

Evil 208

Chapter 208 - 208: A familiar face.

"This is the armor you requested, Count Blackheart," Altair said, showing the full plate of armor that every knight of the South Neva Union wore in the armory. "Is there a reason why you want to use this instead of the one we prepared?" He crossed his arms and watched Rasmus put the gauntlets on.

"Because I don't want to be different," Rasmus answered and tried to clench his fists after he wore the gauntlets. "I don't want the enemy to know who I am behind this armor and helmet," he added, and tried to put on the helmet that covered his whole head.

"I see, that makes sense," Altair nodded with understanding. "We have also prepared the armor for Lady Aris. It's the same as yours, however, her height would stand out too much on the battlefield," he said as he pointed at the armor beside Rasmus's armor.

"You don't have to worry about her. There's nobody in this world that currently can defeat her," Rasmus responded and pulled off the helmet from his head. "So, have you decided who will lead the South Neva Union army? You or Archduke Thalior?" He asked.

"Archduke Thalior will be the one leading the army. I'll be staying here in the headquarters, protecting the nations with Lady Uriel. But enough of that, there's someone that you have to see," Altair said and tilted his head toward the door.

Rasmus followed Altair to the main building and entered the parlor. He didn't expect to see her here in South Neva. When their eyes met, she stood up and couldn't believe that Rasmus had grown taller.

"It's been a while, Count Blackheart," Novia bowed her head at Rasmus.

"Yes, it has. Why are you here? Did Great Sage Lenin send you here?" Rasmus asked as he walked toward the couch across from Novia.

"Yes, she sent me here to assist South Neva Union," Novia nodded as she sat down as soon as Rasmus and Altair took a seat. "I also brought the letter that my master entrusted to me..." She pulled the letter out of thin air and gave it to Rasmus.

Rasmus took the letter and kept it inside his ring because he was curious as to why Novia, Lenin's one and only disciple came to South Neva. Something was off that Lenin would let her adopted daughter out here on her own. But then, he realized that it would be impossible that Novia would come alone.

"You're not alone, and seeing you came here this quickly, you must have flown here rather than using a blimp and a ship. Who else is coming to South Neva?" Rasmus asked with his brows furrowed.

Altair shook his head in disbelief that Rasmus could tell that reinforcement was coming from Central Neva. He didn't know if he should be amazed or terrified by how keen Rasmus's insight was.

"Her Holiness, Astrea Angelis with the four Archbishops and five hundred paladins," Novia revealed the strong force that was coming soon to South Neva.

Rasmus narrowed his eyes and then glanced at Altair, remembering that both Altair and Thalior had prepared a plan that prevented the Alliance from growing stronger. He found out that the plan was to bring the Saint, where the Alliance would have no power or dare to abuse their power and authority in South Neva.

"So that was the plan? Archduke Thalior personally asked Her Holiness to come here?" Rasmus glanced at Altair with his brows raised.

"Yes, but nobody knows that," Altair nodded, and once again he was terrified that Rasmus could uncover the plan like opening a curtain. "I'm surprised that you could unveil it this quickly, Count. Your insight is exceptional," he pointed out as he crossed his arms.

"It's just a wild guess," Rasmus answered as he shook his head. "Let's talk about the situation in Central Neva. How are things going over there? Knowing that Her Holiness has time to visit South Neva, that means everything is still under control," he asked and looked at Novia.

Novia didn't answer immediately, her face turned a bit darker when she thought about the truth. She was never the type who could hide her expressions which made it easy for someone like Rasmus and Altair to know what was in her mind.

"Everything is fine in Central Neva, but the North..." Novia paused as she closed her eyes. "The North is crumbling... Ermaine has finally shown herself with the army of Corrupted. That powerful being was there as well, it's only a matter of time before the North gets taken away by them..." She explained as she tightened her fists.

"And I'm assuming that Great Sage is currently on her way to the North to help?" Rasmus asked.

"No..." Novia shook her head. "My master is overseeing Central Neva and to protect Lady Aurelia since she will soon become the Saint as her divine ability has grown exponentially since she left the academy."

"Aurelia left the academy?" Rasmus raised his brows.

"All your former students left the academy, Count. They went to their hometowns and wanted to help the situation that's happening," Novia answered and nodded her head.

Rasmus was surprised that Maximilian and the others had decided to leave the academy. He knew that one of the reasons would be that they were wasting their time in the academy. He couldn't help but show a faint smile, which terrified Altair because he had never seen Rasmus smile like that.

"Finally, they're being useful... Those brats have finally found their purpose," Rasmus muttered as he chuckled.

Novia and Altair were so confused that Rasmus only focused on his former students rather than the current situation that had happened in the North.

"Is there anything else that I need to know?" Rasmus asked Novia.

"There is, my master has a few words for you, Count," Novia said as he glanced at Altair.

Altair knew that Novia wanted a private conversation with Rasmus. He slowly got up and left the room without saying a word. After Novia waited a few seconds since Altair left the room, she stared at Rasmus with a serious expression.

"Count Blackheart, my master, asked if you have remembered the place where your late father, Erglade kept his journal. The reason why it sounded so urgent is that there have been movements around the territory that the Blackheart family used to own. My master believed that they were looking for that journal," Novia conveyed the message from Lenin.

"My master believed that the journal held something important that even the demons were looking for. The truth that might change the tide," Novia said.

Rasmus crossed his arms, thinking about the dream he had not too long ago. He remembered the scenery toward the place where his father could be said as his sanctuary. He didn't know where it was, but he could find it if he found that scenery in his dream.

"I might know where it is, but I won't let Great Sage or anyone else find it for me. I'm the only one who should find that journal and read it first, not anyone else," Rasmus answered with a serious expression. "If Great Sage wanted the journal, I suggested that she should keep those demon worshipers away from that territory."

"I'll find that journal once the war is over. If Great Sage wants to get the journal, she has to protect that territory until the day comes," Rasmus said with his arms and legs crossed.

"My master has personally chosen her trusted aids, sages of the Magic Tower, and deployed them to that territory. They have been keeping in touch with her and would prevent anyone suspicious from finding the journal," Novia responded. "If Count knows where it is, then it's a relief. I'll inform my master about this," she nodded as she stood up.

Novia excused herself since she wanted to write a letter to Lenin about the journal. Rasmus was on his own in the parlor, and then he pulled out the letter from thin air. He looked at the Magic Tower seal on the letter before he broke it and unfolded the paper.

"Count, I heard you're interested in the sword that your late mother used. That sword's location is unknown to the public or to anyone. The last time people saw the sword, it was entrusted to Arandil D'Armond, the 1st Swordmaster," Lenin wrote in the letter.

"The sword was unique and extremely dangerous. You might not know this, but after the execution of the Blackheart family, the knights who held the sword went crazy and began to kill each other. The sword was believed to be cursed, and even Sir Arandil couldn't hold it for too long," Lenin continued.

"The sword is sealed because it's believed to be cursed. The only place that might suit to store that sword away from people would be in the Angelis territory, or the only man that Sir Arandil is loyal to, Emperor Julius Suncrown, which means it could be in the Suncrown Empire or the Holy Nation," Lenin pointed out.

Rasmus sighed as he burned the letter into ashes. He got up from the couch and approached the window, staring at the morning sun blocked by dark clouds.

"Arandil D'Armond... how strong is he?" Rasmus muttered as he leaned against the wall and crossed his arms.