could see dust moving so slowly in front of him. Time had moved slower and he began to ready his stance as he stared at the dozens of King's Swords.

Rasmus exhaled and held his breath, dashing toward them for almost an instant. His speed and movement were untraceable to the Dukes. He began to slash and swing his sword, moving from one side to the other in one swift motion. The moment he stood still and took a deep breath, all of the Demon Dukes collapsed with pieces of their bodies scattered on the floor.

Relius and his family were petrified, unable to move their bodies because of fear. However, Relius began to laugh, putting on a grin and wide eyes as he pointed at Rasmus's face.

"Do you think it's over! Don't you know that demons are immortal?!" Relius laughed louder as he waited for the bodies on the ground to come back to life.

Time was ticking, but there was no sign of the corpse moving or coming back to life. Relius felt his legs turn into jelly as he collapsed, shocked and in disbelief when he realized Rasmus had just killed them in the blink of an eye.

"They're powerful demons..." Relius muttered under his breath.

Rasmus stared down at him with his glowing draconic eyes, the veins in his eyes began to bleed out. His cold and stoic expression and the blood that dripped from his eyes was a terror to the royal family.

"Spare our lives..." Relius clasped his hands together, looking up at Rasmus.

"Unfortunately, the decision isn't mine to make," Rasmus looked at the Jester, who had just landed behind them. "It's his..." he pointed at the Jester.

Before the royal family could fully turn their heads around, a dagger slit their throats, while they were still paralyzed from fear. They felt the warm blood running down their necks to their chests when they heard the mischievous giggle that turned into manic laughter behind them. They all collapsed and saw the Jester spin around gracefully with the daggers in his hands, his eyes were almost all-white from the ecstasy and thrill from killing them.

Their last moment was watching the Jester dance and hearing him laughed manically before their vision became dark.

Chapter 357 - 357: Prey and Predator.

Aris lowered her sword and looked at all the six bodies of the demons around her. She looked a bit dissatisfied with the battle when she thought there would be more challenges to it. However, when she turned to look at Rullein, she watched how Rullein couldn't touch the Fallen Watcher at all.

She wanted to join her, but she knew that the grudge that Rullein had, it was personal. She decided to watch and approached Rasmus, but when he looked at the Jester, she was taken aback by his actions.

She watched him decapitate the royal family's heads with a huge grin on his face while Rasmus was sitting on the stairs with blood that he vomited.

"You immediately pushed yourself to the limit, just to kill those demons?" Aris stood in front of Rasmus and looked down at him.

"They were Dukes. I didn't know how strong I had become or how strong those Dukes were. The last demons I fought were weaklings. I didn't want to take the unnecessary risk," Rasmus answered, spitting out the blood as he covered his eyes with the silk cloth to stop the bleeding.

Rasmus looked at his blood that kept flowing down from his eye sockets. He didn't feel pain, only the warmth of the blood. He was partially blind after he used everything in that one fight. He didn't know how badly it would affect his body in the future, but Aris assured him that his body would always regenerate eventually.

"Why am I still bleeding?" Rasmus asked, slowly pulling down the cloth from his eye.

"Because something within you makes you bleed. The Dragon's blood in your body, it's the reason why you still bleed," Aris answered and saw the blood stop dripping from Rasmus's eyes. "You won't be able to stop bleeding. You're not a human and an Orthias because of the Dragon's Blood that runs through your veins," she explained.

Rasmus hummed with understanding as he slowly stood up and blinked his eyes a few times. He slowly regained his vision, and could see the battle between Rullein and the Fallen Watcher more clearly. Aris also averted her gaze toward those two, and couldn't help but utter her thoughts.

"All the preparations to just end like this?" Aris looked at Rasmus with her arms crossed. "Not even an hour ever since we came here and everything is practically over," she muttered, watching Rullein and the Fallen Watcher fight.

Rasmus watched the Jester carefully place the heads of the royal family side by side. He could see there was satisfaction in the Jester's eyes, but there was also something more, the hunger that lingered in his gaze.

"This is the reason why we prepared everything thoroughly, Aris. But..." Rasmus paused as he turned around and looked at Rullein, enveloping the Fallen Watcher in darkness as if she was trying to devour him forcefully. "I wasn't thinking this would end so smoothly even after all the unexpected turns. With so many powerful demons, and even a Fallen Watcher to be here. The encounter with the Black Hands, with Yur, Rullein, and every small variables, they have tilted the favorability toward us," he explained as he stood up and noticed how Rullein seemed to begin to overpower the Fallen Watcher.

The Jester's smile slowly disappeared, and he glanced at Rasmus from the corner of his eyes. He looked at the silver hair, the pale blue eyes, and the toned body of Rasmus. He didn't expect the man he had been talking to be no other than the remaining Blackheart in the world. He slowly clenched his fists, and there was a killing intent in his gaze, but suddenly a sword was placed right on his shoulder.

"Don't even try..." Aris said coldly, staring down at the Jester.

"Even if I tried, did you think I could hurt him?" The Jester asked, his voice low and cold.

"Do you think I care if you could or couldn't?" Aris asked as she grazed the blade on the Jester's neck, enough to open a tiny cut as the blood dripped onto the blade.

Suddenly a massive shockwave pushed the Jester away, rolling all over to the edge of the realm. He grunted in pain, and suddenly another shockwave pressed his body against the edge of the realm. He could feel his bones shattering, and it made him scream in pain. However, a barrier was made in front of him, and it was Rasmus who protected him from the intensified battle between Rullein and the Fallen Watcher.

The Jester looked at Rasmus and Aris standing outside the barrier, enjoying the battle. When he looked at the battle, he was stunned by the immense strength of both beings. Every clash of power, he saw the reality seemed to shift slightly as if the world was bending. He then realized why the shockwaves alone were enough to crush his body.

Rullein grew in power as the darkness itself had been consuming the Fallen Watcher's power. The Fallen Watcher made a huge mistake by consuming the power from the Dead Tree in the Trivula Forest. He realized the power was indeed powerful and enough to bring back a huge portion of his power, but he didn't expect the power that he had consumed hadn't been fully devoured and tamed.

"(What kind of being is this...)" The Fallen Watcher thought as he clashed his sword against Rullein's swords before he spread his wings and flew away to avoid Rullein's next attack. "(The power even I can't contain?)" He looked down at Rullein, but then she disappeared into thin air.

Rullein's tail appeared behind the Fallen Watcher and pierced him in the back. The Fallen Watcher saw the tail pierced through his chest, but immediately spun and used his feathered wings to push Rullein away that was invisible. However to his surprise, Rullein wasn't behind him, she was above him, hanging on his shoulders.

Before the Fallen Watcher could do anything, Rullein cut off the Fallen Watcher's angelic wings with her dragon wings. She dug the sharp claws of her dragon feet deep into the Fallen Watcher's shoulders. Not only had she begun to devour the Fallen Watcher from within, she had also forced herself to become one with him, acting like a parasite.

The moment the Fallen Watcher collapsed, Rullein pierced her swords deep into the Fallen Watcher's chest and into the floor. She grew in size and she began to trample on the Fallen Watcher, making him look like a small prey. It was the moment when the Fallen Watcher realized that the realm he was in, it made Rullein too powerful as if he was a being in the book of fate that was written by her.

It was almost a one-sided fight, and everything happened inside Rullein's realm. There were no words exchanged, only pure prey and predator moments where the predator didn't show any sign or mercy or hesitation. That was when Rasmus realized how truly powerful Rullein was, and no wonder that Aris believed that Rullein could defeat her.

The Fallen Watcher still had that stoic expression like a statue, but his whole body was shaking as if he was in immense pain. There was no words coming out of that sealed lips of his, and the glowing light in his yellow eyes. He knew that his fate had been sealed, and he couldn't escape because he was inside Rullein's realm.

The moment Rullein let out a deafening and distorting scream, the Fallen Watcher began to scream as if they both felt the same immense pain. Rullein's eyes that were bright orange suddenly glowed brighter

and the color changed darker and darker almost to blood red. At the same time, the Fallen Watcher's eyes dimmed, no longer glowing like before.

The realm that they were in was slowly crumbling, and it seemed Rullein was unable to contain the power that she devoured.

"Tell me when to stop her," Aris said as she coated her sword with thick blue energy.

"It should be your call, Aris. I can't see if she's fine or not, not like this," Rasmus narrowed his eyes, seeing the immense energy surged around Rullein and the Fallen Watcher.

Aris's eyes slowly glowed bright blue, and her hair slowly floated as if she was charging her power inside her body. She knew how dangerous it was, and knew that she should make one quick move before everything turned bad. She kept her gaze at Rullein who kept devouring the Fallen Watcher's existence.

Aris saw the fluctuation in energy inside Rullein, and she was about to stop her. However when she dashed toward Rullein, darkness devoured the whole realm, pushing everyone to the wall. They couldn't see anything but pitch black around them, even though they were right next to each other. But then suddenly the darkness dispersed, thinned out and the realm that Rullein had made also disappeared.

They saw Rullein sitting on the floor with her head lowered and hands pressed against the floor. There was lingering smokes all over her body, seeping out of her body. She slowly raised her trembling left hand and pointed her index finger up as she turned her head toward them with a weak smile on her face.

"I'm fine..." Rullein muttered before she collapsed and turned into an orb.

Chapter 358 - 358: Waiting patiently.

Aris carefully held Rullein's orb in her arms, checking her condition with her draconic eyes. Suddenly the doors barged open, and that was when the Night Stalkers came in to check the situation after Rullein's realm disappeared. She glanced at them and simply stared at them until all of them suddenly got crushed by a powerful force. They were squeezed and crushed like cherries until the only thing that was left behind was the skin on the floor in the pool of blood.

However, Aris didn't kill the demons inside the possessed bodies. She let those demons fly away, retreating after they found out that the Fallen Watcher and all the powerful demons that had occupied the nation were eliminated. After all, it was Rasmus' plan all along, to let the world know what had happened to the Refenus Kingdom.

Rasmus looked at the empty grand hall where it was filled with people and music. He saw the remaining ashes of the guests that he had burned to their deaths. He then heard screams and the clanking of armor and steel from outside the window. He realized that the Black Hands were still out there, preventing anyone from entering the palace.

"We are done here, right? Is there anything else that you want to do here?" Aris looked over her shoulder at Rasmus.

"There's something that we want to find..." Rasmus said as he stored his sword in the spatial ring. "It's my late mother's armor, your predecessor's armor," he revealed as he looked at Aris.

Aris slowly raised her brows, and didn't expect to find something valuable from this place. Rasmus had been hiding this information from her, and he already knew it from the records and archives that the Black Hands had recovered.

"Shall we go and take what should belong to you?" Rasmus asked as he looked out the window where the knights and mages had entered the inner wall of the palace area.

"Wait, Count Blackheart..." The Jester looked at Rasmus with a cold gaze. "You're going to let the Black Hands die out there?" He asked, his voice low and quiet.

"Die? No. We have a spirit that will protect them," Rasmus answered as he looked at the sky where Yur, in its owl form flying above the palace.

Herman and the other Black Hands were busy fighting against hundreds of Royal Knights and knights from each high-ranking nobles families. They were outnumbered and struggled to maintain their defense to prevent anyone from entering the palace. They were slowly but surely getting surrounded by enemies and knew they had no chance of winning, even retreating now wouldn't be a guarantee of safety.

However, when they heard the sound of an owl from the top of the palace, Erdinand and Joshua turned around to look at the owl. They knew it was Yur, the Great Spirit, and they were relieved when Yur looked down at them with a reassuring gaze.

Yur hooted as it spread its wings, and slowly but surely, the terrain around the wall became higher. The ground shifted and bent to Yur's will before Yur flapped its wings and sent the high ground to move like a wave in the sea. Knights and Mages were getting pushed and thrown away by the tectonic wave.

As a spirit, Yur didn't care about the lives of humans, and with that single manipulation, Yur killed many knights that were getting crushed by it. The earthquake caused so many buildings to collapse, killing so many innocent lives. Yur didn't stop there and began to fly to reduce the number of threats in the most efficient and in the cruelest way.

Yur released a hurricane and shredded even the strong walls, trying to get rid of hundreds of knights and a thousand guards. Yur didn't show any mercy as the Black Hands watched everything unfold, where a Great Spirit showed its true power or a glimpse of it.

After just a few minutes of massacre, Yur landed on top of the palace wall, looking at the damage it had caused. Half of the capital city was in ruin, screams and cries of people could be heard everywhere. Yur didn't care about them at all, tilting its owl head back and forth, satisfied with the task that was given by Aris and Rasmus.

Yur was unable to do anything before because the city was thick by demonic energy. Mana was absorbed and scarce in the capital city before Rullein managed to get rid of the core of the problem. The moment the Fallen Watcher died, Mana began to enter the capital city and filled the city with it. That was why Yur could finally join the battle and help.

Rasmus and Aris were walking along the long hallway when they felt the intense earthquake. However they didn't bother about it because they knew who could do something like that. The Jester somehow decided to stick around and follow them from behind, wanting to see what the royal family had hidden from the world.

"Tell me, Jester..." Rasmus said as he kept his head forward. "How did you know that the existence of the Black Hands? Nobody should know about their existence. I'm sure Ayla didn't reveal who she is..." He stopped walking and slowly turned around to look at the Jester.

The Jester stopped walking and stared at Rasmus's stoic expression as he tried to decipher the Jester's whole existence. He realized that he just did a slip of the tongue when he said about the Black Hands, and knew that he couldn't get out of this with lies or deception.

"My wife..." The Jester answered, his gaze mirrored Rasmus. "She was a Black Hand..." He revealed, his voice trembling when he mentioned his wife.

Rasmus didn't show any reaction at all until he hummed with understanding and continued his walk. The Jester was shocked that Rasmus didn't question anything, not even a single word of doubt. He stood still as Rasmus and Aris kept walking toward the treasury room.

"You believed me?" The Jester asked, and his question echoed throughout the quiet hallway. His eyes were focused on the shoulders of the man who had just killed innocent lives and kept his head high and walked with confidence.

"No, but you seemed to answer with honesty, and that's enough," Rasmus answered as he turned into the corner.

The Jester decided to stop following and looked out the window at where the beautiful garden was. His gaze was distant and empty, slowly but surely realizing what had just happened today, what he had witnessed and experienced. He had achieved his goal, but cold, the loneliness, and the uncertainty lingered. The madness had become somewhat more comforting than what he had allowed it to be.

"Celline..." The Jester muttered as his hand reached the glass window, leaving a bloody handprint on it.

Rasmus looked at the double doors where the maids and servants began to run away when they saw his white hair, knowing who he was. He opened the door and saw myself inside a massive archive room. He tried to remember the blueprint for the palace, to remember the secret door that led to the vault, but then Aris tapped his shoulder and pointed at the shelf in the middle left of the room.

"There's a faint demonic energy coming from there," Aris pointed out.

Rasmus nodded with understanding and went to check the shelf thoroughly. He looked at each book on the shelf when he noticed there was one that seemed to have been pulled often from the shelf since it left marks on the shelf. When he pulled the book, a click was heard from behind the shelf. The moment he pulled the shelf, the wall behind it moved and let them pass.

They walked down into the dark stairs with no light, but that didn't affect them since they used their draconic eyes to see in the complete darkness. They found a steel door and it was locked, but it wasn't a problem for Rasmus, simply kicking the vault open. The first sight they saw was a towering glass display of a black clad full plate of armor inside with a crest of the Blackheart family on the pauldrons.

Aris walked past Rasmus and stood in front of the display, her reflection fitting perfectly with the size of the armor. She could see how it was made with the finest material and noticed the craftsmanship that excelled hers. She knew the armor was made by an Orthias, or perhaps an Aristoria which meant that it was Aristoria herself that made the armor.

Rasmus looked at the book with a dark red cover, being placed inside a display case as well. He was more attracted to the book than the full-set armor and chose to approach it.

"What are you waiting for?" Rasmus looked at Aris with his brows raised. "Take it, the armor is yours," he said as he pointed at the display case.

Aris smirked and touched the glass case and immediately it shattered into fine dust. When she touched the armor, she felt an energy that lingered inside it. Realizing why the armor wasn't used by anyone because it would crush and kill anyone that tried to wear it because of the energy. The energy resonated with Aris and slowly the armor released a light blue energy that entered her body.

"Looks like the armor has been waiting for its new owner to wear it," Rasmus said with a smirk on his face.

"Yes, it has been waiting patiently..." Aris muttered as she nodded.

Chapter 359 - 359: Went missing.

Rasmus held Rullein's orb and it felt like a massive cotton ball that was as big as a basketball. The lingering black smoke around the orb wrapped around his hands and arms like tentacles. He couldn't stop wondering what would happen if he let the orb consume him and the other way around.

The sound of clanking steel made Rasmus look in front of him at Aris who had wore the black clad armor that belonged to his late mother. Flashes of memories and traumas invaded his mind, remembering the day and the moment of his mother's headless body being displayed in front of the people. He didn't expect his memories and traumas to overwhelm him still, and knew that he had to overcome it.

Aris grabbed Rasmus's wrist and put his on his chest plate. She stared into his eyes when she saw that same distant gaze of his whenever he looked at something that connected with his past.

Rasmus could feel the energy from the armor seeping into his pores. He felt a familiarity, something that he couldn't describe with words. The feeling that clenched his heart, both in a good and bad way. He then pulled his hand from the armor, feeling the warmth that lingered inside him.

"This is Aristoria's energy, her memories and residue of her existence when she wore this armor..." Aris said as she looked down at the armor she wore.

"All of these residues of her, how did she do it? Leaving trails of her life as if she did it on purpose," Mykel asked as he looked at the armor and stared at the Blackheart family crest of a silver crown on the pauldrons.

"It's similar to some animals. They're leaving traces and scents of themselves when they know they're dying. She didn't do it on purpose, she just knew that the time she has left was already short," Aris answered as she stared at Mykel and took Rullein's orb from his hand.

"So you would know when you were going to die?" Rasmus stared at Aris with his brows raised.

"Yes, all Orthias can tell if we are dying. Not because of old age, but something like fulfillment and giving opportunities for the new ones to live in this world," Aris answered as she looked around at the vault and saw something interesting. "That ring. It has the same crest as this..." She pointed at the ring inside a shelf and then pointed at the cress on her pauldrons.

Rasmus looked at the ring and noticed it was the ring that his father always wore, something he failed to remember. He opened the case and took the ring, staring at the family crest on it. He realized that Relius took all his father and mother's possessions after they got executed.

"Where's the swords? The swords that Aristoria used?" Aris asked, looking at the swords that were displayed on the walls. "It's not here, these are man-made," she muttered as she kept searching for the swords.

"The swords aren't here. Lenin said the swords were too powerful for humans to hold. Even the strongest Swordmaster struggled to hold them," Rasmus answered as he put the ring heirloom on his left middle finger. "Lenin said that the locations of the swords are unknown, but she believed they're kept in the Holy Nation because people believed the swords are cursed," he continued.

Aris turned around to look at Rasmus, confused as to why he hadn't taken the swords when they were there. However, she knew that Rasmus would have taken the swords if they were there.

"The swords weren't there?" Aris asked.

Rasmus shook his head as he carefully opened the glass case to take the red book.

"Astrea said that the Holy Nation didn't have anything to do with the items that belonged to the Blackheart family. I'm assuming someone took the swords, but I don't know who..." Rasmus said as he carefully held the book and saw the lock on it. "It could be a filthy rich noble family that bought the swords then sold it in auctions," he continued, finding the key hidden underneath the book's cushion.

When Rasmus was about to unlock the book, they felt an earthquake, a powerful one. Rasmus hurriedly stored all the items from the vault into the spatial ring since he knew he had been in there for too long. Rasmus and Aris went to check what was going on since there shouldn't be any enemies anymore.

Rasmus and Aris found the Jester still in the hallway, but his gaze was pointed at the sky. The moment they heard a loud screeching in the air, Rasmus and Aris knew what it was.

"Wyverns again?" Rasmus looked at the sky and saw dozens of Wyverns flying above the palace and bombarding the palace with fire breath and fireballs.

Yur was trying its best to prevent the wyverns from destroying the palace, manipulating the air to change the trajectory of the fireballs and the fire breaths. Yur single-handedly dealt with dozens of Wyverns, showing how powerful Yur really was.

Rasmus, Aris, and the Jester walked out of the palace and looked at the wyverns that looked like flies up high in the sky. Aris narrowed her eyes, knowing that they behaved similarly like the ones that happened back in the Holy Nation. Those wyverns were being mind-controlled, and it was impossible to communicate with them.

Aris bent her knees and jumped up high into the sky with just a little effort. She was surprised when she realized that the armor boosted her strength as if the armor had become a part of her own body. She couldn't help but smile, amazed by Aristoria's craftsmanship, something that Aris couldn't do.

When Aris reached the apex of her jump, she was already on the same level as the Wyverns. She began to float and looked for the strongest one, believing there should be a leader among them. When she found out and her eyes met with the Wyverns, she felt an undeniable threat, a moment where she felt threatened and forced her to be on guard. Her eyes glowed bright blue and coated her whole body with Aura and blue energy in an instant.

Aris knew that the threat wasn't coming from the wyvern, but from the one that was controlling it. She felt a similar power to Videl, or even stronger than Videl. She gritted her teeth and glared at the wyvern when she realized the power she felt was the same power that took Illidan. She knew it was the same being that single-handedly toyed with her, making her powerless and kneeling.

Aris released a shockwave the moment she flew toward the wyvern. The shockwave was enough to make the wyverns that were near her pass out. She didn't care about the other wyvern but one. She slashed her sword at the wyvern's head, decapitating it with a clean cut. However, before she could react, a dark purple tar-like substance came out from the wyvern's neck, pouncing at her. She was covered by it and it covered her face, making her unable to see.

Aris was forced to descend and the remaining wyverns were ready to bite her. They intended to rip her body apart with their razor-sharp teeth. However, before they could get close to her, Yur flew and created a powerful hurricane where Aris was the eye of the storm, pushing and shredding the wyverns into pieces.

Yur created a breeze of wind below Aris and slowed down her fall. When she landed on the ground, Rasmus looked at Aris's face which was covered in tar. She tried so hard to not open her mouth and eyes, not wanting any of it to enter her body. Rasmus didn't know what he could do at that moment until suddenly Aris caught herself on fire with a bright blue flame that was so blinding.

The tar-like substance melted and evaporated until there was nothing left. However, she didn't stop burning herself, she could feel that a tiny part of the substance had entered her body. It didn't take long until she put out the flame on her body, and then she collapsed to one knee as she spat out the remnants of the substance.

Yur approached Aris and landed on her shoulder, hugging her with its wings. Yur was trembling in fear, the fear of Aris becoming like those wyverns, corrupted and controlled by a powerful being.

"That thing..." Aris said under her breath as she wiped her mouth. "The same thing that I encountered beyond the Blackcliffs. The ones that took Illidan, it was that thing that I saw inside that wyvern..." she revealed.

Rasmus narrowed his eyes, knowing exactly who it was, Satan. He didn't like it when suddenly Satan piqued interest in their affair. The wyverns' attack seemed to be like a warning from that being, and he knew that he was about to be observed by one of the three Sovereigns.

"I'm fine..." Aris said, without having Rasmus ask her. "I'm fine..." she repeated herself.

Chapter 360 - 360: Reenacting. (Content Warning: Inhuman violence)

The Black Hands came out of their hiding when they knew they wouldn't be able to survive when the wyverns came. They looked at the damage that the wyverns did, flattening the whole capital city, leaving only debris.

"My Lord, we kept our promise, nobody dies, but a few of us are heavily injured..." Herman said as he went down to one knee. "We have to treat the wounded first, if My Lord allows us," he lowered his head.

Rasmus turned around to look at all the Black Hands behind him, kneeling. Some of them could barely kneel properly because of the wounds on their bodies.

"Take your time..." Rasmus said as he looked at the smoke and flames all over the capital city. "Bring them inside the palace and there should be a lot of medicine in there," he looked at Herman, Erdinand, and Joshua.

"Yes, My Lord!" Herman bowed his head and immediately told the others to enter the palace.

"Viscount Heward, what about him?" Rasmus asked.

Herman looked at Erdinand and Joshua, wondering if they knew about Heward's whereabouts. However, Erdinand shook his head as he looked at Rasmus, and Rasmus hummed with understanding.

"I gave him what he deserved for helping me. As long as he didn't die by my hand, that's not my fault he died now," Rasmus muttered, and nodded his head.

All the Black Hands went into the palace to treat the wounded. Rasmus, Aris, the Jester, and Yur were the only ones that stayed outside the palace. Aris was still shocked by what had just happened, and for the first time, she felt paranoid about her well-being.

"There's a chamber inside the palace that belongs to the Princess. There's a spacious and private frigidarium you can use to clean yourself. Yur can accompany you there, maybe Yur can help you find if there's something wrong with your body," Rasmus said, staring at Aris's discomfort.

"Let's go there, Lady Aris... Let's go there..." Yur turned into a child form and held Aris's hand.

Aris stared down at Yur with a cold gaze, but immediately softened when Yur squeezed her hands adorably. She nodded and carefully held Yur in her arms like a plush toy before she looked at Rasmus.

"Take your time..." Rasmus said before Aris could say a word.

Aris nodded and went inside the palace, leaving Rasmus alone with the Jester. She glanced at Rullein's orb that was in Rasmus's hand, but she knew that she didn't want to bring Rullein with her in that condition.

"Everything is destroyed..." The Jester said as he looked at the city. "You must be thrilled to find these people who condemned you finally died to what they deserve," he looked at Rasmus with a grin on his face.

"No, I don't really care if they're dead or alive. Their disgust and hatred were justified since they must have lost someone important during my father's rebellion," Rasmus answered as he looked down at Rullein's orb that slowly oozed dark energy. "What about you, Nameless Man? Are you happy that you finally avenged your wife's death?" He asked as he slowly put the orb down and took a few steps away from it.

"I'm so satisfied... I'm thrilled and I want to display their heads in a place where everyone can see it. I want everyone to see the fear in their eyes..." The Jester answered as he giggled and turned into a manic laughter.

Rasmus kept his eyes on Rullein's orb that seemed to grow in size and the smoke around her grew more aggressively.

"Are you?" Rasmus asked, glancing at the Jester's manic giggle as he scratched his head like a madman.

The question hung in the air longer than it should have when the Jester heard it. The Jester slowly lifted his head and stared into Rasmus's unreadable gaze that was pointed at him.

"Yes! I am!" The Jester shouted and giggled once again, his pupils almost rolling back completely as he scratched his face with his nail, scratching off the skin on his face.

Rasmus stared at him without showing any expression and could see the madness in the Jester's eyes. He watched how the Jester peeled off the skin from his face, but was surprised by what was revealed. He saw another skin underneath the Jester's face, but wrinkly and damaged skin as if it was burned. He found out that the Jester had been using someone's face and skin to hide his real identity.

"Her name was Celline..." The Jester muttered and stopped peeling off his face. Half of the face was hanging down from his face, his eyes were blank and empty. "I wasn't lying about her, Count Blackheart. She was a Black Hand..." He continued.

Rasmus's eyes stayed on the Jester's face, still cold and unreadable.

"I wasn't a Jester or a clown..." The Jester raised his brows, the movement of his face naturally peeled the fake skin off his face. "But I was, to her... I was the reason she could laugh and smile. I was her personal Jester, the man who could bring light to her dark life..." He continued, smiling softly, but his gaze was still empty and distant.

"One day..." The Jester slowly moved his gaze toward Rasmus. "One day she came home, wounded... just like those Black Hands earlier. She came home with blood all over her body, trying her best to stop the bleeding," he continued as he began to clench his fists.

"As a loving husband, I left the house and went to buy some herbs and medicine for my wife. But..." The Jester's hand began to peel off the skin on his face. "When I came back, the people surrounded our house, burning the house down as they screamed. Witch! Witch! Witch!" He continued as he glared at Rasmus and raised his hand as he held a spear that he grabbed from the ground, reenacting the event.

"Witch... witch..." The Jester's voice was low as he glared at Rasmus and pointed the spearhead at him.

Rasmus's eyes followed where the Jester's eyes were, not moving a muscle as he listened to the Jester's story.

"But they weren't wrong... they were right..." The Jester thrust the spear toward Rasmus, but stopped before the tip of the spear could stab Rasmus's throat. "My wife was a witch... someone who learned dark magic. I knew that, but she learned that to help the Blackheart family. I accepted her for who she was, fully..." He muttered as he dropped the spear.

"What did I do? I forced my way back, but as I entered the house, I couldn't find her..." The Jester collapsed to his knees as he peeled more of the skin from his face, his scalp and neck. His expression was as confused as he was at that event. "But then I heard laughter and shout from the backyard of our house, realizing there were more people at the back of our house..." he said as he slowly stood up and pretended to walk away as if he was leaving the house.

The Jester turned around, walking at a fast pace until he suddenly collapsed with tears in his eyes. The Jester's eyes were wide and red, tears falling to his chin like waterfalls.

"I watched my wife nailed to the tree, her limbs were cut off and displayed like pieces of meat! They hunt and tied her limbs on the branches of the tree!" The Jester screamed his lungs out, his voice filled with rage. "They mutilated her alive! They made her see her own limbs hanging next to her! They made her watch!" He dug his nails into the cobblestone road, peeling off his nails as his fingers began to bleed.

Rasmus watched and listened to the Jester's story, and still, he didn't show any expression. He stood there, watching the Jester reenact the event of his wife's death.

"Even after all that... she was still alive when they nailed her shoulders, her abdomen onto the tree. She was too weak to scream, too weak to do anything but watched those stacked woods under the tree... I was powerless..." The Jester slammed his head onto the ground. " They began to burn her... they burned her alive while I was petrified by what I had just saw..." His voice trembled, unable to contain his emotion anymore.

"Then my vision blurred when I saw and heard her scream her lungs out. Her eyes were wide and red, her mouth bleed and vomited blood, limbless and bleeding. That was when anger took me, the demon inside me went to the surface..." The Jester slowly got up and grabbed the spear.

The Jester reenacted how he thrust and swung the spear, killing everyone that was around him. Rasmus stayed put as the Jester swung his spear impossibly close to his neck and face. Suddenly, the Jester dropped the spear and looked up as if he was staring at his wife who was hanging on the tree and was being devoured by the flame.

"I climbed the burning woods and embraced the flame as I climbed the tree to grab her limbless body. But she was already dead, burned to a crisp. Her beautiful eyes had melted. There was no sign of her anymore..." The Jester hugged the air as he looked down with tears in his eyes, threatening to fall to his burned and disfigured face.

"Celline... my love..." The Jester muttered as he slowly closed his eyes and tears fell to his chin.

Rasmus closed his eyes after he listened to the Jester's story until suddenly a soft hand pressed against his shoulder. He looked over his shoulder and saw Rullein awoken from her slumber.

"What a painful emotion..." Rullein muttered, staring down at the Jester, feeling and tasting his emotion. "Would you like to see it firsthand? How they killed his wife?" She glanced at Rasmus with a frown on her face.

"No, I don't want to," Rasmus shook his head, noticing Rullein's eyes had gotten darker compared to before. "His story-telling is already more than enough..." He muttered as he looked down at the Jester.

After a complete silence for a few seconds, Rasmus decided to open his mouth.

"You found out that the royal family did this to your wife?" Rasmus asked.

"Yes..." The Jester nodded as he slowly stood up. "I found that out..." He stared into Rasmus's eyes with an empty and cold gaze.

"So yes... I'm thrilled and satisfied that I managed to decapitate the royal family. I want the world to see their heads hanging just like how my wife hung on the tree like a piece of meat!" The Jester answered with his face right in front of Rasmus.

"Then let the world know, that we killed everyone here," Rasmus responded, staring into the Jester's eyes.