

Evil 611

Chapter 611: The Art of Disruption.

A pale white man with long dark red hair that reached his ankle walked toward the floating spacious platform made of stone. He glanced at the waterfalls surrounding the platform, covering the sunlight with the thick mist that also produced rainbows wherever he looked. He stood in the center of the platform, staring beyond the waterfall where snowy mountains had perfectly formed to protect the island. As soon as he closed his eyes, he felt a presence landed behind him.

"I thought you would spend more time with your child, Ista," the man spoke quietly, yet the overwhelming sound of the waterfalls couldn't override his voice.

"You wouldn't allow me to stay longer even if I wanted to," a woman with long blonde hair responded, the same woman that sat in the garden to comfort her son, Zayn. "I only left for a day and everyone is already in this state..." She looked around, staring at the power of the other Great Spirits colliding and harmonizing, creating a protection that acted as a barrier to protect the land of Great Spirit.

The man didn't say a word, his hands resting on his back and his eyes were still closed. He was the one who made sure the energies of each Great Spirit harmonized with each other, making sure the barrier couldn't be destroyed and impenetrable.

"Go to the East Mountain and you'll see, Ista," the man slowly raised his right hand and pointed at the snowy mountain on the east.

Ista looked at the mountain in the far distance for a second before she flew away. She glanced at the man on the platform, and she had never seen him that restless before.

The moment Ista landed on the peak of East Mountain, she saw two Great Spirits standing on the edge of the cliff facing east. Two of the nine ancient Great Spirits stood guard on the cliff. A woman with snow white short hair with snow white skin while the other one was a man with dark brown long hair with dark skin. They both didn't say a word or move a muscle, they were staring at something in the distance and unbothered by the intense blizzard.

"I was sure that I told Hywan to not let anyone get near this mountain," the woman spoke without having to look back because she already knew that it was Ista that came.

"I wanted to see what made him restless," Ista answered as she lowered her head. Those two Great Spirits weren't beings that could be found easily on the island. This was her first time seeing them in person.

"Let her be, Rhys. The faster she knows about the danger, the faster she will leave this mountain," the man crossed his arms as he walked to the side so Ista could see what they were staring at.

"She's one of them, Khai. A disgrace," Rhys said as the blizzard began to grow fiercer. "Just make it fast," she glanced over her shoulder at Ista with her glowing bright blue eyes as her body slowly disintegrated and became one with the blizzard.

Ista didn't say a word and slowly she walked toward the edge, and she couldn't ignore the insult. A disgrace, that was what they called for those Great Spirits who decided to involve themselves with humans, especially bearing a child for them.

"Don't mind her," Khai said as he stared at the distance, still with his arms crossed and a relaxed expression. "If you're truly a disgrace, you wouldn't be allowed to be on this island," he pointed out.

Ista put on a smile as she nodded, and then stared at the distance as soon as the blizzard calmed down a bit. She could see the immense energy in the far distance beyond the horizon, and not only could she see the energy, she could see the glowing dark red light that pulsated as if it was breathing.

"It's beyond the Blackcliffs, something is growing in the uninhabited continent. Something vile and dangerous," Khai revealed, his glowing yellow eyes fixated on the pulsating light beyond the horizon.

"Is it going to come toward us?" Ista asked and realized why Hywan was restless because the energy she was seeing was too dangerous even for Great Spirits. If she could sense it from this far, then whatever on that side was either equally powerful as Great Spirits or worse, it was stronger than Great Spirits.

"As soon as we put on a precaution and created this barrier, that thing has been growing as well. Although our action is an act of protection, for them it might seem like a challenge. I can't tell if they're coming toward us or not, but one thing that's certain is that we are seen," Khai answered.

Before Ista could calculate the threat, she felt her body tremble and her human form was disrupted by an immense and overwhelming energy. It wasn't just her, Khai also felt it that both of them immediately turned around and looked at the sky. They weren't the only ones who felt it, the whole island felt the energy that made them react.

"That energy..." Ista narrowed her eyes because she felt it before when she visited Asghar's mountain.

"You know anything about thi-" before Khai could finish his sentence, the barrier that Hywan had carefully built to withstand immense force was shattered.

All the Great Spirits were baffled by what they saw, and their question about who was powerful enough to break the barrier so easily was immediately answered. They saw a woman floating in the sky, wearing an all-black gown and black dragon wings that spread widely and blocked the sunlight, creating shade on the whole island.

One by one, Great Spirits flew toward the threat in their original forms, lights with a shape of celestial beasts. Various celestial beasts flew toward the sky and surrounded the woman that was holding two great swords. All of them didn't wait to question the existence in front of them and immediately used their powers to attack the woman. The moment the powers collided, the sky seemed to tremble with the shockwave and created waves of tsunami toward the sea.

Hywan stayed on the ground and used his power to neutralize all the energies that collided before it could harm the island. His eyes narrowed when he noticed something before the energies dissipated into thin air. His concern came true when the woman in black was still floating even though she was badly injured from that combined attack.

"Hmm, pure Mana..." Rullein licked her lips before it they turned into a huge grin. "Give me more of those!" She glared with her glowing dark orange eyes and draconic pupils as black smoke began to spread and covered the sky like a piece of black cloth and also healed all the wounds the Great Spirits inflicted on her.

Rullein flew toward a and her swords pierced through the heart of a celestial beast that looked like a white tiger with wings and long fangs. She laughed as her face was right in front of the celestial beast's face, draining the essence of the Great Spirit. When the other Great Spirits tried to save their own kind by releasing another combined attack, she used the black cloth-like smoke to disrupt the attack and neutralized it.

"More... I need more..." Rullein giggled as she kicked the celestial beast and pulled the swords from the beast's heart, watching it fall. "Who's next?" She glanced over her shoulder, her pupils slit and narrowed even further.

Since nobody said a word, Rullein flew toward another celestial beast but then suddenly she was being pulled by something and hit the ground before she could even react. She groaned as she slowly sat up and noticed she was already surrounded by celestial beasts on the ground and in the sky. She chuckled softly as she slowly stood up, unbothered by them because she knew they wouldn't be enough to hurt her in her current state. However, the ones behind her were a dangerous one.

"Are you guys the ancient ones?" Rullein asked as she slowly turned around and stared at the seven Great Spirits that were still in their human forms as if they didn't need to show off their true forms to fight her. "Let's play!" She dashed toward those seven, but once again a force forced her to stand down. However, she was prepared this time and broke free from the force almost in an instant.

Out of the seven, Khai was the one who made a move by flicking his fingers. Pillars of stones appeared from the ground and precisely bound her and made her unable to move a muscle because she was squeezed by those pillars from all directions.

"Adorable..." Rullein smirked as she turned into a puff of smoke including her swords. She then instantly appeared in front of Khai with two greatswords in her hands, swinging down vertically at him. "Let's see how strong you are!" She used half of her strength on that attack.

Khai used both of his hands and grabbed the blades of the swords. The moment he stopped the swords, the whole island trembled from the immense momentum of Rullein's attack. However, when he thought he managed to stop her attack, she added more strength until he was completely buried into the ground.

"Who's next?" Rullein glanced at the six ancient ones with a huge grin on her face.

(Inside the carriage)

"It has started..." Aris pointed out as she glanced out the window.

"I can feel it too," Rasmus nodded and stared in the direction where Aris was staring.

"Can I ask you why you do this? I understand you want to subjugate the Great Spirits by using Lady Rullein, but isn't the threat you mentioned hasn't even appeared yet? Why made them fight before the threat hasn't even appeared?" Anastasha asked with her head tilted.

"If I disrupted what the Devil tried to do in the first place, would there be a reason for him to make a move?" Rasmus asked back as he stared at Anastasha.

"Ahh, just like gold mine. A war can happen because of it, but if the mine is gone, there will be no war," Anastasha nodded with understanding. "But what if you're wrong? What if it won't affect them and will attack anyway?" She asked.

"That's why I sent Rullein to subjugate the Great Spirits and use them to fight the enemy. It's still the plan," Rasmus answered. "If the enemy doesn't attack and the home of Great Spirits disappears, where do you think they will go?" He asked again with his brows raised.

"I don't know, they can be anywhere," Anastasha shrugged.

"Exactly. If you don't know then neither will the Devil. How can they scheme when dangers can appear out of nowhere?" Rasmus pointed out and looked out the window once again. "It's the art of disruption," he muttered.

"But what if Lady Rullein lost against those Great Spirits?" Anastasha arched her brow.

"She won't," Aris answered with confidence and without hesitation.

"I see..." Anastasha nodded and slowly leaned back as she enjoyed the ride once again, but her eyes were fixated on Rasmus.

Chapter 612 - 612: One Against Seven.

Rullein landed on the grass field and stabbed her swords on the ground before she looked at her trembling hands. Her gown was ruined, the wounds on her body were seeping out black smoke as if she was bleeding. She scoffed in disbelief as she looked around her at the floating colorful orbs around her and celestial beasts on the ground severely injured and wounded that they would turn into orbs soon. She slowly lifted her head and looked up at the sky and there were still dozens of Great Spirits including the ancient ones.

"Anyone else who wants to charge at me?" Rullein smirked as she stretched her fingers and wrists. "No one? Fine, it's my turn then," she grinned as she gripped onto the swords' handles.

When Rullein was about to pull her greatswords, she heard the sharp crunchy sound from under her feet. When she looked down the grass rapidly froze and spread across the whole grass field. The whole field had been frozen and slowly cold wind began to replace warm wind as mist began to float above the grass. The swords wouldn't budge until she used force to break the ice that froze the blades in the soil.

Rullein saw a silhouette of a horse behind the mist that was approaching toward her. When the figure walked through the mist, she saw a celestial beast with a body proportions of a giant white horse but the head was of a wolf with a long mane that reached its legs, and the tail was long almost like a body of a snake but covered in thick white fur. It looked both majestic like a horse but deadly and predatory like a starving alpha wolf.

"Finally, one of the nine Ancient Great Spirits step up for a fight," Rullein swung her swords around, shattering the ice that coated the grass around her. "But ice, huh? You're giving me a very bad memory. But, yours is nothing compared to Rasmus'," Her expression turned cold as she stared at the celestial beast that was covered in mist like a flowing cloth. The one and only Great Spirit that was associated with ice and snow, Rhys.

Rhys growled as she sneered and revealed her razor sharp all-fangs teeth before she roared and released a wave of cold that frozen everything in front of her in a cone shape. Rullein lifted her left sword to block the wave from hitting her face and in almost an instant, her sword and her body except her head were frozen. Rullein glanced down at her body and casually shrugged it off, shaking off the ice like it was mere sand.

Rullein turned into a puff of black smoke among the mist and reappeared right in front of Rhys as she swung her swords downward. Her attack was blocked by the barrier and the clash was enough to freeze her swords and arms in an instant, but it wasn't enough to stop her from breaking the barrier. The

moment the barrier shattered, Rhys lunged forward, using her fangs to slash Rullein's body, but Rullein dodged it to the side as she spun around and used the momentum to release another attack toward Rhys' neck.

Rhys tilted her head and let the mane on her neck crystalize and clashed with Rullein's greatswords. She could feel the heaviness of Rullein's attack and the sharpness of her blades that she could hear the crystalized mane crack. She used all her might to push Rullein away from her by swinging her neck.

Rullein got pushed and was quite surprised that she got overwhelmed by Rhys' strength. As soon as she safely landed, she glanced at her frostbitten hands, realizing that Rhys' energy could reduce one's power. It was almost similar to Rasmus' power, but Rasmus' power was more dangerous because he could do more than just reduce one's power but absorb it as well.

"(This is just one of the nine, if I had to fight them all altogether, I wouldn't be able to win)" Rullein tightened her grip on her swords.

Rullein sighed deeply and released black smoke from her breath, covering her whole body with black smoke until her whole existence turned into nothing but black smoke in a human shape with glowing dark orange eyes. Hywan narrowed his eyes whenever he watched Rullein use that form.

"She's using it again," Khai crossed his arms, floating in the sky beside Hywan. "Let's see if Rhys' power can subdue that kind of power," his gaze fixated on Rhys' celestial beast form.

All the Great Spirits could only watch the intense fight between Rhys and Rullein. They could see how terrifying Rullein's abilities were when she could appear and disappear in almost an instant, not only that, every strike left a lingering black smoke on Rhys' body that slowly gnawed on her power. Rhys was known to be one of the few Great Spirits with an excellent affinity with the world itself, making her almost invincible. Neither Rhys or Rullein could affect another with their powers, the only way to know who would win was based on endurance.

"We don't have time to spare," Hwyan glanced at the whole island completely obliterated by a single being in the span of hours. "I'm joining the fight, and I suggest that all of you also join me. That being hasn't even showed her true form this whole time," he revealed as he descended.

Khai and the other four ancients looked at Hywan before they followed him and landed on the icy grass. No other Great Spirits dared to join the fight because they would get affected by Rhys' power. Only the Ancient Ones that could resist Rhys' power because they were her peers.

"Your affinity will clash with Rhys and ours, are you sure it's the best option?" A man asked, his gray messy hair and glowing blue eyes stared at Hywan.

"I'm not going to release my form, my job is to weaken her and harmonize your power. You don't have to worry, Bai," Hywan answered as he read Rullein's movements, he had been observing her ever since she arrived and caused chaos into the sacred land. "Ashu, Bai, Simu, Frin, remember what Garuma said, Rullein is a being that is nothing like us Great Spirits, she's worse than those Great Spirits the humans called as Evil Gods," he warned.

Khai turned into his true form, a deer horse creature similar to the hippocampus with brown skin and thick fur with antlers and scales made of bronze from his forehead down to his back and tail. His glowing yellow eyes focused on Rullein, looking for a chance to pay back for what she had done to him earlier.

Ashu, a long bearded large dark-skinned man, a being that many Khan Empire worshiped turned into a huge turtle with a dragon head as his tail. His presence was enough to take Rullein's attention because of how big he was.

Bai turned into a white tiger with its mane and the end of his tail burning bright blue flames. His flame was enough to vaporize the snow in an instant, creating thick steam around him, hiding his presence and only leaving his glowing blue eyes that fixated on every Rullein's movement.

Simu, a woman with fair skin, glowing blue eyes, and orange hair slowly ripped off her light blue gown and transformed herself into a creature with the front half of a white fox and the back half of a pheasant. She spread her wings, the left wing had a bright orange color and the right wing had a light blue color, her tail was a mix of the two. She looked magnificent but beneath her magnificent, her claws and fangs weren't inferior to Rhys' fangs.

Frin, a man hidden underneath the white robe and hood, showing only a glimpse of his white eyes and white brows slowly turned into a pure white griffin. Instead of wings that were attached to the back, his wings were attached to his front legs. The wings weren't made of feathers but they were made of metal that reflected light flawlessly.

Rullein who was about to dominate the fight suddenly stopped charging at Rhys when she felt Bai's presence hidden in the mist behind Rhys. She glanced around her and realized she had been surrounded by the six Ancient Great Spirits. Before she could do anything, she felt that sensation again, a faint out of breath and dizziness that forced her to turn back to her human form. She glanced at Hywan, the only one that hadn't shown his true form

"(Rasmus, I'm borrowing your power now)" Rullein said as she stabbed her swords to the ground.

Rasmus glanced out the window toward the northeast.

"(Go for it)" Rasmus responded as he closed his eyes and felt something inside him leaving like the air in his lungs being sucked out forcefully. "(I trust you)".

Rullein smirked as she closed her eyes and in an instant she became black smoke once again, but something was different from before. At the top of the smoke, Hywan and the other could see the smoke turned gray and then became white. Rhys who had exchanged a lot of strikes with Rullein suddenly felt chills down her spine.

"One against seven? This is what I have been waiting for," Rullein's voice distorted and when she opened her eyes, her eyes became heterochromatic, one dark orange and the other bright blue. "I hope all of you won't succumb to this power," she chuckled eerily as wings began to form on her back and it grew bigger and bigger until the moment she spread them widely, revealing the magnificent ice wings that were covered in both mist and black smoke.

The heavy blizzard suddenly stopped, not in the way of disappearing but the blizzard was frozen in time. Everyone could see the snow and the crystal frozen still in the air until Rullein suddenly flapped her wings and floated above the ground, switching the current of the blizzard outward and she became the center of it. An ice tail appeared and touched the ground that turned the icy grass into a solid ice field.

The cold that Rullein released was way superior and more threatening than Rhys could ever do. Rhys was frostbitten by the cold, and that meant the other would get affected by the cold far worse than her. Hywan who knew how dangerous it was, he finally revealed his true form, a radiating phoenix that immediately lessened the effect of the coldness by harmonizing and redistributing the coldness into a wide area.

The Great Spirits that were watching from the sky could see the rapid spread of the cold across the whole island until finally the water around the island became frozen. They were utterly shocked, and they had no choice but to fly even higher and further from the island to keep themselves safe.

"I don't accept surrender..." Rullein's eyes glared at Hwyan as icy horns appeared from the smoke. "If you don't fight..." She paused as the ice sword handle formed from her smoke hands and turned into two ice greatswords. "You'll cease to exist..." She giggled as she swung her swords and released a shockwave of cold wind across the whole island.

Chapter 613 - 613: The Two of the Nine.

The whole island was covered in ice, there was no sign of life on the island other than the seven Ancient Great Spirits. Hwyan used his power to maintain the balance between heat and cold, and he was the only one that still stood tall against Rullein. The other were struggling from both the cold and Rullein's attacks that could easily destroy the island. If it wasn't for Khai's power that strengthened the plates underneath the island, the island would have been destroyed a long time ago.

Each of them played a huge role in fighting Rullein, especially Ashu with his unbelievably sturdy turtle shell that tanked most of Rullein's attacks. He was the only one who could take the hit directly, but he knew if it wasn't for Simu's healing ability that he kept recovering the damage on his shell. Simu was the one who had been keeping everyone alive with her miraculous healing power, but unfortunately she had used all of her power that she was no longer useful.

Frin, Bai, and Rhys were the ones that had been exchanging blows with Rullein. Those three could withstand the cold in their own way. Frin with his thick fur, Bai with his blue flame that kept him warm, and Rhys with her high resistance to cold by nature. However, even with the three of them working together, they were unable to leave even a single scratch on Rullein's body.

Rhys roar shattered the ice that had accumulated on her body due to the extreme cold. She howled and formed ice shards that turned into icicles around her before she released them toward Rullein. Those icicles could easily penetrate and pierce through diamonds easily. Rullein watched as the icicles pierced through her body, she was unbothered by it because the icicles immediately shattered due to the sturdy armor made of ice underneath the smoke that covered her body.

"That's it?" Rullein tilted her head, her voice hinted her boredom.

Bai suddenly appeared from behind Rullein and plunged toward her for an ambush. He pulled out his claws that had been coated with blue flames, sticking his claws onto Rullein's ice wings. He also used his razor-sharp fangs to bite the wing, but the moment Rullein glanced over her shoulder with intense killing intent, he knew he shouldn't waste this opportunity. His whole body glowed and released a burst of blue flame like a massive blow torch. The flame that could easily melt even diamonds, and the longer he used his power, the hotter it became, yet, he couldn't even melt Rullein's ice wings.

"Have you ever seen a frozen flame?" Rullein asked with a mischievous and eerie chuckle.

Bai who heard Rullein's voice made him see danger and even death. He immediately pushed himself away from Rullein, and watched how the blue torch froze in almost an instant. Everyone was as shocked and stunned as him because of how absurd it was and how much it ignored the law of nature itself.

Rullein glanced at the crystalized flames on her wings, and the moment she flapped her wings, they shattered the crystalized flames so easily. She then glanced at the sky when she heard rapid sonic booms, she casually lifted her left hand and blocked Frin's beak. The clash's shockwave cracked the ice on the ground in a mile's radius and cleared the sky. Frin didn't stop there and used his talons to grab Rullein's arm, a force that could easily shatter diamonds. When they heard a loud cracking sound coming from Rullein's arm until the ice vembrace shattered into pieces.

"You finally broke something," Rullein stared into Frin's eyes with her draconic and heterochromatic eyes as the ice immediately coated her arm once again, creating a new vembrace.

Rullein's left foot took a step forward before she pushed Frin away, creating the same sonic boom that finally shattered the ice around her in a mile's radius. Hywan flew and used his whole phoenix body to catch Frin and prevented Frin from being sent off the island from that push alone. Hywan had seen enough to know they had no chance against her.

"I did everything I could..." Frin said with his cracked beak and talons that shattered after his attempt to break Rullein's arm.

"Everyone did," Hywan nodded and carefully put Frin down next to the others.

Bai appeared from the mist behind Hywan, showing the cracked fangs of his and broken claws. The seven Ancient Great Spirits had decided to regroup and watch the monstrosity in front of them. They

were out of options and they had used their energies to fight her, making them as vulnerable as a child in the face of a storm that could easily topple the whole forest.

"Where are the other two? I heard there are nine of you but this whole time only seven that showed themselves," Rullein asked as she let the black smoke disperse, revealing her face and human form once again.

None of them answered the question until suddenly the clear sky turned dark as black clouds formed above the whole island. Everyone looked up and that was a sign of something was approaching until suddenly a silhouette of a human appeared behind the Ancient Great Spirits. Rullein tilted her head and glanced at the figure with a huge grin on her face. However, something else happened, blinding crepuscular rays pierced through the dark clouds.

"You came?" A deep and rough voice of a man echoed throughout the island.

"It's the same reason why you have awoken from your slumber," a soothing young man's voice echoed throughout the island as another silhouette of a man appeared beside the other silhouette.

The two figures finally revealed themselves from the mist. The first man was a muscular man with a black beard and black jagged long hair and glowing yellow eyes, wearing a black fur coat with nothing else underneath, showing off his muscular chest and abs, a black belt and trousers with black boots that made him look like a thug. On the other hand, the other man was young with a clean facial, white long straight hair with gold highlights, and glowing yellow eyes. He wore a silk eastern white robe with gold engravings and white shoes making him look pure and dignified.

The moment a flash of thunder happened, a glimpse of two silhouetted Chinese dragons appeared behind those two figures. Rullein's pupils shrunk even more, thrilled by what had arrived on the island.

"Zagres, Agon..." Hywan muttered as he slowly turned into his human form.

The other Ancient Great Spirits slowly turned into their human forms as well. Rullein knew the real challenge had finally appeared, it reminded her of Rasmus the moment he appeared, everyone decided to yield to his presence. She stared at Zagres, remembering it was the Great Spirit that gave blessing to the Asghar family. She realized why the Asghar family was that powerful and nobody dared to stop them or erase them completely.

"It has been a while since we are standing side by side like this," Agon said as his eyes fixated on Rullein, seeing the immense dark energy around her, the energy that blocked everything behind and above her.

"There's a safety reason for that," Zagres hummed as he crossed his arms. His expression was impassive.

"I suppose that safety reason is nothing compared to the threat in front of us," Agon muttered as he looked up at the sky where the ray hit his face.

"Agreed," Zagres nodded.

Chapter 614 - 614: Attachment.

Rasmus pressed his hand on his chest, feeling his heartbeat begin to race, thinking he was having a heart attack. He knew he couldn't have a heart attack because his body was no longer that of a human being. However, what he felt was similar to having one, and it was unpleasant because he had a few heart attacks back when he was Kyros during his old age.

"What's wrong?" Aris asked, noticing the sudden change in Rasmus' energy around him.

"Nothing, it must be Rullein's doing," Rasmus shook his head as he felt his strong thump of his heartbeat on his palm.

"Stop the carriage," Aris' voice passed through the solid wall and right into the coachman's ears. "Let's take some fresh air," she looked at Rasmus with a serious expression.

Anastasha raised her brows and then looked at Serena who sat beside her. The moment Serena's eyes met hers, she shrugged and tilted her head to the side. Serena shook her head, signaling to Anastasha to let those two have some privacy.

As soon as Rasmus and Aris walked far enough from the carriage and sat on the boulder of rock. Aris put her hand on Rasmus' back and she felt warmth on his body, which wasn't possible since he no longer had blood running through his body. For Orthias beings and spirits, warmth indicated the same thing as

a human's body when they grew cold. It meant that their life force was thinning out and the reason why Orthias and Spirits grew warm was because they could no longer resist the laws of nature and would succumb to them just like humans.

"There's something that I wanted to tell you but never had the chance to because Rullein might have heard this. Now that she's too focused, she won't know," Aris pointed out as she used her energy to fill the hollowness inside Rasmus' body. "You and her are like the polar opposite. If one decides to use the Overlord's power, the other will get consumed without them knowing. You must have realized it when we sparred that night, so the stronger you get the weaker she becomes and vice versa. There's no in between," she explained and stared into Rasmus' eyes.

Rasmus narrowed his eyes as he hummed and nodded with understanding.

"Was that Aristoria's plan all along?" Rasmus asked.

Aris didn't answer immediately because Aristoria had become one with her. Her own predecessor and at the same was Rasmus' mother would know what she said or thought.

"She has many, but each for different progressions and outcomes," Aris answered as she nodded.

Rasmus sighed as he relaxed his shoulders and leaned forward, staring at the dried land under his feet. He was sweating, something he had forgotten how it felt, and somehow it relieved him. He slowly closed his eyes, using the silence to focus solely on his thoughts and mind. Aris sat there beside him and kept transferring her energy into Rasmus' body to fill in what Rullein took from him.

Rasmus didn't force himself to think or dwell on his situation, he let the mind empty until glimpses of possibilities moved through his thoughts. Those flashes of thoughts about Aristoria, Rullein, himself in the future, the plans, the upcoming wars, angels, Satan, Videl, and even Aris. It was his way to let the noise seep in and at the same time be released from the back of his head.

Aris wanted to speak but she knew when Rasmus needed silence since she was the one who had stood beside him the longest and observed him every second of it.

"And?" Rasmus asked.

"There's a way to prevent that future. You have to separate her from your body, but the problem is that Spirits are attached to the ones that they have grown comfortable with," Aris pointed out but her expression showed uncertainty. "To sever the connection..." She paused.

"To sever the connection also means that the spirit will lose their meaning of living," Yur landed on Aris' lap, still in an owl form. They will exhaust their power and that will end up destroying things around them until they finally cease to exist," Yur added.

"In Rullein's case, if she has to exhaust all of her energy, that means she will kill every humans which also means she will refill her energy over and over until there's no living beings to feed," Aris pointed out with a serious expression. "In short, severing your connection with her means turning the whole Neva upside-down," she added.

Rasmus stared at the sky, directly at the sun without even squinting his eyes. It was quite eerie that Spirits could act like the sun, like the stars that died because they exhausted themselves.

"Rullein is a spirit comes from the resentment of True Dragons, she's not meant to exist. Aristoria knew something like this could happen, about Rullein ended up being attached to one of us and unfortunately, this outcome is the worst one because she's attached to you," Aris revealed, although her expression was impassive, her eyes showed concern and a hint of guilt. "But it's not guaranteed that Rullein would self-destruct when you sever the connection. However, the chance is just that high," she added.

"But severing the connection doesn't mean I'm going to leave her behind, at least not now," Rasmus furrowed his brows as he looked at Aris and Yur.

"It's similar to why a person decides to kill themselves or make themselves suffer when their partner leaves them. Spirits are child-like, an abandonment is too much for them to bear. They're influenced too easily, and that's why she probed into your past because she has finally attached to you," Aris pointed out as she looked down at Yur on her lap. "Not a lot of them know that, and that's one of the many reasons why Spirits never get involved with humans," she added as she brushed Yur's feathers lightly.

"You want me to speak with her about severing the connection?" Rasmus asked and glanced at Aris.

"Yes, whether she can accept it or not, that depends solely on her. Even then, she might still destroy herself if she can't endure the consequences," Aris nodded.

Rasmus was deep in thought when suddenly the bright and clear sky turned dark in an instant. Rasmus and Aris looked at the sky and watched lightning spread across the sky, something unnatural. Then suddenly rays of light pierced through the dark clouds, making it even weirder.

"Look over there..." Aris pointed to the northeast.

Rasmus used his draconic eyes to see further and saw dozens of black tornadoes charged with lightning circling around the island. That direction was where the Land of Great Spirits was, and he wondered what was going on for something like that to appear.

"(What's going on over there?)" Rasmus asked Rullein.

Rullein on the other hand was grinning so widely from ear to ear when she saw two Chinese dragons flying above the island, they were large and long enough that both of them could circle the whole island with their bodies. One dragon was gold with golden clouds emitting lights surrounding his body and the other was black with black clouds producing lightning that were surrounding his body.

"(You won't believe this. There are two giant dragons, chinese dragons like I saw from your memories. You need to see this)" Rullein answered as she slowly enhanced her ice armor and coated herself, her wings, tail, and horns with ice once again. "(I'm having fun right now, thank you for this)" She added before she completely turned into black smoke.

"(Take your time)" Rasmus responded.

Chapter 615 - 615: World-shattering.

Rullein flew up high into the sky and watched the two dragons circling around her with the raging thunder right above her head. She coated her greatswords while the Great Spirits fled from the island, knowing that when both Zagres and Agon had decided to reveal their celestial beast forms, catastrophe followed them.

"You didn't kill, you had no desire to kill in the first place. Why?" Agon asked, his deep and growly voice echoed throughout the sky.

"What else? If there are leaders that lead those Great Spirits, I'm planning to take that spot," Rullein answered as she kept her eyes on Agon, admiring the golden scale of his. "Pretending to be dragons, you really think you can become one?" She scoffed and glanced at Zagres with his jet-black shiny scales covered in dark clouds and sparks of lightning.

"Who are you to judge when you're also pretending to be one?" Zagres' voice cracked the sky and made the sky rumble as if it was screaming out of fear at his presence. "A spirit is still a spirit, nothing more, nothing less."

Zagres and Agon flew toward Rullein beyond the speed of sound that tore through the air. The sonic booms were deafening, and it was enough to shatter the ice on the ground and shredded the trees. They used their long arms and their massive claws to attack her, a huge claw that could flatten a castle with a gentle tap.

Rullein used her wings to protect her whole body, and the moment her wings clashed with those claws, the ice that coated her wings shattered in an instant. The impact created two devastating shockwaves that split the island into two. Both Zagres and Agon tightened their claws, concentrating to a single point on Rullein's wings. They thought it would be enough to crush her but the fact that she was sneering while she resisted their strength with only her wings, they realized how monstrous she was.

Zagres decided to charge his claws with lightning until his claws glowed bright blue while Agon decided to heat up his claws until they turned glowing bright orange. Rullein's left wing began to shred by the lightning that rapidly struck it while her right wing began to burn and melt by the heat. The left side of her armor began to crack and shatter while the right side of her armor began to melt.

"Yes! This is it!" Rullein screamed in euphoria as her wings began to tear apart because they couldn't resist both forces at the same time.

Rullein watched the claws closing in, readying to crush her whole body but she tightened her grip on her swords and spun around. She reinforced and focused the Overlord's ice power onto her swords and arms instead of her body. The moment she clashed her greatswords with Zagres and Agon's claws, every friction created a devastating shockwave that shredded both the sky above them and the island below them. After a long battle of strength, Zagres and Agon realized their claws began to crack.

Zagres and Agon were once again surprised by the sheer amount of power Rullein possessed. They knew they couldn't prolong that stalemate position and had enough probing on the threat they were facing. They both opened their mouths widely and began to charge their Mana into spheres that floated in their mouths. The longer they charged, the bigger the spheres grew, one was light blue and the other was golden. However, before they could release it, Rullein's body began to produce black smoke and covered their mouths as if the smoke was going to devour them.

Both of them had no choice but to release their accumulated energies, shooting the spheres toward Rullein. They both flew away as soon as they released those energies, knowing each other's power could harm the other. The moment both spheres made contact, they combined and became unstable until it exploded right above Rullein's head.

The explosion sucked the light and air out of the world, for a whole second the whole Neva grew dark then the next second the world turned blindingly bright as if a sun had just given birth to another sun. The world witnessed the whole sky pulsating with light for the next few seconds until everything turned back to normal again.

The explosion was too bright and too dangerous even for both Zagres and Agon that they had to use their bodies to protect the other Great Spirits. Even after they fled and prepared for it, their bodies took a huge toll on the power they released. Their scales began to dissipate and disintegrate into golden lights for Agon and ashes for Zagres. They could only wait until the destructive force was subdued.

The moment the explosion disappeared, Agon, Zagres, and the Great Spirits were stunned to see that Rullein survived that while the whole island had disintegrated with a massive hole in the sea that revealed the seabed. However, when they looked more closely, they noticed that her body was shredded, leaving only her torso and head before she finally descended and fell as the sea began to fill the hole.

They watched Rullein's body sink into the hole and then watched the sea devour her. There was only silence for the next few seconds, wondering if they had finally defeated a monster. However, reality said otherwise when the whole sea that used to be the island froze in an instant. The frozen sea slowly emitted bright blue light before the frozen sea cracked and a figure floated to the surface through the crack and landed on the frozen sea. It was Rullein, but something was off about her, especially when her body was completely made of ice.

"That was something..." Rullein muttered as she looked at her hands, realizing the hidden power of the Overlord. "I could have died up there, but fortunately, I'm not," she glared at Zagres and Agon as her body shattered into pieces and was remade by her own power, black smoke until she could form a human body. "Ready for second round?" She grinned as she covered her body with ice armor and created greatswords with her smoke before she coated them with ice.

Rullein was about to get ready in her stance but suddenly she felt cold, an immense cold that she felt weak and collapsed to her knees. She felt like her body was both burning and cold at the same time as the ice on her body began to melt. Agon and Zagres noticed that she was weakened and didn't waste the opportunity to attack her by using a similar attack but this time a lot weaker knowing that they couldn't spend that much of power again and risk their own safety.

The moment they blasted the frozen sea, the ice shattered and disintegrated, creating a much smaller hole in the sea. Once the explosion disappeared, nothing was left behind, not a single ice could be seen on the sea.

"You have no manners, don't you?" Rullein appeared above Agon's head and stabbed her sword through his dragon's skull. "If that's how you play, then I can do that too," she glared as she pushed the sword deeper into his skull and released her energy right into Agon's skull, coating his inside with her smoke, devouring his energy to refill her own.

Zagres flew toward Rullein before Agon took huge damage from her attack. He used his claws to attack Rullein while Agon used his tail to whip her off his head. When the claws and the tail were about to hit her, she turned into a puff of smoke and made Zagres's claw hit Agon's tail, the clash making Agon lose his balance. Rullein then reappeared on top of Agon's body and released a devastating blow with both of her greatswords, pushing Agon into the sea.

"Let's play dirty," Rullein stared coldly at Zagres even though she looked like in pain, but she ignored it because she knew she couldn't rest and the fact she could no longer borrow the Overlord's power, she couldn't win easily against those two altogether.

Chapter 616 - 616: A Monster.

Hywan and the other Great Spirits couldn't believe that one being could overpower all Great Spirits and managed to take down the whole island in just a few hours. Even in Rullein's weakened state, nobody dared to fight her because they knew most of them were no match for her. Their only hope was to let Zagres and Agon fight her, but even then, Agon had been defeated.

Zagres slowly turned back to his human form, realizing that fighting her in his dragon form would be a disadvantage. He had seen her power where she could turn into smoke as she pleased and appeared wherever she wanted to. With a big body, that would only make his fate the same as Agon's. His only option was to fight him in his human form to match her speed and agility.

Zagres stretched his fingers and shoulders, noticing that his body was injured after taking huge damage from the explosion. Usually he could recover easily with the Mana that the world provided, but it wasn't the case because he could see how much Rullein's body acted like a vacuum and absorbed Mana for herself. He had a solution, and that was to let Simu heal him since she had rested enough to recover her Mana. However, that was when Rullein glanced at Simu with a cold gaze, knowing his plan before he could even create a plan for it.

"Don't even try... or I'll force my hand to kill her," Rullein said without showing any expression other than coldness. "Let me fight with a handicap then," she tossed her greatswords before they turned into puffs of black smoke and entered her body.

Zagres had no choice but to fight with his limitation. He raised his right hand and a fierce lightning bolt struck his hand and charged his body with explosive power. He knew it was dangerous because it would drain his energy faster, but it was better than losing the fight pathetically.

Zagres flew toward Rullein, creating a sonic boom and leaving an afterimage. When he struck her, the punch felt hollow because what he had just hit was nothing but the remnant of her before she teleported behind him. He used his elbow to strike right at her face but was immediately stopped when she locked his shoulder with her left hand. She tilted her head with a mockery written all over her face, but then suddenly a lightning struck her. To his surprise, she used her hand to catch the lightning and transferred the energy to feed herself as the sparks around her arm dissipated.

"You should have asked them about my power. I can absorb any kind of energy and turn it into my own. With this level of power, you're only feeding me, not harming me," Rullein said and stared at Zagres with mockery and pity. "This is where desperation begins to sprout in the back of your mind, just like them before..." She chuckled mischievously.

Zagres immediately broke free and flew away to create a distance between them. However, when he turned around to look at Rullein, she had disappeared until he saw a faint black smoke in the corner of his eyes.

"Boo!" Rullein whispered into Zagres' ear before she disappeared again as Zagres discharged the lightning in his body, releasing branches of lightning bolts around him. "So predictable," she appeared from thin air in front of him as soon as the lightning dissipated.

"You're playing with your prey for too long," Zagres said with an impassive expression before he glanced behind Rullein.

Rullein glanced over her shoulder and noticed Agon had come back and was in his human form with the other Ancient Great Spirits behind him. All of them had regained enough power and Simu had used her power to recover Agon's injuries and his energy.

"Oh, I'm aware. And I did that on purpose," Rullein chuckled with a grin on her face. "Go, ask your little healer to heal your wound," she smirked as she pointed her hand toward her back.

Zagres narrowed his eyes for a moment before he flew away and regrouped with the others. Simu began to use the remaining of her energy to heal and recover from his injuries and energy. She knew that her power wouldn't be enough to bring Agon and Zagres back to their prime, but it was better than nothing.

"Now, finally all nine of you are going to fight side by side," Rullein said as she slowly turned around to look at them. "Let's make a deal. If I win, all of you are mine to control. If I lose, I'll accept whatever you want to do with me," she proposed.

"Enlighten us as to why you're doing this to us?" Agon asked with his brows furrowed.

"Because I was told to," Rullein answered as she shrugged.

Rullein's answer made Agon and the other Great Spirits baffled and stunned by how simple it was. Agon wondered what kind of being that managed to order someone like her around. That was when Hywan revealed everything based on what Garuma had said since Garuma met Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein when the Ashenvale family's existence was threatened. The name that came to light was Rasmus, an anomaly, a child of an Aristoria and a human.

"Now, are we done talking? Do you agree with what I have proposed?" Rullein asked with her brows raised and head tilted to the side. "Honestly, I don't need to. I can easily use my power to make obey

me," she pointed out as she stared at her hand in front of her face, the hand that released black smoke. "But I'm not that savage," she smiled coldly.

"We will keep that in mind," Agon nodded as the bright sunlight pushed the dark clouds and glanced at Hywan transformed into a phoenix and soared through the sky, using his power to harmonize everyone's power while at the same time destabilizing Rullein's.

Rullein closed her eyes and she hated Hywan's power the most compared to all the Great Spirits. His power was capable of disrupting her energy that made her unstable when using her power. She knew what she was doing, and she knew that future threats could have that kind of situation and she wanted to train for that.

"Shall we?" Rullein smirked as black smoke covered her hands and slowly turned into greatswords.

The dark clouds formed underneath Hywan's feet but the sunlight managed to pierce through some of them. Snow began to fall from the dark clouds but at the same time a storm was brewing above them. The visibility of the sky reduced greatly that it was impossible to see a few meters ahead of Rullein, but that wasn't a problem for her since she could sense energy with her draconic eyes. She looked down at the ravaging sea as a massive whirlpool formed underneath her. She glanced at the waterspouts forming and grew bigger, it was like many disasters combined into one.

The other Great Spirits were watching in the far distance, witnessing something that had never happened before. All of the Ancient Great Spirits stood side by side facing against a single being. The moment a lightning struck the sea, the Ancient Great Spirits and Rullein disappeared and a huge shockwave cleared the sky and calmed the weather and the sea. They saw eight Ancient Great Spirits attacking Rullein from all sides while Rullein used her wings, tail, and arms to block their attacks.

"What a monster..." A Great Spirit muttered in disbelief.

Chapter 617 - 617: Facing Consequences.

Rullein used every limb of hers to fight the nine Ancient Great Spirits. She couldn't borrow the Overlord's power anymore since that first blast that Agon and Zagres created. She purely used her own power, but even then, her power was being disturbed and released without her will by Hywan's power.

The longer she fought the less she dominated the battle and the stronger the Great Spirits were due to her power being purified and redistributed to them by Hywan's power.

Bai appeared right behind her and bit her left shoulder with his fangs and strong jaw. He ripped her shoulder and arm off while Zagres used that opportunity to punch her right in the gut. She was sent flying but Agon appeared behind her back and kneed her right on the spine. She turned into smoke but then was disrupted by Hywan's power, forcing her to stay in a solid form. Using that opportunity, Frin dove from the sky, creating rapid sonic booms before his beak hit her right in the chest.

Rullein's back hit the solid ice and spiky surface above the sea that Rhys had prepared for Rullein's downfall. Her body was impaled by the ice spikes then Rhys howled, crystalizing Rullein's body while at the same time sealing Rullein's power. Rullein tried to resist the frostbite when she saw a massive silhouette that blocked the sunlight. She looked up and saw Ashu in his turtle form falling down toward her. She could only grit her teeth when the heavy and solid shell crushed her body and the frozen sea shattered below her. She sunk and drowned into the deep sea.

Rullein could easily swim back to the surface, but the silence felt too peaceful. She then heard cracking sounds around her, and when she glanced to the side she noticed the water around her began to freeze. Slowly but surely she was imprisoned in the block of ice and she didn't try to resist it.

"(Rasmus...)" Rullein closed her eyes.

"(Yes?)" Rasmus responded.

"(I underestimated them)" Rullein said as she listened to the sound of bubbles around her.

"(You always underestimated your opponents)" Rasmus responded.

A smirk appeared on Rullein's face as her whole body began to feel cold.

"(I learned it the hard way)" Rullein said.

"(At least you learned)" Rasmus hummed. "(And now you're facing the consequences)" He added.

"(I am...)" Rullein felt as the silence began to feel deafening.

"(I said face those consequences, not accept them)" Rasmus pointed out. "(You're on your own right now. Think)" He added.

Rullein reached the seabed and could feel the ice cracking due to the immense pressure. She was unbothered by it and focused on something that she had been told by Aristoria to never look at it unless she was so powerless that she couldn't do anything else. She knew what it was because Aristoria told her, knowing that she might get curious someday, it was her origin.

Rullein opened her eyes and she found herself standing next to her core, a blob of darkness that emitted eerie black smoke. She had never looked into her own core, she never knew what the limit of her power was. She was taught by Aristoria to master what she could control, but not her true power.

"The resentment of the True Dragons..." Rullein muttered as she approached her core. "Beings who harbor no emotions ended up creating and accumulating such resentment after their deaths," she stood right in front of her core and her right hand hovered over it. "That makes no sense, right?" She asked herself as she touched the blob and it immediately reacted and tried to devour her hand.

Rullein didn't pull away her hand and watched as the blob devoured her hand and arm until she was being pulled toward it. She took a step forward as she put her other hand on it, noticing that the blob didn't feel like it was devouring her, it was more like she was being pulled out of desperation and powerlessness, being pulled by something which had no more strength to spare.

"Because True Dragons are the law of nature itself. The resentment doesn't come from them, it's the world itself that weeps after their death. Just like rain to the trees, without the trees the rain creates an avalanche," Aristoria answered. "It was the trees last wish to protect... to live, and the rain granted it and created a single sapling. And that sapling is you," she explained.

Rullein turned around and was surprised to see Aristoria in this tiny world of hers.

"Whatever you see, feel, and hear, they belonged to the past. You're not the essence of True Dragons, you're way more special than them," Aristoria smiled gently at Rullein. "I taught you everything but there was one thing that I couldn't teach you, it was maturity because my emotions and way thinking

were artificial. But now, you have someone that taught you that. You're ready to see that now," she pointed out as she looked at the blob of darkness.

"Am I ready?" Rullein asked.

Aristoria's smile widened, showing pride and relief when she heard that question.

"The fact you asked, you are," Aristoria nodded.

Rullein looked at the blob that had pulled her whole shoulders, and she could easily pull away from it, but she didn't. She looked over her shoulder at Aristoria, but she disappeared. She then took a deep breath and steeled her resolve before she finally pushed herself into the blob.

As soon as she entered the blob, she arrived in a world of silhouettes and shadows and she saw thousands of True Dragons around her, beings that made mountains look like small piles of soil. She felt overwhelmed that tears began to run down her chin because she was moved by something and touched right into her soul if she had one. She could feel the desperation, the pain, the powerlessness, and the fate that brought True Dragons into extinction. She could listen to every one of them during their last moments before they cease to exist. It was as what Aristoria said earlier, she could feel the wishes of the True Dragons to protect Neva.

Rullein fell to her knees when she found out how selfless and caring True Dragons truly were. They weren't beings that used their powers to dominate, they used their powers to nurture Neva that the world given them. They knew of a future where beings would exist after them, and they wanted Neva to be a safe place for them to live, a perfect habitat to live in harmony.

As Rullein wept from the memories of the True Dragons, she was unaware that each silhouette and shadow were being absorbed into her own. She sobbed as she covered her face with her hands, finally understanding the reason for her existence. Once she accepted of who she was, she wiped off the tears in her eyes and when she lifted her head, the world seemed empty, leaving only a faint glow of pale brown on the horizon.

"Your wish is not mine, but we have something in common..." Rullein slowly stood up as she clutched onto the silk cloth on her chest. "The world wept for you, and so I'll be the avalanche," she muttered as she closed her eyes.

The moment she opened her eyes, she was back to reality and her whole body had been completely frozen on the seabed. She slowly turned into a puff of smoke and escaped the ice. She appeared on the piece of floating ice and could see the surprised look on the Great Spirits who had thought they had just defeated her. They immediately created havoc on the weather and on the sea, preparing for another fight. However, she glanced at the blizzard, the storm, the tornadoes, the raging sky like they were child's play. She flicked her hand and immediately the sky cleared, the blizzard disappeared, and the storm calmed down.

Aris who had been observing the situation from afar suddenly clenched her fists.

"This is the worst outcome for your situation," Aris said and looked at Rasmus. "She has awakened her power," she revealed.

"Then there's nothing I can do. I'll just have to face it," Rasmus responded as he stared at the distance. "We rested long enough, we should continue our journey," he said as he turned around and walked back into the carriage.

Aris sighed and lowered her head for a moment before she caught up with Rasmus and entered the carriage.

Chapter 618 - 618: Human Curiosity.

The carriage was about to enter Yan Forest which acted as the border between Khan Empire and the south of East Neva where Sultans and their empires and kingdoms were. The entrance to the forest was barricaded by a giant wall called the Wall of Khan that was built from the east side of East Neva all the way to the west side of East Neva, separating the empire from the rest of the continent.

They were stopped by the guards of the Khan Empire since entry to the Khan Empire required a permit from the official. Although the guards knew the carriage belonged to the Asghar family from looking at how luxurious and the banner was, they still couldn't let it get through.

"Let me handle it..." Anastasha said under her breath as she opened the carriage door and walked down to speak with the guards.

Rasmus that was deep in thought the whole journey suddenly smelled something familiar, a scent that he had never smelled in Neva but something he was accustomed to back on Earth. He slowly got up from his seat and walked out of the carriage, making Aris and Serena look at each other with a confused look. They both decided to walk out of the carriage to see what took Rasmus' interest.

"What's wrong?" Serena asked as she admired the wall and was fully equipped with artillery like catapults, ballistas, trebuchets, and something that looked like magical weapons sticking out from the holes in the walls.

"Gunpowder," Rasmus answered as he narrowed his eyes and looked at the canons that were sticking out of the holes. "They discovered gunpowder," he pointed out with his brows furrowed.

"What's a gunpowder?" Aris asked with her head tilted to the side to look at Rasmus' face where his gaze was fixated on the cannons.

"A power that can destroy even the strongest steel and wall in the world," Rasmus opened his palm and created a marble of fire before he condensed and fed it with oxygen to its critical point until it created a spark and tiny explosion on his arm. "But instead of magic, it's made from minerals. Even a child can carry it and destroy a house with it," he explained.

"So magic is not required? That sounds dangerous," Aris stared at the cannons, curious what kind of destructive power those weapons could do.

"It's not the gunpowder that's dangerous, it's the human curiosity towards it and what comes after," Rasmus said and glanced at the guards and soldiers of the Khan Empire.

"You know, Aris. The magic that you saw Rasmus do in South Neva and Central Neva? Those terrifying and terrorizing magic where he could turn a kingdom into ashes if he wanted to, that has the same principle of that so-called gunpowder," Serena pointed out. She knew that knowledge even though she was imprisoned in hell most of her life. She knew because of the souls of sinners and what they had done on Earth, the horror they had been through and the horror they had to do in the name of survival and ideals.

Aris glanced at Rasmus and then at the cannons, imagining those weapons could recreate such devastating magic as Rasmus did. She began to think after what Rasmus said about human curiosity, and what kind of world that led toward it from there. The destructive tendencies of humans were already dangerous, and now knowing there was something like this, the scale didn't just spike, it went off the chart.

Anastasha walked back after she was done talking with the guards as the guards opened the gate for them. She was curious as to why everyone was outside the carriage when she told them that she would handle this matter.

"What's wrong?" Anastasha asked with her brows raised and arms crossed.

"Do you know what those things are?" Rasmus nodded at the cannons.

Anastasha turned around and looked at the weapon peeking out of the holes. She tilted her head and she recalled about the newly discovered weapon that the Khan Empire invented.

"Yes, they're called the Head of Dragons. They have them at least for a year now or maybe even longer than that. I believe they use something called the Dragon's Powder," Anastasha answered as she looked at Rasmus with a curious look. "Why?" She asked.

"More than a year..." Rasmus muttered as he crossed his arms. "That sounds a bit coincidental," he pointed out.

"That's the same time when the Fallen Watchers began to appear in each continent," Aris said and looked at Rasmus. "One of them that we know exists in East Neva is Azazel," she pointed out.

"Oh..." Serena raised her brows, finally connecting the dots. "That's not a surprise at all then. Seeing that this continent has such taste for fashion and with the intense bloodbath, this place is like his playground," she nodded with understanding.

Anastasha didn't know much about what they were talking about, but she knew they didn't have that much time to converse in front of the gate. She then told everyone to get back inside and ask about what they were talking about afterward. When the carriage officially entered Khan Empire territory, she

then asked about the Fallen Watchers and their connection with the weapon that Khan Empire invented.

"So? What was it all about?" Anastasha asked as she looked at the three of them.

Everyone expected Rasmus to answer the question, but he suddenly raised his forefinger to give him a moment. They looked at him and the one that knew what was going on was Aris, and knew that he was talking with Rullein.

"(Which one do you want me to bring back with me?)" Rullein asked.

"(Which one? You're done?)" Rasmus asked back.

"(Well...)" Rullein paused as she looked down at her palm, still unable to grasp the new power she had gained after she had been awakened. "(You can say that)" She lowered her hand and lifted her head to see all the Great Spirits knelt before her.

"(What about the threat?)" Rasmus asked as he looked out the window at the tall trees that blocked the sun, making the path as dark as night.

"(The threat...)" Rullein glanced at the far northwest from where she stood. "(I don't see any movements even after everything that happened)" She pointed out.

"(Is it Vidal?)" Rasmus asked.

"(Yes, I'm sure of it. At least whatever that emits that demonic energy is the same as Vidal's)" Rullein nodded.

"(Well then, I want you to stay there. You're their new leader, get to know them better)" Rasmus said as he sat straight before he leaned back. "(Can you become my eyes for a moment?)" He asked.

"(Sure thing. I'll see you later then)" Rullein said and then looked at the nine Ancient Great Spirits in front of her, kneeling with their power drained from the battle.

Rullein released black smoke on her back and formed into a throne of smoke. She sat there and crossed her legs as she rested her cheek on her fist, staring at their disbelief expressions. She wouldn't blame them for looking at her like that because she also couldn't believe what she was capable of, the things she had done earlier.

"Based on what we agreed upon, are you going to uphold the agreement or not?" Rullein asked as she stared down coldly at Agon.

"It's not like we have a choice now," Agon said as he closed his eyes and lowered his head, showing a sign of defeat. "We accept our defeat and accept you as our new leader," he declared as he lifted his head and stared into Rullein's glowing dark orange eyes with the gaze of a being who had a single purpose, to dominate.

"Do you fear me?" Rullein asked.

Nobody answered her question and only stayed silent.

"What's with the silence? If you have no desire to go against me, why do you fear me?" Rullein stared down at them with an unblinking gaze that could kill them. "Unless that's not the case?" She asked as she narrowed her eyes.

"It's not that we don't fear you. We are unsure of what you want us to do," Hywan answered.

"Nothing, at least for now," Rullein answered. "Is that good enough answer for you?" She glanced coldly at Hywan.

They all shared a look at each other, and they couldn't understand Rullein at all from the moment she arrived and until this point.

"What's your goal then?" Zagres asked as he stared into Rullein's eyes.

A cold slowly formed on Rullein's lips before she answered, "War."

Chapter 619 - 619: The High Regent of Centriva.

Lenin arrived in Centriva capital city, the city that rewrote the history of Central Neva. She looked at the statue that was as tall as a tower, wider than a castle, a statue of a hooded figure in a robe that only revealed their nose and mouth. The statue that didn't show any gender but represented all the people who had sacrificed their lives during the war against Satan. She stood there in front of the statute and lowered her head, paying respect to the fallen soldiers and figures.

"Master, you should have told me that you're coming," Novia said as she walked toward the statue.

Lenin didn't say a word and kept her head lowered, recalling every moment where she could save a few lives or even just a single life. She wondered if she had just a year to prepare, or even a few months to train her magic and invent new magic spells that mainly for saving lives, she could have saved more people. She believed she was a failure as a Great Sage, someone who had been bestowed the responsibility to protect humankind by her master.

Novia took a deep breath as she looked up at the statue's kneeling position and holding something that was hidden beneath their hands and pressed against their chest. The person who proposed to create such a statue was no other than Aurelia, the High Regent of Centriva. Nobody understood the symbol behind the statue, but somehow everyone who looked at it could feel the emotions that the statue emitted.

"It has been a while, Great Sage," Lenin slowly turned around and looked at Novia with a gentle smile and slowly lowered her head toward her disciple.

Novia wanted to tell Lenin to just call her name instead of her title when they were alone, but then she remembered that she was no longer free from burden and responsibility. She looked around and saw the civilians bowing their heads toward her while the children looked at her with admiration. She had become a Great Sage and she had to uphold her status because the people were relying on her.

"It has been a while, Elder," Novia said as she nodded her head.

"I came because I was invited by the High Regent to attend Centriva's first council meeting. I came as soon as I received the letter," Lenin said as she slowly raised her head and looked at the white robe and white cape with Magic Tower symbol on it that Novia wore. "How is Her Excellency doing?" She asked as she looked at Novia's dark blue hair that had grown long to her lower back.

"Her Excellency hasn't slept in the past week, Elder. She's busy to plan the future of Centriva," Novia answered as she turned to look at the palace that took half the size of the capital city itself. "And I believe she's planning to not sleep for another week," she added.

Lenin looked at the palace and couldn't believe the innocent and bright young lady from a family of Saints had been abandoned her status and removed her humanity for the sake of humankind. She had heard a few rumors about Aurelia, about her changes that made her look like a completely different person. On her way to the capital city earlier, some people even called the High Regent a deity instead of a human being.

"I see, I can only pray for Her Excellency's well being," Lenin nodded with understanding.

"Shall we get into the palace, Elder? Most of the Ordinal Conclaves have arrived and are currently inside the palace. The meeting will be held in an hour, and I believe the remaining will come anytime soon," she said with a soft smile on her face.

"Yes, Great Sage," Lenin lowered her head and walked beside Novia toward the palace.

The citizens of the capital city lowered their heads toward Lenin and Novia, but mostly toward Lenin because she was one of the heroes that protected Central Neva. Lenin smiled at them and waved at the children that were admiring the hero and the strongest mage of the century. She then looked around at the buildings and bustling streets. All buildings were painted white and even the street was made of white cobblestone with symmetrical sizes and patterns.

Lenin looked at the tall magic tower that was built in the city, it was as grandiose as the palace itself. Ever since the war, High Regent Aurelia suggested that the Great Sage would stay in the capital city instead of the floating island of Gratlan due to the time and distance that was deemed unnecessary. Many moments in the past where Lenin couldn't make it in time during a time of crisis, and her suggestion was approved by all of the Cardinal Conclaves.

"We are halfway there, Elder. The teleportation device that connects this Magic Tower and the one on Gratlan. It's all thanks to the Mana stones that Lady Erlina provided for us. Estimate, it will finish in half a year," Novia pointed out as she stared at the magic tower.

"That will be the Magic Tower's greatest achievement. Who knows, we might be able to connect every corner of Neva if we managed to advance our magic formations," Lenin nodded with understanding as she looked at the greenery and the artificial river beside her.

"That's one of Her Excellency's plans," Novia nodded and then she looked at Arandil, the man with the title as the strongest Swordmaster that had become the Chief of Ordinal Wardens, commanding over a thousand Ordinal Wardens with the skill of Swordmasters.

There used to be only a hundred Swordmasters at most, but now there were a thousand and more in the future because High Regent Aurelia demanded a single Ordinal Warden to be able to win against a hundred demons. It was possible thanks to Elder Lazarus Wyverncrest, the strongest man alive and the man that selected and trained every Ordinal Warden.

"Welcome, Elder Lenin. Allow me to escort you into the palace," Arandil lowered his head toward Lenin.

"It has been a while, Chief Arandil. I can see that you have grown exponentially ever since the war. It seems Her Excellency chose the right person to lead the Ordinal Warden," Lenin smiled as she looked at the amount of Mana around Arandil that were at least five times denser than the last time she saw him.

"Her Excellency demanded me to grow stronger, and I have yet to accomplish that," Arandil responded with a smile on his face.

"It seems Her Excellency has pushed everyone beyond their limits," Lenin said with an impassive expression as she stared at the massive gate in front of her with the grandiose garden and palace behind it.

Arandil escorted Lenin and Novia into the palace and everything was made of white marbles, even the vases, the flowers, and the carpets were white, but there was one thing that made the palace feel off, and that was there wasn't a single painting of the High Regent. There wasn't a single painting or a portrait of anyone inside the palace, and it was an order by Aurelia herself because she didn't want to

be worshiped or admired, and to show she didn't own or possess anything at all. She planned to use the same doctrine to the future High Regents.

"I'll take my leave, Elder Lenin, Great Sage," Arandil lowered his head toward Lenin and Novia before he walked away and left the palace.

"I'll also take my leave because I have important matters to attend in the Magic Tower," Novia said as she looked at Lenin. "Elder Lazarus is currently near the pond behind the palace. If you wish to see him, you can find him there," she pointed out before she gave one last smile to Lenin and left the palace.

Lenin looked around the palace and didn't find a maid, a servant, or even a butler. The palace was only occupied by a single person, and that was Aurelia herself. She didn't have anyone to order, to help her take a bath, or to cook her meal, only a few people that came to clean the palace, and it was only once a month. The only way for her to communicate with people in the palace area was through her pigeons if she needed someone to enter the palace.

An hour had passed and all the Ordinal Conclaves entered the palace for their first official meeting ever since Central Neva became Centriva officially. There were ten Ordinal Conclaves in total that would control ten different regions in Centriva, making each Ordinal Conclave responsible for a big chunk of the continent. The Ordinal Conclaves that Aurelia chose were Arthor Wyverncrest, Maximilian Wyverncrest, Morgianne Sancticus, Monica Sancticus, Isador Suncrown, Julius Suncrown, Volos Auvrey the former emperor of the Ruzia Emprie, Ligardis Evermount the former queen of the Crustaria Kingdom, Ulric Ironhart, and lastly Esper Frostspire.

Everyone was guided into the hall with a big round table, and they were surprised to see a figure sitting on the furthest side of the round table. A figure wearing an all-white hooded robe and a white porcelain mask that hid their face, even the holes for the eyes had white thin cloth to hide their eyes. The person that had sacrificed her own humanity for the future of humankind, High Regent Aurelia.

"I apologize for wearing a mask. I have no desire to show my unsightly appearance in my current state," Aurelia's voice was quiet that showed exhaustion. "Please have a seat," she used her hands to point at the table and the chairs in front of her.

Everyone sat at the round table except for the elders like Lazarus and Lenin that were sitting on the side not far from the round table. None of them had seen Aurelia for months, not even Maximilian, Monica, Alexander, or Isador that said to be her closest friends. Aurelia had secluded herself from the outside world, yet she knew everything that happened in Centrica and the other continents around her.

"I have invited guests to join our meeting. You two may come in," Aurelia said as she looked to her left where there was a door that also connected to the meeting hall.

When the door opened, everyone saw Archduke Thalior Ardentis from South Neva and Sorceress Agnesia Valier from West Neva. The two of them lowered their heads to Aurelia before they joined Lenin and Lazarus on the side.

"As you can see, this meeting isn't to evaluate everyone's work but to address the issues that are happening in West Neva and South Neva, as well as what we all witnessed a few days ago, the phenomenon that put anxiety on everyone's mind," Aurelia said with her hand that moved gracefully as she spoke. "It has been confirmed by Great Sage Novia that it happened somewhere in East Neva," she revealed.

Everyone knew what Aurelia meant by the phenomenon where the bright daylight turned dark for a few seconds before a bright light like the sun appeared beyond the horizon from the east. They knew Rasmus' whereabouts, and they knew it had something to do with him, but they didn't know what that meant. They were anxious that another continent might fall, they were worried that another war would happen again.

"Count Blackheart is in East Neva right now, Your Excellency. Since the Sancticus family has a strategic alliance with the Urion family from East Neva, we might hear something from them about Count Blackheart in a few days," Monica said as she looked at the porcelain mask that Aurelia wore, wondering if her friend was doing fine and why she cut ties with everyone. "Knowing what kind of a person Count Blackheart is, he will make sure he's known. We will send the information as soon as we get anything from the Urion family, Your Excellency," she assured her old friend as she lowered her head slightly.

"Thank you, Ordinal Conclave Monica," Aurelia lowered her head slightly, mirroring Monica's.

Aurelia's hand was about to reach her forehead but she remembered she was wearing a mask. She froze for a split second before she put her hand back on the table. It was so obvious when everyone could see the tremor and twitch on Aurelia's right forefinger.

"Your Excellency..." Isador frowned slightly, seeing his friend pushing herself beyond the limit and knowing she had nobody to take care of her made Isador can't hide his concern anymore.

Aurelia raised her right hand, signaling to Isador to stop before he could utter his concerns and worries. Julius, who sat beside Isador immediately put his hand on his son and shook his head.

"Archduke Thalior, if you may?" Aurelia asked as her face turned toward Thalior.

"Yes, Your Excellency," Thalior lowered his head before he stood up from his chair and walked toward the round table. He had a scroll in his hand and he offered it with both hands to Aurelia. "This is the current situation in South Neva, Your Excellency. Everything that has happened in the past months, I made sure everything is included in there," he revealed as he watched Aurelia take the scroll and slowly pull the string that was tied to the scroll.

Aurelia read through the complete report of the situation in South Neva about the cult, about the Zevrathi family, and about beings called Angels that had been confirmed by using Rasmus' method. Every report that she heard outside Centriva, Rasmus name would come to the surface. She recalled the days back when she was still at Gratlan Academy, the day after the war, the man that was her teacher, her mentor, and her instructor on how to see the world inward and her as a person outward.

"The cult has occupied almost half of South Neva continent due to the lack of funds and power to maintain the land. The existence of Angels has been confirmed along with the Zevrathi family that led the cult and brought in masses. Currently, the South Neva Union has formed a peace treaty made by Lady Erlina of the South Neva Union. The cause for the treaty is due to the Angels power that can alter one's memories and unknown power they can possess. The cult has no desire for an expansion, they're preparing for the upcoming war and their target is no other than Count Rasmus Blackheart," Aurelia summarized the report so everyone at the table knew the content of it. "Lastly, the cult suggested that all figures that have ties with Count Rasmus Blackheart to be severed immediately or bear the consequences, it's a word from the cult leader himself, Aston Zevrathi," she revealed as she put down the scroll and looked at everyone at the table.

Everyone looked at Thalior and he gave them a nod, assuring those in the report weren't fabricated and that they were nothing but the truth.

"Count Blackheart is our savior and without him, Centrica wouldn't exist, and nobody would be sitting here right now. However, we never had ties with Count Blackheart in the first place, you can tell them that, Archduke Thalior," Aurelia said without hesitation. "I assume you have reached the same conclusion as mine?" She looked up at Thalior.

"Yes, Your Excellency. Based on what Lady Erlina said during her private conversation with Count Blackheart, he purposely told her to put all the blame on him because he knew that the cult and the Angels were targeting him in the first place. It sounds like we are throwing the responsibility to him, but in the first place, Count Blackheart didn't have any desire to tether himself with South Neva or South Neva Union," Thalior answered as he nodded in agreement.

Everyone else at the table had no comment related to that issue, and they agreed with what Aurelia and Thalior said about Rasmus. Rasmus never asked for a single possession from his achievements nor did he want anything from them.

"Thank you for the report, Archduke Thalior," Aurelia lowered her head slightly and allowed Archduke to go back to his seat. "Sorceress Agnesia, if you may?" She turned her attention to Agnesia.

Agnesia stood up from her seat and also had a scroll in her hand as she walked toward Aurelia and then gave the scroll to her. Agnesia looked around at the table and their eyes always fixated on Aurelia with reverence, figures that used to rule over millions of lives and influence not only Central Neva but everywhere they went. She then looked at Aurelia, already focused on the report of what was happening in West Neva.

As soon as Aurelia lowered the paper in her hand, she turned her head to look Agnesia in the eyes. Agnesia knew that look even though Aurelia's face was hidden beneath the mask and her eyes were hidden beneath the white cloth. She nodded, telling Aurelia that it was all the truth no matter how shocking it was.

"West Neva is currently moving toward a new path that will never align with ours," Aurelia said as she looked at everyone at the table. "West Neva is now under a single figure, Saint Ermaine with Satan and all the Prime Lords under her commands. She has conquered and unified West Neva, creating a new religion, a new belief. Furthermore, both the Orthias race under Lady Sanya order and Count Blackheart have decided to form a treaty with them," she revealed before everyone could ask a question.

Everyone was stunned when they heard both the Orthias race and Rasmus decided to have a peace treaty with Satan, the culprit behind the downfall of the three continents, North Neva, Central Neva,

and South Neva. Everyone made the same look as Aurelia toward Agnesia, and she responded identically by nodding her head. It was shocking that they had no idea what to say or what to feel toward that information.

"The reason behind the treaty is the same for the Orthias race and Count Blackheart," Aurelia pointed out as she put down the paper. "Both of them have decided to join hand to prevent the cult and the Angels from influencing the world. Saint Ermaine sent a message for us. Those who made ties with the cult will be seen as enemy and Lady Sanya herself agreed to that statement," she revealed.

Everyone was loss for words, they could only either rub their foreheads or massage their nose bridges. Ermaine was the person that everyone tried to eliminate a long time ago, and now they reaped of their failure.

"One wants us to cut ties with Count Blackheart and offers treaty with us and the other wants us to cut ties with the cult entirely," Aurelia summarized the two reports altogether.

"And what move should we consider to take, Your Excellency?" Arthor Wyverncrest asked with a serious expression.

"We will cut ties with both South Neva and West Neva," Aurelia answered without hesitation. "Please tell Saint Ermaine that we have no desire in joining hands with them or the cult. And please tell Anton Zevrathi that we have no desire in joining hands with Count Blackheart, West Neva, and the cult itself. We will maintain our neutrality and show hostility at the same time for now," she added.

"Your Excellency, if we do that, we are going to be seen as a threat," Moriganne Sancticus stared at Aurelia's mask with concern.

"Yes, but neither will make a move on us because if one of them invaded us, the other won't stay still. The cult stated that they have no desire for expansion, and if Saint Ermaine decided to invade us, the cult has no option but to prevent that from happening. Both parties are preparing for something, and if they wasted even a sliver of their forces for unnecessary conflict, the one who gains the initiative is Count Blackheart himself and that's the one thing they don't want to give," Aurelia explained in a calm voice. "We are not playing with either sides, we will maintain our independent," she exclaimed.

"We have no platform to stand on, Your Excellency. We have no assurance for the safety of our land," Volos Auvrey pointed at, his expression stiffened.

"That's why we will create an alliance with a side that never intend on interfering and has always been neutral and have no desire in anything but to protect this world," Aurelia nodded in agreement.

"Does that mean we want to make an alliance with the Orthias race, Your Excellency? But isn't the Orthias race already have made a treaty peace with Saint Ermaine?" Ligardis Evermount asked, her voice gentle but filled with anxiety.

"Peace treaty isn't the same as an alliance, and we have someone among us who have entered the Land of Orthias," Aurelia turned her head toward Moriganne.

Everyone turned to look at Moriganne, wondering what she would say in this matter.

"I'll immediately go to North Neva to find Lady Sanya, Your Excellency," Moriganne lowered her head without questioning Aurelia because she knew it wasn't a bad proposal and it was as Aurelia said that a peace treaty wasn't the same as an alliance.

"We will post-pone our meeting for today. We will continue our meeting tomorrow in the morning, and you all may use the rooms in the palace to rest. The meeting is adjourned," Aurelia said as she stacked her hands together on the table.

Everyone slowly stood up and lowered their heads toward Aurelia before they all left the meeting room, leaving Aurelia alone in the room. Aurelia slowly reached for her mask and slowly pulled the mask off, putting it on the table before she stood up and left the room and left the mask on the table.