

Evil 133

Chapter 133 - 133: Sleeping beauty.

Rasmus and Videl looked at the pond, and they were worried because Aris hadn't come out of the pond for almost half an hour. But then they saw bubbles from the pond, and they all looked down to see if it was Aris.

Videl felt his legs tingle, and slowly, he felt a burn on his feet. He slowly walked away from the pond and knew what kind of power that was emerging from the pond.

Aris went to the surface and pulled out the black casket from the pond. When Videl and Rasmus saw the casket, they saw a symbol on it, a gold cross carved on the casket. Videl immediately put some distance between him and the casket as he felt his skin burning.

Rasmus noticed how Videl was avoiding it, and that could only mean the casket oozed a divine energy. Since Videl was using black magic, his body had been corrupted and couldn't handle divine energy.

Aris jumped out of the pond, and the water on her skin began to sizzle as it vaporized. She then looked at the casket with Rasmus across from her.

"I never thought I would see someone like this, buried in corpses..." Aris said as she grabbed the casket. "Look for yourself..." She opened the casket and showed what she saw to Rasmus.

Rasmus was in disbelief when he saw a woman in a white dress preserved inside the coffin. The woman had bright yellow hair and pale skin that seemed to be sleeping rather than dead.

"She seems... important..." Rasmus went to his knees and looked at the woman from up close.

"Important? That woman is as powerful as those saints. She was a Saint because of the divine energy that still lingered around her," Aris said as she looked at Videl, who was far away from them.

"So she's the one who trapped the spirits, the one who prevented the vengeful spirits from leaving the pond..." Rasmus looked at the pond and then back at the woman. "But a saint, that's impossible because

there are only two saint families in Neva, and there's no history about a saint from another family..." he furrowed his brows and looked at the woman's smooth skin.

Rasmus chuckled as he tapped on the casket and shook his head. He found something interesting, something that the world, or certain people, tried to hide from the rest of the world.

"A Saint from a different family. I wonder who killed her and why they killed her..." Rasmus got up and closed the casket. "So the emissary is looking for her and perhaps wants a powerful demon to possess her?" He turned around to look at Videl.

"That might be the case, or maybe Satan has a plan for that body. Anyway, we should get rid of her, destroy her body if we must..." Videl crossed his arms and could see the thick divine energy around the casket.

Rasmus sighed because he couldn't store a body in the ring. After all, it might get destroyed or crumpled because of the soft tissues of the human body. He didn't want to get rid of the body as well because he wanted the Saints to see the woman.

"I know that face, don't do it," Videl stared at Rasmus with a serious expression. "Just get rid of her. You gain nothing from this and I can't be near that thing..."

Rasmus sat on top of the casket and looked at the cross carved on it as he rubbed his fingertips on it. He knew that, but something told him that this body would play a huge role for him later on.

"I don't want to," Rasmus stared at Videl.

"I should have known..." Videl shook his head and looked away.

"Whoever she is, she's not something you can destroy even if you want to," Aris pointed out and looked at the casket. "That body is protected by powerful divine energy. You can't burn it, crush it, or even destroy it with anything," she added.

Videl raised his brows and found it interesting even though it was bad news for him. He could see with his eyes how blinding the casket was in his eyes, a bright yellow light like the sun. It was the same light when he saw Moriganne and Astrea when they visited the academy back then.

"But you can, right?" Videl stared at Aris.

"I can, but I don't want to," Aris answered and stared back at Videl.

"Out of curiosity," Rasmus got up from the casket and looked at Videl. "Can you somehow use your 'minions' to possess her body?" He asked as he tilted his head toward the casket.

Videl sighed as he looked down, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Remember the day when that little missy... who was it? Aurelia. When she was out of control of her power, do you remember what happened to her?" Videl looked at Rasmus with his arms crossed.

"Of course, you said something about her being possessed by an angel," Rasmus nodded and remembered that day because it was a bizarre experience to be lured by and blinded by desire.

"She can be possessed, by an angel but we both know angels don't go down here since they're God's servants. However, it's possible by using a powerful demon at least a Duke¹ in the hierarchy. I can put them in her body," Videl nodded as he stared at the casket. "However, no demons are following me anymore. They fear me, but I'm not the Sovereign² anymore because Satan is the one who rule over them."

Rasmus closed his eyes and nodded with understanding as he tried to remember the hierarchy of demons. He then tilted his head and slowly opened his eyes to look at Videl.

"But a Duke isn't a fallen angel, are they? Because I remembered you said that the Prime Lord, the Fallen Watchers¹ are the fallen angels," Rasmus asked.

"Some are, but some are not," Videl answered.

"You're the Devil. You should be able to make a demon from scratch, no?" Rasmus narrowed his eyes.

Videl burst out laughing when he heard Rasmus's question and what he was trying to do. It was the same laughter that put Rasmus in fear back in hell, and even at this moment, he felt a chill down his spine.

"I need to be at least climb the rank to be one of the Prime Lords and I can produce Dukes or any demons with lower ranks. That would take hundreds of years and consume hundreds of thousands of souls to reach that state. Not to mention, to make a demon out of me, I have to sacrifice a certain amount of my power, but I cannot create something that will be equal to me after I get weakened. So I would require double that amount to create a Duke," Videl explained as he chuckled and shook his head.

Rasmus thought about it for a moment but then he approached Videl and stood in front of him.

"These souls, do they all count the same or some are more valuable than others? I'm sure souls like Aris and her race are valued more than humans, no?" Rasmus asked as he stared into Videl's eyes.

Videl was speechless that Rasmus wasn't bothered or even shocked by the fact that it would be impossible for Videl to reach that high. He, as the Devil didn't even have the confidence that he could reach that high in this life.

"The worthless souls, the poor, the ones who have no purpose in life, the hopeless souls. The decent souls, the ones who live their lives like hordes of sheep, live to die. The good souls, the ones who do good things for others, making the world a better place. The precious souls, those who devoted themselves to God. Priests, bishops, cardinals, you name it. The greatest souls, saints, prophets, and those souls are different from the rest, including Aris and her people," Videl explained without looking away and stared back at Rasmus.

"And what about prayers? If Ermaine is using fake religion to strengthen Satan, would that work for you as well if someone believes in you?" Rasmus asked again.

"Yes, that counts as well," Videl nodded as he narrowed his eyes.

"Then what if I make those people gather in a place?" Rasmus raised his brows.

"That would be impossible," Videl scoffed.

"It's easier than you think. There's a way, and that's war," Rasmus smiled coldly.

Videl was frozen still for a moment before slowly he formed a wide grin on his face.

"War? Yeah..." Videl's eyes turned black as his pupils glowed. "That would suffice. Give me wars, and I give you what you need," he grinned wider as he grabbed Rasmus's shoulders.

The Dukes and the Kings were the middle class in the hierarchy, the spirits who were in charge of observing each layer of hell. The generals who committed treason to God and placed them in hell and governed the demons and tortured the sinners.

The Sovereign was the first in the hierarchy, the mastermind behind the rebellion. Imprisoned in the depths of hell were the most dangerous spirits that God had ever created. The ones who had the power to overthrow God but failed in doing so were punished for eternity.

The Prime Lords, the Fallen Watchers, the second place in the hierarchy, the fallen angels who could go to the world of the living. They were the incarnations of evil, chaos, and destruction that led humanity to its demise. The limbs of the devil himself, and they were the ones who followed the devil and led the rebellion against God.