

Evil 45

Chapter 45 - 45: The Blackhearts.

A mysterious person wearing a black cloak and a hoodie that covered their faces stood in front of a steel gate. There were dozens of knights lying on the ground unconscious. The mysterious person grabbed the key to the gate and opened it slowly and quietly.

The sound of the boots echoed in the dark dungeon without a single light. The figure could walk in the dark without any problem. The figure stopped their steps and slowly looked to the left where the cell was.

"Count Blackheart," the figure spoke, it was a woman's voice.

"This voice..." The man's voice was weak and shaky.

The figure created a fireball to light the cell and reveal her identity. The moment the woman pulled down her hood, she revealed her face, the Great Sage of Neva, Lenin Sliver. She looked at Erglade's condition and she couldn't believe what she was seeing.

"They did this to you, Count?" Lenin looked at Erglade who was chained to the wall, his arms were gone. The bandages couldn't absorb all the blood on his shoulders. She could see the blood was dripping to the cold stone floor, and Erglade was standing on his own pool of blood.

"There's no other way for them to feel safe, is there?" Erglade smiled weakly, his eyes barely open, fighting the hallucination from the blood loss. "Funny enough that they still fear me even in this state," he chuckled weakly.

"Of course they are. I'm the only one who can beat you into a pulp," Lenin smiled softly.

Erglade smiled weakly as he closed his eyes for a moment. "I still don't want to be your apprentice, Great Sage, if that's the reason for your visit," he muttered.

"Still arrogant even in this state, are you? Are all Blackheart like this?" Lenin laughed quietly as she shook her head.

There was only silence after that. It wasn't an awkward silence, it was something else.

"Why did you do this, Count? Raised your banner and killed the royal family?" Lenin asked as she crossed her arms, staring into Erglade's eyes.

Erglade rested his head against the wall behind him to fight the headache and the sleepiness that had been trying to conquer his body. The pain was unbearable, but somehow he didn't show any reaction to it.

"The world is in danger, Great Sage. The world has become so peaceful that evil doesn't need to lurk in the shadows anymore. They have been walking among us leisurely. I had to do it, I had to put them back to their place," Erglade answered weakly, his eyes almost all-white.

"What evil, Erglade?" Lenin began to address him using his first name, a sign of trust and closeness.

"Find my journal, you'll find all the answers you need," Erglade answered, his neck could no longer support the weight of his head because of his weakened state. "A place that nobody would know," he pointed out.

"Where is it?" Lenin placed her hands on the cell bars.

"Do me a favor, Lenin..." Erglad forced his eyes to open wide so he could see Lenin's eyes. "My son, my only son. Take him with you..." he said weakly, his breath was heavy.

"I promise. Just tell me where your journal is," Lenin held the bars tightly.

"Don't take him now..." Erglade pointed out. "Once he's old enough to survive on his own, take him with you. Until then, don't do anything. If he dies, then so be it... if he lives, then take him..." he repeated.

Lenin could tell that Erglade had begun to hallucinate and that he was no longer responding to her questions.

"I promise," Lenin nodded as she loosened her grip on the bars. "I'll take him when he becomes an adult," she assured.

"Rasmus knows where my journal is..." Erglade muttered. "Aris... My love..." he muttered.

Lenin nodded with understanding and slowly removed her hands from the bars. She took a few steps back, she didn't want to bother Erglade anymore and she had been in the dungeon for too long.

"Rest, my friend..." Lenin muttered as she pulled the hood to cover her face. "You deserve to rest..." She looked at Erglade for one last time before she left.

Rasmus who listened to Lenin's story made him remember the day his mother got executed.

"Any last word?" An old man, wearing a white robe with gold engravings around it asked. His eyes were filled with disgust, anger, and somewhat fear. He was one of the members of the Council of Neva.

"Yes, I have a few..." A white-haired woman, smirking with her dried lips after she fought non-stop for 7 whole days. All her limbs were chained to the ground, including her neck. "Open your ears and watch my mouth carefully..." She closed her eyes to gather the remaining energy she had left in her.

Everyone stood there in silence, surrounding the city square and staring at the woman with mixed feelings. They despised her because she killed countless lives and they were also terrified because she killed countless lives with barely any wounds on her body. They were in disbelief because she fought non-stop for 7 whole days, and the scariest part was the fact she killed 3 Swordmasters and the strongest knights in Central Neva.

"On behalf of the lives I have killed, they'll be a reminder to those who have seen a glimpse of my silver hair. The next thing they would see was nothing but redness and a painless death..." Aristoria's voice trembled because of the thirst for more blood. Her words made everyone tremble both in fear and anger even though she was already helpless.

"Unfortunately this is the end," the old man responded as he looked at the man who held Aristoria's greatsword and nodded his head.

"I'm not done..." Aristoria glanced at the old man with a cold and sharp gaze.

The old man sighed as he crossed his arms, staring down at Aristoria.

"When you recognize a silver hair, you shall prepare..." Aristoria smiled. "The fate that awaits you will be worse than death..." She chuckled and began to laugh.

The old man and everyone were baffled by her words, it was unnerving. He had had enough and ordered the executioner to kill Aristoria by beheading her head.

The sound of the head falling was similar to when Lenin tapped the table in front of her. It made Rasmus snap back to reality and look at Lenin's hand.

"I fulfilled my promise and brought you here with me, Count Blackheart. Of course, I didn't expect that you could survive on your own for more than a decade. I brought you in not only because of that but because of your talents," Lenin said and looked at Rasmus who had been listening to her story.

Rasmus hummed and began to process what he listened to. His father fought for the same reason as what the Suncrown did 400 years ago. This evil they mentioned and the scent of Videl's kin that Videl found out back then, were all connected.

"This journal of my late father, he said that I would know where it was?" Rasmus looked at Lenin with his brows furrowed.

"That was what he said to me. This journal will reveal everything that he knew and what the Refenus Kingdom hid from the world," Lenin nodded as she looked at the clouds outside the window. "The same thing that happened during the Great Era."

Rasmus tried to remember his memories, but it was too hard because of the trauma that the original Rasmus had. So many memories were blurred and unrecognizable.

"He expected me to remember everything during my childhood when I got traumatized from watching both of my parents die. I might recall it when I go back there, but the land and the mansion now belong to a new family," Rasmus said and began to sigh deeply. "It might take a while, but maybe I'll remember it," he added.

"But I have to admit that your personality is a combination of Eraglade and your mother, Aristoria which isn't a good thing at all," Lenin pointed out and crossed his arms. "Your arrogance and intelligence came from Eraglade. Your sadistic side and fearlessness came from your mother."

Rasmus chuckled softly as he nodded in agreement, "Is that a compliment, Great Sage?"

Lenin shook her head in disbelief as she sighed deeply because no matter how she looked at Rasmus, it always reminded her of Eraglade. She knew how cunning and manipulative Eraglade was because he knew how to exploit the weaknesses and desires of the people around him.

"Shall we change the topic?" Lenin asked. "Have you read that book?" She looked at the red book about magic formation.

Rasmus looked at the book and slowly reached out his hand to grab it. "No, I barely read the book, only the beginning. I was too eager to read the history of Orthias that I put this aside," he answered and shook his head. "The day is still long, and I have the whole day to learn about this, so I might start reading it now."

Lenin hummed and nodded with understanding as she stood up from the chair. She looked at the time and realized she had an important matter to do in the Magic Tower.

"Well then, I'll let you have your privacy," Lenin said, then left the library.