

Evil 137

Chapter 137 - 137: Words of warning.

(At the headquarters of South Neva Union)

Thalior was having a meeting with prominent figures in South Neva after he was done dealing with affairs in the Republic of Cruen. He had finally revealed about the meeting with the Council of Neva, about the demons, the third saint, Ermaine, and the powerful being behind her.

He was unsure if all the prominent figures in front of him didn't have any ties with demon worshipers. However, the meeting was also a perfect opportunity to spy on them after the meeting to find out which families had connections with demon worshipers. He took the risk and he would take responsibility for everything from here and out.

After the long and tense meeting, Thalior could breathe normally again and sit comfortably in his chair. The ones who stayed in the meeting room were Marquees Eradyne Earnwind, the current head of the Earnwind family, and Archbishop Valentino, the representative of the Holy Nation.

"Civil wars might be inevitable..." Thalior muttered as he rubbed his nose bridge. "The history might repeat itself, but I never thought it would be this soon," he sighed and closed his eyes in distress.

"Your Grace, it's better this way rather than letting the plague spread unnoticed and cause more damage than we can imagine," Eradyne said weakly and began to cough badly.

"Lord Earnwind, you should rest. Your condition is worsened," Thalior looked at Eradyne and listened to the ragged breath of the old man.

"How could I rest knowing the future of South Neva is in our hands?" Eradyne asked quietly, with his rough and raspy voice. "I'll rest the moment I stop breathing," he chuckled weakly.

Archbishop Valentino frowned at Eradyne's condition. He approached Eradyne and placed his hand on Eradyne's arm, easing the pain using divine power.

"You should step down, Lord Earnwind. Your son, he's an amazing child, so why don't you let him take your position?" Archbishop Valentino asked with a worried expression. "You're not convincing anyone in this state. Please reconsider it, my friend."

Archbishop Valentino was the closest friend that Eradyne had. They had been working together since they were young. Valentino was a priest and Eradyne was a rebellious man when they first met. They both played big roles in stopping civil wars in South Neva and they were the figures who united South Neva and created the Union.

"Garret is a greedy man and he will do anything to gain wealth, influence, and power. Carrion is weak-minded, he has no purpose in life, and he has no interest in taking the seat of the head of the family, he's useless. Both of them aren't fit for this position yet," Eradyne answered as he shook his head slowly.

"Even so, they're not bad children. They might not be perfect, but they're not evil," Archbishop Valentino responded as he grabbed Eradyne's shoulder. "You have to choose a successor, my friend. We are old and we are running out of time," he added.

Eradyne looked down and smiled weakly as he respectfully pushed Valentino's hand from his shoulder. He took a deep breath and slowly looked up at the ceiling with lots of thoughts written in his eyes.

"What do you think, Your Grace?" Eradyne looked at Thalior. "Are my children worth to be sitting in this chair of mine?" He asked in a gentle voice.

"Age doesn't mean anything about manhood, but once they have seen the world outside the illusion they have created and lived in. The moment they can engage in the reality that against their ideals, that's when they become a man. Garret might have grown older and smarter, but he still sees the world through the illusion he created. Carrion, he has seen the world as is, but he's not ready for it," Thalior answered as he looked at Eradyne.

"I know you're the one who understand me the most, Your Grace," Eradyne smiled weakly and began to cough badly again.

Thalior and Valentino were trying to convince Eradyne to rest, but then they heard a knock on the door. It was Isaías who knocked on the door and he informed them about what he had discovered and wanted them to check Guile's body.

The three of them went to the basement where Isaías brought the body there in secret. The moment they saw the body, Valentino covered his mouth and nose with a handkerchief. He could see how the body had rotten to the point that it looked like the body had been dead for more than a month.

"Count Blackheart believed that he was possessed by a demon, Your Grace," Isaías looked at Thalior.

"What do you think, Archbishop Valentino?" Thalior looked at Valentino with a serious expression.

"Even with naked eyes, something isn't right about this corpse. You see how it has rotten this bad even though he died a week ago. Those who worship evil and be allies of the demons, their souls and bodies will be rejected by God and the world," Valentino said as he shook his head. "Pour this, Your Grace," he offered a bottle with holy water inside.

Thalior took the bottle and poured it on Guile's body. The body sizzled the moment it made contact with holy water and the smoke produced the worst pungent smell they had even smelled. They all gagged and had to cover their noses as they distanced themselves from the body.

Isaías threw up and couldn't deal with the smell while Thalior had gotten used to it because what he smelled and saw beyond the Blackcliffs made him get used to it. What they saw, it was enough to convince them that Guile was indeed possessed by a demon.

"Your Grace, I have letter for you, from Count Blackheart," Isaías pulled out the letter and offered it to Thalior.

Thalior took the letter and immediately read it out loud because he trusted every person in that room with him. The content was about the emissary and how he would tread his path to achieve his goal in South Neva. Rasmus revealed that the emissary would use criminals to achieve his goal, and Guile was only one of the many.

The emissary would spread religion through them and force people to follow them just like how Guile did to some of the prisoners. The emissary used his image as the savior to the innocent while at the same time used the criminals to be his army.

Rasmus predicted that South Neva would be the first one to fall for Ermaine's scheme because of the civil wars that happened not too long ago. The cracks hadn't been fully recovered and yet it was being pressured by a strong force again.

"Be aware of those who are powerless as they might be the ones who will turn the tide," Thalior said of the words that Rasmus wrote in the letter. "Interpret those words as you wish, but the moment you're wrong about it, it's already too late..." he said the last few words of Rasmus under his breath and folded the letter.

They looked at Guile's corpse and thought about Rasmus's words in the letter. It was a warning, and rather than telling them to solve the problem it sounded more like Rasmus wanted them to prepare for the worst.

"What should we do, Your Grace?" Eradyne asked weakly.

Thalior thought for a moment and tried to create a plan to prevent chaos from happening. He thought really hard, unfortunately he couldn't find any solutions because every plan he made, there were flaws. He didn't have the manpower to prevent the influence of Ermaine in South Neva, and the worst part was he didn't know which nations and who might be the ones that would raise their arms and follow her.

"At this point, we can only gather allies, prevent the strong nations from following Ermaine..." Thalior clenched his fists. "War is inevitable, and it's better to deal with them rather than letting the plague go unnoticed as you said, Marquees Earnwind," he stared into Eradyne's eyes.

"Be aware of those who are powerless as they might be the ones who will turn the tide," Archbishop Valentino muttered. "Don't forget about that warning, Your Grace. It's not about the strong that can stop this, but rather the ignored ones who can grow in numbers behind our back that might destroy us all."

"I know, but what can we do other than this?" Thalior rubbed his nose bridge in distress. "We kill the emissary but then what? One will appear right away. Not to mention if we kill him, the people who has followed him will give a stronger ambition to fight against us. We will be the one who recieve the heavy blow, not them," he added.

"A martyr is the worst-kind of person. They blindly follow their beliefs and those who are disagree with them, they will keep biting your hand even if you cut their heads off..." Eradyne closed his eyes and nodded in agreement.

"War it is then..." Eradyne sighed as he looked down and nodded again.