

Evil 451

Chapter 451 - 451: Everything is connected.

Harot had regained his consciousness and was confused about where he was or what had happened when he was unconscious. The first thing he saw was Luke, sitting under the tree and staring up at Rasmus with his arms crossed. He could see that excitement in Luke's eyes, and how Rasmus stared down at Luke with an uninterested expression.

"What about Monica Sancticus?" Rasmus stared into Luke's eyes, wondering if Monica was also a candidate.

"The Sancticus family? No, they're not worthy," Luke shook his head, still with a smile on his face. "Do you know why?" He tilted his head.

Rasmus didn't react or take the bait, he stayed quiet and stared into Luke's eyes.

"Because—" Luke was about to reveal the truth, but then Harot spoke out loud, "That's enough..."

Everyone looked at Harot, who could barely stand up. They watched Harot approach Luke and stood in between Luke and Rasmus. Harot stared into Rasmus' eyes with his gray eyes that looked similar to the eyes of a blind person.

Rasmus could see a hint of hatred in Harot's eyes that was pointed at him. There was only silence for a moment, they were trying to see what was beneath each other's faces.

"He's not a human, isn't he?" Rasmus broke the silence, asking the question to Luke. "Is he perhaps one of them? A body that an Angel could possess?" He asked, pretending to not know the existence of Harot.

"It's complicated..." Luke answered. "You can call him a human and something else entirely," he explained.

Harot turned around and glared at Luke, who kept blabbering his mouth and revealed everything to Rasmus. Luke on the other hand, he stared back at Harot and then glanced at Rullein. Harot looked over his shoulder at Rullein, ready to use force so Rasmus could get what he wanted.

"If I want to, I could easily find out about everything you have been doing for centuries," Rasmus said with a straight face. "I could ask about Zevrathi's whereabouts if I wanted to. However, I'm not planning to do that," he revealed.

Both Luke and Harot looked at Rasmus with a confused look on their faces. They were ready to do anything to prevent Rasmus from digging up the cult and its existence.

"I'm not your enemy if you don't treat me like one," Rasmus said as he took a few steps back, giving both Luke and Harot the space they needed. "We both have the same enemy, the demons. We both also aren't fond of humans and their power struggles. So, I'm respecting your privacy, but in exchange, I'll offer you a truce," he explained as he sat down on the rock.

Harot and Luke looked at each other, wondering if they should consider or even believe what Rasmus had said. Luke knew that Rasmus could easily get all his memories using Rullein just like how they did it to the ringleaders. Harot turned his head to look at Rasmus, and he was being skeptical and suspicious about it.

"You said the same exact thing to those demons. You made a deal with them, and yet you betrayed them. Why should we believe you when you could stab us in the back one day?" Harot asked in a calm voice.

"Do you have a choice?" Rasmus asked back. "You should consider your situation before you question the one who could give you a choice of walking out alive," he stared into Harot's eyes with a stoic expression.

Harot glanced at Aris and Rullein, who were feeling so much better. He saw it when those two could stand equally with Satan, one of the three strongest and highest beings of the same origin, fire and corruption. He had no chance, nor anyone in this world to run away and survive from those two beings.

"I didn't betray Kiel nor did I betray Nemu," Rasmus stared at Luke and Harot. "The deal I made with Kiel was that I wouldn't interfere, but then their master came, and that was beyond my agreement with

them. So, I just did my part to prevent them from gaining more than they should, but at the same time, to stop them from taking you two. To let the enemy gain power would be foolish, don't you agree?" He added, sitting comfortably on top of the rock.

Harot's mouth was shut tightly, not having a reason to disagree or question Rasmus' explanation. Harot had lived for so long, long enough to live among mortals both on Earth and Neva as his punishment by God. He had seen people like Rasmus, a few of them that his fingers could count with those figures.

"There's no reason to think hard about it," Luke looked at Harot as he stood up. "We will accept your mercy," he looked Rasmus in the eyes with a serious expression, knowing that this was their only chance to walk away unharmed and could prepare for the future when the truce was over.

"Then tell me what do you mean that the Sancticus family is unworthy?" Rasmus asked.

Harot closed his eyes, slowly stepping aside because he didn't want to be a part of this.

"Because the Sancticus family is a distant descendant of the Zevrathi family," Luke answered with a smirk, knowing that Rasmus would never have known that if he didn't revealed it. However, Rasmus didn't react to that at all. "We have records of all the offspring of all the Zevrathi's family members. However, the record stopped after the Great Era of Neva because of the war and the remaining records were either went missing or destroyed," he added.

"And you used those records to hunt them down?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised.

"Yes, and that was your father's doing, Count. We gave them enough information so he could erase them from history," Luke smiled at Rasmus. "Everything went smoothly, but that wasn't enough. There are so many of them that we haven't found, and they're all over the world. In East Neva, West Neva, and South Neva," he added.

Rasmus glanced to the side after Luke's words reminded him of Serena because her past was being hunted by the Holy Nation and was killed. Luke mentioned that the Angelis family and the Suncrown family were working together with the Zevrathi family. It wasn't just a coincidence that Serena was killed when they found out that she possessed divine power.

"The Valentine family from South Neva, do you know about them?" Rasmus asked with his arms crossed.

Luke's eyes twitched once again when Rasmus suddenly mentioned a family name that seemed to be connected with the cult's agenda and plans. He glanced at Harot and could see how Harot seemed to give him a warning by not opening his mouth so casually in front of Rasmus. He then looked at Rasmus again, but this time he was too scared to even look him in the eyes for long.

"You sent the Holy Nation to hunt the Valentine family? I remember that Lady Astrea, the former Saint of the Holy Nation mentioned that she was unaware of this fact. I also remembered that one of the senate members of the Sun Empire was your people. Your cult infiltrated the Holy Nation as well, and they were the culprits behind the disappearance of Serena Valentine, correct?" Rasmus asked again.

Luke was quiet, realizing that he wasn't just facing a man that had powerful beings that supported and followed him out of his legacy. He realized that the man in front of him could connect dots of secrets that the world was unaware of. He glanced at Harot once again, and he understood why Harot was so wary of Rasmus, and this was the reason.

"Now..." Rasmus paused as he took a few steps forward toward Luke.

Luke unconsciously walked backward, trying to keep a safe distance from Rasmus. Unfortunately, his back hit the hard tree bark and couldn't move anywhere else while Rasmus kept closing the distance. When Rasmus stood in front of Luke, towering over him and staring down at him with his glowing draconic eyes, Luke's knees went weak and he had to lean against the tree to keep himself standing.

"Why the cult wants me dead?" Rasmus asked, his gaze cold, so cold that Luke could feel it in his bones. "A child who knew nothing, was banished, starved, and was close to dying. Why? Why the cult wants me dead?" He repeated.

Luke could give hundreds of reasons that would be believable, but somehow Rasmus could tell if he was lying or telling the truth.

"This is the reason, Count Blackheart," Harot answered as he stared at Rasmus with a cold gaze. "Do you understand why we want you dead? This is why," he pointed out.

Rasmus smiled coldly at Luke and it was enough to make Luke's heart stop beating for a second and make him collapse. Luke was scared and he had never felt scared like that in his whole life. He looked at Harot with a terrified gaze, warning Harot that the answer Harot gave was the biggest mistake.

"So you knew about me," Rasmus turned his head to look at Harot. "You KNEW about me..." He repeated with a cold smile still on his face.

Aris, Rullein, and Yur furrowed their brows when Rasmus repeated those words. They felt like Rasmus said that with a hidden meaning behind those words. When they glanced at Harot, they also saw anxiety in his eyes.

"Very well, you two may leave now," Rasmus said as he chuckled softly and walked past Harot.

Luke and Harot looked at each other and nodded before they hurriedly left the forest. They kept looking back, anxious that Rasmus might have changed his mind, but what they saw was a man, smiling coldly at them.

Chapter 452 - 452: Mother figure.

Nemu was on his knees with his head touching the ground. He was trembling in fear and all the Demon Kings were behind him as well. They weren't expecting to see their Master visit them, and she was in a really bad mood.

"So... you have spent more than a year, and this is all you have achieved?" Satan asked, sitting on the chair with her legs crossed and chin rested on her fist. "A mere temple and those useless followers of yours..." Her eyes were like a slit with glowing red eyes, questioning Nemu's ability to fulfill his duty.

Nemu couldn't answer Satan's question because he was ashamed of his progress on taking over Central Neva. He could give Satan any kind of excuse that would justify his failure in conquering Central Neva, but he chose silence.

"Well, Kiel lost to humans and I don't think using other methods could conquer this content faster than this," Satan uncrossed her legs and got up from the seat. "These humans are strong, I admit that, but..." she paused, looking down at Nemu and all the demon Kings behind him.

Nemu and the others were waiting for their master to continue her speech, but there was only silence. They didn't dare to raise their heads to look at their master.

"Rasmus Blackheart, Aristoria, and that one other being, the woman in all-black with the eyes of a dragon," Satan pointed out as she tilted her head and stared at the tall ceiling. "They're too strong for all of you..." She glanced at her back, remembering the feeling of her wings being cut and stabbed by Rullein and Aris.

Satan chuckled softly, feeling an immense thrill from remembering her fight with Aris and Rullein. Her chuckle caused the ground to tremble gently, and everyone in the capital city thought it was a small earthquake.

"Now, tell me everything you have found..." Satan went down to one knee and placed her hand on Nemu's shoulder, helping him to raise his head.

Nemu slowly raised his head and looked at Satan's face, the face that all the Fallen Watchers admired. Her long shiny jet-black hair, her pale white skin and gorgeous facial features and red eyes were right in front of him. He once again looked into the eyes of the being that saved the Fallen Watchers, a being that spread her magnificent wings, protecting them and took them under her wings.

"There are so many things... I wouldn't be able to tell everything in just a single night, Master..." Nemu lowered his head, offering his nape to Satan.

Satan glanced at Nemu's nape which was barely visible due to the robe he wore. Her long and slender fingers wrapped around Nemu's nape and used her power to see Nemu's memories and thoughts. That act of submission was the highest form of loyalty to Satan.

The memories of everything that had happened in Central Neva in the past two years flashed through Satan's eyes. She watched those memories and etched them into her mind, making them like her own memories. Every question she had was answered and every tiny detail that she might have missed.

"What a complicated situation we have here..." Satan pulled her hand away from Nemu's nape. "I should apologize for questioning your ability..." She got up and walked toward the seat. "Rise..." she commanded as she sat down and looked at Nemu and all the Demon Kings.

Everyone slowly stood up and looked at Satan's true form, a woman in a long all-black gown that it wrapped around her seat. A being that was born from the same fire as them but she was God's favorite of her kind that God granted all of her wishes and requests. Although Satan was treated differently compared to the other demons, they admired her because she chose her kind than being by God's side. Satan was like a mother figure that they had never had, the one who guided them, embraced them, and chose to fall into the same hole at the end of time.

"Rasmus Blackheart, that man is Kyros and I'm sure of it now," Satan said as she stared at her long fingers waving gracefully. "He even dared to convey a message to me," she chuckled in disbelief.

"Convey a message, Master?" Nemu asked, the mask hiding his expression, but his eyes filled with curiosity.

"Yes, he said that I came at the right moment, and it was all Thanks to me that I made Kiel's plan fail..." Satan's chuckle turned into a giggle until it became a quiet and eerie laughter. She remembered that during her fight against Aris and Rullein, Rullein whispered those words into her ear. "My excitement have caused the failure of your plan, Nemu..." She stared at Nemu with a gentle expression but with a hint of guilt and regret in it.

Nemu didn't say a word and just looked down because he knew and had followed Satan for as long as he could remember. Satan despised empty words to make her feel superior to the rest.

"But my plan wasn't to conquer this continent, Master..." Nemu answered, his head still lowered.

"Right, you just wanted to extract the souls of our followers that existed centuries ago and to uncover the remaining Zevrathis. However, leaving now is a bit... too early are we not? Now that I'm here, why don't we have some fun?" Satan smiled as she gripped the armrests tightly. "I want to meet that bastard and I also want to meet Rasmus face to face. The Devil and the reincarnated," she giggled in excitement as she got up from her seat.

Nemu was thrilled when Satan had decided to join the game in Central Neva. Knowing that Satan chose to help Nemu's cause and plan, the chance of him achieving his plan suddenly turned upside down. Suddenly, a masked being came into the hall with a few men in robes behind him. It was Deja, and the people behind him were the demons that were on an infiltration mission with him.

"Deja..." Satan smiled as she watched Deja bow his head. "How did it go?" She asked after reading Nemu's memories and found that Deja had been doing his part in digging up the secrets of the cult.

"Master, we managed to capture some of the important people from the cult. If I wasn't being careful, they would have killed themselves," Deja answered. "Their loyalty toward their Lord was extraordinary, Master. I'm afraid my abilities can't make them talk," he added.

"Oh? Let me have them. Bring them here..." Satan smirked with her arms crossed.

Deja bowed down before he hurriedly left the hall while the others, including Nemu moved to the side to give an open space for Satan to use her power. It didn't take a minute before Deja came back with four people wearing robes and hoods that covered their faces so the people wouldn't know who those cultists were.

Deja revealed all the faces, and one of them was Senator Orlean, the same man that led the offering ritual when Aider infiltrated and pretended to be one of the ringleaders. Satan knew that face and who he was thanks to Nemu's memories and knowledge about all important figures in Central Neva.

"My... my..." Satan muttered under her breath as she walked toward Orlean. "You caught someone big, Deja..." She chuckled softly as she placed her nails under Orlean's chin.

Orlean was on his knees, captivated by Satan's beauty because he had never seen a beautiful woman like her in his whole life or in history. His mind went blank by just staring at her pretty and flawless face. He was already enchanted by her beauty, a beauty that no mortal should be able to comprehend.

"Now... tell me everything, please?" Satan asked in her soft and soothing voice as she went down to her knees to be in an equal position as Orlean.

Orlean opened his mouth and began to speak as if his mouth had its own mind and soul. That was the power of Satan, God's accuser and God's prosecutor that could easily tame any being other than God and divine beings. Her power was removed when she came to the world of the living, and she could easily have brought all men and women to hell by her power, and God knew that. This time, God allowed her to regain her power back in this world, and this is one of the power that even the Angels should be afraid of.

As soon as Satan let go of her fingers from Orlean's chin, Orlean snapped back to reality, unaware of what was happening. When he looked around, the other cultists were shocked that he had revealed everything to her.

"Nothing useful... it seems that Luke Weissman is the only one they trust," Satan sighed as she glanced at Deja. "Well, you can kill them now since they're useless," she flicked her fingers as she walked back to her seat.

Before they could even say a word to plea, their heads rolled on the ground by Deja's black bat wings. He took their souls and devoured them, tasting the divinity within their souls.

"Now, what should we do first?" Satan crossed her legs and looked at Nemu and Deja.

"We will follow you wherever you go, Master," Nemu and Deja answered at the same time.

"Well then, shall we hunt down the remaining cult members? Let's leave them a message that we are now officially hunting them," Satan smirked as she rested her cheek on her fist.

Chapter 453 - 453: The mind of Satan.

"You believe that Satan will hunt the cultist now?" Aris looked at Rasmus, who was staring at the map. "What makes you so sure about it?" She asked.

Rasmus was in the middle of a conversation with Ayla and two of her subordinates. He pointed at the Ruzia Empire and wanted them to keep an eye on their movements.

"Because that was Kiel and Nemu's goal. They know that they wouldn't be able to do anything with us here in this continent. However, now that their master is here, that changes everything," Rasmus answered as he kept staring at the map. "Satan's appearance in this continent tells me that she might want to meet me and Videl in person after she found out that the mark in your body had disappeared," he explained.

Aris had seen Rasmus in this focused state countless of times, but this time he looked a bit troubled, uncertain. She knew that it was all because of her wanting to get rid of the mark, knowing that it would risk Videl's identity and his connection with Rasmus.

The Ruzia Empire was a Council of Neva member, and it was one of the oldest nations in Central Neva. Rasmus received detailed information related to the Ruzia Empire and the Sun Empire's alliance. The report stated that both empires weren't in a good term behind the curtain.

"So they might have made a move by now?" Rullein stood beside Rasmus and looked at the map.

"Erduin reported that Nemu and his faction have decided to make a move against the demon army," Rasmus nodded with his arms crossed. "The whole continent should have known about the great battle and the fall of the Sun Empire. There should be no demons, at least how it should be," he muttered, looking from one nation to another.

"It's as you said before that they found a loophole, right? Satan might have brought Kiel and those demons back to life," Aris crossed her arms and looked at the Ruzia Empire on the map, the second biggest territory in Central Neva.

"Yes, they will be dancing on the stage to fool the people, believing Nemu was fighting the demons when in truth both of them are on the same side. They're going to lure the people to where they want them to be," Rasmus nodded. "They won't show any mercy with Satan by their side. The empire will fall faster than any empire in history. That also goes to the other factions and the remnants of those nations, Nemu would take them and soon would be his sacrificial lambs," he pointed out.

Rullein and Aris looked at the map and after they treated the Federation faction and the remaining nations of the Sun Empire faction to fall, there were only five nations left. The last bastion, a nation that stood behind the Ruzia Empire and the Sun Empire was the Holy Nation.

"We won't interfere?" Rullein glanced at Rasmus with her brows raised.

"No, Satan might have prepared for it this time. You two haven't recovered yet from the last battle against her. There's no point in interfering, at least not yet," Rasmus answered as he exhaled deeply, but then he pointed at the Holy Nation. "We will be going to the Holy Nation and wait," he pointed out.

"The Holy Nation? Why? You want to join hands with them? The same plan as back then in South Neva?" Aris asked and looked at Rasmus.

"That's the only practical way. The cultists are on the run right now, looking for a safe place to hide. However, the borders are closed, nobody could enter or leave this continent. They would consider hiding in different nations, but soon those nations would fall. So, where's the only safest nation in this continent? That's the Holy Nation," Rasmus explained, tapping the map repeatedly.

"Satan planned to put them all in one place, making it easier for her to take them all than having to search for them. She won't attack the Holy Nation, not until she takes every nation that stands in this continent. That's her plan," Rasmus explained with a serious expression.

Aris and Rullein hummed, realizing how flawless Satan's plan was. They remembered their fight against Satan, and that feeling of corruption that tried to consume them from within. They were lucky that Satan's power hadn't recovered fully, and if she was stronger just a little bit then them, back then, they might have become her food.

At that moment, Aris realized why Rasmus had tried to stop her back then. She didn't realize that it could be the end of her if Satan was a bit stronger back then. She felt guilty and regretful, especially when she saw the disappointment in Rasmus' eyes. She had said something bad to him, and accused him of trying to control her when the truth was he just wanted to protect her.

"My Lord!" Erdinand came with a scroll in his hand, he was panting and offered the scroll to Rasmus.

Rasmus took the scroll and looked at the report from the Black Hands. His brows raised as he read the report with Aris and Rullein beside him, reading it as well. The report was about the arrival of the remaining northerners. It was stated in the report that the North had fallen to the demons.

"No wonder Satan came to this continent all of a sudden," Rasmus burned the scroll and watched the ashes get blown away by the wind. "She had conquered North Neva, and she's chasing the rats that ran away," he hummed as he looked at the map once again.

"But Orthias is still in the North. Didn't they say that the Orthias had decided to help the northerners? Does that mean the Orthias have been defeated as well?" Rullein asked and looked at Aris, who didn't seem to be bothered by the information.

"No, that's not the case," Aris shook her head. "If it's Sanya, she believed that the humans were dragging them down. Orthias could fight those demons without losing a single life, but with humans around, the more humans that got possessed, the stronger the enemy would become. I assume she chose to kick them all from the North, for everyone's sake," she explained.

Rasmus nodded with understanding, and he would do the same if he was in Sanya's shoes. His eyes kept staring at the Holy Nation, and that place would become the last fortress of humankind in Central Neva.

"Any news from Aider?" Rasmus looked at Erdinand.

"He has successfully blended in and infiltrated the cult, My Lord. For his current location, he's already in the Holy Nation with a few cultists," Erdinand answered. "Is there any order you want us to convey to him, My Lord?" He raised his brows.

"No, there's no need to do that. I want him to do whatever he wants as long as it can help us in gaining any information on the cult," Rasmus shook his head as he rolled the map. "Now, all of you have received your tasks. Remember, prioritize your life over the tasks. You all may go now," he said and looked at all the Black Hands.

All of them bowed their heads and went their separate ways without making a sound. The forest was as calm and quiet as before like nothing had changed.

"So? We are going to the Holy Nation now?" Rullein asked with a smirk of excitement. "Am I finally going to meet with this man called Videl and this woman called Serena? The two beings that lived in Hell?" She grinned as her eyes began to glow bright orange.

"Yes, and you will meet with the rest of them. Both Carrion and Erlina are also there, and it looks like they have received what they wanted," Rasmus nodded and stored the map in his spatial ring.

"Once again everyone is gathered," Aris smiled softly, not expecting that she would get excited about meeting with the others. "It's been a while," she said with a gentle gaze, staring at the sky.

Rasmus glanced at Aris with an unreadable expression while Rullein looked at Aris with wide eyes and brows raised. Rullein was utterly shocked, but then she remembered how Aristoria was, and in that moment, she saw not only a glimpse, but Aristoria in Aris. Rasmus had noticed the drastic changes in Aris for a while, and he wanted to see how far she could grow as a living being.

"Shall we go now?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised and looked at both of them.

"Finally some good food and drink," Rullein chuckled mischievously as she turned into black smoke, and disappeared into thin air.

"Yes, let's meet with the others," Aris nodded with a gentle smile at Rasmus.

Rasmus looked at Aris and responded with a nod before they both left the forest and grabbed their horses to meet with everyone after being separated for so long.

Chapter 454 - 454: A beauty that kills.

"Hey! Don't push around! Don't you know it's pointless?!" A man screamed and glared at the crowd behind him. They were all rushing to enter the capital city of the Berlum Republic after finding out about the fall of the Sun Empire.

From peasants to nobles, everyone was treated equally by the city guard. They were forced to stay in their line and no matter how rich they were, they couldn't even buy their way in.

"My... my... what a line," a soothing and warm female voice reached everyone's ears, making them all turn around to look at her. "Do I have to stand here for hours?" She asked with a frown on her forehead. Her long black hair, ruby eyes, and her flawless pale skin that looked like royalty.

Everyone's heart melted by her voice and her beautiful face, and they felt a sting in their hearts when they saw those wrinkles in between her brows. Even the nobles that were inside the carriage had to get down to look at the woman that enchanted everyone's hearts.

"Please... Lady, you can take my line!" A merchant said, his eyes were dried from not blinking for more than a minute, but he didn't realize that.

"No! She can take my line! My Lady, please, you can get into the city faster if you take my place instead!" Another merchant said and offered the ground where he stood.

Everyone began to argue and pointed their fingers at each other's faces in almost an instant. Everyone wanted to be on the good side of that beautiful lady, even the nobles used their knights, trying to grab the woman so they could become her benefactor. However, the knights began to fight against each other as well, using their fists like wild animals.

The woman moved aside and watched everyone beat each other up until everyone bled. She walked past them on the side, watching without any reaction or expression. Until suddenly, a dirty and big hand grabbed her slender upper arm and yanked her toward a big and muscular man.

"Please! No!" The woman screamed with her trembling voice filled with fear.

"Oh, lady, you can have some fun with me once we are inside the city. Do you know how rich I am?" The muscular man smirked as he held the woman's waist tightly and close to his body. "I can assure you, you won't be able to forget the day with me," he smiled mischievously as he licked his bottom lip.

The woman screamed desperately, and in a sudden, everyone stopped fighting and looked toward the woman. They all had that dead stare toward the muscular man, and without hesitation, they all grabbed anything that they could use as a weapon. They all ran toward the man, stabbing every inch of his body like savages until the ground where all those men massacred that man turned red.

The woman stared at the scene with the same expression, nothing in her eyes and just continued walking. She listened to those barbaric growls and soon enough, they all began to stab each other. All the guards had to stop them, but they couldn't and finally they had to use force.

"Humans..." The woman smirked as she walked into the city.

The woman hummed as she looked around at the crowds, people were panicking because they were paranoid about their safety. However, her voice made everyone quiet and listened to her beautiful

voice. They watched this beautiful woman walk in the middle of the road so that the carriages moved to the side for her. They wondered who she was, and they all followed her from the distance like sheep.

In just an hour, she had attracted the whole city, even the guards and royal guards were curious about her. Thousands of people were watching her, sitting on the edge of the fountain while playing with the water with her slender and long fingers. She glanced at the thousands of people that were looking at her from the distance. She gave them a gentle smile and waved at one of them.

Everyone looked at the man that the woman waved at, and that brought jealousy and hatred within them. They were fuming in jealousy, and their reasoning snapped and suddenly a few of them approached that man and began to beat him up to a pulp.

"Please stop..." The woman said with a frown on her face.

Those people that were beating the man suddenly stopped and turned around to look at the woman. They all moved away from the man, but it was already too late because the man had died. However, none of them cared about the man because their attention was focused on the woman.

"Do you want me?" The woman asked.

Everyone nodded their heads repeatedly, both men and women.

"Then..." The woman smirked as she stood up and looked around at the eyes of the people that had been lusting over her. "I want you to kill each other, and the one that survived, they can have me..." She said as she looked down at her slender and tall figure with her hands brushed against her own small waist.

In an instant she could hear the sound of bones breaking and screams of pain that got overlapped by the growl and grunt of people that tried to kill each other. The woman smiled and laughed frantically, covering her mouth with the back of her hand. Suddenly a being landed behind her, wearing a black robe and a gold mask.

"Master, we are ready..." Kiel whispered.

"Welcome back," the woman glanced at Kiel from over her shoulder. "Well, let's have a feast," she smiled as she sat down on the edge of the fountain and crossed her legs, pulling her beautiful black and golden wings from her back.

While everyone was busy killing each other, the demon army invaded the capital city, killing every living soul with no resistance because everyone were busy killing each other. Satan looked at her fingernails as she felt the corruption and the demonic energy that had overwhelmed the whole city.

In just a matter of minutes, there were only corpses on the ground and the silence was deafening. Satan looked at Kiel, trying to devour all the souls so he could regain his power back since he had lost his power after his resurrection. She then got up and opened a big portal above the capital city, bringing the demons who had died and been consumed by Kiel back to this world and using the corpses as their vessels.

The corpses rose from the dead and they all kneeled in front of Satan, none of them dared to look into her magnificent existence. The army that was lost was back in just a matter of minutes, and it hadn't been three days since that day. With that, Kiel could continue his role as a threat to humankind, but this time Satan was the one who led the army.

"Hmm..." Satan crossed her arms, flapping her wings, and her head tilted to the side, staring at the possessed. "Something is missing, don't you think?" She asked with her brows raised.

"Master?" Kiel looked at Satan with a confused look.

"Ah, right..." Satan snapped her fingers, and then suddenly all the possessed screamed in pain and crawled on the ground.

Kiel who watched it happen was so confused as to what was happening to all of them. However, when he saw one of the possessed scratch his back and tore the skin off his back, he saw black wings covered in tar with a pungent and burnt smell combined. Every single one of the possessed had grown wings on their backs, and it was all thanks to Satan that could make it happen.

"Now, this look more threatening, right?" Satan asked, smirking as she watched the possessed get back to their feet and looked at the wings on their backs.

Not all demons were created with wings, and to have wings on their backs, it was something they could never imagine, especially low-ranking demons. They all slowly bowed on their knees and their heads to the ground, worshiping Satan. The wings on their backs also gave them power, more power than they could ever imagine.

"Master... you sacrificed your power for them," Kiel looked at Satan with a confused look.

"And that's a problem? We are going to devour thousands more, this is nothing," Satan responded as she spread her wings, and then all the possessed followed her and spread their wings.

"But, Master... if Rasmus and his people interfere once again, wouldn't you be in trouble?" Kiel asked, his voice filled with concern.

"They won't interfere," Satan smiled coldly as she stared at the distance. "They know it's a waste of time and energy. They're going to wait for us on the final battle," her smile slowly turned into a grin of excitement.

Satan slowly ascended by flapping her wings, and then was followed by Kiel. The possessed flapped their wings for the first time, and they slowly floated above the ground until they were completely flying high above the ground.

"Our next destination is the Ruzia Empire, try to keep up," Satan said to her army, and then flew away, followed by Kiel.

Chapter 455 - 455: The group.

Rasmus felt a raindrop hitting his face then another until it suddenly started raining heavily. He looked up and the clouds were darker than usual, similar to what he saw during the battle in the capital city of the Sun Empire. He could see a faint dark purple energy that lingered in the sky.

"Another one..." Rasmus muttered and watched a thick black smoke appear from thin air and begin to absorb the demonic energy. "Another nation has fallen," he said with his eyes closed, feeling the raindrops hitting his face

Rullein appeared from the black smoke and began to spin around happily from absorbing the demonic energy. She had been doing this for the past two weeks and she treated this like snacks.

"It has been happening so often lately. It's like they're trying to warn us," Aris rode her horse close to Rasmus'.

"Yes, and to show us that they're coming. Every rain, it reveals that they have conquered a city or a nation, either way, their numbers have increased exponentially," Rasmus opened his eyes and watched Rullein dancing in the sky, absorbing the remaining demonic energy. "This rain, the more people get exposed to this, the weaker they become," he pointed out.

"And they're not aware of this because they would think this was just an ordinary rain. It will make the demons devour their nations faster and easier. It will be a matter of weeks before every nation falls under Satan's control," Aris agreed with what Rasmus said.

Rullein landed after she feasted on demonic energy, neutralizing it and turning it into her own power. She floated in front of Rasmus and Aris, showing the remaining demonic energy that she held in her hand.

"It's getting thicker and stronger. Looks like they're getting closer and closer," Rullein said as she stared at the dark purple sphere of energy on her hand. "What's the closest nation to us?" She raised her brows and looked at Rasmus.

"There are three nations that are close to us, at least the ones behind us. Not sure which one it is, but the Ruzia Empire is one of them," Rasmus answered as he looked over his shoulder at the dark clouds as far as his eyes could see. "Either way, they won't be coming toward us. They will go around and swipe the remaining small nations before they're going to invade the Holy Nation," he added and looked at the bright sky ahead of him, where the Holy Nation was located.

Rullein hummed and slowly turned into a thin black mist before she completely disappeared. The mist moved toward Rasmus and slowly entered his body. Aris glanced at Rasmus, wondering if he felt uncomfortable because Rullein used his body as her host.

Ever since that day when Rasmus and Rullein became one, Rullein's essence accidentally stuck within him. The reason was the Dragon's Blood within Rasmus' body recognized Rullein's existence and

embraced it, knotting with each other. It was both a blessing and a curse because Rullein's essence could prevent the Dragon's Blood within Rasmus from awakening, but at the same time, Rasmus had to contain Rullein's existence and power that could corrupt him because Rullein was a Dark Spirit.

"You're not feeling any different?" Aris asked.

"I feel different. It feels heavy, like something is pulling me inside constantly," Rasmus answered as he looked down at his chest. "It's uncomfortable, but not to the point it bothers me," he added as he pressed his right hand against his chest.

"I'm surprised that Rullein is comfortable there, knowing the Dragon's Blood is near her. I'm worried that either you, Rullein, or the Dragon's Blood will get corrupted by each other," Aris said, looking at Rasmus' clenched hand on his chest. "It would be best if you were the one that devoured both of them," she glanced at Rasmus' eyes, knowing that the possibility of the three outcomes were equal.

"Tsk... tsk... tsk, do you want me dead that badly? I thought we both were good friends," Rullein appeared behind Aris, sitting behind her saddle and rested her chin on Aris' shoulder with a smug face.

"I would prefer Rasmus over you," Aris answered with a straight face as she glanced at Rullein's bright orange eyes.

"Fine, then I'll have a reason to steal your food and drink from now on," Rullein smirked and became a puff of black mist before she disappeared completely. "I know you're going to miss me when I'm gone," her voice was barely above a whisper, like a breeze of wind.

"You heard our conversation, so stop staying inside him and just come out. You know you're making him uncomfortable," Aris said, glancing at the faint dark energy in the air.

Rasmus glanced at Aris and smiled at her, knowing that Rullein might be telling the facts. He had observed those two together long enough that they had created a bond. They were no longer sparring partners, they had become friends, two beings that seemed to not fit in this world and yet shared a lot in common.

After a whole day of galloping, Rasmus and Aris arrived at Holy Nation territory. There were a lot of farmers outside of the city wall, trying to save the crops from the constant rain. There was a long line of people trying to enter the city, refugees that had nowhere else to go.

The Holy Nation was built with a purpose to be big enough and spacious enough to take in more than a million refugees. The city alone could give half a million refugees with their families homes to live in. Ever since they took in refugees, the city was still half empty because of how big it was. Not to mention the area outside the city could be used as a place to live as well, allowing a million or two more people to live in the tents that the nation had provided.

"You know you can just walk past these people and reveal who you are. They'll let you in immediately," Rullein said, sitting behind Aris in the same saddle.

"We are not in a rush, why bother?" Rasmus asked as he joined the line with the people that wanted to enter the city. "You can't wait to meet Serena and Vidal?" He asked with his brows raised.

"Of course! I have seen your memories and Aris' memories about them. I also miss that pretty lady, Erlina and her partner Carrion. Everyone who follows you, they're quite fun to be with, so I want to experience it myself," Rullein answered with a mischievous smile on her face.

"You should consider paying the damages in advance, Rasmus. This woman is going to cause a lot of trouble for them," Aris looked at Rasmus with a smirk on her face.

"Said the one who caused a lot of damage to the palace. You should look at yourself in the mirror before you speak anything but about me," Rullein giggled, reminding Aris that she also caused a lot of trouble when she visited the Holy Nation during her spar with Vidal.

Aris sighed and had nothing to say, which only made Rullein laugh. Aris decided to keep her mouth shut while Rullein kept teasing her playfully. In the end, Aris couldn't stay quiet and tried to find a way to make Rullein quiet. They both argued like they always did, and Rasmus on the other hand listened to them while waiting to enter the city.

When they were near the gate, the Paladins noticed Rasmus' face and immediately walked in fast pace to inform Aurelia. Rasmus knew that and chose to stay calm, and the other Paladins didn't make a move either because they could see that Rasmus wasn't trying to cause trouble for them.

Aurelia was in the garden with Monica, Isador, Maximilian, and Alexander, enjoying their cup of tea under the cozy gazebo. The four of them finally saw each other again, reunited just like how it used to be in the academy. However, when the Paladin reported about Rasmus trying to enter the city, the four of them jolted from the chairs and hurriedly walked to the gate.

The news spread, and everyone heard about Rasmus' arrival. Astrea, Lenin, Julius, Moriganne, Eveline, Lazarus, Arthor, Nior, Thalior, Serena, Uriel, Xena, and Arandil were sitting in the meeting hall when they heard the news. Serena who had seemed to be uninterested in the group, her face brightened and a smile appeared when she heard Rasmus' name. She immediately excused herself and summoned Videl and the others to meet with Rasmus.

The others had no choice but to postpone their discussion and to meet with the man that had influenced every situation and their lives indirectly. Everyone walked out of the palace and used both carriages and horses to reach the gate.

The first ones who arrived at the gate were Serena, Videl, Carrion, Erlina, Daryus, and Javi. Serena ordered the Paladins to let Rasmus in, and when his name was mentioned, the people near the gate were surprised and terrified when they learned Rasmus was in the city.

The Paladins didn't want to let Rasmus in and they wanted to wait for Aurelia because they only followed Aurelia's order. Rasmus looked at his friends with a smirk on his face, to finally meet them again. He didn't make a fuss of the situation and waited patiently outside the gate.

When Aurelia came with the others, she walked down the carriage and looked at the Paladins that were crossing their spears in front of Rasmus. Maximilian, Alexander, and Monica, the three of them were in disbelief to see their teacher, the man who taught them how to see all kinds of realities again after more than a year.

"What are you doing? Let them in," Aurelia looked at the Paladins with a serious expression.

The refugees were shocked and confused when Aurelia allowed a criminal like Rasmus to enter the city. They didn't know the history behind those two, and soon they would find out about it.

The Paladins lowered their spears and moved aside, allowing Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein to enter the city. As soon as Rasmus got off his horse, Erlina embraced him and wrapped her arms around his neck with a smile on her face.

Serena, Videl, and Daryus were shocked to see the changes in Rasmus. Rasmus had grown taller, his hair had become a bit silver, and his eyes had become bright blue. The man they had remembered had grown, and became a lot stronger.

"What a group of people..." Marina crossed her arms, seeing the energy that each individual oozed. "And they all follow the same man. If they can't defeat those demons, nobody can't," she chuckled softly.

Chapter 456 - 456: Former teacher.

"I thought you would become more muscular and rough after living in the forests all the time," Serena stood in front of Rasmus, fixing his collars while staring into his bright blue eyes. "Well, I heard a little about your... evolution? But we want to know the whole story from you personally," she looked up, noticing that Rasmus had gotten even taller.

Rullein looked at each one of them with that smirk on her face, but the ones that she was interested in were Serena and Videl after knowing their background. She couldn't see any energy coming from those two, and she knew they were hiding it. However, when her eyes met Videl's, her smirk turned into a grin, and her eyes began to glow and her pupils shrunk until it became as narrow as a slit.

"Oh? So this is the one that Aris mentioned," Serena stood in front of Rullein, looking at Rullein's voluptuous body. She was a bit jealous and excited to see the woman in front of her who wore a black see-through dress. "You must be Rullein, yes?" She asked with her brows raised and offered her hand for a handshake.

Rullein grinned widely as she took Serena's hand and shook it and tried to read Serena's memories. The moment she took a peek at Lilith's memories of hell, Rullein's eyes widened and black mist appeared from her back as her defense mechanism because she felt threatened by it. She yanked Serena's hand and immediately wrapped her hand with her other hand as she stared at Serena with both anger for being deceived and fear for seeing what Lilith had been through. Serena at the same time, only gave Rullein a smirk, challenging her to take her hand again.

"Why are you so pale?" Serena asked, still offering her hand at Rullein. "I promise, I won't let you see those memories again," she chuckled.

Rullein narrowed her eyes and looked at Serena's hand for a moment before she reached out her hand and shook Serena's hand. This time, she felt something refreshing running through her body and her body accepted it, which was not possible because her body only accepted dark energy. She was confused and suspicious with the energy that Serena transferred to her, however, she didn't feel weird about that energy, in fact it made her feel a lot lighter and stronger.

"What's this?" Rullein asked and her hand was still holding Serena's hand.

"A welcoming gift? To welcome you into the group," Serena answered with a smile on her face, and then pulled her hand away from Rullein's. "It's just purified Mana," she answered.

Rullein looked at her hand and she had never felt anything like that, and it somehow made her want more. On the other hand, Rasmus looked at Serena and noticed a subtle change within her. He had heard about the incident that happened during Aris' spar with Videl, and he was told by Aris that Serena could manifest a divine power that was similar to what Harot could do.

Rasmus glanced at Aurelia and the others, and he could see that they wanted to approach him, but they were too scared to do so because he was being surrounded by his people. When he gave them a smile and nodded, giving them permission to approach, Aurelia and the others immediately approached him with a bit of a smile on their faces because they were happy to see him again.

"So? Anything new?" Videl asked, standing beside Rasmus.

"I should be the one asking you that. I heard from Aris you were sleeping with the priestesses here. You sure love to drag souls to hell with you," Rasmus said quietly so nobody around them could hear their conversation.

"You know it's getting boring to stay in this place. Even for me, this place is starting to be suffocating," Videl said jokingly with a smirk on his face. "But yes, there are so many things that we have to discuss," he said and then lowered his head to Rasmus, hadn't forgotten his role as Rasmus' personal butler before he walked away.

Erlina and the others moved to the side because they knew Rasmus wanted to have a moment with his former students.

"Count..." Aurelia looked up at Rasmus, surprised to see his changes. "I..." She paused to look around. "I'm happy to see you here," she confessed.

Rasmus stared into Aurelia's eyes then to the others, and they all had the same gaze toward him, a gaze of longing. He could see everyone's struggle, guilt, regret, and burden that only he could see them. However, he noticed that Monica and Maximilian began to avoid his gaze.

"Monica, Maximilian, you two did your best. Your time isn't yet to come. There's no shame for not being able to do anything because oftentimes the world doesn't need your presence at all," Rasmus said as he looked at both of them, knowing that they failed to protect the North and couldn't do anything about it, especially since they were still young and powerless. "There will be moments where you will get your opportunity, but again, what's the purpose of your action to take that opportunity. If it's just so you can be seen as useful, then you can die for nothing. If it's so you can gain an advantage, then do it very carefully," he continued.

Monica and Maximilian lowered their heads, closing their eyes, and took a deep breath before they opened their eyes and lifted their heads to look at Rasmus. They remembered as to why Rasmus' words stuck in their heads more than any teacher could. His words were never meant to motivate them, to belittle them, nor to make them feel good or bad about themselves, his words always opened their eyes to see a different perspective.

"Three of you are failures, and that's unfortunate," Rasmus looked at Monica, Maximilian, and Isador. "One of you is ahead of the others, capable of moving forward and gaining recognition from the eye of the world," he glanced at Aurelia. "Then the other one... is slowly making a move," he glanced at Alexander.

Monica, Maximilian, and Isador glanced at each other, knowing exactly why Rasmus called them failures. Being called failures by Rasmus didn't make them feel useless or powerless because it was a fact, and coming from his mouth felt different from others because they knew he said it without an intention to belittle them. Aurelia on the other hand, she didn't feel proud when Rasmus recognized her effort because she also knew that he was just stating a fact. Alexander also felt nothing because he never asked to be recognized and only came all the way from West Neva to the Holy Nation because he wanted to help his friend.

"However, none of you can do anything to change the world..." Rasmus crossed his arms and looked at the five of them with a stoic expression. "Now? What matters?" He asked with his brows raised as he leaned his weight to one leg.

Aurelia and the others looked at each other, wondering if anyone knew the answer because they had never questioned that to themselves, ever. They all shared a look, and they all had something in common and that gave them the same answer.

"To defeat the enemy because there's no point in running since it's just prolong our defeat," Monica answered with a straight face, her eyes staring right into Rasmus' bright blue eyes.

"How? You and Maximilian are failures because you failed to even defeat them once. Isador and Alexander are useless because they have nothing to help you in doing so. Aurelia might be able to do something, but we all know she's not strong enough to even lift the weight," Rasmus asked.

In front of Rasmus, all of them always ended up having their mouths shut tightly because they didn't know the right answer in his eyes even after all this time.

"Don't find an answer that I want to hear," Rasmus said as he looked them in the eyes.

"But you always questioned our resolve and made us feel like we were doing the wrong thing," Alexander answered with his brows furrowed.

"If I can easily affect your resolve, isn't your resolve is too weak to begin with?" Rasmus arched his brows.

"Fine, then my answer is we can use you as our tool," Monica answered with a serious expression.

Rasmus glanced at Monica as he slowly raised his brows, intrigued by her answer.

"Me? Becoming your tool? How?" Rasmus asked, shifting the weight of his body to his other leg.

"Well, if we all have to die here, then we'll die. But, if you let us all die here, the enemy will get even stronger and you'll have no way to win against them. I have a blood of a Saint, Aurelia is the same, this whole place is filled with souls for those demons to consume. You know that, you know the demons are trying to corner us here so they can feast on us. So, yes, you're going to be our tool because you don't need us but you don't want us to make them stronger either. You have no choice," Monica explained, her expression unreadable.

Rasmus smirked as he narrowed his eyes, staring right into Monica's eyes with interest. He was mildly surprised that Monica could think that way, and he noticed that she might have learned a lot after what she had witnessed and experienced in the North.

"That's correct," Rasmus nodded in agreement. "However, are you ready to pay the price from doing so?" He asked.

"Price? What price? You have been treating others like tools, what else do we need to be so afraid of?" Monica asked back.

Rasmus approached Monica and stood right in front of her, towering over her and making her look small.

"That I might reconsider that all of you are no longer useful," Rasmus stared down into Monica's eyes. "That you are not worth saving..." He said with a stoic and cold expression.

At that moment, Monica felt chills down to her spine and her blood ran cold from just listening to Rasmus' words.

Everyone watched from the sides, listening to their conversation with such intensity. Even those who shouldn't feel affected by it, they got chills down their spines. However, Lazarus' eyes never stopped staring at Rasmus, trying to dissect the man that affected the whole world from just existing.

Chapter 457 - 457: Friends.

Rasmus chose to go on foot to see what had changed since the last time he visited the city. All the damage during the wyverns invasion and the battle to defend the city were no longer visible, but anyone could tell almost all the buildings on the outer layers were newly built.

"You have no idea how much I miss listening to your chilling words like that," Erlina chuckled softly as she used the folded fan to cover her mouth.

Rasmus glanced at Erlina's hand and noticed a ring made of gold, a simple ring with Carrion's name on it. He then glanced at Carrion, who was walking behind him with Javi and Daryus. He saw the same ring but with Erlina's name on it.

"Congratulations," Rasmus said as he looked at Lenin and the other powerful figures that were riding their horses ahead of him.

Erlina tilted her head with a confused look as he looked at Rasmus. She then looked at her hand, and realized what that congratulatory word was for.

"Thank you. That blockhead proposed to me a week ago, and I'm still not getting used to wearing any jewelry on my fingers. I don't fancy rings," Erlina looked at the ring on her finger. "I'm not sure if I should think about getting married in this situation we are in. Wouldn't it be tragic that we got married and not long after that the world came to an end?" She scoffed, but deep down she knew that could happen.

"Wouldn't that make sense if someone chose to indulge themselves in whatever they wanted if they knew that everything would end soon?" Rasmus asked and looked at the crowd on the street. "Or is it that it's not what you want yet?" He added.

"You really good at making people feel bad about themselves, don't you?" Erlina bumped and brushed her shoulder against Rasmus', teasing him playfully. "Well... I don't want to deny or admit it," she smiled at Rasmus playfully.

Carrion was listening to the whole conversation and all he could do was sigh and shake his head. He didn't know what had happened to Rasmus, but back then when he first met him, he looked at Rasmus like a man that was barely above him, but now, it felt like he was stagnant in the well while Rasmus had soared through the sky.

"You have been oddly quiet, Carrion? Something is bothering you?" Rasmus asked without looking back.

"There's nothing for me to say. Erlina will tell everything to you anyway. I'm just, trying to enjoy my time here," Carrion answered with his arms crossed and looked around, wondering if the Holy Nation had a pub or tavern for him to spend his day on.

"Knowing that soon might be the end of humankind, you seem so laid-back," Rasmus said as he looked over his shoulder at Carrion.

"Well, I would be worried if I saw you worried. But since you're not, I don't think I should be worried," Carrion smirked as he stared into Rasmus' eyes.

Rasmus smiled and chuckled quietly when Carrion was still the same as ever. On the other hand, Rullein was walking beside Aris with Yur in owl form, resting on Aris' left shoulder. She looked at Videl and Serena who were walking next to Rasmus. She could see the hierarchy in the group where the ones that walked side by side with Rasmus had accepted him for who he was, and the ones that walked behind him were either loyal to him or didn't want to be on the same level as him because they hadn't yet accepted him fully.

"Videl, is it?" Rullein said as she stared at Videl.

Videl leaned his back a bit to look at Rullein who walked on the other side. He stared at her and he could see the dark energy within her. He raised his brows and stared into Rullein's draconic eyes.

"You know me?" Videl asked out of curiosity.

"Yes, I know you from Rasmus' memories," Rullein answered with a smirk, wondering if he was up for a spar. "I'm just wondering how strong you are. Want to have some fun?" She asked.

"You want to have some fun?" Videl mirrored Rullein's expression. "It hasn't been a while since I got beaten up, but if you want to have some fun in other matters, like some night activities, I don't mind," he teased.

Rullein arched her brows, staring at Videl and remembered what she had seen from Rasmus' memories. She knew that Videl loved to make love with anyone anywhere and at any time.

"I'm not interested in that, Rasmus alone is already enough for that," Rullein answered, uninterested with Videl's offer and suggestion.

Spontaneously, everyone stopped walking except for Rasmus, Aris, Rullein, and Javi. They were confused as to why everyone stopped walking, and when they turned around to look at them, they saw how everyone's eyes were wide open.

"Wait, so you finally slept with a woman?" Carrion asked, his mouth wide open. "You? The man who never even glances at a woman even if they're naked?" He pointed at Rasmus, still shocked deeply.

"Your taste in women..." Erlina glanced at Rullein and then back at Rasmus. "I mean, I have never seen any woman like that, so... I'm not that surprised..." She said, but her face said otherwise.

"I thought the first woman you would have your first night with would be Aris, but who would have thought she wasn't your first choice," Serena chuckled with her arms crossed.

Rullein and Aris looked at each other, not understanding what made everyone so shocked. Aris wondered why Serena said something like that when she didn't have any desire or curiosity in that kind of thing. Rasmus on the other hand, he chose to stay quiet and didn't say a word. He sighed and decided to keep walking because he didn't want to feed their curiosity.

When they were about to enter the inner layer, they noticed the carriages and the horses near the gate. They saw Lenin and the others gathering right at the gate as if they were waiting for Rasmus. When Lenin and the others saw Rasmus and his group, they all glanced at each other before they all stood side by side, blocking the entrance to the inner layer.

Rasmus once again looked around at the crowds before he proceeded to approach Lenin and the others. He glanced at Aurelia and the others, and they looked confused as to why they were stopping at the gate. As soon as Rasmus stood in front of them, they all looked him in the eyes with suspicions written in their faces.

"Count, what's your purpose here?" Lenin asked.

Rasmus understood the situation as soon as Lenin asked that question.

"Am I not welcomed here?" Rasmus asked back, but his gaze was pointed at Aurelia.

At that moment, Aurelia was on a tight rope where her answer would affect everyone and herself. They wanted to say that she allowed him to stay in the city, since she was the ruler of the Holy Nation. However, those who had shown their support, they were wary of Rasmus, or to be exact, they didn't like him to be here with them. The pressure made her anxious, but she knew what to do and what she had to say.

"You're welcome here, Count. After all, it was Lady Serena that made it possible for us to protect this nation from the demons back then. Not to mention, Sir Daryus is here as well, helping to treat my mother's illness. They both are your people, and if I said you weren't welcome here, then that would be hypocrisy," Aurelia answered.

"But that's not my question, Count," Lenin said with a serious expression. "We are wondering why you came. We know everything that you made a deal with the demons, so why are you here?" She asked.

That revelation shocked Aurelia and the others. They looked at Rasmus in disbelief that the man they looked up to was scheming with the demons. They didn't want to jump into conclusions, but they still couldn't believe that he had made a deal with demons, the enemy of humankind.

"Yes, but that's no longer valid. Their master is here now, and the agreement I had with them was no longer valid. The demons are no longer my allies," Rasmus answered.

"And why should we believe that?" Eveline asked with her eyes narrowed, finally choosing to open her mouth after she had observed him enough.

Slowly the Paladins, the mages from the Magic Tower, and the knights from each representative of those figures beside Lenin came and surrounded Rasmus and his group. Rasmus looked over his shoulders from left to right. He knew that he could kill them all, but he also knew it wasn't Lenin and the other intentions. They just wanted him to leave unless he gave a valid reason to stay.

"Why? Because if I want to, I can just kill all of you in your sleep to please those demons even if I'm so far away," Rasmus answered. "Of course, I wouldn't order Serena, Videl, or Daryus to do that, but with other methods," he pointed out.

"And how are you going to do that, Count?" Lenin asked with her arms crossed.

Rasmus snapped his fingers, and suddenly all the crowds behind him, the refugees that were walking and talking with each other suddenly stopped. They all slowly turned around to look at Rasmus and slowly bent their right knees. At that moment, Lenin and the others were shocked by what they had just witnessed.

"The Black Hands..." Julius said as he looked at those refugees that turned out to be Rasmus' people, the Black Hands, one of the few deadliest units in Central Neva.

"If I want all of you dead, all of you would have died that the moment I commanded them to do so," Rasmus said with a calm expression. "But you know me well, Great Sage. Have I ever lied?" He asked and looked at Lenin.

"Then what's your purpose here, Count?" Lenin asked.

"To be with my friends, and to share some information that I gained in the past year," Rasmus answered.

Chapter 458 - 458: Ice cold.

Rasmus took a bath after days of journey without stopping. Although he didn't feel fatigue or anything, bathing made him feel a lot better. He looked down at his own reflection in the water, thinking about the situation he was in. His mind was like water moving through branches, trying to understand every possible outcome before he faced those figures.

While he was deep in thought, he looked at his fingertips that no longer wrinkled when they got exposed to the water. His train of thoughts suddenly stopped, and got replaced by the words that came from Aris and Rullein's mouth about his power.

"Ice Dragon..." Rasmus said the first thing that came to his mind.

Rasmus paused all his thoughts, his mind was blank for a moment, pushing all the noises in his head. He tried to recreate what he felt when he awakened something within him after he merged with Rullein. He imagined his heart pumping blood because based on what Rullein said, the Dragon's Blood within him was located inside his heart. Before he could prepare himself, his heart suddenly stopped beating for a few seconds and felt something within him tried to take over his organ system.

His eyes flinched when his heart began to beat again, and the blood that should have felt warm turned to freezing cold. It was a bit painful, similar to how it felt when holding a block of ice on the palm but it happened within and every inch of his body. When he looked at his arms and palms, his skin became paler and paler until his skin was almost as white as snow. It was a painful experience he had ever had because he could feel every muscle, vein, and nerve shrunk but the ice cold blood forced its way through. The most painful moment was when ice cold blood ran through his brain and into every vein in his eyes that felt like his eyes were being stabbed by thousands of needles from the inside of his eyes.

His pupils dilated and shrunk rapidly as the blood slowly forced his irises to glow bright blue because of the ice cold blood. He was curled up in the bathtub as the water began to freeze solid above him. He was frozen inside the ice, and he had no choice but to break free, breaking the ice and the bathtub. Mist came out of his pores and froze everything the steam touched, the floor, the ceiling, the walls, everything was coated in dry ice.

Rasmus collapsed to the floor and ice began to form around him, piling up because his body produced and released ice through that extreme cold mist. He had never felt that cold before, the cold that felt so hot that he felt like his insides were melting. He couldn't speak, couldn't move his body because the ice cold blood kept pumping inside his body, making his body even colder and paler.

At the same time, Rullein was having a bottle of whiskey accompanied by Aris, Yur, Erlina, Serena, and the others. Suddenly she was out of breath and cold breath began to come out of her mouth. She felt chills down her spine until suddenly she dropped the bottle and collapsed to the floor. Everyone looked at her twitching and black smoke began to wrap her body.

Aris looked at Rullein and noticed that something was happening to Rasmus, and knew exactly what was happening. Before she could reach Rullein, Rullein turned into black smoke and disappeared into thin air. Aris hurriedly ran to check on Rasmus, and the others spontaneously followed her to see what was going on.

Everyone ran in the hallway and caused such a ruckus that everyone in the palace noticed that something had happened. Aris and the others were standing in front of Rasmus' chamber, and they were all shocked when the walls and the door had been covered by a thin layer of dry ice.

Aris kicked the door with quite a lot of force, surprised that the ice was so strong even for her. The moment the door collapsed, the cold mist reached everyone's faces and noses, feeling the extreme cold that their skin felt like being peeled forcefully and slowly. Erlina and the others who had no ability to control Mana or Aura immediately moved as far as they could from the mist, even Javi couldn't force his way in because he knew that he wasn't strong enough to get in there. On the other hand, Aris, Videl, and Serena got into the chamber.

"What the hell happen here..." Videl narrowed his eyes as he looked around.

"This energy... it's similar to Rulleins'..." Serena could see the faintest of dark energy in the room.

"It is Rullein's," Aris said as she looked at the door to the bathroom. "They both merged again..." she muttered and kicked the door open, but it wouldn't budge.

Aris narrowed her eyes, and there was no point of holding back her strength. She coated her fist with her blue energy and punched the door open. The moment the door toppled, the three of them were shocked when they saw Rasmus' appearance. His hair became stiff and sharp and coated in ice, making his hair look longer. His skin was as white as snow, and his irises had a mixed color of bright blue and dark orange, glowing menacingly and staring at them. His skin was coated with a thin layer of ice that looked like scales, and the one thing that shocked them to their core was his energy that looked dark blue-ish gray.

"Rasmus?" Aris asked, not sure if the person or a being that stood in front of her was still Rasmus or not.

Rasmus looked down at his right hand which was covered in thin ice like a gauntlet. He was overwhelmed by the power within him, and his mind went blank, not having a single thought.

"He's not answering..." Serena narrowed her eyes. "What happen to him?" She asked.

"It's hard to explain, but to put it simply, he's trying to awaken the power that his mother left him with. The problem is that he's not yet ready for it and the power within him might be able to take over his mind and body," Aris answered as she brushed her spatial ring, ready to pull her swords in case Rasmus lost his mind and control over his own body.

"And what should we do?" Videl asked, glancing at Aris.

"I'm not sure..." Aris shook her head. "If he lose control, the three of us won't be able to stop him," she warned.

"You're being serious?" Serena furrowed her brows and looked at Aris.

"Why would I make things up? I'm being serious. The thing that inside him, even for us Orthias, we call it a myth," Aris explained as she took a step forward slowly and carefully, not wanting to make Rasmus see her as a threat.

Videl and Serena shared a look before they looked at Rasmus and took a step at a time toward him.

"Hey..." Serena said gently at Rasmus. "Are you alright?" She asked.

Rasmus was still staring at his hand with that blank and empty gaze. He could feel something within him that wanted to obliterate everything. However, Rasmus ignored that feeling and kept staring blankly at his hand.

"Rasmus," Videl called, but there was no response from Rasmus.

The three of them tried to make Rasmus snap back to reality, or at least to respond to them. However, the closer they were to him, the weaker they became. They realized the energy around him forcefully took life force it touched. It was as Aris said that they might not be able to defeat him if he decided to fight them. The three of them decided to keep their distance from him, and try to find a way to wake him up.

Videl risked it all and used his primal energy, a dark red energy surged from his body and in just a blink of an eye, he grabbed Rasmus' face and forced his primal energy into Rasmus' brain. He used his power to bring Rasmus into the past, a past where he was still Kyros. At that moment, Rasmus suddenly collapsed while Videl had to pull his frozen hand from Rasmus' face.

"Fuck!" Videl groaned in pain as he watched the frostbite move rapidly up to his wrist then to his forearm.

Without thinking twice, Videl cut off his right arm as he dashed backward as far as he could from Rasmus. He regenerated his whole arm, but the problem wasn't that he had to use power to regenerate his arm, the problem was that he felt a big chunk of his power was being absorbed by Rasmus from that split second encounter.

Fortunately, what Videl did was enough to bring Rasmus back and forced Dragon's Blood to stop, preventing it from taking over Rasmus' body. Aris and Serena watched as the ice around Rasmus' body began to evaporate, making a loud sizzling sound. Slowly but surely, his body began to act normally and warm blood began to circulate all over his body.

"What did you do?" Aris approached Rasmus and carefully checked his pulse.

"I forced his soul to collapse..." Videl answered as he looked at his previous arm to be devoured by frost. "He'll be fine. He might be unconscious for a while, maybe even a few days..." He looked at Rasmus, still in disbelief that the body within him possessed such power.

Aris looked at Videl, not understanding what he meant by making Rasmus' soul collapse. However, the most important thing was that Rasmus was fine, and there was nothing to be worried about anymore. The three of them looked at Rasmus silently until one by one everyone came to check on him.

Chapter 459 - 459: The voices in the head.

"Are you sure about this?" Sanya asked, watching Aristoria standing at the edge of a giant hole of ice. "If you failed to contain in, this is going to be the end for all of us," she stared at Aristoria's back that looked so small and fragile, and yet that woman was the strongest Aristoria that she had ever seen.

"When was the last time you were doubting me?" Aristoria asked, staring into the dark hole with her striking blue eyes that never showed any doubt. "I'll be fine. I was brought here, called by this thing for a reason," she muttered, tucking her hair behind her ear.

"Only prey that approached a predator's lair, Aris. You're here not because it want you to have it, you're here because it want to consume you," Sanya said, and yet her expression showed no concern or fear.

Aristoria hummed, knowing that already and knowing the risk and consequences of it. She kept staring into the hole, listening to faint whispers that only she could hear. The whispers were gibberish, but it sounded like someone or something was suffering and wished to be found.

"I'll be right back," Aristoria looked over her shoulder with a gentle smile on her face before she jumped into the hole, leaving Sanya behind.

Sanya stood on the edge, looking down and wanting to join Aristoria. The problem was if she joined Aristoria down there, she would only become a burden. She decided to wait patiently, and if something bad happened, she would have prepared for it.

Aristoria had been free-falling for more than a minute before she began to feel anxious. She decided to grab onto the wall of ice and stop herself from falling even further where the bottom was nowhere to be seen. She looked down into the pitch black of an abyss as the whispers grew clearer and louder inside her skull.

"You're desperate, aren't you? Whatever it is down there..." Aristoria muttered as she was hanging onto the ice wall and stared down. "Be quiet or I'll make sure that nobody can find you down here," she said loud enough that her voice echoed.

In an instant, the whispers inside her head went silent. Aristoria was mildly surprised that it listened to her, and that was enough to tell that whatever was down there was truly desperate. She slowly loosened her grip on the ice wall and began to fall again without any fear or hesitation.

After free-falling for more than five minutes, Aristoria finally reached the bottom. It was extremely cold even for her, and she felt weak for some reason that she couldn't properly clench her fists. She couldn't see anything but darkness around her, and when she used her draconic eyes, that was when she was stunned by what she saw.

A tunnel of ice and what was inside the ice were hundreds of preserved bodies of dragons, any type of dragons. She looked at those dragons and they all were in the same position, curling up in a peaceful and comfortable way. In that moment, Aristoria realized those whispers were coming from those dragons, their trapped souls. However, what surprised her the most was the fact that they weren't asking her to free her, but rather to ask her to help something else that resided deep in that tunnel.

"You want me to save something else?" Aristoria asked as she looked at all the frozen dragons inside the ice walls. "Lead me to it," she ordered.

The whispers guided her toward where they wanted her to be. The walk took longer than she had expected, and the more she walked, the more dragons were preserved inside the ice walls. If she could count, there should be at least a thousand of them. She wondered why they were willing to be frozen deep inside this world, but then she remembered what she saw in the Dragon's Maw where the remains of True Dragons lied.

"All of you sought protection down here where all the True Dragons fought to their deaths," Aristoria spoke to those dragons, an inferior being from a True Dragon.

The whispers told her that they were powerless, losing their power when the sun appeared from the west. They lost their ability to fly and their powers when they were exposed to sunlight that felt different. The True Dragons also lost a big chunk of their powers, weakened by the sun. When the Overlord spoke, the Overlord ordered all dragons to hide near the Summit of the Frostbitten. They revealed that when all the dragons hid on the mountain of the Frostbitten, the Overlord used its power and swallowed the whole mountain, turning it into the sea of ice.

Aristoria was shocked when she found out that this tunnel, the whole massive place was used to be a mountain, and it got buried by ice. She realized as to why it took her so long to reach the bottom of that hole earlier. She wondered how powerful that Overlord was, and how it could swallow even a whole mountain in just a blink of an eye. But she remembered the myth, the ruler of all dragons, an Ice Dragon.

After walking for hours, Aristoria finally saw the end of the tunnel in the far distance. She listened to the whispers pleading to her, pleading to save their ruler, the Overlord. When she reached the end of the tunnel, she saw a massive pure white dragon curling and looked like it was in a slumber, however, she knew that that dragon wasn't alive. She stood in front of it, and her body was a third of its single scale

size. The claw was twenty times bigger than its scale, making her look like an ant in the face of an elephant, a woman in front of a mountain.

"Is this the Overlord?" Aristoria asked.

"Nea..." A deep voice appeared inside her skull that made her whole body shake and almost lost her balance.

"No? You're the one speaking to me right now?" Aristoria stared at the white dragon in front of her.

The white dragon spoke in gibberish, a dragon language. However, Aristoria could only understand pieces of what the dragon was saying since the dragon spoke unclearly. However, she understood that it wasn't the Overlord, but rather a servant that served the Overlord. It was protecting the essence of the Overlord, and it wanted Aristoria to cut its body in half because it knew that she wasn't strong enough to move even its tail.

"If that's what you want..." Aristoria pulled out her sword out of thin air.

Aristoria swung her sword down vertically, and it took a whole second before the shockwave was released. The shockwave cracked the ice walls and it reached all the way outside the hole where Sanya was standing. It startled Sanya when she got hit by that shockwave and made her fly away quite far. Sanya knew it was Aristoria's attack because she could see her energy coming from it.

"What did you find down there..." Sanya muttered, floating above the hole.

Aristoria sighed as she looked at the dragon in front of her that had been cut in half. She was dizzy because she used everything she got in that weakened state, and she could barely manage to cut the dragon in half. Then the dragon whispered to her the location of the Overlord's essence, which was right in the middle between its belly, front legs, back legs, and below the wing.

Aristoria walked through the gap she made until she suddenly saw the brightest light she had ever seen, a bright blue light ahead of her. The more she got exposed to the light, the weaker she became. The moment she was only a few meters away from it, she collapsed to her knees, panting and her eyes were barely open.

"I know you're worthy because you can reach this far..." The white dragon whispered. "But you're not the one that the Overlord wants."

Aristoria crawled and leaned against the dragon's leg, trying to maintain her energy within her so it wouldn't get absorbed by that light. She tried to calm down and regained her composure.

"That's good to hear..." Aristoria answered while she was out of breath.

"The Overlord wants that Dark Spirit that you keep inside you, the one that you nurture. The Overlord wants to use that as the new vessel," the White Dragon said. "It's from us, for us, to us..."

"Her? No chance..." Aristoria shook her head weakly. "She's mine. I found it, and I want to raise it as my own," she kept shaking her head, resisting the whispers in her head.

Aristoria slowly began to get used to the feeling, and her energy began to refuse to be devoured by that light. The white dragon was surprised that there was a being that could resist the power of the Overlord.

"Tell me, why am I worthy but not the one the Overlord wants?" Aristoria asked as she slowly stood up while leaning against the dragon's leg. "If I'm strong enough to be worthy, why bother to take this Dark Spirit of mine?" She added.

"Because the Overlord knows that you can no longer grow, you have reached your peak as an Orthias. Although you're extraordinary, it's not enough," the white dragon answered, conveying the Overlord's words. "That Dark Spirit within you, it has no limitation."

Aristoria began to walk toward the light with her eyes narrowed. She was only a meter away from it, and the moment her eyes got used to the blinding light, she saw it, the essence of the Overlord. A crystal clear, the clearest thing in the whole world, it was so clear that it was transparent like nothing and capable of emitting such energy and light.

"Why the Overlord wants her?" Aristoria asked, standing an arm-length away from reaching the essence of the Overlord.

"Same as yours, to prevent something similar from happening to this world. The Dark Spirit is capable of facing it," the white dragon answered. "The Overlord knows everything about you. You are correct, you are not capable of stopping it when it comes. You are insignificant to that being, who has wiped off every living being in this world. You are not needed," the white dragon explained.

Aristoria glanced to the side, listening to the words of the white dragon about her. She didn't feel inferior, she didn't feel like being mocked, but she never thought that her doubt and fear were true.

"But I'll not giving her to the Overlord, no matter what," Aristoria stared at the essence of the Overlord.

"That is unfortunate..." The white dragon whispered.

"But I want to propose something else. Would you listen?" Aristoria asked with her brows raised, her eyes never leaving the clearest object in the world.

Chapter 460 - 460: Origin.

"You said that I'm worthy but not the one that the Overlord wants. My predecessor, they might be strong enough for the Overlord to take, right? If I sacrifice myself for them, giving everything that I have," Aristoria asked and looked at the white dragon.

For a moment, the whispers disappeared, and Aristoria never thought that silence made her uncomfortable than listening to all the whispers inside her head.

"You are planning to live in your predecessor's body?" The white dragon asked. "You want to go against the rule inside the world of the living? To possess the body of the living with a soul in it?" The white dragon added.

"No, but my true essence. Rather than them starting from nothing, they will have half of my power," Aristoria answered as she shook her head. "My predecessor would soar through the sky, growing even stronger than I ever could be. They will possess the power that befit to become the Overlord's vessel. The reason why I'm only giving half of it is because I'm planning to give the other half to this Dark Spirit that I'm nurturing," she explained.

There was only silence again after Aristoria offered that path to the Overlord. She didn't know if it was enough to convince them, but she knew for sure that they didn't have a choice. She realized that they didn't try to force her, and she knew enough about True Dragons that they didn't possess any emotions or ego. They didn't care if she refused or accepted, nor did they bore any desire.

"You are planning to influence both of their lives, controlling over their lives from within," the white dragon said.

"Yes, that's my plan and it has been my plan all along. The Overlord knows this too because you said the Overlord could see through me. I know that this event will come again in the future, and to prepare both of them to get even stronger than I am, I know it's better than nothing," Aristoria answered.

This time, the white dragon didn't say a word, but the Overlord's essence dimmed its light to the point the light was barely illuminating its surroundings. Aristoria finally saw the essence of the Overlord that looked like a clear teardrop. If it didn't emit any light and dropped on the ground, nobody would be able to see it because of how clear it was.

"Take it," the white dragon whispered.

Aristoria reached for the Overlord's essence, cupping it with both hands. Before she could see it from up close, the essence melted into her palms and ran through her body. She thought she would feel anything difference, but she felt nothing, not even the slightest. She was confused that a being like the Overlord didn't affect her at all.

"The Overlord accepts your body as its resting nest, but the Overlord won't give you even the slightest of its power to you. The Overlord will awaken once you fulfill your promise," the white dragon explained.

"So... the Overlord's power is sealed within me?" Aristoria asked.

"Yes, the Overlord still doesn't accept you as its vessel. No matter what you do, you won't be able to awaken it," the white dragon answered. "Now, I can rest in peace. The future is in the hand of the Overlord..." the white dragon's whisper began to faint.

"Wait!" Aristoria looked up at the white dragon. "Is the Overlord an Ice Dragon?" She asked.

"Yes, the Overlord is the one and only Ice Dragon, a being that wasn't born from this world unlike the other dragons. The Overlord came into this world, long before this world was shaped. The Overlord was the one who made this world as it is..." The white dragon answered.

Aristoria wanted to ask more, but all the whispers disappeared and she couldn't feel their presence anymore. She looked down to her chest, wondering where the Ice Dragon resided within her body because she couldn't feel it at all. After pondering for a while, she decided to leave that place and look at the thousands of dragons that were frozen, asleep, and in peace.

Sanya was waiting patiently on the edge of the hole when suddenly Aristoria flew right in front of her and landed beside her. She looked at Aristoria and didn't find any injuries on Aristoria's body. However, she noticed that Aristoria's energy was drained and could see Aristoria's pale face.

"You're fine," Sanya looked into Aristoria's eyes.

"I'm fine, kind of..." Aristoria answered as she sat down and pressed her hand against her chest. "I discovered something, a myth. It was just like what you had expected," she explained as she looked at her hand on her chest.

"So I was right, it was an Ice Dragon?" Sanya asked with her brows raised. "And you're like this because you met that thing?" She asked.

"Not exactly meeting it, but rather the remaining of it," Aristoria shook her head and kept staring at her chest.

Sanya furrowed her brows and noticed that Aristoria had been staring at her own chest. She slowly sat down beside Aristoria and knew what had happened down there without having Aristoria to tell her.

"It's inside you now, isn't it? Did you accept yourself as its vessel?" Sanya asked, worried that Aristoria might become the Ice Dragon's vessel.

"No, I'm unworthy for the Ice Dragon," Aristoria shook her head again.

Aristoria explained to Sanya what happened down there in detail without leaving a single part. Sanya listened thoroughly, but Aristoria noticed that Sanya wasn't as shocked as she was.

"How did you know there was something down there?" Aristoria asked out of curiosity because it wasn't the first time Sanya knew a lot more than her or even the elders. "And you didn't seem to be surprised when I told you what happened down there," she tilted her head, knowing Sanya too well.

"I'm just speculating, Aris. I know that sometimes my words were true, but I sometimes was wrong as well. This one, my feelings told me that there was something primal down there, and the fact this place was nothing but ice as far as our eyes could see. This place doesn't look normal if you think about it, so I assumed something had happened here," Sanya answered as she looked at the vast ice around her.

"You always said that, do you know that?" Aristoria stared into Sanya's eyes.

"What can I say? That's the only explanation," Sanya answered, staring back into Aristoria's eyes.

Aristoria sighed, knowing that Sanya wouldn't tell her the truth since she knew that Sanya was hiding something from everyone. When she got up, she felt something was watching her. She turned her head and looked around, wondering who it was or who they were because she felt like eyes were watching them.

"What's wrong?" Sanya asked, looking at the direction Aristoria was looking at.

"Nothing... I just felt like someone was watching," Aristoria shook her head, making sure that there was nobody around.

Rasmus slowly opened his eyes, staring at the ceiling for a moment before he slowly sat up. His mind was hazy until he remembered the dream he had earlier. He saw Aris sitting on a chair, staring at him with her arms crossed and with a cold expression. Rullein also appeared from a puff of black smoke next to the bed, and she also had the same expression as him, confused and having a hazy mind.

"That dream..." Rullein muttered as she rubbed her head. "You saw it too?" She looked at Rasmus.

"Yes, and I don't think it was a dream..." Rasmus nodded as he sat on the edge of the bed, his voice raspy. "We witnessed how my mother found the Dragon's Blood," he answered as he rubbed his face.

Aris looked at both of them, wondering what they were talking about since they both had just come back from their slumber.

"How long did I sleep?" Rasmus looked at Aris with his brows raised.

"Three days," Aris answered. "Tell me what did you two see? What dream?" She asked.

Rasmus and Rullein shared a look, and then Rasmus explained to Aris about what they saw. It was explained as to why the Dragon's Blood seemed to be fond and interested in Rullein because the Overlord wanted her in the first place as its vessel. Aris was surprised that Rasmus and Rullein could see the past, and Rasmus speculated that it had something to do with the Dragon's Blood within his body and how it connected with Rullein.

Aris finally saw Aristoria's plan for her, Rullein, and Rasmus, but there was something else that made her curious, and that was why Aristoria decided to break the deal. Aristoria was supposed to pass down the Dragon's Blood to Aris, but in the end, it was Rasmus who inherited it.

"That, I'm not sure either," Rasmus answered Aris' question. "But at least now we know its origin," he looked down at his chest.