

Evil 139

Chapter 139 - 139: Followers.

Rasmus and Aris rode their horses and looked at the scenery of the beautiful lake on their right. There was a small village on the other side and they decided to pay it a visit and rest for a moment before they continued their journey to the wasteland.

"I'm curious, if an Orthias can become a dragon, how do they transform into one?" Rasmus asked as he jumped down from his horse and tied the rope to the hitching post.

"You just become one in your sleep once you succeed in the last stage of the transformation phase. It's called Rebirth, and you'll lose your human form forever. You'll also change and completely become a new being with a new personality," Aris answered as she patted the horse and didn't bother to tie him up because she could speak with animals.

"Like caterpillars become butterflies?" Rasmus raised his brows at Aris.

"Yes, exactly. We might have fragments, tiny bits of memories, but we will take those as foreign memories that don't belong to us," Aris nodded as she walked beside Rasmus.

"And what do you take on that? Do you feel disturbed because it might sound like someone or something takes over your life and memories," Rasmus looked at the pub and decided to have a drink.

"Who knows, I never thought about that before," Aris answered.

Aris followed Rasmus into the pub and saw how crowded it was. The smell of food, sweat, and wood were mixed together. They both looked at the villagers who seemed like they had just got back from work on a mining site.

They found an empty table and everyone looked at them from top to bottom. Their presence was enough to make the pub into complete silence. They were anxious and curious at the same time because of their white hair.

"My apologies if our presence disturbs your precious time," Rasmus smiled gently at everyone in the pub. "Please enjoy your evening, and we will pay for everything."

"Are you serious, young man?" A fat bearded man looked at Rasmus with a smoking pipe hanging from his mouth. "You can't take back those words."

"Please do, and don't mind us," Rasmus nodded and smiled.

Everyone in the pub cheered and immediately ordered food and drink to their heart's content. They all raised their mugs at Rasmus with huge smiles, grins, and laughter.

After everyone indulged themselves with food and drink, Rasmus placed a wind barrier around his table. He didn't want anyone to listen to their conversation.

"You have heard about Kiel from Videl? One of the emissaries of Ermaine," Rasmus asked as he took a sip of a warm beer.

"A fallen angel, not evil, but not weak either," Aris nodded and drank her beer. "You want to make a deal with him, why? You said it yourself that they're dangerous," she rested her chin on her palm.

"I want to put him in a state of urgency that Thalior and the others are preparing to war against him. It's the truth, and I want him to hasten his plans so the foundations of the pillars he's trying to build can be easily destroyed in the future," Rasmus smiled as he looked at Aris.

"And you did the same to Thalior, putting him in the stage of urgency. You want both sides to fight not in their best form so you can pull some strings from both sides later on. Is that what you're trying to do here?" Aris narrowed her eyes and slightly tilted her head.

Rasmus nodded and took a sip of his beer as he watched everyone enjoy the evening in the pub.

"You're playing with fire, you know that? If both sides saw through your scheme, you would be the one who stood in the middle of the battlefield where both sides wanted you dead," Aris rested her cheek on her fist and tapped the table with her free hand.

"I heard that many times and I always gave them the same answer," Rasmus folded his legs and leaned back. "I'm not playing with fire, I'm dancing in the fire," he added.

Aris chugged the beer and canceled Rasmus's barrier so she could order another one. She didn't know if he was crazy, arrogant, or something else, but she wanted to watch everything from up close and see how everything unfolded.

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They finally arrived at the wasteland, or how it used to be. The land that was supposed to be nothing but dry land and dead trees had become greenery. Nobody would believe it if this land was a wasteland two months ago.

Another thing that piqued their interest, it was a flag with a black hollow triangle in the middle and a black horizontal stripe inside it. The villagers back in the pub told them about it, it was a new organization that helped the poor and the unfortunate.

"Opening the eyes of the illiterate and they will see how the world is harsh but the humans make it harder for them. The moment they realize they're being oppressed, they will retaliate," Rasmus muttered as he watched most of the people there wear all-black attire.

Rasmus looked at Aris and his head, signaling her to tread carefully in this land. She nodded and began to walk beside him and observe the people around them.

There was a big market, and a few big camps scattered around the land. People began to sell food, drink, and tools to those who stayed on the land, mostly miners who were waiting to be hired for the new mining site that was discovered there.

"So many flags and symbols of that triangle everywhere," Aris looked at the symbols on tents, attires, and even carved on trees. "It's like a way to pique everyone's curiosity and make them ask about it, then become a part of it."

"Yes, it appears that's the purpose. Kiel, the emissary is opening his arms, teaching them everything about the world. He's indeed a savior for everyone here. He doesn't want to be paid and it makes them pay it with loyalty because of how humans work, at least for most of the time," Rasmus responded and kept observing his surroundings.

"You're up against someone like you, or even more cunning, dangerous, and smarter than you," Aris glanced at Rasmus and observed his expression. "Are you sure you can handle a fallen angel like him?"

Rasmus didn't answer and he kept his stoic expression, making it impossible for Aris to decipher it. He then stopped walking and walked toward a merchant who proudly wore a necklace with the triangle symbol on it.

Aris watched Rasmus ask about the symbols that he saw everywhere to the merchant. The moment the topic was about the symbol, the merchant's eyes and expression lit up. The merchant began to tell how Kiel had turned the wasteland into fertile land, and how he taught everyone about anything.

After what felt like an eternity, Rasmus asked about the person that the merchant had been talking about.

"Where can I meet this person?" Rasmus asked.

"Lord Kiel is over there," the merchant pointed at the camp in the far north of the land. "His tent is the smallest because he's a humble person. However, you might have to wait in line because every day, he gets hundreds of visitors."

Rasmus and Aris looked to the north and then Rasmus thanked the merchant before he left.

"Hundreds every day. One person can influence at least another person, and so on. He might gain thousands of followers in just a month..." Rasmus looked at the tents and people around him. "Or should I say another thousand..." he muttered and noticed how many followers Kiel already had.

As they reached the furthest camp, they saw hundreds of people waiting in line in front of the small tent. Based on their attires, there were many nobles, rich merchants, and even commoners in the line.

Suddenly Aris grabbed Rasmus's wrist and held it so tightly that it hurt him. He immediately turned his head to look at Aris and her eyes were cold and menacing. The anger and hatred in her eyes were visible.

"What's wrong?" Rasmus asked with a serious expression.

"He's one of them..." Aris answered with her gritted teeth. "The masked being that I fought back then... the one who turned Illidan into a monster..."