

Evil 481

Chapter 481 - 481: Satan's existence.

Rasmus landed in front of everyone with Rullein and Aris behind him. He stared at the lingering glowing blue gas that was actually a dead superheated plasma. He had created a Mana barrier before he released an antimatter bomb that worked to absorb the gamma rays.

Rasmus turned around, making sure none of them got exposed to the Mana radiation or the Mana gamma rays. However, everyone looked at him like he wasn't a human being, something that had transcended beyond humans, beyond Orthias.

The millions of demons disappeared in an instant leaving only a few hundred thousand. Although some of them survived, the gamma rays of the antimatter had broken their existence. Rasmus found Neva to be a fascinating world because Mana was the true essence of beings both spiritual and natural. It reminded him of a time when he discussed this matter with Videl a year after he reincarnated into the Neva world.

"Spirits can't be harmed by physics, won't that make you invincible?" Rasmus asked, sitting at the campfire as he grilled the rabbit meat.

"On Earth? Yes, demons were invincible. That was why God made sure demons wouldn't be able to harm humans in any way. They were only allowed to whisper, to manipulate on a tiny scale," Videl answered, sitting against the tree and yawning. "However, in this world, I'm not invincible because Mana exists. It's the same immaterial energy that created me and every higher being but just a different name. God has thought of this, He's the greatest architect after all," he scoffed as he closed his eyes and crossed his arms.

Rasmus hummed as he looked at his skinny fingers and wrist, waiting for the rabbit meat to cook. He suddenly furrowed his brows, noticing a hidden meaning behind Videl's words and God's architecture of this world called Neva.

"If you're not invincible, meaning the restrictions on demons would be lifted as well?" Rasmus asked, glancing at Videl.

Videl slowly opened his eyes, surprised that he missed that hint if Rasmus didn't mentioned it. His expression turned grim for a moment before he began to laugh as he covered his face with his hand.

"You're right..." Videl chuckled as he shook his head. "There's a high chance that demons from the weakest to the strongest would come into this world. Perhaps, even someone with the same power as me would come into this world," he nodded, knowing what Rasmus was trying to imply.

Ever since then, Rasmus had thought about the possibility of demons coming to Neva to stop him and Videl. He created plans, knowing that sooner or later they both would face something otherworldly.

"This is not over, Rasmus..." Serena placed her hand on Rasmus' shoulder from behind.

Rasmus snapped back to reality and looked over his shoulder to look at Serena.

"Anything that I need to know? At this moment?" Rasmus asked, staring into Serena's eyes with his brows raised.

"You already know that Satan is God's accuser and adversary. That's just oversimplified," Serena said as she leaned closer to Rasmus.

Rasmus furrowed his brows, wondering what Serena was trying to say.

"Satan is the archetype of humans, she can be said to be the perfect being compared to the other higher beings. She possesses cosmic power, she possesses emotions, she possesses cosmic intelligence, she possesses a total freedom and free will. God doesn't cast a shadow, but his throne does, and that shadow is her," Serena whispered into Rasmus' ear. "If there's any being that knows everything other than God, that would be her, and she is eternal," she revealed as she stared into Rasmus' eyes.

Rasmus turned his head to look at the distance in front of him. He could see Satan slowly ascending and raising her right hand in the sky, creating the same whirlpool of red sky, a giant portal. He watched millions of demons fall from the whirlpool to the ground like ants.

"She's bringing back all the demons that you had just killed," Videl pointed out. "She's really pushing her boundaries, but again, she's Satan, that's self explanatory..." He crossed his arms, staring at the demons through the helmet he wore.

Rasmus knew that this would happen even though his objective was to reduce Satan's forces. However, it was as Videl said that Satan had been pushing her boundaries. Videl and Serena believed that sooner or later, Satan might lose her privilege, her authority over the demons if she kept doing it.

"That's not a problem for us, not in the slightest. Our concern is how much Aris and Rullein have weakened her? Can you tell?" Rasmus glanced at Videl.

"Aris and Rullein took at least a fourth of her power, and that's not a small number," Videl answered, a little bit surprised that Aris and Rullein were powerful enough to handle Satan. "Not to mention that she also used her cosmic power, freezing the time. She sacrificed her power to use that power, and she's not like those demons or like I do, taking souls to regain power. So to put it simply, regaining her power is a complicated thing," he added.

Rasmus raised his brows and heard that made him a little bit assured because knowing Satan's power couldn't be regained as simple as demons. However, deep down he felt uneasy because of what Serena had said about Satan.

"It has been hours. The sun is about to rise soon," Rasmus looked up at the sky where the dark nights slowly turned dark blue. "Do you think the Orthias have made a move?" He looked at Aris.

"I can't feel Yur's presence, we won't know until Yur comes back," Aris shook her head.

Yur's role in this plan was to observe North Neva and if needed, Yur would inform Orthias about the war in Central Neva. Yur's task was to make sure Orthias defeated the remaining army that Satan had left in the North while Rasmus and the others occupied Satan.

"Videl, deal with the Fallen Watchers. Aris, Rullein, and I will fight Satan. Serena, you need to find the chance to do your plan," Rasmus said as he pulled the Black Swords, Aris' and his.

They all nodded with understanding, and then Rasmus looked over his shoulder at Lenin and the others that were ready to fight as well.

"We will try to fight the powerful ones. We will not target Nephia, and if you think you can handle them, that would be great. However, if you can't that's also fine. Your objective is to prevent the demons from finding Luke and the cultists because if they found them, it would be over for us," Rasmus said as he looked at Lenin and the others.

They all nodded with understanding and knew what to do, especially Lenin who had determined to fight the Nephilim with everything she got because of the Ten Rings that she wore.

"What's our true objective, Count?" Monica asked, curious about what Rasmus had discussed secretly with Videl and the others.

"To buy time and to wait for Yur the Great Spirit to come back from the North. We are expecting the Orthias to take back the North, and if Yur came back, that meant the Orthias had made a move to regain the North. We might not be able to defeat Satan, but we can reduce her forces and make them rethink of fighting us because they're not gaining anything from fighting us," Rasmus answered. "Serena will stay behind with all of you, but do not rely on her too much. She has used too much of her power that she has to hold back for a while now," he added.

"I see, that's good enough," Lenin nodded in agreement.

"Good luck," Rasmus said and nodded his head.

They all nodded and began to discuss a strategy to buy them time for Yur to come back. They knew they had no power to complain or to propose something else because Rasmus and his people were the only ones that could make a change.

Rasmus swung his swords, trying to remember what Rullein had taught him about dual wielding. When he walked forward, Aris, Rullein, and Videl followed him from behind, walking through the debris while the others watched and prayed for them. Serena stayed behind and knew that it would be better for her to stay behind because Satan had found out her true identity, or at least the soul that resided inside Serena's body.

Satan tilted her head, smiling at Rasmus, Aris, Rullein, and Videl who were walking toward them with such confidence. She spread her wings and decided to fly toward them with all the Fallen Watchers following from behind. When they were close enough, Satan descended and chose to walk to approach Rasmus and the others.

"My... my..." Satan chuckled as she looked at Rasmus standing in front of her, within her grasp that he could easily crush his skull, but not at her current power. "Finally we can meet face to face, Kyros Revenor," she smiled widely with her slit eyes, staring into Rasmus' soul. "Ah, and you too, old friend," she glanced at Videl, uninterested to see him.

Chapter 482 - 482: An Enigma.

"Kyros... Revenor?" Aris turned to look at Rasmus with a confused look on her face. She watched Satan stare into Rasmus' eyes, and yet she called him by a different name.

Satan chuckled as she glanced at Aris and Rullein who looked so confused. She slowly moved her gaze toward Rasmus, using the opportunity to reveal his real identity, a man from a previous world. However, she didn't see any reaction from Rasmus, and she had expected it since she had been observing him back when he was still on Earth.

"A secret will be revealed one day, and unfortunately that day is today," Satan smiled, cupping her cheek with her left hand. "Rasmus Blackheart is his new name, his old name was Kyros Revenor, a man that lived from a previous world," she revealed as she stared at Aris and Rullein.

Rasmus suddenly smiled as Videl dashed past Satan and his sword had been coated with immense Aura. Satan was surprised that she wasn't the only one who had regained her power. When she looked over her shoulder, she saw Videl with his sword as all the Fallen Watchers heads got separated from their bodies.

"This is a battlefield, not a meeting hall," Rasmus turned Mana in his body into Aura and gathered more Mana to electrify and heat his muscles and nerves. "You chose the wrong time and place to have a conversation..." He muttered as he forced his heart to beat rapidly, making things move so slowly.

Satan felt threatened by the Aura that Rasmus emitted, more threatening than when she fought Aris and Rullein. When she could barely move her pupils to look at Rasmus, a blade was right below her chin,

ready to decapitate her. She used her power to freeze time and saw the blade had cut her neck a tiny bit.

"You just made the wrong move..." Videl chuckled. "You have wasted your ability. Now you can't use that power anymore," he swung his sword at Satan, trying to cut off her wings.

Satan sighed and when Videl cut Satan's wings, it felt like air and revealed that Satan had disappeared and reappeared in the sky. Videl clicked his tongue, realizing that was his only chance to beat Satan to a pulp if only he used his true energy, but that would only reveal his identity because once he unleashed it, he wouldn't be able to hide it anymore.

The time began to flow again, and Rasmus was taken aback when Satan suddenly disappeared right before his eyes. He experienced it first-hand, and it was disturbing to see that a being was capable of stopping time. He looked up at Satan, but this time her expression was completely different than before. Her cold gaze made his heart clenched and the way she stared at him was like someone who had no other reason but to kill.

Satan released her energy, a thick blood red Aura around her body. The world felt like being crushed by the sky, even the demons and the Fallen Watchers collapsed to all-four. She opened another portal from the sky, but this time, it was horrifying that even Videl couldn't believe it. The screams of pain and suffering, the immense heat that melted skin and flesh in an instant, the same atmosphere that Rasmus had felt before.

"She opened the gate of hell..." Videl's eyes glowed red, unable to resist the place where he belonged. "She's going to borrow the power from it. I can't stop her because Hell is currently under her authority and I can't control my power with my current state..." He groaned as he pressed his hand against his forehead, trying to prevent his horns from coming out.

"I'll tell you both everything, but for now, we have to fight," Rasmus said without having to look at Aris and Rullein. "I'll use the Overlord's power..." He stared at Satan with a cold and serious expression.

Aris and Rullein nodded and the three of them used their true energy. Rullein with her dragon energy, Aris with her Aristoria's bloodline energy, and Rasmus with the Overlord's energy coated their bodies and flew toward Satan.

A droplet of what it looked like blood fell from the gate of hell and reached Satan's fingertip. The moment the droplet got absorbed, the sky became clear without a single cloud could be seen. Suddenly the whole sky turned red and the heavy pressure made everyone flat on the ground, unable to even lift their fingers.

Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein swung their swords at Satan with all their might. Satan didn't bother to dodge or block it when they all hit her body. Aristoria's sword, Rullein's energy, and Rasmus' Overlord's power couldn't even cut her skin. The three of them were shocked, and they felt imminent danger that threatened their lives. However, Satan didn't even move a muscle and just kept staring into Rasmus' eyes.

There were no words, nothing, until suddenly Satan's dark red energy was released from her feet. The energy looked like an entangled root that had reached the ground. The Fallen Watchers that Videl had eliminated suddenly reanimated.

Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein chose to back away because they weren't fools to fight against a being that couldn't even get a scratch from the three powerful energies in Neva. They landed right beside Videl, wanting to know what was happening.

"I should have known. She borrows the power not for herself, she borrows the power from Hell to give those fallen all their power back..." Videl glanced at the Fallen Watchers that had regained their true form, their purest and original forms. "This is getting a lot more complicated, Rasmus," he warned, watching as the Fallen Watchers began to grow halo over their heads and their skin turned ashen with glowing golden light in their veins.

"Has she grown stronger? I can't tell," Rasmus asked as he couldn't keep his eyes away from Satan.

The red sky, the horrifying screams of the tortured souls that echoed throughout the sky, and the extreme heat that could melt steel in a matter of seconds, they suddenly disappeared. At that moment the sky had turned into a void, no stars, no clouds, nothing, not even the two moons existed as if the sky had disappeared after Satan closed the gate of hell.

"No, it's quite the opposite. Right now Satan has received the causality of borrowing power that was beyond her authority. She's in her weakened state, her most vulnerable state the universe could ever offered to us the chance," Videl answered and watched Satan descend with the help of the Fallen Watchers who held her hands and hands with care.

Rasmus could see how Satan could barely use her power to float, and he saw her wings folded and retracted into her back. He wondered why Satan would rather give the power she borrowed to the Fallen Watchers rather than for herself. From his short encounter with Satan, he felt a bit unnerved by her because she felt like an enigma, something he couldn't understand at all.

"How strong are the Fallen Watchers now that they have regained all their power?" Rasmus asked.

"Individually, they're just right below Satan's power during her fight with Aris and Rullein before. With that being said, they're a bit weaker than I am, but there are hundreds of them right now," Videl answered and saw Satan pressed her feet on the ground while the Fallen Watchers kneeled in front of her, giving their utmost gratitude for sacrificing herself to give their power back.

Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein narrowed their eyes as they watched the Fallen Watchers bow to Satan, reaching their hands to her. At that moment, Rasmus saw how the Fallen Watchers treated her like their savior, and it looked a bit disturbing because he had never seen higher beings act like that.

The Fallen Watchers slowly stood up, standing beside Satan like she was the center of the mass. All of them were staring at Rasmus, Videl, Aris, and Rullein with those glowing red eyes and the faces that were hidden underneath the masks they wore. However, they all spread their wings, showing off their power that they had long forgotten.

"You're correct," Satan spoke, her voice soft and quiet. "This is a battlefield, and there's no need for us to converse," she slowly raised her head and stared right into Rasmus' eyes. "Thank you, for reminding me," she smiled weakly as she pointed her hand at the humans in the far back near the fourth wall, the only wall that still stood tall.

All the Fallen Watchers and the demons spread their wings and flew toward Lenin and the others. However, Rasmus, Videl, Aris, and Rullein swung their swords, releasing a unified slashwave that was enough to push back dozens of Fallen Watchers. Rullein finally showed her true form, revealing her full power for the first time. A colossal shadow being with massive dragon wings and glowing dark orange eyes stared down at the Fallen Watchers like pests to eliminate.

Rasmus' body released a cold mist and slowly his body was coated with an ice armor. His eyes began to glow grayish blue as the temperature rapidly went lower and lower until the ground was coated with

ice. For the first time in his life, he felt his heart stop beating and he saw everything move extremely slowly like time had almost stopped.

On the other hand, Aris used her Aristoria's bloodline power again as her hair slowly changed its color to light blue. Her whole eyes glowed bright blue and suddenly the armor she wore and the sword she held, they both reacted to her power, making the engravings glow bright light blue.

"Be careful..." A familiar voice could be heard behind Aris. "Don't let the power consume you, control it and you'll achieve far greater than what we are predetermined with," Aristoria muttered.

"How?" Aris glanced and saw Aristoria standing beside her like a translucent shadow.

"I'll guide you. We will fight this together," Aristoria looked at Aris and smiled at her.

Chapter 483 - 483: Decisive Battle.

Aris' body moved on its own like it was being guided by Aristoria who stayed beside her. If Aristoria didn't told Aris that the armor was the one that made her body move on its own, she would have felt anxious and confused. Aristoria revealed that the armor had her essence and it remembered Aristoria's moves and learned it. Basically, the armor was the one who guided Aris' body and it was aware of the battle that was happening.

"Aris, please keep an eye on Rasmus," Aristoria said as she watched Aris handle seven Fallen Watchers on her own without showing any struggle. "The power of the Overlord, the Ice Dragon is dangerous and I don't want him to become its servant," she showed her anxiety, worried about Rasmus' situation.

Aris glanced at Rasmus who single-handedly fought twelve Fallen Watchers on his own, and his ice armor was too sturdy for the Fallen Watchers to even scratch it. She was relieved that Rasmus could fight and even overpowered that many Fallen Watchers on his own. At the same time, she was also worried about Rasmus' condition, wondering what he felt about using the power of the Overlord to that extent.

"As long as Rullein is fine, that means he's fine," Aris answered as she spun and swung her sword, cutting the Fallen Watchers and forcing them to distance themselves from her. "Rullein's essence

somehow resided inside his body, and if she's fine, meaning that Rasmus hasn't been affected by the Overlord's power yet," she explained and dashed toward one of the weakened Fallen Watchers and swung her sword relentlessly until she cut off the Fallen Watcher's arm and then decapitated their head.

Aristoria hummed, but that didn't remove her concern for Rasmus' well-being.

Rasmus on the other hand, he seemed to be the main target of the Fallen Watchers because he had defeated and forced three Fallen Watchers to stay away from the battle to recover. He could see every movement around him, and he could predict when and where the Fallen Watchers were going to attack him. He could feel the brewing emotion inside him that didn't belong to him, the emotion that made him think that he was invincible, and it was disturbing and unsettling for him. The longer he used the Overlord's power, the less he felt like himself and it terrified him.

Satan stood there, watching all the Fallen Watchers that she brought struggling to deal with Rasmus, Aris, Rullein, and Videl. She was trying to see the possibilities of her winning and losing. The more she looked at the battle, the less she felt confident about it.

"Master..." Kiel said, standing behind Satan, choosing to protect her rather than join the battle. "A Dark Spirit will only grow stronger the more they absorb all kinds of energy. Are we really going to take that risk?" He asked.

"You're worried about that and ignore the rest of them? That Aristoria used to struggle to control her power before, but now she seems to be controlling it. You said that Rasmus was only good at magic, but look at him now, he can handle five of the fallen on his own," Satan observed of the mysterious power that Rasmus possessed. "And my old friend over there. Do you think he's not a threat? Right now, those four are our biggest threat," she added.

Kiel looked at Satan's calm expression, confused as to why she was so calm when she knew those four were threats to them.

"But that's the point," Satan glanced at the Nephilim and the demon army that were battling against the humans. "We keep the powerful busy, and we will take what we come for from them," she pointed out.

Kiel looked at the distance and even he wasn't sure that they could get what they were after. The reason was because of Serena, a Saint with Lilith's soul who could use God's words. Not to mention, Lenin's

magic suddenly became so powerful and destructive that the Nephilim couldn't annihilate humans with their power.

"Master, if Rasmus doesn't bother to help the humans, don't you think he has predicted this outcome as well?" Kiel asked, wondering if Satan saw it as well.

"Of course I know, and I know that we might not be able to get what we come for," Satan answered with her arms crossed, observing the two different battles in front of her. "But every outcome has its own benefit. Information is what matters here, and right now, we have gathered a lot of valuable information," she revealed with a serious and cold expression.

Kiel had been observing Satan's expression through a glance. He had served her for thousands of years, and he had never seen her take things so seriously. However, at this moment, she had shown that side of her, the same side that she showed when she spoke to God about taking the fallen under her wings and accepting all the consequences, sacrificing herself for the fallen once again.

Lenin flew around and released plasma beams at the Nephilim, cutting the muscles in their thighs and heels. Since Nephilim originated and operated similarly to humans, they had the same weaknesses. Because of their colossal bodies, it made things easier for her, Marina, and Novia to immobilize them.

"Now, Lady Marina!" Novia shouted as she blew off the open wound on Nephilim's leg.

Marina stomped on the ground with her left foot and suddenly the ground began to crack open and slide. The Nephilim lost its balance from losing one foot and when the other foot stumbled into the crack, it began to fall, revealing its vulnerable back.

Lenin raised both hands as Mana began to crystalize into fine dust of ice, rapidly forming and merging into one giant icicle. She pushed her hands down and watched the icicle that was as big as a skyscraper fall. She used wind magic to remove the air barrier that slowed down the icicle.

The other two Nephilim tried to protect their siblings, but Marina clasped her hands together, pushing earth spikes that pierced through their legs from the ground. Julius then commanded the sages to operate the magic weapons, releasing powerful fireballs that could destroy big chunks of the Nephilim's bodies.

The icicle was sharp and tough but it wasn't enough to even pierce the tough skin of the Nephilim. Lenin formed a sphere of wind and released it toward the other end of the icicle. The moment the wind sphere hit the icicle, it released an external energy that pushed the icicle further. After a repeated process, the icicle finally pierced through the Nephilim's back.

That attack wasn't enough to kill Nephilim and they knew that. They had a plan to use that attack for their next follow-up attack. The problem was, Lenin and Novia couldn't reverse the process of melting the icicle because it was too cold and tough. However, it was a completely different case for Marina as a sorcerer. She manipulated the Mana of the icicle and reversed the process, melting it rapidly.

Lenin used the Ten Rings power and released a violent and devastating lightning bolt right at the open wound. The water that had filled the Nephilim's back and entered the open wound made the electrification far worse. Even with hyper regeneration ability, the Nephilim couldn't heal the damage fast enough.

Novia gathered Mana and tried to create something similar to what Rasmus did back then. A sphere that contained powerful energies based on Mana and then she threw it into the wound before she detonated it.

The explosion and the shockwave caused total destruction inside the Nephilim's body. The Nephilim screamed and it was enough to cause everyone's eardrums to rupture, disrupting the battle. Lenin, Novia, and Marina realized what they did only caused trouble for the others around them. Not only that, the Nephilim that they had tried so hard to defeat had recovered and seemed to be enraged. The other two Nephilim also began to rampage, slamming their hands on the ground and stomping on their feet to disrupt the soldiers.

Ever since Satan borrowed power from Hell, all the demons under her command had regained their full power. A single demon was enough to make a dozen seasoned Templars and Paladins struggle to handle them. If it wasn't for Serena, Monica, Moriganne, and Aurelia, most of the knights wouldn't be able to survive the battle. Another reason why they still survived was because Arandil and the others that could handle high-ranking demons on their own, leaving the low-ranking demons to the knights, templars, paladins, and the mages from the Magic Tower.

"Get a hold of yourself! Keep fighting!" The commander shouted as he helped a soldier get up. "Stand up or die! Stand up or die!" He shouted, hoping his voice was loud enough for everyone to hear him since everyone's ears were still ringing.

One soldier to another began to help each other stand up even though they were all still dizzy from hearing the Nephilim's scream. Arandil and the others were affected, but they chose to keep fighting because to lose their concentration, that would mean death in this situation.

The human army fought relentlessly because if they made a single mistake or had a single thought of giving up, it wasn't just their lives that they endangered, but the whole army would be in danger. Serena decided to create a small barrier with God's words on it, making the demons weak once again.

"I can't use this for long, defeat them as fast as you can," Serena said as she maintained the barrier making sure that it would weaken the demons more than before.

The demons once again lost their power and the soldiers began to massacre them as fast as they could. They didn't hesitate to swing their weapons to decapitate the demons while Lazarus and the others hunted the high-ranking demons. In almost an instant, the tide changed and the demons couldn't run away because the barrier would kill them.

"Master, may I suggest that we should fall back? We might not get what we come for, but you have given us our power back. Isn't this more than enough? As long as they have Liltih on their side, we can't win," Kiel lowered his head and bent his back, bowing to Satan.

"No," Satan shook her head, staring at Serena who was clasping her hands together. "You should go and take care of her. Kill her," she glanced at Kiel with a serious expression.

"But, Master? If Rasmus and the others decided to target you, nobody could protect you," Kiel said, his words filled with worries and concern.

"That's an order, kill her," Satan stared coldly at Kiel.

Kiel lowered his head and nodded with understanding as he began to reveal his true form, splitting himself into twelve beings. For the first time ever since they came to Neva, they could split themselves and become different individuals.

"We will kill her," all of them said in unison.

Chapter 484 - 484: A final request.

Kiel and his brethren flew toward the divine barrier at the same speed. When they were close to the barrier, they surrounded the barrier to find the weak spots. It was as they had expected that Serena's divine power was imperfect and impure, after all, her soul was damned just like them and the other Fallen Watchers.

Serena who saw it, she tried to reinforce that barrier but it was already too late when Kiel and his brethren released beams of light and hit the barrier from different sides. The moment the barrier shattered, the demons slowly regained their power. They were close to losing the battle, but now that the barrier had been destroyed, the table could turn.

The demons were enraged and began to massacre the humans, ripping and tearing their bodies like wet papers. Although humans witnessed the gruesome and terrifying power of demons, they didn't falter. They all charged toward the demons, avenging their fallen brothers and sisters who fought for humanity.

Kiel and his brethren flew toward Serena since their objective was to kill her and to bring Lilith back to hell. However, Lazarus, Arandil, Uriel, Xena, Nior, and Castor blocked them and sent them away from Serena.

"Saint Serena, we will take care of those demons," Lazarus said with a cold and serious expression. "We will do everything we can to stop them from reaching you," he added with determination.

Arandil and the others nodded, agreeing with what Lazarus said because they knew the key to their survival lay in her hands. They all then chased where Kiel and his brethren went from the attack they did to them.

Serena felt her chest tighten and it was hard for her to breathe. She collapsed to her knees, her hand clutched onto her chest. Aurelia and Monica hurriedly ran toward her and checked her condition. They tried to use their divine power, but they found nothing wrong with her body.

"Saint Serena, are you okay?" Aurelia asked, worried that Serena might become like her mother.

"I'm..." Serena breathed heavily as sweat began to fall from her forehead. "Fine..." She answered as she nodded.

"No, you're not fine, Saint Serena," Monica said with a serious expression and looked around at the chaos. "Send someone to escort her into the palace, Aurelia. She needs rest, and we don't have people to spare just to look after her," she looked at Aurelia.

Aurelia nodded with understanding and then ordered one of the Paladins to protect her. She ordered the Paladin to escort Serena to the palace and let the Black Hands and Rasmus' people take care of her.

Serena wore a black robe and put on a hood to hide her presence from the demons. She was escorted through the fourth gate and entered the palace area. She hid her divinity so no demons would know that she had gone, especially Kiel and his brethren.

Serena safely entered the palace with the Paladin. However, she stood there in front of the door and the paladin was confused as to why she suddenly stopped moving.

"I'll be fine on my own from here. You should go back," Serena said, her exhausted expression painted on her face. "Go, everyone needs you," she stared into the paladin's eyes that were hidden underneath the helmet.

The Paladin bowed his head before he left the palace and ran back to join the fight. Serena stared at the door for a while before her expression turned back to normal after she pretended to be weak. She walked the grand hallway before she stopped and looked at the two doors that led to different areas of the palace. The right door led to where Carrion, Erlina, Javi, Darus, Astrea, and the Black Hands were. The left door led to the private area where the secret chamber was.

Serena's eyes stared at the right door, but her body moved toward the left door. She entered the private area and walked the long hallway, unbothered by the sound of the screams of the Nephilim's and the explosions of Lenin's magic.

When she stood in front of the painting, she pushed it aside and entered the hidden passage. She walked down the stairs until she saw the wooden door that led to the secret chamber. The moment she opened the door, she was surprised and stood still at the door when she saw Astrea standing in front of the corpse.

"I was wondering who it was, and I expected a powerful demon to enter this chamber. But now that I found out it was you, somehow I feel like meeting a powerful demon here gives me the same unsettling feeling," Astrea said, slowly turning her head to look Serena in the eyes with her face that was covered in bandages. "What are you scheming, Saint Serena? You should be out there, not here."

Serena took a few steps forward and closed the door behind her, her eyes never leaving Astrea.

"I need that power, Astrea," Serena said with a cold expression. "The cult wants it, the demons want it, and Aurelia doesn't want it. Everything that's happening here, this corpse is one of the reasons why," she pointed out as she walked toward the corpse, standing on the other side of the stone coffin.

"Let me devour her power and make it mine," Serena said as she stared at the corpse that looked like a sleeping woman. "That's if you still care about the future of humankind, Astrea. The future of your daughter," she glanced at Astrea with a cold gaze.

"I see..." Astrea closed her eyes, and that alone was painful enough for her. "If that's the case, you should take mine as well, at least what I have left," she slowly opened her eyes and stared into Serena's eyes.

Serena didn't react to Astrea's blunt request. She didn't expect that Astrea had given up on living or perhaps had accepted her fate.

"But I have a request, Saint Serena. I have only one request," Astrea said, her voice having grown weaker. "My request is for you to answer this question of mine. Are you supporting Count Rasmus Blackheart and his cause?" She asked.

"Yes, I am," Serena answered without hesitation. On the day she met Rasmus for the first time after Lilith possessed Serena's body, she didn't trust him, and didn't even care about his words. However, the more she knew him, the less she resisted his words until on that rainy day where she realized that she didn't mind bending her knees for him.

"Can I ask you another thing?" Astrea asked, realizing that she might have overstepped her boundaries. "What's Rasmus' goal and how will the world suffer from it?" She asked.

Serena nodded, knowing this would be Astrea's final request.

Daryus was anxious, waiting outside Astrea's chamber because Astrea requested to be left alone for a moment. It had been a while since then, and he knew that Astrea's condition had reached its critical state that anything could cause her significant pain and even death.

While Daryus was deep in thought, he heard footsteps coming into the corner of the hallway. He thought it was Astrea, and he was right, but he didn't expect that Astrea was being carried by Serena in her arms. The way Astrea's arm hung lifelessly, he collapsed to his knees, his mouth gaping and unable to utter a single word.

"She's gone," Serena said, standing in front of Daryus. "She wished to be placed on her bed," she looked at the door to Astrea's chamber.

Daryus lowered his head, mourning for a moment before he steeled himself and got up to open the door for Serena. They entered the room, and it was eerily quiet until Daryus burst into tears and began to sob uncontrollably. He was the only one who knew how much Astrea suffered and endured, from how she lost hope, then got her hope up before that hope betrayed her. He vividly remembered every moment he had in this room with her, and it pained him more than ever because he was the one who tried his best to cure her condition.

Serena let Daryus mourn and cry his eyes out as she carefully put Astrea on the bed. She stood there, staring down at Astrea's expression filled with guilt and regret.

"For the first time in my life, I end a human's life..." Serena muttered to herself. "Hell isn't for you..." She closed her eyes as she hurriedly left the room. "It's for someone like me..." Her eyes glowed bright yellow as she felt a surge of divine power run through her veins.

Serena walked out of the palace and looked at the chaotic battle beyond the fourth wall. She took a deep breath and slowly raised her head to look at the bright sky, showing that morning had come.

Suddenly a bright divine light descended from the sky, and that attracted everyone's attention even Satan.

"So this is the trick up your sleeves, Kyros..." Satan stared at the divine light, knowing that it was higher beings that had descended and possessed someone's body. "This is troublesome..." She realized that the situation might have gone out of hand.

Chapter 485 - 485: Purified.

Lazarus swung his sword at Kiel with full power, not remembering how many times he had clashed his sword with Kiel's in this fight. When Kiel used his hand rather than his sword to block Lazarus' attack. Lazarus was mildly shocked, but he had noticed that Kiel had grown stronger during the fight.

It wasn't just Lazarus who realized that but Arandil and the others also noticed how Kiel's brethren grew stronger during the fight. Lazarus and the others began to lose momentum of the fight and soon they would be overwhelmed by the Fallen Watchers.

Moriganne, Monica, Aurelia, and Eveline tried to create a similar barrier that Serena had made, but they didn't understand how it worked. The one who was taught about God's language was Aurelia, and even so, she couldn't recreate the barrier. Not only that, the Fallen Watchers weren't affected by divine energy as if they were immune to divine energy.

Lazarus and the others reached for the small pouch that they carried on their waist. The pouch had a slim vial of potion in it, the potion that Garsia herself had perfected compared to the ones during their expedition beyond the Blackcliffs. The potion would boost their strength and senses by three times for more than five minutes, but the problem was the aftereffect, which caused their muscles to burnout and made them weak for hours.

"Sound it!" Lazarus shouted at the Paladins that were not far from him.

The Paladins that were busy fighting the demons heard Lazarus' voice. One of the Paladins carried a trumpet around his waist and immediately walked away from the fight. The Paladin took off his helmet and began to blow on the trumpet as hard as he could because of the loud noises of steel clashing, armor rattling, and screams that might overlap the trumpet's sound.

When the trumpet was sounded, more and more of trumpets could be heard in the distance, signaling the others. That signal was to consume the potion, and those who were given the potion by Garisa, they reached their pouch and unplugged the cork of the slim potion vial. They didn't hesitate to empty it in a single gulp, and it was thick and it tasted like herbs with something else that felt warm in their throats.

Those who had consumed the potion felt their hearts clench tightly, making them all grimace instinctively and clutch onto their chests. The hearts then began to beat rapidly and made them gasp for air repeatedly. They all underwent an adrenaline rush and made their minds numb with one thing still intact, which was the excitement and thrill for a fight.

"Five minutes, that's all they have," Garsia muttered, standing on top of the fourth wall and staring down at the paladins and templars who had consumed the potion. "If we failed in defeating the enemy, this will our defeat," she clenched her fists as she watched Lenin, Novia, Marina, and all the Sages deal with the three Nephilim who were lured away from the battle.

Kiel, his brethren, and the demons had just regained control over the battlefield, but the moment Lazarus and the others consumed the potion, the tide turned once again. Kiel that had found a way to defeat Lazarus suddenly that plan got thrown away. Lazarus disappeared and reappeared because of how fast he moved, and Kiel struggled to keep up with him.

Satan observed all the sides and none of them showed any sign of winning. She wondered if she had made the wrong decision or not to force her army. She knew that she alone wouldn't be enough to fight Videl, Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein. On the other hand, if she didn't borrow power from Hell, the Fallen Watchers and her army would stand no chance against Serena, who possessed divine energy that was disturbingly close to those of the angels. Both options didn't have a proper solution, not when Rasmus and Videl were there.

"Did I make a mistake..." Satan muttered to herself, her expression unreadable and cold.

The demon army got pushed back in just less than five minutes, being forced to retreat until they were no longer near the fourth wall, the last wall that stood. The Fallen Watchers and the high-ranking demons couldn't even kill a single human because they were overpowered by a mere potion that made the humans stronger. It was frustrating and hurt their pride as demons who were believed to be superior to humans.

"Keep pushing! Don't falter! Either we die or they die!" The commanders commanded, their weapons covered in blood, their exhausted expressions hidden underneath their helmets. "Fight for your life!"

They all shouted as they charged at the front with the paladins and templars, leading their units toward the demons that had lost their momentum.

Even with the immense power that the human gained, Kiel was the first who noticed that the potion had an aftereffect because when it was about to reach five minutes ever since Lazarus took the potion, Lazarus' movements began to slow down. Kiel could see the desperation in Lazarus' attacks where the intention was to kill rather than simple offense and defense.

The moment it reached the five minute mark, Lazarus stopped attacking and his body began to tremble. He could barely lift his sword and Mana seemed to refuse to be consumed into Aura for him. His face turned pale as sweat fell from his forehead and his half-lidded eyes showed his exhaustion.

"You failed..." Kiel said as he swung his sword. "And the others failed as well," he glanced at his brethren, who were still standing tall even after dealing with Arandil, Xena, Uriel, and Nior.

Lazarus refused to give up, refused to let go of his sword even though he couldn't even swing it anymore in his current state. He knew that this would be the end, but he wanted to die with a sword in his hand. He slowly looked around him and saw the paladins, the templars, and the knights who had consumed the potion were being massacred by the demons. They were just like him, they refused to drop their weapon and died while still holding their weapons.

Lenin, Novia, and Marina noticed that the aftereffect of the potion, and they chose to ignore the Nephilim and went to help the soldiers in fighting the demons. Lenin used the power of the Ten Rings, releasing lightning bolts from her fingers while at the same time icicles and fireballs that appeared from behind, bombarding the demon army.

"Fall back!" Novia shouted at the commanders. "We will handle them for now!" She added.

Lazarus watched the soldiers retreat, but he chose to stay because showing his back to Kiel would mean death. He stayed where he stood just like Arandil and the others because they couldn't run away from death. They knew it would be best to stay behind so the soldiers would be spared since the Fallen Watchers would focus on them instead of the soldiers. However, they were mistaken because the Nephilim began to throw boulders and rubble at the soldiers, flattening them to the ground.

It was a complete massacre, and even with magic weapons, they couldn't stop the Nephilim from killing the soldiers. They were desperate, furious, and guilty that no matter how they tried to stop the Nephilim from massacring the soldiers, the magic weapons weren't powerful enough.

"All of you will be a great nourishment for my child," Kiel said as he pointed his sword at Kiel and dashed toward him.

Lazarus refused to close his eyes and tried to lift his sword to block the attack. He steeled his heart and had accepted his death, but suddenly a blinding light shone like a sunrise from behind. The light forced Kiel to cover his face with his wings, but that light was enough to turn his wings into ashes, burned by the light. Kiel realized it was a pure and powerful divine light, the same light he remembered vividly when the Archangels came down to defeat them.

Everyone was drawn by the divine light that came down from the sky, and there they saw Serena floating in the sky with two golden translucent wings, a halo on her back, and her glowing golden eyes stared at the demons. A light sword in each hand that would blind anyone who looked at them.

Serena flew above the wall and when she flapped her translucent wings at the demons, they all turned to ashes in an instant. She moved around, erasing the demons until the morning sky was covered in ashes. Once she defeated a big chunk of the demon army, she floated and stared down at Kiel and his brethren. She pointed her right hand at them and slowly light formed above her head and turned into light spears. The moment the spears were thrown, Kiel and his brethren were forced to retreat, to go back to their master's side.

Serena glanced at the Nephilim before she flew toward them and slashed them into pieces in just a matter of seconds. Their fates were similar to the demons, turning into ashes faster than they could regenerate. She flew up high into the sky and spread her wings, making the blue sky turn golden. The moment she pointed her hands down, the sky began to pour millions of divine needles, killing all the remaining demons.

Satan gritted her teeth, finding this whole miraculous event that had happened beyond her expectations caused her frustration and irritation. At the same time, Yur came back and informed Aris and Rasmus of the good news. She also saw Serena flying toward the Fallen Watchers that were fighting Rasmus, Aris, Rullein, and Vidal. That was enough to make Satan order the Fallen Watchers to fall back, and they all followed her command without hesitation.

Rasmus and the others noticed the Fallen Watchers falling back from the fight and went back to Satan's side. Rasmus suppressed the Overlord's power and landed on the ground along with Videl, Aris, Rullein, Serena, and Yur.

"You have lost the war," Rasmus said as his ice armor vaporized.

"I have lost the war? This is just a battle, Kyros, not a war," Satan answered with a cold gaze.

"No, you have lost the war," Rasmus shook his head. "Didn't you bring all the demons from the North here? Do you think the Orthias didn't take the opportunity to take back what you have taken?" He asked.

Satan narrowed her eyes and knew Rasmus wouldn't lie, and the fact the Great Spirit just appeared out of nowhere and never showed itself before. She realized that Rasmus might be right that she had lost the war, not just the battle.

"Then what? You're going to end us all here?" Satan asked, knowing that she had lost everything that she had built because of a single mistake she had made.

"No," Rasmus shook his head. "Not now," he added.

Chapter 486 - 486: Not a victory.

There was only silence between the two sides and neither of them had any power left to use it they all decided to go on all out. Serena also used everything in that form, and had exhausted her power to the point she could barely stand still. Aris wanted to kill Satan, but Aristoria warned her if she used her bloodline power again, her process of becoming a True Dragon couldn't be undone.

Rullein was the only one who had grown stronger from the battle, and she could fight for as long as she wanted. However, she had no grudge against Satan and her army, and she would let them get stronger again so she could absorb power again and make herself even stronger.

"You don't want to kill me?" Satan asked with her brows raised. "Do you realize what kind of being I am for you to spare my life?" She asked, tilting her head and resting her palm on her cheek.

Satan took a few steps forward toward Rasmus, and that made all her Fallen Watchers panic. They were afraid that Satan might get killed by Rasmus and the others because she was at her weakest state. However, Satan ordered them to stay put, and that alone was enough for them to obey her.

"You need us," Satan stood in front of Rasmus, staring down at him. She was a lot taller than Rasmus because his head was barely above her chest. "You need them as well," she glanced at the survivors of the human army.

"You're using us to get rid of the humans. Less human, less resistance, and you can justify your actions as the result," Satan stared coldly at Rasmus with her slit eyes. "You're doing it because you want to win the bet. But, let me propose to you something else, Kyros. Something less troublesome, less problematic, and less effort," she crossed her arms and then glanced at Videl.

Videl narrowed his eyes, hating the moment Satan opened her mouth. He knew Satan too well and not at all at the same time, a powerful being without a kin, something that was similar to God but not at the same time.

"Forget about the bet, and I can help you climb to heaven. Or, you can live as immortal in any world you want. Or, even better," Satan leaned down to stare at Rasmus' face from up close. "I can give you anything you want. Just tell me, and I will..." She paused to slowly look up at the sky. "Speak to Him and persuade Him. Even if I failed, I can assure you, Hell will be as peaceful and as comfortable as heaven with my power," she continued.

Rasmus stared into Satan's eyes and couldn't read anything from her expression and words. He couldn't predict or measure her actions and words at all, making it one of the moments where he felt uneasy. Another thing that made him uneasy was the fact that staring at her face made his mind distracted for a moment, drawn by her beauty.

"You're not saying a word?" Satan asked as she leaned her head back. "Not interested? Then what about this. I'll tell you what kind of deal that old friend of mine made with God, but in exchange, you will give us what we need from here and we will go away and we will indirectly help you control this world," she offered with her brows raised.

Rasmus stared into Satan's eyes and didn't blink his eyes, he was silent and observing. He chose not to answer because he didn't know what kind of trap that she was using against him.

"Don't listen to her. Don't..." Videl warned Rasmus, staring into Satan's eyes with the same coldness.

Satan glanced at Videl and her eyes began to glow dark red. Videl responded with the same intensity, making his eyes glow dark red. Two sovereign beings, staring at each other's souls that made the time seem to stop and the cold pierced through everyone's soul around them.

"Look at him, afraid..." Satan smirked, her gaze never leaving Videl's eyes. "The fact that he wants you to not listen to me, is making you more intrigued, more suspicious. Not toward me, but toward him," she glanced at Rasmus, widening her smirk.

"Trust me, and you will doubt every word the Devil speaks, every step he takes. Do not trust me, and doubt will still take root. Even indifference will not spare you. My words will return to you when you are alone," Satan leaned her head closer to Rasmus's. "I have seen men like you. You don't fear lies, you fear of not knowing," she muttered, her face right in front of Rasmus. "And that doubt... slow, patient, and unanswerable... is more poisonous than any sin in the world," she whispered.

"Your temptation isn't greed, power, wealth, or pleasure. Your temptation is knowledge, knowing the truth. It is not a sin, but here? It becomes one," Satan chuckled softly as she pulled her head away from Rasmus.

"You're right," Rasmus finally spoke after he held himself back from speaking. "Thank you for your reminder. That makes me realize that what you offer contradict what you warn me," he pointed out. "In that case, I'll decline your offer," he answered without any doubt or hesitation.

"My... my mouth runs on its own once again," Satan covered her lips with her fingers, but she didn't hide her smile. "I forgot that I'm not facing a normal human being," she added.

Rasmus didn't know if Satan was showing the contradiction on purpose or not. He couldn't understand her at all, and if he tried to assume what she thought, it was similar to staring into the abyss and getting pulled down into it. He decided not to think much about it and tried to forget about it.

Satan suddenly leaned in, her lips were breath away from his right ear as her long fingers cupped his left side of his head. Rasmus felt a chill down his spine, stunned by the sudden Satan's act because he didn't expect her to be that close to him or even touch him.

"You made a deal with the Devil. Do not trust him..." Satan whispered, making sure nobody could listen to her words. "I'm warning you with truth, and God will be the witness of my words," she added before she pulled away and pulled her hand off Rasmus' face.

Everyone wondered what Satan whispered into Rasmus' ear because none of them could hear it even though they all could hear a sound of cricket from miles away. Satan slowly walked backwards before she glanced at Videl with that smirk and the same gaze when she walked away from the kingdom of God. She turned around, snapping her fingers and opening a giant portal.

"Kyros Revenor, if you think of changing side, my arms are wide open for you," Satan walked toward the portal as she looked at Rasmus from over her shoulder. "You will not become my follower, my worshiper, or even my slave. I don't need all those things. Because if I do, I would despise God, I would rebel against Him just like the Devil or Lucifer," she added as she stood in front of the portal, staring at it for a moment.

Satan slowly turned around to look Rasmus in the eyes properly with a cold smile on her face.

"You can say that I'm just like you. I don't care about all those things and just do what I want," Satan said as she took a few steps back until her back had entered the portal. "I'm your opponent, but I'm not your enemy," she gracefully bowed like a noble lady with her black feathered wings folded on her back before she completely entered the portal with the Fallen Watchers following her from behind.

Rasmus and the others watched the portal disappear, but the silence lingered longer than it should. Suddenly Rasmus turned around and walked toward the city, or at least what it remained. The others watched him, unsettled by his complete silence and his unreadable expression which should have been normal but felt completely different. Although they were unsettled, none of them dared to speak, to open their mouths. It wasn't because they didn't want to question him, but rather didn't know exactly what to say without making him change his axis that might have brought themselves into a path they didn't want him to take.

When Rasmus arrived, Lenin and the others stared at him, wondering if they had won the war or not. But what they saw was a stoic and cold expression, there was no shred of relief or disappointment.

"We can breathe now, the war is over," Rasmus said with a flat expression.

Before anyone could celebrate their victory, Erlina and Carrion hurriedly walked through the gate. Everyone looked at them and they could see the panic and sadness in their eyes.

"Lady Astrea is gone..." Erlina said quietly.

At that moment, everyone's joy turned into sorrow. When they looked at Aurelia, they expected her to cry or to even collapse, but she was standing still, still shocked by the news.

"This isn't a victory," Rasmus said as he looked at them. "Too many deaths to be considered a victory when the enemy isn't even defeated," he pointed out.

Aurelia took a deep breath as she closed her eyes before she exhaled deeply.

"Let's bury the fallen and let us mourn for them," Aurelia said with a serious expression.

Everyone nodded with understanding and looked at the bodies scattered on the city.

Chapter 487 - 487: A title, not a name.

Everyone gathered at the mass grave that they spent a whole day digging to bury at least a million soldiers that fell during the war. Marina offered them to create the mass grave for them, but they chose to dig it themselves as their last attempt to pay respect to the fallen brothers and sisters. Nobody could stand staring down at the pit of where the corpses were stacked neatly. Aurelia was the only one standing on the edge of the pit and stared at the only coffin at the top of the stack, the coffin of her mother, Astrea.

"Please, mother... escort them to heaven," Aurelia said, and that was the only words she said to her mother after she found out that Astrea had died. "Please bury them, Lady Marina," she looked over her shoulder at where Marina was.

Marina nodded and slowly spread her arms before they moved inward and the soil slowly filled the mass grave. All the bodies were slowly being devoured by the soil as if they were sinking into water. After Marina closed the mass grave, it looked like vast flattened land, hiding a million bodies underneath.

"I will create a statue here, above the grave. A statue of a massive stone coffin with the names of the fallen carved on it," Aurelia said as she slowly turned around to look everyone in the eyes. "If you think it's unnecessary or have a different opinion, you can speak now," she pointed out.

Everyone shook their heads, not complaining about her idea because they believed it would be the only befitting reminder or memorial of what had happened here. The coffin statue would make everyone's sacrifice equal, and that would be the greatest final respect to be given to those who fell.

"Now..." Aurelia suddenly fainted, but luckily Uriel was there to catch her before she hit her head on the ground.

Uriel could see the exhaustion in Aurelia's face, the high fever that she was having. She immediately carried Aurelia in her arms while Monica, Isador, Maximilian, and Alexander escorted them back into the palace. Everyone opened the path for them, and the soldiers knelt as they all looked up at Aurelia, the young leader who had managed to fight off the powerful demon army. She was the figure who brought all the powerful by her side and nobody in the history of Neva could be compared to what she had achieved as a leader.

Nobody knew what to do since so far it was Aurelia who took the lead in everything. However, when Serena cleared her throat, everyone turned their heads to look at her. They all remembered that it was Serena who had been always by Aurelia's side, the one who encouraged Aurelia to take this painful and unforgiving path.

"Please, get some rest. The sun is rising, and all of you haven't rested for two days. We have mourned for a whole day, and that should be enough for today. Tonight, we will have something prepared for everyone," Serena said with a smile on her face. "You're all dismissed," she ordered.

All the soldiers stood up and bowed their heads before they walked away and went their separate ways to find a place to lay down to rest. The powerful figures like Lenin and the others stayed behind, and they noticed someone was missing. Aris was there, Rullein was there, Videl was there, but not Rasmus. He was the only one that had been missing ever since the war was over.

"Where's Count Blackheart?" Lenin asked Serena, Aris, and Rullein.

"He's meeting with Luke and the cultists," Serena answered. "I don't know why he wanted to see them again, but I know for sure that he has some questions to ask," she added with an empty smile on her face.

At the same time, Rasmus was sitting at the table with Luke and Harrot, the whole room was coated in thin ice. Rasmus' eyes were glowing bright blue, and every breath he released, it made the room temperature drop even colder.

"Tell me, about Satan," Rasmus stared at Harrot. "You fell from grace just like the Fallen Watchers, but you're different from them. I want to know what kind of being Satan is from your perspective," he said calmly.

Harrot knew he had no choice but to tell everything to Rasmus because Rasmus and his people were the ones who had managed to defeat Satan and her army. He looked at Luke and signaled hi to leave so he could talk privately with Rasmus. Luke didn't know much about Satan either because Harrot kept that story to himself.

Luke wanted to leave the room, but the door was frozen. Rasmus glanced at the door and immediately the ice on the door vaporized. Once Luke left the room, Rasmus froze the door once again, locking Harrot in with him.

"Didn't the Devil tell you anything about her?" Harrot asked.

"He did, but I want to know Satan's origin. Right now, I want to know about her from your perspective as an angel who was there," Rasmus answered, her tapped his finger on the table that had been coated with ice, but he didn't feel cold at all because his skin and temperature was as cold as the ice.

"Satan isn't a demon, she's not an angel, and she's not made from either light, fire, or clay. When we were created, she was already there among us, kneeling to God, but we could tell that she was different. She didn't bow her head, she instead stared at God," Harrot answered, still remembering everything vividly as a curse or punishment with the mind of a higher being but in a body of a mortal. "Satan then revealed that she wasn't like us, she's one of God's titles bestowed upon her. Satan was a title, meaning

the Adversary, Accusor, Opponent, and Prosecutor," he explained, his hands trembling by the extreme cold.

"A title? So Satan isn't a name but rather a title that was bestowed upon her by God? The duality of God, both light and darkness, and He bestowed the darkness to her?" Rasmus asked, remembering what Lilith had said to him that Satan was basically the shadow that God's throne cast.

"Not bestowed upon her, but rather God entrusted darkness to her..." Harrot was shocked that Rasmus could grasp it so quickly. "She obeys God, she asks for permission to God, she bows to God, but she's the darkness, the calamity that God entrusted upon her," he nodded as he explained.

"Then her purpose is to question creation? A voice that God listen?" Rasmus narrowed his eyes, finding it unsettling even just from speaking it.

"No..." Harrot shook his head, his voice trembled, and he looked terrified. "It's not like that. She's trying to test all of His creations. I can't tell you more about it because I don't know, not even angels know the answer to your question. We never assume, we never question, we obey..." He explained as he looked down.

Rasmus could see the fear in Harrot's eyes, the fear that was beyond normal fear, beyond his fear. A fear toward God, and that was the only thing that came to his mind, and that fear was so contagious that he began to feel it crawling on his feet. He took Videl's words to the heart, and the words were about to never peek into the mind of God, to even understand the speck of dust of God's knowledge and reasoning.

"Then I have one last question," Rasmus took a deep breath. "What makes her different from demons and angel?" He asked.

Harrot exhaled deeply, relieved that Rasmus didn't tried to poke into God's existence. He could see that Rasmus wasn't a fool and knew his boundaries, better than a blind devotion and better than an agnostic. He could think of a place that would fit him in a category, and that was among prophets, someone who wanted to know but chose to accept God's power as it was.

"Satan possesses emotions like humans, like demons, but she's not blinded by them. She's not immune to emotion, she can control it better than anyone. The reason why she chose to walk away from the

kingdom of God was because she was disappointed by God's decision. She believed that all creations deserve a second chance, not exclusively to humans. That's why she embraced those who fell," Harrot answered as he looked Rasmus in the eyes. "Her title and the possession of emotions made her into a double-edged blade. However, she never disobeyed God, and that's why she's too complicated to understand. To the angels and demons, she's superior to them," he continued.

Rasmus leaned back and rested his elbow on the armrest while his fingers covered his mouth. His eyes were searching for something, moving from left to right rhythmically. When he nodded his head, he slowly got up from his chair and all the ice vaporized, letting the warmth fill the room once again.

"Thank you for your time and for the answers," Rasmus said as he walked past Harrot and then left the room without saying anything else.

Chapter 488 - 488: Kyros Revenor.

Rasmus entered the palace and it was quiet, nobody was around. He used his senses and could feel everyone's presence in the palace and where they were. His draconic eyes could see through walls because his senses extended to the Mana he manipulated. He had just gained this ability ever since he used the Overlord's power for the second time. Something within him had awakened, and he didn't know if it was harmful or not.

He saw Aurelia on the bed, sleeping with a fever because he could sense her body temperature. He also saw Monica, Alexander, Isador, and Maximilian in the room, waiting for her and staying by her side. He then saw Aris, Rullein, Videl, Serena, and Yur in one room, his room. He remembered that he had promised Aris and Rullein to tell them the whole truth about his existence and his past.

The draconic eyes of his could see something else, and that was the power of each individual. He could see how Aris' power emitted throughout the palace, almost blinding him by that light blue light. On the other hand, Rullein's power was dark orange with smoke that lingered around the light. Videl's was dark red like blood, and his power overwhelmed Aris and Rullein. However, Serena's energy was pure white, bright enough to overwhelm Videl's. The only underwhelming one was Yur with a green light, and it was no wonder that Yur was so afraid of those people.

"For humans the draconic eyes show the body temperature, but for beings like them, these eyes shows their existence and how powerful they are..." Rasmus muttered to himself as he turned his eyes back to normal and went to his room to meet with those five.

When Rasmus entered his room, they had expected him and knew he was coming. Everyone sat on the couch, and so Rasmus pulled a chair and dragged it toward the couch. He sat on the chair, next to Rullein who sat on the couch.

"You can read through all of my memories. It's easier and faster for you two to understand the life I had before I came to this world," Rasmus offered his right hand to Rullein. "I won't hide a single thing," he looked at both Rullein and Aris.

Rullein stared at Rasmus' hand for a moment, thinking if she was ready for it. She slowly grabbed Rasmus' hand and then offered her other hand to Aris. When she was about to dive into Rasmus' memories, Serena suddenly sat beside Aris and held Aris' hand.

"I do know who he is, but I don't know what kind of past he had. So, allow me to join the ride," Serena smiled as she held Aris' hand tightly.

Rullein took a deep breath before she closed her eyes and used her power. The three of them were transported into Rasmus' memories from the moment he was born. They were looking from Kyros' perspective and immediately they found themselves in an abandoned alley as soon as Kyros was born.

They watched Kyros grow in the orphanage, and he was different from any other kid. He observed everything that happened and didn't care if someone got hurt or someone cried. He observed how adults dealt with children, and how adults dealt with adults.

When he was six years old, he manipulated other children in the orphanage. He never played with toys, but he treated humans like toys, knowing how to use them and how to play with them. He made the children hate each other and fight each other. Not only the children, he also manipulated the adults, telling them what the others had told about them behind their backs.

Kyros turned the whole orphanage and everyone in it into his toys. He was the reason why the orphanage stopped operating because everyone hated each other and they couldn't educate the children. Since then, he left the orphanage on his own, looking for new toys to play with.

Kyros spent a whole year on the street, homeless, cold, starving, and didn't know that the outside world was harsh. However, he kept observing how people lived, socialized, and finally found out that some

people stole or begged to survive. He realized that begging for money was inefficient and that stealing wasn't risk free. He was desperate, but he didn't choose to do those two things until a man offered him a job, to smuggle drugs and got paid quite a lot.

Life as a smuggler was easy for Kyros because he had observed countless of people on the street. He knew how to act normal like a normal kid, he knew how to speak like an adult or like a child, and nobody would suspect him at all. Not only was he invisible to the crowd, he also observed and learned from criminals. He knew how they worked, what they did, and the system they worked in.

One day, Kyros was smuggling drugs to his usual client, but when he was there, he saw a man wearing a suit with a lot of bodyguards behind him. His client tried to sell the drug to that man, but the client lied about the drug and its purity because the one the client bought was the cheapest one. Kyros who knew how the criminal world worked, he immediately used that opportunity to reveal the lie.

The man in suit checked the drug, surprised that he was being lied to by someone he knew. Rather than killing the man, he tied him to the chair and then looked at Kyros who appeared to be useful. The man in a suit then offered Kyros a better job with better money, but in exchange for information Kyros had with the one behind it.

Kyros' client knew that it was his chance to use his information to get him out alive. However, before he could open his mouth, Kyros grabbed a knife and slit the man's throat. Kyros watched the man struggle to even speak a single word, and that assured him that he was the only one who had the information.

Since that day, Kyros was raised and taught how to kill, how to use weapons, and the art of any type of mission. He began from being a mafia lackey who dealt with dead bodies to an executioner, who killed his target, and then infiltration.

Kyros' talent was recognized not just from the mafias and the criminal organizations from the underworld. He was known by government level organizations as well, especially in intelligence and espionage. His talents and his information made him an informant for the government.

The underworld was wary of Kyros' achievement and the boss of his organization thought that he would take over the organization. However, his boss was completely wrong because he didn't need to take his boss's position to become powerful, he just simply went above his boss.

Kyros held information over the underworld that he sold to the government, but at the same time he also told the underworld what information he sold to the government. By doing so, the underworld could give the scapegoats for the government from the information Kyros' sold, making it impossible for the government to even dig deeper. It was all Kyros' plan all along, making him extremely valuable for both sides.

Kyros knew that one miscalculation would erase him from both worlds, but that only meant the equation demanded precision, not fear. With that kind of ability, he broadened the board from underworld against government to nation against nation. By the age of 40, he had become the most powerful, dangerous, and valuable man in the world.

The lives Kyros had taken from exploiting reality were unimaginable. He didn't manipulate nations through lies, he manipulated nations with truths. His ability and excellent created a powerful party, the Sivean party, who wanted to control over the world.

So many histories of dictators have failed in conquering the world, but with Kyros, it only took them decades to finally hold control over the world. That was when he realized he had finished and won the biggest board that the world could offer. He got bored of it, and so on his last day, he decided to erase the Sivean party because he didn't want to let others control what he had achieved.

That moment was when Kyros met with the Devil, Videl, offering him a second life in a new world rather than being eternally tormented in hell. That was when everything was revealed, and how Kyros became Rasmus and lived in a new world called Neva.

The moment Rullein pulled her hand away from Rasmus, Aris, Serena, and her were overwhelmed by Rasmus' past life. They didn't know a modern world, and how everything was more advanced than any magic could achieve.

"No wonder that Satan wants you so badly, Rasmus. You were God-like," Serena chuckled in disbelief that a single man could conquer a world from nothing. "No wonder you could conquer two continents so casually like walking in the park, unbelievable... or should I say it's eerily believable," she smirked as she stared into Rasmus' eyes.

Aris and Rullein finally understood how Rasmus could create such destructive magic. They could finally see the man in front of him without a fog in front of him.

"I'm Kyros Revenor, but I'm also Rasmus Blackheart. My soul is the same as Rasmus, but what makes me different is that I have the memory of my past life, nothing more, nothing less," Rasmus said as he stared at Aris and Rullein.

Aris and Rullein nodded, seeing the utmost honesty from Rasmus. They believed him because he never lied to them, and knew he was in his most vulnerable state.

"Then what happened to Earth?" Rullein asked with her brows raised.

"Earth is gone now. You can say that Rasmus forced that world to meet its end faster than God had planned," Videl answered with his arms crossed and legs crossed. "That's why I chose him, and now, Satan also wants him," he looked at Rasmus with a cold expression.

Chapter 489 - 489: Absent of Ego.

Everyone gathered in the meeting hall including Rasmus' people, and it was Aurelia's request as soon as she woke up even though she still had a fever. They didn't know why Aurelia wanted to gather everyone immediately even though it hadn't been a few hours since the war ended.

"I need all of your opinions about the future of Central Neva. When I was asleep, I had a nightmare that this continent was burning in the sea of flames when I was watching the continent from the sky. It looked like hell, and I could hear screams from everywhere. It was terrifying, and the worst part was that they all screamed of my name, begging to be saved," Aurelia said, her eyes and eyelids red from the high fever. "I didn't see any of you with me, and it scared me..." She muttered, fear etched in her voice.

Isador, Alexander, Monica, and Maximilian were concerned about what Aurelia said. On the other hand, Moriganne, Julius, Lazarus, Lenin, Thalior, Xena, and Arthor, they understood her fear because they were leaders and they had similar nightmares. Before anyone could say anything, Rasmus said something that surprised everyone at the table.

"Good, that's how a leader should feel, fear," Rasmus said as he stared into Aurelia's eyes. "Fear means awareness, fear is the projection of consequences, fear means you haven't yet detached from reality. You fear of your ability to rule, and that's a good thing," he explained with a straight face, no empathy.

Those figures who had ruled over people nodded in agreement to what Rasmus had said. While the young ones were learning from his words and tried to use this moment to understand the true burden of a leader.

"Fear is not a weakness, Lady Aurelia," Moriganne smiled gently at Aurelia. "Fear is the only true measurement of a leader. See what kind of fear they have, you'll know immediately if they're a good or a bad one," she explained.

"That kind of fear cannot be made, cannot be fabricated, cannot be forced into you. That fear will come to you the moment you want nothing but for the goodness of the people, Lady Aurelia," Lazarus spoke in a calm and gentle voice. "You have proven yourself that you're worthy to lead the people of Central Neva," he added, confidence in his words and his judgment.

Aurelia looked at those powerful figures, the ones who had experience. She could see how they all agreed with Rasmus, but deep down she didn't know if it was right. She shook her head weakly, not wanting to believe it, not wanting it to be true because it would cloud her ego and judgment.

"No, I don't think I am..." Aurelia wanted to humble herself, she was afraid of hearing those things.

"Stop humbling yourself, that's unfit to rule, Aurelia," Rasmus said with a cold gaze toward Aurelia.

Aurelia was so shocked that her mind went blank after Rasmus said those things to her. She felt hurt and in disbelief that Rasmus would say that to him even though he had taught her to not let ego take control of her very being.

"As a leader you need to have an ego, you need to use that ego so you can truly be seen as a leader. I taught you to not let ego control your judgment and life, not to have an absent ego," Rasmus said, his gaze kept staring into Aurelia's soul. "You can gain respect from using your ego properly, without an ego, you're nothing, not worth to be looked at, not worth to be called a leader. The people will need a leader with ego that resonate with them, and if you have an absent ego, your people won't see you as their leader. You need to stand for the people not to shrink in humility," he explained.

All the experienced leaders were utterly shocked by Rasmus' knowledge and words. Even some of them found it unsettling because they never thought of that but they were naturally did that without them realizing. At that moment, they realized that Rasmus wasn't just amoral but also had an efficiency,

clarity, and necessity way of thinking. Some of them were unsettled with that kind of combination, but some wondered if morality was really necessary or if it was just something good to have.

"Aurelia, get some rest. You're not supposed to be thinking with that kind of condition. You're a leader now, you can't be worried about yourself anymore, but that doesn't mean you have to put aside your own mind and body," Rasmus said with a calm expression. "Monica, Isador, Alexander, Maximilian, you are the future leaders that will walk beside Aurelia. All of you shouldn't be listening to these figures because soon all of you will be leading a new world, and that new world is now," he looked at them with a serious expression.

Those youngsters were shocked on how Rasmus dismissed those powerful figures around him, but what shocked them even more, none of them were bothered by his words. Those powerful figures looked at the youngsters and nodded their heads, agreeing with what Rasmus had said. With that being said, all of them left the meeting hall and helped Aurelia back to her chamber.

"You should go with them, Novia," Lenin looked at Novia with a gentle smile on her face. "You're the Great Sage now. You should be standing alongside them, not with us," she tilted her head at the door.

Novia nodded with understanding and bowed her head at the figures at the table before she left to be with Aurelia and the others. The room went silent but it wasn't an awkward silent like before, it was rather peaceful.

"Saint Serena, you said something that you have something prepared for us tonight?" Lenin asked with her brows raised.

"Well..." Serena turned her head toward Rasmus. "Should we tell them?" She asked.

Rasmus pulled out a letter from thin air, a letter that had been opened but still had the seal on it. Everyone knew that seal, the seal that belonged to a powerful family from the east, the Asghar family. The letter floated toward Lenin, showing Rasmus' expertise in controlling Mana.

"Count, how was the battle? I heard you have won and I have done my part," Lenin read the letter out loud so everyone could see the content of the letter. "I'm on my way to the Holy Nation, and as your partner, I believe I will reward everyone with lavish food and expensive drink. Please wait for a little longer," she added.

"Wait, Lady Anastasha is here in Central Neva? And what did she mean by doing her part?" Lenin asked with a confused and shocked expression.

"Anastasha and I have planned this all along, and as you know that we both are helping each other. I let the world know that she's worthy of being a successor for the seat in the Asghar family. So, we planned that the demons would cause destruction to Central Neva. I would attract the demon's attention while Anastasha used her wealth and connection to rebuild this continent," he answered.

Everyone was so shocked that Rasmus had planned everything from before he landed in Central Neva and after the war ended. It was unsettling that someone would have planned that far and how they trusted each other without even a single doubt. Before any of them could say a word, someone knocked on the door that echoed throughout the hall. A paladin came and informed everyone that there were thousands of survivors that wanted to enter the holy nation and the shocking part was there were hundreds of carriages with the Asghar banner on them.

"Looks like they're here earlier than we expected," Rasmus said as he stood up and looked at everyone. "I'll take my leave now since she's my guest," he lowered his head before he left the meeting hall with his people.

The moment Rasmus left, everyone in the meeting hall joined him because they wanted to meet Anastasha. When they walked out of the palace, a carriage with the Asghar banner was already there waiting for them. The moment the carriage's door was opened, they all saw a woman with light tanned skin, wearing an attire that didn't belong to any continent and holding a folded fan in her right hand. Rasmus was there, standing next to the carriage and offering his hand to Anastasha.

"Glad to see you're alive and well..." Anastasha smiled as she held Rasmus' hand and walked down the stairs. "I was anxious that you might lose, but turned out it worked as we had expected," she stood in front of Rasmus, tilting her head and staring at Rasmus, shocked by the drastic changes in Rasmus' appearance.

"I would be lying if I said that I wasn't anxious as well. But, the result is what matters here," Rasmus answered as he let go of Anastasha's hand.

"Indeed..." Anastasha glanced at the powerful figures in front of her before she lifted her right hand and unfolded her folding fan, covering the lower half of her face. "To be stared by powerful figures makes me so nervous..." She smiled with her eyes as she chuckled softly.

Chapter 490 - 490: Detached to understand.

Aurelia groaned as she slowly opened her eyes, awoken by the commotion outside. She looked around, didn't realize it was nighttime already and the only person that was by her side was Daryus. She didn't remember how she fell asleep after Monica and the others brought her back to her chamber and had a long conversation.

"How are you feeling, Lady Aurelia?" Daryus asked, preparing the medicine tea.

"I feel a lot of things, but if you're asking about my fever, then it's still the same as before..." Aurelia answered with a raspy and groggy voice. "You know, Doctor. I never had a fever in my whole life or even felt sick because of my divine ability. This is my first time having a fever, and I don't know why my divine ability can't heal my fever..." She muttered as she sat up slowly and leaned against the pillows, watching Daryus prepare the tea.

Daryus walked toward the bed and offered the tea to Aurelia. Aurelia thanked Daryus and took the tea cup from his hands before she smelled the tea. She took a sip of the hot sweet tea that surprised her because she thought it would be bitter.

"Because it's not because of bacteria or viruses. It's because you're stressed out, My Lady," Daryus answered with a smile on his face. "That tea is to make you feel relaxed, it's not a medicine for illness, but for the mind," he pointed out as he sat on the chair.

Aurelia closed her eyes and took a sip again, enjoying the tea more than she thought. She then heard the commotions outside again, forgetting about it for a moment.

"What's going on outside? Did something happen?" Aurelia asked, her gaze lazy and tired when she looked out the window. She wanted to be worried, but the fact that Daryus was calm and unbothered by the commotion, meant it was nothing worth worrying about.

"Oh, everyone is having a feast, My Lady. Lady Anastasha Asghar came this afternoon. Oh, and also she brought thousands of survivors with her," Daryus answered, staring out the window where the moonlight basked in his face and reflected on his round glasses.

Aurelia was stunned when an Asghar suddenly came to visit and brought survivors. Daryus decided to explain everything to Aurelia about Rasmus' collaboration with Anastasha and their plans for Central Neva.

After Aurelia found out the most important parts, the tea cup was already empty. She wanted more, and so Daryus made another one for her. However, she noticed Daryus' heavy and pained gaze in his eyes.

"Doctor, you can talk to me," Aurelia said as she looked at Daryus. "I'm ashamed that I don't feel as sad as you when my mother died. You must think that I'm being cold or heartless..." She looked down at her fingers.

Daryus froze when Aurelia suddenly changed the topic to where it hurt him the most at the moment. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, calming himself down and walked back to the chair with the refilled tea cup.

"No, My Lady, you're not cold or heartless. You hold a responsibility that forces you to put aside your feelings and emotions whether you do it intentionally or not," Daryus answered, shaking his head. "For me, to watch a patient die because I can't help them, it's the worst feeling as a doctor. It's not only that I failed to save them, but it's also because I disappointed those who wished and hoped that I could save the person that was important to them. It's unbearable, My Lady," he didn't dare to look at Aurelia's eyes.

Aurelia scoffed with a sour smile on her face, shaking her head. Daryus didn't expect Aurelia to react like that, and it confused him deeply.

"That's the most human thing to say, Doctor. Humans tend to justify their feelings by using logic, or perhaps an illusion that we believe to be logical. Either way, we can't tell the difference," Aurelia said, sighing and looking up at the ceiling. "We just want to satisfy... no, it's more like feeling fulfilled with the feelings we are feeling. Do you understand what I mean, Doctor?" She asked, chuckling because she used complicated words.

"I guess you're right, My Lady. Not sure if I should feel ashamed to justify my guilt just because I want to feel guilty. We humans are too complex to understand," Daryus answered and nodded his head in agreement.

"But Count Rasmus can," Aurelia glanced at Daryus with her brows raised. "We know it's complicated, but for him, it's not difficult at all. He can read anything like a book, even the future seems to have been written on that as well," she chuckled in disbelief and took a sip of her tea.

"I can assure you, My Lady. To be able to make it simple, one has to be detached from it, to look at it from the outside. I don't know if we will ever want to be like that," Daryus said with a faint smile on his face as he took the empty teacup from Aurelia's hand. "There's a reason why everyone feels disturbed around him. It's because he's not in the same world as ours," he added as he stood up and put the teacup on the table.

Suddenly someone knocked on the door, and Daryus went to check who it was when he suddenly lowered his head the moment he opened the door. He slowly opened the door wide to let Aurelia see the guest that wanted to visit her, and it was Anastasha with Rasmus standing behind her. Aurelia had expected that Anastasha would come to visit her, and she was prepared for it. Aurelia nodded, allowing them to come in while Daryus excused himself, knowing he shouldn't be there.

"I apologize if I'm being rude, Lady Angelis. However, it's rude to not meet with the homeowner," Anastasha smiled as she walked toward the bed and sat on the chair that Daryus sat on earlier.

"No, it's okay, Lady Asghar," Aurelia smiled softly as she shook her head. "I have heard from Doctor Daryus, and I'm grateful that you protected thousands of people from behind the curtains," she added.

"I just did what I was told, and it benefited my agenda. Please don't treat my kindness at face value," Anastasha smiled gently at Aurelia. "And I'm sorry for your loss. Lady Astrea was someone that I admire and what she did in South Neva, nobody had ever done that," she stared into Aurelia's eyes.

Aurelia responded with a simple nod, and she stole a glance at Rasmus, who didn't seem to be planning to join the conversation. Aurelia realized that this would be a one on one conversation with Anastasha while Rasmus was there to observe, or perhaps to judge how she would deal with someone as powerful as Anastasha.

"You said that your kindness is based on your agenda, Lady Asghar. If that's the case, let's talk about the reason you came, and what do you want from me," Aurelia said, staring back at Anastasha's eyes without flinching.

Anastasha chuckled softly and decided to put her folding fan on the bedside table. Rasmus glanced at the folded fan, finding it interesting because Anastasha used that folding fan as her weapon to overpower others in politics. He realized that Anastasha wasn't planning to use deception or trickery when speaking to Aurelia.

"Yes, I want to gain influence here in Central Neva, Lady Angelis. I need it to beat my siblings who are currently trying to kill each other for a position as the family head," Anastasha answered with a serious expression. "I want to prevent that, prevent my family from destroying each other. I want to make myself superior than my siblings so I can save my family," she explained without blinking her eyes or averted her gaze, showing her utmost sincerity.

Aurelia didn't know if Anastasha was telling the truth or not because she had never met Anastasha before, and what she knew about the Asghar family was nothing but a powerful family that existed in both worlds. She subconsciously looked at Rasmus as if he was the only one who could tell her what to do in this situation. She thought Rasmus would ignore her or worse look disappointed, but to her surprise, he gave a slight nod, assuring her that Anastasha was telling the truth.

"You want influence in Central Neva? And how are you going to do that?" Aurelia asked, looking at Anastasha with her brows furrowed.

"By providing you with whatever you need. You need money, I can give you enough money to make you rebuild the Holy Nation and the surrounding kingdoms. You want stability, I'll use my connections to bring everything that it requires," Anastasha answered with confidence as she crossed her legs, resting her elbow on her knee and rested her chin on her fist.

"You want to go that far even though you might fail?" Aurelia was shocked by how determined Anastasha was, knowing that the risk was higher than the reward.

"I love to gamble, that's all," Anastasha chuckled softly, smirking and winking at Aurelia. "You can't control everything, but you'll do anything to control what you can grasp. That's how I play the game," her smirk widened.