

Evil 75

Chapter 75 - 75: Rasmus Blackheart.

Their journey back to the Arseden fortress was quiet and awkward because they were utterly defeated. They felt immense shame within them for being unable to live up to their names and titles. Their failure was going to bite them back in the future, more painful than they could imagine.

Novia slowly turned her head to look over her shoulder where Sanya rode her horse with Aristoria on her back. She couldn't believe that Sanya hadn't released her spell on Aristoria which made Aristoria look like a statue.

The knights opened the gate into the fortress when Moriganne and the others were close to the gate. The knights that were on the wall were looking down and noticed that there were fewer of them compared to when they left the fortress. They wondered what happened and what did they fight out there that cost so many lives, not to mention the lives of Templars.

"It has been a long day. Let everyone rest and clean themselves first before we discuss this matter," Sanya said as she looked down at Moriganne and the others. "Let's meet in an hour," she pointed out as she jumped down from her horse and used Mana to lift Aristoria's body.

Everyone nodded in agreement, but when they were about to go their separate ways, they heard the sound of armor hitting the ground. When they turned around, they saw Aristoria had broken free from the bind which surprised Sanya.

"You're useless!" Aristoria threw a powerful punch right into Sanya's gut.

Sanya was thrown away like a rock onto the wall of the fortress. She hit the wall so hard that it made big cracks in it, and when she slid down, the wall crumbled. Everyone knew they stood no chance of stopping the affair of the sisters.

"You were supposed to end this once and for all!" Aristoria shouted her lungs out as she grabbed her sword from the horse's saddle. "We were supposed to kill that being!" She added as she walked toward Sanya's weakened body.

Sanya groaned as she tried to stand up by using the wall to support her back. Her gaze was cold when she stared at Aristoria, but she didn't do anything else to stop Aristoria from advancing.

"We could, but do we want to lose another Aristoria?" Sanya asked as she leaned her head against the wall. "I would trade mankind for the safety of an Aristoria..." she pointed out.

Everyone listened to their conversation, confused and curious by Sanya's words. What did she mean by another Aristoria? Was it not a name, or was it something else that only Orthias knew? And the fact Sanya would trade mankind for it, they thought how special an Aristoria was.

Aristoria didn't plan to listen and she immediately swung her sword toward Sanya. Sanya who could see the intention to kill from Aristoria's eyes, immediately dodged it and she barely dodged the sword.

Aristoria's attack was enough to break the wall of the fortress and slowly the wall crumbled. The knights that were on top of the wall began to run for their lives as the wall collapsed, the wall that was supposed to withstand dozens of boulders from catapults. Unfortunately, some couldn't run fast enough and fell, burying themselves in the rubble of the wall.

"Aristoria! Are you out of your mind!" Sanya shouted at Aristoria, glaring at her in disbelief.

"There are a lot of you, but none of me..." Aristoria said coldly as she lifted her sword and turned around. "You're replaceable, Sanya..." she pointed as she began to walk toward Sanya again.

Sanya knew she didn't want to hurt Aristoria and she knew that she couldn't stop Aristoria since she was no match for her.

"If you kill me, the elders won't stay quiet, Aristoria. Do you think you're special?" Sanya gritted her teeth, staring coldly at Aristoria. "You're replaceable, just like me. There will always be an Aristoria," she pointed out.

Aristoria stopped moving and stared at Sanya with a cold gaze. She slowly raised her brows and a smirk formed on her face.

"Good, then I don't have a reason to stay here with you anymore since you can nurture a new one," Aristoria said and began to walk toward the gate to fight those demons.

"If you're not one of us, you don't have the right to wield that sword and wear that armor, Aris," Sanya pointed out as she clenched her fists, holding her anger.

Aristoria glanced at Sanya and scoffed as she unbelted her pauldrons. The pauldrons and the cape fell to the ground, revealing her pale and smooth shoulders. She unbelted her breastplate and plackart and revealed her toned and muscular back, leaving only a cloth that wrapped around her chest. She began to drop all the armor off her body while everyone was watching in disbelief. Lastly, she threw the massive longsword and landed right in front of Sanya.

"They're holding me back anyway," Aristoria said before she began to walk toward the gate.

Lenin thought for a moment and found this whole situation a massive problem. She knew she had to stop Aristoria because if she ended up becoming another servant for that powerful being. She didn't know why an Aristoria was special, but she knew that it would be dangerous to let her become an enemy.

"Rasmus Blackheart!" Lenin shouted at Aristoria.

Everyone looked at Lenin with a confused and surprised look when she mentioned the Blackheart family. Astrea, Morrigane, Novia, and Sanya looked at her because they knew Rasmus and why did she mention him? On the other hand, Aristoria turned around to look at Lenin with her brows furrowed.

"I don't know who that person is..." Aristoria said before she continued to walk away.

"I don't know how you share the same name as Aristoria Blackheart, but that name I gave you is the son of Aristoria Blackheart, an Orthias!" Lenin explained nervously.

Aristoria slowly turned around, her brows furrowed with a confused look. She glanced at Sanya for confirmation, and then Sanya nodded her head, telling her that it wasn't a lie.

"A mix?" Aristoria tilted her head, her eyes never leaving Sanya's eyes. "That's not possible," she narrowed her eyes.

"It's not, but it happened," Sanya nodded in agreement. "I have seen him with my own two eyes. He's different, Aris," she pointed out.

"I see that you're not interested in us, but if you're interested in Rasmus, I can bring you to him," Lenin said.

Everyone understood what Lenin was trying to do, and they were hoping that it would work. They knew it would be dangerous for Aristoria to become their enemy, especially to be on the evil side.

Aristoria gave it a thought for a moment because she knew about her predecessor, Aristoria Blackheart. She knew the story of how Aristoria Blackheart left and chose to disappear, abandoning her role. She also felt the same way as her predecessor because she didn't like being controlled by others knowing that she was superior to the other Orthias.

"Where is he?" Aristoria glanced at Lenin.

"He's staying in the Magic Tower. I can bring you to him, I promise, but I have to stay here for a moment since we have to discuss this matter. Can you wait, Lady Aristoria?" Lenin asked, her expression being serious and nervous at the same time.

"Fine, I'll wait," Aristoria crossed her arms as she nodded with understanding.

"Thank you, Lady Aristoria," Lenin bowed her head a bit.

"I'm no longer Aristoria," Aristoria said as she glanced at Sanya. "I'm not an Aristoria anymore. Just call me Aris," she pointed out.

"Of course, Lady Aris," Lenin nodded with understanding.

Sanya walked toward Aris as she removed her fur coat because the knights couldn't stop staring at Aris' barely naked body. She offered the fur coat to Aris, staring up at her with her stoic expression. Aris didn't hesitate to take the fur coat and place it over her shoulders. She didn't care about the cold since it didn't affect her, but being stared at was a bit annoying and disgusting.

"Are you sure about this, Aris? You don't want to reconsider your decision?" Sanya asked in a soft and gentle voice. There was a hint of sadness in her voice.

"I will never take back my words, Sanya. Tell the elders that I'm not going to be their lackey anymore," Aris answered without hesitation and without regret in her eyes.

Sanya lowered her head as she nodded with understanding.

"Please don't make the same mistake as your predecessor, Aris," Sanya muttered quietly.

"I won't," Aris stared down at Sanya with a serious expression, looking at Sanya's scalp.