

Evil 441

Chapter 441 - 441: Grace and disgrace. (End of Volume. 5)

Monica exhaled deeply as she looked up at the steam that came out of her mouth as the heavy blizzard hit the Monastery. The weather in the North Neva had worsened as it was already winter, and they called it the silent death season because any animals or humans would die from freezing at that time of the season. There was only silence and the sound of the robes that people wore, rubbing against each other because of the strong freezing wind. She anxiously waited and stared at the distance even though she could barely see anything that was a dozen meters ahead of her.

Suddenly the sound of horses neighing could be heard and the sound of the steel gate in the distance. Monica hurriedly walked toward the gate with Maximilian and a few Paladins that were ordered to stay behind and protect both of them. They both looked anxious as they narrowed their eyes, trying to see through the thick blizzard.

Everyone waited for the first figure to walk through the gate with their hands clasped together in front of their mouths, praying. When they saw Moriganne riding her horse then followed by Lazarus, Arthor, and Sanya, they sighed in relief because those figures were their only hope. However, that relief changed into something devastating when they realized the army had lost half of its force.

The knights and the soldiers approached the mothers, wives, and siblings of the fallen soldiers, giving them the bad news. The weather was so cold that to let out a single tear was merely impossible. Even the Paladins of the Sancticus and the Snowvein family members, which was a branch of the Sancticus family had lost a few of their bloodlines.

That wasn't their first battle they had lost, it wasn't the second nor the third, it was the only thing that had been happening in the past month ever since that red sky phenomenon they saw. They had never achieved a single victory even after the Orthias had decided to join hand to fight evil.

From all those figures, the one that made the blizzard pale in comparison to the coldness that person exuded was Sanya. She had always put that warm, gentle, and a bit of mystery written on her face, but this time there was only coldness and how her blue eyes glowed in that thick blizzard like a beacon. Even Lazarus, the man that transcended swordsmanship and the one that Arandil himself admitted to be nowhere near him chose to distance himself from Sanya out of fear of danger, who rode her white horse.

There was only the sound of blizzard with the scream and sob as the background. There was no exchanging of words as the soldiers were either injured, exhausted, devastated, or completely terrified. They all had something in common, and that was the desire to just be left alone.

"It's cold out here, please get back inside because the blizzard will get harsher from now on," Moriganne finally spoke loudly as she looked at the people who were still mourning. "Pack your things because by the morning, all of you will be leaving this place, this continent," she said with a serious expression before she got off her horse and walked into the temple.

The priests and the refugees were confused but deep down they knew that there was no future in North Neva anymore. They didn't know what to do but to follow Moriganne's words and to grieve on their own.

Monica and Maximilian followed Moriganne and the others into the temple because they wanted to know what had happened that made Sanya, the oldest Orthias to make such an expression. However, they didn't dare to say a word because of the heavy atmosphere around them and chose to keep following where they went.

When they entered the meeting room, Sanya walked ahead of the others and stood in front of the window. She stared at the heavy blizzard with her glowing blue eyes and immediately the blizzard became heavier to the point that the only thing she could see was the whiteness of the snow that had been blown by the wind.

"Lady Sanya, please, there are people out there..." Moriganne pleaded. A saint of the North to plea like that was unheard of, and her words filled with fear and anxiety.

Sanya didn't even bother to listen to Moriganne's plea, and the blizzard had gotten worse where the glass windows had froze and cracked by the extreme cold. Suddenly the blizzard stopped when the glasses were about to shatter, and at that moment they all realized that the blizzard was Sanya's doing all along, expressing her emotion.

"Mother..." Monica muttered, her voice barely above a whisper with a hint of fear and worry in it.

Moriganne only raised her hand at Monica, signaling her to be quiet for a moment. Monica nodded and lowered her head, worrying about what had happened that could cause Sanya to lose her composure, a being who never got affected by emotions.

"You humans should leave this place immediately. None of you are useful or even have any chance to win against them," Sanya said, her voice cold and monotone. "The more lives they take, the more powerful they become. Right now, all you did was feeding them and nothing else," she glanced over her shoulder at Moriganne and the other powerful figures behind her.

Sanya's words cut through everyone's chest and felt guilty for being both useless and caused the enemy to gain more power. Nobody knew that in those few past battles, Sanya and her army of Orthias were the ones that prevented them from being annihilated. There were mistakes that the humans made that caused Sanya and her people to protect the humans rather than defeat the enemy.

"Not to mention your divine power is no longer useful because of that human woman you call the False Prophet, the fake Saint. What can you do now when you realize that even demons get protected by divine power?" Sanya asked, staring right into Moriganne's eyes. "You can do nothing, you have no purpose here because you can't even protect your own people anymore," she added as she turned around to look at all of them in the eyes.

"Then... what about you, Lady Sanya? If those demons and their master chose to hunt the Orthias, wouldn't that make things even worse. Not to mention, the one that we fought earlier was that same Orthias who got corrupted during our expedition beyond the Blackcliffs," Moriganne asked.

The moment Sanya heard those words coming out of Moriganne's mouth, Sanya stared right into Moriganne's eyes with her shrinking pupils like a dragon's eyes. That was when the blizzard appeared out of nowhere and shattered the windows. The cold reached through everyone's bones and collapsed as their bodies stiffened. They couldn't use Aura or Divine power as if their bodies were being sealed by the cold.

"If it wasn't because of you humans, Illidan wouldn't have become a vessel for a demon. You dare to speak of it when you know it was your fault? Don't make me do things that will cause humankind to extinct," Sanya threatened as she stared down at those powerful figures being helpless in her presence.

Everyone curled up on the cobblestone floor that slowly got devoured by the frost. If they didn't try to stand up, soon enough, they would be devoured by frostbite and would die in just a matter of seconds.

"P-please..." Moriganne spoke with her shivering mouth.

"Leave this continent and never come back. By the morning if any of you still here, don't blame me for dying by the cold," Sanya said in a soft and yet cold tone as she blocked the open windows with ice, preventing the cold from entering. "From this day onward, you're forbidden to touch your foot to this continent," she warned and then walked away, leaving the room.

Everyone could finally stand up, but their fingers were stiff and hard to move. They looked at each other and knew they had no choice but to listen to Sanya's threats and warnings. They immediately informed everyone to prepare to leave because they knew that Sanya would let the cold kill them all by the morning.

Satan looked through the eyes of human soldiers that didn't know they had been marked. She listened and watched them prepare to leave with ships and blimps, abandoning the north. She closed her eyes and opened them again to see through her own eyes, seeing the Fallen Watchers, Illidan, and Ermaine staring at her, who was sitting on the frozen and broken throne.

"One continent is down, four more to go," Satan smiled eerily as she stood up from the throne and walked down the stairs.

"Master, we still have Orthias to deal with," Yaza said as he watched Satan walk past him.

"Oh, they won't make a move, and we won't make a move on them either because we both don't know each other's true power. They're ready to war if we choose to fight them, so it's better to not do anything, at least for now," Satan muttered as she left the throne room that went straight to the outside world because the castle had been completely destroyed. "Now that I have free time, I think I'm going to visit an old friend," she smirked.

"Master, you're going to Central Neva?" A Fallen Watcher asked.

"Yes, and I'm going on my own. All of you stay here," Satan commanded as she stared at the blizzard. "I also want to see that man, Rasmus Blackheart, the one that God chose," she grinned widely before she spread her beautiful black with gold highlights when light shone on her feather wings. Her beautiful

black long hair that reached the ground along with her black long gown that got dragged to the ground along with her hair making her look magnificent, nothing like an angel or a demon.

All the Fallen Watchers kneeled and lowered their heads, overjoyed by seeing the glimpse of their Master's true form. The being that didn't stand beneath God but stood beside God who followed in order to test humankind, to punish those who failed to follow God's words. A being that was chosen by God as adversary and accuser of Humankind, the one and only, Satan.

Satan flew and disappeared in the blink of an eye without a trace or sound.

Rasmus stood in front of Aris and showed Aristoria's sword to her, presenting the sword to her. Aris looked at the magnificent sword, a sword that looked so perfect that the swords she had seen that were made by Master Orthias to fall pale in comparison.

"Take it, you want this, don't you?" Rasmus offered the sword to Aris.

Aris reached out to the sword's handle until suddenly her hand stopped from grabbing the handle. She hesitated, staring at it for a moment before she let her hand fall to her side as she shook her head.

"No, I don't think I can bear this power and responsibility alone, Rasmus. What you said about my fate, I don't know if taking the sword or rejecting the sword will lead me to that future, but I do know that I don't want to accept this sword," Aris said and admired the beautiful greatsword on Rasmus' hands. "I want you to share this burden with me," she stared into Rasmus' eyes.

Rullein appeared from a puff of black smoke behind Rasmus and immediately placed her long fingers and nails on his shoulder. Rasmus glanced at Rullein's hand and nails before he glanced over his shoulder at her.

"You have trained to wield that sword, why do you want to give it away?" Rullein asked with her brows raised, her soothing whisper making Rasmus reconsider it. "If I can be honest, I think you might need that sword more than Aris. A hunch that you might need that sword very soon," she added with a mischievous smile on her face.

Rasmus looked at the sword and then looked at Aris' face. The moment Aris nodded, agreeing with what Rullein said, Rasmus pulled the sword away from Aris' face and held it with one hand before he stored it in the spatial ring.

"Very well," Rasmus nodded with understanding, agreeing with Aris' wish to share the burden.

Chapter 442 - 442: Luke Heissman.

The rumblings of thunder and the dark clouds followed by the heavy rain in the distance made all the knights anxious. The reason for their anxiety was because no matter where they looked, the dark clouds slowly moved toward the capital city. They didn't know when the demons would come, but one thing they knew was the fact that they weren't ready.

Julius walked down the dark spiral stairs with only a torch in his left hand. He didn't have anyone following him because he didn't want anyone to know where he was going.

When he walked down the last step, he looked at the dim light of the torches attached to the cave walls. There was no sound but his footsteps echoed throughout the massive cave tunnel. He didn't find it eerie when he stared at the statues of the Zevrathi family that were carved on the cave walls.

Julius remembered when he was brought to this place by his late father, revealing the truth behind the cost of attaining peace. His whole life, he only visited this place less than five times because he didn't want to have anything to do with them and didn't believe in their divinity. He wasn't a religious type because he didn't believe in divine will, mercy, and intervention when it was the humans who used it for their own gain.

Julius walked into the dark hall with no light but the torch he held. There was a figure wearing a black robe and hood, staring at the statue of Michael in complete darkness and silence.

"Everyone is already left, and I thought you had left with them already," Julius' voice echoed throughout the hall. "What do you want?" He asked calmly.

The figure slowly turned around to look at Julius as they pulled down the hood to reveal their face. Julius already knew who it was because the only one who dared to summon the emperor like that was Luke of the Heissman family, the family of Kingmaker.

"All the ringleaders from the low table are missing without a trace. Until this day, there's no sign of them, and I believe they're all dead," Luke said as he walked toward Julius. "This place has been breached, Your Majesty. The reason I choose to stay here is because those who have left, they're might be in danger," he revealed.

Julius hummed as he stared at the young man in front of him. He had tried to gather any kind of information about Luke, but he barely even scrapped the surface. He knew that Luke held information related to the Zevrathi family and their whereabouts, but he couldn't find anything.

"Rasmus Blackheart knew about this place and he seemed to know a lot about what's happening down here," Julius revealed as he lit the torch on the wall. "The ringleaders, your associates might have been killed by him and gathered the information from them," he said and continued to light the other torch.

When the hall was no longer dark, Julius saw a figure hiding in the shadows. He didn't notice that person until now, and he never thought there was someone else in the hall with them. The figure was oddly suspicious, especially when they wore a robe and a hood that covered their identities.

"He's with me, the Lord himself sent this man to protect me," Luke assured Julius as he signaled the figure to leave them alone by tilting his head toward the door.

The figure moved without making a noise and the way he walked seamlessly as if he was floating above the ground. Julius narrowed his eyes and never left the man until the man left the hall.

"That thing..." Julius muttered as he turned to look at Luke, wondering what kind of a being that man was.

"Thing? He's not a demon, Your Majesty. Well, he used to be but God pardoned him and took him back to serve under the Lord's command," Luke said with that nonchalant and calm expression. "Well, Your Majesty don't care about that, right? So there's no need for me to go into details about that," Luke walked toward the bench and sat down as he pointed at the bench across from him.

Julius sat down and made himself comfortable on the bench. He didn't have a reason to stay for long, but he had a hunch that Luke had something to offer. He had been dealing with countless people with different personalities.

"Your Majesty mentioned Count Blackheart and his knowledge about us. Your Majesty is telling me that the disappearance of the ringleaders is Count Blackheart's doing?" Luke crossed his legs and looked to his left at Julius.

"I have seen it with my own two eyes. There was a being behind him that could make humans lose their sanity. Whatever that being was, that thing used some kind of black smoke that everyone inhaled and their minds were being controlled and manipulated," Julius answered as he stared at the statue of Archangel Michael behind the altar.

"Ahh, that being is a Dark Spirit," Luke leaned back as he nodded. "To think that a Dark Spirit at this time and age still exists, that being is a powerful one," he pointed out.

"Dark Spirit? You mean Evil Spirit?" Julius looked at Luke with a flat expression.

"No, they're completely different beings. The Dark Spirit is the strongest form of Spirit, it comes not from a living being like humans, but dragons," Luke explained as he crossed his arms. "Your Majesty might be right. The ringleaders might be dead and Count Blackheart because of Count Blackheart. Although, that wasn't my concern, Your Majesty," he added.

Julius furrowed, thinking that Luke might take this matter seriously since earlier Luke had said that the cult was breached.

"It wasn't your concern? Then what is?" Julius asked.

"A powerful demon has infiltrated us, and I don't know since when. But luckily, they won't get anything from us. To be exact, the one that knows everything is me," Luke answered with a smile on his face.

Julius narrowed his eyes slightly, finding Luke's background filled with mysteries. He knew there was a reason why Luke told him that, and he knew Luke wanted something in return for that kind of information.

"You should consider leaving this place. We're not confident that we will win this battle. The reason the demons invade my empire is because the thing that exists below the capital city, this place," Julius pointed out with a calm expression.

"I know, and I know that this day will come. We have been warned that one day demons would come to invade this world. Since the Sun Empire has been so nice to us, letting us do our things down here and giving us protection, of course, we will lend you a hand," Luke said as he stood up and approached Julius.

"Lending me a hand? With what?" Julius looked up at Luke with a cold gaze.

"What else? Our Lord has decided to help you, repaying for everything," Luke gave a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"Who's your lord exactly? That being?" Julius turned his head to look at the statue of an angel holding a scale and a sword. "Or the Zevrathi family?" He asked.

"Does it matter? Either way, our Lord has decided to send his greatest people to assist you in this battle," Luke answered as he walked toward the altar as he stared at the magnificent statue behind it. "I can assure you that they're capable and you won't be disappointed," he glanced at Julius from over his shoulder.

Julius stood up and stared at Luke for a moment before he finally opened his mouth.

"The demons are coming, and they might be here at any moment. I'm not sure that your reinforcement will be able to assist us in time," Julius responded.

"Oh? You didn't know? Well I suppose you wouldn't know," Luke walked down from the altar toward Julius. "They're already here, among Your Majesty's soldiers. They have been here, they have always been," he smiled coldly.

Julius' eyes flinched when he found out that the cultists had placed their people in his army, which was something that he shouldn't be amazed of. Suddenly, he felt like the ceiling was collapsing and

immediately flinched and bent his knees. However, when he looked up, nothing happened, and he wasn't the only one who reacted like that, Luke was also bending his knees and looking up at the ceiling. They looked at each other and they concluded that something had happened on the surface.

"They're here," Luke said as he kept staring at the ceiling.

Julius didn't even think and immediately ran out of the hall. Luke was following him from behind with that mysterious man behind him. The three of them walked up the stairs hurriedly, and when they reached the top of the palace, they heard the sound of bells from all directions, warning the soldiers to get ready for war. They could see everything beyond the walls, and they saw thousands of demon army with five demons that were flying in the sky with their demonic wings spread open.

All the soldiers on top of the walls were trembling in fear from seeing the demons. The dark clouds had covered the whole sky as the cold and strong wind brushed against their faces. Every flash of lightning and the ear-tearing rumble of thunder made everyone flinch.

Arandil and Castor looked at the tallest figure, wearing a black ragged robe and hood, standing in the middle of the demon army. They knew it was the leader, and the battle would be an all-out battle that decided the fate of humankind.

"Prepare the weapons!" Arandil shouted, his voice reaching Kiel's ears.

All the mages immediately activated the Mana stones on each magic tool and weapon. The soldiers began to operate on magic weapons that looked like cannons and pointed them at the demon army.

"Fire!" Arandil shouted as he raised his hand.

The mages imbued Mana into the magic tools and weapons, automatically creating seven magic circles on each magic weapons and releasing Mana spheres toward the demon army. The moment the spheres reached the demons, they exploded by the impact to the point that the dark clouds above the explosion got pushed away and the sunlight highlighted the demon force.

When the smoke finally dissipated, they saw thousands of demons scattered on the ground, leaving only chunks and parts of their bodies. The soldiers couldn't help but smile, finding hope that they might be

able to win the battle. However, their smiles disappeared when Kiel raised his left hand and the demons that got blown up by the Mana spheres slowly came back to life and regenerated their missing limbs.

"It seems that we know the only way to win this battle," Castor said as he stared at Kiel with his eyes narrowed.

"Yes, to kill them, we need to kill their leader," Arandil nodded. "However, it would be foolish of us to charge at him without a proper plan. We need to find the opportunity to kill their leader, and by doing so, we might have to sacrifice a lot of lives," he unsheathed his old greatsword that had been his companion for decades.

"Anything for the survival of humankind," Castor nodded in agreement.

Chapter 443 - 443: Impenetrable.

The knights and mages were anxious because the demons hadn't made a move yet even after being bombarded with magic weapons. They looked at Arandil and Castor, waiting for their command to destroy the enemy, but those two had been quiet for too long.

"They're waiting for us to run out of Mana. We will not attack them until they make a move," Castor shouted as he looked at the mages on top of the walls. "We will wait, and we will wait," he repeated.

All the knights and mages nodded with understanding, and then focused on the enemy that had been standing still like statues. Although it should have been better for them to wait, deep down it only made their anxiety worse. Their fingertips were tingling with the cold as thunder rumbled above them.

When the rain began to fall, drizzling and wetting the capital city, the soldiers felt tired all of a sudden. Arandil noticed that the raindrops might have been enchanted by a demonic power that caused everyone and himself to feel tired.

"Activate the protection barrier!" Arandil shouted at the mages.

Arandil's order echoed and was repeated by the mages until his order reached the ears of the mages that were stationed at the center of the capital city. The mages activated the magic tools that were hidden inside the big statue of the first emperor of the Sun Empire. A beam of colorful light pierced into the sky and began to spread down, creating a barrier that covered the whole city, cleansing the demonic energy in the raindrops.

The barrier was effective and the soldiers slowly regained their energy. From that alone, they realized the demons could easily kill them but they didn't. They knew the demons were just playing with them and it only made them furious. However, their faces turned pale when they saw more and more demon armies coming from all directions, surrounding the capital city.

Before the soldiers could accept the reality of the situation they were in, Kiel suddenly raised his hand. The demons began to cast magic and bombard the barrier. The barrier was impenetrable no matter how many times the demons released powerful magic.

Kiel underestimated the barrier's durability, and then he signaled to the Demon Kings to destroy the barrier. The Demon Kings simultaneously created hellfire on their palms and released them to the barrier.

"There are levels even among the same rank. One Demon King isn't as powerful as the other and isn't as weak as the other at the same time..." Luke pointed out as he watched the hellfire hit the barrier, but the barrier regenerated faster than the hellfire's destructive power. "Luckily, those Demon Kings aren't at their peak yet, and this barrier won't break by them no matter what," he glanced at the source of the Mana barrier.

Julius already knew about the demon hierarchy from the secret message that Lenin had sent to him. The information related to the demons and their hierarchy was based on Eveline's knowledge ever since the war with the demons started. However, he didn't expect that Luke knew about this as well, and wondered if the Lord he served knew everything about demons that could help them win against demons.

"How did you know that those Demon Kings were weak?" Julius asked, staring at Luke, who was fascinated by the durability of the barrier.

"Centuries had passed, Your Majesty. If you think that the Angelis family is the only one who devoured the power of Zevrathi, then you're wrong," Luke turned his head to look at Julius with a cold smile. "The Weissman family is also blessed by such power. However, we didn't gain the power from eating a

corpse, we were blessed by them, passed down their power to us as their most loyal servant," he revealed.

The more Julius knew about the Weissman family, the more questions appeared in his head. However, he pushed that curiosity aside and focused on the battle that was happening around him.

"It seems that the enemy has planned to obliterate this city from the very beginning," Luke leaned against the railing. "Just order Commander Castor to focus on one side and Lord Arandil on the other. The Lord's soldiers will deal with one of the side as well, and I'll keep an eye on them," he offered as he glanced at Julius.

"How confident are you in winning the battle against those demons? We don't know how many tricks they have under their sleeves," Julius asked and stared into Luke's eyes.

"This is a piece of cake. Do you think we're hiding because we are weak? Your Majesty should know the answer better than anyone in this world," Luke chuckled softly.

"And why should I trust you that you would take care of the demons and wouldn't let the demons in?" Julius asked again, this time his expression became serious and cold.

"If I can be honest, Your Majesty. I don't want to be here, and I don't want to partake in this battle because it gains me nothing. The cult can hide in so many places, abandoning this one won't be a problem. However, it's the Lord's command, and I have no choice but to follow that command," Luke answered and stared into Julius eyes before he jumped over the railing and landed on the ground, which was almost two hundred meters tall.

Julius watched Luke walk out of the palace so casually as the mysterious man followed Luke from behind. After he had enough of observing Luke, he sent a messenger to inform both Arandil and Castor about the plan.

Kiel had been observing the Mana barrier and he knew that the Demon Kings wouldn't be able to destroy it. He had waited enough, and all of his army had arrived and surrounded the capital city, so there was no reason for him to wait anymore. His feet began to float above the ground and went higher than the Demon Kings. The moment he spread his demonic wings, bolts of lightning began to strike the Mana barrier rapidly, trying to tear it open.

Kiel created a bright light sphere on his right palm that was coated with dark purple demonic energy. The moment he grasped the light sphere and crushed it, the light got absorbed by demonic energy, slowly reshaping it into a weapon, a swordstaff. The swordstaff was longer than his body and it was being wrapped in a dense demonic energy. The moment he lifted his swordstaff, the lightning struck the tip of the blade, creating sparks that were enough to intimidate even his demon army.

"Prepare the weapons!" Arandil raised his sword and pointed at Kiel.

Dozens of cannons were pointed at Kiel, and the mages were waiting for Arandil to give the order. They were anxious and terrified by what they had just witnessed.

The moment Kiel flapped his wings, Arandil ordered the mages to activate the weapons. The mages imbued the magic weapons with Mana and released Mana spheres toward Kiel. They watched as the Mana spheres flew, and before the spheres could reach Kiel, Kiel thrust his swordstaff at the Mana spheres, releasing a powerful lightning chain that spread and struck the Mana spheres, blowing up the spheres.

Everyone couldn't see what was happening because of the blast, but then Arandil's eyes widened when he saw Kiel flying toward the barrier. Arandil readied his stance and dashed off the city wall, forming Aura as much as he could to his hands and his sword. He swung his sword with all his might to the point where his vision became blurry because he used all his strength and power to his hands and the sword.

The moment Arandil's greatsword clashed with Kiel's swordstaff, the heavy rain suddenly disappeared, getting pushed away by the immense force of the shockwave. Before Kiel could overpower Arandil, Castor was already above him and swung his sword down right on Kiel's head. Before the sword could reach Kiel's head, it was blocked by Kiel's wings, but Castor managed to cut Kiel's wings.

Kiel was surprised by those two and their strength that could match his. Arandil and Castor pushed Kiel down and finally hit the ground, creating a massive crater around his fall. The mages began to bombard Kiel with Mana spheres while Arandil and Castor watched from the distance. However, they didn't realize that they had just made a huge mistake. Kiel absorbed the Mana when it exploded, giving him the strength to regenerate and making himself stronger.

Arandil and Castor knew that they had to fight Kiel at that moment when he was on his own. However, the demon army began to make their move. They didn't have a choice but to fight Kiel and let the mages

and the soldiers deal with the demon army since they still had the magic weapons on their sides that could easily outmatch them.

Rasmus, Aris, Rullein, and Yur watched the battle in the distance, watching at how the magic weapons massacred the demon army. They knew that Kiel would lose in the long game because if he kept reviving the demons, he would lose his power. The more demons Kiel brought with him, the more power he had to use to keep them alive.

"Let's see what kind of tricks you have," Rasmus watched Kiel block and dodge the attacks from Arandil and Castor that moved in unison.

Chapter 444 - 444: Identities.

"The difference between this battle alone compared to the wars that had happened in South Neva, it seems the people from Central Neva are a lot stronger than in South Neva," Aris said, watching Arandil and Castor fight against Kiel, which surprised her that Arandil and Castor could handle Kiel's power. "If you didn't take Aristoria's sword from him, he could single-handedly handle Kiel," she pointed out.

"He's the First Swordmaster for a reason," Rasmus hummed in agreement. "However, Lazarus is the strongest man alive, and Arandil himself stated that he was nowhere near Lazarus' level. That's what I heard," he added.

"But he was powerless against you though," Rullein muttered and found the magic weapons interesting because the weapons could kill dozens of the possessed and the Corrupted. "You might be on par with that man called Lazarus, or even stronger," she looked at Rasmus, wondering if he was itching to join the battle, but what she found in his expression was nothing but disinterest in the battle.

"It's because of the sword that he was losing against me. Aristoria's sword didn't accept him as its master. I was amazed that he could wield it," Rasmus said as he watched the Demon Kings try to break the Mana barrier, but it was futile no matter how hard they tried. "Aris told me that the sword would take the wielder's life force if they weren't strong enough. Meaning, he was strong enough to resist that power, and that alone is already amazing," he added.

Rullein hummed as she crossed her arms and started to get bored from doing nothing and already knew who was winning. She then narrowed her eyes and noticed the soldiers that were fighting on the east

wall of the capital city. She noticed a familiar face, and it was Luke, standing on top of the wall without wearing armor or holding a weapon.

"That man, he's one of the ringleaders. It's Luke Weissman, the Kingmaker," Rullein pointed at the distance that normal eyes couldn't see Luke from that distance.

Rasmus used his dragonic eyes and saw Luke standing close to the stone railing with a mysterious man wearing a robe and a hood that stood behind him. He remembered that man, the mysterious man that he believed to be a demon. He was still confused with the cult because they weren't actually on the side with the demons, and yet they had demons on their sides.

"Those soldiers are stronger compared to the rest," Aris pointed out, watching the soldiers slaughter the demons, the possessed, and the Corrupted beyond the Mana barrier. "They're fearless as if they knew they were stronger than the demons. They're not the same as the other soldiers who are still trembling anxiously and in fear. That's given when the energy around them seems similar to Astrea, protected by divine energy, but more pure," she muttered.

Rasmus could see Divine energy and aura around those knights, and he wondered if they were blessed by The Lord that the cultists had been praising and worshiping. Not only that they were blessed with Divine energy, their combat skills were extremely skilled that Corrupted and even the possessed couldn't overpower them with numbers.

"So they have chosen to protect their nest rather than abandon it. I wonder why..." Rasmus muttered under his breath and kept staring at Luke.

Luke was watching the knights and mages clash with the demon force, and he made sure the demons didn't have any tricks that would wipe them all from a single mistake. His expression was calm even in the presence of Demon Kings in front of him because he knew they weren't that strong.

"I have to admit, these magic weapons are amazing," Luke looked at the cannon-like artilleries where the mages kept imbuing them with Mana and created a destructive power. "We should consider asking about these weapons as our payment for helping His Majesty protect his empire," he watched as the projectiles of Mana spheres hit the crowds of the demon army, obliterating them in an instant.

"We are far from winning..." The mysterious man spoke, his voice raspy and deep. "Kiel isn't one being but many, they're the smartest among the Fallen Watchers, and combat isn't their expertise, they're the ones who know all the secrets about the universe. They were the mastermind behind the rebellion against God, and thanks to them, we were so close from winning the war against those angels. If they could fool those angels, these humans are nothing to them," he explained.

Luke turned around to look at the mysterious man with a skeptic expression. He knew of Kiel's failure in taking over South Neva because of Rasmus. He was intrigued by Rasmus because Rasmus was capable of fooling Kiel, beings that could read minds.

"However..." The mysterious man paused as he stared into Luke's eyes. "Although Kiel aren't experts in combat, if they decided to work together to control the body, no humans would be able to stop them. If I were you, I would pray that Kiel wouldn't go to that extend," he warned.

"Interesting..." Luke looked to the north of the city where he could see the shockwaves that disturbed and dispersed the heavy rain.

They both were busy observing the battle on their side and on the north side when they suddenly felt chills down their spines. They turned around at the same time and stared at the distance toward the mountain in the distance. They didn't know what it was, but they felt threatened like a prey being eyed by predators. The mysterious man used his ability to see the distance, and to his surprise, he saw Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein staring at him right in the eye from the mountain.

"They're here, watching us in the eyes..." The mysterious man narrowed his eyes, informing Luke that Rasmus was watching them from a far distance.

Luke clenched his fists, confirming his suspicions about the disappearance of the ringleaders. He knew their disappearance was suspicious and he couldn't find any clue or information of their whereabouts that he believed the ringleaders were killed by someone. He remembered that Julius also said the same thing, and that made him like a prey, which was something he despised the most, being observed and couldn't do anything about it.

"Why are they here? And why the Fallen Watchers have done nothing to them?" Luke asked.

"The only reason Fallen Watchers spare a mortal life is either those mortals are useful tools or they have made a deal with them. I believe it is the latter because even now, Rasmus Blackheart hasn't made a single move against the demons or the Fallen Watchers," the mysterious man answered. "Rasmus Blackheart is untouched, and we should be wary of him," he suggested.

Luke narrowed his eyes, not liking the situation he was in because the cult, the Zevrathi, and the Lord's existence are slowly being revealed to the world. Not only were they being revealed, they were also being hunted, and hiding wouldn't be the best solution to that problem because both Rasmus and the Fallen Watchers had sniffed them.

"I need to meet with the Lord. This is something that we need to be worried about, more than this battle against Kiel," Luke turned around and watched his army begin to overpower and push the demons, controlling the battlefield. "Can you handle this situation, Harot?" He asked with a serious and cold expression.

The mysterious man stayed silent for a moment because it had been a while for someone to call his name. Harot turned to look at the battlefield and then glanced at Luke for a moment.

"I will leave if my life is at risk," Harot answered.

"Of course, and the Lord will understand," Luke nodded with understanding.

Luke hurriedly walked down the stairs on the city wall, but before he could even step his foot down on the last step, a deafening and ears piercing crack could be heard from the sky. He slowly looked up and to his surprise, the Mana barrier suddenly broke and the Mana began to dissipate, leaving the city vulnerable. He was shocked because it happened so suddenly and without any warning.

The raindrops once again got corrupted by demonic energy, and thousands of soldiers began to feel tired and dizzy. Luke, Harot, and their soldiers were fine because they possessed divine energy that nullified the effect of the raindrops, but that didn't change the fact that they were going to lose the battle.

Luke was still in disbelief when suddenly something hit the city wall on the north so that it echoed throughout the city. He wondered what it was until he saw Kiel, floating in the sky with his six arms that held six swordstaves and twelve wings with different colors and shapes. Kiel slowly spread their wings,

slowly revealing the massive magic formation above the city that was covered by dark clouds. Luke then realized that Harot's words came true, and it was happening.

"I should have left this place a long time ago..." Luke gulped as he was mesmerized by Kiel's appearance.

Chapter 445 - 445: Six in one.

Arandil and Castor looked over their shoulder at the castle wall, slowly melting and being devoured by the hellfire. He slowly looked up at Kiel that had transformed into something terrifying that no humans could imagine. They were shocked and tried to process what had just happened.

Before Kiel transformed, Arandil and Castor clashed their swords with Kiel, trying to defeat him. They both thought that they had a chance against him, but when they began to take control of the momentum of the fight, Kiel suddenly wrapped his body with demonic energy.

They were pushed by the strong pressure and suddenly a massive bolt of lightning struck the Mana barrier. Their ears rang painfully so that they lost their balance to the point they were about to collapse. When they looked at Kiel, they couldn't recognize the demon they had been fighting against. They saw a glimpse of various faces forming beneath the ragged hood that Kiel wore.

Kiel pulled down the hood, revealing his or their faces to the world of mortals. The light pale gray skin with ashen long messy hair down to his shoulder and perfect jawline and nose. Those features paled in comparison to those pairs of eyes, three pairs of eyes stacking on top of each other with six different eye colors and pupils, the eyes that belonged to six different beings that lived in one body.

When Kiel ripped the back of the robe with their wings, revealing six pairs of wings with different shapes and materials, everyone fell silent, mesmerized and petrified by them. The first pair was dark gray feather wings, the second was dark black feather wings, the third was burning in hellfire, the fourth was skeletal wings, the fifth was featherless wings, and the sixth was wings of ashes, withering endlessly.

Two pairs of arms ripped through the ragged robe and slowly the demonic energy turned into swordstaves. Each hand held a swordstaff with different shapes and engravings, making them unique. In an instant, Kiel dashed at Arandil and Castor as he swung the swordstaves at them.

Both Arandil and Castor felt the immense strength that Kiel produced and released. The difference in strength before and after Kiel's transformation was immense. They could feel that Kiel's power had skyrocketed at least by ten folds. They were sent flying and hit the city wall, but they had coated their whole body with Aura and prevented them from taking any damage or injury.

Kiel flew into the sky and revealed the magic formation that was hidden beyond the dark clouds. Kiel had to prepare such magic to break the impenetrable Mana barrier. Kiel fought Arandil and Castor while at the same time preparing the magic formation subtly so nobody could notice it. It was as Harot had said that Kiel were masterminds, the strategist behind the war against the angels.

The moment the Mana barrier shattered, the sky began to rumble once again. Bolts of lightning struck the capital city, destroying and tearing down any building. Kiel simply kept one hand up high to control the weather, watching as the lightning ripped and tore through the ground, creating holes. At the same time, the demon army began to advance swiftly, waiting for their revenge for getting obliterated by those magic weapons and could do nothing.

The city was on fire and the mages kept using magic weapons to protect the city from the demons. Arandil and Castor ordered the knights to charge toward the demons, to finally have a proper battle rather than watching behind the wall.

Kiel watched their army clash with the empire's army, and could see the outcome that their army would lose. However, it wasn't their concern because Satan had regained half of her power, allowing her to resurrect all of them later. Kiel then descended into the city on their own and was immediately welcomed by high tier magic spells. Every magic used Mana, and Mana strengthened them indirectly, so Kiel didn't even bother to stop them from feeding on their existence.

"Stop using magic against him. It has zero impact on him," Arnold said as he walked to the crossroads and stood in the middle as he stared at Kiel's terrifying and unworldly appearance.

"What makes you think that we are no different than those mages with their magic? If our master can't even defeat him, what can we even do?" Crestefan asked as he approached Arnold and stood beside him.

"Does it matter? If we can't kill him now, we won't be able to kill him in the future either. There's no need to complain, it's pointless," Reynard said calmly as he walked to the crossroads with Mazur beside him.

"Crestefan with his loud mouth of his," Mazur laughed as he rested his axe on his shoulder and stood beside Crestefan.

"The irony, saying that from your own mouth," Crestefan sighed as he readied his stance and stared at Kiel's three pairs of eyes. "I never thought that I would die young. We all have been through a lot of dire situations, but this one... seems like this won't end well for us," he said with a cold and serious expression as he tightened his grip on his spear.

This time nobody said a word because they also felt the same way, and words weren't needed to accept their death. They readied their stances as they held their weapons, slowly gathering Mana and turning it into Aura in their bodies.

Keith looked at his friends at the crossroads, watching from the city wall because his job was to lead the army and prevent them from entering the city. He knew that his skill in archery was useless against Kiel and he would only drag his friends down if he chose to join the fight.

Kiel looked at those four in front of them, reading through their minds. Kiel thought they would be standing in fear, but the truth was they didn't fear death. Kiel slowly spread their six arms and wings, showing dominance to the mortals in front of them. The mages couldn't even say a single word out of fear of the being in front of them, and yet those four stayed still and focused on how to defeat Kiel.

Before Kiel could think of killing them instantly, they felt the same aura behind them, and looking at Crestefan and the other's expressions, they were excited all of a sudden. Kiel slowly looked over their shoulder and saw Arandil and Castor already recovered and ready to fight again.

"I can easily kill all of you here," Kiel said with a few voices that were overlapping with each other. Their voices were enough to make everyone dizzy like the voices were coming from inside their skulls. "And I'll prove it," Kiel raised their three left arms and slowly formed a sphere of dark purple energy.

Castor and Arandil immediately dashed toward Kiel, closing the distance in less than half a second and swinging their swords that had been coated with Aura toward Kiel's arms. To their surprise, Kiel's right two arms bent backward and blocked their attack like it was nothing. Before Kiel could push those two away, Crestefan and Mazur were already in mid-air. Crestefan with his burning and glowing hot red spear while Mazur with his axe that had been coated in Aura, ready to slash Kiel from above.

Kiel didn't need to look at them and blocked Crestefan's and Mazur's attacks with his one right hand. Compared to Arandil and Castor's attacks, Crestand and Mazur's were a lot weaker. Kiel released demonic energy on his swordstaff, absorbing Crestefan's flame and Mazur's aura before Kiel re-released them back at those two. Crestefan and Mazur tasted their own attacks, sending them flying back to where they came from. Kiel glanced to the left, noticing that both Arnold and Reynard had been waiting for that opening.

The rapier and the sword of Arnold and Reynard reached Kiel's left arms, but before they could prevent Kiel from releasing that sphere, Kiel used their wings to send them flying, releasing a hurricane. However, an arrow that had been coated with Aura and divine power slipped through Kiel's wings and hit the sphere, forcing it to be released prematurely.

The sphere exploded and flattened a hundred meter radius around Kiel, pushing everyone away. It was deadly for normal people, but those six weren't normal people, they withstood that shockwave with their Aura. Kiel glanced at the distance, realizing it was Keith's arrow.

"This is pointless, but if you want to play that way, then we will play your game," Kiel said as they spread their wings and arms. Each wing and arm pointed at Arandil and the others, six arms, six wings, and six people.

"Look at those eyes..." Reynard paused and stared at the six eyes of Kiel. "Each one of them is staring at different person. He could fight all of us simultaneously without a problem, without a blind spot," he pointed out.

"What a monster..." Crestefan scoffed as he cracked his fingers and knuckles. "But six is better than one, right? A simple math," he smirked.

"This is not math. Math is logic, that monster isn't," Arnold readied his stance, and then the others followed. "Good luck..." he muttered.

Chapter 446 - 446: All out.

Julius watched the intense battle between Arandil and the others against Kiel. It was the first time he witnessed a battle where one being was against six masters but handled them like children. He finally

saw the might and the power of a Fallen Watcher, and he remembered there were many of them in Neva.

"Your Majesty?" Esmeralda stood behind Julius, holding his hand tightly with a few royal guards guarding the hall. "You have been standing here for hours. Should I bring tea and food? You shouldn't let your stomach empty in this kind of situation," she pleaded as she looked up at Julius.

Julius looked at Esmeralda and the royal guards, they all had the same worried expression. He glanced at the battle outside the palace and outside the city wall. He didn't need to admit his anxiety and fear because it didn't matter anymore. He then gave a nod, agreeing to Esmeralda's plea and suggestion.

Before Esmeralda could take a step, the ground trembled and the sound of buildings collapsing and crumbling could be heard. They both looked outside the window and saw the beautiful capital city was slowly being destroyed and flattened because of the intense battle and the lightning bolts that kept striking the city.

Julius could tell that Arandil was holding back, and he knew the reason behind it. He immediately called one of the royal guards, and whispered something into the royal guard's ear. The royal guard immediately bowed his head and hurriedly left the hall to convey Julius' order and command.

"We are being played around like fucking toy..." Crestefan panted, sweat dripping down from his forehead. "I was expecting we could land a single hit on that thing, but our attacks weren't even enough to chip those swords," he scoffed in disbelief and began to feel exhaustion and soreness all over his body.

"If you have time to waste your breath on talking, you should consider using that breath to swing your weapon," Reynold said and dashed toward Kiel once again to do consecutive attacks with the others.

Crestefan sighed as he looked up at the dark sky and flashes of lightning above the dark clouds. He let the heavy rain pour on his face, washing off his fatigue and sweat before he took a deep breath and released flames all over his armor and spear. The raindrops vaporized before they made contact with his body, releasing steam.

Arandil and Castor were the only ones who never took a breather. They kept attacking in unison, but they knew they couldn't use all their strength because if they did, the city, the walls, the soldiers, and

even Arandil's disciples would get affected by it. They were being held back because of the situation, and there was nothing they could do about it. However, that thought disappeared when he saw a royal guard standing there in the distance, staring at Arandil and Castor.

"His Majesty has declared! This is a war! Treat this place as a battlefield!" The royal guard shouted his lungs out, hoping his voice was loud enough to reach Arandil's and Castor's ears. "An empire can be rebuilt and lives can be made if the future of humankind still exists!" He added.

Those words alone were enough to tell Arandil and the others about Julius' intention of saying that. They didn't need to ask or question his decision, and they knew that there would be no more restraint, no more chains that bound them. Reynard and Arnold glanced at each other, nodding their heads as they signaled to the others. In just a second, they began to distance themselves from Arandil and Kiel.

Kiel glanced over their shoulder, staring at the royal guard with their six eyes. The royal guard trembled in fear and collapsed to his knees, feeling like death was standing in front of him and was ready to reap his soul. But then Kiel felt an immense Mana gathered around them that was being absorbed. Kiel slowly looked to the front and saw both Arandil and Castor standing still as the air around them began to swirl around them as if the air was being sucked. Kiel could tell the changes, surprised that those two had been fighting and holding themselves back.

"That won't change anything..." Kiel spoke, staring right into Arandil's eyes.

Arandil swung his sword so fast that naked eyes couldn't see it, a blur in a split second. A slashwave was released and Kiel could barely dodge it when they saw it coming. The slashwave cut the city in half, leaving evidence of the destructive power in that swing alone. Kiel glanced with one of their eyes at Arandil but Arandil had disappeared into thin air, but Kiel's other eye spotted Arandil above them with the tip of a blade ready to strike them right in between the eyes.

Kiel released a demonic energy, coating the body with it before Arandil's greatsword hit their head. The moment of impact, everyone was sent flying by the shockwave along with the buildings and the paved roads, flattening their surroundings. At that moment, Kiel felt the difference of Arandil's power, surprised once again that a human could possess such inhuman strength.

Before the barrier that Kiel made crack, they flapped their wings, pushing themselves back and away from Arandil. At the same time, they felt a killing intent coming from behind them, and it was Castor with his sword ready to thrust their back. Kiel flapped their wings once again and decided to fly above

the ground, dodging the attack. When Castor stopped himself from charging, the aftershock pushed all the debris around him, showing his strength and power that could be compared to Arandil.

Both Arandil and Castor chased after Kiel by bending their knees and jumping high into the air. They both released slashwaves at Kiel with all their might, and Kiel were forced to either dodge or block them. While Kiel were busy stopping the slashwaves, one of the eyes noticed that Arandil had disappeared once again. At the same time, Castor had closed his distance and his sword was in range, ready to attack them.

Kiel was forced to use all their six arms to stop Arandil and Castor, but that wasn't enough. Kiel began to take the fight seriously and used their combined minds and control over their one body. The fight was a blur to everyone's eyes and they couldn't see anything but the sound of steel clashes, the sonic boom, and the shockwaves. The battle was in mid-air, and both Arandil and Castor could kick the air into a solid state because of how powerful their feet were.

"So this is our master's true power..." Mazur looked up and couldn't even see the movements of Arandil's hands when he swung his greatsword. "That Castor guy, I have to admit that he's worthy of being called our master's rival. At first I didn't believe it, but now I realize that there are people that are this strong..." he muttered.

"Still, how could someone or those people get this strong? How did they reach this high and become the pinnacle of warriors?" Crestefan asked, shocked by the battle.

"Arandil once told me that there are thousands of people that are stronger than Swordmasters in the East," Reynard revealed.

"What? That's bullshit. What's the point of Swordmaster title if there are so many people that are stronger than that?" Crestefan furrowed his brows and stared at Reynard.

"Swordmaster is just an official title that the Council of Neva bestowed upon them. There are millions of warriors in East Neva who doesn't care about such titles. You would be surprised if we went there and they treated us like kids holding a wooden sword to them," Reynard responded, trying to see the outcome of the fight.

"Looks like they're winning..." Arnold narrowed his eyes and saw how overwhelmed Kiel was to deal with Arandil and Castor.

"Not in particular," a man's voice could be heard behind them.

Everyone turned around and saw Luke and the mysterious man behind him. They knew who Luke was since he was a Weissman, the family of Kingmaker. They were confused that there was still a civilian, especially a Weissman out of all people.

"What do you mean, Lord Weissman?" Reynard asked with his brows furrowed.

"There's one thing that you all need to know about that demon. They might look overwhelmed right now, but there's another secret about them," Luke watched as Kiel was being attacked from all directions by Arandil's and Castor's consecutive attacks. "As you have experienced, that demon is actually not a combat type but rather the brain. As the brain, that demon can read, learn, and even copy everyone's movements," he pointed at Kiel and already saw the difference in Kiel's movements and how to deal with Arandil's and Castor's attacks.

Everyone turned around and looked at Kiel, and they began to see it as well when Kiel could predict not only one step ahead but three steps ahead. Arandil and Castor could no longer find an opening, and their attacks no longer hit Kiel. However, Kiel's ability wasn't enough to win against those two, and so, Kiel suddenly flew up high into the sky, far enough that Arandil and Castor couldn't catch up.

Kiel looked at the demon army and was already on the brink of defeat. Without hesitation, Kiel spread their wings and suddenly all the demon army collapsed. The demons' souls left their physical body and flew toward Kiel, entering the body. Kiel felt the surge of power within them, and that was enough to turn the tide.

"Well, this is good and bad," Luke said and watched Arandil and Castor land in front of Reynard and the others. "The good thing is that that demon won't be able to maintain its true form for too long because of all of you. The bad thing? That demon will do anything to end things quick, and this is the way to do so," he pointed out, staring at Kiel who was still busy absorbing all the demons and turning them into fuel of power.

Chapter 447 - 447: The Fallen Angel.

All the soldiers could only watch when Kiel devoured all the demon army. They didn't know what to do, and they knew they were in grave danger if they stayed anywhere near the city. The mages wanted to help, but they had been warned that magic and Mana wouldn't work against beings like Kiel.

Rasmus had been observing Kiel's every movement to understand the mind of a Fallen Watcher. One thing he noticed was that demons disregarded each other's lives, especially toward those who were below them. They would do anything to achieve their goal, and at that moment, Kiel's goal was to unravel the existence of Zevrathi.

"They found a loophole," Rasmus muttered to himself.

"What loophole?" Aris turned her head to look at Rasmus.

"Kiel, the Fallen Watchers, and Satan. They found a loophole in divine law. Demons are meant to live forever, to test humans or any living beings. They're promised to have their freedom but in exchange, at the end of time, they will be tortured for eternity," Rasmus explained before he answered Aris' question. "What I meant by loophole, I meant that they could bargain with God, to bring all the demons that got erased from existence back to life. God promised them hell for eternity, and no matter what, if Satan asked God to bring those back, God would bring them back," he answered.

"So basically, even though Kiel devoured those demons and their existence to empower the body and their existence, those demons would come back eventually?" Rullein asked and looked at Rasmus with her brows raised. "Just because this God wanted them to keep living to be punished and tortured at the end of the day?" She tilted her head.

"Yes, something like that," Rasmus nodded.

The three of them looked at Kiel, who had devoured all the souls and the body had released such an ominous air around it. Compared to the first time they encountered Kiel back in South Neva, Kiel was at least ten times stronger than before. It was as Rasmus had mentioned that those Fallen Watchers were weak back then and they needed souls and other things to regain their power.

"Is this the end for them? The Sun Empire has nobody that can match Kiel in this state," Aris asked with her arms crossed, watching Kiel show off the power they had regained.

"It's a shame..." Rasmus hummed and nodded in agreement.

Out of nowhere, a blinding light appeared from the heart of the city. It was so bright that the light was still bright and blinding all the way to where Rasmus was. Suddenly, Kiel was sent flying with a devastating shockwave that flattened the entire city. The palace was still standing tall, but soon it would collapse if something like that happened again.

Kiel spread their wings to stop them from getting thrown even further. Kiel glanced at their arms, trembling at the sheer speed and power of an attack. Kiel couldn't see who it was, but they knew it wasn't Arandil or Castor because they couldn't create such a devastating blow. However, when they smelled the scent of something deeply familiar, they narrowed their eyes.

Harot was floating above the city with the circular light behind his head like a halo. Everyone was baffled when they saw the halo because they had never seen anything like that before. Julius narrowed his eyes, finally getting an answer to the mysterious man that had been following Luke. But he didn't expect that the mysterious man would be something divine.

Kiel tilted their head, slowly recognizing the person hidden underneath the robe and the hood.

"You..." Kiel pointed their swordstaves at Harot. "Harot or Marot?" Kiel asked.

Harot slowly pulled down the hood, revealing his pale white skin and pale gray short messy hair with his bright yellow eyes. The man was handsome, the most handsome man that anyone had ever seen, especially with that cold and sharp gaze of his.

"Harot, look at you..." Kiel stared at Harot with such hatred and betrayal. "Who do you serve here? I don't remember God taking you back even after you got banished, but I know that God showed His mercy to you and Marot. Now, tell me? Who do you serve?" Kiel asked with the demonic energy around him began to move violently like a ravaging flame.

Harot didn't say a word and slowly a divine light pierced through the dark sky to his right hand. The divine light turned into a white light sword, and that alone was enough to make Kiel understand who Harot served. At that moment, Kiel knew that killing or capturing Harot would please Satan, their master. Without hesitation, both Kiel and Harot flew and clashed with their weapons.

Rasmus and Aris watched the duel between the two beings, and it reminded them of when Astrea offered her body to a higher being, letting her body be possessed by an angel. The fight was similar to that day, but this time it was more intense because even the clouds were getting pushed away every time those two clashed. The sky looked like a vast sheet that waved when the shockwave was produced from the clash.

"The name, what did Kiel call him?" Rasmus asked because he could barely hear anything from that distance even with his draconic senses, his focus was on something else.

"Harot, but Kiel also mentioned about Marot," Aris answered since her hearing was more sensitive compared to Rasmus, and she could listen to their conversation from afar. "They seem to know each other, and Kiel sees to despise him because God showed mercy to Harot but not to Kiel or the others. Kiel also asked who Harot served," she added.

Rasmus furrowed his brows and leaned against the tree, his eyes moving from one side to another rapidly as if he was scanning through his brain. He had heard those two names before back on Earth in his previous life. Those names were something that he had heard somewhere. He tried so hard to remember until he decided to pull a string from the book of Enoch about the fallen angels. When the string accidentally pulled something along with it, that was when Rasmus remembered where he heard about Harot and Marot.

Harot and Marot were similar to Fallen Watchers but not the same. They detested humans after they came down to Earth, teaching humans magic. The reason they detested humans, God's creation, was because they believed that humans were created to become sinners. Harot and Marot believed that angels were superior to humans because angels were faithful and showed utmost obedience to God. God then challenged them to live like humans, and in the end, Harot and Marot made the same sins as those humans they detested and were banished from heaven, to live as humans as their punishment and would be forgiven at the end of time if they kept living as mortals and do good deeds.

"(Harot and Marot's story was back on Earth, then why they're here in this world? Still as mortals...)" Rasmus thought as he crossed his arms, his eyes moving from one side to the other repeatedly. "(They're working with Luke who serves the Zevrathi and Archangel Michael? Why?)" He sighed, furrowing his brows and narrowing his eyes.

"(Could it be that they were here to prevent Satan and the Fallen Watchers?)" Rasmus closed his eyes, ignoring the intense battle in the distance. "(Do they know about me and Videl? If Satan knew, then

Archangel Michael should know as well since they served God...) He exhaled deeply, too many dots and not enough string to pull.

"Rasmus?" Aris raised her brows, noticing how deep in thought Rasmus was to the point that he didn't even bother to glance at the intense battle between Kiel and Harot. "Do you know who that Harot is?" She asked.

Rasmus opened his eyes as he took a deep breath, glancing at Kiel and Harot who fought evenly. He exhaled deeply as he pushed himself away from the tree and shook his head.

"No, I don't know who that man is. I'm just thinking about why there are beings like them other than demons, Orthias, humans, and other mythical beings. Harot might be a fallen angel like them, but they might have been forgiven by God just like you said earlier, which is why Kiel seem to despise him," Rasmus answered and watched Harot swing his divine sword that chipped away Kiel's power.

"So there's another side that we need to deal with?" Rullein glanced at Rasmus with a smirk of excitement.

"Looks like it," Rasmus nodded, but then he held his breath when he saw Kiel release demonic energy that was enough to push Harot to the ground. He could see the capital city was covered in dust and then followed by the whole palace collapsing.

The three of them were shocked when the whole city collapsed and sank, but they noticed that all the soldiers, Arandil and the others, and even Julius and Esmerald with the royal guards had left the city the moment Harot decided to fight Kiel. However, the soldiers finally saw what was hidden underneath the capital city, a massive tunnel and even the statue of Archangel Michael was revealed.

"What an interesting place..." Kiel looked around at the statues of the Zevrathi. "So this is where you all did the ritual," Kiel said as they stared at Harot who was badly injured, but then Kiel felt the body shrink and weak to the point until he finally collapsed on his knees.

Harot groaned because of the pain he felt all over his body, and when he looked down on his own body, he saw his bones piercing through his flesh and skin. However, he chuckled as he looked at Kiel when he saw Kiel had lost his power, after using his true form for too long.

"You're done for..." Harot muttered, his voice barely above a whisper.

Kiel didn't expect that Harot's plan was to prolong the fight until Kiel reached his limit and no longer shared the body with the other Fallen Watchers that resided in the body. Kiel tried to stand up, but two swords were pointed at his neck, those were Arandil's and Castor's. They both didn't hesitate to swing their swords and were ready to decapitate Kiel, but then an unknown force pushed everyone away, flattening even the whole tunnel and cave.

The smoke blocked Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein's vision, but they could feel it, the immense energy that suddenly appeared there. The moment the smoke and dust got pushed away, they finally saw her, Satan, in her black long dress and hair that got dragged to the ground with her black feather wings with golden highlights.

"Well... well... well..." Satan giggled as she looked around. "Surprise..." She grinned widely with her glowing red eyes.

Aris' eyes glowed bright blue, and before she could do anything, both Rasmus and Rullein pushed her to the ground and held her down. Rasmus knew her well, and how deep her grudge against Satan when it was her that took Illidan away from her.

"Not now..." Rasmus stared into Aris' eyes with a serious expression.

Chapter 448 - 448: Interference.

"Let me go..." Aris' eyes glowed even brighter as the blue energy around her became more violent that it hurt Rullein. "Rasmus, I have been waiting for this moment for too long. I have been following you, helping you to get what you wanted. Are you asking for more, my obedience?" She stared into Rasmus eyes and intentionally hurt Rullein with her energy.

Rullein groaned in pain as she let go of her hands from Aris' right shoulder. She felt like her arms were being twisted and crushed at the same time by Aris' energy. She knew if she kept holding Aris down, she would lose her life force because the Orthias energy could purify a being like her.

Aris grabbed Rasmus' collars, pushing him to the side and down. She was sitting on top of his body, staring down at him with that intense killing gaze. She tightened her grip and pushed him down even further to the point that the ground cracked around Rasmus' body. On the other hand, Rasmus' expression was stoic and cold, unbothered by Aris' wrath.

"You should know me better, Aris. I'm not stopping you because that's what I want. I'm stopping you because I want to know if you're ready for the consequences," Rasmus said calmly, his eyes never leaving Aris'. "Are you?" He asked.

Aris let go of Rasmus' collars and immediately stood up, but her gaze stayed on Rasmus for a moment before she glanced at the big hole that used to be the capital city of the Sun Empire. She pulled out her Black Greatsword and Rasmus' Black Sword, ready to fight Satan and Kiel. When she glanced at the swords in her hands, she didn't know if those swords were enough to fight Satan until suddenly Aristoria's sword flew in front of her and stabbed the ground in front of her.

"If you want to fight that kind of being, I don't think those two swords will be enough," Rasmus said with a calm expression. "Use it, or not. But remember, you're going to carry the consequences of your action," he warned.

Aris glanced at Rasmus, looking at his eyes and expression. She didn't know why, but Rasmus looked a bit disappointed in her even though he looked at her like he always did. After taking a second to think, she pushed all her thoughts and grabbed Aristoria's sword.

"I'm... sorry..." Aris muttered before she bent her knees and dashed into the air, leaving a devastating shockwave that toppled all the trees and created an avalanche of rocks.

Rasmus didn't expect Aris to apologize out of nowhere, but he was surprised that she could see that he was a bit disappointed by Aris' impulse. However, he didn't think much about his disappointment because he could understand her.

"Rullein, do you want to join her?" Rasmus asked and then glanced at Rullein.

Rullein's expression brightened in an instant, and a grin formed on her face so wide that it reached from one ear to another. She spread her arms, releasing black smoke that slowly coated the whole mountain. Every plant and animal that lived on the mountain suddenly withered and collapsed because of the black

smoke. She fed on the life energy of those things until all the Mana that existed in the mountain disappeared. She prepared herself for the battle, especially after everything she had witnessed.

"Are you asking me because you're worried about Aris? After all, she was marked by that being before, and that might be reason, right?" Rullein asked with a smirk.

"Yes," Rasmus answered without hesitation. "Also there's something that I want you to convey to Kiel..." He approached Rullein and whispered something into her ear.

Rullein furrowed her brows for a moment before she raised her brows as she giggled. The moment Rasmus pulled away, she knew what to do and immediately flew away to join Aris. Rasmus sighed and could only stand there and watch because he didn't want to be noticed by Satan, at least not yet.

"Yur?" Rasmus looked around, looking for Yur.

Yur appeared from behind a small pebble on the ground in a light orb form. The orb slowly turned bigger and bigger until it turned into a child that clung onto Rasmus' right calf. Yur's hands trembled, holding Rasmus' leg.

"I wouldn't stay put if something happened to either of them. You don't have to worry," Rasmus assured Yur by gently caressing Yur's soft hair.

Yur hummed and nodded.

Satan hummed as she walked around at the remnants of the tunnel and where all the cultists had done their ritual. When she saw the scale on the ground, she flapped her wings at the scale and cut the scale into tiny pieces.

"I have failed, Master..." Kiel muttered as he kneeled behind Satan. "I never thought this empire had such an impenetrable defense and the people that protected it were strong..." He added.

"You're standing in a place where your goal is. Is it really considered a failure? You achieved what you came for, and your death won't be an issue since I can escort you back to life," Satan said, her flowing

long black hair dragged on the ground and unbothered if it got dirtied. "Now, where is this Luke and Harot? Did I blow them off to death?" She covered her mouth, pretending to be shocked.

Satan's eyes glowed dark red and located where Harot and Luke were, hidden underneath the rubble and debris where Luke was protecting Luke that was heavily injured. She giggled mischievously as she walked toward the debris, and couldn't wait to find an answer from the cults, their purpose, and their secrets.

Satan suddenly felt an intense killing intent coming toward her. She didn't hesitate to create a demonic barrier to protect herself from whatever dared to come at her. In just a split second, two Black Swords hit the barrier and it was enough to crack the barrier that Satan had made. When Satan saw who it was, she grinned at Aris, meeting a familiar face that had threatened her existence before.

"Long time no se-" Before Satan could finish her sentence, she felt another presence from the other side.

Rullein appeared from a puff of black smoke and thrust her greatswords at the barrier. At that moment, the barrier shattered into pieces and forced Satan to protect herself with her wings like a cocoon. When Aris' and Rullein's swords slashed Satan's wings, they managed to cut deep into Satan's wings and enough to make Satan feel pain. Aris with her Orthias' power and energy that purified Satan's demonic energy and Rullein with her Dark Spirit power and energy that absorbed Satan's demonic energy.

Satan immediately roared and spread her wings, pushing both Aris and Rullein away from her. She glanced at both of them with her demonic eyes, trying to understand her opponents. When she saw Rullein's glowing orange draconic eyes and Aris' glowing blue draconic eyes, she realized that she might be in danger.

Aris and Rullein pushed themselves toward Satan once again, but then Satan disappeared and reappeared in a different spot, blinking in an instant. Rullein immediately puffed into black smoke and appeared behind Satan again, showing that Satan wasn't the only one who could do something like that. On the other hand, Aris' speed was as fast as Satan's blink and already stood in front of her.

Satan repeatedly blinked from one place to another, and both Aris and Rullein kept up with her speed. Satan kept teleporting from one place to another until she decided to fly up high, leaving the hole because it was too small for her to move freely. Aris and Rullein followed Satan to the sky, clashing their swords with Satan's without any mercy and without holding back.

Everyone didn't blink their eyes when they watched those three fight high in the sky. Everyone couldn't see anything because of how fast those three moved, but the shockwaves that pierced everyone's eardrums. Aris with her glowing light blue energy, Rullein with her black smoke, and Satan with her dark purple energy painting the sky. Three colors mixed together, making the blue charcoal color that looked both beautiful and terrifying at the same time.

Aris knew that the Black Swords weren't enough to defeat or even to injure Satan. She stored the Black Swords in her spatial ring and pulled out Aristoria's sword. The moment she swung the sword, the sky got split in half like the sea. Satan who dodged that attack found out how dangerous Aris was.

Satan didn't want to use everything she had for this moment because she knew it would be a waste of time knowing that the chance of winning was slim. However, she chose to prolong the fight, to understand the two beings that were trying to kill her.

Kiel used the opportunity to capture Luke and Harot, but he felt a presence behind him. He slowly turned around, and when he saw Rasmus, he was frozen still because he knew that he was in his weakest state. Rasmus was standing there staring at him with a stoic expression.

"You... you lied..." Kiel glared at Rasmus, furious because of the fact that Aris and Rullein had decided to interfere and prevent him and Satan from getting what they wanted.

"Lied?" Rasmus asked with his head tilted. "I did say that I wouldn't interfere. But I believe the terms that we agreed on are no longer valid when your master decided to come here," he explained and glanced at the bright sky with no clouds because everything was being pushed away by those three.

"This is none of your business..." Kiel clenched his fists.

"Maybe, but why would I let my enemy to get what they wanted?" Rasmus raised his brows.

Kiel was ready to do a surprise attack on Rasmus with the remaining power that he had left. However, he saw a spark of lightning just passing through the corner of his eyes. His body became lighter, but at the same time he couldn't move his body. When he looked down, his head rolled down to the ground and saw his body was still standing. He saw Rasmus standing behind his body with a normal sword in his

right hand that released blue energy similar to Aris' energy. He was confused and shocked because he didn't see Rasmus' movement at all.

"You know..." Rasmus turned around and pushed Kiel's body away and watched it collapse. "I was hoping you would win this battle, but well, there's always next time..." He stared down at Kiel's head and stabbed the sword right into Kiel's skull, using the blue energy to purify Kiel's soul until there was nothing left of him.

Satan who felt Kiel's presence to be completely diminished, got distracted by it and looked at the one who dared kill her loyal follower. When she saw the silver hair and the bright blue eyes, she finally found one of the two people that she wanted to meet. However, while she was distracted, Aris and Rullein thrust their swords at Satan. Satan blocked the attack with her wings and demonic energy, but the barrier shattered immediately, unable to hold the attack. Her wings got pierced and the blades were about to stab her in the chest, but she immediately disappeared and reappeared beyond the troposphere.

"We will meet again, Aristoria..." Satan smirked as she stared at Aris before she covered her body with her wings and spun until she disappeared into thin air, leaving a single black feather that got blown by the air.

Rasmus felt that Satan's presence had disappeared and watched Aris and Rullein descend until they both landed in front of him. Although they both looked fine, Rasmus could see the faint energy that they both had left. The fight didn't even last for more than five minutes, but those two had already used most of their strength to fight Satan.

"There's no point in hiding," Rasmus tilted his head to see the debris behind Aris and Rullein.

The debris and remnants of the pillars were slowly being pushed away and Luke came out from it while offering his shoulder so Harot could stand. Luke looked at those three. Luke looked at them, remembering their faces and what kind of power they all possessed.

"We have so much to talk about," Rasmus walked in between Aris and Rullein as he stared at Luke with a smile on his face. "Don't we?" He raised his brows.

Chapter 449 - 449: The fall of the empire.

Julius watched Like and Harot being taken away by Rasmus. Arandil and the others watched from a distance, however, their attention got shifted when they saw the massive tunnels beneath the empire. They didn't know that there was such a thing beneath the capital city except for Arandil and Castor.

Rasmus slowly turned his head and stared right into Julius' eyes. The way Rasmus stared at Julius, there was a smile in his eyes like a smile of someone who had achieved what he had planned. Julius' expression was calm, but in the end, he had lost everything and gained nothing. Everything that had happened, both the demons and humankind were at lost, and the one that got everything was Rasmus.

Julius remembered that Rasmus had called him a useful tool, and this moment made him feel exactly like that. He didn't want to admit it, but he also couldn't deny it either. He decided to let Rasmus go and brought Luke with him.

"Your Majesty..." Esmeralda muttered nervously as she looked at her husband, who couldn't stop staring at Rasmus with a cold gaze.

"That title..." Julius glanced over his shoulder at Esmeralda, Arandil, and the others. "The Sun Empire no longer exists. There's no ruler without land and people to rule," he said as he looked them in the eyes, declaring the end of his reign.

Everyone stared into Julius' eyes, wondering if he was being serious about what he said. The longer they observed Julius' eyes, the more they were convinced that there wasn't a single flicker of regret in them. They finally accepted Julius' words, but both Arandil and Castor chose to stay loyal to him.

"But we still have the wealth to create a small kingdom..." Esmeralda pointed out as she looked at Julius, hoping that Julius would reconsider and take back his words.

"I know," Julius nodded. "And that's in Isador's hand, not mine anymore," he said, his eyes moving from side to side at the vast hole that used to be a beautiful capital city.

Everyone lowered their heads, acting as witnesses that Emperor Julius Suncrown had passed down his authority to his son, Isador. Nobody complained because everyone was still in shock from what had just happened earlier, about the existence of Satan the master of all demons and the fight between Satan against Aris and Rullein.

Julius reached for the crown on his head and slowly took it off. He looked at it for a moment, flashes of memories running through his mind. He walked to the edge of the vast hole, looking down at the debris and rubble before he tossed his crown.

Everyone watched and listened to the crown rolling down the hard surfaces until it slipped in between the debris and disappeared. Some of the knights and mages wanted to go down there and retrieve the crown for themselves, but none of them dared when Arandil and Castor were there.

"You chose to bury the secrets? How fortunate of you that you don't have to reveal the truth to the world," Lenin's voice could be heard from behind Julius.

Julius turned around and saw Lenin floating above the ground and then landing behind him. Arandil and the others were shocked that the Great Sage suddenly appeared, and assumed that she might have come to help but it was already too late. Julius on the other hand, focused on the question that Lenin asked him.

"What's the point of revealing it, Great Sage? What good comes from revealing the truth? Will the truth give us peace? Will the truth give us a better world?" Julius asked and stared into Lenin's eyes. "There are things that are unnecessary for the world to know because they serve nothing," he added.

"That's when you're wrong, Julius. Because you hid the truth, the peace that we all tried to maintain has been easily destroyed by those secrets," Lenin said as she stared at Julius without showing any pity toward Julius and his empire. "You're hoping the peace will survive the hurricane when it's so fragile. You're not hiding the truth to attain peace, you're hiding the truth to make it easier for you to control the truth and the people," she said as she raised her brows.

"Then what? Should I reveal the secrets and watch the world burn and witness nations kill each other to hold control over those secrets? You would rather choose chaos over stability and control that we used them for the greater good, for everyone's live and future?" Julius asked with a calm expression.

"Now? I believe it's too late, and you have just received the consequences of your actions for hiding the truth. But if you just told us everything a long time ago, we all could work together to achieve true peace, but you didn't trust us, you chose to carry it yourself, and now you have fallen by yourself. You had the choice to make it better, but you didn't." Lenin answered, mirroring Julius' expression.

"I'm not fool enough to not see that, Great Sage," Julius turned his back and stared at the vast hole again. "I know, and I am atoning for my failure. A man like me was needed back then, but not anymore. The world can move on and let this man stay in the dark to live with all the guilts," he said calmly.

"You don't deserve that, Julius. You're running from responsibility by pretending to atone for your deeds. Your presence and figure are needed by the world, and you will have to work to the death if you have to because that's the only thing that can redeem your deeds for hiding the truth," Lenin said, staring at the back of Julius' head.

For the first time Julius chose silence over opening his mouth to respond to Lenin's words. Everyone listened to their conversation and they were holding their breaths as if that conversation was as dangerous and nerve-wrecking as the war against the demons earlier.

"You know where to go. Join us and help both Isador and Aurelia, two children of two nations that share the same guilt for hiding the truth from the world. You owed your son his future, and Astrea owed her daughter her future. You have nowhere to go, and the Holy Nation is wide open for everyone that wish for a better world," Lenin said as she turned around to look at Arandil and the others.

After Lenin had enough looking at everyone's faces, she flew away to go back to the Holy Nation, to inform others about the results of the battle.

"Merely a tool..." Julius muttered to himself as he looked up at the sky with a calm expression, but there was a hint of a smirk of mockery toward himself.

Julius took a deep breath before he turned around and looked at all the people who still looked at him like they were looking at the emperor. Most of them still had that loyalty in their eyes, and some had begun to question their loyalty to him. He didn't think much about it because he knew that they were still following his orders.

"Go back to your family, they're waiting for your return. The war is over for now, but this is far from over because the real war hasn't happened yet," Julius said, his voice loud enough that millions of soldiers could hear his voice. "You're no longer serving the Sun Empire as of now because the Sun Empire is no longer exist. You're not bound by your oath and vow, you're released and you're free to go," he added.

All the soldiers looked at each other and murmured, shocked by Julius' words that the Sun Empire was no more. They had devoted their whole lives to becoming proud knights and mages of the Sun Empire, and now they didn't know where to go or what to do.

"Those who don't know where to go," Julius paused to look them in the eyes. "You may join me in the Holy Nation and join hand with Great Sage Lenin and Lady Aurelia. If you don't want to, then you may serve other rulers, but there's one request that I want you to listen to," he paused and took a deep breath. "What you saw here earlier, tell the world what you saw. Tell them that Count Rasmus Blackheart was the one who defeated the Demon army," he said with a serious expression.

Everyone was confused as to why Julius wanted to give credit to Rasmus. However, they remembered how terrifying the being that came at the last minute was. They knew they wouldn't be alive if it wasn't for Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein. They all looked at each other and decided to accept Julius' request by spreading the news that Rasmus Blackheart was the hero that defeated the demon army.

"Now, you all can leave and go back to your family," Julius said and turned away to look at Arandil and Castor, nodding to signal them to prepare to leave.

Arandil and Castor nodded and prepared the horses for Julius and Esmeralda.

Chapter 450 - 450: Purposes.

Luke looked at his surroundings where all he could see was tall grass and trees. He glanced at the tree branches where there were dozens of people wearing all-black and masks that covered their lower half faces. Their eyes were pointed at him and Harot, who was unconscious after enduring the pain and trying to stay awake because of the danger.

Luke looked at Rasmus' body that didn't look like a man or a woman because he was both lean and muscular at the same time. He observed and listened to Rasmus' conversation with Rullein and Aris where Rasmus showed his concern for both of them after their fight with Satan.

"You two should rest. You both look so pale," Rasmus said with his arms crossed, staring at Aris and Rullein, who were sitting and leaning against the tree.

"Resting won't be enough..." Rullein groaned softly, feeling sore all over her body. "We need something to cleanse this filthy energy after that fight with her," she pointed as she wrapped her arms around her body, hugging herself.

Rasmus looked at Aris and she was also paler than ever, making her skin almost as white as the snow. Her eyelids reddened like she was having a high fever, and her pupils were dilated.

Yur suddenly appeared in the form of a child, walking toward Aris and holding her hand with Yur's tiny right hand. Yur looked at Rullein and offered Yur's left hand to her.

"Give me your hand..." Yur said with a frown and worried expression.

Rullein groaned and slowly held Yur's tiny hand gently. She looked at Yur with a curious and mischievous look even in that state, but she held back and did nothing.

Yur took a deep breath and closed its eyes as Yur held Aris' and Rullein's hands so tightly. The surrounding trees, grass suddenly grew bigger, and the flowers began to bloom. The Black Hands were surprised when they saw Yur's power for the first time.

Aris and Rullein began to sigh in relief when they felt a cold and refreshing energy flown into their bodies. They looked at Yur and they both showed their gratification by holding Yur's hands tightly and smiling at Yur.

"This is nothing for me," Yur smiled widely until Yur's eyes completely shut. "I'm a Great Spirit after all," Yur giggled cutely.

Luke looked at the four of them and couldn't believe there was a group of various beings like that. Rasmus as half Orthias and half human, Aris as Aristoria of Orthias, Rullein a Dark Spirit that could be called a myth, and lastly Yur the Great Spirit. He thought that he was special, but he was nothing compared to the people that followed Rasmus.

Rasmus glanced at Luke, and when their eyes met, Luke flinched slightly. He approached Luke and stood in front of him while Luke was sitting on the ground beside Harot.

"I'll give you a choice," Rasmus stared coldly at Luke. "Tell me the whole truth about the cult and the master you serve. Or, I'll let her take all your memories, brain wash you, and devour Harot," he pointed his thumb at Rullein, who was sitting under the tree.

"What do you want to know, Count Blackheart? Where should I start?" Luke asked, lifting his head to look Rasmus in the eyes.

"Your connection with the Sun Empire and the Suncrown family," Rasmus answered as the gentle breeze brushed his face and his silver hair.

"I believe you already know what kind of connection the cult has with the Sun Empire and the Suncrown family, and also with the Angelis family," Luke slowly looked down at the grass. "To put it simply, our Lord, the Zevrathis offered one of them to be sacrificed so the Angelis family could become the family of Saint. For the Suncrown family, we swore to assist them in creating peace, controlling the people from behind the curtains," he explained, and then took a deep breath, realizing he was about to reveal everything to Rasmus.

"And the one who sent a Zevrathi to kill my father. Who was it? Your Lord's order or Julius that ordered you to kill him?" Rasmus asked.

"The Blackheart family has been a powerhouse for so long. They had their fair share of secrets, and they knew the secrets were just on the surface level. They were aware, and knew there were more stories and truths behind the Great Era. It was a mutual interest to prevent the Blackheart family from sniffing even further," Luke answered, slowly lifting his head to look at Rasmus.

At that moment, Rasmus knew that Luke was telling the truth because those questions weren't important in Luke's eyes.

"The Zevrathi family. They were hunted down for their power after they led humankind to hunt the Orthias. They chose to turn the other way, were they not? I'm talking about them making a deal with the demons," Rasmus asked with his brows raised.

Luke's eyes flinched slightly when he realized how deep Rasmus knew about the Zevrathi family. He glanced at Aris, Rullein, and Yur, wondering if one of them knew the whole truth about the Zevrathi family.

"Not all of them," Luke shook his head. "Do you know how many they are? From the direct descendants alone, there were more than a thousand of them. Imagine how many distant descendants were there? Even after being hunted down back then, some survived and hid from the eyes of the world," he revealed.

Rasmus furrowed his brows and could imagine that there would be at least hundreds of them that were still alive in this time and age. However, he pushed that aside and focused on his last question since Luke hadn't answered it.

"Those who have turned a blind eye from divinity, they brought those demons into this world. We don't know which one they are, where they are, or what their plans are right now. However, back then with the help of the Angelis family and the Suncrown family, we managed to hunt them down," Luke paused to take a deep breath. "And it was also thanks to your father. He was the one who got rid of them," he revealed with a serious expression.

At that moment the mystery dots finally connected. Rasmus found out the truth that his father had become a hunting dog for everyone.

"Those who have their faith in God, they're your Lord?" Rasmus tilted his head and put his weight on one leg.

"Yes, and we have been trying to cleanse evil that came to this world. We want to create a world like before, where humans lived in peace and where our Lord led them, guiding them into the light," Luke answered, his eyes filled with ambition and beliefs.

At that moment Rasmus finally saw it, the person that was speaking in front of him. He saw Luke as nothing but a martyr, an extremist, a fanatic. He knew there was no point in going on more than just interrogating Luke.

"That annual offering ritual that you did back then, the statue that everyone worshiped. Who is that?" Rasmus asked even though he already knew the answer, but he wanted to know if they called Archangel Michael a different name in this world.

"We don't worship him, we are offering him those demons to show our loyalty to God," Luke answered with a smirk on his face. "His name is Archangel Michael, God's right-hand and the strongest being below God. Archangel Michael is the one that saved our Lord from humans that hunted him and his family. Archangel Michael is ordered by God to be our Lord's guardian angel," he revealed.

"That offering, what for? To repay for his protection?" Rasmus furrowed his brows.

Luke answered with only a smile, an ambiguous smile that Rasmus found it a bit suspicious. Rasmus glanced at Rullein, and she was staring back at him, ready to take all Luke's memories. When Luke saw Rullein's grin and those glowing dark orange draconic eyes toward him, his smile disappeared in an instant.

"I'm not going to ask you twice," Rasmus glanced at Luke with a stoic and cold expression.

"The purpose for the offering is indeed to show our gratification to Archangel Michael, but that's not the main purpose," Luke answered with his hands raised. "The main purpose is to give Archangel Michael a path to descend to this world. However, unlike those demons, an Angel can't come down to the world of the living with their beautiful and magnificent bodies. They require bodies to possess, but not just any bodies because they would get destroyed and even turned into ashes if the bodies couldn't handle such a magnificent being. The body must be from the purest human being," he revealed.

Rasmus narrowed his eyes, wondering if the cult had found the candidates for possession.

"Why are you searching for bodies? Aren't the bodies of Zevrathis should be enough?" Rasmus asked.

"No, they're carrying the sins of their ancestors, they're unworthy," Luke shook his head. "There are a few names, bodies that are befitting to be used as vessels for the Archangels," he pointed out.

Rasmus furrowed his brows, and the first thing that came to his mind was the accident that happened during his time at Gratlan Academy. The accident where Aurelia used her powers and how Vidal explained that her body was wanted by angels.

"Aurelia Angelis," Rasmus stared into Luke's eyes.

The moment Rasmus mentioned Aurelia's name, Luke's eyes widened and his smile reached from ear to ear, excited and amazed by Rasmus' guess.

"Yes! She's one of the candidates that we have been wanting to take," Luke answered in excitement.