

Evil 44

Chapter 44 - 44: Ancient Race, Orthias.

"Magic formation can act as a fail-safe method or as a preset like magic scrolls..." Rasmus muttered as he read the book. "The question would be, how could I make a magic formation that only I can understand," he crossed his legs as he leaned back against the backrest. "Runes... I need to learn how to read and understand them," he pointed out as he looked at the combination of runes in a single magic formation.

He wanted to focus on one thing at a time but couldn't stop glancing at the black book beside him. The book would answer all his questions about his late mother and the Orthias race.

"Magic formation can wait..." Rasmus put down the red book and grabbed the black book.

The book looked old and the cover's edges had decayed with time, barely hanging on to the rest of the book. He carefully opened the book and the first thing he read was the name of the author who made the book.

"An End of a Saga by EB... Those must be initials of the author's name," Rasmus muttered to himself.

He flipped to the first page and it began with a gruesome illustration, a drawing of countless bodies in a pit with hundreds of people circling it. In that drawing, some figures were different from the rest where they wore crowns and held scepters.

"Those who defy our Gods are evil..." Rasmus looked at the quotes below the drawing. That message was simple, but because of the drawing, he felt a little bit disturbed.

He read the second page and the author began the paragraph with a simple yet deep question, "Why?". The author began to explain what happened in the drawing and who the people were.

Orthias, an ancient race that had roamed this world long before humans, thousands of years before humans existed. They called themselves the protectors of this world and found humans as pests. They had observed many living beings that came to Neva before humans and they had erased them all from existence because of their tendency to destroy the world.

Many speculated that Orthias had roamed Neva alongside dragons, celestial creatures that shaped the world with their powers. Dragons had long gone, leaving remnants of their existence, wyverns, and other creatures that resembled them.

The author stated that humans weren't born but rather came down to this world. It wasn't the author's words but rather an Orthias that they befriended who told them. A mysterious pair of humans came down and Orthias took care of them and taught them how to survive.

Hundreds of years had passed since the first two humans came and the Orthias had been observing them ever since. Humans grew rapidly and for Orthias the growth of humans was similar to animals in their eyes, fast and uncontrollable. They watched as humans began to destroy nature for their own benefit, conflict among themselves, and kill each other.

Orthias believed that humans were animals, savages that couldn't control their desires. They could erase humankind just like they did to the previous beings that came to Neva, but they didn't. The only reason they didn't do it was because not all humans were savages, their intelligence, and lastly their ability to control Mana, just like them.

As humankind grew rapidly, inventions were made and they began to question the world of who they were and why they existed. They asked Orthias about themselves and how they existed. The Orthias didn't know the answer because they never thought about it.

One day the first Saint was born to Neva with her ability to heal the wounded, speak to the dead, bring the dead to life, and finally hear a voice. Gods were introduced by the Saints, providing guidance, miracles, and blessings to those who followed.

Orthias thought that humankind was no longer animals because of religion, but they were wrong. Eventually, more and more Saints were born, introducing different Gods. Conflicts arose, and humans began to kill each other because of their beliefs. They used religions as excuses to kill each other and greed never left their nature. Kings were born, nations were made, and death was everywhere.

It was too late for Orthias to eliminate humankind because humans outmatched their numbers. The moment they killed a few humans, was when the Saints categorized the Orthias as Heathens. The magic that they taught was used against them, killing them one by one. They were hunted, killed, and things that were worse than death.

Thousands of Orthias were killed, collected by the believers, and placed inside a massive pit. They called that pit Heathen's Grave where they burned and bodies of Orthias. It was stated that the fire lasted for months because the bodies could endure the flames way longer than human bodies.

"It's believed there were a few hundred Orthias left, and they had never been seen ever since..." Rasmus muttered as he read the last paragraph.

He took a deep breath as he looked out the window, staring at the clouds blankly. He finally found out the origin of his late mother, Aristoria Blackheart.

"An ancient race..." Rasmus muttered as he rubbed his chin. "But how did she end up with my father?" he furrowed his brows and thought about it thoroughly.

He was so deep in the thought that he didn't notice Lenin was walking toward him. Lenin could see the book he was holding and she could see the conflict in his expression.

"What kind of thought do you have in there, Count Blackheart to make such an expression?" Lenin asked as she sat beside Rasmus and looked into his eyes.

Rasmus snapped back to reality and looked at Lenin who seemed to have recovered. He adjusted his sitting position and sat straight as he put down the book.

"Have you wondered how my late father ended up with an Orthias? We both know that Orthias has grudges and hatred toward humans, so how did they both end up together and have a child?" Rasmus asked, his eyes focused on the spot on the table.

Lenin grabbed the book and the book disappeared into thin air. She then created invisible vacuum walls around them to prevent everyone from eavesdropping.

"The whole world has the same question as yours, Count. It has been a thousand years since the last time we saw an Orthias, so how did your late father meet your late mother? It's a mystery that we will never know," Lenin answered as she looked at the ring on her middle finger. "But I know that they both loved each other," she pointed out, her eyes blank and brows raised.

Rasmus didn't say a word and began tapping his finger on the table. His eyes roamed the bookshelves with thousands of books around him.

"It's because their desires are aligned..." Rasmus pointed out and glanced at Lenin. "They wouldn't be together if they didn't have something in common."

Lenin nodded in agreement, "Yes. One wanted to destroy humankind and the other wanted to take down the royal family." She crossed her arms and thought about it for a moment. "How could someone like Erglade suddenly raise his banner and kill the royal family?"

"Dissatisfaction wasn't the case," Rasmus answered as he crossed his arms. "The most convincing reasons would be betrayal or that he found out something that he shouldn't have about the royal family. Maybe it was both," he pointed out and glanced at Lenin, wanting to see her reaction.

Lenin slowly shifted her body toward Rasmus and stared right into his eyes. She was in disbelief at how sharp Rasmus could be for someone his age, not to mention that he had never learned anything about politics because he had been exiled and abandoned when he was young.

"That's what I thought as well," Lenin responded as she leaned her body forward. "What do you think that is, Count?" she narrowed her eyes and crossed her arms.

Rasmus thought for a moment about whether he should do this or not. He decided to risk it and hoped it worked against her.

"The same reason why the Great Era happened 400 years ago. My late father might have found the same evil thing that the royal family hid from the rest of the world," Rasmus answered with a serious expression.

Lenin's expression changed into a serious one. She slowly pulled herself away and sat straight, but her eyes never left Rasmus's eyes.

"You knew?" Lenin asked, her voice soft and yet cold.

"I knew," Rasmus nodded.

"Then there's something I have to tell you, Count," Lenin said as she took a deep breath. "The day before your whole family got executed, I visited your late father in secrecy and he told me everything," she revealed.

This time, Rasmus was the one who was taken aback by the revelation.

"Tell me," Rasmus said coldly.