

Evil 48

Chapter 48 - 48: Primal Force.

The morning came, Rasmus got up from his bed early in the morning and the sun hadn't risen yet. The first thing that came to his mind was Videl's condition because he knew how shocking it might be if he lost his status and power. He wanted to check on him, but he had his priority straight and Videl was the Devil so he could handle himself.

As soon as the bell rang, he went to the training ground and found his students running around. Everyone did their warm-up, and surprisingly, Monica and Aurelia managed to run ten laps without a problem.

"Good morning, Instructor," Maximilian looked at Rasmus standing at the entrance.

"Happy to see me?" Rasmus asked as he walked in. "If you're that happy, then prepare yourself because it's sparring time," he used wind magic to send a wooden sword flying toward him.

"Good, because I have been waiting for a rematch," Maximilian said with a serious expression as he grabbed a wooden sword.

The others walked to the side and watched the spar between the youngest Northern Star and Rasmus.

Maximilian readied his stance and a strong aura surged from within his body. He decided to show a bit more of his abilities for the spar because he wasn't planning to lose again.

"As expected of the Northern Star. He mastered the art of Body Forging," Valari pointed out as he observed Maximilian's surge of energy.

Maximilian dashed toward Rasmus. His movements were swift and everyone could barely see each step he took. His body looked so light and followed his command without fail, not to mention every time his wooden sword clashed with Rasmus's, it chipped Rasmus's wooden sword even though it was coated with Aura as well.

Rasmus tried to block the next attack, but to his surprise, the sword was cut in half cleanly. He noticed something wasn't right about Maximilian's absurd strength, the only answer was that Maximilian's strength and speed were affected by something. That something was the thing that he had been looking for, a way to go beyond a human's limit.

"(A method to exceed the limitation of Primal Force...)" Rasmus thought as he dodged the wooden sword that might cut his flesh and bones if he got hit. "(This is a perfect time to learn about it.)"

Rasmus had to release a powerful aura to match Maximilian's speed and strength. He never thought he got cornered that easily while at the same time, Maximilian kept his distance from him.

"I admit that I can't win against you if I play fair," Rasmus said as he dodged the sword and then pushed himself away from Maximilian using wind magic.

Maximilian furrowed, but then he saw Rasmus's left fingers. The moment he heard the snapping fingers, a fireball appeared right next to him. He immediately created a barrier made of aura as the fireball exploded. Rasmus was surprised that Maximilian didn't have any scratch from his magic.

"Good, let me see how strong you are, Maximilian Wyverncrest!" Rasmus shouted as he bombarded Maximilian with fireballs.

Alexander and the others watched how ruthless Rasmus was, they were sitting on the edge with anticipation. Maximilian had nowhere to go and there was no way for him to escape from the bombardment. They couldn't believe how easy it was for Rasmus to cast those spells rapidly without chanting and magic formation.

Rasmus suddenly stopped snapping his fingers. Everyone thought it was over since they couldn't see anything but the thick smoke around Maximilian.

"Is that all you got?" Maximilian asked as the smoke spread out. He swung his sword, provoking Rasmus.

"Do you think so?" Rasmus asked as he raised his left hand. "That was just the appetizer. This is the main course," he swung his hand down. Sparks of lightning began to appear inside the smoke.

The temperature on the training ground was cold in the morning while the heat was being produced from the explosion. The collision of both cold and hot with the help of Mana, created a lightning discharge.

"You're asking for it," Rasmus clapped his hands, and bolts of lightning struck Maximilian repeatedly.

Flashes of lightning blinded Monica and the others, forcing them to block the flashes with their hands. The zapping sound was terrifying because it was deafening.

It happened for a mere second, and suddenly it stopped since Rasmus had dispersed the smoke and separated the heat from the cold air. He limited the source of energy which prevented Maximilian from getting heavily injured from that attack. Not only that, the training ground had its defense mechanism, a magic formation that was buried underground which prevented a powerful spell from killing anyone inside.

Rasmus slowly lowered his hand and saw Maximilian still standing. He was in disbelief, but then he saw Maximilian's hands trembling when holding the sword. He knew that Maximilian had reached his limit and would collapse anytime soon.

"You still want some more?" Rasmus asked as he lifted his right hand and gathered the energy that he had dispersed. Sparks of lightning were lurking around his palm.

"That should be enough, Instructor. He can no longer fight," Monica stood in front of Maximilian as she stared at Rasmus. "He needs to be treated immediately," she looked at Maximilian from over her left shoulder with a stoic expression.

Rasmus shook his arms and made the sparks disappear into thin air. He approached Maximilian who was being treated by Monica.

"Why did you hold back, Maximilian?" Rasmus asked with a serious expression. "Are you afraid to hurt your instructor?"

Maximilian didn't know how to answer that question because Rasmus was right, but he didn't want to be seen as arrogant just because he held back so Rasmus wouldn't get hurt. He was startled when Rasmus suddenly grabbed his collar and pulled him close to his face.

"Fine, the next time we will have a spar, I'll make you a cripple for life," Rasmus said to Maximilian's face.

Rasmus pushed Maximilian away and made him fall on his back. Everyone was shocked because it was the first time they had seen Rasmus being that aggressive as if he was furious. Everyone was scared of him and didn't even dare to defend Maximilian. On the other hand, Maximilian stayed on the ground, lowering his head.

"I'm sorry, Instructor, I have no excuse..." Maximilian said as he held the wooden sword tightly. "I won't hold back next time," he added as he slowly lifted his head to look at Rasmus.

"Good, because we are going to do a campaign soon and I want to see how good all of you are," Rasmus said as he looked at all his students.

Everyone was shocked when they heard that Rasmus was planning to send them all to do a campaign except for Monica since she already knew.

"A campaign, Instructor? Like hunting beasts in the Western Neva?" Alexander asked with his hand raised.

"Yes, that's why I wanted you all to do warmups every morning before class started," Rasmus nodded as he crossed his arms. "You might think this is too early for all of you, but trust me, you need to do this now because the world won't wait for you," he pointed out as he walked to the middle of the training hall.

Everyone furrowed their brows, confused by what Rasmus said because it sounded like he was afraid of something or perhaps had warned them of something that was coming.

"Now, who will spar with me?" Rasmus asked as he grabbed a wooden sword.