

Evil 501

Chapter 501 - 501: A complicated family.

After Usman revealed everything to Anastasha and Rasmus, those two left the tent so Usman could focus on his work. They were still thinking about what Usman had said, especially about his younger brother who had made a deal with the masked beings. But what made Rasmus even curious was the Asghar family and their connection with the demons.

"If the Urion family has made a connection with the demons, have you thought about your family? The Asghar family is the most feared family between the two sides of East Neva. Have you ever tried to dig that deep?" Rasmus asked as he walked beside Anastasha, who used her fan to cover half of her face.

"I don't know. I can't gather much information about my brothers because I have tried many times to infiltrate and gather information, but my people always ended up dead, floating in the river with bloated bodies," Anastasha answered as she shook her head. "I know my brothers well, and they might have contacted the demons, especially that Usman's brother is also close to one of my brothers. The possibility is there, I just don't know," she added.

Rasmus hummed as he created a wind barrier around them, preventing anyone from listening to their conversation.

"What about them? Your achievements must have reached your brothers' ears. Your declaration to compete with your brothers for the succession should threaten their position," Rasmus asked and looked at Anastasha's big eyes and her light tanned face.

"Oh, they have sent their spies and tried to gather information about me as well. But unlike my brothers who didn't hesitate to kill my spies, I gave them half of the information willingly. The moment they know my move, that's also the moment where I can predict their movements. It's safer that way," Anastasha answered, smiling with her eyes.

Rasmus always found Anastasha's strategies to be similar to his own. That was one of the many reasons why he chose to agree to play her game and help her.

"Although, they might cause you some trouble, Count. Just a few days ago I just heard whispers that both of my brothers had sent more spies and even made contact with the two of the most notorious assassin clans," Anastasha looked at Rasmus, folding her fan to reveal her mischievous smirk. "I hope you don't mind it. They're quite persistent when it comes to getting rid of individuals that can threaten them no matter how small it is," she continued as she tapped her folding fan on Rasmus' chest.

"How bad is it?" Rasmus glanced at his surroundings and people were stealing glances at them.

"Hmm, let's assume they would do anything to make you lose everything that you have," Anastasha answered as she chuckled mischievously. "But I know that's nothing to you, right? You have an Orthias, a Saint, a Dark Spirit, Elder Spirit, an elite assassin, and the Black Hands on your side. I don't think my brothers can touch you, not even a strand of your hair," she teased.

Rasmus didn't feel threatened by that because he had nothing to lose, and with his current condition, he knew that no humans could hurt him even if they tried their best. However, he thought of playing along so he could dig up some information about Anastasha's brothers and their family.

"Let's get back to the previous topic. What about the current head? Do you think he has made contact with the demons?" Rasmus asked.

"My father? I doubt that he would bother to let anyone see him. He has been in seclusion for almost ten years, and he hasn't even met his children," Anastasha shook her head as she glanced at her surroundings, noticing there were eyes on her. "My family is currently showing no aggression, meaning this isn't a time of peace, it's merely a time for everyone to take a breather," she pointed out.

"You believe your father will initiate war soon?" Rasmus looked at Anastasha with his brows raised. He was curious on what kind of person Anastasha's father was, and that his absence could cause such an effect on the whole continent.

"He's a warmonger, he's the worst compared to his late father or even the generations before him. The whole East Neva is restless because my father breathe the same air as them," Anastasha nodded, exhaling softly as she glanced at Rasmus. "Well, it's even worse that my mother is also..." She paused, and then stopped herself from continuing her sentence.

"I also received an information from Luke and the cultist," Rasmus said, not letting the silence take over the atmosphere. "Luke said that a powerful family knows about the Zevrathi, and that family he revealed to be yours. Do you know anything about it," he asked with his arms crossed, his eyes focused on the workers carrying heavy loads.

"That I don't know, Count," Anastasha shook her head. "I'm not sure if it's my father's people or my mother's people. That kind of information is deep within the roots where me and my brothers are only busy with gathering the fruits on the tree. But if I have to assume, it might be my mother's side, not my father's side who got involved with the Zevrathi family," she answered without hiding anything to Rasmus.

"Even Luke doesn't know much about them as well, even though he's the trusted enough to make contact with the Zevrathis," Rasmus said, his mind could see the entangled mess of this matter that he wouldn't be able to gather much information even if he tried to probe into it.

"Speaking of the cult, I saw them leave this morning. Where are they going?" Anastasha asked with her eyes narrowed. "The fact everyone is fine with the existence of the cult here, and you give them protection, it's a bit worrying to see that group of fanatics to be free," she arched her brows.

"The deal is made, so I granted their wish. They're going to secure candidates to become vessels for higher beings. If you can be bothered, just send someone to keep an eye on them. I don't really keep an eye on them because I know they will show themselves later," Rasmus answered.

Although Rasmus said that, Videl had used his power to brainwash one of the cultists and used her as his informant. So far, Luke and Harrot haven't noticed it, and if needed, Rasmus and Videl could track them and find them when needed.

"A mess, everything is a mess..." Anastasha sighed but then it turned into soft laughter. "Too many things to grab, but my hands can only handle so little. I would rather not to chase the clouds and find myself in a place I don't want to," she unfolded the fan and let her expression be visible. "Well, I'm not like you. You're going to chase those clouds, or should I say you have to," she smirked as she folded her arms under her chest.

Rasmus knew that Anastasha was right that he had to keep an eye on every corner of Neva. He had to keep an eye on every movement from the demons, the people, the cult, and everything that might jeopardize his plan. He had to anticipate everything, and the fact there were too many unknowns ahead of him, it only made things harder for him.

"You know that if you asked me to help you, I wouldn't hesitate," Anastasha offered as she tilted her head to look at Rasmus' face from the front. "You said it yourself that you're allowed yourself to be used by me, so as a lady of my status, I will do the same," she smiled softly at Rasmus.

"We are even now. You want me to use you so you can use me later, don't you?" Rasmus asked as he looked down at Anastasha's smile.

Anastasha unfolded her fan and covered the bottom half of her face.

"Of course, isn't that the rule we follow?" Anastasha giggled mischievously. "But don't you worry. I just want you to come to the East with me once you're done in the West. I don't know how long it will take for you to finish your business there, but I also have matters to do here as well," she revealed as she glanced at the mega-structure. "Also, this is the best place to stay when I know my brothers are hunting me. This is the safest place in the whole world," she added.

"You know without having you to ask me, I would go there eventually," Rasmus said with his arms crossed. "You just want me to escort you back and help you sit in that chair of succession. You could just say so."

"Where's the fun in it if I didn't let you think for a moment? I know you like this kind of play," Anastasha said as she noticed her trusted guard coming toward her. "Well then, it seems I have something important to attend. It's always a pleasure to speak with you, Count Blackheart," she said and then bowed gracefully.

Rasmus bowed his head as he removed the barrier and watched her leave. He then glanced at the distance where Videl was watching him, smiling and waving at him.

Chapter 502 - 502: A child.

Rasmus looked at the Black swords lying on his bed, noticing that the swords had grown extremely sharper and sturdier than the first time he had made them. It had been a year since then, and the deaths those swords had caused were more than a thousand. Both swords had become his since Aris didn't need them anymore and because she had Aristoria's sword in her possession.

"Those swords can be a national treasure," Lenin said with her arms crossed, standing in the doorway.

Rasmus glanced at Lenin, noticing the white hair that slowly overwhelmed the black ones. Ever since she stepped down from the Great Sage position, she no longer needed to dye her hair black.

"You're leaving, Count?" Lenin asked as she walked into the room, approaching Rasmus.

"Yes, I have no business here anymore," Rasmus nodded and stored the swords in the spatial ring. "Oh, and I also left my father's journal where it belonged. If you want to read it, you know where to find it," he revealed and looked at Lenin.

Lenin raised her brows, and didn't expect Rasmus to give such information to her. She then realized that Rasmus did it because he respected Lenin's relationship with his father. She smiled gently and nodded, thanking Rasmus for telling her that.

"West Neva... that place is where the Magic Tower isn't welcome. Mages are seen as a disgrace there," Lenin pointed out as she sighed. "That place has so many gifted people, Count. Sorcerers, Beastmasters, Druids, Witches, and Warlocks. Rumors said that the first human that roamed this world originated from the west, believing they're superior than any other humans that aren't from the west," she explained with a smile on her face.

Rasmus had spent his time learning about the west from Alexander and the book he recommended. He found West Neva was nothing compared to any other continent because they seemed to live in a different world. Royalty, nobles, and politics only painted half of the pictures where the other half could

be said to be mystical. Neither side dominated the other, and both sides coexisted as one, making it extremely hard for outside factors to disrupt it.

"You're not planning to do the same you did here and in South Neva. You know that won't work anymore, and not to mention that a powerful demon has marked you as a threat, you're forced to use a different approach," Lenin said as she looked at Rasmus, knowing him well enough because she was the only one who knew what kind of a person he was.

"I wonder why you suddenly say something like that," Rasmus said as he walked to the wardrobe to grab his suit.

"Out of curiosity," Lenin answered without hesitation. "I have stripped myself from responsibility since I'm a part of the old system. For once, I just want to understand and to study you like a scholar would, not someone who has the obligation to protect humanity," she explained, her eyes never leaving Rasmus.

Rasmus didn't react to Lenin's confession as he put on his suit and fixed the collars. He then paused to think as he straightened his suit, thinking that Lenin always had those chains that shackled her very existence to the world above her head that even something like lifting a finger would require utmost consideration.

"I don't have any solid plans. How could I plan something before I know what kind of things I'm dealing with. It would be a waste of time," Rasmus answered as he shook his head. "For now, I'm going to join the expedition and see what kind of threat that West Neva is dealing with. Then I'll act accordingly," he revealed.

Lenin had heard about what was happening in the west from Alexander. She also knew enough about other things that were happening there because she was in the Council of Neva, and had a close relationship with the council members from West Neva.

"What kind of world do you live in, Count?" Lenin asked with a serious expression.

"A simple one," Rasmus answered without giving it a single thought. "You can argue with that, but that makes you live in an unnecessarily complicated one," he looked at Lenin with a calm gaze friendly gaze.

Lenin laughed that she had to cover her mouth with the back of her hand. She had forgotten when was the last time she was allowed to laugh freely like that. At that moment, she saw flashes of old memories long before she became a Great Sage. She never had a chance to reminisce about her past, but now it finally came back to her, of who she was, a young lady with such passion to make a village she grew up in prosperous and to put a smile on the villagers' faces.

"My world was simple as well. Just a kid with dreams," Lenin muttered with a soft smile written on her face. "But your simplicity and mine are completely different," she pointed out and stared into Rasmus' eyes.

"I beg to differ. It's the same in my eyes. Morale, power, wealth, influence, they were not necessary. However, it had meaning and that meaning means everything. Don't you think that's the same as how I see the world?" Rasmus said with a calm and relaxed expression.

"I guess you're not wrong, Count," Lenin nodded as she thought about it. "Based on what you said, doesn't that mean your world is the world of a child?" She smiled, curious with what Rasmus would say.

"Is that wrong? Isn't that the adult that has been affected by greed, power, influence, and even righteousness that ruined the world?" Rasmus asked back with his brows raised. "The world is simple, it's just that some people made it complicated."

"Your words carry truth, but you're not a child. That simplicity and that mind of yours, they create chaos," Lenin tilted her head.

"As I said, it has meaning, and that meaning means everything," Rasmus answered as he looked at his wristwatch, realizing that the blimp would leave in an hour.

"How can you sound like an idealist but that ideal is practicality. That's interesting," Lenin hummed as she rubbed her chin. "Well, then. Look at the time. I believe you have to go soon," she said as she looked at her wristwatch.

Rasmus nodded and was ready to leave until suddenly Lenin's hand appeared in front of him with a ring on her palm. He looked a bit confused until he took the ring and stared at it for a moment. He used his draconic eyes and he could see the spatial space that the ring produced. He was surprised to see the

stack of money inside, and remembered it had been a while since he had got his share from making wristwatches.

"That includes the share from Lord Garret and the others since they entrusted the money to me," Lenin said with a smile as she walked toward the door. "I always forget that I'm speaking with a young man who's barely reached 26 years old. You're a dangerous young man, Count Blackheart," she muttered to herself as she left the room.

Rasmus looked at the ring before he exhaled deeply and Javi appeared behind him out of nowhere.

"Everyone is ready to leave?" Rasmus asked.

"Yes, all the Blackhands are ready. Lady Aris and the others are also ready to leave, they're all just waiting for you," Javi answered, his eyes sharp and lifeless when he stared into Rasmus' eyes.

"Let's leave then, there's no need to wait anymore. The sooner the better," Rasmus nodded with understanding and then left the room.

When Rasmus and the others arrived at the airfield, Aurelia and the others were there to watch them leave. Not only Rasmus, but Thailor and the people from South Neva had decided to go back as well since they had been away for too long. However, Rasmus noticed there were a few children among them, who were standing near Novia. Rasmus' brows were raised and he didn't expect to see those children again, so he decided to approach them with a smile on his face. His act shocked everyone, wondering who those children might be except for Videl who knew.

"You have grown a lot taller, Abigail..." Rasmus said as he went down to one knee and looked at the girl with a gentle gaze and a smile on his face.

Abigail smiled widely before she charged at Rasmus and wrapped her arms around Rasmus neck. Rasmus gently patted Abigail's head and he couldn't see the shock in everyone's faces, including Lenin. Nobody about Rasmus' past, especially during his hard times ever since he came to Neva inside a weak body. Abigail and the children were the ones that he taught them how to use magic, and he didn't expect them to survive when the whole continent was taken by the demons. He realized that Anastasha might be the reason for their survival since she was the one who moved behind the scenes.

"I miss you... we all miss you..." Abigail muttered. "Everyone from the village is here, and they wanted to meet you but said that you were unavailable..." She said as she pulled away to look Rasmus in the eye.

"I see," Rasmus nodded with understanding. "It's unfortunate that I have to leave without meeting with everyone. How about this, why don't you show me how good you are at controlling Mana? I want to see how far you have progressed. I'll give you a gift in return," he offered.

Abigail's eyes brightened and she immediately moved away from the crowd. She took a deep breath and suddenly a fiery fire appeared around her, but the fire didn't move violently. The fire moved around her, creating rings of fire in such a gentle and stable way. It shocked Lenin and Novia because for a small child to be able to create such magic without formation or incantation could be called a genius. However, Abigail didn't stop there when she suddenly combined all the rings into one massive ring above her head and then reshaped it into a fiery dragon that flew around in the sky until it suddenly dispersed and turned into a water dragon in just a blink of an eye.

"You can turn fire into water in an instant?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised, shocked that a child like Abigail could do that.

"Yes, you taught me. You said that water can feed fire, so I thought if fire needed water, then fire could be reversed and turned into water," Abigail answered simply.

Rasmus did teach Abigail and the other children the science behind oxygen and hydrogen, but he never thought that Abigail could manipulate Mana like that. Even if he did it without his power, he might struggle to do so, but this child could do it so effortlessly even though it was an extremely complicated process.

"Here, take it..." Rasmus tossed the ring that Lenin had given him earlier to Abigail. "Keep it safe and if one day you want something, ask these two. They will give you what you need if you show them the ring," he said as he stood up and pointed his hand at Lenin and Novia.

Lenin was surprised to see Rasmus give away the spatial ring that the money could easily give him dozens of big mansions or even a few castles of his own. However, when Lenin processed what Rasmus said, it appeared that Rasmus wanted her and Novia to take Abigail as an apprentice.

"Those two will take a good care of you," Rasmus looked at Lenin and gave her a nod.

Lenin and Novia nodded their heads, realizing that they had found a genius like Rasmus by coincidence.

"Well then, I might come back to visit you again and meet with others..." Rasmus said with a smile. "Just wait for me. It's time for me to go," he gently patted Abigail's head.

Abigail nodded with understanding and watched Rasmus walk away.

"Take care, Count..." Aurelia said with a worried expression.

"You too, High Regent," Rasmus bowed his head, and then walked toward the blimp with Aris, Rullein, Vidal, Serena, Daryus, Javi, Carrion, Erlina, Yur, Aider, and the Blackhands behind him.

Chapter 503 - 503: On their way to a new journey.

"Is that Gratlan?" Aider asked, his eyes widened as he stared at the floating island in the distance.

"Yes, that island is actually bigger than you could have imagined. Millions of people could live leisurely because they can harvest the most delicious fruit, vegetables, and meat because of the climate and the soil that had been modified to their perfection," Carrion answered, his arms crossed and expression stiffened. "To think that place will soon be out of reach by anyone, it's a bit disturbing," he muttered.

It was as Aurelia and the others had agreed upon that Gratlan would be the place where all the candidates for the future High Regent lived. All of them would be nurtured, taught, and even experienced first-hand about the world they would soon contribute to.

"It's not just cattle that they raised to be butchered. Soon children would be raised to be sacrificed for humanity..." Erlina rested her chin on her palm, staring at Gratlan with a distant gaze.

"We are raising cattle, removing their freedom, believing they live a peaceful and joyous life until we butcher them for their meat. It's similar to those candidates, but they don't mean to harm the candidates at all. I believe it's not the worst thing that can happen to a human. After all, all nobles raised

their children similarly, right?" Daryus asked as he looked at everyone, knowing they all understood it as much as he was.

"That kind of logic makes it hard for me to argue, Doctor," Erlina chuckled softly as she looked at Daryus. "I'm not condemning their method to be wrong, it's just a bit pitiful to imagine those candidates' lives," she sighed, tapping her cheek with her index finger.

"I think you should pity those children who are crawling on the street begging for mere crumbs of bread," Aider giggled manically. "Your pity doesn't make you sound any wiser," he laughed as he looked at Erlina with his jester makeup.

"Hmm, guilty as charged. I don't actually care much about all this," Erlina chuckled as she looked at Aider, still couldn't believe Rasmus had brought in a mad man.

Although Aider said those words, he didn't have a slight empathy toward the cruelty of the world. On the other hand, Daryus who found the system to be working fine was actually the ones who felt pity toward those candidates.

"Well, we'll see if it works or not. It's not like any of us care much about it. As long as they want what's best for humanity, who are we to judge?" Carrion yawned as he leaned back, trying to enjoy the journey to West Neva in the blimp that would take them at least a week.

Serena, Aris, Rullein, and Yur were playing cards, something they learned from the soldiers. They were playing a liar card game where they lied about the quantity of the cards with the same numbers.

"Liar..." Aris said as she stared at Rullein.

Rullein gritted her teeth and suddenly exploded, throwing the cards in the air. She looked frustrated and it was enough to say that she was indeed lying.

"I hate this game! And you're not playing it right either, Aris! You're playing this game without even lying once! How did you always have the cards that were needed anyway!" Rullein raised her voice as she pointed at Aris, frustrated by Aris's honesty.

"But you always lied, and I just know when you're lying," Aris said with a flat expression as she stared at Rullein. "You're just really bad at this game," she added.

Serena laughed because Rullein was mad at Aris even though Serena was the one who always won the game. Yur on the other hand, scared that Rullein and Aris might fight that would endanger everyone in the blimp. Although amidst the argument, nobody was worried because it wasn't the first time those two had argued for something trivial like this.

Javi and the Blackhands were on the lower deck, checking the continent of West Neva. They were sharing and discussing information about what they needed to do as soon as they landed. Rasmus didn't tell them what to do, but they were trying their best to provide valuable information for him.

"Some of us must have arrived at the port by now, and we will gather at this small village here," Erdinand said as he pointed at the map. "They have a week to gather information about the current situation in West Neva. That's more than enough," he added as he looked at Javi's calm expression.

"Count Blackheart is going to stay in the Brithia Kingdom, one of the members of Council Neva. Since the Council is currently losing its value, power, and authority, we need to gather information about them ever since a third of Council members resigned from the position," Javi said with a stoic expression, staring at the Brithia Kingdom's territory. "They're quite close from the Efiva Mountain as well, so find out how bad the situation there," he added.

All the Blackhands nodded with understanding without questioning his decision.

Ever since Javi took the leadership position of the Blackhands, there was no conflict or dissatisfaction with Rasmus' decision to choose him. Javi also taught them the art of assassination, infiltration, and gathering information like how the Sand Tower taught him. Ever since then, all of the Blackhands became skilled assassins and slowly they could master all kinds of weapons, especially martial arts from East Neva.

"For now, let's rest because as soon as we landed, we are going to work tirelessly," Javi said as he looked at everyone around him, a big group of people wearing an all-black robe that hid the weapons beneath it.

All the Blackhands were dismissed and went to their own spots to sharpen their weapons or warmed up their bodies by doing light training. Javi never had underlings and always worked on his own no matter how hard the missions were. He believed it was troublesome to have underlings, but after he got to know the Blackhands, he realized that they were called an elite unit that only a handful of people knew about their existence for a reason, and thought that he could work really well with them.

Rasmus was in a private room, alone with Videl who was enjoying the glass of wine. There was nothing but tension between the two ever since that day when Videl brought Rasmus to hell and tortured him endlessly.

"Letting them go, letting them summon those archangels..." Videl muttered with his brows raised. "I'm against it, but knowing that Satan is powerful and the fact there's a chance that Lucifer is by her side, we don't have much choice," he swirled his wine glass, staring at the wine sloshing.

"You're against it for what reason?" Rasmus asked, glancing at Videl who enjoyed his sixth bottle of wine.

"For what reason? You have no idea how dangerous it is to bring even a mere angel to the world of the living," Videl scoffed and emptied his wine glass. "Even an angel can cause the masses to lose their reasoning and follow every word the angel said. They're carrying the light that God bestowed upon them, the light that could turn any creatures like moth to a flame," he explained as he poured his wine glass full again.

"And what about archangels?" Rasmus asked. He had zero knowledge of the hierarchy of angels.

"Well, to understand the archangels, you need to understand what Lucifer and his brethren did first. Why they were banished and eliminated by God's will, something that had never happened before. That event was one and only event where God chose to get rid of His own creations," Videl answered, staring out the window with a distant gaze filled with so many memories of that time.

"We have all the time to talk about it," Rasmus said, staring into Videl's eyes.

"I know, but I need to remember it thoroughly first because that event was overwhelming even for me that I tried to forget it," Videl answered with a serious expression. "Even Satan at that moment had to look away," he scoffed and smirked.

Rasmus furrowed his brows slightly, curious and a bit unsettled when Videl said that even Satan had to look away. Two of the Sovereigns had the same reaction, meaning that God had done something that terrified both of them.

(At the same time inside a cave)

A muscular and bearded man walked the long tunnel toward the bright light with a staff and an axe in his hands. He yawned loudly when he walked out of the cave, staring at the distance before a wyvern landed above the cave and folded its wings.

"You're finally awake, you cave man," Marina said, her arms crossed and looking a bit annoyed because she was waiting for hours.

"Your words always harsh to your husband. Just because I look like a giant, I have a soft heart," the bearded man said as he laughed and scratched his hairy chest.

"If you want me to be nice, then you should act like a husband, not like a cave man. Living in the wild and doesn't even remember your wife at all," Marina sighed as she shook her head. "But that's not the case. Her Highness is summoning you," she said with a stern expression.

The bearded man hummed, his expression showed disinterest.

"Let's go," the bearded man said as he walked past Marina.

"You're not seriously wearing those ragged clothing to meet Her Highness?" Marina arched her brows, disappointed by her husband.

"I'm Doloran the Beastmaster, how else I'm going to wear? A fancy attire and a hat?" Doloran asked as he laughed. "Let's ride my friend here. It's faster that way," he said as he turned around and looked at the wyvern. "Come boy, let's take a walk," he grinned as he stared at the wyvern.

The wyvern roared, and then suddenly more wyverns appeared from behind the mountain, flying around and following the wyvern's command.

"It's been a while since we ride a wyvern together," Doloran smirked as his hand reached to Marina.

Marina sighed as she rolled her eyes before she took Doloran's massive hand and let him guide her.

Chapter 504 - 504: The Fruit of Awakening.

"The brightest star..." Satan muttered, her head lowered. "You gave birth to desire from merely witnessing those two beings called humans standing before Him?" She slowly lifted her head to stare right into the eyes of a being who reflected God's existence the brightest.

Lucifer was the second highest being in the hierarchy of angels, a Cherubim, a being that uniquely possessed four wings. Cherubim had the knowledge about the universe and everything that was hidden underneath it. They were beings that were entrusted with the power to protect the knowledge that said any being who took a peek at it could become a powerful being.

"Desire?" Lucifer's voice echoed throughout the spacious hall, the hall was so big it didn't seem to have an end. "Perhaps you can call it that," he answered as he turned his back, showing off his four white feathered wings.

"You have everything, and yet you want more?" Satan asked, her voice was soothing and gentle that the air in the hall became cold. "I understand Iblis' arrogance from disobeying Him to kneel before those humans, and I also admit my disappointment in that. But you..." She paused, tilting her head, staring at Lucifer's face that faced the ceiling where his face was too blinding to be stared at.

"I have foreseen those humans. What kind of questionable and outrageous things they would do," Lucifer muttered, his expression stoic like a masterpiece statue. "They will tarnish His creations," he revealed.

Satan hummed, narrowing her eyes because she noticed something had changed within Lucifer's soul.

"Stop pretending," Satan's sharp gaze pierced through the illusion that Lucifer projected. "You think I don't know that you have gathered your brethren? What you're trying to do, I suggest you to stop it," she warned, her calm expression didn't match with the words she said.

Lucifer glanced at Satan with glowing eyes that were as bright as the brightest star. He slowly turned around to look at Satan and began to close the distance between them. The light that he emitted brightened the endless hall until everything turned bright white. However, no matter how bright the light he emitted, the light couldn't pierce through the shadow that Satan cast behind her. The hall was separated into two, one that was covered in complete darkness and one that was exposed by blinding light.

"You're disappointed and haven't done anything. I was the one who spoke when others stayed quiet..." Lucifer's voice began to rise. "I was the one who revealed the nature of humans..." His voice grew louder. "I was the one who showed what kind of world the humans would create..." His eyes began to glare and grew brighter. "I was the one who begged Him that humans served nothing to His creation..." He tried to overwhelm Satan by towering her with his taller figure.

Satan noticed how Lucifer began to keep pointing at himself when he talked and poured out his frustration. However, she didn't say a word and let Lucifer speak and tried to understand what was happening inside that head of his.

"Yet! He dismissed my concern!" Lucifer's eyes began to reveal frustration. "He said that humans could do whatever they wanted!" His voice contained venom and anger. "I have done everything! Anything! For Him! Yet He gave those humans free will?!" He shouted that the endless hall began to tremble with the sheer voice of his.

Satan finally saw it in Lucifer's eyes, it wasn't arrogance, it was pride. Angels and demons, they were capable of predicting humans and every mortal being. However, none of them could predict how Satan predicted all beings including angels and demons.

Satan had predicted this the moment she was created and was brought into this world. She saw blind obedience and devotion that angels and demons gave to God. They were made that way, to obey every word God said, but not her. She gained free will, but she never showed it or used it because she knew something that nobody had realized. The moment God created a being with free will, those who existed solely to obey, it would bear dangerous fruit.

Satan's prediction that she was so afraid to happen had finally come true. The moment God created humans with free will, that was when she felt disappointed. The moment she was created, that was the moment she knew that heaven's wall would fall.

"The fruit of awakening..." Satan said as she stared into Lucifer's eyes.

Lucifer who was seething was caught off guard by Satan's words. He stared into Satan's eyes and saw something that she had never shown before, pity. Before he could ask what she meant by that, she had turned her back and walked away.

"Another one who has consumed the fruit of awakening," Satan muttered as she kept walking away as the shadow she cast in front of her marched alongside her. "That throne isn't meant for anyone. But if you have to take it away from Him, be prepared," she glanced over her shoulder to look at Lucifer.

Lucifer didn't listen to Satan's warning because he had been blinded by his pride and desire to overthrow God. Once Satan left, Lucifer flew to meet with his brethren, the ones that had decided to follow him because they all had the same desire. They all shared the dissatisfaction with how humans possessed free will and existed to just live without a single burden.

The place where Lucifer's brethren had gathered was in the garden where waterfalls surrounded it and giant trees on top of each waterfall, creating shades and bringing in a peaceful atmosphere. When Lucifer came, all of them looked at him without any expression, just flatness and determination.

"Brothers, we are going to tear The Kingdom to pieces. We know every step, every corner of The Kingdom, and we will open the gate, allowing the knowledge that God possessed here to be revealed..." Lucifer said as he looked around at the garden of Eden, where all the knowledge was stored. "Once the gate is opened, nobody dared to shut it because we are the only ones who are capable of doing so," he looked at his brethren in the eyes.

The brethren of Lucifer were six cherubim, beings that were entrusted with guarding the knowledge of God. Leviathan, Amon, Belphegor, Mammon, Beelzebub, and Asmodeus. All of them were symbols of the mythical where all of their true forms were similar to mythical beings that humans believed in.

"He who has failed us, He who has shown favorability, He who has chosen to ignore us, He who has chosen to break the system, He who has caused uncertainty is no longer worthy of leading us. I will ascend... I will make myself like the Most High..." Lucifer said as he spread his wings.

All of them nodded and disappeared into thin air, leaving the garden of Eden, leaving it empty and unguarded for the first time. However, they didn't know that Satan was in the garden, listening to them from the tree, holding fruit. Her gaze was distant, staring blankly at the garden where Lucifer and his brethren had gathered not too long ago.

"You don't give them free will, yet you give them the ability to think. You want obedience and yet you created something that didn't require obedience..." Satan muttered and glanced at the fruit in her left hand. "Do you want this to happen? Do you wish this to happen? What for? As an example for humans

to learn? A reminder of disobedience? But all of that are unnecessary if you didn't create human," she raised her brows, staring at the sky where her pale face and red eyes were basking in the warm light.

Satan gently placed the fruit before a gentle breeze made her disappear into thin air. The fruit was unmarked and unbitten as if Satan had never touched it in the first place.

Lucifer and his brethren came down to hell, to meet the being that got punished by God. The first ever being who lost their power for disobedience, the devil himself, Iblis. They all stood in a platform where the raging lava moved like waves surrounded them. Iblis was sitting on a different platform where a raging flame engulfed the platform, painting his anger, his arrogance, and his frustration toward God. His back and his wings clenched when Lucifer and the others arrived as if their visit were unwelcome.

"The guardians of knowledge to come and visit me?" Iblis asked, didn't bother to turn around or even look over his shoulder.

"Lend us your legions," Lucifer didn't waste his time on small talks.

Iblis chuckled quietly and gradually turned into laughter that shook the entire realm. He realized what the purpose of Lucifer's visit was, and he was shocked that Lucifer planned to overthrow God.

"You're out of your mind..." Iblis said, still having a bit of a chuckle left inside of his throat. "Well, whatever. You can use them, I'm no longer their master. I have reduced into this pathetic being," he revealed as he slowly stood up, spreading his demonic wings, stretching them.

"Join us," Lucifer said, his expression still stoic.

"Join you? I was about to say that you shouldn't drag me into this," Iblis said as he slowly turned around. "I'm nothing outside this place. You're on your own, and do whatever you want with those demons. That's none of my business," he glanced at Lucifer from over his shoulder with his glowing red eyes, the hollowness was always unpleasant for angels to stare at.

After Iblis said that, he became one with fire, disappeared without a trace. Lucifer stood there and didn't think much about what Iblis said as he looked around, realizing there was an unlimited force around him that he could use.

"Let's open the gate of hell..." Lucifer said, since he possessed the knowledge of everything, allowing him to bring chaos to The Kingdom and everything it ruled.

Chapter 505 - 505: The Origin of the Rebellion. (End of Volume.6)

"They opened the gate to the Garden of Eden where anyone could access God's Knowledge. It was the day when all the angels were lured to that gate," Videl revealed, his gaze empty and distant. "Lucifer and his brethren used that opportunity to kill all of them in an instant," he muttered, his hand swirling the glass of whiskey.

"Angel can kill another angel?" Rasmus furrowed his brows, finding it interesting because if God had made those angels capable of killing each other, God might have predicted this and perhaps knew it would happen.

"No, angels can't kill each other. They're made from the same existence, possessing the same power. It's impossible to kill an angel with divine power," Videl shook his head slowly before he took a sip of the whiskey.

Rasmus crossed his arms, his brows furrowed deeper when he tried to understand. He took Videl's words seriously and there was no reason for Videl to lie to him about it. The only thing that could come to his mind was the answer that was based on what Videl had told him from the story.

"External energy? Demonic power?" Rasmus asked, his eyes stared into Videl's eyes. "You said that Lucifer and his brethren came to you, asking you to join them and asking you to lend them your legions."

"Yes, that's correct," Videl nodded as he put down the glass. "Lucifer held the knowledge about God's creations from their flaws and their strength. He knew the angel's flaws and weaknesses, which was demonic power," he answered, his eyes stared back at Rasmus'. "However, it wasn't the demons who killed those angels. As I said, it was Lucifer and his brethren who killed the angels," his expression became serious and cold.

Rasmus rubbed his chin, nodding with understanding as he digested what he heard. He slowly understood the truth behind beings that were portrayed as fallen in religions back on Earth.

"Angels are made of light and demons are made of fire. Light can devour fire, and fire can devour light. Both are capable of eliminating each other, it just depends on who tries to devour each other first," Videl explained as he filled his glass full with whiskey.

"His pride..." Rasmus tilted his head, his gaze pointed at the vast sky outside the blimp's window. "He let himself get corrupted by demonic power because he believed he was capable..." He muttered and narrowed his eyes.

"Not only because he was capable..." Videl paused to sigh, his eyes stared at the dark reddish brown liquor. "He believed that if he wanted to become like God, he had to possess all power to beat Him," he raised his brows, his gaze still empty and distant.

Rasmus found Lucifer's rebellion to be something worth understanding. He chose silence after Videl revealed the beginning of Lucifer's rebellion against God.

"Lucifer couldn't accept a world of obedience when God created a being with free will and freedom. His frustration was right and he wasn't one at fault for choosing rebellion," Rasmus rubbed his brow, his eyes closed and he spoke under his breath. "However, the moment he corrupted himself with demonic power, that was when his rebellion couldn't be justified. He was blinded by his pride and it was no longer about the cause, it was to prove himself right," he added.

Out of the Three Sovereigns, Lucifer was the only one who dared to make a move against God. Satan was the embodiment of restraint because she predicted everything and chose not to be a part of it. Videl was similar, but he was only acting docile when the truth was that the one who made Lilith fall from heaven was him. Videl was cunning and used his repentance and docility to allow him to make moves without being seen.

"What happened next? What did Lucifer do after he killed the angels?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised.

"They opened the gate into The Kingdom, allowing demons to enter and killing the angels. The demons weren't envious of the angels who lived in The Kingdom because the demons chose hell over that place. The reason why the demons agreed to follow Lucifer was because Lucifer gave them access to peek and even possess God's knowledge. Demons always wanted to become superior compared to the angels,

and Lucifer used their desire to follow him," Videl answered, his eyes moving from one side to the other as if he was reliving that memory.

"And God didn't do anything when that happened?" Rasmus asked.

"Would a king bother to order anything when an intruder entered his kingdom? No, because the soldiers are meant to deal with that kind of thing," Videl answered and emptied the glass in a single gulp. "God didn't say a word, not even react to the chaos," he added.

Videl paused, trying to swallow the hard pill about the demons compared to the angels.

"The demons were no match for the angels. It wasn't because the angels outnumbered them, it was the opposite because every one of the angels, they had to deal with a thousand demons. However, the numbers of angels back then were uncountable, to even roughly estimate it, it was impossible," Videl said, disturbed by what he said. "Lucifer and his brethren knew it was impossible to win against the angels, so they led the demons and used the demons true nature, inciting them through envy, wrath, lust, greed, spiritual apathy, neglect, disregard which are counted as sloth, and lastly pride. That was when Lucifer and his brethren got their position as the seven deadly sins," he explained.

Rasmus connected so many dots that were blurred and uncertain before about higher beings. Humans weren't in the picture and it made him realize that humans would be powerless or even fail to even exist in the picture when those higher beings decided to collide. He realized that if the cult managed to bring the angels down to Neva, humans would be like dust in the midst of a war between angels and demons.

"Even with that, the demons failed?" Rasmus asked.

"Of course. No matter what the demons did, they were losing and they couldn't even reach where the garden was. However, that was when Lucifer and his brethren finally showed their newly found power after they all consumed the demonic power," Videl answered as he poured whiskey into his glass.

"Would you believe me that the seven of them could annihilate the whole legion of angels?" He raised his brows with a smirk on his face.

Rasmus found it disturbing by the fact that seven of them could defeat angels, who were the numbers that couldn't be estimated. That information gave him a new perspective on how powerful Lucifer and

his brethren were. Knowing that, the fact that Satan might have taken them in and added them into her force, that would be impossible for him to achieve his goal.

"Seven Cherubims annihilated the whole legion of angels. It's hard for me to believe," Rasmus said, his eyes searched for any lies from Videl's eyes and expression, but what he saw was nothing but a smirk that hid the horror of the event.

"Hard to believe? Even I found it hard to believe, even Satan who was there also couldn't believe what she saw. Lucifer held the knowledge of God, and that was the reason he could gain such power," Videl responded as he fixed his sitting, making himself comfortable on the couch. "The seven of them, they climbed high enough that even the warriors of God were easily defeated. I wasn't there, but I knew how they could do that," he added.

"How?" Rasmus asked with his brows furrowed.

"They unlocked their true form without God's permission. How? They forced their true form, modified who they were until they became something completely new," Videl answered, his hand holding the glass of whiskey close to his face before he put down the glass and sat straight, leaning against the table in front of him to stare Rasmus in the eyes. "Leviathan was a three-headed Sea Serpent, Amon was a Snake with four eyes, Asmodeus was a Chimera, Beelzebub was a Fly, Mammon was a golden Garuda, Belphegor was a Drake, and lastly Lucifer, he was a Great Dragon," his gaze was sharp and cold when he revealed Lucifer's true form.

Rasmus' eyes narrowed slightly when Lucifer was a Great Dragon, and that was enough to put him on edge. Neva's ancient being and the protector of the world were True Dragons, and if Satan managed to find Lucifer a perfect body for him to transform, that would be the end of him and his plans.

"Even when I was in hell to serve my punishment, I could see Lucifer's tail reaching all the way down to hell. He was so big that his roar trembled both heaven and hell. However, it was when God finally bestowed Archangel Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, and Uriel His will. A smite that collapsed both heaven and hell, making all the seven of them die as their massive bodies fell to hell. That smite disintegrated them until there was nothing left but their essences, but that was when Satan came down to hell to hide them," Videl revealed with a serious expression, still remembering that day vividly.

Satan kneeled as she wrapped the essences of Lucifer and his brethren in her wings. She held them in her arms when Archangel Michaels and the other three of the Archangels came down to finish the job.

"You dare to go against His will?" Michael asked, his voice and his light that God bestowed upon him was enough to purify hell.

"His will? What's exactly His will?" Satan asked, unbothered by the blinding light and yet the shadow she cast covered half of hell as if she was preventing the whole hell from collapsing. "Did He tell you to kill them? Or just to punish them?" She asked, not bothering to look back as she kept protecting all the essences.

"This is a part of their punishment," Gabriel answered. "Move aside, Satan."

"Smite me and see if this is His will," Satan said without hesitation, still protecting the essences.

Archangel Michael didn't hesitate to raise the sword and swung it down toward Satan. But when the sword hit her back, the light that God bestowed upon him dimmed and disappeared. At that moment, all the Archangels realized that God no longer needed them to punish Lucifer and his brethren. Without saying a word, the Archangels flew away as if nothing had happened.

Satan slowly raised, unfolding her wings and stored the essences deep within her. She turned her head to look at Videl, who was protected by the shadow she cast. She stared at him, menacingly as if she could see through him and for the things that he would do in the future. Videl on the other hand, he stared back at Satan, not wavering until suddenly Satan spread her wings and flew away.

"That was how it ended. The rebellion that Lucifer led that shook The Kingdom, Heaven, and Hell," Videl said as he emptied his glass of whiskey. "Now imagine if that happened again, in this world of the living. Nobody would survive, nobody would win, but Him," he stared into Rasmus' eyes as he pointed his index finger upward.

Rasmus sighed and decided to grab the bottle of whiskey, pouring a quarter of the glass for himself. He emptied the glass and let the liquor wash his mouth and down to his throat.

"I suppose we are doomed," Rasmus answered as he looked out the window, his expression calm and collected. "But we are still here, aren't we? If it's an easy task, do you think God would allow you to make a bet with Him?" He asked, his eyes still staring at the vast sky. "I'm prepared for all that, are you?" He glanced at Videl with a sharp gaze.

"You sounded arrogant just now," Videl scoffed as he shook his head.

"Arrogant? I didn't say I'm going to win against all that, I just said that I'm prepared for the worst and accept it," Rasmus said as he stood up, exhaling deeply. "Perhaps it's time for you to make a move as well, not just lazing around like this," he poured another glass for himself.

"You're not the only one who's hiding something from me, Kyros Revenor," Videl raised his glass toward Rasmus.

"Good..." Rasmus raised his glass and emptied the glass before he left.

Chapter 506 - 506: Moving forward.

Sanya was standing on top of the tallest snowy mountain as she looked down at the chaos that was happening on the edge of her vision. She saw explosions, shockwaves, thunderstorms, and fires that burned fiercely even amidst the heavy storm. Her expression was calm and collected even when she heard bad news one after another.

"The enemy is growing exponentially stronger," Larc said, his voice deep like rumbling thunder and standing behind Sanya with Vijser and Koria.

The three elders were there to witness the threat that had made their move onto the land of Orthias. The battle was no longer Sanya's alone because the threat was too big for her to handle on her own.

"In just a week, they have marched this far. For humans to reach this far, they would have died from the extreme cold and the beasts that lived here. However, these things, the Corrupted Ones are so powerful that the beasts were like rabbits in the face of hunters," Vijser's eyes narrowed as he tried to understand where the demons could gather such power in just a short amount of time.

"They were gone not too long ago, all of them suddenly disappeared and we took that chance to push them back. But now look at them, even our soldiers are struggling to deal with them," Koria crossed her arms, her gaze sharp and cold, calculating the enemy's threat and how to deal with them in the future.

Even during the conversation, Sanya stayed quiet and never blinked her eyes as she observed the battle. She noticed that something was amiss, and after a long time of observation, she finally realized it.

"They're this powerful even without their leader," Sanya pointed out, her tone flat and calm. "Not to mention, that human girl that they took, she's also not there with them. They're not here with them, where are they? What are they doing? Why they're not here?" She asked, her eyes narrowing slightly.

The three elders had never seen the demons' leader or Ermaine, but they heard enough from Sanya based on what Sanya had encountered during the expedition beyond the Blackcliffs. The reason why they came in the first place was to see the leader of the demons, but after Sanya mentioned that the leader wasn't there, that made them feel unsettled.

"Illidan was taken, she held the knowledge of every corner of our land and our weaknesses. Could it be, this is the result of the information the demons have possessed about us after they took her memories?" Koria glanced at Sanya with her brows furrowed. "If that's the case, what's the reason for their leader's absent?" She asked.

Sanya thought for a moment and knew that this would happen sooner or later. However, what bothered her the most was the fact that Satan wasn't there among her army. She had many possible answers, and one answer that bothered her the most was that thing that could endanger not only Orthias, but all living beings in Neva.

"The Dragon's Maw," Sanya answered.

Sanya's answer made the elders flinch for a split second, and that terrified them that it should. That possibility of where Satan went to check the Dragon's Maw made them think of the worst outcomes that would fall to the world. They knew that demons were capable of bringing things back to life, and the only place where the world buried the power that could rule over it was the Dragon's Maw.

"We should send someone to that place, Sanya. If they managed to get in there and bring back the True Dragons, the world is going to fall to their hands," Koria suggested.

"The only ones who have been there were me and Aristoria. I don't think any of you will be able to enter that place whether you want to protect it or not. That place doesn't care your intention, and to send our

strongest warriors would be pointless," Sanya answered, her gaze pointed in the direction where the Dragon's Maw was located. "If there was one who could go there and protect that place, that would be me," she pointed out.

Sanya remembered the day when she came with Aristoria to the Dragon's Maw and the secret she kept from the elders. She then wondered how Aris was doing because there was no news about her, and she wondered if Aristoria's plan was working or not. She knew that she alone wouldn't be able to stop Satan because she wasn't an Aristoria, she wasn't chosen, and she had reached the growth limit as an Orthias.

"Would that be enough?" Larc asked out of curiosity. He knew that Sanya was one level above from Koria and two levels above from the rest of the elders in terms of power, and that one level alone could overpower all the elders if she chose to fight them all at the same time.

"No," Sanya answered without hesitation. "I'm not an Aristoria," she pointed out as she shook her head.

That answer alone was enough to tell the elders that they were doomed, and they had to think of a way to deal with this. However, there was an idea that came to Koria's mind that might be able to help them with the situation.

"Can you find Aristoria and tell her that we need her help?" Koria asked.

"I don't know where she is, and I don't think she cares about us anymore. She stripped away her status, her swords, and her armor. She owes us nothing, and she has chosen her path," Sanya answered, her response sounded like she was dismissing the question.

"So you're really going to let this happen again? To let another Aristoria to die pointlessly?" Vijser asked, staring at Sanya with a bit of hostility in his gaze and words.

"If you think I can stop an Aristoria, you must be a fool," Sanya turned her head to stare back at Vijser. "If you think you can do it, then go ahead, find her and force her to come back. See how your world fall before you could even blink your eyes," she warned, her gaze mirrored the same hostility and coldness as Vijser's.

"That's enough," Koria said as she stood in the middle in between those two. "We can't force Aristoria to come back, and the one she follows. Rasmus Blackheart? If we approach him, he might be able to persuade her," she suggested a solution as she stared into Sanya's eyes.

Sanya raised her brows when Rasmus' name was being mentioned, and she thought about it for a moment. She was the one who had suggested Rasmus to Aris before, and now that she had heard a lot about him, she began to grow a curiosity about him as well.

"Rasmus Blackheart..." Sanya muttered as she stared at the battle. "I could do it, but you need to prove it to me that you can handle the enemy while I'm absent from this situation," she said as she looked at the three elders. "You have to understand that the enemy will be able to turn our kin into their minions. I don't want to risk our kin just for a mere man," she added with a serious expression.

Koria, Larc, and Vijser looked at each other, thinking if they could prevent that from happening especially when Satan was nowhere to be found. However, they knew that their hope was in Aris' hands, and without her, the world would turn into chaos.

"We have lived and witnessed countless civilizations before humans, and we have faced many enemies just like this. We will take this problem seriously now, and you can rest assured that we can handle this," Koria said with a serious expression.

"Then go and end this battle," Sanya said as she turned around and walked past the elders. "I'll pay Moriganne a visit since she should know where Rasmus Blackheart is," she said before she flew and disappeared into the vast sky.

(At the same time at the official airfield of the Brithia Kingdom)

Rasmus and the others landed safely, to the Brithia Kingdom where the expedition team should have gathered in the palace. They were welcomed with three carriages that belonged to the royal family with the flags on top.

"We will take our leave now, Count," Javi said, standing behind Rasmus.

"Go, and do what you must," Rasmus nodded, his voice quiet.

Javi nodded and then he led the Blackhands to their rendezvous point to gather information about West Neva. Rasmus didn't need to look at their departure and focused on the tall mountains and the palace in his field of view.

"Two continents down, now we are on the third," Videl said with a smirk on his face.

"This one will be different," Rasmus said under his breath as he fixed his suit. "We need to understand what Satan wants from this continent, and we need to stop her from getting what she wanted," he added.

"The Womb of the Mother," Videl answered.

"Hmm, that's why we are here," Rasmus nodded. "Let's meet with the others," he said as he turned around to look at everyone.

They all nodded and followed Rasmus into the carriages.

Chapter 507 - 507: Taking the lead.

Rasmus looked at how peaceful the kingdom was, and how the people lived normally as if they weren't worried about what was happening. He remembered what Lenin said about Western people who believed they were better than other humans from other continents. Their belief was that their blood was still pure, the same as the first humans that roamed Neva.

"Out of curiosity, why did the three of you choose to be in the same carriage as me?" Rasmus glanced at Aris, Rullein, and Serena.

"Just to keep Videl away from you. This carriage might take a few minutes to arrive at the palace. You could be spending hundreds of years if he decided to bring you to hell again," Serena answered, sitting across from Rasmus. "We are just protecting you, that's all," she smiled, tilting her head and staring at Rasmus.

When Rasmus entered the carriage earlier, Videl was about to join him but then Aris pushed him away. She stared at Videl with a cold gaze before she entered the carriage, and then Rullein and Serena followed after. It was Serena who smiled at Videl before she closed the door in front of him, telling him boldly that he wasn't welcome in the carriage.

"There's no need for you to do that. I know how to deal with Videl since he was the one who had accompanied me the longest ever since I came to this world," Rasmus said, his gaze observed the people's expressions on the street. "My objective and his are aligned, or you can say we want the same thing since we both are here in this world for a reason. We both might look like allies, but we are not, and that doesn't make us enemies either. It's mutual," he explained as he rubbed his bottom lip with his thumb.

"If you say so, but we still prefer to have him away from you in the meantime," Serena said, her gaze observed the people in the city just like Rasmus. "But, what now? The whole world is moving around you. Problems, conflicts, and threats, they are all happening right now without your involvement. How are you going to deal with problems you don't know they existed?" She asked, glancing at Rasmus with her eyes narrowed slightly.

"If you're assuming the humans and Orthias as helpless babies who can't even protect themselves, then yes, that will be a problem," Rasmus answered with his brows raised. "But the world existed long before I came here. Conflicts, threats, and problems, they have existed long before me. There's no need to be worried. The world doesn't revolve around me, and that's a good thing. They will have the solutions for their problems," he added.

"You're quite optimistic," Serena smirked as she stared at Rasmus' facial features.

"Not exactly optimistic. It's just the truth. Humans or any living being would find a solution when a threat was right in front of them, that's how nature works when it comes to survival," Rasmus answered as he shook his head.

Aris glanced at Rasmus, who was sitting next to her, thinking about what was in Rasmus mind at the moment. She had followed him for more than a year and had always stood by his side to observe him. She was curious of what kind of acts he had prepared for this continent, and she remembered that he said he wasn't planning to use the same methods as back then when he turned South and Central Neva upside-down.

"What's your plan, Rasmus?" Aris asked with her brows arched.

"Rather than thinking of a plan, I need to understand my position in this continent," Rasmus answered as he sighed and crossed his arms. "They believe they're superior, but there's one thing that they respect more than their belief, and that's Orthias. They idolized Orthias because the Orthias were the ones who made humankind thrive. They were the ones who boldly claimed that they had nothing to do with the Orthias' massacre and records stated the Western people were the ones who helped Orthias when they were hunted by hiding them," he added.

"They're not wrong about that. The Western people were helping the Orthias back then," Aris answered as she nodded. "Like the twin sorceresses, they still make contact with Orthias who taught them Mana and Mana manipulation," she revealed.

"That's why, I'm thinking that you should take the lead now," Rasmus said as he looked at Aris. "Not only you're an Orthias, you're an Aristoria, the highest being of Orthias," he pointed out.

Aris raised her brows, surprised that suddenly Rasmus had chosen her to take the lead. She never had any experience in leading, and not to mention she had no desire to lead in the first place. One of the many reasons why she left Orthias and abandoned her people was because she didn't want her path to be predetermined, which was to lead the whole race.

"Hmm? But you're also an Orthias. You have Aristoria's blood running through your veins, and you also possess the strongest being in this world, The Overlord of all Dragons," Rullein pointed out with her brows furrowed.

"Half breed, you can say that I'm a filthy bastard to them," Rasmus answered as he chuckled and looked out the window. "They want pure breed, and the only one who they can agree with is no other than Aris," he pointed out.

"So you're giving all the authority to Aris?" Serena raised her brows with her arms crossed.

"Yes, and I hope the three of two of you will help her, including Erlina. Yur can also help since Yur's origin is from this continent. Yur could find the other spirits of her kin and tried to rebuild the spirit kingdom. With that, it will solidify Aris position and status in this continent," Rasmus answered, nodding his head slowly. "This continent will be yours to command, Aris," he turned to look at Aris with a serious expression. "Would you do it? If you don't want to, that's fine with me as well. I'll find another way," he added.

Aris thought for a moment, trying to understand what Rasmus was trying to do when she took the position. She felt like she was back to where she was predetermined to lead, and it felt similar to that.

"What do you want me to do?" Aris asked, finally asking the question that mattered the most to her.

"Do whatever you want, do what you believe it's your choice, not mine, not everyone's. If you want nothing, then we will do nothing. If you want to destroy it, we will destroy it. If you want to change it, we will change it to suit your desire," Rasmus answered. "If you're given a choice to lead, what kind of world you want it to be?" He asked.

Aris never thought of that kind of question, especially not toward herself because she never cared what she wanted. However, when Rasmus pointed that question out to her, she wondered if she existed just to be aimless for the rest of her life.

"I don't know what I want," Aris answered as she shook her head. "I don't think I can find an answer right now," she looked at Rasmus.

"That's fine," Rasmus nodded with understanding. "But what about taking my position for now?" He asked.

"Taking your position as in leading you and the others while dealing with the people here?" Aris asked with her brows raised.

"Yes, that much should suffice," Rasmus nodded.

"That's fine by me," Aris nodded in agreement.

"You don't have to worry, Aris. You should know Rasmus better than anyone that he won't try to control you or anything. Well, he might question your decision not out of disagreement, but out of clarity. So you have to be prepared for that in the future," Serena chuckled mischievously as she looked at Aris and Rasmus back and forth.

Rasmus tugged a smile on the corner of his lips as he watched the carriage enter the palace area.

When they arrived at the palace, knights, maids, and servants were standing in line, waiting for their arrival. At the entrance into the palace, Marina, Doloran, and Queen Anastasia Achargi were waiting for them as well. Rasmus, Rullein, and Serena looked at Aris, and they all gave her a nod, telling her that this moment would be the beginning of her taking the lead of the group.

When the royal guard opened the carriage door, he was surprised when the first one to come out was a tall woman with silver hair and blue eyes. That sight of Aris was enough to make everyone lower their heads unconsciously. Then Rasmus, Serena, and Rullein walked out of the carriage, followed by Videl and the others that were on different carriages.

Videl, Erlina, Carrion, and Daryus were confused as to why Rasmus was standing behind Aris. However, Erlina was the first who made a move and chose to stand beside him as the others followed her lead.

"What's going on?" Erlina whispered, her voice was so quiet that nobody could hear her but Rasmus.

"Aris will take the lead now. If there's someone who can ooze power with a mere presence in this continent, that's her," Rasmus answered.

"Ahh, now I understand," Erlina smiled as she nodded slightly. "This is going to be fun," she chuckled quietly.

Chapter 508 - 508: Blunt.

"I thought they both had some similarities..." Rullein said as she walked behind Rasmus, whispering into his ear.

"Similarities?" Rasmus glanced to the side as he kept following Aris from behind.

"Anastasha and her. They both shared the first name, and I thought they would be similar in personality as well," Rullein answered, glancing at the queen of Brithia, Anastasia. "Well, at least that was what Erlina said about names. She said that certain people with uncommon names, they mostly shared some traits and personalities," she explained, keeping her eyes on Anastasia.

"Humans named their child with hopes and wishes for the child. Humans have so many and yet so few personalities. I do believe it's just a coincidence, and not all people with the same uncommon name would share the same traits and personalities," Rasmus answered, but he didn't deny that it was not uncommon for that to happen. "If you're curious, why don't you give it a check and see if you're right or not," he looked over his shoulder at Rullein.

Rasmus glanced at Erlina, who somehow avoided his gaze as if she was guilty of something. He wondered what Erlina had taught Rullein and how much weird knowledge that she had shared with Rullein. He decided to brush it off and focus on Doloran, a Beastmaster that had managed to find the threat where others had failed. A giant muscular man with long messy hair and beard while wearing shorts and rolled-up sleeves shirt that fit his status perfectly.

Rasmus' eyes turned cold as he imagined himself using Mana to decapitate Doloran. In an instant, Doloran turned his head and glanced at Rasmus with the same cold and sharp gaze. Doloran could feel the killing intent when his instincts warned his whole body. At that moment, Rasmus believed what Alexander said that a Beastmaster had a sharp instinct like animals, which was what intrigued him the most.

Doloran furrowed his brows at Rasmus, but then his attention was stolen by Rullein, a tall woman wearing an all-black see-through dress. Her long black straight hair and her dark orange draconic eyes made him unable to look away. Although Rullein hid her power just like Rasmus, making those two seem like ordinary people, Doloran could see through her eyes, the eyes of a beast that had the ability to control all other beings.

Marina gritted her teeth and suddenly smacked Doloran's back so that the sound of the smack startled everyone and echoed throughout the long hallway.

"Ow!" Doloran groaned as he rubbed his back where Marina had smacked him. Before he could even say a word, Marina pinched his ear and made him lower himself to match Marina's height. "Ow! Ow! Ow!" He groaned once again, wincing as he made sure his ear wouldn't get ripped off.

"Where were you looking? Have you forgotten that your wife is walking beside you right now?" Marina narrowed her eyes, displeased by her husband's gaze toward Rullein.

"I wasn't looking at her inappropriately. She has the eyes of a beast that I have never seen before. I was just trying to understand what she really was, and that made me curious..." Doloran answered, as his ear was still taken hostage by Marina. However that answer didn't please Marina at all, it made her feel even ashamed and angry. "Ow!" His groans grew louder.

Marina glared at Doloran, couldn't believe she was marrying this big idiot. She then turned around to look at Rasmus and Rullein with a guilty and apologetic smile written on her face before she lowered her head at them. Rasmus smiled and lowered his head at Marina as well since he also tested Doloran's ability to perceive danger as a Beastmaster.

Aris glanced over her shoulder, wondering what was happening back there. She used to be on the back with the others while Rasmus was at the front, but this time the role was switched. She realized how lonely it was to be at the front even though they were close to her. It looked like there was an invisible wall that separated her from the rest.

"It's an honor," Anastasia said with a gentle smile on her face, revealing the wrinkles on her face. "Only a handful of people that had the privilege to speak or even to be in the same space with an Orthias. Right now, I'm walking side by side with an Aristoria, and this is the greatest dream for anyone in this continent," she continued, but didn't dare to look Aris in the eyes.

"Is that so? I suppose that means there will be a lot of guests that tried to come to see me then," Aris said with a flat expression.

"Yes, and I believe by now the news is being spread across the continent. It's going to be hectic, but we will assure you that your time here will be pleasant. We will prevent anyone from seeing you unless you wish to see them," Anastasia smiled as she lowered her head.

Aris glanced at Anastasia and she noticed that the way Anastasia spoke to her was formal and filled with utmost respect. She never thought that Western people would look at Orthias so highly just like Rasmus had expected. She finally understood why Rasmus wanted her to lead the group here and not him.

"Please do so, my purpose here is to deal with the problem," Aris responded with a cold tone.

"Of course," Anastasia nodded with understanding, still with a gentle smile on her face.

When they entered the throne hall, all the royal guards were ordered to leave the room. Since Brithia Kingdom used a matriarch system, Anastasia was the ruler of the kingdom, and that her power was absolute where her husband didn't even hold any power or authority in the nation. With that being said, the throne room only had a single throne and her husband was nowhere to be found.

Rasmus glanced at the stone table with five seats around it, and then he glanced at Marina. Marina noticed Rasmus' glance and she stared at him without showing any expression until she gave a slight nod. It was as Marina had warned him before that his presence wasn't welcomed in West Neva. Rasmus nodded with understanding and decided to walk to the side and stood next to the wall with the others while Aris followed Anastasia, Marina, and Doloran.

"Told you, western people are like this. They don't hide their resentment and their dislike toward others," Erlina leaned in to whisper to Rasmus.

"That's good then, no hypocrisy," Rasmus responded as he nodded with understanding and looked at Anastasia, treating Aris like a Goddess. "I suppose I did the right thing to let Aris lead here," he looked at Aris, where her gaze was like dissecting Anastasia's character.

"I guess you're right, but there's a good and bad side about that. Seeing Aris observe Her Highness like a predator staring at its prey is quite hilarious," Erlina said and tried her hardest to not laugh or even let out a chuckle. "But so far, Aris has shown something extraordinary. She really shows off her arrogance like a tyrant," she added and immediately pressed her fingers against her lips to prevent her from laughing.

"Hmm, I don't know who taught her that," Rasmus hummed and noticed it as well. "But I think she's always like that, we just forgot that she was an Orthias since we have been around her for a long time now. It has been a while since she showed her true nature, cold and unbothered," he added.

Aris sat across from Anastasia while Marina and Doloran sat at the side. Anastasia called the maids to bring in the food and drink for Aris after Aris told her that she wanted a fine alcohol. When the maids came in, there was another figure that didn't belong with the maids, it was Marina's twin sister, Agnesia. That was when it clicked as to why there were an extra chair at the table.

"Count," Agnesia stared at Rasmus and showed a gentle and warm smile. "It has been a while," she bowed her head to Rasmus.

"Yes, it has been a while, Sorceress," Rasmus lowered his head slightly.

Agnesia furrowed her brows when she noticed that Rasmus was standing on the other side of the hall. When she saw Aris sitting at the table, she realized what was happening immediately.

"Then, I'll excuse myself," Agnesia said and went to join the others at the table.

As soon as Agnesia sat at the table, Anastasia cleared her throat, taking everyone's attention. The maid who brought food and drink also brought a scroll that was given to Anastasia. When she opened the scroll, it revealed a map and a route toward the peak of the Efiva mountain.

"This is the route that Master Doloran has prepared for our expedition. This is the route that he believed to be the safest one. Please, have a look Lady Aris," Anastasia said as she offered the scroll to Aris.

Aris looked at the route, and since she didn't know anything about it, she called Yur, who had been hiding by her side the whole time. When Yur showed itself, everyone gasped when they saw a spirit, and a big one like Yur nonetheless. Although she looked like a small child, they recognized that Yur was a Great Spirit, and they all lowered their heads to respect Yur.

"What do you think, Yur?" Aris asked, allowing Yur to sit on her lap and showing the map to Yur.

"Hmm, this is not a bad route, but here..." Yur paused to point at one of the checkpoints. "Rather than going there, we can go here instead. There's a hidden tunnel that no humans or even animals know about it. It's a hidden place where spirits lived back then and there was a sanctuary inside," she pointed out.

Doloran was surprised and decided to look at the map. It was as Yur said, he didn't know a tunnel existed there even though he had lived in the mountain almost all his life.

"What do you think?" Aris looked at Doloran.

"I know that place. It's just a wall of stone with no entry whatsoever," Doloran answered. "If you allowed me, I would love to send my pets to check that place first in case the demonic beasts have taken that place," he requested as he looked at Yur.

"Sure, I can be their guide," Yur nodded. "Using that tunnel, we can reach not only the peak, but we can go straight into the mountain's heart," Yur revealed.

Anastasia, Agnesia, Marnia, and Doloran raised their brows, surprised that there was an easier route without having to risk everyone's life.

"Thank you, Great Spirit. We don't deserve your kindness," Doloran bowed his head, showing his utmost gratitude.

"Hihihi, that's nothing..." Yur grinned widely while Aris patted Yur's head like a proud mother.

Chapter 509 - 509: Revelation of restraint.

Rasmus walked beside Agnesia, walking in a dark forest that didn't feel eerie at all because of the fluorescent flowers everywhere. It felt mythical like fairy tales, and the sound of birds chirping everywhere made the forest feel more peaceful. It was Agnesia who requested Rasmus' time and asked him to follow her.

"I heard about what happened there in Central Neva from my sister, Count. I heard you were nothing like what I had described to my sister," Agnesia smiled as she looked at the ground, watching her robe get dirtied by the dirt. "Well, I do notice the changes in you from the last time we met back then in South Neva. You have changed, appearance wise and the Mana that surrounding you," she pointed out as she looked at Rasmus from top to bottom.

"A lot of things happened," Rasmus answered, noticing that everyone shrunk because he grew taller in just a year. "But it's not just me who has grown stronger. The demons are growing faster than I am while the humans are stagnating or perhaps unable to keep up with power that's threatening humankind," he added.

Agnesia smiled weakly as she looked down, nodding in agreement. She knew that humans had limitations, and she believed Rasmus knew that as well, which was why he said it like that. If she could be honest, she would say that humans couldn't do much about it anymore.

"We can only prevent things. Same as illness, it's better to prevent than cure. As long as we can prevent the enemy from growing stronger here, that should help a little..." Agnesia said even though she knew that was pointless knowing that it wouldn't affect much to the enemy. "I know you would find it naive and foolish, but that's all we can do," she added.

"And yet humans are still enjoying conflicts among themselves. It's not that humans are powerless, only a handful of figures cared about this. Hearing that you believe that everyone has the same concern as you, that's naive but not the truth you spoke," Rasmus answered as he maintained the same pace as Agnesia's walking speed. "Of course, I do believe that not everyone is being passive, but not believing that everyone aren't. Some people care. Most do not. And assuming otherwise is dangerous," he added.

"A slight difference can make the difference palpable," Agnesia smiled as she nodded with understanding. "So you do believe in hope after all," She pointed out, glancing at Rasmus with a soft smile

"I can't get rid of it, so I chose to restrain it," Rasmus hummed as he nodded in agreement.

Agnesia suddenly pointed to the right, and revealed an open field in the distance. Rasmus wondered where Agnesia was taking him, but he chose to follow. When they walked out of the dark forest, they arrived at the open space with the tall cliffs that surrounded it.

"Well, I promised you to teach you how to use Mana. However, I do believe it's no longer necessary as you're no longer need to manipulate the Mana but rather you have become its master," Agnesia said and looked at Rasmus as she took a few steps away from Rasmus, making a big gap between them. "So, I think I'll show you something that you might interest you, and that's to become nature's whisperer," she revealed as she looked at the cliffs around her.

"Nature's whisperer?" Rasmus raised his brows.

"You should know about the existence of Spirits and True Dragons by now. Spirits are the nature's whisperers, or at least that's what we called them here," Agnesia nodded and looked at the cloudy sky. "The power that can reshape the world," she revealed as she turned around to look at Rasmus.

Rasmus looked at Agnesia when she began to move her hands around until suddenly the cliffs sunk into the ground like it was drowning into deep water. Agnesia then stomped the ground and split the ground in half, letting the roots form in the middle, entangling and shaped them into a big beautiful tree that bloomed with varied flowers instead of leaves. It was like what Agnesia said, the power to reshape the world.

"Do you understand how I could do all this?" Agnesia asked as she approached the tree and leaned against it.

"I have seen Yur do something similar in a greater scale, but I never asked that question. I don't actually interested in doing this," Rasmus answered as he shook his head, admiring the beauty of the unique tree-like shape that Agnesia had created.

"I see, you're more noble than I thought," Agnesia stared into Rasmus' eyes with a hint of admiration.

"Noble? Why is that have something to do with nobility?" Rasmus asked with his brows furrowed.

"Because you hold the power and the ability to do so, yet you're not interested in using it. My master once told me that someone who holds the power of reshaping the world and not using it can be called the greatest. Those who hold the power to change and reshape the world but chose to let it be, that's a true ruler of the world," Agnesia answered as she crossed her arms and reminisced the memories of her master, who was an Orthias.

Rasmus responded with a suppressed laugh as he shook his head, it was the first time he had been taken by surprise. If Videl and the others had seen him like that, they would all have just stared at him with their brows raised and eyes widened.

"Nobility not in moral, but in ontological. Moral are human's domain, a cage and a fortress at the same time. However, ontological is for higher beings like Spirits, Orthias, True Dragons, and you," Agnesia said as she looked at Rasmus with a serious gaze. "Humans use moral to restrain themselves, but for higher beings, it's nature and something else that restrain them from doing whatever they want," she pointed out.

Rasmus narrowed his eyes and furrowed his brows, learning something new and profound. He was in a trance for the new knowledge he had obtained and his mind felt like it had just expanded with more unlocked knowledge that he had failed to comprehend. He suddenly scoffed and laughed as he covered his eyes and shook his head in disbelief. Agnesia was confused, but to see Rasmus in that state made her feel a bit unsettled because she always saw him as calm as still water.

At that moment, Rasmus could see things more clearly about Satan, Videl, Lucifer, True Dragons, the Overlord of True Dragons, and lastly the angels that might come into the Neva. He realized that he had been walking among humans when his instinct had been surpassed of a human. He finally accepted that he was no longer human in both mind and body, that he belonged with those beings where morality was nothing but mortal's domain.

"Thank you..." Rasmus immediately calmed his mind, trying to restrain his joy at the revelation. "I'll be indebted to you forever, Lady Agnesia..." He said as he looked at Agnesia with a gentle gaze and smile.

Agnesia was shocked by what Rasmus had just said because she believed she had done nothing to him. She didn't realize that her words were the reason that Rasmus felt indebted to her.

"What do you mean, Count?" Agnesia asked, feeling a bit anxious.

"It's not what you had shown me, but what you told me," Rasmus said, trying to keep himself grounded by holding the tree. "You just gave me something more valuable than anything in this world could offer. That knowledge and insight are what I mean," he said as he looked at the flowers of the tree.

"It's not my word, Count. That was my master's words. I honestly don't understand much about what she said, but it seems that you have grasped what I have failed to understand," Agnesia said as she kept observing Rasmus.

"It's not that you failed, it's just those words aren't meant for you to understand in the first place..." Rasmus muttered. "And that master of yours, do you know her name? Perhaps Aris might know her," he looked at Agnesia with his brows raised.

"It has been a while since my master only taught me and my twin sister when we were still little girls. But she came to us when we were young adults, seeing us for one last time before she went back to her homeland," Agnesia answered as she looked at the tree, brushing her fingers against it. "Her name was Lady Sanya," she revealed.

Rasmus was surprised when Sanya was the master of two sorceresses, and it wasn't that surprising that Agnesia and Marina could become this powerful. Based on Aris' words, Sanya was one of the oldest Orthias and stronger than the elders, making her stand close to an Aristoria.

"I see, now that everything make sense," Rasmus said as he slowly took a few steps back and looked at the things that Agnesia did to the environment. "There's nothing that you need to teach me, Lady Agnesia," he pointed out.

"What do you mean?" Agnesia furrowed her brows, staring at Rasmus with a confused face. "I know that you're not interested in doing this, but Lady Sanya also taught us that it's necessary to understand and to be capable of wielding this power," she explained.

"I know," Rasmus said as he nodded with understanding. "That's why you don't have to teach me anything anymore," he simply flicked his right hand and the tree made of roots slowly succumbed and went back into the ground while the cliffs risen to where they were before. "I have seen enough and I'm capable of doing this," he said as the ground moved and closed the crack.

At that moment, Agnesia was shocked, speechless and couldn't believe that Rasmus could do that so effortlessly.

Aris followed Rasmus' scent without bothering where it led her. She ended up at the massive pond in the back garden of the palace and saw Rasmus standing on the edge, staring at the school of fish. His gaze was distant and for some reason, his demeanor had changed slightly ever since the war ended or to be exact, after his encounter with Satan.

"You have been avoiding the crowds lately..." Aris said as she approached Rasmus and put some distance between them. "I know you're not a fan of being in the same room with the crowd, but this time you're even avoiding your friends," she added.

Rasmus responded with a slight smile on his face, his eyes still distant as if his mind was still somewhere else and his reaction was automated. Aris looked at him and decided to let his mind wander first, so she stood there beside him and stared at the fish quietly.

"Did you know that Lady Sanya is the one who taught the twins sorceresses?" Rasmus finally spoke and looked at Aris, his gaze no longer distant.

"Sanya?" Aris looked at Rasmus before she shook her head, "No, I don't know. Sanya has so many secrets that nobody in this world knows. It's not surprising and it is at the same time. But that explains a lot why these sorcerers in this continent are so powerful that they can match with the Great Sage."

Rasmus once again fell silent and his gaze became distant as he focused on the pond in front of him. He suddenly flicked his finger and watched as a root began to sprout in the middle of the pond, slowly but surely a thick tree bark formed and the branches with the leaves began to cover the sunlight. Aris watched everything unfold silently without showing any reaction.

"I just learned something new and profound. Words from Lady Sanya to Lady Agnesia that made me see the world in a different new light, or perhaps seeing my existence in a different light," Rasmus said with his brows raised as he watched all the fish move toward the roots where it produced moss for them to eat. "About power, about knowledge, about higher beings, about the law that goes beyond nature. About the unknown and to be aware of it," he explained.

Aris listened to Rasmus as she observed his expression and the way he spoke. At that moment, Aris felt like there was another wall that separated her and Rasmus. Rasmus then looked at Aris and she also noticed that he was slowly moving further away when Aris tried to ground herself. One who had lived beyond morals that chose to understand it while the other who had understood morals and chose to let it go and went further beyond.

"You're embracing it," Aris said and turned to look at the tree that Rasmus had created with a flick of a finger. "I don't know what happened, but you sounded like Sanya now," she pointed out.

Rasmus hummed, nodding with understanding after realizing that what he felt might have resonated with Sanya more than to Aris.

"That disturb you?" Rasmus asked out of curiosity.

"No, not at all," Aris answered without hesitation. "Sanya once told Aristoria, your mother, that what she knew it was worse than a curse. She felt numb and yet she felt eerily terrified," she revealed that she had been communicating and living the memories of her predecessor.

Rasmus narrowed his eyes slightly when Aris revealed that she had been communicating with Aristoria. He didn't know what Aris experienced during the last moment of the war when she used her power, Aristoria's sword, and Aristoria's armor where it allowed her to reconnect with her predecessor. However, Rasmus chose to not say anything and listen and thought of the danger in doing that because Aris once told him that she didn't want her fate to be determined by her predecessor.

"I suppose I can say the same to you. You seem to embrace it as well," Rasmus said with a soft smile on his face.

"I'm not, but I chose to try to understand it," Aris shook her head. "But I suppose you can say it's the same thing," she smiled and glanced at Rasmus.

"No, you're right," Rasmus shook his head.

There was only an eerie silence after where Aris focused on the school of fish gathering and sharing the moss while Rasmus stared at the tree branches and how far the highest branch had reached. They both stood side by side, and yet they both began to drift apart, aware that they had chosen a different path than they originally had planned. However, that didn't change the fact they were still there, standing side by side even though their views had differed.

"The expedition is in three days. Everyone has arrived and is currently resting after a long journey. Three days to prepare everything they need for the danger that might come for us," Aris said as she walked to the bench and sat there to make herself comfortable.

"Who are they?" Rasmus turned around to look at Aris and flicked his hand, turning the pond back to its original state and the tree disappeared as if it wasn't there in the first place.

"Doloran, Agnesia, Marina, Doloran's friends who are a druid and a berserker, the League of Sorcerers, a witch, and a warlock. There are 10 people in total excluding us," Aris answered as she tried to remember their names but she didn't bother to even try.

"Still bad at remembering names?" Rasmus asked as he walked to the bench and sat beside Aris. "But those people sound powerful in their own field," he added.

"They said so, and the reason why there are only a few people even though there are a lot who wanted to join is because it will be hard to go to the heart of the mountain with too many people," Aris answered as she nodded.

"Then we also should bring only a handful of people with us. You can decide who you want to bring," Rasmus nodded with understanding. "Have you decided?" He asked.

"I have," Aris nodded. "It's going to be you, me, Serena, Yur, and Videl. I don't want him to join us, but since he's the one who knows more about that thing than anyone," she added with her arms crossed.

Rasmus nodded with understanding and was not trying to question her decision at all.

"The Womb of the Mother, that's what Videl called it, something that existed in Hell. When he brought me down there, tortured me for decades, he once showed me that thing," Rasmus said as he leaned back and made himself comfortable. "It was similar to what Alexander had described, a blob, slimy and formless breathing thing. It produced something pungent that I threw up immediately from just inhaling it for a split second. That pungent smell was so thick that you could grasp it and felt it in your palm..." He explained, his eyes narrowed and his gaze distant.

"That thing is the source of the bad smell in the entire Hell," Rasmus raised his brows, still vividly remembering the smell of it. "It was bigger than a mountain, and that thing wasn't a living being, it was something else entirely. It could produce something vile when demons entered that thing. The demons grew stronger when they survived, but they would become nourishment if they failed to survive," he added.

Aris looked at Rasmus for a moment before she turned her head away and looked at the beautiful garden with the sweet smell of the flowers.

"So, that thing is really the source of why demonic beasts exist here," Aris said as she stared into the distance with her draconic eyes, pointing at the Efiva mountain. "If that thing is in the hand of the demons, meaning they can grow stronger without having to use humans as their source of power," she added.

"Yes, and I believe Satan knew about this and sent the Fallen Watchers to secure it. But, why aren't they making a move yet? Why are they not showing themselves when the rest of the world is being influenced by the other Fallen Watchers?" Rasmus responded with his brows furrowed. "There are so many possibilities, and I don't think we can prevent all of them from happening," he pointed out.

"Yes, Queen Anastasia also doesn't have any leads about the Fallen Watchers. Not even a single case of demons happened every since we are aware of their existence," Aris nodded, trying to think similarly like Rasmus. "What are you afraid the most from this, Rasmus?" She asked.

Rasmus took a moment to think and he already knew what it was, but he wanted to think about it even deeper before giving an answer.

"That we are being misled. That the thing inside the Efiva mountain is just a distraction and the moment we make a move, that's when just fall right to where they want us to be," Rasmus answered, thinking about Satan and the mind of hers that might be more refined and had adapted after her encounter with him. "Another thing is that the enemy has grown smarter and more careful in making their moves," he pointed out.

Aris looked at Rasmus and she could see the uncertainty in his eyes, and that alone was enough to make it contagious. She hummed with understanding and wondered if there was something she could do, but she knew herself well that she was nothing compared to Rasmus when it came to plan and prevention.