

Evil 23

Chapter 23 - 23: Relationship.

A young muscular man had an intense and determined expression, with dark, slicked-back hair. His attire was a long, dark coat adorned with intricate details, a high collar, and a fur-like cape, suggesting a position of power or nobility. The young man wore gloves and had a brooch on his chest, the same symbol as the Wyverncrest family.

"Maximilian Wyverncrest," Rasmus crossed his arms as he watched Maximilian walk toward the blimp that belonged to the Sancticus family.

Maximilian stood in front of the stairs, waiting for someone inside the blimp. He didn't say a word and just stood there while the knights of the Sancticus Nation paid their respects to him.

A young woman had long, dark hair and a serene yet intense expression. Her attire was dark and intricately detailed, with a high collar and elaborate patterns, suggesting high status and authority. She wore a dark, ornate crown with sharp, elegant points, further emphasizing her status as a prominent figure in the North.

The young woman walked down the stairs and Maximilian slowly bowed his head a bit to respect her status. They both walked side by side with knights from both families following them.

"You're going to be fine with her around? Monica Sancticus is going to be a Saint which should be holding divine power," Rasmus glanced at Videl who was busy staring at the beautiful maids.

"Do you think I'm a lowly demon who's born from hellfire? I'm The Devil who was created by God's divine flame. Divine power is like a breeze of chill wind to me," Videl answered as he found the maids he wanted to sleep with. "But her divinity is quite lacking compared to that one over there who seems to be overwhelmed by divinity."

Rasmus didn't understand much about divinity, but knowing something like that did exist made him wary of it. He then looked at the woman that Videl mentioned earlier, and the woman had just come out of the blimp.

A young woman with platinum blonde hair that cascaded over her shoulders, with a few strands delicately braided at the sides. Her expression was calm yet serious, with a hint of softness in her gaze. She was dressed in a light, flowing gown with intricate lace-up details along the neckline and sleeves, giving her an elegant and noble appearance. The gown's fabric had a subtle sheen, emphasizing her refined and dignified aura.

"The Crown Prince is a lot more humble than I thought," Videl said as he crossed his arms. "Unlike Maximilian who seemed to show dominance over anyone around him."

Rasmus looked at the strikingly beautiful young man with long, light blonde hair tied back in a ponytail. He had piercing blue eyes that conveyed a sense of depth and intensity. His expression was calm and serious, adding to his air of mystery and elegance. He was dressed in a high-collared, white shirt with intricate embroidery, fastened with a brooch.

Rasmus and Videl had the same thoughts whereas Isador and Aurelia seemed to wear similar attire.

Isador offered his hand to Aurelius before she took the last step off the stairs. Aurelius held Isador's hand and walked together as they wrapped their arms together.

"It appears they're in a very good relationship," Rasmus observed of the difference between the two Saints and their relationship with Maximilian and Isador. "Both men showed their respect in a different way. This is very interesting," he added with a bit of a smile on his face.

"And here goes the richest man in the whole Neva world. Valari Ashenvale," Videl looked at the luxurious blimp made of gold with gems that decorated the body. "Playing safe by going out last. Smart kid," he chuckled.

A tanned young man with black curly hair wearing a high-quality black cotton poet shirt, a brown vest, with a white cape that covered the right side of his body. He looked at the powerful figures in front of him and decided to walk in the middle of the airfield, ahead of them to greet Lenin first.

Valari put his right hand on his chest since it was how the Eastern greeted someone with the utmost respect. Lenin smiled and did the same thing as she welcomed him into the academy.

The conversation didn't take long and Valari excused himself as his servants carried his belongings behind him. He waited for his carriage to be ready, but then a carriage came which wasn't his carriage. He smiled as he rested his hands on his waist because he knew who came to see him.

"Long time no see, Valari," Alexander came out of the carriage with a big smile on his face.

"Alex, my brother. I'm glad to see you again," Valari offered a hug to Alexander.

Rasmus could see the dynamics between the students that he was going to teach. He could see the big picture of their alliances with each other.

Maximilian and Monica had a good relationship since both families were from the north. Aurelius as the daughter of the current Saint was in a close relationship with Isador. Lastly, Alexander and Valari seemed to have a great relationship as both families held power from their own efforts.

"The North has always separated themselves from the rest of the world which explains the tension between them and the rest. But, they have a neutral relationship with Ashenvale and Ravenshroud for political and economic matters," Rasmus said after he observed the students. "It's also the same for the Angelis and the Suncrown."

"You believe they have a neutral relationship with Angelis and Suncrown? I don't see a reason why they should stay neutral since the North can't offer more than what the rest of Neva can, especially with the Suncrown family," Videl looked at Rasmus with curiosity.

"The East, West, South, and Central Neva have so many kings and emperors. If they decided to show any favorable toward a few families, they will lose more than they gain," Rasmus answered. "It's not about what they can get, it's about not making unwanted enemies."

"Unlike the North who's united and stays close to each other like one big family, the rest are competing to become the strongest. So, even if the North can't offer more than the rest, it won't affect these two families at all," Rasmus explained and kept observing the students.

"On the other hand, if either the Ravenshroud family or the Ashenvale family decided to get closer to the North, the rest of the world would antagonize them," Rasmus pointed out. "They have more than enough of everything. Playing safe and keeping a stable relationship with everyone is the best for them."

Rasmus decided to leave after he had seen enough of the students. He didn't want to spoil the fun by observing them too much. He wanted to greet them personally in class since they were soon to become his students.

Alexander offered Valari to go into the academy with his carriage. Valari had no reason to decline and went inside with Alexander.

They were talking about the business that both families partake in. The conversation was heavy and they were sharing their thoughts about the business until Alexander asked the coachmen to stop the carriage.

"What are you doing?" Valari furrowed as he watched Alexander leave the carriage hurriedly.

Valari was confused because Alexander didn't say anything. He looked out the window and saw Alexander talking with a man in a red suit. Seeing how Alexander spoke with the man in excitement made him curious.

"I understand what you meant back then. The book that you suggested opened my eyes," Alexander said as he looked at Rasmus. "Do you have any other recommendations?"

"Read the book for the second time first. You'll see how beautiful that book is," Rasmus said. "Once you really understand the beauty of that book, come and find me," he added as he walked away.

"What's your name? Where can I find you?" Alexander watched Rasmus walk away.

"We'll meet again very soon," Rasmus answered.

Alexander stood there and watched Rasmus leave with Vidal beside him.

"White hair..." Valari said as soon as he walked out of the carriage. "Are you sure you want to be around that guy?" he looked at Alexander with his eyes narrowed.

"That's exactly why I want to talk to him," Alexander responded as he rested his hands on his waist. "The prejudice about white hair is getting old."