

Evil 143

Chapter 143 - 143: Hidden message.

"You're joking?" Videl's eyes were wide open in disbelief after he heard Rasmus's story when he met with Kiel. "You managed to fool him? One of the fallen angels, the one who had been dealing with humans for thousands of years?!"

"I would call it bullshit, but knowing you, I wouldn't think you were lying about it. You never failed to amuse me, can you?" He chuckled as he shook his head, finding it hilarious and ironic.

Rasmus looked at his ring and rubbed it slowly. His face wasn't the face of someone who felt proud and excited.

"He was nothing like any humans that I have encountered. He saw through me, but I managed to fool him because of my hatred and anger toward everyone for what they did to me," Rasmus said and looked at Videl with a serious expression. "He's wary of me, and I don't think I fooled him completely."

"Of course you can't, he's a fallen angel. He can't read thoughts like me, but he knows humans inside out. He knows when someone is lying or even hiding something," Videl answered as he got up and offered a bottle of beer to Rasmus. "You've done something that no mortals could achieve. You should be proud."

Rasmus took the bottle and took a sip before he got up from his chair and walked to the bed.

"You must be exhausted after your encounter with him. He might have drained a little bit of your life to gain more power without you knowing. That bastard always did that, teaching humans knowledge and draining their life force at the same time," Videl said as he walked toward the door.

"I have a meeting with some investors and people who are willing to give their money for that technology we have, the perfected turbine. You should get some rest," he looked at Rasmus who was already asleep.

Aris lay on the other bed and stared blankly at the ceiling. She had been thinking about Uriel and wanting to spar with her to see how strong she was. She realized that Uriel was way stronger than Videl's current state who had already devoured countless souls and spirits.

She turned and looked at Rasmus's sleeping face, thinking if only he wasn't there back then, she would have killed Kiel. However, she was curious as to why she didn't kill Kiel even though Rasmus wouldn't even be able to stop her.

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Days had passed, and both Videl and Carrion were busy with their own things. Carrion used his fame to gain recognition as the savior and as an Earnwind. He used his own set of rules and used his talents to gain influence over people.

He managed to get himself at the table with the powerful figures in Lineva, at least on the noble side. As an Earnwind, it was easy to get people's attention, and since they couldn't approach Garret for being one of the administrators at Gratlan Academy.

Videl and Carrion managed to cross paths and become well-known from different sides since Videl played with the other party, the common folk. They both tried to boost each other's reputations and achieved it without any issues.

Rasmus on the other hand had been walking around the city, observing the influence that Carrion and Videl had made. Aris had been wandering around the city on her own, especially at night because she wanted to see the world, every corner of it.

"That sister of yours, Illidan. Who she was to you?" Rasmus asked as he brewed the tea.

"She was my best friend in human terms. We both grew up together and she had always been the clumsy one. She was stronger than me at some point in our lives and she was as strong as me when we went beyond the Blackcliffs," Aris answered and watched Rasmus put the cup of tea in front of her.

"She was Elestaris, the highest rank of a warrior any Orthias could be. She was one rank below mine, and it's not rare that an Elestaris could turn into a dragon as well, but they don't have the full potential as Aristoria when they become a dragon. They lose their minds in the process, turning them into mindless dragons," she continued and took a sip of her tea.

"She's the reason why I'm still here," she pointed out and looked down at her reflection in the tea. "She didn't want me to use my power back then and believed that it was for the best. She was born to serve me, and that was something that I found out that day."

Rasmus observed Aris's expression and found it odd. She sounded as if Illidan was an important person, and yet her expression was as stoic and cold as ever.

"And Sanya agreed with her, is that right?" Rasmus took a sip of his tea.

"As a common breed... that's all they know, to protect the strong and die to serve the strong," Aris nodded as she looked at the window, but then she furrowed her brows and tilted her head.

Rasmus noticed the change in her expression. He turned around and saw a white pigeon standing outside the window. He remembered it was the same pigeon that Uriel used back then.

He opened the window and let the pigeon walk into the room with a small scroll tied to its left leg. As soon as he took the scroll, the pigeon flew away and went high above the clouds. He opened the scroll and looked at the name of a small town called Lunavia with a drawn moon on the top left.

"What's that supposed to mean? Meeting at Lunavia at nighttime?" Aris looked at the scroll.

"I guess so," Rasmus nodded and burned the scroll.

"Why do you keep doing that? Burning anything that you received," Aris asked with a curious look on her face.

"I guess it's just a habit of mine," Rasmus answered as he watched the ashes fall to the ground. "Well, since Lunavia is only a few hours from here, we should get going now," he looked at the afternoon sun.

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They arrived at Lunavia by horse and it was quiet since it was nighttime. They looked around for a clue about where they should meet with Uriel until they saw movements in the shadow of a dark alley. They shared a look and decided to follow it into the dark alley.

They couldn't find anyone in the dark alley, but then they saw a person in a robe at the end of the alley. They both followed the person until they left the city and went into the forest. Rasmus used his magic perception spell using the wind to locate the person.

When they went deep enough, they smelled something pungent lingering in the air. The further they went, the stronger the stench and that was when they saw Uriel with six other people in a robe and a hood to cover their faces. They saw dozens of dead bodies being stacked by them and those bodies belonged to bandits and criminals.

"What are we seeing here?" Rasmus asked as he pulled down his hood.

"Demon worshipers," Harold answered, pulling down his hood. We tracked them down and found their hideout."

Aris looked at Uriel, sitting on the tree bark with her cold gaze toward the dead bodies. She was covered in blood that didn't belong to her. She then glanced at Rasmus and Aris before she stood up and got rid of her bloody gloves.

"Thank you for coming, Count Blackheart, Lady Aristoria," Uriel said as she approached them. We might have found their biggest hideout not far from here. Would you like to join us?" She looked at them back and forth.

"I don't see why we should decline," Rasmus looked at Aris. "How many are we talking?" He asked.

"A thousand or more," Uriel answered, looking at her people begin to burn the bodies. There's someone called Calseus, The Man-eater, and he's the most wanted criminal in South Neva for killing hundreds of men, only men. His signature was eating the heart of the man he killed. We have been trying to track him down, and it seems we might see him there," she added.

"That sounds like a big fish to catch," Rasmus nodded with understanding. "Well then, please lead the way, Lady Goldmane."