

Evil 471

Chapter 471 - 471: A friend that understand.

Serena was staring at the sky and letting the rain pour, drenching her whole body and the white silk robe that she wore. She could sense it, the agony, pain, and suffering from every raindrop that hit her face.

"The memories of their souls imprinted in each raindrop..." Serena muttered to herself until suddenly a lightning struck right in front of her, splitting the tree in half as the shrapnel cut her robe and skin.

Serena noticed a presence behind her, and when she turned around, Rasmus was there with an umbrella. She gave him a smile as all the cuts on her body and face from the shrapnel began to heal up. She decided to approach him, taking refuge under the umbrella.

"Do you know what happened to the souls that are taken by those demons?" Serena asked as she stared at the tree that got struck by the lightning.

"Hell?" Rasmus raised his brows, staring at the tree as well.

"If they're not saved, then yes, eventually they will be trapped in hell. But right now, they're being devoured in a unique realm called The Pot, at least what we called it in hell," Serena answered as she looked down at her torn robe. "It's like a grinder, but instead of a literal grinder, it's their fear, nightmare, and trauma that are slowly crushing them," she explained as she crossed her arms.

"Everyone?" Rasmus asked and looked at Serena.

"Everyone, even an innocent child will be tortured in The Pot. It's tragic, don't you think? To let innocent lives die and be condemned to hell just because their souls have been corrupted by demons," Serena looked at Rasmus with a soft smile on her face.

"You're only telling half of the whole story. I don't think God is that petty," Rasmus said as he listened to the rain that became heavier. "I remember in religions back on Earth, most of the souls would go to heaven after their sins got washed in hell. There's no proof of those sayings, but there's no reason to say

they were lying since I also have no proof in denying them," he pointed out as he tilted the umbrella back a little so he could see how heavy the rain would be.

Serena's silence and amazement slowly turned into laughter that was oddly similar to how the sky rumbled. She exhaled deeply, trying to regain her composure.

"I forgot you were a scholar before. And yes, you're right about that. They'll be embraced by God and place them in heaven eventually. However, don't you find it contradicting? If humans made sins, and then they died and went to hell, but then in the end they would go to heaven, wouldn't that be unfair for the ones who didn't sin? Just like what I said earlier, even an innocent child would end up in hell not because of their sins, but because they were devoured by The Pot," Serena asked, staring at Rasmus with her eyes narrowed.

Rasmus stood there silently while Serena was waiting for him to answer. Serena wanted to test how much he understood God that even she herself failed to see. She knew that Rasmus was a man of logic, beyond reality, a man with a mind that was almost equal to divine beings like angels and demons.

"No, I think that's the most logical solution," Rasmus answered without any doubt in his words.

"Logical?" Serena scoffed, leaning her head back with an intrigued expression. "How is that logical? I don't even think that's logical in any way," she raised her brows, staring at Rasmus.

"Sin is like a plague, a virus. If a human catches a cold and high fever, they would suffer from cold weather or temperature. If heaven is a place with cold weather, if sinners went to heaven, no matter how heaven feels comfortable, blissful, and peaceful, they would suffer, just like someone who caught cold to deal with cold weather," Rasmus said as he looked at Serena. "So what the body do to get rid of the virus? The body will turn hot, a fever for killing the virus, just like hell to wash off the sin. Once they were no longer sick or have any sin, cold weather or heaven would feel comfortable to them," he explained as he looked at the distance.

"Is it fair? Is it tragic? I don't really mind then at all. But is it logical? Yes, I do believe it is logical for them to be treated that way," Rasmus answered without any doubt on his face or his words.

Serena shook her head, staring at Rasmus with both fascination and fear because of his ability to see it that way. She took a deep breath and exhaled deeply before she decided to ask the final question.

"And do you think it's logical for me to be punished in hell for eternity? I'm condemned to hell, to be tortured for eternity just because I didn't follow order. Videl, Satan, and those fallen beings are punished for their arrogance. Me? I'm just a human, just like you, just like Adam, just like anyone else here, but I'm being punished just like those beings while other humans are given many chances to repent, I got none of it," Serena said, staring at the distance with a calm and relaxed expression.

"I can't answer that, and I don't think it is logical either," Rasmus answered, remembering what Videl had warned him about trying to understand the mind of God. "You don't need to ask me that question, Lilith. I'm aware," he said as he looked at the rain that grew heavier.

Serena smiled as she nodded, her smile meant to show her gratitude. She once again felt seen by him, and it was something special because nobody had ever seen her, nobody, not even the whole universe and beyond. She was punished, banished, abandoned, despised, and forgotten, and yet this man was the reason why she was here, in the world of the living, a wish she had never expected to come true.

"But I know one thing," Rasmus paused to look at Serena. "You're here now, among the living, and I promised you freedom. But the thing that you should notice is that if God said that you would be punished for eternity, you wouldn't be here by now. So, if I have to answer your question logically, this might be a logical answer, to let you be free after you endured everything," he explained as he took a deep breath and exhaled deeply.

Serena stared at Rasmus, slowly feeling the tears pricking under her eyes. She suddenly moved closed, standing in front of Rasmus, slowly placing her hands on his chest, looking up at him with teary eyes.

"Your words are dangerous..." Serena said as she scoffed, blinking her tears away. "I was meant to love Adam, but I never did and never wanted to. I always thought that I didn't need a man until this moment," she smiled softly as she brushed the dust off Rasmus' shoulders.

"Perhaps all you need is a friend. It doesn't have to be a man," Rasmus looked Serena in the eyes.

"I stand corrected," Serena chuckled as she nodded with understanding. "Thank you, Rasmus... no... Kyros, for being a friend," she leaned in and kissed Rasmus' cheek as her hand cupped his other cheek.

Serena slowly pulled away and slowly regained her composure and was back to becoming Serena, rather than Lilith. She slowly took a few steps back until she was no longer protected by the umbrella, letting the water pour on her. Rasmus on the other hand nodded and then left her alone because she wanted to be alone and process everything from a different perspective.

Once Serena knew there was nobody around, she looked up at the sky, staring at the sun that was blocked by the dark thunderous clouds. Her eyes closed and muttered something until suddenly the rain stopped and the dark clouds slowly dispersed. The sunlight began to give its warmth, bathing her face and her cold body.

"You heard me..." Serena slowly opened her eyes, staring directly into the sun. "Of course you are. You always do, listening and watching, nothing more," she scoffed before she walked toward the tree that had been split in half by the lightning.

Serena placed her hand on the tree's bark, using her divine power to heal the tree. The bark that got split in half suddenly healed, making the tree have two barks instead of one, creating an even unique and beautiful tree than it used to be.

"Just because I disobeyed you once, that didn't make me evil. Just because I didn't want to kneel in front of Adam, that didn't mean I would make others kneel before me. You gave everyone human free will, and yet I was the only one you condemned without letting me prove that I could become a better human," Serena muttered as she stared at the tree that had been fully healed by her power. "And I will show you just that," she looked up at the sky with a cold and serious expression.

Chapter 472 - 472: Plan to defend.

Rasmus looked at the letter while the others were sitting on couches or standing on the sides. Everyone was waiting and staring at him silently after Erdinand came and gave that letter to him with such a worried expression.

"The enemy has finally taken the last nation, the Eustias Kingdom, and there's no survivor. They fought until their final breaths," Rasmus said as he put down the letter.

"They're like only five days away from us with a carriage and three days with a horse..." Erlina pointed out with her arms crossed and the folded fan tapped gently on her chin. "And the enemy force?" She glanced at Rasmus.

"We don't know the exact number, but based on the information, five millions or double of that..." Rasmus answered as he looked down at the letter.

Erlina, Daryus, Carrion, and Aider were stunned by the numbers. To fight millions of soldiers would be an all-out war, or perhaps a war that would go down in history. However, they weren't soldiers, they were the possessed, the Corrupted, and other things, not to mention about the Prime Lords and their master, Satan.

"Our current military is like what? A million at most?" Carrion furrowed his brows. "Let's assume we have two millions, and that won't be enough," he pointed out.

"It's not the numbers that we need to be worried about, it's about what they're going to do with those numbers. They might recreate that colossal being, the Nephia with those numbers," Rasmus answered as he tapped his fingers on the table, staring blankly at the letter.

As soon as Rasmus spoke, someone knocked on the door, and everyone's attention shifted to the door. Javi opened the door and it was Aurelia who knocked with a worried expression.

"Count, everyone is waiting for you and Saint Serena in the meeting hall. They only want you two, nobody else," Aurelia said as she glanced at the figures in the room, and she could feel the pressure that far worse when she was with Lenin and the other powerful figures.

Rasmus nodded with understanding as he stood up while at the same time, Serena also stood up from the couch, fixing her robe before she joined with Rasmus. When they both left the room, Serena caressed Aurelia's cheek with a soft smile on her face without saying a word before she followed Rasmus to the meeting hall.

Aurelia was stunned when Serena suddenly showed affection to her, and it was out of nowhere. She slowly turned around and saw the way Serena walked, the way she walked beside Rasmus, and the way her posture looked more relaxed. Aurelia didn't know what was happening, but she could feel that something about Serena had changed.

The three of them entered the meeting hall where everyone had gathered. Unlike before, there were only a few of them, which were Lenin, Moriganne, Arthor, Thalior, Julius, Xena, and Marina. Rasmus, Serena, and Aurelia sat at the round table while observing everyone's expressions.

"You must have heard about what had happened to the Eustias Kingdom as well, Great Sage," Rasmus said as he looked at Lenin. "Their numbers, the estimated time for them to arrive here outside the wall..." he added with a calm expression.

"I see, you must have received the same information from the Black Hands. So there's no need for me to explain it again since everyone has heard about the news," Lenin nodded as she held the report in her hand. "However, did you receive any report about what had happened to the Cerdentis Kingdom as well from the Black Hands?" She asked with her brows raised.

"No, I don't have any information related to the Cerdentis Kingdom anymore. I told the Black Hands to retreat when they were in danger, and so they abandoned their mission," Rasmus shook his head.

Everyone was both surprised and not surprised at the same time. They knew Rasmus was the most logical and most rational person in the room, but they didn't expect him to not find that disadvantage a problem because of the lack of information.

"The Cerdentis Kingdom is gone as well, Count. No sight of the living, it's completely empty without any trace, not even Nemu and his faction. It's as if everyone disappeared," Lenin revealed with a serious expression.

Rasmus stared at Lenin's expression then to Thalior, and Xena. Those three had seen the colossal being, Nephilim. Although the one they fought for was an imperfect version, they would never be able to forget that. He also thought the same thing, the possibility that Nemu would use those humans as the food for him to create Nephilim.

"The last report I received, at least a third of each nation's population took refuge in the Cerdentis Kingdom. If we have to count it roughly, tens of millions..." Rasmus said as he rubbed his chin. "The colossal being, Nephia, is that your concern, Great Sage?" Rasmus asked, staring into Lenin's eyes.

"Yes, but that doesn't mean I haven't prepared for this, and right now the magic weapon is ready. That should be enough to hurt that thing, enough to make it less threatening than before," Lenin answered and nodded. "But our main concerns are those things, the Prime Lords of demons. I don't think that we will have enough people to deal with all of them, not to mention their master..." She revealed her main concern as she massaged her nose bridge.

"Based on your information, they have three Prime Lords originally here. You killed one, and the other one's whereabouts and mission is still unknown. Now Kiel is here, and their master is here also. I don't believe that Elder Lazarus or Lord Arandil could handle one of them by themselves. Our chance of surviving is as close as to none," Lenin calculated as she looked at Rasmus.

"You haven't changed your mind to help us, Count Blackheart?" Moriganne asked, glancing at Rasmus with a cold and stoic expression.

"No," Rasmus shook his head. "Aris has her own reason to fight, Serena has her own reason to fight, Rullein has no reason not to fight, and I also have my own reason to fight," he assured as he looked at his wristwatch, trying to estimate the time and date of the arrival of Satan and her army.

"If I may ask, who's going to fight their master?" Xena asked with a serious expression.

"Aris and Rullein, but I'm not sure they're enough because we have to assume that the Prime Lords' master has regained more than half of her power," Rasmus answered as he tapped his fingers on the table. "I might join them as well, but I know for sure that I'm not stronger than Aris or Rullein," he added.

Everyone processed what Rasmus said, and they tried to scale the power of Satan. They realized that even with Rasmus and his people's help, it might not be enough. They began to feel anxious because even Rasmus' help, their chance of winning was still slim.

"What about the plan? We might be able to increase our chances of winning if we use the right strategy. We need to strike their weakest spot and disturb their plan," Thalior asked as he looked at Lenin and Rasmus.

"I did say in our last meeting, about their plan in finding the Zevrathi through the cult, or just Luke since he's the one who knows the whereabouts of his Lords," Rasmus answered with a calm expression. "Their

main purpose is to grow stronger, and they already got what they needed. If I'm right, they still need to reserve their power, and if fighting us does more harm than good, they would consider retreating because they're not reckless," he explained as he furrowed his brows.

"So you're saying that we should focus on defense rather than offense?" Julius asked with his brows furrowed. "But you said that they're after the cult, and wouldn't they do everything they could to get what they wanted?" He added.

"Exactly, that's why we're just focused on defense. We are not at war to win, we are at war to protect what we have left and prevent them from getting what they need. Let Aris, Rullein, and me to make them question their invasion," Rasmus answered with a serious expression.

Everyone looked at each other, knowing they couldn't disagree because they didn't have the power to even question his decision.

"Then I have a request, Count," Lenin said with a serious expression. "I need some of your people to protect the magic weapons while I'm controlling them. If we are focusing on defense, then protecting the magic weapons will be our greatest defense strategy," she requested.

Rasmus thought about it, looking at Serena since he remembered that Serena and Videl had another mission to do, which was to take the corpse of the Zevrathi for themselves. Serena knew what Rasmus was thinking, and she gave him a nod.

"Then I'll have Videl and Serena to protect those magic weapons, Great Sage. They both should be able to do so and I'll have the Great Spirit Yur to assist them as well," Rasmus nodded with understanding.

"Thank you, Count," Lenin bowed her head, showing her gratitude.

"We have, three days at most, let's prepare everything," Rasmus said as he looked at everyone at the table.

Everyone nodded in agreement.

Chapter 473 - 473: The children of angels.

Satan stared at the river while standing still on the river bank like a magnificent statue. She was alone, staring at her own reflection, the face that God gave her, the face that God revealed that her face was the face of billions of women. Her face was the origin, the first ever face with beauty as its only purpose.

"Such an unnecessary detail..." Satan muttered, gently caressing her flawless pale cheek until slowly her fingers traced over her sharp jawline and chin. "But that's who He is, loving to see everything in such omnipotence detail..." She tilted her head to the side, feeling her high cheekbones and long perfect nose.

Satan was so focused on understanding why her face looked so special to humans and other beings. All the demons envied her beauty, humans worshiped her beauty, and angels couldn't stop staring at her back when she was still in God's kingdom.

"Hmm?" Satan raised her brows slightly, her lazy almond eyes staring at the school of fish, staring at her. "What adorable creatures..." She muttered under her breath as she bent her knees, squatting and reaching her hand out to the fish.

The moment Satan's fingers touched the water, in an instant all the fish turned sideways and floated. She just killed every fish in the river all the way to the lake or where the water source came from. Her fingers alone had caused corruption, destroying and killing all the ecosystems that existed in the water.

"Poor creatures..." Satan chuckled mischievously as she pulled her fingers from the river. "I didn't mean to take your life away, all of you attracted something that you shouldn't..." She muttered, as she stood up and had enough of staring at her reflection.

When Satan turned around, Kiel, Nemu, and Deja, standing still with their heads lowered. They knew they had heard everything she muttered, and they all confessed when she embraced them when they all lost hope and purpose. She was a perfect being that God ever created, nothing could change their view about her, she wasn't beautiful, she was the beauty itself that God created.

"Looks like everyone is already here?" Satan approached them. Her long black gown that got dragged on the ground made her look like she was floating rather than walking when she moved. "Have you brought all of them?" She looked at Deja and Nemu.

"We did, Master..." Nemu answered, lowering his head even lower.

"Let's create the children you wish to see..." Satan said as she walked past them without any sound, leaving a scent that was uniquely hers.

The three of them followed Satan until they all reached the top of the hill. Satan didn't lower her head to look down, she moved her pupils down and stared at the millions of humans that Nemu had brought. The humans that got tricked, betrayed, and soon to be used as food by Satan.

The humans were on their knees, begging, praying, and crying when the demons surrounded them. The knights, the warriors, the adventurers, and everyone who had the ability to fight had chosen to throw away their weapons and beg for their lives.

Satan swirled her left hand elegantly and in an instant all of the humans collapsed. It became eerily and deafeningly quiet, and slowly their skin, flesh, and organs melted, creating not a pool but a lake of blood that drowned the millions of bones.

The blood entered the soil unnaturally quickly until suddenly the ground began to tremble. The sound of bones hit each other, creating music to Satan's ears until the bones slowly combined and turned into colossal bones.

"Wake up the children of angels..." Satan muttered as she watched the soil that had turned into mud because it was soaked in blood.

The mud slowly moved like slimes, coating the colossal bones. Slowly but surely, the horror turned into three giants, ten times the size of humans. Their red brown skin, their all-black eyes, and their muscular bodies were the creatures that all the Fallen Watchers longed for, the Nephilim. Their whole existence, they had been longing to give birth of their own kind, and this moment, Satan gave them what they wished that God denied, children.

"Go, and embrace your children..." Satan said, her calm and relaxed gaze pointed at Kiel, Nemu, and Deja.

The three of them kneeled and bowed to Satan for giving them not only one, but three perfect Nephilim. They then flew and landed in front of their children, staring up at them with admiration, awe, and love.

When the Nephilim looked at Kiel, Nemu, and Deja, the Nephilim growled gently. The Nephilim reached out their index fingers toward those three. The moment Kiel, Nemu, and Deja touched their children's fingers, they felt a connection, a bond that caused the Nephilim to awaken their potential.

The skin of the Nephilim that was red slowly turned into the color of ash, hardened and became durable. The Nephilim slowly bent their knees and bowed before Kiel, Nemu, and Deja, accepting them as their parents.

"Let them have their feast..." Satan muttered, but her mutter echoed throughout the vast field. "Bring the remaining humans..." She ordered the demons.

The demons brought the humans from each nation that they invaded and conquered. The ones that were used as ingredients for creating Nephilim were from the humans that followed Nemu, the ones who had abandoned God and chose to believe in Nemu as their savior, fulfilling the requirements to create the perfect Nephilim.

Millions of humans were gathered around Nephilim, and they were trembling in fear. They saw three giants bowing down in front of the masked beings, and they knew something bad would happen to us. They believed that their death was inevitable and would be a gruesome one.

"Eat, my child. You need to grow stronger," Kiel said to his Nephilim.

"Grow and prove it to me that you're better than these humans," Nemu said to his Nephilim.

"I will satisfy your needs," Deja said to his Nephilim.

The three Nephilim raised their heads and looked around them where millions of humans were gathered. They began to feel hungry, their stomachs began to grumble, and that made all the humans pale and their knees weak. The moment those Nephilim stood up, the humans collapsed to their knees and started praying to God with their eyes shut.

Satan slowly raised her head and stared at the sky. Her eyes were moving from left to right, searching for something until she smiled and chuckled softly.

"There's no need to pray, just look at me..." Satan's voice was like a soothing whisper in everyone's ears.

Everyone opened their eyes and saw Satan standing in front of them. Their prayers stopped, their eyes focused on her, and their fear suddenly disappeared and was replaced by awe, love, and admiration for her beauty and elegance. Everyone was seeing the illusion of Satan, believing they were the chosen ones and that they were finally saved.

At the same time, the three Nephilim began to feast on those humans. They ripped, chewed, and swallowed them, and yet none of them screamed as they were enchanted by Satan's beauty and elegance.

"At least I don't make them feel pain..." Satan smiled as she stared at the sky as if she was speaking at someone, a higher being.

"PLEASE GOD! SAVE OUR SOULS FROM EVIL!" An old man's voice echoed throughout the horror.

Kiel, Nemu, Deja, and all the demons that were watching Nephilim eat the humans suddenly turned their heads toward the old man. They were surprised to see a man could break free from Satan's illusion, and shocked them, even Satan was mildly surprised. Satan disappeared and suddenly reappeared in front of the old man, staring down at him with curiosity.

The old man that was praying to God suddenly fell to his back when he saw Satan's face was right in front of his. The old man tried to crawl back, but his leg had given up on him, and tears fell voluntarily because demons began surrounded him with their glowing red eyes.

"You have an admirable devotion to God," Satan muttered as she squatted in front of the old man with a smile on her face.

"Stay away demon! You can't make me lose my way to God!" The old man shouted even though his voice trembled in fear. "God please help us all..." The old man shut his eyes and began his prayer.

Satan giggled as she cupped her cheeks, watching the old man with adoration written on her face. When the demons wanted to kill the old man, Satan raised her hand and the demons immediately flew away.

"Do you want to live?" Satan asked.

The old man's prayer didn't stop, ignoring Satan's question because he believed it was a trap, and he wouldn't fall for it.

"You can leave, you know? And I can promise in the name of God that I won't harm you or any demons," Satan said with a smirk, adoring the old man's devotion.

At that moment the old man stopped praying, shocked when the demon brought God's name and swore on his name. The old man slowly opened his eyes, and saw Satan cupping her own cheeks with a smirk on her face that instantly enchanted him by her beauty.

"Go on, you can leave," Satan smiled gently as she tilted her head. "Tell them what you saw here, warn them what's coming to them," she closed her eyes, smiling and chuckling.

The old man looked around, couldn't believe what he heard, but seeing no demons made a move or paid attention to him, he realized that Satan was telling the truth.

"Just breath, calm yourself down and regain your strength," Satan slightly opened her eyes, staring right into the old man's soul. "I promise we won't hurt you in any way," she nodded her head, assuring the old man.

The old man began to breathe, calming himself down until his legs were no longer weak. He slowly stood up with caution, observing his surroundings and making sure none of them would attack him. Once he could finally move his legs, he slowly took a few steps back, his eyes still moving from one corner to the other. When he was far away, he saw Satan waving at him and that gave chills down his spine until he decided to run as fast as he could.

"Adorable..." Satan giggled as she stood up and turned around, watching the Nephilim feast on the humans, making a mess.

Chapter 474 - 474: Belief and prayer.

"Anything?" Rasmus asked as he stared at Daryus' fingers, checking for pulses.

Daryus' troubled face made Rasmus curious because the last time Daryus checked his body, he was stunned by Rasmus condition. This time, Daryus made a similar reaction when he tried to read Rasmus' pulse.

"Your heart rate is three to five beats per minute, Count. You're basically in a similar state to someone who's in a final stage of heart failure," Daryus answered as he gently placed the stethoscope against Rasmus' chest to hear his heartbeat. "Oddly enough, even though your heart is beating extremely slow, it beats quite strongly," he muttered.

"Your body temperature is also extremely low, it's room temperature. Your state is already in an algor mortis state, Count. No, your body is even lower than the room temperature, that's impossible even for the dead..." Daryus explained with a confused and disbelief expression.

Rasmus never knew that his body had turned cold since he couldn't feel his own body temperature. He already knew that his heart rate was extremely slow and it worsened ever since he awakened his Orthias blood. However, it was normal because Orthias' body was also cold and they didn't even have a pulse. For his case, he had human genes in him, and his heart would go as low as it could get but not stop completely.

"Would you be surprised if I could manipulate my own heart rate?" Rasmus asked as he controlled his heart to beat thirty times faster than before.

For Daryus, it was a shocking discovery and he couldn't believe anyone could manipulate their own hearts like that. For Rasmus, he saw things move very slowly and could see every dust around him. The moment he changed his heart rate back to normal, things began to move normally again.

This was something that Rasmus discovered, and it was uniquely his. Unlike Orthias who didn't have a body system like humans. With that being said, Orthias didn't have the ability to have an adrenaline rush. With the strength and speed of Orthias and with the ability to have an adrenaline rush state, he

could grow stronger and faster than any Orthias. Aris and Rullein were curious about that, and they couldn't do what his body could do.

"I'm not a human anymore, Doctor, or at least not like any humans," Rasmus said as he sat up from the bed and sat on the edge of the bed, buttoning his shirt. "But that's enough about me, Doctor. How's Lady Astrea's condition?" He asked as he got up from the bed to grab his suit.

Daryus looked down and clenched his fists when he thought about Astrea's condition. He had tried everything, thought of any way to help her, and used every energy he had to treat her, but nothing worked.

"Every day, her condition worsened, Count. We tried everything, the three of us did, and Divine Physician Sima also did everything he could but gave up. I'm afraid that her days are numbered," Daryus answered, feeling guilty and knowing he would regret not being able to save Astrea.

"And? What are you going to do after she dies?" Rasmus asked, staring Daryus in the eyes with a calm expression.

"Are you being serious, Count?" Daryus stared at Rasmus with a cold gaze. "How can you be so easy to say something like that?" He gritted his teeth.

"Because you said it yourself that her days are numbered, Doctor. I'm stating a fact based on your expertise," Rasmus answered as he glanced out the window, noticing a paladin running toward the palace. "But that's not important, Doctor. You followed me, believing that you could make a better world. Once this is over, what are you going to do next? Stay here? Or are you going to follow me again?" He asked, averting his gaze from the window and looking at Daryus.

Daryus sighed, knowing there was no point in arguing because in the end, he would be in the wrong. He thought about the question and remembered why he had followed him in the first place. Back then, he held his ideal and believed that the system only benefited the few, after witnessing countless events, he saw it first hand the thing he despised the most being revealed by Rasmus.

"The system is unfair and broken, but it's now completely destroyed. The new system that Lady Aurelia wants, I'm interested in seeing how it goes. I know that I'm not needed in that, and I don't want to be a part of it as well," Daryus said as he fixed his round glasses. "I'm just a doctor, not someone who knows

how to rule, to think like a ruler, to understand a ruler. I don't belong here once I'm done here," he answered.

"I think, I'll follow you with the others. I want to help people in any way since everyone in this world is currently fighting the same enemy as ours," Daryus decided without any hesitation.

"And you're not trying to change that?" Rasmus asked, leaning his shoulder against the wall and staring out the window. "You complained about how the system is broken, but what makes you have the right to complain when you don't even want to change it with all the opportunities to do so?" He asked, watching as Lenin, Thalior, and Aurelia walked out of the palace hurriedly with the same paladin escorting them.

"I want to, Count. But this isn't my place, not when my focused is only to treat Lady Astrea. I can't just to join the table and speak up about my ideal. I know my place," Daryus answered with a serious expression, wondering what took Rasmus' attention.

"Then don't waste your next opportunities, Doctor..." Rasmus said as he pushed himself away from the wall. "It seems that the day has finally come..." he muttered as he watched an old man being escorted into the palace with Aurelia and the others in front of him.

"What do you mean, Count?" Daryus furrowed his brows, watching Rasmus walk toward the door.

"The demon army, they're on their way here," Rasmus answered as he opened the door and left Daryus' room.

Rasmus walked the long hallway with Aris and Rullein then Julius, Arandil, Arthor, Lazarus, and Moriganne joined them. They all entered the parlor and saw the old man, trembling in fear as he recited the prayer for protection against evil.

Aurelia looked at Rasmus and she shook her head while Lenin and Thalior tried to calm the old man. No matter how hard they tried to communicate with the old man, he kept praying, his dried and bloodied lips, his red eyes from crying until he could no longer produce tears, and the trembling and clasping hands like they were glued together. They could see the primal fear in his eyes, and they knew there was no point in talking with him because he might have lost his mind.

"Rullein..." Rasmus said as he kept staring at the old man.

Rullein approached the old man, placing her right hand on his shoulder. Her left hand reached Aris, and Aris immediately held it firmly. Aris reached her other hand to Rasmus, and Rasmus held her hand firmly. Rasmus reached his other hand over to Serena, and so on until everyone was holding each other's hand, not understanding what it was for.

The moment Rullein used her power to see through the old man's memories, everyone could see them as well. They were witnessing what the old man had witnessed, and that was when everything was revealed. They saw how millions of humans died and melted, and then three Nephilim were born from it. They also saw how the Nephilim feasted on the other millions of humans while Satan was speaking to the old man.

Rullein pulled away her right hand from the old man and everyone stopped seeing his memories. It was gruesome, too much for Aurelia and caused her to feel sick and dizzy. The others had their fair share of experience that they could withstand the old man's memories. However, Lenin and Thalior were pale when they saw the Nephilim because they still remembered that battle and how terrifying that colossal being was.

"That thing is Nephia?" Moriganne asked as she looked at Lenin.

"Yes, but those are way smaller than what we fought. The one we fought was as tall as a mountain, so I suppose what we saw earlier were weaker than the one we fought in South Neva..." Lenin answered, she looked a bit relieved to find the three Nephilim were nothing compared to the one she fought back then.

"Don't be fooled," Serena interrupted as she stared at the old man. "What you saw weren't weaker, they were in fact the most perfect Nephia. They might be smaller, but they're stronger, and what we saw back there, they were feasting on millions of lives. They will grow even stronger, way stronger than the one we fought in South Neva. And there are three of them," she stared at Lenin with a serious expression.

The room became silent, only the prayers of the old man that filled the room, praying to God to deliver him from evil.

"They're coming, and they will be here soon," Rasmus said as he glanced at the window. "This is the last chance to pray because we might not have chance to even think about God but ourselves later," he added.

Chapter 475 - 475: Bare and acceptance.

The bells sounded, echoing throughout the city, breaking the peaceful atmosphere and turning it into dread. The voices of the captains and commanders toward the soldiers they commanded were like a broken record, repeating the same words over and over. The knights helped each other, giving each other's helm, equipping their armor, and checking each other's weapons as they listened to their captains.

The heavy rain poured into the city, the night sky combined with the dark clouds made it even colder and darker. The shouts were heard in every corner of the city, echoing and resonating with each other. Silence didn't exist because silence created doubts in that situation.

"Yield is not an option! Fight for yourself and the people! Hold your weapons like your life depends on them!" The captain shouted as he tapped his hands onto the soldiers they were going to command.

"Bear the pain! Bear the fear!" The captain gripped onto the soldiers' helm, staring them in the eyes as he made sure they heard his words. "And bear the death that follows..." He tapped on the soldier's helmet before he let the soldier gather with the rest.

"You're not alone! You will never be alone! You will see your brothers and sisters beside you out there! You will not feel pain alone! You will not feel fear alone! You will not die alone! You will stand together until the end!" The commander shouted as he watched the soldiers gather in front of him.

All those words made everyone realize that this would be their last battle. Instead of feeling fear, they found themselves accepting it with open hearts. It wasn't an acceptance of defeat, it was an acceptance of their final resistance.

Most of the soldiers began to hyperventilate, their legs and arms wouldn't stop twitching as reality hit them. Tears were pricking their eyes, their hands trembling as they looked at the grim dark sky, the rumbling thunders, the heavy rain, the chill wind that made it even worse. They didn't know if they could do it, they didn't know if they were ready for it.

When they looked at their sides, they saw a mirror of themselves from the others. But one chose to grab the other's shoulder with teary eyes as he nodded. That act was then copied by the others, telling each other they all felt the same way and they were together in this.

"Breath! Breath! Breath!" The commander shouted, repeating the same word over and over as he looked at the soldiers in front of him.

The soldiers looked at their commanders, breathing through their noses and exhaling through their mouths. Their wet armor was heavy, but the tears were heavier. The moment the tears fell, they felt the weight suddenly lifted, the fear, the anxiety, the uncertainty, they all fell off the moment those tears fell. Their legs and arms stopped twitching, their hands stopped trembling, and their hyperventilated breathing burned the remaining negative emotions inside them, turning them into courage.

Aurelia watched everything unfold, couldn't believe it worked as Rasmus had said a few hours ago. Rasmus told everyone in the parlor about this moment, and rather than suggesting to them to use this method, it was more of like an order. He was the first who spoke those speeches, and he wanted them to be the ones who led the soldiers to use those speeches.

"Humans are complex, but having the same fear makes it much easier to predict and control..." Aurelia muttered, reciting Rasmus' words from earlier.

It wasn't just her, Arandil and the others witnessed the efficiency of Rasmus' method. It wasn't discouragement, it wasn't encouragement, it was the truth that reached everyone's subconscious.

Rasmus was at the front, standing on top of the city wall with Aris and Rullein. It was as planned, the three of them were the ones who would confront Satan. They could see the lines of the demon army in the distance and three colossal beings that were twice the height of the palace, standing at the front.

"There she is..." Rullein grinned as she pointed at the tallest figure among the demons, standing at the far front with three masked beings behind her. "Look at her, smiling at us," she giggled, staring right into Satan's eyes that were staring at them.

Rasmus glanced at Aris, wearing Aristoria's armor that fit perfectly like a second skin. He glanced down at Aris' hand that was holding Aristoria's greatsword tightly.

"I know," Aris said and looked Rasmus in the eyes. "I won't think about only myself, I'll stick to our objectives," she assured as she loosened up her grip on the greatsword.

"Remember what Videl said. Satan was nothing like him, nothing like the Prime Lords, nothing the demons," Rasmus said as he stared at Satan, and she stared right back at him. "She's in a league of her own, that's how powerful sovereigns are. Even Videl sometimes felt uncomfortable around her. After all, she was the one who knew all of God's creations as his accuser, adversary, and lastly the opponent of all his creations," he warned as he kept staring at Satan, reminding him of his first time meeting Videl.

"You know she can hear us, right? She's a powerful being, stronger than us, so it's impossible that she can't hear us," Rullein looked at both of them with her brows arched.

"I know, and I want her to hear that we know much about her," Rasmus answered, his eyes never leaving Satan's. "But she won't know our objectives," he said as he created a vacuum space around him, preventing Satan from listening to them.

On the other hand, Satan raised her brows, and she couldn't help but chuckle. Her eyes narrowed to the point they looked like slits, she had been waiting for this moment ever since she came to this world, to meet the man that God and Videl chose to live in this new world called Neva.

"Kyros Revenor, I see you..." Satan's eyes glowed bright red, causing the sky to whirl, creating a whirlpool in the sky above her.

Rasmus could tell from the way Satan stared at him that she had been waiting to see him. Aris and Rullein also noticed the way Satan stared at him as if they both knew each other. However, before one of them could ask, the three of them felt chills on their backs. When they turned around, they saw dense Mana that covered the whole city. For the naked eyes, they couldn't see it at all and were unaware of what had just happened.

Rasmus looked at the Mana that was being released intentionally and forcefully. The Mana gathered in the center of the city where Lenin, Novia, and Marina were. He wondered what kind of magic weapon that Lenin and Novia had created, using more than ten tons of pure Mana stones.

The Mana slowly shaped itself into a sphere where millions of small orbs of Mana moved toward it, feeding the sphere of Mana. The color of Mana was the clearest that Rasmus had ever seen, it was turquoise. The demons that watched it from afar felt fear from just witnessing such dense Mana that suddenly appeared from the city.

"They didn't learn that magic and Mana are useless against us?" Nemu asked as he stared at the sphere of Mana that grew bigger and bigger to the point it almost covered half of the city.

"They knew..." Kiel answered. "We need to be careful, Master. They have the Great Sage on their side, and I'm not sure what she's trying to do," he stretched his fingers, ready to protect the army.

Satan didn't say a word and just stared at the colossal Mana sphere without showing any expression. At the same time, Lenin was floating above the ground and right under the Mana sphere while Novia maintained the complex of fifty magic circles around her. Rasmus on the other hand, noticed the Mana sphere acted similarly like a fusion reactor, gathering Mana to turn it into powerful plasma energy.

"You two invented this?" Marina asked. As a sorcerer, this was something that she couldn't recreate without magic formations and circles. "So the Magic Tower is trying to artificially recreate the power of nature..." She was amazed where she should have felt displeased that mages tried to bend nature.

"No, we tried to recreate something that the Master and I witnessed before. This idea came from Count Blackheart, and since we couldn't understand how his magic works, we tried our own way to create something similar and more powerful," Novia answered, staring at Lenin who had finally gained control over the Mana sphere.

Marina raised her brows and then turned around to look at the city wall where Rasmus was. She became more interested even after her twin sister took an interest in him.

The moment Lenin gained control over the Mana sphere, she raised her hands and looked up at the dense sphere. The thunderstorm suddenly stopped when Mana took over the weather under Lenin's will. Everyone looked up at Lenin, wondering what she was trying to do until suddenly the layers of city walls began to form a magic formation.

"If Mana and magic are nothing to you, then we will turn it into something else..." Lenin pushed her hands forward toward the demon army in the far distance.

The Mana sphere released a flare toward the first wall with a magic formation floating above it, forcing the Mana to reshape itself while at the same time magnifying its power. The moment the flare passed through the first magic formation, it moved toward the second magic formation, reshaping it into a more dense and tighter shape. When it reached the third layer, the Mana turned into plasma, a high energy and extremely hot gas. Finally, when it reached the fourth magic formation, it turned its shape into a fine beam.

The beam moved almost at the speed of light, making it impossible to dodge. The beam hit thousands of demons, disintegrating them without leaving a trace. The beam was moved by Lenin's will and how long she wanted to keep releasing it.

"You shall perish..." Lenin clenched her fists, moving her hands to the side, controlling the beam's direction.

The beam moved from one side to another in just a blink of an eye. One of the Nephilim got hit by the beam, and it was enough to split the Nephilim in half. It was so shocking that even Kiel, Nemu, and Deja were utterly shocked.

"This is the last bastion of humankind, I'll trade my life for the survivor of humankind," Lenin muttered as she glared at the demon army with determination.

Chapter 476 - 476: Face their enemies.

Satan watched her army being annihilated slowly by the beam, but she chose to stay still. On the other hand, Kiel, Nemu, and Deja waited for Satan's command because they wouldn't dare to make a move without her order. They were confused as to why Satan hadn't moved a muscle even though the army was being annihilated.

Nemu turned around to look at the Nephilim that were being cut in half by the beam. He wasn't worried because the Nephilim could regenerate their bodies, and cutting them in half wouldn't kill them, at least not within a human's capability.

Satan sighed in disappointment before she suddenly pulled her black feathered wings with golden highlights that shone under the bright light. She flew toward the beam and instantly her wings grew larger and wider, big enough to cover the palace with them.

Lenin was shocked when Satan floated at the beam with her wings blocking it from destroying her army. Lenin added more Mana into the spell that took a toll on her body, but when she saw Satan flap her wings toward the palace, she was utterly shocked. The magic circles got destroyed by the single flap of Satan's wings, creating a hurricane that shredded and destroyed the buildings behind the city walls. The soldiers were flying like dust, shredding their armor and even their flesh.

Without thinking, Novia and Marina created a powerful Mana barrier around the Mana sphere. Their task was to protect Lenin and the magic weapon no matter what happened. The moment the hurricanes hit the Mana barrier, it shattered so easily, but fortunately it was enough to disperse the hurricanes. They looked at their surroundings and even a few parts of the city walls crumbled from the impact. At that moment they realized how powerless they were in the face of true horror.

"She could have single-handedly killed us all, but she didn't. I'm not sure if we should feel relieved or we should be worried that we are being toyed like helpless cattle..." Marina said as she looked around, trying to see the damage and the casualty of that attack alone. "A single attack that flattened almost half of this big city," she muttered to herself, couldn't believe there was a being this powerful.

"It was as Count Rasmus had warned before that even Lady Aristoria and Lady Rullein might not be able to stop her. Now we know..." Novia clenched her fists, looking up at Lenin who was still shocked by what had just happened. "Lady Serena, I believe we need your help now," she turned around, looking at Serena and Videl, unaffected and unbothered by what had happened.

"Already?" Serena raised her brows.

Novia hated to admit that she already needed Serena's power to protect Lenin because they planned to use Serena's power as their last effort to protect them. She knew better, and she had experienced the horror she had witnessed back then in South Neva during the war against Kiel and Yaza that humans were nothing in the scale of higher beings like Satan.

"Yes, I'm ashamed that I don't think the magic formation is enough to protect us all. I don't want the soldiers to die even before using their weapons to fight against the enemy," Novia answered, knowing there was no other choice but to ask for Serena's help.

"Worry not, Lady Novia, I will protect everyone," Serena answered with a smile on her face. "However, I believe she won't use that same attack again," she pointed out.

Novia and Marina looked at Serena with a confused look, wondering why Serena was so confident that Satan would use the same attack again. At the same time, Satan was still floating in the sky, staring down at the damage she had caused and how humans were trembling in fear from that attack alone. When she glanced down at the city wall where Rasmus was, she furrowed her brows because both Aris and Rullein had disappeared, no longer standing beside Rasmus.

Satan smirked at Rasmus as she created two swords with her demonic energy. Her right hand was raised above her head while her other hand moved the sword to her back in a quick motion. Aris plunged from above, slashing her sword at Satan while Rullein suddenly appeared behind her and swung both of her swords. Satan had predicted their movements and blocked their attacks with ease.

The clash created a massive shockwave that created a massive crater on the ground far below them. Kiel, Nemu, and Deja that were below them got pushed quite far and were harmed by the mere shockwave.

"My... we finally meet again," Satan smiled as she stared at Aris and then glanced over her shoulder at Rullein. "So exciting..." She giggled as she pushed both of them away from her and then disappeared and reappeared high into the sky right below the whirlpool of dark clouds where the thunder brewed.

Satan noticed that Aris was wearing armor this time while Rullein showed her dragon wings. She knew that those two were planning to go all out in this battle, and that made her unable to hide her excitement, unconsciously revealed her horns, glowing red eyes that like a pair of blood moon and released her true energy, a dark red aura around her was visible to the naked eye. That was when all her army grasped that was the signal for them to fight.

A third of Satan's army revealed their demon wings and began to fly under Kiel, Nemu, and Deja's command along with the high-ranking demons behind them. They all flew toward the city while the rest began to march toward the city with the Nephilim at the front. Aris and Rullein ignored the demons below them and just focused on Satan that was above them, staring down at them and challenging them to fight her with everything they got.

Rasmus watched the demons approaching while at the same time the sky was screaming as Aris and Rullein fought against Satan. He could hear the mages around him, preparing the magic weapons and waiting while the commanders of each unit ordered everyone to get ready.

"Fire!" A sage commanded the mages, pointing his hand at the thousands of demons that were flying toward the city.

The mages activated magic weapons that looked like cannons, releasing a smaller and weaker plasma blast at the demons. It was effective in killing flying demons with high fire rates, but that wasn't enough because the number of enemies overwhelmed the weapons. However, the mages weren't afraid because they had anticipated it. Before the flying demons could reach the city wall, a blast of plasma reached the outer city wall, burning and turning thousands of them into ashes in almost an instant.

Kiel, Nemu, and Deja immediately created a combined Mana barrier, preventing the remaining flying demons from getting burned into ashes. When they all were about to enter the city, they wanted to get rid of Rasmus since he was alone without any weapon or armor on him. However, when Rasmus' eyes turned draconic and glowed bright blue, they saw the sudden surge of energy and power within him that was on par with theirs.

"Do not take the bait..." Kiel said with a serious expression. "He might not have shown his full power, and if we took the bait, we would die by his hand," he warned Nemu and Deja.

"Let's ignore him then, he's not our objective..." Nemu responded.

The three of them nodded and ordered the flying demons to ignore Rasmus and focus on finding Luke, Harot, the cultists, and the body of Zevrathi that the Holy Nation had hid. The three of them flew past the city wall, ignoring Rasmus while the flying demons killed all the mages that tried to stop them without showing any mercy.

Rasmus looked at his surroundings, noticing that no demons were trying to face him. He slowly turned around to look at the city that had been breached by thousands of demons in an instant. He looked at Kiel, Nemu, and Deja flew deeper into the city, and he knew that they had objectives to find Luke, Harot, the cultists, and the body of Zevrathi.

Kiel, Nemu, and Deja noticed that they were being followed from below, and knew they couldn't just keep flying while being followed like that. The three of them agreed to go their separate ways to achieve their objectives and then landed in open spaces.

Kiel slowly turned around and saw two figures that had been following him, they were Uriel, Nior, and Xena. Kiel narrowed his eyes, noticing the familiar faces, and noticed that both Uriel and Xena had grown a lot stronger than before.

Nemu stared at Arandil, his disciples, and Castor, the ones that were following him. Nemu was warned about those three from Kiel, and Kiel categorized them as threats. Nemu wasn't as strong as Kiel, and he knew that he should be careful around those people.

On the other hand, Deja tilted his head, staring at the two people that were following him, which were Lazarus and Arthor. Deja didn't expect to fight the strongest man that even Satan recognized, Lazarus, and that alone was enough to make them feel threatened.

They were matched not out of coincidence, they were following the Prime Lords as what Rasmus had ordered them to do. Videl had information related to Nemu and Deja since he had demons that worked as his spies. Videl knew how powerful Deja was and how weak Nemu was, and that was why Rasmus made the Swordmasters and the Northern Stars to fight the ones that could match with the Prime Lords' power.

"Itchy?" Serena glanced over her shoulder at Videl.

"Very..." Videl muttered under his helmet. "But I guess it's about time for us to do our objective as well," he reminded Serena.

"Of course," Serena smiled. "Of course..." She repeated as she glanced at the palace where the body of Zevrathis was hidden.

Chapter 477 - 477: A glimpse of power.

Satan disappeared after every attack and block and then reappeared to attack and block again. She had never been so excited in her whole existence because she had never clashed with mortal beings and could get hurt from the fight.

The fight had gone further and further away from the Holy Nation, and everything was flattened and turned into valleys. Aris and Rullein fought with the intention of killing, while Satan fought to have fun.

Satan had regained almost half of her power which from that alone should have made her invincible. However, against those two, she felt that feeling again, the feeling of threat that she couldn't shake. In a prolonged fight, she would be the one who would lose and the chance of that happening was bigger than she had anticipated.

Aris, who wore Aristoria's armor got her resistance against Satan's energy heightened. Rullein who had once been exposed to Satan's energy had grown accustomed to it, making both of them capable of fighting Satan for much longer.

Aris and Rullein never attacked from the same direction, they always attacked from two opposite directions. Satan noticed this and she never thought this strategy could threaten her existence. Every clash, Satan was slowly being crushed by two immense strengths while at the same time her energy was being pulled from both sides. The reason was because Aris' attacks and her existence could purify everything into Mana while Rullein's attacks and her existence could devour life. Satan was being both crushed and ripped apart, and that was why she felt threatened.

When Aris and Rullein landed their attacks, Satan felt her hands tremble and loosened her grip on her swords for a moment. She immediately disappeared and reappeared so far away, but to her surprise, Aris and Rullein were already in front and behind her, ready to slash her in half.

"Shh..." Satan suddenly placed her index finger on her smiling lips, staring at Aris and Rullein that suddenly stopped moving.

Aris and Rullein glanced at each other and they both couldn't even move their bodies. When they looked around, they saw bats in the far distance that were also frozen still like them. They looked up at the clouds, and even the clouds stopped drifting. They realized that the world and time itself had stopped moving.

"I really didn't want to use this, but I have no choice," Satan's voice was barely above a whisper.

Satan spun and slashed both Aris and Rullein on the abdomens. After she landed the attack, the time began to move again and both Aris and Rullein hit the ground really hard.

"Unfortunate..." Satan tightened her grip on her swords, noticing that her attack wasn't enough to cut through Aris' armor and cut Rullein in half. "I'm too weak against those two..." She pursed her lips to the side, dissatisfied at her own strength.

Aris slowly sat up and looked down at Aristoria's armor she wore. She saw a cut that Satan had made in the armor, and it unsettled her. Aristoria made that armor and there was no sight of damage, cut, or even a scratch on it. However, Satan's attack was enough to leave a mark on it.

Rullein winced as she looked down at her abdomen that almost got cut in half. She watched her abdomen regenerate itself as she slowly stood up and fixed the black gown she wore with her dark energy. She was lucky because she had grown stronger ever since she followed Rasmus, and it also had something to do with him. Her core was residing inside Rasmus, and the Ice Dragon inside his body also changed something in her.

Satan landed in between the two massive and deep craters Aris and Rullein had created when they hit the ground. She folded her wings, hiding them inside her back as she looked at both of them with a smile.

The moment Satan disappeared into thin air, Rullein suddenly screamed in pain when a sword pierced through her chest from behind. She glanced over her shoulder and saw Satan was there, using that ability to pause the time. When she was about to turn into smoke, Satan pulled her sword and kicked Rullein against the crater's wall.

Rullein hit the wall so hard that she created a tunnel that connected both craters. She rolled on the ground until she stopped right in front of Aris. She groaned in pain because the wound that Satan had inflicted couldn't be healed. She felt a painful cramp on her chest because of Satan's energy that tried to enter her body.

"Need help?" Aris asked as she looked down at Rullein.

"No..." Rullein groaned as she tried to sit up. "I got this, just give me time to recover. She's targeting me because I'm the only one that she can hurt right now," she pointed out.

Aris glanced at Satan and noticed how Satan didn't use her ability to freeze time again. She wondered if that ability had its limit or if it took a toll on Satan's body, but either way, she had to keep her guard up because one mistake she and Rullein would be in danger. She had no choice but to use her bloodline's power since she was going to fight Satan alone.

Satan tilted her head to the side when she saw Aris' hair slowly floated and turn its color to a bright light blue. She remembered that Aris was in a similar state before when she first met her, but back then, Sanya stopped Aris from using that power. She could see the fluctuation in Aris' power, making her twice stronger than before.

"You must be joking..." Satan scoffed as she readied her stance and stared at the glowing veins underneath Aris' neck and face.

"No, I'm not," Aris instantly appeared in front of Satan and was about to cut Satan's skull in half.

Satan was shocked and immediately pulled her wings out of her back and covered her whole body with them like a cocoon. The moment Aris swung her sword down vertically, Satan's wings were cut in half, unable to stop Aris' sword. Satan blocked Aris' sword with her swords right above her head before she disappeared and reappeared outside the crater. She almost got her head cut in half if she didn't blink out because her strength wasn't enough to stop Aris' attack.

The same situation repeated a few times and it forced Satan to use everything she got to fight Aris alone. It was as Aris had wondered before that Satan's ability to freeze time was limited. But Satan also noticed something about Aris' power, she saw how Aris struggled to maintain her own power as if the power tried to consume her.

On the last clash, Aris chose to distance herself from Satan and went back to be with Rullein. She struggled to contain her bloodline's power that was slowly trying to take over her body and mind. She thought she could handle the power for a moment, but she couldn't control it anymore and her body was slowly taking over by her own power. However, Rullein put her hand on Aris' head, devouring the power that tried to take over Aris' body.

"You stupid..." Rullein muttered as she stared at Satan in the far distance, trying to regain her power as well. "I thought you said that you wouldn't be reckless and stick with our objective," she muttered.

Aris slowly regained her body, feeling dizzy and weakened from fighting the power within her. She didn't have strength to spare for talking, so she chose to use it to recover before Satan regained her power and strength once more.

"Now that I think about it, I can just copy your armor," Rullein glanced at Aristoria's armor.

Aris furrowed her brows and looked at Rullein with a confused look. She knew that Rullein could use her dark energy to materialize into anything Rullein wanted, but she never thought that Rullein could copy someone's armor, especially Aristoria's armor that was uniquely and specially made by Aristoria himself. However, when Rullein touched the armor, she could see how Aristoria made that armor.

"You said it yourself that this armor had Aristoria's energy. With that being said, I could see Aristoria's memory from just touching this armor, and now I know how she made that armor," Rullein smirked as black smoke began to cover her body, replicating Aristoria's armor onto her body.

The moment the smoke dispersed, both Aris and Satan were baffled when Rullein wore the same exact armor as Aris. Both of them realized how powerful Rullein actually was, or to be exact how powerful a Dark Spirit was.

"Well..." Rullein looked down at the armor she wore. Unlike Aristoria's armor which looked slightly blue, Rullein's was jet-black. "It wasn't as powerful as Aristoria's, but I managed to copy it at least ninety percent of it," she smirked as she looked at Aris.

Aris had regained her power slightly, and she could fight again even at her weakened state. She readied her stance as she stared coldly at Satan, determined to fight her until they achieved their objective.

"You can fight?" Rullein arched her brows.

"Yes, stop talking," Aris answered, tightening her grip and ready to fight again.

Rullein chuckled as she nodded with understanding before she readied her stance and stared at Satan with a smirk on her face. On the other hand, Satan sighed as she slowly raised her right sword, pointing it at the sky. The sky slowly turned dark red as a whirlpool of clouds created a massive portal.

"No hard feelings," Satan smiled as Fallen Watchers descended from the portal and then flew toward the Holy Nation along with thousands of high-ranking demons following them from behind. "You can choose to fight me, or save that city," she suggested.

"Oh, you have no idea what's waiting for them," Rullein chuckled.

Satan furrowed her brows, confused by what Rullein meant until she glanced at the distance and wondered if Rullein was talking about Rasmus.

At the same time, Rasmus saw the red sky in the far distance, taking a deep breath as he stretched his fingers.

"So it begins," Rasmus muttered as sparks of lightning appeared around his body.

Chapter 478 - 478: Rasmus' plan.

The soldiers were busy dealing with flying demons that were twice their size. The wings of the demons were enough to even cut through armor and crush human bodies from a simple hit. However, Moriganne, Monica, Aurelia, Eveline and priests from both nations helped everyone with divine power.

"Is she not going to use it?" Eveline looked at the center of the city.

"Just focus on helping everyone, Eveline. We don't have time to think about other things but our responsibilities," Moriganne said as she released Divine energy that was enough to weaken the demons. She didn't want to use her full power because this war had just started.

Monica used her divine power to enhance the soldiers' strength and agility. She was being protected by the Northern Templars and Maximilian making sure no demons could even approach her.

Aurelia was at the front near the outer layer wall along with the Holy Nation Paladins, Esper, and Ulric. They were the ones who had to deal with a lot of demons.

"Fire!" Ulric ordered as he raised his sword.

The archers that were hidden inside the buildings near the wall, shot their arrows that had been dipped in holy water. Most of the flying demons that entered the city got shot by the arrows and crashed into the ground where the knights had waited to kill them.

There were a total of four walls separated into four areas before it reached the far back where the palace was. Each wall had been reinforced with magic formations and magic weapons. The heavy artillery was placed on the fourth wall, behind where Lenin and the others were.

"The first layer is still standing strong, hold your horses," Julius said, standing on top of the fourth wall along with Isador and Alexander.

Lenin was waiting for the magic formations to be fixed before she could release that same powerful beam again. She was waiting for Sages that had been busy rebuilding the magic formations. She had to keep an eye on her surroundings, and noticed the havoc from three different areas inside the city.

"(Is she not going to use it?)" Lenin thought as she stared at Serena, who was still doing nothing and unbothered by her surroundings.

"Master! Look!" Novia shouted from below as she pointed at the distance.

Lenin used magic to look at the far distance, and her eyes instantly widened. She saw thousands more flying demons, but this time there were more than just demons. She saw some of the enemies had black feathered wings, gray feathered wings, and even white feathered wings. She then noticed the red sky in the far distance and realized the enemy reinforcement had come from there.

"Saint Serena!" Lenin looked down at Serena, hoping that Serena would use her power to block anything from entering the city.

"Not yet," Serena said calmly as she looked up at Lenin. "This is a part of the plan, Rasmus' plan," she revealed.

Novia, Marina, and Lenin looked at Serena with the same confused look on their faces. They questioned what she meant by Rasmus' plan, and why bringing more danger into the city that everyone could barely handle.

"What kind of plan, Saint Serena? If we let them in, the casualties would be massive..." Novia asked, clenching her fists, knowing something shady was going on the moment Rasmus' name was mentioned.

(A few days ago)

A day after they found out about Nephilim being born, Rasmus had a private conversation with Aris, Rullein, Serena, and Videl. They were planning to reduce Satan's force in this war because they knew that Satan would only grow stronger.

"You want to force her to bring more of her forces? You should know that she has brought all the Fallen Watchers into this world. There are hundreds of them," Videl pointed out with his brows furrowed. "If you did manage to force her to bring more of her forces, everyone would die," he warned.

Rasmus stared at Videl with a stoic expression, and that was when Videl realized that it was Rasmus' plan. Videl almost forgot that their objective was to destroy this world as the bet with God.

"I see, you want to reduce the noises..." Videl smirked. "At the same time, you want me to feed on those souls, don't you?" He crossed his arms and legs as he tilted his head.

"Demons, humans, everything will be your food. However, that's not the only reason," Rasmus answered as he rubbed his chin with his thumb. "I need them to leave the North and let Orthias take back the North. They will notice the change in numbers of the demons, and they will take the opportunity to defeat them while at the same time, we will also defeat the demons here. That's double the damage but with less effort for us and Orthias," he explained.

Everyone looked at each other while Aris was surprised that Rasmus suddenly thought about Orthias. She knew that Sanya and the elders of Orthias wouldn't stay quiet even if Satan stayed in the North.

However, she also knew that Sanya was the most intelligent being she had ever known, perhaps more than Rasmus.

"I know that Sanya would take this opportunity. But you knew that they would take this opportunity?" Aris asked out of curiosity.

"You said Orthias is the protector of Neva, a role that is both given and chosen. They're not a being with morality and more of efficiency and practicality. In short, they're similar to me, and I know this is the perfect moment to get rid of the threat," Rasmus answered without any doubt in his words. "They found an opportunity, and they would take it without a glimpse of doubt," he added.

Aris closed her eyes, showing a glimpse of a smile on her lips before she became expressionless again. She began to have a doubt if Rasmus was inferior to Sanya or not from this moment on.

"So? What's the plan?" Rullein asked with excitement in her eyes.

"You and Aris will handle Satan. Your objective is to make her feel cornered, make sure she realizes that you both are threats to her existence. However, I don't want you two to defeat her. What I want is for her to bring in more forces, forcing her to think that she might lose this war," Rasmus answered as he put his hands on the table. "It's a difficult task, can you two do it? And do you know how to do it?" He asked as he looked at both of them.

"You want us to show a glimpse of our true power to her so she can see the wall behind her?" Aris asked.

"Precisely. The one who shows their true power, they're the ones who are cornered," Rasmus answered as he nodded.

"Next, Videl. Your task is to collect the souls without being noticed by everyone. Once Satan brings her other forces into the city, that's your cue," Rasmus said as he looked at Videl. "At the same time, you can use that chaos to get what you need, to take the Zevrathi's corpse," he added.

"That's fine with me. I have been starving for too long, I don't mind waiting a little bit longer," Videl smirked as he nodded with understanding.

"And what about me?" Serena asked with a smile on her face.

"I heard you can use the words of God, and I'm wondering if you're capable of using it to weaken the demons, even the Fallen Watchers?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised.

"Yes, I can use the words of God, His language. I know how to make the fallen lose a significant power temporarily while the demons would be powerless," Serena answered as she cupped her cheek with her right hand, smiling at Rasmus. "Satan has the will of God, allowing her to bring all the fallen and demons into this world. Then, I have the words of God, allowing myself to make those demons or the fallen to kneel," she chuckled softly.

(Back to present)

Serena watched all the demons and the Fallen Watchers enter the city and begin to massacre the front line. She clasped her hands together, releasing a golden divine barrier that covered the whole city. Moriganne, Monica, and Eveline were in disbelief there was a Saint that was capable of covering a massive area with such dense divine energy. They also noticed the weird symbols around the barrier, and the only one who knew about it was Aurelia.

"The language of God..." Aurelia muttered.

All the Fallen Watchers and demons that were flying suddenly lost their abilities to fly. They trembled in fear when they saw God's words written on the barrier.

"Now, it's your turn, Ramsus," Serena smirked.

Rasmus hands began to catch on fire and slowly turned into plasma energy. He swung his hands from side to side, crossing his hands as he released a similar beam as Lenin. The beams cut all the falling demons and Fallen Watchers in half, and then clenched his fists tightly, crushing the demons until there was nothing left but ashes.

Chapter 479 - 479: Humanized God.

Lenin and Novia who saw Rasmus' magic were stunned that he could recreate their powerful spell in a smaller but as potent as theirs. They couldn't believe it and they didn't want to believe it even though they saw it happen.

"(Truly, a genius...)" Lenin thought as she watched Rasmus standing on the edge of the wall.

Rasmus jumped down from on top of the wall and landed in front of the demons that had massacred the soldiers but were weakened by the divine energy that Serena had released from the barrier. He gathered Mana around his right hand, turning it into an amplifier. When he snapped his fingers, the shockwave that was supposed to be harmless turned into something lethal that ruptured ear drums and cut even the thickest steel.

The demons that were around him shredded into pieces the moment he snapped his fingers while the soldiers experienced dizziness and ringing in their ears when they heard the snap. Rasmus didn't waste the momentum and began to float above the city as his fingers released sparks of lightning that made the night suddenly grow darker because of them.

Everyone looked up at Rasmus like moths to the flame, frozen still and mesmerized by the intense and violentness of the lightning sparks. When Rasmus turned Mana into ionized paths toward every demon that he saw for the lightning to strike at those locations with such precision. The moment he turned his palms downward, the lightning struck hundreds of demons rapidly for dozens of times in just a mere second. The demons that got struck by them, they turned into ashes without even knowing what had happened to them.

Rasmus formed a magnetic field around his both hands as he charged lightning on his palms, shaping and containing the plasma mixed with electricity into a spear-like shape. The lightning spears that he held began to grow and expand until they were as big as his own body. It was magic that both Lenin as Great Sage and Marina as Sorcerer had never seen before and couldn't understand how it was possible to hold lightning with bare hands.

Rasmus created two ionized paths toward the Fallen Watchers that were in a weakened state. The moment he removed the magnetic fields, two spears of lightning bolts began to move toward the Fallen Watchers at the speed of light, killing them in an instant. However, he didn't stop there, he kept repeating the same process over and over, killing at least a dozen of Fallen Watchers with that same attack.

Demons were petrified when Rasmus killed higher beings like Fallen Watchers like they were nothing, and it wasn't just demons, humans were also petrified by Rasmus' ability. For them, they all looked at a humanized God that bestowed punishment upon the ones that he deemed to be erased from this world.

Rasmus glanced at the group of five Fallen Watchers that had recovered and got used to their weakened state. He flew toward them and landed not far from them, and coincidentally, Aurelia and her people were there. He didn't bother to look at his surroundings as he released fireballs to kill the demons around him.

The Fallen Watchers knew that Rasmus was a threat to them, and they tried to regain their power even for just a brief moment. However, when Rasmus pointed his right hand at them, the Fallen Watchers noticed changes in the air around them. They had no idea what was happening and why suddenly Mana gathered around them that they couldn't absorb.

Rasmus compressed the air around the Fallen Watchers into a sphere shape, containing the Fallen Watcher inside it. He then gathered Mana outside the sphere and created another sphere with his left hand outside the sphere that contained the Fallen Watcher before he changed the atmospheric pressure to a hundred. The pressure he created, it was a pressure strong enough to crush thick reinforced steel into thin paper. The moment he clenched his right fist, removing the inner sphere, the Fallen Watchers' bodies disintegrated in just a millisecond.

Aurelia and everyone that witnessed it, they couldn't believe their eyes because it happened faster than their eyes could blink. Then suddenly pulled the second sphere that still contained the hundred atmospheric pressure until it reached his palm. They watched as a sphere of wind that shrunk to fit onto his hand, held it and stared at it for a moment.

"Do you still have the luxury to watch?" Rasmus asked without looking at Aurelia and the others.

Rasmus flew up high into the sky and looked at the group of dozens of demons that had run toward the injured group of soldiers. He threw that sphere toward the demons and when the sphere was right above the demons, he clenched his fist, releasing the high pressure with a high-pitched sound and obliterated them. There was no explosion, just a quiet massacre that flattened the area in an instant.

"Is this what Count Blackheart capable of..." Moriganne was in disbelief when a single man killed Fallen Watchers like insects being crushed with fingers.

Rasmus looked at Lenin for a moment before he looked at the layers of walls where the magic formations were. He knew the Sages were trying to rebuild the magic formation that Satan had destroyed. He pointed his right hand at the second wall and his left hand at the third wall, recreating the magic formations that Lenin used. He replicated it perfectly and flawlessly, and then he pointed his both hands toward the outer wall, creating the final magic formation that Lenin needed.

"He recreated those complicated Magic formation like they were nothing..." Novia was in disbelief once again.

"Novia! It's not the time to be amazed!" Lenin shouted as she prepared to use the massive sphere of concentrated Mana above her.

Novia shook her head and began to operate the magic formation around her to stabilize the Mana sphere for Lenin to use. She needed time to operate the complicated magic formation, which would take time. However, she knew that she wasn't in a hurry because the divine barrier that Serena had created was still needed for everyone to fight the demons inside the city.

At the same time, Kiel, Nemu, and Deja were struggling to win against the strongest people in the city. They were fine before and they didn't struggle to fight them at all, but that changed the moment Serena created the divine barrier with God's words written on it. Even for them, they couldn't overpower God's words, and they were shocked that there was someone that could use God's words. They knew it wasn't Videl because nobody dared to use His words, so they wondered who it was.

After a relentless fight, the three of them ended up in the same area and were chased by Lazarus, Arthor, Arandil, Castor, Uriel, Nior, and Xena. Kiel, Nemu, and Deja were surrounded and they had nowhere to go because they couldn't use their wings, restricted by God's words and authority.

"Let's not waste this opportunity," Lazarus said as he pointed his sword at Deja and readied his stance.

Everyone nodded in agreement because they were exhausted and injured from the intense battle they had. They waited for Lazarus to make the first move so they could follow his lead and decide where to position themselves.

The moment Lazarus tilted the sword a tiny bit, everyone began to dash toward those three Fallen Watchers. Lazarus swung his sword upward vertically, releasing a powerful slashwave that moved in

between Arandil and Uriel toward Deja. He bent his knees before he dashed and pointed his sword at Deja. Arandil, Arthor, and Castor moved to the left to fight with Kiel while Uriel, Nior, and Xena moved to the right to fight with Nemu.

By the naked eye, what everyone saw were sparks from swords clashing and the three Fallen Watchers at the center, swinging their swords to block the attacks from all directions. Cut after cut on their skin made them weaker and weaker, cornered and didn't know what to do.

Lazarus and the others knew that the Fallen Watchers could no longer defend themselves as their power had been drained. Lazarus gave the signal to the others to prepare for the finishing blow. When the three Fallen Watchers were disarmed and collapsed to their knees, everyone pointed their swords at the heads of those Fallen Watchers. However, before they could land their final blows, the divine barrier shattered and instantly gave the Fallen Watchers their power back rapidly.

In a blink of an eye, the Fallen Watchers pulled out their wings and covered themselves like cocoons, blocking Lazarus and the other's final blows. Lazarus and the others were shocked and immediately dashed backward, distancing themselves from those three and then looked up at the sky where the divine barrier was shattered. That was when they saw Satan, floating above the city with her twelve massive black feathered wings that could cover the whole city with it, her four horns, two on her forehead like addax horns and two on her head like nubian goat horns. Her eyes were dark red like two blood moons staring into everyone's soul. She was smiling in a long black gown and hair that flown eerily.

"You..." Satan pointed her sword at Serena. "I see you..." She found the soul inside Serena's body, which was Lilith. "No wonder there's someone in this world who can speak the language of God," she giggled that sounded like it was coming from everyone's head, making the soldiers with weak mentality collapse and faint.

Serena wasn't scared because it wasn't the first or the second time she saw Satan in her true form. She only smiled back at Satan, challenging Satan to fight her.

"Now!" Novia shouted.

Lenin knew it was pointless to use her magic against Satan, so she used everything she could handle to kill the Nephilim that were close to entering the city. The moment she released a massive flare that turned into a beam, Satan disappeared and reappeared in front of the outer wall where the last magic

formation was. She blocked the beam with one of her wings before she flapped it and destroyed the magic formations and dispersed the Mana sphere that Lenin had collected and accumulated.

"What a smart one you are," Satan smirked as she stared right into Lenin's soul. "But it's enough for you to play with your toy."

Satan sighed as she swung her sword horizontally toward the city, flattening everything that stood. The walls, all the buildings, all the way to the last wall were flattened, stand no chance against her power. Her attack didn't harm anyone, but was to show off her power. Lenin who was in the air got pushed all the way to the back, except for Rasmus who wasn't affected by Satan's attack.

"Now, the children of the damned... feast on those souls," Satan smiled as the three Nephilim and thousands of demons entered the city.

Aris descended and floated on Rasmus' right and then Rullein appeared from a puff of black smoke on Rasmus' left. The three of them floated staring at the colossal beings and thousands of demons that came like a flood.

"Still can fight?" Rasmus asked, his eyes focused on Satan.

"Yes," Aris and Rullein answered at the same time with a serious expression.

Chapter 480 - 480: A beautiful light.

Luke and the cultists that had been hiding underground could feel the ceiling shaking. They had no idea what was happening, and they didn't want to know either because if they showed even their noses, Satan and the Fallen Watchers could see them.

"Harot, can you feel anything?" Luke asked as he looked at Harot, sitting in the corner against the wall.

"Anything? I feel everything. I feel immense Mana, I feel immense demonic energy, I feel immense divine energy, I feel Satan's energy, and I also feel God's presence here..." Harot answered, his eyes

filled with anxiety and fear. "What's happening out there, this reminds me of that time..." He muttered to himself, remembering the day of rebellion where Lucifer and the princes of hell went against God.

"It's that bad?" Luke asked with a serious expression.

"Yes, and whatever is happening up there, Satan has shown her interest in this battle, and that's not a good sign for anyone," Harot answered, trying to numb his senses because he could feel Satan's presence and energy that could terrorize all angels even Archangels.

"We should be safe here. I believe we are since the Devil himself and Count Blackheart aren't from this world," Luke muttered as he looked up at the ceiling.

Lenin groaned as she tried to stand up but then Novia suddenly came to help her. She looked around and saw the mass destruction that Satan had made from a single swing of her sword. The only wall that still stood was the fourth wall, the last wall of defense.

"In the end our preparation wasn't enough and got wasted..." Lenin clenched her fist on her chest, feeling the tightness in her chest from the impact. "Once again we are powerless..." She sighed, lowering her head with her eyes closed.

"Our enemy this time isn't the same as what we fought in South Neva, Master. This time the master of those demons is here, and how can we win against that being?" Novia said as she helped Lenin walk. "It's a fact, and I'm not saying it to make us feel less burdened..." she added.

Lenin chuckled as she shook her head, slowly but surely she saw the changes in Novia's way of thinking. She also noticed that Novia no longer showed strong hostility toward Rasmus.

"I'll use the Ten Rings, Novia," Lenin said as she took a deep breath. "I planned to pass them down to you as the future Great Sage, but I might use everything for this battle," she looked at Novia with a smile filled with guilt.

Novia stopped walking and she was surprised to hear that Lenin would use the Ten Rings. The Ten Rings were the legendary rings that were made by the first Great Sage. One of the results of using the power of the Ten Rings was the floating island, Gratlan. Based on what Novia heard from Lenin, the Ten Rings

stored countless magic formations that could use countless mass destruction magic and spells without evocation. However, the more powerful spell the rings cast, it reduced the rings durability and nobody in Neva was capable of reforging them or even deciphering how they worked.

"What are you talking about, Master? The Ten Rings are yours, you can do whatever you want with it," Novia smiled as she shook her head. "Please, use them. What's the point of keeping them if humans are extinct?" She said with a serious expression.

"You remember what I said, Novia? About the Ten Rings?" Lenin asked as she let go of her arm from Novia's shoulder.

Novia raised her brows and her body fully faced Lenin, knowing what Lenin wanted her to answer. She watched as Lenin pulled out the Ten Rings, they all had the same color, shiny dark gray that looked elegant and weirdly normal since they looked like simple round rings.

"Yes, I know, Master. As a mage, to rely only on magic tools can't be called a mage, and as a Great Sage to rely on the Ten Rings, meaning they were unworthy of maintaining their status," Novia answered, realizing what Lenin wanted her to understand. "Master?" She asked with a worried expression.

"If we survived this battle and managed to force the demons to retreat..." Lenin paused, putting all the Ten Rings on her fingers. "You're going to be the new Great Sage, Novia," she smiled as she patted Novia's head.

Novia was stunned even though she already knew it was coming. However, hearing it from Lenin's mouth, she slowly felt heavy in her chest and shoulders. She knew she would become the next Great Sage, but she never thought it would be this soon.

"Master... I..." Novia couldn't form a sentence.

"Worry not," Lenin chuckled softly. "If I survived in this war, I would stay by your side as an elder. I won't let my pupil struggle by the heavy responsibility alone. I'll guide you until you're ready," she assured, the smile slowly disappearing as she looked at the colossal beings in the far distance. "It's time to fight. Everyone needs us," she pointed out.

Novia nodded in agreement and the two of them flew to fight the demon army. When they were floating above the city, they saw the soldiers and everyone falling back as fast as they could toward the second layer of the city. They also saw Lazarus and the others regrouped while Kiel, Nemu, and Deja were nowhere to be found.

Lenin looked at the rings on her fingers and then at Aurelia, Monica, Moriganne, and the others that were retreating. The paladins and templars made themselves as bait, sacrificing themselves for the safety of those important figures. She wanted to help, but her thoughts disappeared when she saw Kiel, Nemu, and Deja descended and floated behind Satan. She knew her life was worth more than those paladins and templars, so she stayed quiet.

"Fire!" Julius shouted, his voice echoed throughout the flattened city.

The trebuchets released the perfectly rounded boulders into the sky, and it surprised Lenin and the others. They watched the boulders fly above their heads and watched the boulders' trajectory until they saw the boulders fall. The boulders landed right behind the paladins and templars, crushing the demons as the boulders rolled and took more demons' lives.

Marina flew and floated above the city when she suddenly swung her arm from left to right. The ground trembled and suddenly the ground began to rise and created a natural wall that separated the humans and the demons. When everyone thought it was over, she pushed her hands forward and the wall began to move like a wave, crushing the demons.

Marina didn't stop there and used the current weather to see where the storm was brewing. She raised her hands and slowly the storm began to act violently until the sky released lightning bolts that targeted the demon army. Unlike Rasmus' spells, she couldn't control the lightning bolts trajectory or who to strike, but it didn't matter because the lightning bolts only struck the area where the demons were.

What Marina and Julius did, it was enough to make the demons stop advancing by Satan's orders. When all the soldiers regrouped, their commanders made them stand in formation because the real battle hadn't started yet.

"Mortals, are you sure you want to do this?" Satan asked, her voice soft and soothing. Although her voice was quiet, everyone could hear it like a whisper into their ears. "If you want to negotiate, I will spare your lives or just beg and I might reconsider of saving your life," she suggested.

Satan expected an answer, but there was only silence, nobody answered her question, not even the soldiers that were trembling nervously. When she was about to use her charm ability, a divine barrier protected the whole army, preventing her from even opening her mouth. She smiled when she saw she was the one who created the divine barrier.

"If death is what you wished for, then we will grant your wish," Satan pointed her sword at the human army. "Don't spare a single life..." She muttered.

The moment the demons marched and ran toward the human army, a sphere as big as a basketball fell right above them. Satan looked at the sphere that descended, wondering what it was until suddenly her eyes widened and covered her body with her wings like a cocoon, releasing her energy to create a big barrier that was enough to protect the Fallen Watchers and the Nephilims.. The moment the sphere popped, thousands of demons disintegrated into nothingness as a blinding bright blue light began to spread and devour everything in its wake. There was no loud explosion because the sound itself was being devoured.

It was both beautiful and terrifying at the same time when the bright blue light expanded and released trails of bright blue gas around it. However, the moment the gas and the light were being sucked back, that was when they finally heard the deafening blast. The explosion disintegrated another thousands of demons in an instant and shattered Satan's barrier, sending them all flying including the Nephilims. The radiation blast caused the Fallen Watchers and the Nephilim to disintegrate slowly, watching as their limbs began to deteriorate.

"What was that sphere?" Novia muttered.

"I don't know, but we know who did it..." Lenin looked up high into the sky at the three figures, Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein. "It was Count Blackheart."

Colorful gasses could be seen lingering, and it made everyone staring at it in awe. However, they didn't know if they were exposed by those, their bodies would immediately melt and disintegrated.

"What kind of magic is that?" Rullein asked, enchanted by the beautiful color

"It's an antimatter," Rasmus answered as he stared down at the damage he cause.