

Evil 114

Chapter 114 - 114: Self-destruct.

"Count, Master Garret has arrived and is requesting your audience," a servant bowed his head and then looked at Rasmus and Carrion training swordsmanship in the training room.

"I'll be there in a minute," Rasmus nodded as he threw the chipped wooden sword away after his spar with Carrion.

The servant nodded understanding and then glanced at Carrion lying on the ground, beaten to a pulp. He could see the bruises on Carrion's face and arms and immediately left the room to inform the physician to treat Carrion.

"Your growth is almost nonexistent," Rasmus pointed out as he walked toward the table to grab his towel. "But it's better than nothing, and not to mention you're getting used to pain which is not a bad thing to have," he said as he dried his hair and wiped off the sweat on his face and neck.

"I'm not a master nor an expert in swordsmanship," Rasmus leaned against the wall as he looked at Carrion trying to stand up. "That should make you realize that we are the bottom feeder when it comes to this kind of world."

Carrion groaned as he stood up and tried to stand straight but his bruises and injuries made it impossible. He slowly walked toward the table to grab his towel, limping and groaning all the way to the table.

"Are you coming?" Rasmus glanced at Carrion who was standing beside him.

Carrion shook his head slowly as he tried to wipe his body slowly and carefully. His expression turned stiff and cold when he imagined himself seeing Garret. It was enough to make him ignore the pain because the pain that traumatized him overwhelmed his physical pain.

"Get yourself treated," Rasmus put down the towel and left the room with Aris.

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"He's hopeless," Aris muttered as she walked beside Rasmus in the hallway. "Not about his growth, but he's driven by his emotion most of the time. Not just him, but humans are all the same," she added.

"And you're not? Isn't your hatred toward humans also an emotion?" Rasmus looked at Aris with his brows raised. "Any living beings are driven by emotions. If they're not driven by emotions, what's the purpose of living?"

"My resentment toward humans isn't driven by my emotion but rather they're destroying this world. We Orthias are the reflection of this world itself, and we hate humans because of how they treat this world. It's not something that I can control. Humans are plagues or pests in the eye of this world," Aris answered as she stared into Rasmus's eyes. "We are not driven by emotions, and that's why we survived for thousands of years, and yet humans try to get rid of us."

"If that's really the case, then why are you and the rest of Orthias getting rid of humans if they're plagues and pests to this world?" Rasmus raised his brows.

"Do you think we were the ones who got rid of the living beings that came long before humans? Why do you think that the rest of us didn't take action when a powerful being descended to this world?" Aris raised her brows as she stared into the distance. "It's because we will let evil kill them for us and then we will get rid of evil from this world. This has happened many times," she revealed as she stared into Rasmus's eyes.

Rasmus narrowed his eyes and then looked away, thinking what he had just heard. He knew that humans weren't the first that step foot onto this world based on the book he read, but he didn't know that Orthias had witnessed destruction countless times and survived.

"There must be a reason why you don't get rid of humans or the living beings long before them. Some kind of rules?" Rasmus turned his head to look at Aris.

"Because nothing is eternal, and everything tends to self-destruct. The world without interference of any kind will end up destroying itself. That's why we Orthias never interfere with all the living beings that live in this world. You can say that they're like fertilizer to keep this world alive longer," Aris answered with a serious expression. "We live by the rule of not destroying any civilization to keep us alive," she pointed out.

"Nothing is eternal, and everything tends to self-destruct..." Rasmus smiled as he closed his eyes, resonated deeply with those words because it was something he believed in as well.

Aris glanced at Rasmus and saw that smile, making her understand that he also lived by the same principle.

"Then what do you think is eternal?" Rasmus asked as he opened his left eye to look at Aris.

"Nothing is eternal," Aris answered without hesitation.

"Not even God?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised.

Rasmus noticed that Aris was an Orthias, a race that had lived for thousands of years and witnessed destruction countless times. He wondered what her take on a higher being so-called God, the omnipotent.

"What's the point of eternity if there's nothing else God can do out of boredom? Does God will play the same game over and over for eternity? Won't God feel bored and decide to end it all?" Aris looked at Rasmus with a stoic and cold expression. "Everything tends to self-destruct, Rasmus. Everything," her eyes stared right into his soul with her blue-grayish eyes.

"We Orthias had heard hundreds of Gods mentioned by all living beings before humans. They all said the same thing that Gods are omnipotent, unkillable, unstoppable, and undying that Gods are beyond mortal's understanding. If the Gods they believed in decided to end it, it would end, including themselves," she said and stopped to look at the sky out of the window.

"God has played the same game over and over with the same result in the end, to put an end to the game they created. We might not understand it, but we do sure know one day it will stop for good," she continued and turned her head to look at Rasmus. "God may be eternal and omnipotent, but God can change its own fate."

Rasmus leaned against the wall and crossed his arms. It wasn't the first time he heard something like that. He also thought about that before he came to this world, rebirth as Rasmus Blackheart. He

believed that God would do whatever he wanted to do and nothing could understand the omnipotent being.

"We believe in higher beings, but not to the point we would depend on them just because we are their creations. We are all just a part of the game of higher beings, and might as well enjoy it," Aris crossed her arms and leaned against the wall, copying Rasmus's gesture.

"A game," Rasmus chuckled as he looked over his shoulder at the beautiful garden outside the mansion. "Yes, a game," he nodded as he remembered the bet between the Devil and God where he was the key point of the game and how the game would end.

Rasmus thought about it for a moment to process Aris's words. He was indeed enjoying the game as she said and he had been doing that from the very beginning.

"Hmm, I never thought that we would end up discussing God at all. If anyone would listen to our conversation, their heads would explode, and would lose their devotion," Rasmus chuckled as he pushed himself from the wall. "Or worse, we would be punished for speaking something blasphemous," he added with a smirk.

"Is there anyone here that can stop me?" Aris asked as she pushed herself from the wall.

"I like that confident," Rasmus said as he walked down the stairs.

Rasmus and Aris went to the parlor where Garret was waiting for him. When they entered the room, Garret was sitting on the couch with her elbows rested on his thighs with his hands on his face. They sat down across from Garret and watched him rub his face with frustration, fear, and anxiety.

"You look unwell," Rasmus said calmly as he grabbed his cup of tea.

Garret slowly pulled his hands down from his face, and the first thing he saw was Aris staring at him with a stoic and cold expression. He was frozen still, stunned by the presence of an Orthias. He didn't know anything about an Orthias in the south because the expedition team that went beyond the Blackcliffs didn't mention anything about her.

"They didn't tell you, didn't they?" Rasmus asked and took a sip of his tea.

"What's going on?" Garret narrowed his eyes as he stared at Rasmus with suspicion.

"I'll tell you what I know and you'll tell me what you know. How's that?" Rasmus asked and put down the cup.

"Okay," Garret nodded in agreement.