

Evil 411

Chapter 411 - 411: Amongst elders.

Moriganne entered a parlor-like room, it was cold, nothing was warm in the land of Orthias. However, Sanya adjusted the temperature in the room to make it warmer for Moriganne. The Orthias came in and brought food for Moriganne as Sanya had said earlier.

The sizzling cooked meat on the hot plate, the smell of spices and herbs filled Moriganne's nostrils. She heard her stomach growl and her face turned red in an instant.

"You'll be surprised by the taste, even us Orthias enjoy food to please our tongues and stomachs. The recipes that we had been using for thousands of years, learned from the previous civilizations," Sanya said as she sat down on the stone chair with the leather and thick fur that made it comfy.

Moriganne cut the tender and juicy meat before she stabbed the piece of meat with her fork and put it in her mouth. She was shocked and speechless as her tongue exploded from the taste and texture of the meat. She had never eaten something like that before, not even the best food made by the best cooks in the North could be compared to this.

After Moriganne finished her plate, she looked out the window where the blue auroras floated in the sky. The thick mist below and the thin blue energy that lingered in the air, making this place like from another world.

"Lady Sanya," Moriganne turned around to look at Sanya. "Can I ask you a question? About who you are, and why everyone seems to respect you here, even the elders seem to see you in a different light," she stared into Sanya's eyes.

Sanya was playing with the blue flame above her fingers, making it dance to her will. She extinguished the flame when she heard the question, and turned her head to look at Moriganne.

"Because the elders and I, we are the same age. I have lived for so long," Sanya answered, crossing her arms and closing her eyes. "I believe that alone is enough to answer your question," she smiled at Moriganne, but the smile didn't reach her eyes this time.

Moriganne knew that she shouldn't pry on it or push it even further. But there were so many questions in her head that were unsolved. There was something about Sanya that felt more unnerving than the elders that Moriganne had just met earlier.

"I'm feel a lot better now, Lady Sanya. I think I'm ready to speak with the elders again," Moriganne said, not wanting to stay in this awkward and uncomfortable atmosphere.

Sanya looked at Moriganne for a moment before she nodded with understanding. She got up from the stone chair and guided Moriganne back to the main hall where the elders gathered. She informed Moriganne of the names of the elders.

"The three names that you need to remember. Vijser, Koria, and Larc. Those three are the oldest, and they're pretty much the ones who decide and do the talking. The two elders that spoke to you from before, the woman was Koria and the man was Vijser, Larc was the one with golden eyes," Sanya pointed out as she walked the long hallway.

"Yes, I understand, Lady Sanya," Moriganne muttered the names. "But elder Larc, he has golden eyes? Aren't all Orthias supposed to have blue eyes?" She asked with her brows raised.

"Larc is..." Sanya paused for a moment. "He's a lucky one to survive the failed attempt to ascend, to become a True Dragon," she answered.

Moriganne hummed, even though she didn't understand much about it.

They arrived at the main hall and the elders were already waiting for them. Koria pointed at the ground in front of her so Moriganne could stand in the middle when the elders surrounded her. Moriganne nodded and stood where Koria wanted her to stand.

"We Orthias don't need pleasantries conversation, so we will go straight to the point, Moriganne," Larc's voice was deep and relaxed. "Tell us everything that has been happening in the North, and what kind of enemy that threaten the whole world," he added.

Moriganne explained about the situation in the North, about the powerful demons and the master behind it. She revealed that the North would fall by the hands of the demons, and there was nothing humans could do to prevent it from happening.

"A third of the North territory has been taken by the demons. The demons could only be killed by divine power, if not, they would come back to life over and over again. Not only that, all the ghosts of the past, the terror that humankind had tried to ignore has finally come to haunt us. They're unkillable, undeniable strong, and they have become puppets for the demons," Moriganne explained as she looked into the eyes of the elders.

"To win this, one human needs to at least kill a thousand of enemy to defend our land, not to win. The truth? One human could barely kill five enemy, and that alone is enough to understand how dire our situation is," Moriganne added. "We haven't put the powerful demons and their master in that calculation. We are doomed, elders, humankind is doomed," she continued, she frowned as she looked at Koria.

The Orthias elders stared into Moriganne's eyes, but their expression was still cold and stoic.

"That's problematic. How about the other continents, Moriganne? How are they doing?" Vijser asked, his arms crossed and eyes narrowed.

"We don't know, and I don't believe that they're doing any better than us in the North, but the people in the South managed to win against the demons. They removed the demons from their land," Moriganne answered with a serious expression.

"Humankind won against such force? How is that possible?" Koria asked, raising her brows as she stared into Moriganne's eyes.

"It was because of Aristoria and the child of her predecessor, Rasmus Blackheart," Sanya answered, her voice cold.

The elders looked at each other, and for the first time they broke their stoic expression. They looked disturbed, surprised, and anxious that Moriganne could see them in their eyes. She remembered that Aris was no longer affiliated with the Orthias and chose to cut ties with her own people.

"If they could defeat the enemy of the world, we should be worried about the other continents since those two were out there," Larc said as he stared into Sanya's eyes.

"No, it's not that simple," Moriganne shook her head. "Rasmus Blackheart isn't like us, he has no reason to save humanity. He wants the same thing as the demons, he wants destruction, he wants the world to pay for his suffering. He's a threat," she revealed.

The elders looked at each other once again, and their expressions were unreadable.

"Sanya, what do you think about this matter?" Koria asked, her words hinted at a bit of accusation since it was Sanya who let go of Aris just like how Sanya let go of Aristoria. "Twice you have caused this problem for us and humankind. Losing another Aristoria while we are preparing for The Threat," she added.

Moriganne furrowed her brows slightly as she turned around to look at Sanya. She wondered what The Threat was that Koria spoke of, and why it sounded so concerning.

"There's a reason why the current Aristoria has the same path as the previous one. It wasn't me who let her go, Koria, it was because the current Aristoria is still the same as the previous one, literally the same one," Sanya answered, staring back at Koria with a cold gaze. "You're questioning me, Koria?" She asked with a cold smile on her face.

"We aren't questioning you because you never told us about this, Sanya. It's not that we don't trust you, it's because you have always kept things to yourself," Larc answered with a calm expression. "You have been away for so long that you have been keeping us blind," he added.

"Keeping you all blind? Am I obligated to tell you everything I know? If you don't like it, then why don't you go out there and do it yourself? Don't use your status as elders as an excuse," Sanya responded as she crossed her arms and eyes as cold as ice. "How about we switch place? I'll become an elder and all of you will fill my shoes? I want to see if you're even capable of doing what I'm doing," she chuckled softly.

Moriganne didn't like the tension between Sanya and the elders, and the fact that she was standing in the middle of it. She didn't know what to do and she was nowhere near capable of stopping them since she was just a mere human.

"Moriganne, the reason you came here is to create an alliance with the Orthias. We know how dire the situation is, and we, the Orthias will become your allies and we will send some of us under Sanya's command," Koria said as she looked down at Moriganne.

Moriganne was confused when suddenly Koria changed the subject, but she knew it wasn't her place to even think about it. She nodded and lowered her head.

"Thank you, that means so much to us..." Moriganne answered as she exhaled deeply and closed her eyes in relief.

Chapter 412 - 412: The Great.

Moriganne stayed in the parlor on her own because Sanya wanted to stay to speak with the elders. She was thinking about what Koria had said about Sanya and her connection with Aristoria. She wondered if Sanya was the one who handled all Aristoria, guiding them and nurturing them for something.

The longer she dwelled with her thoughts and the mysteries, the more she felt lost. She also felt out of place and didn't know what to do in the meantime until suddenly someone knocked on the door and walked in. A human woman that was older than her.

"Your Holiness, my name is Isah, I'm here because Lady Sanya told me to accompany you and to guide you around the city," the woman said as she lowered her head.

Moriganne smiled gently at Isah as she got up and approached her. She could see the purity in Isah's thoughts, something rare that she had seen from people.

"I apologize if I bothered your time, lady Isah, but yes, I would love to see around the city because I felt a bit overwhelmed by this magnificent place to be alone," Moriganne said in a gentle voice.

Isah smiled back at Moriganne and escorted Moriganne out of the temple.

Moriganne asked so many questions to Isah, especially about who she was and the other humans that lived in the land of Orthias. She found out that there were a lot of humans in the city, there were five thousand at least. She was surprised that human reproduction was being controlled by the Orthias to avoid it from being overpopulated.

The humans were taught by Orthias, and since they were born in the land with overwhelming Orthias energy, they possessed a high aptitude for magic and a strong body. Isah revealed that the humans that lived in this land were closer to being a demi-human than a human.

"The average lifespan of the people here is above 150?!" Moriganne was shocked when they heard that the humans here aged two times slower than normal humans.

"Yes, Her Holiness. I'm 101 years old, and my appearance isn't that far from you. We age very slowly here that we don't age at all from the age of 25 to 50," Isah smiled and nodded. "For Orthias, they stop aging when they reached 25, and everyone here is at least 200 years old," she added.

Moriganne had to stop walking to process everything and walked to the railing of the bridge so she could see the view of the city from above. When she was deep in thought, she noticed something, something familiar. She could vaguely sense Divine energy coming from the city, but she didn't know where it came from. She immediately pushed all thoughts away and tried to locate where the Divine energy was coming from.

"Your Holiness?" Isah asked with her brows raised, worried about the sudden change in Moriganne's demeanor. "Is something the matter?" She asked with a frown on her face.

"I..." Moriganne paused, realizing that she shouldn't talk about this matter to Isah. "It's nothing..." She smiled and shook her head, but her eyes were still searching.

Moriganne wondered who released such strong Divine energy in this vast city with thick Orthias energy around it. She could do something like that as well, but it would take a lot of effort and energy to overpower the Orthias energy. Whoever that person was, they were at least as powerful as her, a Saint just like her.

Isah glanced at someone approaching, and she immediately lowered her head. Moriganne turned around and saw Sanya walking with dozens of Orthias behind her, wearing full-body armor and weapons ready on their waists, backs, and legs.

"Lady Sanya," Moriganne said and looked at the dozens of tall Orthias behind Sanya. "Are we leaving now?" She asked.

"No, not yet. I'm still gathering more people, those that I can trust and have the ability to deal with any kind of situation out there," Sanya shook her head as she looked at the distance. "You can continue your sightseeing with Isah. I know where to find you, so you don't have to worry about going too far," she assured and then walked past Moriganne to recruit more Orthias.

Moriganne took Sanya's words to heart and decided to explore the city with Isah. She planned to locate where the divine energy was coming from. She followed her instincts and walked aimlessly as Isah explained about the buildings that Moriganne pointed at. She used that as distractions so Isah wouldn't get suspicious.

When Moriganne looked at the distance where there was a small pagoda with a few Orthias that guarded around it. She felt the divine energy again, but this time it was clearer and stronger.

"What's that building?" Moriganne asked.

Since Moriganne had been asking that question over and over, Isah didn't find her curiosity to be suspicious. However, Isah seemed to hesitate to answer the question this time when she stared at the pagoda.

"I'm not sure either, Your Holiness. I don't think anyone is allowed to go in there or even speak about that building. That building belongs to Lady Sanya, the Great. The only ones that have visited and entered that building are the elders," Isah answered as she looked at the Orthias that guarded the pagoda.

Moriganne hummed with understanding, but then she noticed when Isah spoke of Sanya's title as The Great. She tilted her head and turned her head to look at Isah with a curious look on her face.

"That title for Lady Sanya, is there a history behind it? Because everyone seems to respect her, even the elders show something similar to her," Moriganne asked, her voice low and quiet as if she didn't want anyone to hear her words.

"Because Lady Sanya is the oldest Orthias, Your Holiness. Lady Sanya is the hero of Orthias, the one who saved the Orthias from extinction. Lady Sanya is the overseer, the one who looks at the world to its core, making it impossible for anyone to deceive her and to corner her. Also, Lady Sanya is the strongest Orthias, Your Holiness," Isah answered.

Moriganne was surprised when she found out more about Sanya as a being. She had seen it firsthand during the expedition to the Blackcliffs, and it was true that Sanya could single-handedly cover the whole big city with her ability to manipulate nature.

"(I thought that Lady Sanya might have held back and didn't show her full power back then, and I was right)" Moriganne furrowed her brows with her arms crossed and hand under her chin. "(Now that I think about it... She was too calm to be in a such situation...)"

"Your Holiness?" Isah asked with her brows raised.

"I'm just in awe, seeing Lady Sanya in a new light," Moriganne said with a gentle smile on her face. "Can we get closer to that building?" She asked as she stared at the pagoda in the distance.

"I'm not so sure, but since Her Holiness is Lady Sanya's important guest, I think it's okay if it's just admiring the building from up close," Isah said and looked at the Orthias that guarded the pagoda once again. "Shall we, Your Holiness?" She smiled back at Moriganne and pointed her hand at the pagoda.

As they got closer to the pagoda, Moriganne was convinced that the divine energy that she had been feeling was coming from there. She could sense the strong divine energy and wondered who or what that could emit and produce such an immense amount of divine energy.

Moriganne looked at the Orthias who had been staring at her as if they would immediately point their weapons at her if she took a few steps closer. She pretended to admire the building and was thinking if she released her divine energy, would whatever was inside that building respond to her power?

When Moriganne took a deep breath and was about to release her divine energy, a hand was placed on her left shoulder. She was startled and immediately turned around to look at who it was.

"Lady Sanya..." Moriganne said, and she looked a bit panicked as if she was getting caught from doing something that she shouldn't.

"You felt it, didn't you?" Sanya smiled but it didn't reach her eyes. "However, you're not allowed to go in there, not yet," she said as she gripped Moriganne's shoulder firmly.

Moriganne knew that she was getting a warning from Sanya. Isah who got involved indirectly, immediately bowed her head and excused herself. She didn't want to be a part of it, and knew that nothing good would come to her if she stayed.

"What's in there, Lady Sanya?" Moriganne asked as soon as Isah left them alone.

"Something that you're not ready to see, Your Holiness. If you walked in there now, I believe you would change your mind on protecting humankind. So, once I believe that the humans are ready, I'll reveal this to the world," Sanya answered, her gaze cold and stoic at the pagoda in front of her.

Moriganne looked at Sanya for a moment before she turned her head to look at the pagoda. Her perspective shifted from curiosity to fear and anxiety when she looked at the building.

Chapter 413 - 413: Assist.

Moriganne arrived at the monastery with Sanya and 150 Orthias behind them. The people who took refuge in the Sancticus nation, they were in awe and in disbelief when they saw the ancient race for the first time. They all prayed to Gods, both for giving human a chance to win and to bless the Orthias for the upcoming battles and wars.

"Mother, Lady Sanya," Monica greeted them outside the temple with Eveline and Maximilian. They looked at the Orthias behind Moriganne and Sanya, towering figures in full-body armor and weapons by their sides.

"The monastery seems empty compared to before. Where did everyone go?" Sanya asked as she looked around, finding not a single knight or anyone who had a weapon on their side. "Did something happen?" She asked.

"Yes, everyone left in a hurry because there was a report that a lot of demons were making a move toward the Veyer Kingdom. Approximately, there are more than a hundred thousand of demon army out there, on their way to expand their territory," Maximilian answered with a serious expression.

"And why are you here? Aren't you supposed to be out there and fight alongside them?" Sanya looked at Maximilian with her brows raised, her expression cold and unreadable.

"I wanted to, I even begged my father and my grandfather to bring me with them, but they wanted me to stay. They entrusted me in commanding the people here with Lady Monica," Maximilian answered, his hands clenched tightly because he knew that a man like him should be out there in the battlefield, not behind the desk.

Sanya hummed, her expression still cold and unreadable. She looked unconvinced, but she didn't say anything and just stood there staring at him.

"Lady Sanya, are you going to help us now?" Monica asked without hesitation and stared into Sanya's eyes.

Moriganne turned to look at Sanya, hoping that Sanya and the Orthias would join the fight. She wanted to say something, but ever since that conversation near the pagoda, she felt awkward.

"Ena, you come with me. The two of us will go there and observe, the rest of you, stay here and follow Her Holiness' orders. As long as I'm away, all of you have to obey her words," Sanya said and looked over her shoulders at the Orthias.

All the Orthias lowered their heads to Sanya, they obeyed her and didn't complain. Sanya then looked at Moriganne for a moment before she turned her gaze to Monica.

"Lady Monica, you'll come with me. You're going to be the future Saint, and I want to see if you're capable of replacing Moriganne," Sanya said, staring right into Monica's eyes.

Monica was surprised when Sanya wanted her to join the battle. However, she immediately nodded with understanding and excused herself to grab a few things. Moriganne looked a bit worried because she should be the one going out there to the battlefield, not Monica. She knew that Monica soon would be the Saint, and that was also why she would rather go out there and sacrifice herself rather than her daughter.

"Lady Sanya, can I join as well? Her Holiness is back and I don't think she needs me here because Lady Eveline is also here to assist her," Maximilian asked with a serious expression.

"There's a moment when a man has to follow orders. If you can't even follow a simple order, how can they trust you in the future?" Sanya asked back with a cold and stoic expression. "Do what you're told, understand the situation, understand your thoughts, and one day you'll be able to understand others who are in the same situation as yours in this moment," she explained as she fixed the fur robe that she was wearing.

Maximilian lowered his head and clenched his jaw as he nodded with understanding. He understood what Sanya was trying to say, to not do what he could do, or what he should do, but to do what he had to do, and that was to follow an order that his father and his grandfather had entrusted him with.

Monica came back with a spatial ring on her finger, ready to leave. She looked at Moriganne, giving her a nod of asking for permission. Moriganne with a heavy heart, gave a nod of approval and a gentle smile on her face.

"Go, and help the people, Monica. I will pray to the Gods for your safety with every breath I take. Good luck, my daughter," Moriganne said as she stood in front of Monica and gave her daughter a tight hug.

Monica wrapped her arms around her mother's slender body that felt so fragile in her arms. She could feel the fear, the worry, and the reluctance in letting her go to the battlefield.

"Yes, mother. I can't promise you that I will be back, but I can promise you that I'll protect them with everything I got," Monica muttered as she closed her eyes.

Moriganne's chest felt like being crushed when she heard Monica's words. It was the words that she always said to her daughter, and now she understood how it felt to hear that from her daughter's mouth.

Ever since that confrontation with Rasmus, Moriganne had been treating Monica dearly. It was the most precious gift that Monica got from Rasmus, to change her mother's perspective about her and the importance of understanding her.

"I understand," Moriganne nodded repeatedly before she let go of Monica and pulled away. "The Gods are with you," she smiled as she moved away.

"We both are proud of you, Monica. You need to know that," Eveline smiled softly and cupped Monica's cheeks and stared into her eyes. "Go, my niece. This will be the first step of becoming a Saint," she said as she pulled her hands and moved aside.

Monica nodded with understanding and walked to Sanya's side.

"I'm ready to go, Lady Sanya," Monica said with a serious expression filled with determination and acceptance.

Sanya nodded and immediately turned around and walked away with Ena. Monica walked beside Sanya, and she didn't want to turn around to look at the expressions of her mother, aunt, and friend. They left the monastery, just the three of them.

Sanya whistled, and three horses suddenly came to her side. The three of them got onto their horses and immediately went to the Veyer Kingdom which would take them at least three days. But little did Monica know that the horses weren't normal horses, they were Orthias horses.

In just half a day, those three arrived at the Veyer Kingdom territory. They went to where all the soldiers marched, the Yauren Valley, a vast and long field in between two mountains. It took them only two hours until they finally arrived where the human army had gathered and camped near the valley.

Monica got down from her horse and saw banners from different kingdoms in the far distance, united to fight the same enemy. She could see the big camp, with thousands of knights at the campfires. When the knights saw her, they were surprised to see her there, and one of them immediately went to inform Lazarus and Arthor.

"Lady Monica, what are you doing out here?! This place is dangerous, and soon it will become a battlefield," a knight asked, but then he realized Sanya was there and a man with long silver hair stood behind her. "Lady Sanya..." The knight lowered his head, but he couldn't hide his joy and relief to have someone like her near them.

"We are here to assist, to join the battle against the demons. Can you please bring us to where Lord Lazarus and Lord Arthor are?" Monica asked as she looked at the thousand big tents in front of her.

"Yes! Please come with me!" The knight said with a huge smile on his face.

Monica's arrival was heard by everyone, and the mood in the camp became more cheerful and joyful compared to before. They weren't worried about the battle anymore because Sanya was there, the one who managed to keep all the expedition members alive against the Prime Lords and their master.

The knight pointed at the big tent at the center of the camp where Lazarus, Arthor, and all the family headed from different houses. Monica, Sanya, and Ena walked into the tent and they were waiting for them. They all lowered their heads to Monica and Sanya before they prepared chairs for the three of them.

"Let's cut to the chase, ladies and gentlemen. There's no need to be respectful at this time and situation. Just give me all the information that you all know, and we will assist you," Sanya said as she walked past the chairs and went to the table where reports were scattered on it.

"You're going to assist us, Lady Sanya?" Lazarus asked, his body having already reached its limit from the countless battles that he had participated in the past few months.

Sanya could see the lack of energy around Lazarus that looked like a dying man, it was proof of how much he had pushed himself beyond the limit. She knew that he had no strength left to fight, but he had no choice, no right to be seen as weak.

"Yes, Lord Lazarus. We will assist you and eliminate as many of the demons as we can kill," Sanya said with a soft smile. "The Orthias race is here to assist you in fighting the enemy," she assured.

Lazarus exhaled deeply but quietly, he felt a relief that he hadn't felt in months.

Chapter 414 - 414: Who's fault?

Monica stood there listening to the plan, strategy, risk, and threat. The mountains around them were going to be danger zones because the demons might use that route rather than the convenient one. After all, they were demons, not humans, and they could choose any route they wanted.

It was Monica who lent them the Paladins before they all marched toward the valley. Lazarus planned to deploy the Paladins to the mountains and kept an eye there. However, it wasn't enough, nowhere near enough because it would be too late for anyone to assist them if the enemy did use both mountains path and route rather than using the valley.

The people had been evacuated the moment they received the report. Knowing that there wouldn't be any civilians, the demons wouldn't be able to kidnap and turn the humans into their minions or feed them to the demons.

"If we split the force we have into three, that would only make things worse because a third of an army against a demon force is similar to giving them a feast to enjoy," Arthor said as he looked at the map. "We can't risk it. We need the whole force to stay together, but the consequences are that we might let the demons through if we fail to block them all. That's worse," he added.

"It's not entirely a problem," Sanya pointed out as she pointed at the two mountains that squeezed the valley. "I'll go to the first mountain on my own while Ena will go to the second mountain. The two of us are enough to prevent any demons from advancing or even get through," she suggested.

Everyone looked at Sanya with their expressions and gazes filled with gratification. They knew how powerful Sanya was, and there was no need for her to prove it. However, Ena was a different case, a single Orthias other than Sanya or an Aristoria to handle such force, they were unconvinced.

"I don't mean no harm or being disrespectful to the Orthias, Lady Sanya, but is it really enough for Lord Ena to hold the second mountain on his own?" Lazarus asked, and he was the only one who could speak of this matter.

"Ena is one of the few warriors that the elders have recognized of his abilities. Even with a hundred people like you, Lord Lazarus, he could easily kill all of them in just a matter of seconds," Sanya answered with confidence as she stared at Lazarus with a soft gaze.

Arthor looked at Ena with a stern look for a moment before he averted his gaze to look at Sanya.

"Lady Sanya, are you not afraid that the Orthias would lose another warrior? We saw it, we remembered it during the expedition where we met Lady Aristoria and how she was furious when she lost Illidan," Arthor said with concern in his voice.

Sanya's smile turned cold and suddenly all the campfires, torches, and candles got extinguished in an instant. The darkness brought a heavy atmosphere into the tent and everyone felt like they were out of breath and suffocating. They saw Sanya's glowing blue eyes, so cold that they could feel their bones froze.

"And who's fault it was, Lord Arthor? Who's fault it was that I couldn't be there on time? Who's fault it was that we had to delay for another two days because the team needed to prepare?" Sanya asked as she stared into Arthor's eyes. "You dare speak of that moment knowing that it was you and the others who gave the demons the opportunity to take away one of the Orthias," she stared into Arthor's soul.

There was only silence, and everyone's head lowered as if nature itself had forced them to cower in fear. However, there were only two people who could keep their heads high, Lazarus and Moriganne.

Sanya glanced at those two and turned her cold smile into a soft and gentle one. The fire came back, bringing back the light and pushing away the heavy atmosphere in almost an instant. Everyone could finally breathe and they all took a deep breath while they tried to grab onto the table because their knees became weak.

"But that's in the past, and we all learn our mistakes," Sanya said, crossing her arms and staring at the map. "They have taken an Orthias, and so they'll pay the price... the price that even their lives wouldn't even suffice to pay for what they have done," she added in a cold tone.

Everyone could tell how furious she was, and this battle would be more than a massacre. Suddenly, Aluca and Nior came into the tent to ask about what had happened earlier until they saw Sanya and that cold gaze in her eyes. Arthor nodded, signaling to them that it was all Sanya's doing, and there was nothing to worry about. Aluca and Nior nodded with understanding and left the tent to assure the soldiers.

"Now, just focus on defending the valley. I'll personally check the surrounding area, see if there's any movements," Sanya said as she walked out of the tent with Ena following behind her.

Everyone stood still, staring at the entrance until Sanya completely disappeared from their sights. They turned to look at each other, not knowing what to say or what to do. Monica cleared her throat and decided to point at the valley, trying to bring everyone back to the matter.

"I'll be joining the battle, and can anyone help me where I should be that won't cause a distraction to the soldiers? I know that my presence here is both a blessing and a burden, and I don't want to become a burden," Monica said as she looked everyone in the eyes. "I know that I need protection, and I'm ashamed of being protected. But please, don't let them waste their lives for whatever reason, especially when the reason is to protect me," she added.

Everyone looked at Monica and considered her wish. However, it would be hard when the demons knew that she would be their priority to kill.

"Assign five people you want to become your guardian, Lady Monica," Lazarus said and looked into Monica's eyes.

"I don't need that many, just give me two, someone that you believe can protect my life without having to sacrifice themselves unnecessarily. Someone who knows their worth," Monica answered, staring back at Lazarus with a serious expression.

"Then Aluca and Nior will become your guardians, Lady Monica. Those two fit with your description," Lazarus answered, nodding with understanding. "Arthor, you will lead the Wolffein army and appoint someone you trust to become your right-hand man," he looked at his son and gave him a nod.

Arthor nodded with understanding.

After an hour of full discussion of the plan and strategy, everyone left the tent to go back to their own banners to brief their soldiers. The only ones that stayed in the tent were Lazarus and Monica. There was only silence in the tent, only the background noises of people chattering and walking near the tent.

"You should sit down, elder," Monica looked at Lazarus, who was still staring at the map on the table. "You can't hide your exhaustion anymore, and there's nobody in the tent but us," she added.

Lazarus wanted to argue, but he knew himself better that arguing was pointless. He slowly settled into the chair, his eyes closed and shoulders relaxed. He could easily drift off to sleep, but he didn't have the luxury of resting, not in that way. He suddenly felt cold hands gripping his right hand, and when he opened his eyes, he saw Monica using her divine energy to remove his fatigue.

"If you're telling me to stop, that means you want us to lose this battle," Monica said, her eyes focused on Lazarus' rough hand.

"I'm not saying a word yet, Lady Monica," Lazarus answered with a bit of a smile on his face. "Thank you, this is what I needed right now," he said in a gentle voice.

Monica knew that she had just lifted the exhaustion and fatigue in Lazarus' body. She tried to ease Lazarus' mind with her power, but Lazarus immediately raised his right hand and shook his head.

"I need my mind to be sharp, Lady Monica. I can't let my mind to be at ease at the moment," Lazarus said as he grabbed his sword. "I know that you can see the exhaustion in my head, but that will help me fight in a dire situation because my mind is still there, in the dark and ready," he explained as he unsheathed his sword and stared at his reflection on the blade.

Monica nodded with understanding as she pulled away from Lazarus. Not long after that, Arthor came back, his expression stiffened and his breath heavy.

"Lady Sanya has come back, and she said the demon army will be here soon, father," Arthor said, his voice deep and filled with anxiety.

Lazarus hummed as he slowly got up from his chair and sheathed his sword, tying it around his waist.

"Ready the soldiers, we are marching now," Lazarus said and walked out of the tent.

Chapter 415 - 415: Blue flames.

Lazarus was at the front line with Arthor and the family heads of the banners they represented. It was in the middle of the night and they could barely see anything especially in the thick blizzard. The people of the North were born and raised in this rough environment and it didn't bother them in the slightest. Their eyes slowly adapted to the darkness and the cold, not only that, the two moons began to provide light as if the world had shown its support to them.

Lazarus looked up and noticed how the wind suddenly changed its course toward the valley in front of him. He looked at the first mountain and knew it was Sanya who could manipulate nature that easily. He was grateful to have someone as powerful as her on their side.

"Their numbers are equal to ours," Arthor said in a calm and relaxed voice. "A third of them is taking the first mountain and the other third is taking the second mountain. The rest, they're taking the main road in front of us," he pointed out as he looked at the two mountains on the sides.

"What about the one that commands them? Where are they?" Lazarus asked and looked over his shoulder at the soldiers that were standing in line, their eyes focused on the darkness ahead of them.

"Based on what Lady Sanya said, there are more than three. She wants us to assume there are more of them hiding in plain sight or in the darkness," Arthor answered and looked at his hot breath blocking his vision. "Lady Sanya also said that we just need to focus on our side, and she will handle the rest," he pointed out.

"And we will do as she say," Lazarus nodded with understanding.

Monica was at the far back along with Nior and Aluca, the two Northern White Stars. She looked at their calm and stoic expressions, unbothered by anything. She looked at the Paladins that were positioned near her, knowing that their sole purpose was to protect her.

"Sir Aluca, Lady Nior, do you wish to be at the front with Lord Lazarus and the others?" Monica asked, looking at both of them who stood behind her.

"Yes, My Lady, but we are following orders, and our wishes don't matter at this moment. It's not just us, but everyone here has wishes, but they know better that it doesn't matter. On the battlefield, disobeying one's order and command will cause more casualty than it should. Everyone is pushing aside our desires and wishes in exchange for others' safety," Nior answered and looked Monica in the eyes.

"We will be by your side no matter what, Lady Monica. Our bodies are at your command," Aluca said and nodded in agreement with Nior's words.

"Thank you, and I will send you both to the battle if things are in our absolute favor," Monica said and nodded with understanding.

Lazarus raised his right hand, and everyone went quiet and didn't move a muscle. They could hear the sound of armor moving in unison in the distance. Slowly but surely, they could see an army in the far distance, and they could see how those army moved weirdly like undead.

Lazarus clenched his right fist, and immediately all the archers pulled arrows from the quivers on their backs. They dipped the arrows in the buckets filled with holy water that Monica had blessed the water with her power. They put the arrows on their bows and slowly pulled the string in unison as they pointed the bows upward. Monica clasped her hands, praying to the Gods and hoped it worked.

The moment Lazarus pushed his right hand down, the archers released all the arrows. It should have been impossible for the arrows to reach that far, but thanks to the strong wind that was in their favor, the arrows could reach three times the maximum distance.

The army of undead didn't bother to stop the arrows since they knew that nothing could kill them. However, when the arrows pierced their bodies and skulls, they all screamed in pain as their rotten bodies burned from the inside. The demons failed to recognize that the arrowheads had been dipped in holy water.

The demons immediately created a demonic barrier to prevent the next wave of arrows from killing the army. They realized that the battle was going to be hard, but they had prepared for this and had split the army into three, making it impossible for the humans from stopping them altogether.

On the first mountain, Sanya was listening to the screams of the undead and the sound of arrows whistling in the air. She was playing with the blue flame on her fingers, shaping the flame into a dragon before she suddenly extinguished it when she noticed movements in the distance. She walked toward where the thousands of demons that lurked in the rocky mountain, trying to blend in with the snow and hide in the woods.

Sanya swirled her fingers and slowly the mountain bowed to her will, creating an avalanche from the summit down to where the demons were. She watched the thick snow go down fast, swiping thousands of demons down the mountain. She looked down near the base of the mountain and clenched her fist, pushing up the sharp rocks from the ground. When the undead, the possessed, and the corrupted were free-falling from the height, their bodies were embraced and impaled by the sharp rocks. Their bodies were shredded, ripped, and torn apart by nature, and there was nothing they could do. The bodies were completely destroyed.

The demons that survived tried to get up, but the roots entangled their legs. They were shredded without mercy, cutting their bodies into pieces and thrown away like pieces of trash. The Demon King who led the army was shocked and was unable to do anything, but then the Demon King noticed a powerful presence on the summit and saw those glowing blue eyes and silver hair.

The Demon King didn't expect the Orthias had decided to join hand with the humans. The Demon King was about to retreat, but then got pulled by a strong force until the body hit the cliff and got stuck there. No matter how hard the Demon King tried to overpower the force, the body couldn't move a muscle.

"It's futile..." Sanya said as she floated in front of the Demon King that was pinned against the wall.

The Demon King was about to release a powerful demonic energy, but then its whole body crumpled and crushed by the powerful force until its body turned into a ball. Sanya burned the body with blue flames and killed the Demon and prevented it from resurrecting. She then turned around and looked at the remaining demons and began to coat the whole mountain with an enraging blue flame, killing them all until there was nothing left behind.

The demons and the humans were baffled when they saw the whole mountain was caught in blue flames. It wasn't bright and it blended well with the darkness, but it was petrifying to see. They finally saw the true power of an Orthias, especially what Sanya was capable of. Not long after that, an

avalanche of big boulders of rocks rolled down to the demon army in the valley, forcing the army to separate as the boulders blocked the valley.

"This is our chance, charge!" Lazarus said as he unsheathed his sword and ran toward the demonic army that had been separated in half.

Sanya flew down beyond the speed of sound and landed in the middle of the demonic army. When the demons were about to attack her, the sonic boom came in late and shredded all the demons around her into pieces. The Demon Kings that led the army created hellfire and threw it at her, evaporating the snow in an instant.

The purple flame began to enrage and the demons tried to avoid it because they would get burned to ashes. However, the Demon Kings noticed the flicker in the flame and noticed the hellfire had turned its color to light blue. They were shocked when the hellfire could be overpowered and lost to another flame. The moment the flame dispersed, they saw Sanya standing there, unscathed, unburned by the flame.

"You have no idea what kind of enemy you're facing," Sanya said as she flicked her fingers.

Hundreds of demons' heads exploded in an instant, killing them all, leaving only the three Demon Kings in front of her. Before the Demon Kings could react, roots in the shape of needles appeared from the ground and pierced their bodies while at the same time entangled them. They tried to free themselves, but to their surprise, the roots wouldn't budge.

"If you can lift the whole mountain, maybe you have a chance to free yourself from those roots..." Sanya said with a cold expression.

The Demon Kings used hellfire to burn the roots, but Sanya was waiting for them to use that. When they created hellfire around them and before the fire could burn the roots, Sanya infused her Orthias energy into the hellfire and turned it into a blue flame. The Demon Kings that were supposed to burn the roots, they got burned by the blue flame instead and they died from their own doings as Sanya watched with a cold gaze.

Sanya looked around and saw nothing but dead bodies before she burned everything into ashes. She then glanced at the second mountain with her glowing eyes. She saw Ena standing on the edge of the cliff with a Demon King's head in his left hand.

"Now we wait..." Sanya muttered as she turned around and saw Lazarus and the others fought the remaining demon army that had lost their commanders.

Chapter 416 - 416: The Urion family.

Monica released divine energy and coated everyone's weapon with it. The demons, the undead, and the Corrupted, they all had zero chance of survival, or even to run away. The knights surrounded them and the boulders behind them made it impossible to run easily either.

Lazarus and all the knights began to move in unison, killing the demons, the undead, and the Corrupted simultaneously. It was a massacre, and since their enemy wasn't a human, they had no reason to hold back. They killed the damned, leaving no survivors while Sanya and Ena watched from the top of the boulders.

It was a flawless and complete victory for humankind because there was no casualty, only a few got badly injured. After they collected all the dead bodies of the possessed, the undead, and the Corrupted, Monica cleansed them with divine energy. The undead and the Corrupted's bodies disintegrated as if the bodies weren't supposed to exist in this world anymore.

"What are we going to do with the bodies of the possessed?" Arthor asked as he looked at hundreds of the bodies of the Northern people, the bodies that were taken forcefully and used as vessels for demons.

"Give them a proper burial, that's the only thing that we can do for them. I want to pray for their... souls..." Monica said, but her last few words felt like a jab to her heart.

Everyone knew that souls were taken, devoured by demons. The poor souls that couldn't meet the Gods, to live in the afterlife, the souls that had been devoured completely, lost, became one with the demons that devoured them.

Lazarus gave a nod, and all the soldiers began to dig a mass grave for the dead bodies. It didn't take a while and they all put the bodies in the ground and buried them. They watched Monica stand in front of the mass grave and they all lowered their heads to pay respect to the dead.

"Gods..." Monica muttered as she clenched her fists. "Please find those poor souls, save them, give them peace, give them salvation, give them a place by your side. We have done what we could have done, and we could only pray for their souls and those who have sacrificed themselves to protect the world, the people, the lives you have bestowed upon us. Put them in your heavens, a place where they could watch over us, amen..." She closed her eyes and clasped her hands together.

Suddenly, the heavy blizzard stopped and the bright sunlight pierced through the dark clouds. The light fell to where Monica stood and the mass grave, and everyone was stunned, tears filled their eyes when the Gods seemed to listen to Monica's prayer.

Sanya and Ena looked up at the bright sky as the sunlight bathed Monica and the mass grave. They stared at Monica with a stoic and cold expression because it reminded them of the past. They remembered when that kind of light was a threat to them because the first Saint used her power to bring back the dead when Orthais saw that light.

"We can't leave the bodies like that," Sanya said as she walked toward Monica. "You wanted to respect the dead, and you have done that. But leaving perfect bodies like that, the demons will turn them into undead. I'll burn the bodies for you if you can't do it yourself," she offered as she stood behind Monica.

Monica looked at the mass grave for a moment, she didn't say a word until she gave a nod. She knew that Sanya was right, and that it would be best to respect the dead by not letting the demons take the bodies and burn them.

After Monica finished her prayer, everyone left the valley, looking back at the blue flames that burned the mass grave. The news of the flawless and complete victory soon would bring hope and strength to Northerners. However, they knew that it was far from over because deep down, they felt like something was amiss.

Once Monica, Sanya, and Ena came back to Sancticus territory, Monica noticed the dozens of wagons outside the city wall. She looked at the banner, and she knew that emblem, a Garuda with its heterochromia eyes, one blue and one green. That banner belonged to the famous trading company, the Urion family.

"How did they get here? They're far from home..." Monica muttered to herself, her brows furrowed as she entered the city.

Sanya and Ena could see the hundreds and even thousands of weapons and armor in total inside those wagons. They could see that those equipment were high-quality goods even for Orthias standard.

When they arrived at the Monastery, Monica got down from her horse and hurriedly walked into the temple. Maximilian was there, sitting on the bench, praying. Maximilian noticed a presence entering the temple, and when he saw Monica, he was shocked to see her back so quickly.

"You're back already, Monica? How was it?" Maximilian asked with a worried expression.

"The battle is already over and there was no casualty thanks to Lady Sanya and Lord Ena," Monica answered as she looked around. "Where's my mother and aunt Eveline?" She asked and looked at Maximilian. "I saw the Urion's wagons outside the city..."

Maximilian sighed in relief when he found out that the battle was already over and nobody had died. He then nodded and pointed at the door where it led to Moriganne's office.

"Her Holiness and Lady Eveline are in the office, and they're currently talking with a guest, and as you said, it's from the Urion family," Maximilian answered.

Monica immediately went to Moriganne's office and saw a young man with black silky smooth hair, wearing a high-quality white fur coat and black leather gloves. The man glanced at Monica and slowly rose from the couch to greet her by bowing his head.

"Monica, you're back..." Moriganne stood up and hurriedly walked toward Monica, who stood at the door. "How was the battle?" She asked as she looked at Monica thoroughly, checking if there was any wound on her daughter.

"I'm fine, mother. It was a complete and flawless victory thanks to Lady Sanya and Lord Ena. Nobody died, and they killed all the Demon Kings rank demons, they both killed the whole army," Monica answered, her gaze still focused on the man behind Moriganne. "Who's he, mother?" She asked.

Moriganne moved to the side and guided Monica to the couch.

"This is Young Master Imane Urion, he came here to help us with our situation," Moriganne answered as she sat down beside Monica.

"Help us?" Monica furrowed her brows, staring into Imane's Heterochromia eyes. "Isn't the situation in the East is as bad as ours here? Why are they coming all the way here to help us? What is it that they want from us?" She asked bluntly.

"We just asked that question to him, Monica, and we were about to hear his explanation, so join us and listen to what he has to say," Eveline said and gestured to Imane to sit down.

Imane cleared his throat as he sat down and looked at the three of them. There was no anxiety, no fear, not even a slightrness of nervousness in his eyes.

"The reason why I came here and become the representative for the Urion family and the Eastern continent is because we are asking for help," Imane answered, his voice calm and gentle. "I know that the East isn't fond of religions, both from the Angelis family and the Sancticus family, but we know better that the situation in my homeland, it's worse because nothing can stop the demons without divine power," Imane explained.

"You might have heard about what happened to the Angelis family, about the dark truth behind their Sainthood. The Urion family can't ask them, not after what they have revealed. So, with that being said, the only Saint family that we believe to be the real one is the Sancticus family. That's why, we came here to ask for help," Imane continued. The way he spoke and brought himself up, he looked so dignified.

Moriganne, Monica, and Eveline listened to Imane's explanation, but none of them bought his words. They believed there was another motive behind this, and they wanted to know everything. After all, the Urion family was well-known for being greedy and cunning.

"I know what all of you think, and I understand that you're wary of this. But I can promise you, I can swear on my life that we are desperate and we don't want anything but to ask for help," Imane said with a serious expression.

Monica and Eveline looked at Moriganne since she was the one who could see if someone had bad intentions or not. Moriganne looked at the aura around Imane and didn't find any malicious around his head.

"Even if you're telling the truth, the North is currently facing a far worse threat. We can't help anyone at the moment," Moriganne said as she shook her head.

"We understand that, and we are willing to wait no matter how long it will take," Imane answered without hesitation. "We are desperate, Your Holiness. We need assurance, a fact that we have the Sancticus support, and that alone is enough to know that a Saint is backing us up," he pointed out.

Moriganne, Monica, and Eveline could see the desperation in Imane's words and expressions.

"We will consider your proposal, Lord Imane," Moriganne said as she nodded with understanding.

"Thank you, Your Holiness. That alone is enough to assure the whole East continent," Imane said with a serious expression. "I can't waste of your time anymore, and so I will take my leave," he said as he got up and fixed his fur coat.

"What about those wagons, Lord Imane? We are still considering this, and we aren't yet agreed to help you," Moriganne asked, looking up at Imane who was ready to leave.

"They're not bargain items, Your Holiness. Those are meant as a gift from the Urion family," Imane smiled softly as he bowed his head. "I will take my leave, Your Holiness, Lady Monica, Lady Eveline," he said and then left the room.

"Looks like they're really desperate for help," Eveline said as she took a sip of her tea. "I'm surprised that you're considering to help them," she looked at Moriganne.

"The Eastern continent has been an ally of ours for a very long time. The fact that Lord Imane didn't mention that, he was being respectful, considerate, and not demanding. He also didn't have any malicious intent, so I believed that giving it a consideration, they deserve it," Moriganne answered as she looked at Monica and noticed how her daughter was deep in thoughts.

Chapter 417 - 417: Loyal servants.

Satan sat on the throne with her cheek rested on her fist, knowing the army had been completely obliterated. The Prime Lords stood there on the sides, staring at each other when they saw the changes in their master's expression.

"They have decided to join hand, the humans and the Orthias," Satan said with a smirk on her face. "Now this is what we have been waiting for," she giggled eerily as the whole building trembled.

"Master, we have lost so many Demon Kings and Demon Lords. They can be easily resurrected, but for them to regain their powers, it will take a while or too many souls to feed them. We also lost one of us, permanently..." A Prime Lord said, looking at Satan who seemed to be thrilled by the current situation.

Satan jumped down from the throne and walked down the stairs. The Prime Lords followed her without having to be told to do so. She suddenly stopped walking and turned around to look at the Prime Lords with her blood red eyes. A red lips with a wide grin from ear to ear and the flawless snow white skin made the Prime Lords tremble in fear.

"You think He would let His own creations die by the hand of mortals? We are the damned! We won't die and no matter what, we will come back to life as we are going to be punished eternally at the end of time. Do you think He would let us die and be free from divine judgement?" Satan asked with her eyes wide open and her pupils shrunk like a cat's eyes. "We are immortal, we are eternal!" She laughed frantically, the ground, the trees, and the sky trembled because of her laughter.

Ermaine squirmed in fear, but suddenly all the Prime Lords surrounded her and placed their hands on her shoulders. They were protecting a mere human from their master's power.

Satan slowly lifted her head and stared at the night sky. There was no sound or noise at all, it was a deafening silence for almost a minute. Her hand reached out to the sky, her palm trying to cover one of the moons.

"How many Corrupted that we have found?" Satan asked, and she glanced at the Prime Lords that were protecting Ermaine.

"15 millions, and we are barely covering a third of the area beyond the Blackcliffs, Master. We already sent a few millions out of the Blackcliffs, to the North continent," a Prime Lord answered.

Satan grinned widely as she pulled her hand down to her side.

"Bring all of them to me, now," Satan said, her voice changing into a deep demonic growl.

Without giving the command a thought, all the Prime Lords pushed their wings from their backs, ripping off the robes they were wearing. They flew away without making any noise, leaving Ermaine alone with Satan outside the temple.

Satan walked toward Ermaine, and Ermaine immediately went down to her knees to be on the same height as Satan. Satan cupped Ermaine's cheeks with her tiny hands, her hands colder than any ice. Ermaine felt a chill all over her body, but she had grown accustomed to it.

"It's time for you to gain more power, my child. It's time for you to become a perfect being that even He couldn't create..." Satan giggled mischievously as she stared into Ermaine's red eyes.

"Yes, mother..." Ermaine closed her eyes, finding comfort from Satan's touch.

Satan closed her eyes and teleported both of them to an open space. Ermaine looked around and noticed the ground was flat and not soil. It was so spacious that they felt like ants in a basketball courtyard. She noticed that the floor was made of black stone. The spacious space could fit millions of people.

Five massive portals appeared around them, the Prime Lords came out of those portals along with the Corrupted. The spacious land became too crowded because of the Corrupted in just a matter of minutes.

Ermaine and the Prime Lords wondered what Satan was planning to do with that many Corrupted. When Satan snapped her fingers, all the Corrupted collapsed, lifeless. Then suddenly the ground trembled and cracked open, revealing the bright red light from underneath along with the screams of pain.

All the corpses fell into the cracks, and the Prime Lords found out that Satan was opening the gate to hell. Satan had just sacrificed 15 million Corrupted to open the gate of hell.

"You don't have to wait for me, I'll be down there for quite a while," Satan looked over her shoulder at the Prime Lords and Ermaine. "Or you can stay. Do whatever you want to do," she turned around with a huge grin on her face as she fell to the crack behind her.

Satan landed on a small island surrounded by a sea of puss with an unbeatable pungent smell. She inhaled deeply before she sighed deeply as she glanced at the countless souls that tried to drink the puss to satiate their thirst that actually only made it a thousand times worse since it was the only source of water that they could drink.

"How long has it been since I went down here," Satan chuckled mischievously as she looked at the volcanoes that kept erupting every minute.

Satan flew as high as she could, watching billions of souls being tortured. She couldn't help but laugh as they were all the souls that fell for her temptations. She was responsible for all the souls that were brought to hell, and she couldn't help but feel proud of herself.

She landed in an open space with pillars that were chained together to the ground. She looked up at the whirlpool of black clouds, faintly listening to the judgment by the angels on all the souls.

"GOD!" Satan shouted toward the whirlpool of clouds with her glaring eyes.

The divine judgment and the voice of the angels suddenly stopped. There was only silence, and Satan was laughing as she covered her mouth with her hand.

"I know you're listening! I have been nothing but to be your loyal servant! Your accuser! Your tester!" Satan shouted as she kept her gaze on the whirlpool above her. "The demons, the fallen, and those that

are supposed to be living for eternity, they all have been killed, cease to exist!" She spread her arms widely.

There was only silence after the echoes of Satan's words.

"I want you to bring them all back! I want them to be resurrected!" Satan demanded as she pointed her finger at the whirlpool. "You're not thinking that you're going to let them go so easily, right? They're supposed to live for eternity, to be punished, to be reminded of what they have done! So bring them all back to life, or we will choose to die by those who killed them. To be given a chance to die forever, we are so tempted to just let ourselves lose for that," she giggled with a huge grin on her face.

"You don't want to lose your bet with him, right? So give me back my army!" Satan shouted her lungs out.

There was only silence after Satan spoke those long words. She slowly turned around, waiting for anything, but there was nothing. However, suddenly the whole hell trembled and demons crawled out of the ground around her. One by one, from the weakest to the strongest rank demons came out of the ground, all of the demons that were killed, they all came back to life.

The Prime Lord that Rullein devoured came back to life and went to Satan's side, kneeling and lowering its head. Millions of demons surrounded Satan, and they all kneeled before her.

"Hmm, but something is missing," Satan smirked as she looked up at the whirlpool of clouds above her. "Would you listen to my request, God? Just a tiny favor..." She grinned, her blood red eyes glowed and glared at something beyond the whirlpool.

Ermaine and the Prime Lords were still waiting for Satan's return, and it had been hours since Satan had gone down to Hell. They were worried that Satan might get imprisoned in Hell, after all, Satan wasn't supposed to be in Hell since she was forbidden to go down there by God's rule.

Suddenly the sky turned red and plunged to the ground, pushing all the Primal Lords down to their bellies including Ermaine. They felt like they were being crushed and when they were about to get completely crushed, the sky ascended and they finally could get back up. That was when they saw Satan standing on the edge of the crack with millions of demons crawling out of the crack. They were

surprised, their eyes glowed bright red and wide open when they saw the Prime Lord that Rullein had killed had been resurrected.

"Master!" All the Prime Lords kneeled, couldn't hide their joy.

"What? You think this is all I got from bargaining with Him?" Satan smirked as she snapped her fingers.

A whirlpool appeared in the sky and hundreds of figures descended from the whirlpool with angelic or demonic wings, landed behind Satan. They were all Fallen Watchers, the fallen angels, the whole army that got banished from heaven.

"Greet your brethrens!" Satan giggled mischievously.

All the Prime Lords were in disbelief when they saw their brothers and sisters.

"Now, let's gather up and create a plan," Satan clapped her hands and the cracks on the ground were slowly closing in, closing the gate to hell.

Chapter 418 - 418: Mausoleum.

Satan walked up the stairs where colossal stone double doors stood tall, carved from the cliff wall. The doors were closed shut, and it would be impossible for humans to open it. Satan, in her small child appearance stood in front of it and used her index finger to push one of the doors open. She did it effortlessly as the cliff wall trembled by the sheer size and friction from the colossal door when it moved.

She looked around at the massive and tall pillars that were almost a hundred meters tall. The place looked like a cave, but it was actually a spacious tunnel that could easily fit a hundred thousand people inside.

"They died from starvation..." Ermaine looked around at thousands of skeletons scattered on the floor. "They couldn't leave, they were stuck in here..." she revealed.

"Hmm, looks like you have mastered your power, my child," Satan smiled as she kept looking at the front with Ermaine and hundreds of Prime Lords following her from behind.

"Yes, mother. I began to understand the power you gave me and how to use it," Ermaine nodded her head, looking around at the thin cloud above the skeletons.

One of Ermaine's abilities was to see through the mist above all living beings' heads. The cloud was called the Mind's Fragments where it stored the most memorable events of someone's life. If Ermaine focused on those clouds, she could watch the memories of that living being.

"This place is a sanctuary? A shrine? Mausoleum?" Ermaine furrowed her brows, unsure what kind of place this was based on the memories of the dead.

Satan chuckled softly as she saw the end of the big tunnel after walking for a few minutes. She was intrigued to see what this place was since this place was discovered not too long ago by one of the Prime Lords.

As soon as they walked out of the tunnel, the sunlight hit their skins and began to burn them. The sound of sizzling skin filled the silence, but none of them were bothered by it, it was quite the opposite. They were in disbelief that a place like this existed where it was thick with divine power and even the sun that reached this place produced divine energy.

"Heaven in a mortal world? What a sick joke..." Satan stared at the sun, her eyes glowed red as the dark clouds formed in the sky and blocked the sun. "But the most sickening part is that statue. They're trying to depict an Angel? Michael nonetheless..." She scoffed as she stared at the statue of a muscular and toned hairless man, wearing cloth that wrapped his feet up to his waist and half of his torso, with six hands that each hand held a scale or a sword.

Satan looked at the engravings written on the walls of the entrance to the Mausoleum. The language of God, the language that only higher beings like angels and demons use in the presence of God. She couldn't believe that mortals learned and spoke of God's tongue.

Ermaine stared at the colossal statue and the skeletons that kneeled in front of it. She could see the memories of where hundreds of thousands of people filled the tunnel and all the way to the statue. She could see humans bowing and worshiping the statue.

"They were worshiping that statue, they called him The Incarnation..." Ermaine said, her eyes couldn't stop staring at the magnificent statue that emitted a unique and intense divine energy. "God's incarnation or... The Lord..." She muttered with her brows furrowed, finding it disturbing when she saw the offering ceremony where they killed demonic babies.

Satan approached the statue, glaring up at it with a huge grin on her face. She finally understood what was going on in this world, history, and God's plans. She could read them like an open book, and it gave her immense thrills.

"Archangels bastards..." Satan muttered with a huge smile on her face. "My child, come and take the power away from the statue, make it yours," she ordered, her gaze and expression cold when she stared at the eyes of the statue.

"Yes, mother..." Ermaine walked up the stairs and stood in front of the statue.

Ermaine took a deep breath before she reached the foot of the statue where the toe was half of her height. The moment she placed her hand on the statue, she screamed her lungs out, her eyes glowed bright yellow. She felt every nerve in her body was being twisted and pulled apart slowly.

Satan scoffed as she walked up the stairs and stood behind Ermaine. She placed her hand on top of Ermaine's head as she stared at the sky with a smug face.

"Come and try to possess her! I'll kill all of you lowly angels the moment you enter this mortal world!" Satan shouted, her voice echoed throughout the sky like a fierce rumbling of thunder.

All the Prime Lords looked at the sky and they were ready to eliminate those angels if they dared to possess Ermaine's body. However, the angels knew what was best for them and chose to stay away from the mortal world and Ermaine.

Satan turned her head to look at Ermaine, who was still screaming in pain. She took the divine energy that had entered Ermaine's body to her body. She took it like it was nothing and slowly transferred it back to Ermaine's body so it would be less painful for Ermaine.

After what it felt like eternity, Ermaine absorbed all the power from the statue. She collapsed and was unable to move a muscle with stinging numbness all over her body. Satan looked down at her and then looked at her own tiny hands before she turned around and flicked her hand.

A massive portal appeared in the sky and millions of demons that Satan had brought from hell fell to the spacious terrace. They wondered why they were being summoned by Satan, but when they looked at her glowing red eyes, they knew what would happen to them. They knelt in front of Satan and lowered their heads as their bodies began to disintegrate and disappeared into thin air without leaving any trace.

Satan absorbed their existence completely right after they got resurrected by God. Satan smiled softly as she tilted her head, stretching her neck with her eyes closed. She hummed, feeling the power that surged through her body, giving back almost half of her power. Dark purple and red energy were sipping out of her body. The energy slowly wrapped around her body like a cocoon. The moment the energy burst, Satan was no longer in her small child appearance, she had become a stunning woman with long straight black middle parted hair. Her hair reached the ground and her black overflowing gown.

"Hmm, not bad..." Satan muttered to herself before she turned around and looked at Ermaine.

Satan carefully carried Ermaine in her arms, cradling her like a powerless baby. She glanced at the entrance into the Mausoleum behind the statue of Michael. She decided to walk in with her graceful and dignified appearance and presence with the Prime Lords following them from behind.

"This place reeks of Divine power, this scent is truly Michael's," Satan muttered as she looked around at the mausoleum where hundreds of broken stone coffins were. "They really ate them all, not even a single bone left..." she muttered as she looked at the spacious and dark mausoleum.

"Humans are greedy. They ate every single one of them, the dead bodies of the Zevrathi's," a Prime Lord said and looked at the destroyed coffins, knowing exactly what had happened there by reading through the memories of the mausoleum.

"This Zevrathi family, how far do we know about them?" Satan asked, staring at the biggest stone coffin that was said to be the grave of the first Saint.

"Based on Kiel's information, we only know a little about them. We tried to find out more about them and their location, but we couldn't find an clue of their whereabouts," a Prime Lord answered. "They're harder to find than we expected, and no matter how hard we tried to find them, it felt like they didn't exist, like a myth," he added.

"What an interesting case..." Satan carefully placed Ermaine in the stone coffin carefully. "So what are they? They worshiped God? Michael? Or us demons? Their history is quite a complicated one since their followers are still doing rituals and offerings for Michael while they also associate with demons, saying that The Lord is the one who dictated everything," she brushed off the strands of hair on Ermaine's forehead.

"The Lord is supposed to be Michael, Master. If that's the truth, then he's here? In the mortal world?" The Prime Lord asked.

"Wouldn't that be interesting? After all, God always has a plan to make sure everything goes according to His will..." Satan chuckled. "That's not our concern. Our plan is to feast on the Orthias now that they have finally joined hand with the humans," she muttered as she watched Ermaine slowly open her eyes. "I'll personally lead the army now..." she smirked as she caressed Ermaine's forehead.

Chapter 419 - 419: Example.

Aris sat on the bench in the garden of the Holy Nation with Yur sitting on her lap. Aris hugged Yur so tightly as she stared at the distance with a blank gaze. Yur wanted to break the silence, but Yur couldn't find a topic to talk about.

"Lady Aris? Are you okay?" Yur looked up at Aris with a frown on Yur's face.

Aris didn't answer, she kept staring at the distance and didn't move a muscle. Yur was getting worried and slowly grabbed Aris' arms around Yur's tiny body. Aris blinked and slowly looked down at Yur, looking at the worried expression on Yur's face.

"Are we not done here? Should we go back to Rasmus?" Yur asked, holding Aris' arms with Yur's tiny hands.

"No..." Aris muttered, shaking her head and staring into Yur's eyes. "I don't want to go yet. I haven't found the answer I'm looking for," she added as she looked at the distance again at the city.

"It's almost two weeks since we came here. Lady Aris, you already met with your predecessor too. It wasn't enough?" Yur asked as Yur looked at Aris' arms around Yur's body.

"I don't know..." Aris muttered, shaking her head as she blinked slowly.

(12 days ago)

Aris stared at the Dragon's Breath in her right hand in her chamber. She had been staring at it for hours without blinking her eyes. She couldn't decide whether to go in there and meet her predecessor or not. She had been dwelling on her existence for more than a week and she still couldn't find an answer.

A knock on the door snapped Aris back to reality, pushing all the thoughts away. She could feel and smell Serena's presence behind the door.

"Come in," Aris said as she stored the Dragon's Breath in her spatial ring.

Serena walked in and saw Aris sitting on the edge of the bed, noticing the trouble in Aris' eyes. Serena smiled as she closed the door behind her and then walked toward Aris, sitting beside her.

"I have seen those eyes before, many times. You're lost," Serena stared into Aris' eyes with a soft smile on her face.

Aris furrowed her brows, disturbed by the fact Serena could see her expression and emotion within her. She was disturbed by the fact she was making such expressions, wondering if she had slowly turned into an emotional being. She hated it, but she couldn't get rid of it, making her deeply frustrated.

"You're questioning something dangerous, aren't you? I know because I was like that before," Serena muttered, staring at the spot on the wall in front of her. "Asking about my purpose, about what I truly am beyond flesh and bones..." She exhaled deeply.

Aris stared into Serena's eyes and she could see it, the resonating emotions between them. She could see that Serena was telling the truth, and how disturbed Serena was when she spoke about that matter.

"Do you want to hear my story, Aris? This story will either give you an answer you're looking for, or..." Serena paused to look into Aris' eyes. "Or it will make you feel a lot worse, something like your existence is meaningless..." She pointed out.

Aris' expression was unreadable, cold and stoic, unbothered by the warning. She nodded, wanting to hear Serena's story, not the Saint, but the soul that Videl had brought from Hell.

Serena revealed who she was, the first human woman that served to become the wife of the first man that God created. She revealed her name, Lilith to Aris, and told Aris about her disobedient deed. She told her story, her whole existence that was used as an example for humankind, a woman who disobeyed God's words, to be severely punished.

Aris listened to the whole story without making any expression, making it impossible for Serena to read Aris' thoughts. Aris found out about the punishment and the torture that Lilith had been through, to be called as the Mother of Demons, birthing hundreds of thousands of demons during her punishment.

"Do you know what they said? The Angels when they brought me to Hell?" Serena looked at Aris with a gentle gaze. "They said it was my choice, my fault, and God only punished me for what I had done," she chuckled as she looked at the ceiling.

"Of course I accepted that it was my fault, but I didn't accept that it was my choice. It was just a stage, an example that God placed upon me for humankind. God always used an example, to make His creation to obey and to understand. There wasn't a single rule or command that God made without an example of consequence," Serena closed her eyes, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Let's say that I didn't do it, didn't disobey God's words back in heaven. Do you think humankind would fear the consequences of disobedience without an example?" Serena opened her eyes, glancing at Aris. "If it wasn't me, one way or another God would choose a woman to become an example, to receive a punishment for disobedience. That woman would be destined to be punished, and unfortunately, that woman was me..." She chuckled, a smile that didn't reach her eyes.

Serena took a shaky breath before she exhaled deeply as she looked down at her lap and her palms. Her eyes showed the pain, exhaustion, and rage that had been burning within her.

"There are countless figures like me, used as examples for disobedience. There's no point of obedience without examples of consequences of disobedience. Goodness is meaningless without evil because if there's no line to separate them, there will be no good or evil," Serena said, staring into Aris' eyes.

"God gave everyone free will. For someone like me, that free will is designed to make me fall, to become an example. My existence, I'm just an example, one of the many so all living beings know what's good and what's evil. That's the truth of my life," Serena smiled softly at Aris.

Aris' thoughts began to consume her from listening to Serena's story. She could see herself in Serena's position, about her being an Aristoria, a being that seemed to have no free will, pre-destined where all paths seemed to end on the same finish line.

"Good can't exist without evil, therefore evil must exist. If evil must exist, then someone must become it... to become evil," Serena said with a cold gaze pointed at Aris. "Now you can question your existence, Aris. Why an Orthias has to become an Aristoria? What for? What happen if no Aristoria exist?" She asked, tilting her head slightly.

The question seemed to get overwritten by all the questions that had been bothering Aris. Serena's question was profound, the lock that bound all the chains together. The answer would be the key to unlock the lock, making all the chains fall simultaneously.

"It seems your mind has cleared up a bit," Serena smiled as she stood up from the bed. "I'm glad that my story didn't make you feel hopeless and pointless. So, I'll leave you be..." She said as she walked toward the door.

"Ah, I almost forgot the most important part..." Serena paused and turned around to look at Aris. "The keyhole on the lock, it can accept any kind and shape of keys. All keys are the right key, but the one you choose and use to unlock it, it will be your truth," she smiled gently at Aris before she turned around and opened the door.

Aris felt the heaviness on her shoulders and head slowly being lifted.

"Thank you, Lilith," Aris said, staring at Serena with a soft gaze.

"Although we don't know each other really well, you have changed in a good way," Serena chuckled softly as she walked out of the room. "You're very welcome, Aris, good night," she said in a gentle voice before she closed the door and left.

Aris took a deep breath, feeling the silence slowly taking over the room. She pulled out the Dragon's Breath from the spatial ring and stared at it for a moment before she nodded her head and entered the Void Realm to meet with Aristoria.

When Aris entered the void realm, she found the True Dragon lying on the ground with its chin rested on the mountain's summit. The True Dragon glanced at her with its glowing bright blue eyes, but this time it didn't show any hostility toward her. She knew that the True Dragon was being docile not because it knew her, but it was because Aristoria who had tamed the True Dragon and was sitting on its head and leaning against its horn.

Aristoria stared at Aris for a second before she decided to jump down from the mountain and land in front of Aris without making a sound. She gave Aris a soft smile before she spoke to her successor.

"I knew you would come back this soon," Aristoria said, standing in front of Aris. "Tell me, what do you want to ask me?" Her smile softened.

Chapter 420 - 420: Influenced.

"What do you want from me? What kind of plan do you have prepared for me? And tell me if I'm myself and not you," Aris stared into Aristoria's eyes with a cold gaze, her eyes beginning to glow.

Aristoria could see the Orthias energy in Aris that was familiar, oddly familiar. She nodded with understanding as she turned around and used a glance to tell Aris to follow her.

Aris stayed still, not wanting to follow Aristoria because there was no reason for them to speak in private since they were in a void realm. Aristoria glanced at Aris for the second time, still not following her.

"You want answers, and I'm planning to give you answers. Don't make me change my mind, Aris," Aristoria said, her voice turning a bit colder. "I lose nothing but you'll lose everything. Think about it carefully," she warned before she continued to walk.

Aris narrowed her eyes and decided to follow Aristoria. She didn't expect Aristoria to say something like that, but that was enough to say that Aristoria had ulterior motives, plans for Aris. Aris furrowed her brows, staring at the back of Aristoria's head, realizing that Aristoria was planning to climb the mountain.

"I don't have time for this," Aris said.

"Time? We are in the void realm, time and space, don't you remember? A day in real world is like a year here, so don't you worry about time," Aristoria answered as she began to climb the mountain.

Aris knew that, and that made her wonder about Aristoria because Aristoria had been summoned to this void realm. It had been months since Aris and Rasmus saw her in this realm. With that being said, Aristoria had been stuck in this realm for at least a hundred years.

The issue was the fact the True Dragon was tamed by Aristoria when the True Dragon should have been capable of killing her. Back then, Aristoria was on par with the True Dragon because she borrowed the Dragon's Blood in Rasmus' body.

Aris wondered how Aristoria managed to tame the True Dragon, and what kind of information Aristoria had from the True Dragon. Aris knew that the True Dragon should know about what had happened in the past, about the being that had massacred all the True Dragons.

When they reached the summit, the True Dragon stared at Aris, its eyes seeing through her body and the energy inside her. Aris stared back at the True Dragon's eyes that were bigger than a single mansion. She didn't know why, but she felt a connection with the True Dragon and could understand its thoughts. However, she pushed that thought away because she didn't want to become a True Dragon, and that was something she didn't want to change.

Aristoria approached the True Dragon's mouth where its fangs were three times her size. She turned the rocks around her into a throne with a mere flick of her fingers. She sat down and created another throne in front of her for Aris.

"So? Which one do you want to know first?" Aristoria asked as she watched Aris sit in front of her.

"I want you to tell me everything, without lies and not hiding even a single detail," Aris answered as she stared into Aristoria's eyes. "First, I want to know what exactly your plan is for me, for Rasmus, and Rullein?" She asked with a stoic expression.

Aristoria raised her brows, surprised when Aris found out about Rullein.

"You met her already... I'm glad that she's still around, and now she's following my child," Aristoria said and couldn't hide the smile of joy and relief. Aristoria cleared her throat, slowly regaining her composure but she couldn't stop smiling. "For the plan, I think you already know what it is, and that's to prepare the three of you to fight the being that once put an extinction to a powerful race," she answered.

"Do you even know what kind of being that you're talking about? The being that massacred all the True Dragon," Aris asked, resting her arms on the armrests.

"Perhaps," Aristoria answered ambiguously as she stared into Aris' eyes.

"Perhaps? Didn't I say that you shouldn't hide a single detail? Or should I remind you that I'm not playing around here, Aristoria. If I want to, I can kill Rasmus just to waste everything you have prepared," Aris said with a serious expression.

"Kill him? Go ahead, do it," Aristoria said as she leaned back, challenging Aris by staring back right into Aris' eyes. "Nobody is stopping you from doing so, and I know for sure you won't do it because you can't. Why? Because you're me, Aris, you're not yourself entirely," she revealed with a serious expression.

Aris was expecting that kind of answer about who she was, but hearing it directly from her predecessor, she felt devastated.

"You know that too, the fact you're intrigued by him, finding comfort in following him, and to get attached to him more than you should. Why do you think that you have that kind of drive to stay by his

side? Is it curiosity that you believed in?" Aristoria asked as she rested her chin on her fist. "There's a reason why you're following the same path as mine, walking away from my own people," she added.

"So it was all because of you? You influence every decision I make?" Aris asked with her brows furrowed.

"In short yes," Aristoria answered with a smile on her face. "Everything that you do, feel, and think about, they're influenced by me. It's similar to putting blood in the water. My existence is like the blood while your mind and body are the water. No matter what and no matter how many successors, the blood will run in the water," she explained as she crossed her legs.

"Is it because of the Dragon Blood that you consumed back then? Is that why you're capable of influencing the mind of your successors?" Aris asked with her eyes narrowed.

"Yes, that's correct," Aristoria nodded her head. "But let's go back to your question about the being that put the True Dragons into extinction. You're wondering if I knew about the being's existence or not, and the answer is I'm not if I understand what they are. It's something beyond my comprehension, my understanding even..." she answered as she looked at the True Dragon beside her.

"I don't think you'll know what they are, but I do," Aris said as she looked at the True Dragon.

The moment Aris said that, both Aristoria and the True Dragon stared at her with a surprised look. Aris didn't expect that the True Dragon would listen to her words, but knowing that it did, it seemed that the True Dragon also wanted to know what kind of being that was able to kill even hundreds of True Dragons.

"But I'm not sure if they're indeed the ones who do it or not, but right now there are so many powerful beings that might be able to kill True Dragons. They have descended to the world of mortals, to Neva," Aris pointed out as she furrowed her brows.

"What kind of beings?" Aristoria asked with her brows raised. "I was thinking of not telling you everything, Aris. However, now that you hold useful information, how about I'll tell you everything, but in exchange, I want to know everything that you know," she offered.

Aris clenched her fists when she found out that Aristoria was planning to hide something from her from the beginning. She couldn't trust her, and that made her realize what Rasmus had said to her. Trust could be said to be allowing oneself to be fooled in a way.

"You want to know everything when you're basically me? Shouldn't you be able to know what I know?" Aris furrowed her brows.

"No... not yet," Aristoria shook her head with a stoic expression.

That answer disturbed Aris because that answer could imply that one day Aristoria would take over the body. The more that she thought about it and the possibility of her losing control of her body, becoming one as Aristoria, it scared her. The more she looked at Aristoria from Rasmus's perspective, the less she wanted to talk to her.

"Do we have a deal?" Aristoria asked, tilting her head.

Aris stared into Aristoria's eyes and knew what she should do. She would hide half of the truth, just like Aristoria was planning to do in the first place.

"Yes, we have a deal," Aris nodded.

"So? What did you find? What makes you believe the being that put the True Dragons into extinction is the one you know about?" Aristoria asked, slowly fixing her sitting position as she sat straight.

"Because I have seen it," Aris answered. "The place where the demons came from, the world beyond ours, the world where they can observe us. A world where we are nothing but a piece on the chessboard," she answered ambiguously.

Aristoria narrowed her eyes, realizing that Aris was mirroring her, using an ambiguous answer to make her equal.

"I see, that's interesting. Tell me more..." Aristoria smiled as she leaned forward and stared into Aris' eyes.

