

Evil 521

Chapter 521 - 521: Not a tempter, not a seducer.

Serena tried to use her power to prevent her from falling into the pit of the abyss. However, she was deeply shocked when her power disappeared and felt a fear that she had long forgotten. She looked at Satan, standing on the edge of the pit and staring down at her with an unreadable expression.

The deeper she fell, the darker it became until she couldn't see the surface anymore. A small dot of light way above her, realizing that the pit was so deep that she might die the moment she reached the bottom of it.

The demonic energy and the darkness felt like hands that pulled her deeper and deeper. The hands groped her body from her hair down to her toes, a familiar and unpleasant feeling that she didn't want to remember as Lilith.

She panicked, but she couldn't do anything other than let the tears float as soon as they left her eyes. She closed her eyes, not wanting to know how deep she had reached and how much time had left before she reached the bottom. However, when she was ready to accept her death, two hands grabbed her back that stopped her from falling even deeper.

When she opened her eyes, she saw nothing but a glowing bright purple pair of eyes. It was Satan because she had seen those eyes many times when she was in the Kingdom of God. She never found Satan dangerous or if Satan ever showed any hostility toward her.

"What? You think I wanted to kill you?" Satan asked, her voice was gentle and echoed throughout the pit. "I was testing. But it seems you don't even consider praying to God at a moment like this," she added.

Serena was still petrified because she was on the brink of death, knowing that she was about to die. She didn't listen to Satan's words at all, she was still trying to grasp if Satan was real or if everything was real.

"This reminds you when He condemned you to hell, doesn't it? I remember that face when you were falling into hell," Satan said, her eyes narrowed like it was the eyes that spoke because they were the only thing visible in the complete darkness.

When Satan reminded Serena or Lilith of what had happened to her, it made her look at Satan's eyes. She still didn't know if her situation was real or not, but she knew it was pointless to ask or think about it.

"What do you want from me?" Serena asked in a trembling voice.

Satan stared into Serena's eyes, showing her vulnerability to Satan. Satan then glanced down at the depths of the abyss before she descended even deeper. She could feel how Serena gripped on Satan's arms like a lifeline, not wanting to go deeper but she was powerless.

The moment Satan touched the bottom of the abyss with her foot, she could feel the immense and invasive demonic energy around her. She had created a barrier around her, protecting Serena from demonic energy the moment she decided to descend.

"What I want? I just want to have a talk, to catch up on what has been happening to you ever since you escaped hell," Satan answered, still carrying Serena in her arms. "I'm interested in how Iblis managed to convince you, knowing that you might make He condemn you even more," she stared into Serena's eyes.

Serena gritted her teeth before she pushed Satan away from her. She fell to the ground and immediately got exposed by the demonic energy that had tried to corrupt her. She felt the coldest cold and how it felt like it tried to rip her back apart so the energy could possess her body.

Her guttural scream as she crawled from the heavy atmosphere and the pain she felt. Unpleasant memories flash through her mind, the feeling of the demons she gave birth to, eating her and ripping her body apart as they came out of her body. That feeling was the same as what she felt at this moment.

Satan only stood there, watching as Serena screamed and filled the abyss with her pain and nightmare. She didn't try to help because she already did but Serena chose to reject it. However, she was curious as to why Serena didn't want to go back inside the barrier and crawled even further away from her.

Serena's body felt like it was wrapped in something corrosive and cold. The more she screamed and was in pain, the more the demonic energy invaded her body. She wanted to stand up, but she couldn't feel her limbs and she didn't know if she was already standing or not.

Satan glanced around, still couldn't believe a place like this existed in the world of the living. She knew the abyss wasn't a world of the living anymore, it was beyond it.

"The separation..." Satan muttered to herself, realizing where she was.

Satan ignored Serena's screams as she walked around and removed the barrier. She felt the demonic energy invade her body before she purified it. She didn't feed on it, she didn't welcome them, and she didn't wish for it, but she took it.

The more Satan took the demonic energy, the less Serena suffered from it. It only took a few minutes until the demonic energy was completely consumed. Serena could finally breathe, but her body trembled from the unpleasant experience and memories. She couldn't hide the quiet sob and how warm the tears fell down to her chin.

"You walked away when I had no ill intention. You chose to relive those memories rather than the safety I provided," Satan said as she stood in front of Serena.

"You pushed me into this place..." Serena's voice was barely above a whisper. "I wouldn't be here if it wasn't because of you. You sealed the power inside me," she slowly lifted her head and glared at the glowing purple eyes that were colder than the abyss.

"I did, but I wasn't harming you in any way," Satan responded as she offered her hand to Serena. "My words are the truth."

Serena never knew how infuriating Satan was, and out of spite, she smacked Satan's hand away. She slowly got up even though her legs weren't ready to support her body.

"All of you are the same, giving me a desire to rely on. I have learned my lesson when Videl convinced me to disobey God's command. You act because you want me to fall for your scheme," Serena said, her voice still trembled but it was from anger and hatred that overwhelmed her powerlessness.

"With that knowledge, you should have taken advantage of it and rejected my scheme if there was any. Yet, you didn't," Satan responded.

"I'm not a fool, you could easily make me bend my knees in front of you if I reject or refuse," Serena raised her voice as she clenched her fists and jaw, glaring at Satan without any hint of fear.

"I could, and I could even do it now as well. But I didn't. Wouldn't that make your assumption wrong?" Satan asked as she tilted her head, staring back into Serena's eyes. "I'm here purely to see you, nothing else," her eyes and how they stared and talked to Serena were unsettling.

"I refuse," Serena answered without hesitation. "Now leave!"

Satan hummed as she slowly closed her eyes, making Serena see nothing but complete darkness in the abyss. There was nothing but silence after, and Serena couldn't tell if Satan was still there or not because she could sense anything. However, Serena felt the warmth inside her and realized she had regained her power.

Without thinking twice, Serena released a divine energy to light up the darkness. It was when she realized that Satan had disappeared, but something else had stolen her attention. She could see the traces of black gooey substance on the ground around here, and she also saw the lump that belonged to the Womb of the Mother.

"This place... no..." Serena muttered to herself as she released more divine energy to light the whole area. "No..." She couldn't believe it but she realized that Satan might have taken something from this place while she was suffering from her nightmares.

Serena was so shocked that she almost forgot about Doloran and the others on the surface. She knew Satan could take them or even kill them. She immediately used her divine power to create wings of light and flew out of the pit as fast as she could.

She knew that the chance of them being alive was close to none. However, when she reached the surface and flew up a bit higher, she saw Doloran and the others were still asleep. She landed next to them and immediately checked their pulses and their souls. She was shocked that they looked normal as if Satan had never touched them. At that moment, she remembered what Videl had taught her about Satan.

"Tell me something about her," Serena approached Videl, who was enjoying a bottle of whiskey in his room.

"Who? Satan?" Videl glanced at Serena. "Why? Do you ask? Is it because of Rasmus who has been isolating himself in his room?" He asked.

"Tell me, what kind of being she is. I want to know," Serena repeated her question. "Why does everyone follow her knowing God will make the rest of their lives filled with punishment?"

"Imagine you're standing on the edge of the cliff, ready to take your own life. Then you hear whispers, to tell you what will happen if you jump and the consequences. The whispers then tell you that you can try again, but again they will tell you what happens if you walk away from the cliff to keep on living, and the consequences," Videl answered as he stared at the empty half bottle in his hand.

"What are you trying to say?" Serena asked, her eyes narrowed and her brows furrowed.

"Some will walk away and are ready to accept the consequences. They all might feel the same pain or even worse, and the same or even worse failures. Some? They will jump off by their own will, knowing everything. Those whispers? That's what Satan is, showing the remaining truth that's incomplete," Videl answered and took a sip of the whiskey.

Videl stood up and suddenly shattered the bottle of whiskey in his hand. He looked frustrated because he knew Satan too well, and the fact she managed to get too close to Rasmus and said something that could cause Rasmus to have doubts.

"That bastard needs to stop isolating himself..." Videl muttered to himself. "Satan's isn't a tempter or seducer. She's God accuser for a reason..." He spoke as he clenched his jaw from frustration.

Serena snapped back to the present and noticed Rasmus and the other's presence. She slowly sat down beside Doloran and the others who were still asleep.

"What exactly do you want..." Serena sighed, still couldn't believe everything that had happened earlier.

Chapter 522 - 522: Confrontation.

"Demonic beasts are approaching! Run! Save yourself!" The gatekeeper shouted his lungs out as he rang the bell as hard as he could.

"Men! ready your weapons and protect the city wall!" The city guard captain pulled out his sword and shield as he stared at dozens of demonic beasts.

Every city in East Neva had thick and tall walls because of the demonic beasts. It was the first thing they had to build for at least a thousand years. That wasn't the only thing they had anticipated for such threats, they had created unique artillery weapons that were specifically built against demonic beasts.

"Ready the great ballista!" The city guard captain raised his sword, signaling the engineers. "Use the armor eater!" He ordered, his eyes showed fear when he saw the wyrms and drakes.

They had never seen those big and tall demonic beasts before. The ones they had dealt with were way smaller, not even half of a drake size. They didn't know if the weapons could stop them altogether, but they had no choice because they had sworn and wanted to protect the people from demonic beasts.

The great ballista was three times bigger and more robust compared to the normal ballista. The ammunition that it used was also made of pure steel. It could pierce through a 10 meter thick wall easily, and they believed it should be enough to deal with wyrms and drakes.

"Fire!" The city guard captain pointed his sword at the demonic beasts that were getting closer to the city wall.

Dozens of great ballistas and trebuchets behind the wall released their might. When the sharp, thick, and long steel rods reached the bodies of the demonic beasts, only half of them pierced through the scales. The giant boulders were enough to make some of the demonic beasts stop their advance when they got hit.

The guards thought they had hope, but reality made them realize that they weren't against normal beasts but demonic beasts. The ones that got pierced by the steel rods, slowly pushed the rods off of

their bodies from their rapid regeneration. The ones that got squashed by the boulders also came back up as their broken bones had healed completely.

"Fi—fire! Keep firing!" The city guard captain shouted, but it was obvious that he had been overwhelmed by fear.

Unfortunately for the guards, the time it took for them to reload their sieges was longer than the time it needed for the demonic beasts to reach the city wall. It didn't take a while before the city wall crumbled and screams were heard from it.

The city wasn't big, but it wasn't a small one either. It only took the demonic beasts to destroy the city, flattening it and killing everyone. Nobody survived the night, not even a single soul managed to escape the city. It was one of the many cities that were being attacked by demonic beasts.

One after another disaster hit the Western Neva as hard as what the North, the South, and Central Neva had experienced. The night wasn't long before the sun rose, but the swarm of demonic beasts managed to take down dozens of cities and three nations in just a few hours.

The morning came, and the sunlight forced Doloran and the others to wake up from their unwanted slumber. They were hazy at first until suddenly all of them jolted after they realized what had happened before they fell unconscious.

They looked around and their legs became weak again when they saw the flattened land as far as their eyes could reach. They looked at Serena and the others, but they noticed that Aris and Rasmus weren't there with them.

"Where is Count Blackheart and Lady Aris?" Agnesia looked at Serena and Videl. "What happened to the True Dragon? Where did it go?!" She asked, assuming that Rasmus and Aris were still fighting the True Dragon somewhere and she wanted to join them.

"Those two won't be coming back with us," Serena answered, her expression stiff and her gaze distant. "For the True Dragon, they defeated it already," her gaze fixed on the north.

They were all stunned when they heard the True Dragon had been defeated. There was no history or even a shred of possibility that any living being could kill a True Dragon. With this information, the world would be in an uproar when they found out that someone could defeat a True Dragon.

"(If they could defeat a True Dragon, wouldn't they be the greatest threat in this world?)" Doloran thought as he narrowed his eyes, staring at Videl and Serena.

"You should worry about the demonic beasts that managed to run away last night. You do realize it has been hours since then, and we couldn't leave you all behind knowing that your lives could be in danger," Serena said, finally turning her head to look at Doloran and the others. "The number of casualties increases the longer we waste our time here," she pointed out.

Everyone's faces became pale when they realized what was important to them. Without thinking twice, Agnesia, Marina, and the sorcerers flew away. If it wasn't for Doloran who could call horses, they would have walked for weeks to reach the nearest city.

At the same time, a sudden blizzard hit the frozen sea where the corpse of the True Dragon was slowly being covered by snow. Rasmus stood there, wondering how he ended up standing in between Aristoria and Sanya.

"Isn't this what you wanted?" Sanya asked, staring at Aris with an unreadable expression.

"I remember I never said that this is what I wanted," Aris answered, mirroring Sanya's expression.

Rasmus noticed how both of them were trying to dominate each other. He knew that Aristoria was powerful and he had witnessed her power when she could easily defeat the True Dragon. What intrigued him was the fact Sanya, an Orthias and not an Aristoria who tried to dominate Aristoria. He wondered how strong Sanya was that she had the courage to do such a thing to Aristoria.

He didn't fail to notice that Sanya knew about Aristoria's plan to take over Aris' body. If he could assume, it seemed that Sanya had sacrificed something for this plan because he could see the disappointment in Sanya's voice.

"(Were they always like this?)" Rasmus telepathically asked Rullein, who was standing behind him since she didn't want to be a part of it as well.

"(I don't know. They were in a similar relationship like you and Videl. I can't explain it, but they were similar to that)" Rullein answered as she glanced at Aristoria and Sanya. "(Do you think they're going to fight?)" She asked.

Rasmus didn't know the answer, so he chose to stay quiet and let everything unfold in front of him.

"So it wasn't the plan?" Sanya asked, tilting her head slightly as her eyes stared directly into Aristoria's eyes. "I remembered that you were preparing this moment so you could anticipate what's about to come," she narrowed her eyes slightly, like a predator that tried to see the next move of her prey before she decided to pounce on them.

"I did, but I never said that I wanted to replace her life with mine," Aristoria answered.

Sanya hummed and then she glanced at the True Dragon's corpse before Aristoria suddenly moved to the side, blocking Sanya's vision. Sanya stared at Aristoria again, but this time she saw a glimpse of annoyance.

"What are you going to do with it? I don't think you want Aris to consume that," Sanya said with her arms crossed, but then she glanced at Rasmus and raised her brows slightly, "Or perhaps you're planning to let your child feed on it?"

"I killed it, so it's up to me what I'm going to do with it," Aristoria answered without hesitation. "What I know for sure, I won't let you have it. You already have something to play with," she said with a cold gaze.

Sanya was taken aback when Aristoria mentioned something that she thought Aristoria wouldn't know. That was when Sanya put on a soft smile that didn't reach her eyes.

"How did you know? But I also believe that's none of your business. You have your plan to anticipate the future threat, so I also have my own plan," Sanya answered and slowly took a few steps forward, closing

the distance between her and Aristoria. "You should understand that we have the same goal to achieve," he added as she kept closing the distance.

"No, I don't think we are," Aristoria shook her head and suddenly raised her sword and swung it around. "I know what you're trying to do, Sanya. I don't need to tell you stay away from Aris and Rasmus, right?" Her voice and eyes grew even colder, showing a bit of killing intent.

Rasmus didn't know what was going on, but he knew that it wouldn't end well because none of them were backing off.

"Make me," Sanya smirked as a blue energy coated around her body that looked like a stream of water.

Chapter 523 - 523: Mirror to each other.

Aristoria was about to make a move when suddenly Rasmus stepped forward, standing in between the two. Rasmus stared at Sanya and it was the first time he could see nothing but secrets in her eyes. It looked like he was staring at himself in the mirror, and that was enough to tell that Sanya wasn't someone he should approach.

"My child?" Aristoria asked, her voice was gentle when she looked at Rasmus with a confused look and didn't hesitate to lower her sword.

Sanya was waiting for Rasmus to say something or even show any reaction when he stood right in front of her. However, she didn't expect to see him turn away from her and show his back. She suppressed a smile, showing a tiny tug on the corner of her lips. She was intrigued that Rasmus purposely avoided her and showed a disinterest in her since he knew that she was dangerous.

"You have to keep your promise to Aris," Rasmus said as he stared into Aristoria's eyes. "You have taken care of the True Dragon, it's time for you to give her body back," he pointed out, his expression neutral, not cold and not gentle.

Aristoria smiled gently at Rasmus, and was finally seeing her own child had grown mature and capable. She didn't hesitate to place her hand on his cheek as if he was a precious and fragile thing. On the other

hand, Rasmus didn't flinch, and somehow the real Rasmus felt calm and comfortable from that gentle caress.

"I can't..." Aristoria muttered, staring at Rasmus' face since he was trying to carve the face of her child into her memory. "I would, but because she's here, I can't leave, not now," she explained as she shook her head before her gaze turned cold when she glanced at Sanya.

"Even if she's not here, what are we going to do with the corpse? It won't change anything," Rasmus responded as he tried to observe Aristoria's expression. He was unsettled that an Aristoria like her could be so gentle and caring like a human would, and Aris was nothing like her.

"Your child is precisely right, Aris..." Sanya said, but her expression was still flat and stoic. "The body is just a corpse. I also have no idea what to do with it if it's in my possession," she pointed out.

Both Aristoria and Rasmus knew it was a lie or at least half the truth. Aristoria was about to open her mouth when suddenly Rasmus turned around to face Sanya. The moment Sanya saw Rasmus' eyes, she saw a completely different gaze, a mirror that stared back right at her.

"You may observe the corpse and take what you find interesting," Rasmus said as he stepped aside and dragged Aristoria along.

Sanya closed her eyes and smiled, nodding her head with understanding. She didn't say a word as she walked past Rasmus and Aristoria. She didn't mock Aristoria or even show any triumph for getting what she wanted.

"I won't take anything that you need," Sanya finally spoke as she stood on the edge of the massive crater in front of her. "I respect an old friend's wishes," she glanced over her shoulder at Aristoria with a gentle smile that suddenly the atmosphere became lighter in an instant.

Rasmus glanced at Aristoria, and that expressionless with Aris' face, it was uncanny that they were two different people. He wondered if Aristoria had grown softer the moment she abandoned her own people and chose to live the rest of her life with humans. He still couldn't believe that his father, a human could make an Aristoria his wife.

Aristoria and Rasmus thought that Sanya would take something from the True Dragon's body, but they were wrong. Sanya used Mana to grab the tumors that corrupted the True Dragon, the Womb of the Mother that brought the True Dragon back to life.

Sanya stood there as she observed the Womb of the Mother that was floating in front of her. A tumor that acted like a parasite on the True Dragon's body that was so big that it was as big as a mansion. She narrowed her eyes, couldn't believe what she saw because it was the first time she had seen anything like it. She didn't like what she saw, not when she found out how corrupted that slimy thing was, and how it wasn't dead or alive.

"What is this thing?" Sanya asked as she turned around to look at Rasmus.

"That's what we want to know as well. You should be the one who knows about this since you're the oldest Orthias. I thought that you would know something," Rasmus didn't expect Sanya to strike up a conversation with him. "We know only a little about it," he added.

"Please, enlighten me," Sanya turned around and gave all her focus to Rasmus.

Rasmus didn't hesitate to reveal what he knew about the Womb of the Mother to Sanya. Sanya listened closely, judging every word he said as if she tried to see if he lied on what he said. However, when she listened long enough, she realized that Rasmus wasn't trying to hide anything because she could see in his eyes how much he wanted someone to bear the responsibility.

"I understand now," Sanya hummed as she nodded, slowly turning around to look at the Womb of the Mother. "And now the threat is gone?" She asked, glancing at Rasmus from over her shoulder.

"No, it's worse," Rasmus answered without hesitation.

After they defeated the True Dragon, Rasmus and the others came back to meet Serena. However, Serena revealed what had happened when they were away. They were shocked that Satan had come, using the opportunity to trace demonic energy from the True Dragon to the Efiva Mountain. Videl went

into the pit of the abyss to check, and it was as Serena had feared that the one that had corrupted the True Dragon was just a part of its main body.

"You're telling me, the leader of the demons managed to extract the main body of this thing?" Sanya tilted her head as she stared at Rasmus. "That's not a pleasant to hear," she hummed as she crossed her arms before her hand reached her chin to think.

Sanya glanced at the True Dragon's body and then back at the Womb of the Mother that was still breathing and beating. She slowly pointed her right hand at it and clenched her fist. In an instant, the massive Womb of the Mother got squeezed until it exploded and got purified by her Mana. She then looked at the tiny drop of a lump that wasn't purified on purpose. She walked toward it and used her fingers to pick it up.

"This thing is invasive..." Sanya muttered to herself. "I got what I needed," she said as she showed the tiny lump on the tip of her index finger. "I want to understand this thing is," she explained.

Sanya didn't bother to look back at the corpse of the True Dragon as she walked past Aristoria and Rasmus. When Rasmus thought it was over, Sanya slowly turned around and looked at both of them with a serious expression.

"Ah, I almost forgot. They're trying to enter the Dragon's Maw," Sanya said with a calm expression.

Rasmus, Aristoria, and Rullein flinched their eyes when they heard the worst kind of bad news. Rasmus realized all of his concerns came true, and he didn't like it at all because he couldn't stop it or neither had a solution to that. After what he heard about Lucifer, his brethren, and what happened in the Kingdom of God, he wasn't sure if they even had an upper hand even after they won two wars against Satan.

"If this thing can resurrect a True Dragon, then you must understand if they managed to bring this thing there, this world is doomed," Sanya said as she stared into Aristoria's eyes. "We need your help..." She paused as she looked at the three of them. "We really need your help," she repeated.

"The Orthias can't handle them?" Rasmus asked out of curiosity.

"Our hands are tied because they have become exponentially stronger. They're waging wars against us without hesitation. They know everything about us because they took one of us," Sanya answered with a serious expression.

"Illidan," Rasmus muttered. Aris and Rasmus knew that Illidan would become a threat and had anticipated this outcome. "Even if I wanted to, the enemy is still growing in East Neva and West Neva. No matter where I go, they will use that opportunity to make a move where I'm not there. I can't," he answered.

"I have heard enough to understand the situation on your part," Sanya nodded with understanding. "That's why, I have a request," she paused as she approached Rasmus. "Will you come when I ask you to?" She asked as she offered her right hand.

Rasmus looked at Sanya's hand and then looked at Aristoria from over his shoulder.

"She wants to create a connection with you where she can directly speak to you no matter where you are," Aristoria explained.

Rasmus hummed and offered his hand to Sanya. Sanya grabbed Rasmus' hand and forced her Mana into his body like a stream of freezing cold water.

"I see myself in you," Sanya pulled her hand away from Rasmus' then turned around. "That's not a compliment, that's a warning," she glanced at Rasmus from over her shoulder before the thick mist covered her and disappeared.

Chapter 524 - 524: Souls.

Aristoria held Rasmus' hands tightly, she didn't even blink her eyes once for the past few minutes. She looked similar to when Rasmus relived the memory when she was holding him in her arms.

Kyros was an orphan and never knew anything about having a parent. He had experienced a lot of things ever since he was brought into this new world. A body that didn't belong to him but at the same time it was his in the first place. One soul with two different worlds and memories that often contradict each other.

"I hope this is a goodbye," Aristoria said with a smile on her face.

Rasmus furrowed his brows slightly when he heard what Aristoria had just said. Although, there was something that had been bothering him ever since he met her on the day he awakened his Orthias bloodline.

"Which one are you right now?" Rasmus asked before Aristoria could give Aris' body and consciousness back. "I have seen you a few times in different timelines. I can see the difference in each of those memories. What Aris met in the Void Realm, she wanted the opposite from what you just said earlier. Which one are you right now?"

Aristoria didn't expect Rasmus to understand and even saw it when Aris failed. As a mother, there was pride written in her eyes after Rasmus noticed who she was.

"You came when you were still a baby. You saw me when I met Rullein for the last time. You came that night when I bathed you. All of them are me, still the same as the one you're talking with right now," Aristoria answered, her grip on Rasmus' hands tightened. "I'm a fragment of myself that I left in this armor and blade. There are many fragments of mine, and they have slightly different opinions because we inherit her current feelings and emotions before she detached parts of her into objects," she explained in detail.

Rasmus tried to grasp the concept of Aristoria's ability to separate her soul into many fragments. Based on what Aristoria said, he concluded that one Aristoria didn't represent all of herself because they had different views on certain things. The one that Aris met in the Void Realm was the real Aristoria because that Aristoria was the main soul that followed its successor.

"I'm still myself with the same emotion and feeling until the day I died because I wore the armor until the end," Aristoria pointed out after she noticed that Rasmus wasn't convinced with her explanation. "However, beyond that point, I might have changed," she added.

Rasmus narrowed his eyes, not understanding soul splitting at all, but in his case, he might be the same as Aristoria. He lived as Kyros on Earth while at the same time he lived as Rasmus in Neva. The moment the most dominant soul took over the body, the other would be consumed by it.

"The dominant one will devour the fragments," Rasmus muttered with his arms crossed.

"No, we aren't devoured, we are whole again," Aristoria loosened up her grip on Rasmus' hands as she shook her head. "You're also the same, Rasmus. You're whatever you want to be. You can embrace Rasmus identity as a part of you or you can stay as Kyros. Either way, neither of them will complain because they're both you," she said as she stared into Rasmus' eyes.

Rasmus understood what Aristoria was trying to imply with those words she said. She wanted him to understand that no matter what, and for whatever truth of who he was, she would still think of him as her child, her only child.

"But what about you and Aris? She's different from my case or your case. She's conscious, she has her own life to live," Rasmus asked, his expression stoic but his words were judging.

"It depends on her, not me, not the other me, or the real me," Aristoria answered as she shook her head. "I can't take her life and her body unless she willingly gives herself away. Right now, she gave it away for you," she revealed.

Rasmus knew it all too well about choices, and he was a bit disappointed that Aris allowed Aristoria to take over her body even if it was momentarily. He knew it was her choice, but the only trust that he had toward someone was Aris. She betrayed herself and she betrayed his trust, that was what disappointed him.

"Is it really her choice or is it the choice is influenced by me?" Rasmus asked.

Aristoria only responded with a smile, letting the question rang back to Rasmus' ears.

"I have been here for too long, I should give this body back to Aris," Aristoria said as she let go of Rasmus' hands and then turned to look at Rullein. "You're also my child, Rullein," she offered her hands to Rullein.

Rullein approached Aristoria and held her hands when suddenly Aristoria pulled her closer. Rullein was surprised when Aristoria suddenly cupped her cheeks and smiled at her. Although it was Aris' face, the smile reminded Rullein of Aristoria, the same smile that Aristoria always showed.

"You have grown dangerously stronger. Did you keep your promise?" Aristoria asked with her brows raised.

"I am," Rullein hummed and nodded.

"You need to stay close to Rasmus. Protect him for me?" Aristoria's smile widened as she chuckled softly.

"I am," Rullein hummed and nodded again.

It was the first time that Rasmus had witnessed Rullein being extremely docile, and it was jarring to see. Compared to him, Aristoria and Rullein seemed to have a deeper bond and looked more like mother and daughter compared to him.

"The two of you... no, the three of you need to stay together no matter what," Aristoria said as she pulled her hands from Rullein's cheeks, taking a few steps back from Rullein to look at both of them. "I hope that this will be the last time we see each other," she said with a gentle gaze pointed at them.

"You really don't want to take over Aris' consciousness?" Rasmus asked one last question.

"No, I don't," Aristoria answered without hesitation. "But I can't speak for myself if you understand what I mean," she said as she looked at her hands. "I really have to go now, goodbye," she smiled and for one last time approached Rasmus and placed her hands on his cheeks. "Allow me to leave while I'm holding you for one last time..."

Rasmus watched Aristoria close her eyes and there was only silence for a few seconds until he felt Aris' hands tremble on his cheeks. When Aris opened her eyes, both Rasmus and Rullein could see the faint fear in her eyes. Although she had taken back her body from Aristoria, she didn't want to let go of Rasmus' face.

"Welcome back," Rullein said with a soft smile, no teasing and no playful remarks.

Aris was still avoiding Rasmus' gaze, but she finally decided to face his disappointment. When she saw his eyes, she felt like a lump went through her throat because she could see the invisible wall that formed in between them, or at least that was what she believed in. She then slowly pulled her hands away from him and took a few steps back.

"Don't project what you see or feel onto me," Rasmus paused as he glanced at the corpse of the True Dragon. "That's called guilt, it serves you nothing. Throw that away and you will see what you failed to see," he said as he walked past Aris to look at the corpse.

Aris furrowed her brows, not understanding what Rasmus meant, but somehow she felt relieved. Suddenly, Rullein grabbed Aris' hand and pulled her to follow Rasmus. The three of them stared at the colossal being, a creature that was almost as big as a mountain.

"What are we going to do with this?" Rasmus asked with his arms crossed. "Any ideas?" He asked.

It was as Sanya had said that nothing could devour a True Dragon, not even Rullein, Videl, Serena, Aris or him. The risk was too great that they would end up being absorbed instead, and it was the first time Videl refused to devour it because he was nowhere near the level where he could devour something that was close to or even the same as a divine being.

"We can, take the scales. They're the strongest material in this world. You can turn it into whatever you want it to be. Weapons, armors, or anything you desire because it can reshape to your will once it recognizes you as someone worthy," Aris answered as she clenched her fists.

"That's impossible and you know it," Rullein said as she looked at Aris.

"No, it's not impossible. I know a way to extract the scales but it's dangerous," Aris answered with confidence, and then turned to look at Rasmus. "I can do it, but that's if you trust me," she said quietly.

"You know the answer already," Rasmus responded and tilted his head slightly toward the True Dragon's corpse.

Aris nodded and she immediately slid down into the crater and somehow, she didn't realize she was smiling faintly.

Chapter 525 - 525: Elusive.

Aris stood next to the dragon's foot, staring at a scale that refused to freeze from the extreme cold. She took a deep breath as she gathered Mana from the air and rejuvenated her body after it took a huge toll from Aristoria's power. Once she had gathered enough Mana to stabilize her condition, she placed her hands on the dragon's scale on it.

The scale began to glow as if it responded to her energy and then more and more scales began to tremble when they got exposed to Aris' energy. Rasmus and Rullein watched Aristoria try to tame the scales, it was similar to what Aristoria did when she turned all kinds of energies into her own. It couldn't be denied anymore that Aristoria race was the closest being from True Dragons.

The giant scales suddenly got attracted and flew toward Aris as the scales shrunk into small scales. Aris immediately dashed away from the True Dragon's corpse as far as she could before the scales could reach her. Once she was far enough, she let the scales glued to her fingers, hands, arms, and body almost rapidly that she began to collapse from the heaviness of the scales. More and more scales flew toward her and buried by the scales. If it wasn't for Aristoria's armor, her whole body would turn into scales. When the scales began to stick onto her face, Rullein was getting worried and didn't know what to do to save her.

"I'm fine!" Aristoria shouted as she grunted when the scales tried to suck all her energy.

Rasmus and Rullein watched as the scales on Aris' face invaded her skin and went under it. The scales acted like something from science fiction in Rasmus eyes when the scales merged and became one with the armor like nanotechnology. They could see the pain, a pain that was nothing like how humans felt pain. She began to scream and crawled on the ice, her fingers scraping the thick ice underneath her like it was water because she did it so effortlessly.

Aris grunted as she suddenly burst out her glowing bright blue energy and made the scale that had become one with her skin and armor to be pushed off of her. The scales slowly fell to the ground one by one, making loud thud sounds, showing how heavy each one of them was. She managed to push them all off of her as she slowly stood up and almost collapsed again.

"There we have them..." Aris said weakly as she rubbed her face because of the lingering pain. "If you store them in the spatial ring, it might attach on to some of the items you have there. Need an empty one to assure that these won't attach to anything else," she added.

"Your spatial ring, transfer it all into mine," Rasmus said as he approached Aris and offered his right hand to her.

Aris held Rasmus' hand and let the two spatial rings touch. She then released all the items from her spatial rings while Rasmus opened the spatial ring with his Mana, allowing the items to flow into his ring. After she transferred everything, she then hovered over the thousands of scales into the spatial ring, storing them without a problem.

The three of them looked at Aris' ring and they could see the intensity of the ring where it drained her Mana. Fortunately, she was capable of taming the scales inside the ring, and she could feel the scales were reacting to spatial space and shifted their sizes rapidly because it reacted to her Mana but couldn't attach to her.

"That's barely a hundredth of the total scales on that corpse..." Rasmus said with his brows furrowed. "I don't think you can handle more than what you got," he added, and there was a glimpse of thought where he wanted to try it himself.

"I can't," Aris shook her head, knowing that she had reached her limit. "I might be able to grab more, but not in my current condition," she added.

"Then what do we do with this corpse? Too big to hide it, too big to move it," Rasmus asked as he tried to think of something that could prevent Satan and her followers from taking this to their advantage.

"Bury it deeper?" Rullein suggested as she looked at Aris and Rasmus. "We are in the middle of nowhere, and this location is closer to Orthias land than Satan and her followers. Wouldn't it be better if the Orthias took care of this?" She added.

"If Videl can't even absorb this power, I don't think none of them can," Aris answered as she looked at Rasmus, hoping that he could find a solution to this.

Rasmus thought about it for a moment even though he knew that he was running out of time because the swarm of Demonic Beast must have taken a few cities and perhaps a nation by now. He then decided to bury it deeper as Rullein had suggested by simply swiping his hand to the side. The True Dragon's body slowly began to sink into the crater while at the same time the ice began to form around the body, preserving and hiding it from plain sight.

Once the body was deep under the sea that it could no longer be visible with the naked eye, Rasmus filled the crater with ice, making it clean as if nothing had happened there. Although the corpse was deep under the frozen sea, they could faintly sense the greatness of the True Dragon's energy.

"We are done here..." Rasmus said, his eyes still fixed on the ground. "Let's head back now and regroup with Videl and the others," he turned to look at Aris and Rullein.

They both nodded in agreement. Aris flew away as fast as she could while Rasmus was wrapped in Rullein's black smoke before he and Rullein disappeared into thin air. The three of them arrived in the nearest town and found it had been trampled and in ruin.

"No survivors, just pieces of body parts..." Rullein said after she released her energy that covered the whole town.

"Let's find the others. I can sense Serena's divine power not far from here," Aris said as she landed after she checked the surrounding area for Serena or Yur's energy.

"I can feel traces of their presence as well," Rasmus nodded and immediately Rullein's black smoke wrapped his body again and disappeared without a trace.

After the three of them flew for quite a while, they finally saw the terrain ahead of them move like it was having a heavy avalanche. The ground moved to the side as a tall wall formed on its end before it toppled down and rolled the ground like cloth, squeezing all the Demonic Beasts. But even with such destructive power, some of them managed to escape and continued on a rampage, going toward the villages and towns ahead of them.

The only ones that Rasmus saw were Agnesia, Marina, and the three Sorcerers. There was no sign of Doloran, Serena, Yur, or even Videl, making him think about where they had gone. He then noticed the traces of Serena's divine energy that went to a different path where the Brithia Kingdom was. He also

saw traces of a stampede that went that way as well, meaning that they went there to stop the Demonic Beasts from going near the capital city.

"They're not stopping! What should we do!" Cierra panicked as she tried to create a big wall to prevent the horde of Demonic Beasts from going away.

"Just maintain your Mana!" Gilsus said as he reinforced the walls that were in the brink of collapsing.

Agnesia and Marina couldn't deal with all of them at the same time because they were too many especially that the wyverns that had turned into demonic beasts already flew so far away. They were out of time and options to deal with the horde until suddenly they saw Aris flew above them with the black smoke that followed her from behind.

"Lady Aris..." Marina couldn't hide her smile when she realized that they still had hope. "We have to go after the wyverns, sister. Let's go!" She said and then flew to catch the wyverns.

Aris landed on top of the wall when Rasmus and Rullein appeared from the black smoke. They looked down at the demonic beasts that tried to break the wall beneath them. They noticed that Agnesia and Marina were flying toward them at high speed, so they looked up at the sky and at them.

"Lady Aris, Count Blackheart, and Lady Rullein, we will leave this horde to you! We will catch the wyverns that are going to the Zorzi Kingdom!" Agnesia shouted as she flew away in a hurry.

Rasmus, Aris, and Rullein didn't turn around to watch Agnesia and Marina leave. Rasmus pulled his black swords and tossed Aristoria's sword at Aris while Rullein stood on the edge of the cliff with her nails that grew longer and sharper.

Aris and Rullein jumped off the cliff while Rasmus electrified his insides to warm up the coldness in his body. However, when he was about to jump down, he felt a chill down his spine like a cold and sharp object brushed his back. He glanced over his shoulder at the intense killing intent when he saw a being with torn black demonic wings while its whole body was covered in a tattered and burning black robe. He narrowed his eyes as he slowly turned around to look at that being.

The being slowly showed its gray hand like ashes with its long nails, beckoning at Rasmus. The face was hidden in the shadow even when the sunlight was facing the being. A being that stood on the hill in the woods, staring at Rasmus with its glowing red eyes.

Rasmus furrowed his brows, wondering if that being was one of the Fallen Watchers. He knew that he could defeat him if it was them, but he also knew that the Fallen Watchers wouldn't be brave enough to show themselves to him after what had happened in South Neva and Central Neva. A name then popped into his mind, a name that even Videl found it unsettling.

"Belial..." Rasmus muttered under his breath.

To Rasmus' surprise, the being slowly nodded its head as if it was affirming Rasmus' suspicion. Rasmus glanced over his shoulder, watching Aris and Rullein massacring the demonic beasts. He wondered why they didn't notice Belial's presence, but knowing that Belial had been so elusive, it wasn't that surprising. He then turned his head to look at Belial for a moment before he decided to store his black swords and flew toward Belial.

Chapter 526 - 526: Corrupt and Decay.

Rasmus stood in front of Belial, the smell of burned skin and ashes filling his nostrils. He had never smelled something like this even after encountering thousands of demons. There was not a single pungent smell coming from Belial, and there was barely any demonic energy around Belial.

"You have been following us," Rasmus said to break the silence.

"I did..." Belial answered, his voice soft but distorted. His body was still like a statue.

"What do you want from us?" Rasmus asked, realizing that Belial didn't seem to have any hostility toward him even though he was standing in front of him.

"Nothing..." Belial answered, still not showing his face. His burning wings left piles of ashes on the ground.

Rasmus had been thinking about Belial ever since Videl mentioned its name. Belial was stated as two different things based on the religions on Earth. One it was a title and the other one was depicted as a being, but both still had the same meaning, decay and corruption.

After what Videl had explained to him about Belial, Rasmus began to see the puzzle. Belial didn't seem to be interested in him or anyone, but toward decay and corruption, which was why Belial followed them to the Efiva Mountain. However, he had a hunch that Belial might have a purpose as to why they kept following them. A being that could be said as a bad omen even by the Devil himself.

"Is it me that you have business with?" Rasmus asked, affirming his deduction.

Belial didn't say a word this time, but Belial nodded slowly. Then it became eerily quiet because Belial didn't like other beings that Rasmus had encountered, it didn't elaborate and wasn't being cooperative.

The wings burned without diminishing hinted at something that Rasmus managed to see. Since Belial didn't try to elaborate or explain the reason it followed Rasmus, Rasmus had to be the one to keep talking.

"It's not me that you want, but what lies underneath," Rasmus accused and wondered what kind of reaction that Belial showed.

Belial didn't nod or respond to Rasmus' accusation, but the moment Belial pointed its finger at Rasmus heart, it answered everything. The Lord of all the True Dragons, the Overlord that resided inside Rasmus' body was what Belial was after.

"You want what's inside of me?" Rasmus asked as he connected the dots from the little information he had.

"No..." Belial answered, the voice cold and distorted like ashes filled its damaged lungs.

The dots that Rasmus had connected suddenly felt wrong and illogical after Belial revealed the truth. He knew he shouldn't believe Belial's words, but something about them that made it hard to be seen as lies.

"What do you want exactly?" Rasmus asked, his brows furrowed.

Belial stayed quiet and didn't react to Rasmus' question. Rasmus tried to erase everything he knew about Belial and tried to connect the dots more carefully. He noticed why Belial was being elusive not only from hiding but also from not answering direct questions.

"Time..." Belial suddenly spoke as its eyes stared into Rasmus' eyes.

"(Time?)" Rasmus thought, his brows furrowed even deeper. "You're waiting..." He muttered.

Belial stood still lifelessly like a statue, and that made Rasmus' a bit unsettled. Rasmus took a step back to think about what Belial meant by time, and what Belial was waiting for. Suddenly, the roars and growls of demonic beasts stopped that took his attention.

Rasmus glanced over his shoulder to check if Aris and Rullein had finished dealing with the horde of demonic beasts. He watched as Rullein's dark energy expanded, devouring the demonic beasts remaining essences. When he turned his attention back to Belial, his eyes twitched when Belial disappeared.

The first thing Rasmus checked was the piles of ashes on the ground. To his surprise, there wasn't any trace of ashes, not even a speck of it. He furrowed his brows, feeling unsettled by how elusive Belial was, and this was proof of how Belial couldn't be found.

"It's as if the ashes are one with him..." Rasmus muttered to himself.

Rasmus stood there, trying to understand what Belial wanted. A being that brought bad omen, a being of decay and corruption who was waiting for something.

"Belial was talking about the power within me..." Rasmus leaned against the tree with his brows furrowed. "Is he waiting for my own demise because of the power within me?" He said under his breath, staring at the distance. "Bad omen..." He muttered quietly.

A train of thoughts occupied his attention, thoughts that led him toward uncertainty and the unknown. He had thought about choices longer than he wanted to admit, especially when he was trying to win the bet against God. He was dragged into it and agreed to help Videl, but it stayed in his mind if his choice was his or if it was predetermined.

Aris had to make a choice by willingly offering her body and consciousness to Aristoria so Rasmus didn't have to use the power within him to defeat the True Dragon. It made Rasmus think that something within him was something that he needed to be worried about, not something that he could ignore anymore.

It didn't take a while for Aris and Rullein to find Rasmus after they took care of the horde of demonic beasts. They looked at him, wondering why he had suddenly disappeared and didn't join them. They looked around and wondered if there was something interesting that made Rasmus go to the hill so suddenly. Unfortunately, they didn't find anything and they didn't sense Belial's presence that was there with Rasmus not too long ago.

"What are you doing here?" Aris asked, staring into Rasmus' eyes and noticing something was off about him.

"I met with Belial," Rasmus answered, still trying to grasp the uncertainty.

Aris and Rullein glanced at each other before they took one last look at their surroundings. They still didn't find any trace or sense any presence or energy other than Rasmus'.

"But we shouldn't be talking about this now. We need to find the others first because I also need a few answers from them," Rasmus said as he exhaled deeply. "Let's go."

The three of them followed the trace of a stampede and they saw three villages below them that had been completely obliterated with trails of blood. There was no survivor and there were bodies scattered everywhere. Then their attention was stolen when they saw demonic wyverns and wyverns fighting in the sky. They saw Doloran riding one of the wyverns and it seemed that the one he rode was the leader of the wyverns.

While Doloran was busy commanding the wyverns, Raizen called on the spirits that he was contracted with to disturb the horde while Soleil and Belgar cleansed the demonic energy that had weakened the

demonic beasts. The energy that was cleansed was used to summon spiritual beasts that weren't weaker than the demonic beasts. On the other hand, Serena chose to protect everyone while Videl and Lance fought the demonic beasts side by side. It was the first time Rasmus had seen their powers and it intrigued him.

"They don't need our help," Aris said as she looked to the west. "I can sense demonic beasts from there. Should we do something about it?" She asked.

"Why do you ask me?" Rasmus looked at Aris with his brows raised. "You're the leader here, remember? You make the call," he reminded Aris about her position in West Neva.

Aris thought for a moment, thinking about what would Rasmus do in this situation. She didn't know Rasmus' plan at all since his main plan was to investigate Efiva Mountain. Since Rasmus had achieved what he had come for, Aris didn't know what to do next.

"Do what you want to do, don't think about what I would do. Whatever you do, I can use it to my advantage. What's your call, Aris?" Rasmus asked, his expression calm as he stared into Aris' eyes.

"Let's stop the horde. I need to gain my influence in this continent," Aris said as she looked at Rasmus and Rullein. "There are at least six hordes that are going different direction, each of us have to take care two hordes. I'll take of the ones in the west," she pointed out.

"Alright, I'll take that path," Rasmus pointed to the northwest.

"Then I'll handle the two in the middle," Rullein nodded with understanding.

Rasmus flew as fast as he could while at the same time burning his inside. Sparks began to produce around him and his eyes began to glow bright blue that matched with the sparks. When he saw the first horde with a few wyverns in the sky and the wyrms and drakes on the ground, he pulled out his black swords.

The wyrms slithered and the drakes ran toward the city behind the mountain. However, they all stopped moving when the wyverns hit the ground one by one ahead of them. The wyverns were either lost their wings, cut in half, or decapitated, but one thing for sure, all of them died.

The last wyvern fell from the sky and hit the ground really hard as the dust flown into the air. The wyrms and drakes couldn't see what was ahead of them until they saw sparks of lightning and a pair of glowing blue eyes. They could sense the intense Mana that was larger than the small mountain behind it.

Before the demonic beasts could sense the danger or the killing intent, a gush of wind with trails of sparks went past them. All of them collapsed simultaneously, having the same fate as those wyverns.

Rasmus took a deep breath as he glanced over his shoulder at the corpses for a moment before he tracked down the next horde that he had to take care of. He then flew away as the sparks lingered on the ground and on the corpses of the demonic beasts.

Chapter 527 - 527: Rolling the dice.

A cloud of black smoke flew and descended in front of Aris when Rasmus and Rullein came out of it. Rullein had to devour the demonic beasts that Rasmus had killed, which was why she arrived along with him.

"Don't mind me..." Rullein turned into a big puff of smoke that expanded as wide as the bodies of the demonic beasts scattered on the ground.

"Looks like Agnesia and Marina are still fighting the wyverns," Rasmus stared at the dark clouds in the far distance with the fierce flashes of lightning that struck whatever was in their paths.

"It's not as intense as before. They might have taken control over the situation there," Aris nodded and stared at the heavy storm. "I don't sense any demonic beasts here. We have cleared this side," she pointed out.

"The damage is quite devastating. A few big cities and dozens of villages and towns. At least a million lives from this alone," Rasmus crossed his arms, watching the corpses evaporate and become one with the black smoke. "What's next? There should be more of them out there, finding new nests for them to hide since the True Dragon is dead," he turned to look at Aris.

Aris also thought the same thing, knowing that not all the demonic beasts were going to invade the human nations. West Neva was a big continent and it had the most forest and caves compared to the other continents. It would be hard to hunt them all down, and she didn't care much about killing them all as long as the humans were safe.

"We will let the humans deal with the rest of them. Our job here is done," Aris answered and watched the black smoke turn into Rullein. "Let's regroup with the others," she looked at Rasmus and nodded her head.

The sun was setting and everyone had finally gathered once again. The day was long, especially for Rasmus and the others who fought the corrupted True Dragon. Doloran and the rest were exhausted after the chase and the fight to the point they decided to camp on the field.

Everyone fell asleep as soon as they could lay down except for Doloran, Lance, Rasmus, Videl, and Rullein. Aris was sleeping as well because she had been through a lot. She was sleeping next to Rasmus and unconsciously holding onto Rasmus' suit. Yur was guarding Aris by sitting behind her back.

"Lady Aris looks tired..." Doloran said even though he didn't dare to look at her sleeping face, believing it was disrespectful.

Rasmus glanced over his shoulder and could listen to Aris' slow breathing. This was the first time he saw her sleeping because she had never slept since the first time he met her. The white blue-ish hair covered half of her face but not her pink lips that contrasted with her pale skin.

"A True Dragon..." Doloran tried to have a conversation because the silence was too much for him. "If all of you didn't join the expedition, this continent would have been flattened by now," he said quietly.

When the True Dragon was mentioned, everyone vividly remembered the moment when it emerged from the mountain. Doloran and Lance realized how insignificant they were as living beings compared to a True Dragon.

"It's not the True Dragon that you need to be concerned about. That thing is already dead and it only came back to life because of that thing that you all called as The Mother," Rasmus said and poured himself a glass of cold whiskey. "Right now, the numbers of the Demonic Beasts might have been

decreased by a lot, but not all of them. They're going to hide, reproduce, and worse, there might be more of that thing called The Mother deep in this land," he pointed out.

"This land might have more secrets than you think. Now that it has been revealed, what do you think the demons would do? How many uncharted areas on this land? How many mountains, how many islands. Efiva Mountain might be one of the many, you just haven't seen it yet," Rasmus said and took a sip. "Now all of a sudden everything else doesn't seem to matter anymore," he muttered and put his glass down.

Doloran and Lance went quiet and stared down at the red liquor in their glasses. Rasmus was also quiet, but his quiet was different than usual. He could feel something gnawing and crawling on his back. He felt that he had lost his grasp on the very thing that he needed to keep it at bay. The humans weren't weak but the threat was beyond human capability, and the more he understood, the less he was certain about everything.

"The humans would argue once again, believing every solution they had would solve the problem," Rullein chuckled softly as she glanced at Doloran and Lance. "You're all going to waste your time, and in the end, all of you will be powerless in the face of that problem," she smirked, learning enough about human nature after her whole time following Rasmus.

There was no reason for Doloran or Lance to deny Rullein's accusation because they had seen a True Dragon with their own eyes. The world had seen the might of a Primeval being and if there was anyone who believed they were capable of stopping that, it would be delusional.

"It's not just the humans, we are also running out of time..." Rasmus said as he slowly got up. "The Saints are powerless, the ones who have sworn to protect humankind are weary, and the people are desperate..." He looked at the ones sleeping. "But the enemy, they feel none of that. They're growing in numbers, they're reborn, they're getting stronger, and the worst part. They learn and adapt," he looked up at the stars with his blank stare.

"You sounds like you're giving up already, Count," Doloran said as he stared at Rasmus' stoic face.

"Is that how you see it? I suppose there are moments where you can only sit down and let the dice rolls," Rasmus narrowed his eyes, staring at the certain star that seemed to be blinking.

"You're betting on the downfall of humankind?" Lance asked with his brows furrowed.

"Yes, but also giving the third party an opportunity to win," Rasmus answered as he looked down at Lance.

"The third party?" Lance arched his brows.

"The third party," Rasmus nodded.

Videl who had been so quiet slowly glanced at Rasmus, knowing exactly who the third party was. The cultists that Rasmus spared, the ones he made deals with, the ones that worshiped the Zevrathi family, the ones that could bring divine beings into the world of the living through sacrifice. He despised that idea, he despised the angels because they were nothing but slaves of God in his eyes. The worst part, those slaves were an unstoppable force unless God ordered them to stop. However, deep down, he didn't expect that Rasmus could see it this far, and sparing those cultists seemed to be the right choice.

"(You're just a human, but your mind is of an oracle)" Videl thought before he averted his gaze and minded his own business.

At the same time in the massive underground cavern where thousands of people wearing white robes and masks to hide their identity standing in line. The flickering torch and the echoes of droplets were the only things that filled the silence. They all stood there, staring at the 24 bodies covered in white cloths on the altar, laying them side by side. They weren't dead bodies, they were drugged to the point they were in a deep sleep state.

A jasmine scent suddenly filled the cavern, making all the cultists drunk as the fire on the torches intensified. The cavern was dimly lit, but now it became so bright that it looked like they were being exposed to sunlight. Then suddenly, they heard footsteps from behind them that echoed throughout the cavern. All of them immediately went down to their knees, still feeling drowsy and drunk by the relaxing scent.

A tall person walked past the cultists, wearing a long white robe that got dragged on the ground, a hood that covered the hair and a golden mask that covered the face. The man walked onto the altar, staring down at the 24 bodies that were laid on the stone table. The figure slowly brought its hands onto the chest, clasping them together.

"We offer thee... the holy vessels," the figure with a soft and soothing man's voice echoed throughout the cavern. "Evil has come, a promise has been fulfilled. Grants us your power, Lord..." the man spoke softly.

In an instant, the torches were extinguished simultaneously. All the cultists lowered their heads and kept kneeling as they prayed to the Lord.

Minutes had passed, and nobody stopped praying, following what the man was reciting. The unified repeated words filled the darkness until suddenly one of the bodies began to glow. Everyone began to pray even louder as they clasped their hands tighter.

The body glowed brighter and brighter until suddenly the body burned into ashes in almost an instant. There was no scream, no pain, just an instant death. Then the next body glowed, meeting the same fate as the previous one. However, the third body didn't burn, it kept glowing brighter and brighter until suddenly the light dimmed and lingered on the skin.

The body slowly sat up and pulled the cloth that covered its body, revealing a man with a lean and muscular body. The man's eyes were closed still, but he could see his own glowing body. When the glowing light around his body disappeared, he opened his eyes and revealed his glowing white eyes.

"Welcome..." The masked man lowered his head and bent his knees. "Oh, Holy One..."

The man stared at the cultists with glowing eyes before he turned his attention to the masked man. The man slowly spread his arms open and raised his head. It didn't take a while when the remaining bodies to light up. Out of the 21 bodies, 8 of them survived and got up from the altar. They all stood side by side in front of the masked man with their glowing eyes.

"The Great Prince has a message for you, Aston Zevrathi, son of Osirus..." All the glowing eyes people spoke in unison. "Bring more vessels for us to reside in and your wish will be granted."

The masked man nodded his head. "Yes, Holy Ones..." Aston slowly raised his head with his glowing bright yellow eyes that were filled with rich and pure divine power in them. "For Our Lord, we will bring as many as you need..." Aston bowed and let the the mask he wore touch the ground.

The 9 Holy Ones stood there as they watched all the cultists bow to them.

Chapter 528 - 528: Isn't a coincidence.

Rasmus and the others finally arrived at the Brithia Kingdom's capital city where so many buildings were ruined. The people looked at them in disbelief like they were seeing ghosts because everyone knew about the expedition. Some of them even showed hostility toward Agnesia and Marina because it was their idea. However, with Aris at the front, nobody dared to even say a word in her presence, they all bowed their heads to her.

When they looked at the palace, they were shocked that it was badly damaged because a third of the palace collapsed. Cracks in the walls and how the workers tried their best to restore and rebuild the palace carefully.

The palace steward came to welcome them and conveyed the queen's message. They went into the palace to report on what was happening at the Efiva Mountain because the world demanded an answer. However, when Rasmus walked in the long hallway, he saw a servant carrying a vase. He noticed something that nobody recognized from the servant. When the servant walked past Rasmus, Aris, Videl, Rullein, and Rasmus heard the servant's words.

Rasmus glanced at Videl and they both stopped following the group. Doloran and the others noticed when those two suddenly stopped walking.

"Count? Is something the matter?" Agnesia asked with her brows raised.

"No, I'm a bit tired and I don't think my presence matters and only Aris's matters. I'll get some rest and I'll have my butler take care of me," Rasmus answered as he shook his head.

It wasn't a secret that Queen Anastasia wasn't fond of Rasmus' existence. Agnesia knew that Rasmus would be ignored like before as if he didn't exist in the room by the queen herself.

"We understand, please have a good rest, Count Blackheart," Agnesia nodded with understanding and continued walking to meet with the queen.

Rasmus and Videl watched the group turn into the corner before they turned around. The servant that was carrying a vase had disappeared and the vase was left behind on the marble floor. There was barely any trace of presence with the naked eye, but not when Rasmus could sense the lingering heat with his draconic eyes.

They followed the heat and ended up in the empty royal kitchen because the ceiling collapsed and caused a lot of damage. The servant was standing there, sitting at the table, yawning and playing with a knife. The servant grinned widely at Rasmus, giggling mischievously as he pulled out a tiny bottle then tossed it at Rasmus.

"Something is off about this whole continent, Count," the servant chuckled as he jumped down from the table and landed perfectly like a performer. "Many traces of those vile things," he pointed at the small bottle in Rasmus' hand.

Rasmus and Videl's eyes turned cold when they saw a tiny lump of a twitching black substance. It was a tiny piece of the Womb of the Mother, barely having any corrupting energy in it. However, they knew it was enough to corrupt anything and anyone if it managed to get inside a body or even be attached onto one.

"Where did you get this, Aider?" Rasmus asked as he let Videl hold the bottle so Videl could examine it even further.

"It was Daryus who gave it to me. He said that when an earthquake happened because of the appearance of a True Dragon, those things came out of the crack in the ground," Aider answered as he swirled the knife in between his fingers. "He said that thing acted like a parasite. Not a living thing but alive," he added.

Rasmus looked at Videl and tilted his head to the side. Videl nodded with understanding and left the room to investigate what was happening. Rasmus had expected something like this because of the fact that demonic beasts had existed long before humans, the roots might have gone deeper, not just underneath the Efiva Mountain.

"Looks like you know what that thing is," Aider smirked and tilted his head, staring into Rasmus' eyes with his glaring eyes.

"It will turn you into a mindless human. It's like a parasite, a tumor that will feed on your soul and corrupt it. You should be careful not to let that attached to your body," Rasmus warned with a serious expression. "I might have no choice but to kill you if it's already too late," he added.

Aider's mischievous demeanor suddenly disappeared and slowly realized the unseen danger.

"Anything from Javi and the others?" Rasmus asked as he leaned against the wall.

"Yes, they have seen movements between two nations that have been at each other's throats, the Vercnium Empire and the Rosemore Kingdom. But, something seems different compared to the information that Javi and the others had gathered about those two nations from the past decades," Aider answered as he put the knife down and looked around the kitchen. "There's a rumor that they have signed a treaty. Two nations that have been trying to take each other's territory for decades and now they both suddenly agreed to stop the war momentarily at this moment?" He pointed out.

"A treaty rumor? When?" Rasmus asked as he crossed his arms.

"A week ago, I think the rumor was spread not long after we came to this continent," Aider answered. "I don't know about politics, but I do know when two nations who had a long history suddenly wanted peace when the news about our arrival spread," he added.

Rasmus hummed as he furrowed his brows, trying to find a believable answer to the rumor. While he was deep in thought, a knock on the window snapped him back to reality and startled Aider. They looked at the window and saw a raven, pecking on the glass with a small scroll tied to its leg.

Rasmus opened the window and took the scroll from the raven's leg before he let the raven fly again. It was Javi's raven, and Rasmus knew that if Javi used his raven to convey a message, it would be an important one. He read the message and immediately his eyes narrowed when the Vercnium Empire suddenly invaded the neighboring country, the Castel Kingdom while the Rosemore Kingdom invaded the Mauntrel Kingdom.

"Expansion..." Rasmus hummed as he burned the scroll into ashes. "Now that makes sense," he muttered to himself.

"Expansion? For what? Both of them are doing it for what?" Aider furrowed his brows as he watched the ashes get blown by the wind.

"They got their opportunity because right now the world is in panic because of the sighting of a True Dragon," Rasmus answered as he stared at the dark clouds forming in the sky. "Either it's their plan all along, or they got the drive to invade other nations," he added.

"Do you think it's a coincidence?" Aider stared at Rasmus' stoic expression.

"There's no such a thing as coincidence if you take advantage of a situation," Rasmus answered and noticed that the storm was brewing. "But knowing the situation beforehand is not taking an advantage, it's planned," he muttered when he began to see something was off about the brewing storm and immediately walked out of the room, leaving Aider hanging.

Rasmus rushed out of the palace and looked at the brewing storm that had a similar energy that the Womb of the Mother had, a corrupted energy. He wasn't the only one who felt that, Videl approached him and was about to tell him what he felt about the storm.

"Is that what I think it is?" Rasmus asked.

"Yes, I don't know how, but if the rain starts to pour, humans would turn into mindless beasts," Videl answered with his arms crossed, smirking in excitement and anticipation. "Although..." He paused as the smirk disappeared from his face. "I don't know how they could be up there in the clouds in the first place..." he pointed out.

"If they can be small enough to be lifted by the gas into the clouds, how small can they become? And how many are they?" Rasmus asked and turned to look at Videl.

"Don't ask me, this is the first time I have seen the Womb of the Mother in the world of the living. That thing isn't supposed to be out here, it should only exist in Hell," Videl answered and noticed there must have been some powerful being's involvement. "Someone brought it here from that place called the Separation," he said with a cold expression.

"You mentioned something about Belial who has followers," Rasmus paused to glance at the dark clouds that grew darker. "Do you think this connected to them?" He glanced at Videl.

"I don't like this at all, Rasmus," Videl responded as he shook his head slowly, feeling something wasn't right. "That little fucker..." He muttered.

"I met Belial," Rasmus revealed.

Videl slowly moved his pupils toward Rasmus' eyes, and his expression turned even colder.

"What do you mean by you met him?" Videl asked, his voice low and barely above a whisper.

"He's waiting for something bad to happen to me," Rasmus answered with a straight face. "All of this isn't coincidence..." He muttered and not long after he said that, a loud rumbling of thunder was heard in the distance.

Chapter 529 - 529: A brewing catastrophe.

Aris, Rullein, and Serena felt an energy from outside the palace, especially when they heard the rumbling of thunder. Rullein was the one who noticed it when she looked out the window when everyone was still trying to explain what had happened at the Efiva Mountain to Queen Anastasia.

Rullein told Aris about the storm and what it brought along. Aris got up from her seat and walked toward the window to see what Rullein saw. Everyone was wondering what was happening and why Aris looked a bit unsettled by the storm.

"Tell everyone to get inside, now," Aris turned around to look at everyone at the table.

"What do you mean, Lady Aris? What's going on?" Agnesia asked with her brows furrowed and her head tilted slightly.

"The Mother. The same thing that corrupted the True Dragon is moving inside the storm. When the rain pours, whoever makes contact with the water will be corrupted by it," Aris explained.

Agnesia who heard that immediately jolted from her seat and ran toward the window to look at the storm. She saw the storm was coming, and what made her panic was the fact that the storm was also going toward the Zorzi Kingdom. She didn't say a word and immediately flew out of the window to warn her Queen, Francesca, about the storm.

Queen Anastasia hurriedly summoned the knights and told them to ring the bells while at the same time warning the people to stay indoors. The meeting ended abruptly and everyone was left to warn their own people. Doloran left to protect his beasts because he knew what the corruption that the Womb of the Mother could do to a True Dragon. Marina and the three sorcerers flew away to warn neighboring towns and villages.

Aris and Rullein saw Rasmus and Videl outside the palace, staring at the brewing storm. They both jumped out of the palace and landed behind Rasmus, wondering if he had noticed what was coming toward them.

"Rullein, can you help me inform Javi and the Blackhands? Warn them about the storm," Rasmus asked as he turned around to look at Rullein.

Rullein nodded and turned into a puff of black smoke before it dispersed and disappeared into thin air. At the same time, Serena walked out of the palace along with Erlina, Carrion, and Daryus as the bells rang to warn the people. Serena had explained about what was happening and about the Womb of the Mother.

"What's going to happen to us now?" Erlina asked as she looked up at the storm.

"To us? Nothing will happen to you because I can prevent any of you from getting corrupted by that," Rasmus answered.

"We need to prevent the storm from brewing. Can you do something about it?" Daryus looked at Rasmus, knowing that Rasmus was capable of preventing the catastrophe from hitting West Neva.

"The decision isn't mine to make," Rasmus answered as he shook his head.

"Lady Aris?" Daryus turned to look at Aris, hoping that she would do something about it.

Aris was silent, her gaze fixated on the storm as she thought about what she could do at this moment. She knew she could prevent the storm from brewing, and so she flew toward the incoming storm. When she flew above the storm, she used her energy to purify it. However, she didn't expect the storm would resist her purifying energy that it forced her to use more of her energy to completely purify it.

Suddenly the storms from different areas began to move rapidly and began to rain. Aris was baffled that the storms seemed unnatural, and so she decided to go back to inform the others of what had happened.

"So the weather is being manipulated by someone?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised.

"Yes, and I don't know how or who did it because I can't trace where it came from. The corrupt substances are basically taking over the weather. It's like they're capable of manipulating whatever they touch," Aris explained as she watched the rain pour in the far distance. "Stopping the weather completely might be impossible, at least in this scale," she added and watched the storm approaching.

"So we can only prevent the rain from pouring into the city then," Serena hummed and noticed that the capital city became eerily quiet since everyone had gone inside their houses.

"Can you protect the city from it?" Aris turned to look at Serena.

"That won't be a problem at all," Serena smiled as she clasped her hands together.

A divine energy surged from the top of her head and went up high into the sky before it spread like a fountain, creating an umbrella shape that slowly protected the capital city from the incoming storm. It only took Serena a minute to cover the city with divine energy and she didn't need to maintain the barrier.

"What would happen if a human got exposed to that thing?" Daryus asked with a worried expression. "That thing doesn't come from above, it also appeared from the soil like earthworms," he pointed out.

"They would lose their senses as madness consumed their mind just like how the demonic beast behaved," Rasmus answered as he looked down on the ground, sensing the corrupted energy deep underneath. "Whatever is happening on this continent, this is too much to be called a coincidence, not even recently planned..." He muttered as he narrowed his eyes.

When the rain began to pour, the droplets were purified thanks to Serena's divine barrier. However, when they looked up at the barrier, they could see the accumulated corrupted energy on the barrier. The energy began to devour each other until they could see lumps of slimy substances like a miniature of the Womb of the Mother. Serena had to release divine energy to burn those substances before they could devour each other and grow bigger.

"We need to find the source of this because I don't think any humans can stop this. It will only take a single night to turn this continent into a corrupted one," Serena looked at Rasmus with a serious expression.

"The only way rain can exist is by the big volume of water being evaporated first. If they can go up there, we need to find any big lakes and the whole sea that might be the source of where those things come from," Rasmus answered with his arms crossed. "To do that, we need people from the marines for that, and thankfully, one of the marine commanders is ours," he added.

"Then, what about now? How are we going to deal with this?" Daryus asked, knowing that millions of lives might be in danger because of this. "This thing can turn the whole continent upside-down in a single night if the rain keeps pouring," he pointed out, his voice filled with concern and fear as he stared at the rain.

"We don't. We can only do this much and see how long the rain going to pour," Rasmus answered as he shook his head.

At the same time, Rullein in her black smoke form moved through the dark clouds, devouring the corrupted energy to fill her needs. She flew as fast as she could, tracking Javi and the Blackhands' scent. However, when she was flying past a village in the woods, she heard a woman's scream. She decided to check what was going on, observing the village from above.

Rullein watched a woman holding a knife and begin to stab a man that looked like her husband while the daughter watched from the side. The woman didn't stop stabbing the man until her hands were covered in blood. Not long after, a man covered in rainwater came out of his house while holding a boy's head while his wife was screaming in fear and in disbelief.

More and more screams could be heard when so suddenly all of them began to kill each other. Rullein watched everything from above, trying to see how long it would take for a human to get corrupted by the corrupted energy. After a few minutes of bloodbath, everyone collapsed on the ground, dying from the bleeding.

Rullein didn't move away and kept watching until suddenly all of the dead bodies began to twitch. She watched the corpses standing up like undead, watching them move aimlessly as the rainwater slowly healed their wounds. It was unsettling to watch that everything happened in just a few minutes. She then looked at the distance, realizing that the whole continent was being poured out by corrupted energy.

"I can't stay here for too long before Javi and the others become like them," Rullein muttered before she puffed into smoke and disappeared into thin air.

Rullein saw many villages and towns getting affected by the corrupted energy. She didn't know how many casualties, but she knew it was a lot, and there was no sign of the storm from stopping either. When she found Javi's scent, she couldn't help but float in the sky when she saw something more unsettling.

"(You should look at this...)" Rullein telepathically spoke with Rasmus.

"(What did you see?)" Rasmus asked.

"(A whole army of the dead...)" Rullein chuckled as she looked at the army of the dead knights, thousands of them marching toward a city.

Chapter 530 - 530: Demonification.

Javi and a few Blackhands were hiding inside an empty and abandoned building. They watched Rullein's black smoke invade a few Blackhands that had been exposed to the rain. They watched how Rullein extracted the black substance from the bodies that got infested by it. They already heard about what would happen if someone got exposed to corrupted energy.

"You said that this thing also comes out from the ground?" Javi asked Rullein, who was still extracting the Womb of the Mother from some of the Blackhands.

"Yes, and I don't know if you'll ever be safe even if you're inside a house. This thing can go as small as a speck of dust that will eventually grow bigger the more it enters your body. Sooner or later you'll lose control over your body," Rullein answered and showed the black slimy substance on her fingertip. "This much is enough to make a human lose control. This much is enough to turn you into an undead once you died," she added and then let the slimy substance enter her body.

"And you're fine when exposed to that? It won't affect you at all?" Javi asked out of curiosity.

"Yes, it resonates with my origin. I'm powerful enough to devour them, but if I'm exposed to a much much more quantity of this, I might be the one who get devoured by it," Rullein answered as she pulled the black smoke out of the Blackhands bodies. "Where are the remaining of the Blackhands? I need to find them as soon as possible before it's too late," she turned to look at Javi and offered her hand for Javi to hold.

Javi removed his glove and held Rullein's cold hand that felt like ice when suddenly he relived the moments in the past week because Rullein wanted to know all of their locations. Things moved in a flash for others who saw them, but for Javi and Rullein, it felt like hours. It was the first time Javi felt disoriented and disturbed by Rullein's power.

"You have quite a sad childhood," Rullein smirked after she took a peek more than she should have. "Well then, stay indoors until the rain stops. I don't recommend leaving when the ground is still wet," she added before she burst into black smoke and disappeared into thin air.

At the same time in the Commander battleship, Arka received a message from Yur. Yur appearance was a shock to the soldiers when a small child suddenly appeared out of nowhere asking for Arka.

"You want me to go to West Neva? But our current location is quite far away from that continent. I'm afraid that it would take at least two months," Arka explained to Yur, a small child that was sitting on a chair. "Also, Count Blackheart requires me to bring my whole fleet. That might takes a while," he added.

"That's not a problem at all! I can manipulate the sea and create a powerful current for your ship to move at least ten times faster. Not only that, I can manipulate the wind to push the ship even faster too!" Yur answered, swaying its small legs. "We don't have much time because Rasmus wants you to be there in three days!" Yur added.

Arka stood there, still couldn't grasp the reality that a small child in front of him was a Great Spirit. He then cleared his throat as he looked at the letter that Rasmus had written. He knew what was going on in West Neva and what kind of threat they were having.

"I understand. You can bring us there now," Arka nodded with understanding.

Yur grinned and jumped down from the chair, a body of a 5 year old baby walking out of the cabin. Yur walked to the deck and began to manipulate the water current and the wind while Arka informed his crews that they were going to West Neva.

It was as Yur said, the battleship made of steel that sailed at least twenty times faster. The other ships sailed faster since they were lighter and Yur managed to maintain everything so easily. The estimated time of arrival would be three or even two and a half days.

Arka managed to grasp the details from Yur while they were sailing. Rasmus wanted Arka and his fleet to check every island of West Neva, collaborating with the naval commanders of West Neva. He wanted to locate the source of the corrupted energy that was slowly taking over the whole continent.

Three days had passed, and the rain was still pouring down the whole continent. Floods and landslides hit a few villages that made them unable to survive. More and more casualties that turned into undead with more casualties compared to the swarm of the demonic beasts.

West Neva had thirty-two nations in total scattered across the continent. Four of the nations took huge damage from the swarm of demonic beasts. However, ever since the storm happened, eight more nations were on the brink of collapse. News about the undead had spread and all nations suffered from it. A day more of the rain would cause more nations to fall and there was no way for them to recover.

It was the first time that Rasmus didn't have to do anything to create chaos. It was more unnerving and disturbing for him because he knew nothing about what was going on.

"It has been three days! Why the rain hasn't stopped!" Queen Anastasia slammed her desk and looked at Marina. Of course, she wasn't furious by Marina's incapability to stop the storm after she found out that Mana got corrupted when she tried to manipulate the weather.

"I guess we were wrong..." Marina responded, her arms crossed as she looked out the window at the rain. "Hmm?" She furrowed her brows when she saw floating black smoke entering the divine barrier.

Marina left Queen Anastasia's office to see what Rullein had brought back with her. When she went to the east wing of the palace where Rasmus and the others stayed, she saw Daryus, Erlina, and Carrion in the hallway ahead of her, going to Rasmus' chamber. She then joined them because they all had the same reason when they saw Rullein's arrival.

The four of them entered Rasmus' chamber and they already saw Aris, Videl, Serena, and Rullein, standing in circle. Marina tilted her head to look at what they were circling on, and that was when her eyes widened.

"What is that thing..." Daryus asked the question that the others had in mind.

Rasmus stared at Videl and gestured to Videl to move aside with his hand. The moment Videl took a few steps to the right, Marina and the others finally saw what it was. A naked humanoid creature with ashen skin and sharp bones that came out of its chest and back while its jawless mouth was wide open with sharp teeth. The humanoid creature had long fingers and nails that looked like dense bones instead of keratin. The eyes were all black while the eye sockets were three times the size of its eyes, enhancing the terrorizing appearance.

"That's definitely not the Corrupted. I have fought those things countless times and they all looked like undead with decayed flesh but still human, not like this that doesn't look like human at all," Aris answered with her arms crossed, looking at the grotesque corpse lying on the floor.

"That's the process of Demonification," Serena revealed, her expression cold and had a hint of distastefulness in it. "This is the third stage where the second stage does look like an undead, then the

corruption begins to reshape its host, turning them into what demons look like," she explained, her eyes never leaving the eyes of the abomination.

Everyone looked at Serena as they listened to her explanation, and realized what kind of threat they were facing.

"How did you know about this, Saint Serena?" Marina asked, both surprised and disturbed that Serena knew about this.

"I had died for decades before I was resurrected and came back to life. I have been in a place that no humans should be able to leave," Serena answered with her eyes staring into Marina's soul.

Marina forgot that Serena was at least three generations older than anyone in the room and the fact that Serena was miraculously coming back to life. There was no more reason for Marina to question Serena's knowledge of this matter.

"You said that this is the second stage. How many stages are there? And why it only happens to humans but it was normal for demonic beasts?" Rasmus glanced at Serena with his brows furrowed.

"There are five stages, the first is the beginning of corruption where they lose their minds. The second stage is the resurrection after the host finally loses their lives and becomes undead. The third stage is the modification process where the body begins to reshape into something like this. The fourth stage is the perfection process where the body has completely become demon-like with wings. The fifth stage or the final stage is the rebirth where the soul has been completely corrupted that it becomes a demon," Serena explained, remembering all that process when she gave birth to demons. "I didn't realize it until Rullein brought this body. If I have to assume, beasts are too powerful for the corruption to take over them fully, so the process stuck on the first stage," she answered.

Rasmus glanced at Videl, wondering if what Serena said matched with what Videl thought about this situation.

"(Yes, this is why I have said many times that the Womb of the Mother isn't supposed to exist in the world of the living)" Videl telepathically spoke to Rasmus.

"I want you to remember, Rasmus," Serena stared at Rasmus with a serious expression. "We have been fighting demons, yes, but they're here through possession because they can't enter the world of the living directly. But now we have demons here, true demons. They're powerful compared to the ones through possessions," she warned.

Rasmus hummed and nodded with understanding.

"How long it takes for them to rebirth into demons?" Erlina asked as she raised her hand.

"Hours, days, weeks. There's no certain answer to that," Serena answered.

"And if the storm doesn't stop, the process might become faster?" Daryus raised his brows as he fixed his glasses.

"Definitely," Serena nodded.

"Then we should leave and find the source," Rasmus crossed his arms and stared out the window. "I gave Arka three days to arrive, and he should be here by now," he pointed out.

"Let's move then," Aris said and looked at Rasmus, Videl, Rullein, and Serena. "We will leave this case to you, Marina, Erlina, Daryus, and Carrion. Tell the world about this," she looked at Marina and the others as she pointed at the humanoid creature.

Everyone nodded with understanding.