

This story is best read AFTER you read [Masu arc] [1] [Dandelion] [8618] because a part of this story deals with outcome of [Masu arc] [1] [Dandelion] [8618].

[Cecil arc] [2] [Swordsmanship] [8477]

Rev 1.1

Although Cecilia had clear consciousness, she chose to act like Cecil. Furthermore, she took a male's body instead of a female, therefore she had to adjust her manners of speech as well as her behaviors also.

Cecil was born in a pure ESP blood family. The powers Cecil himself had was powerful and Cecilia preferred using Cecil's ESP powers instead of her own. She found ESP powers more useful as her own powers were simply too destructive.

He was five years old when their parents began to discuss about him.

Cecil' mother was Beatrice Klisis and Cecil' father was Mikael Klisis. Beatrice was class S ESP and so was Mikael, which was why the Klisis bloodline was famous as pure ESP family. Most of insiders were class A as well.

They were discussing about their child one day.

"I find him quite strange. He looks too feminine," Beatrice said with a concerned tone.

Mikael sighed. "But he is strong, isn't he?"

"He is only five years old and he seems to be stronger than me," Beatrice said.

"That's at least good news then."

"But it's really strange. I have not taught him anything but he seems he has mastered all kind of skills already."

"Perhaps, he happened to access Earth archive. With such ESP powers, it's not hard to access all the data."

Beatrice wasn't obviously convinced. Mikael knew her concerns well since her concerns were also his. However, it did not change the most important fact.

It was that Cecil was strong, perhaps the strongest ESP ever existed in history. And that was good enough for Mikael. From deep down, Mikael was actually happy. Their first child was a son and he could be the most powerful ESP known to men.

Yes, as a headman of a clan, he was very pleased. Succession crisis unsettled many clans and countries throughout the history, but for Mikael, succession wouldn't be an issue in his life time. The Klisis clan would be stable for a long time.

Mikael held Beatrice's hands. "It's all right. He is from our blood. The strength of his ESP powers just proves it. He is powerful and I am sure he will be able to lead our clan to a new height against the menacing Bau."

They both knew Cecil was a bit different from general ESPs. However, for being parents, they ignored the issues. Perhaps, it was their biggest mistake they've made although, even if they decided to do something about it, nothing could have been done against Cecil.

Cecil' life went smooth otherwise.

While Cecil was growing, the world was facing a change. Some called it a revolution. Some called it a rebellion. The people from Andromeda system began

to call for independence. The people of Andromeda were basically the poor, the lower class of the society.

They relocated over to Andromeda cluster to have a better life since everything over there was cheaper. There were more opportunities as well.

The whole immigration originally began during Gawain Klisis' regime. Billions immigrated to newly discovered Andromeda cluster but the immigration boom eventually died off when Gawain Klisis passed away.

Since then, tension had been growing between those in Sol and those in Andromeda due to tax issues and widening gap of cultural differences. It wasn't yet to be considered serious at this point however.

It was a usual day for Cecil. He would just chill in vast backyard of the Klisis manor. His daily routine was mostly chilling in the backyard. Especially when it was raining, Cecil would be out there all day long. He apparently enjoyed being out in rain.

When asked by a maid why he enjoyed being out in rain, he replied, "Rain soothes. Sun burns. Which would you refer?"

And it was raining on that day when he heard a desperate cry from afar.

In fact, the cry came from the seventh sense and he immediately identified the voice.

It was Masu's.

"I shall come back in a few days," He told the maid and vanished on spot. He did not know where he was going, for he simply followed where the cry originated from.

Where he landed was somewhere on Freedom colony. Quickly scanning the area with his ESP revealed what was going on.

A fight was occurring, a complicated one at that. Cecil had been gathering intel on his own and was somewhat aware of the troubles Masu had caused.

Masu became classified a class C terrorist for attempting to hack into Earth archive. Because he failed, his actions did not cause much of stir. Even ENN did not bother airing the incident. However, for the Bau, it was a little more complicated than that because he eloped with a Bau insider and that was a problem they chose not to overlook. Cecil knew they had already punished Heather who was Affie's older half sister.

For the Dietrich, it was a complicated matter as well. They sent Masu and supported his education. And when they were ready to have him back in their ranks, he failed and eloped with a Bau woman. For the Dietrich, the pride was on the line as well.

Cecil assumed it was a fight between the Bau and the Dietrich with the Bau wanting to kill Masu and the Dietrich wanting to kill Affie Bau.

Narrowing his eyes and a deeply faint grin on his face, he slowly walked toward the scene.

“Who was the one asked for my help?” As he spoke out to the busy crowd in front of him, he was able to identify most of them. And it was to his surprise that the Ra was involved.

He was straightforwardly walking toward Varant who was in deadlock with few men in black.

“What the, who the fu...,” Varant uttered but did not get to finish his sentence as he was sliced in half by Cecil’s blade.

A fool dies today, Cecil whispered to his mind. He believed that, if he had any perception of an acceptable level, he would have stepped aside. But he did not step aside. Therefore, he wasn’t worthy of sparing.

Stiffening air and Cecil’s presence. He became the sudden decision maker in an affair he had nothing to do with. He continued on and started to cut down men in black who could barely stand against.

The Ra quickly retreated out of the scene. Masu and the others rushed toward Affie Bau.

None of that was Cecil’s concern however and he walked away from the scene. While he was walking away, he felt a glare, not toward him, but toward Affie.

Just as he attempted to locate where it was coming from, Affie was struck by something and something exploded within her chest, causing lethal injuries to so many places that her chance of survival was none.

There was only one way to save her and it was giving her a drop of his blood. However, he had no intention to spare his blood to her. Doing so would turn her into something she would not want to be. Furthermore, he felt Affie did not deserve it.

“Your time is over,” He whispered to himself as he located where the glare came from. He saw a woman standing proudly from a nearby roof. At this point, he had

two choices, either kill her or harm her. He chose the latter, for she had done her job well despite of odds against her.

Teleporting right in front of her and levitating at the same time, Cecil sliced off her hands with his blade. She screamed with disbelief and her men quickly dragged her off, and Cecil watched them run because he had no intention to chase and kill them.

His job was done and he simply watched Masu and Affie from the roof.

Watching Affie die reminded Cecil of one thing that was always denied from him.

Death, the ultimate peace.

Cecil wanted death. He wanted it desperately. At the same time, he also knew that death was denied for him perpetually.

Progressively closing his eyes, Cecil imagined what it would like to be dead. To him, death meant one thing; no consciousness. And that was what he had desired for thousands of years. Having been always woken up for thousands of years, true rest had been denied for him. Even a nap was denied, for he simply could not fall asleep.

Alas, it wasn't going to happen and Cecil eventually chose to accept that.

Death...

Death...

When Cecil opened his eyes progressively again, his irises were glowing. He had a strong urge to kill. He already had targets in his mind.

And on that day, thousands of the Bau members were brutally massacred on Earth.

Where he teleported himself was a Bau controlled city. He simply started to cut down anyone he could see and reach, and that was how the massacre began.

Local police was immediately informed and they were able to identify who the murderer was quickly. Their next action wasn't to confront Cecil but to call the Bau council to authorize military actions which was approved swiftly.

The Bau was fully aware of the Klisis clan's potential to dethrone them, and thus they had always been prepared to exercise full might on a chance. This was such a chance.

In addition to military forces, they had also sent class A hyper humans and ESPs. The Bau council was confident and was planning to use this event as a trading card to vassalize the Klisis.

How little they knew however.

None of their hyper humans and ESPs returned, and a full military force consisted of 50 tanks, and 5,000 soldiers were cut down in two hours. Few soldiers survived but they were too mentally disturbed to be redeployed ever.

The Bau council started to panic and their next course of action was to pressure the Klisis HQ in Manchester to restrict or possibly stop Cecil from doing further damage. However, just as they were about to initiate their action, Cecil made an announcement through a half destroyed media station in the city he had been rampaging.

The message was a two-line simple statement.

“This is between you and me. Do not involve anyone else.”

The Bau council became scared and rightfully so they acted cowardly. They asked Cecil what he wanted and Cecil made a simple statement of wanting to wait for “the O’ren’s dogs to come back”.

Days, and weeks, Cecil dominated the city and there was nothing the Bau or anyone could do about it. Bodies rotted and the Bau was denied of any form of entry to retrieve bodies. ENN raged and so did people on Earth. However, ENN was suppressed from airing any offensive materials by the Bau in fear of angering Cecil any further.

And one day, two figures entered the city and approached a destroyed city hall which Cecil was residing. They were Azazzel and Vnil.

Dead and rotting bodies were scattered around the ground and the whole city reeked of death. Destroyed and burnt down buildings and remnants of a former thriving city came to their view.

“What have you done, Cecil...” Vnil was in shock. “All these people... murdered for no apparent reason.”

Azazzel attempted to stop Vnil from provoking Cecil further but he did not stop.

“I don’t care!” Vnil exclaimed at Azazzel who was attempting to sooth him. “Look, what he has done!”

Cecil beamed a faint grin and told him, “And what have you done?”

Vnil talked back fiercely. “What? What do you mean?! You were there!”

“Indeed, you were there to kill a person. You are no different than me.”

“Don’t be fucking ridiculous!” Vnil shouted. “You’ve killed thousands of innocent people!”

“What makes you think that the ones I’ve killed are innocent?”

Vnil walked toward Cecil with haste while pointing at him. “Don’t play with words!”

Cecil slowly stood up from top of a debris pile. “It is the price of the life you’ve willingly murdered. No life is equal, you see.”

Vnil went on. “We did not murder anyone!”

“The assassination of Affie Bau, you took a part in it.”

For a short moment, Vnil was loss of words. Meanwhile, Azazzel was simply watching them argue from a distance after failing to calm Vnil down.

Cecil continued. “So, it is alright to kill an innocent woman but it’s not alright to kill thousands of innocents? Or did you not think that she was innocent?”

Vnil was silent for a moment and he argued back eventually. “She was one life! You’ve killed thousands and without a valid reason!”

“Eloping is a valid reason to kill someone?” Cecil’s voice raised slightly. “Answer me, boy.”

Seeing Vnil was losing the argument, Azazzel finally joined the conversation.

“What do you want, Cecil. By the by, they call you the Crimson wizard now. Congrats,” Azazzel said sarcastically with a sneer on his face.

Cecil’s robe had been drenched with blood for a while now and those military personnel who survived the clash remembered only one thing: the crimson robe.

Hence, the crimson wizard.

Cecil’s attention slowly moved toward Azazzel. “What I want is what you want,” He declared.

Azazzel narrowed his eyes with confusion. “What?”

And Cecil simply repeated, “What I want is what you want.” But adding, “Regarding the situation.”

As crypt as it may have been, it was clear for both Azazzel and Vnil. They never felt good about going after Affie and they felt horrible about the outcome. Still, murdering thousands just for the sake of the event...

However, as if Cecil read their minds, he spoke, “Do you honestly think... the Bau council would have listened to me if I simply made my demands?” Having said so, he slowly descended from the file of debris. “Do you honestly think they’d listen unless I did this?”

The answer was no. The Bau council would have paid no attention or whatsoever if Cecil simply made his demand.

Gritting teeth, Vnil turned away and left. Azazzel would stare at Cecil for a while longer before turning around and leave.

Shortly after arriving at the Bau council to make their report, they also made their demand to pardon Masu of all charges and claimed that it was Cecil’s demand. Azazzel went even further and told them that, if they refused, the Bau would be wiped out from Earth.

Normally, the Bau council would laugh it off but they were in no condition to even think that it was a cunning joke from Azazzel and the council announced that they were dropping all charges against Masu.

And Cecil withdrew and returned to the Klisis clan house shortly later. Mikael demanded to see him as soon as he returned.

“I am shocked.” Mikael uttered. “What have you done?!”

Beatrice was next to him but she was silent.

Calmly, Cecil responded, “I choose not to excuse myself for what has been done but know that I had my reasons.”

What was done was done indeed and Mikael wasn’t terribly upset over the event. He just had to do what he had to do as a headman of a clan.

“I have never done this but you are grounded for next three years,” Mikael declared. “You shall not leave your room.”

Cecil didn’t seem affected by the punishment and responded indifferently. “Very well. I suppose that is fair.”

The whole clan was shaken up by what Cecil had done but there was also a positive voice among the shock; it was that the Bau was no match. Granted, the Bau did not send in a full force but it did not change the fact that Cecil shook the Bau alone. And this event made all Klisis insiders to make up their mind that he was to be the next headman in near future.

One day, Mikael visited Cecil in his room. It had been few months since he had been grounded. Cecil had been spending his time reading physical books. Closing a book he was reading, Cecil paid his respect to Mikael.

“Father.” He quietly said while bowing to him.

“At ease, I just have a question to ask.”

“Of course.”

Mikael’s question was regarding Cecil’s method of killing. Cecil used a blade conjured from his own blood to cut down civilians and Mikael wondered why he

used such a method especially since Cecil was a class S ESP. An ESP would normally kill others by elemental attacks. Cecil's method was more of a hyper human's way of killing.

Cecil grinned faintly as he prepared to make up for an answer.

Since when ...

Tudor once said, "If you don't like using your power, why don't you learn something else to defend yourself?"

Yes..., that was the beginning of...

Year of 3051,

Cecilia was dusting house and Tudor Tinyman was reading newspaper. He enjoyed old-fashioned newspaper. Out of nowhere, he suddenly started a conversation.

"If you don't like using your powers, why don't you learn something else to defend yourself?"

"What?" Cecilia was confused by his sudden mentioning of such a topic. "Why would you bring that up all the sudden?"

"Hmm." he folded up the newspaper he was reading. "It just came to me."

Cecilia kept on dusting. She wasn't paying much attention.

"I know you don't like to use your powers. House cleaning for an example, if you just use your powers, you can clean the whole house within seconds."

"What am I supposed to do with all the spare time if I do everything with my powers?"

"I guess you are right. But you don't use your powers at all."

Cecilia sighed but continued cleaning the house. "You wouldn't understand. It's just too powerful. I am capable of destroying this whole planet within ten seconds. Would you believe that?"

"It's hard to believe," Tudor shrugged. "But I suppose you have no reason to lie. I certainly wouldn't want to see you prove, either."

"So, what were you trying to tell me?"

"Well, I was going to ask if you were interested in looking into fencing or swordsmanship. I happen to know someone who is good at that. He runs a training hall. People go there to enjoy it as a sport and an art. He is a decent guy."

"Eh, fencing?"

"You are not an ordinary ESP. I am not even sure that you are an ESP. You may have ESP-like powers, but you also have some immense stamina and physical strength. You don't like using your ESP powers. Then why don't you train and use your physical strength?"

He had a point. It was certain that she had been running away from herself. Although many would say running away wouldn't solve anything, it did solve few things for Cecilia.

When most ran, they ran from their responsibilities. However, in Cecilia's case, she wasn't running away from her responsibilities. She ran away from being held of responsibilities. It was for her own sake as well as others.

"I will think about it," Cecilia replied loosely.

At night, when everyone, or ordinary people, slept, Cecilia was sleeping as well or pretending to sleep. She had unlimited stamina. She didn't get tired at all. Therefore, she had no need for sleeping, eating, and even breathing. But, because of her previous life as a human, she grew habit of breathing, eating, and pretending to sleep. Tudor was sleeping next to her. His snoring wasn't as loud as what others' wives complain about their husbands.

When one has so much freedom, what one perhaps can do in order to kill time is by learning new things. That case applied to Cecilia exactly. Therefore, she decided to give Tudor's idea a try.

The next day, after Tudor got back from his work, he took her to the training hall he talked about. It was a huge building. It somewhat resembled a school gym.

"It's huge ...," Cecilia mumbled vacantly.

"Oh yeah, he is famous," Tudor chuckled.

"Why chuckle?"

"He is a good friend of mine. He is into all kind of swords. He has won numerous swordsmanship tournaments. The guy's famous."

Tudor and Cecilia went into the training hall. Some people were practicing fencing-like moves here and there. It wasn't crowded overall, but it wasn't empty, either.

"Oh, Tudor!" A man in a black robe ran toward Tudor and Cecilia. "It's been years!"

"Hey, I see you are doing well as usual," Tudor replied with a grin.

"What brought you here? You don't come to this place often."

Cecilia had a glance at this person. He seemed to be big boned. He had a big body. He wasn't exactly a muscular person though.

"Ahah," Tudor glanced at Cecilia. "Let me introduce my wife first. She's Cecilia. Cecilia, This is Erlin."

Cecilia and Erlin exchanged a handshake.

That was how it began. Cecilia continued attending the gym and learned swordsmanship.

One day, Erlin suddenly brought up a topic.

"What do you think a sword is?"

Cecilia was practicing swinging. She was puzzled by his question. "What do you mean?"

"It's exactly what I said. What do you think a sword is?"

Cecilia thought for few seconds. "A weapon?"

Erlin clapped. "Yes, it is a weapon. And weapon is used for what?"

Cecilia didn't answer this time; her hands were already soaked in blood.

"People are too soft!" He exclaimed. Cecilia sensed mortification from his voice. He kept going on, "They see it only as a form of sport. Some even told me that it is an art! They are kidding me! It's not an art!"

"What are you telling me that for?"

"I've been observing you. You are different. I can't quite pinpoint what it is, but you are different."

Days, weeks, months passed. For some reason, Erlin was really passionate in teaching Cecilia. It was as if he considered her as his only pupil.

"I was right," Erlin said while drinking liquor. He was with Tudor. They were having a drink in a pub.

"Right about what?"

"Your wife."

Tudor twisted his head. "Mind explaining?"

"She isn't ordinary," Erlin said firmly.

Tudor startled which Erlin failed to notice.

"She has been able to learn everything I've taught. At this rate, I should be able to teach her everything I know."

Tudor dripped his drink meanwhile. "I thought you had two sons."

"They are not interested in sports," He sneered. "They have no intention to inherit my work."

Tudor glanced at Erlin who was having his drink with sorrow and anger.

Thunder storm was roaring outside of Erlin's gym. The gym was empty except two people. Erlin was there, and so was Cecilia. They were exchanging sword swings. On a closer look, it was apparent that Cecilia's blade had pierced through Erlin's chest.

Erlin slowly fell to Cecilia's chest but he was smiling.

“Beaten by my student... The best day in my life...,” Erlin said pleasantly while bleeding from his mouth.

Cecilia replied after a moment. "This was what you wanted, but why?"

Cecilia' blade had precisely pierced where his heart was, but she did not destroy his heart intentionally. Blood was slowly flowing through Cecilia' blade. If she pulled out her blade, he would die instantly.

Erlin grinned. "My damned sons were planning to sell this place off as soon as I retire. They had no intention to inherit my lifetime achievements." He groaned with growing pain. "To the Hell with them!" He exclaimed. "The hell with them..." His voice was weakening.

However, Cecilia' concern was not Erlin's death. It was rather how she was going to make an alibi. It was not her interest to get involved in yet another murder case. If she was single, she wouldn't have minded too much, but she was married to Tudor at the moment; she wasn't alone. Her troublesome, also cruel, thought was disturbed by a loud explosion.

"Don't worry... I've prepared...," Erlin laughed weakly and bitterly. "I am going down with my achievements." A series of explosion started to swarm their surroundings.

In a matter of seconds, they were surrounded by violent blaze.

"I've taught you everything I know ..., and you've swallowed everything I've taught to you..." Having said so, he chuckled. "No, you've gone further. You've improved on what I've taught you." His chuckle stopped as he started to cough. "I am deeply sad that I was born in an era where using a sword is considered an art or a leisure. A weapon exists to kill others. That is how it should be. And this man here has yet to experience blood in my hands..."

Cecilia sighed.

“I don’t know whatever you are but carry on.” Erlin’s weakening voice rang her ears amid explosions and blaze. “My knowledge is now yours...”

She did “carry on”. She polished his swordsmanship to a level where no one could match. In a way, Erlin lived on in form of Cecil’s swordsmanship.

“Father,” Cecil said after a moment of recollection. “Let me just say that I favor swordsmanship despite of being an ESP.”

It wasn’t a kind of answer Mikael was hoping for but he wasn’t going to demand for a different answer, either.

Mikael expected some sort of hostile reactions from the Bau. After all what Cecil had done was inexcusable. However, there was nothing from the Bau. They were silent. And, for Mikael, it meant only one thing; whatever Cecil did was correct.

In politics, power meant everything. Those who were in charge and had powers made the calls, and in this case, Cecil was in charge and he made calls. The Bau had to accept it. Whether it was morally right or wrong did not matter.

As Mikael left Cecil’s room, he had a smile on his face. He grounded Cecil only to let others know that he was punished for his actions but, from deep inside, he was pleased. In his whole life, he lived under shadow of the Bau but he could see that might change in near future.

There were two candidates for the next headman of the Klisis. The first was Cecil and the second was his younger brother Konrad. Cecil was a class S ESP and, being the first son, he was certainly entitled to be the next headman. However, there were voices of concerns about Cecil and Mikael himself was one of the voices.

But he no longer had any further concerns. He felt strongly that Cecil had to be the next headman. To fight against the Bau, he seemed to be the only choice.

Fin