

Evil 146

Chapter 146 - 146: A battle of wits.

Uriel went back to the branch quarters of the South Neva Union. She hadn't been feeling well since that fight, and it felt like she had caught a cold. Harold believed that it had something to do with the demon that passed through her body, the demonic energy that lingered in her body.

"Lady Goldmane, the bath is ready," a maid said and stole a glance at Uriel who was massaging her nape, staring out the window.

"Thank you. You can leave now," Uriel faintly smiled at the maid as she nodded.

The bath was filled with holy water that Harold had brought from the nearest church. He also enchanted the holy water with divine energy to make it more potent.

She opened the letter in her hand as she dipped into the bath. She looked at the news that had been happening in Lineva's capital city. She saw Carrion's and Videl's names that had been popping out often in the letters.

"They really know how to make a name for themselves..." Uriel muttered and put the letter away.

"What's your goal, Count Blackheart? What do you really want?" She sighed as she leaned back as the cold and the soreness slowly lifted from her body.

She closed her eyes as the fatigue from the long journey and wrote the report of what she had encountered to Thalior. When she opened her eyes, she was startled by the color of the water that had turned feculent. She immediately got out of the bathtub and looked at how vile the water had become.

"Is this what we are going to deal with?" Uriel looked at the water and how demonic energy could affect a person and everything around it.

She left the bathroom and put on some clothes after she got rid of the water. When she was about to rest, someone knocked on the door. It was one of her knights and he informed her that Julius, the man who had followed the escapee had gone missing.

"Missing or dead?" Uriel asked with a serious expression.

"It has been a few days and we haven't heard anything from him. Leonard went to track him down and he saw the markings that Julius had left, and he found some of his belongings and that was all. It was as if Julius disappeared because Leonard couldn't find Julius's whereabouts," the knight informed with a worried expression.

Uriel closed her eyes and thought that she should be the one who went there instead of Julius. She knew that something like that would happen, and there was nothing she could do about it.

"What about the hideout? Did Julius or Leonard find it?" Uriel asked, knowing that as long as they found the hideout, Julius's sacrifice wouldn't go in vain.

"We have narrowed down the possible places that might be the bandits and the demon worshipers' hideouts. We can send our best scouts to explore the area," the knight answered. "We won't let this chance go, and we make sure that we don't make the same mistake."

Uriel nodded in agreement, and she looked so tired that the knight could see it in her eyes.

"Get some rest, Commander. I'll make sure nobody is bothering you," the knight said as he lowered his head. "I almost forgot..." he muttered as he grabbed a letter from his pocket. "This is from His Grace," he gave the letter to Uriel.

Uriel read the contents of the letter and put it on her desk.

"Send a message to Count Blackheart. His Grace wants him to join the meeting in three days, here," Uriel said, without turning around to look at the knight.

"Yes, Commander," the knight bowed and closed the door in front of him to let Uriel rest.

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(At the wasteland, inside Kiel's tent)

"Your information is indeed valuable, Count," Kiel said as he stared into Rasmus's eyes. "If you didn't tell me about this, my whole plan might be in jeopardy."

"Did you kill him?" Rasmus asked with a serious expression.

"Kill him?" Kiel tilted his head with his soft and gentle voice. "Why would I kill a man with such talent? Of course not, I let the demon that possessed Calseus use Julius's body as his new host, a more befitting one at it as well," he answered.

"It's a shame that Calseus is dead because he was one of the few people who were useful to me," Kiel sighed as he shook his head. "Well, there's no point in regretting something that has passed."

Rasmus could see how Kiel tried to play nice and pretended to be open and friendly to him. He thought for a moment if he should pretend to keep being a fool or if he should be wary of him. He didn't know which one was the right thing to do because in front of him was the fallen angel who was knowledgeable of human emotions and nature.

"You're oddly quiet, Count Blackheart," Kiel stared right into Rasmus's eyes as if he were staring right into his soul.

"Because I don't want to be your plaything like those people. I don't want to be a part of your schemes and plans. I don't want to be your slaves who follow your orders, and lastly, I don't want this to lead me into a place that I don't want to be," Rasmus answered with a serious expression.

Kiel tilted his head, and his piercing yellow eyes were so mesmerizing that it made Rasmus willing to follow him. Fortunately, Rasmus had been dealing with Videl for a long time and he had gotten used to such temptation.

"Why? Don't you want humanity to fall? What's the point of not being a part of us if there's no other side that exists in the end?" Kiel asked in a gentle and soft voice. The mask that muffled his voice made it so soothing to listen to.

"Because I want to control my life, not be controlled by others," Rasmus answered without hesitation.

Kiel stared at Rasmus, silently without moving a muscle, except for the eyes that kept staring into Rasmus's soul. Rasmus didn't falter and stared right into Kiel's eyes to show some resistance.

"I can see that you're telling the truth, and I admire that. However, that strong resolve you have, it's quite suspicious, questionable to be precise," Kiel said as he leaned forward and kept staring into Rasmus's eyes. "Are you perhaps planning to stab us in the back, Count Blackheart? Waiting to find an opening so you can get rid of us and make yourself on top in the end?" His voice was soft and yet cold.

Rasmus felt his heart begin to race when Kiel could see through him, but it was expected since Kiel was a fallen angel. It was excitement and anxiety, but he had to tread this situation carefully or things would backfire on him.

"Stab you in the back? That phrase doesn't match with the things we have here. We both are using each other because we share the same goal. I'm not your ally nor am I your pawn. I'll not bow down to you or your master because I'm not that low to believe a demon is superior to me," Rasmus answered with a serious expression. "Don't pretend that we are friends or allies, that's disgusting," he added and stared menacingly at Kiel.

"Also, you're afraid of me stabbing you in the back? And why should I trust you that you won't stab me in the back later on? There's no trust here in the first place. Don't act as if you're being honest when you're a demon. Honesty doesn't exist in your world, only deception and hiding half the truth," he continued with a cold voice.

Kiel leaned back and slowly he began to chuckle and turned into laughter. He had to cover his mouth even though his face was already covered by a porcelain mask.

"It has been a while since I met someone like you, a human that knows exactly what kind of being we are, demons," Kiel said with his eyes wide open. "You're dangerous, and I like that."

"That's fine with me because I would love to see you struggle and be filled with regret. How you would beg because of how wrong you were for denying us. I would love to see the desperation in your eyes when the time comes," he continued with a mischievous chuckle.

"Then wait. Right now, we still have the same goal to achieve," Rasmus said, unbothered and unaffected by Kiel's words.

"Right..." Kiel hummed as he nodded. "You're absolutely right. Let's continue using each other until then," Kiel's eyes narrowed as if he was grinning widely beneath the mask.