

Evil 53

Chapter 53 - 53: Coexist.

Rasmus stood in front of the door to his room and noticed that Monica was in his room. They stared at each other and one of them was staring at the other anxiously.

"Are you avoiding your mother?" Rasmus asked.

"Yes. I don't know if you understand, but northern women are raised like fighters where they get rid of their feelings and emotions. She's here not to see me but rather to deal with the issue, so that's why I'm here," Monica answered. "Your mother was like that too, right?" She raised her brows.

"I barely knew her, but yes..." Rasmus nodded with understanding and reminisced of the memory of Rasmus's moment when he met his mother.

"Say hi to your mother," Erglade coldly stared at Rasmus.

Rasmus stared at the darkness in the cell he was in when his father told him to greet his mother. Slowly but surely something emerged from the darkness, a tall and thin pale woman wearing a white dress that revealed her shoulders and collarbones. She looked beautiful with her white braided hair and bright blue eyes with a silver circlet on her head.

"It's a shame that you have the same hair color as mine..." The woman said as she looked down at Rasmus. "You have to carry the sins of your mother," she added and coldly stared at Rasmus.

Rasmus ignored the words that the woman said to him because he was enchanted by her beauty. It was the first time he had ever met his mother.

The woman noticed that Rasmus was admiring her, and she couldn't help but let out a gentle smile at him. She slowly leaned down and went down to her knees so they were at the same height. She gently stroked Rasmus's hair and stared him in the eyes for a whole minute.

"Rasmus, my son..." The woman put her hands on Rasmus's cheeks to make him snap back to reality. "Your father and I, we love you so much," she stared at Rasmus's eyes back and forth. "But our love will make you suffer, more than you can imagine. We want you to know that this is for the best, not for me or your father, but for you," she cupped Rasmus's cheeks a bit more tightly.

Rasmus was too young to understand the words that his mother said, but her affection toward him was comforting. It made him believe that his mother loved him and was happy to see him.

"Aristoria, it's time," Erglade said.

The woman kissed Rasmus on the forehead and held it for a few seconds before she let him go. The woman stood up and went back into the darkness grabbing something.

Rasmus was in awe when he saw her mother emerge from the darkness with silver swords in her hands. He watched her mother walk past him in her black armor that covered her body and a cape that fluttered gracefully as she walked, but then he noticed that his father and mother had walked out of the cell. When he was about to follow them, Erglade closed the cell right in front of his face.

"Father? Mother?" Rasmus began to panic when he realized he was locked in the cell.

"Get some rest, Rasmus. We will pick you up when we are done," Erglade said as he walked away.

"Mother?" Rasmus looked at his mother who sheathed her swords and put them on her back.

Aristoria didn't bother to look back at Rasmus and kept walking, going further from him.

Rasmus felt uncomfortable when he reminisced about that part of the memory of Rasmus' childhood. He never knew a mother's love because Kyros was an orphan and he had always been alone with no love.

"A mother is still a mother. Go and find your mother because she's here not for the issue, but for you," Rasmus looked at Monica. "To put it bluntly, I don't want to put myself too deep into the problem that I have caused," he pointed out.

"I never thought you could be selfish as well, instructor," Monica stood up.

"It's not about being selfish, it's about not putting myself in an unnecessary problem," Rasmus leaned against the wall next to the door. "No need to worry. I'll do my part to fix the problem when I'm summoned to meet your mother and Aurelia's mother," he assured.

"Be careful around my mother, instructor. She can see through lies," Monica warned as she walked past Rasmus. "She can't be bought by your words," she looked at Rasmus and then left.

Rasmus was intrigued by what Monica had said about her mother, but it was already too late to ask because she had left.

"See through lies? I have been dealing with that annoying Devil with that ability of his," Rasmus muttered as he chuckled.

(In the Academy hall)

The hall had become a banquet hall where a table was set in the middle with food and drink for Astrea and Moriganne. Everyone worked so hard to turn the hall befitting for the Saints.

"There are too many journalists outside the gate..." Lenin rubbed her nose bridge because of the headache from dealing with the journalists. "I have brought a few of them this time, your Holinesses," she added and pointed at the four journalists that entered the hall with her.

Astrea looked at the journalists for a moment to look at their appearances from top to bottom.

"How about these ladies and gentlemen?" Astrea looked at Moriganne.

"Yes, they're good enough," Moriganne nodded.

Astrea and Moriganne agreed to allow a few journalists to record the conversation. They wanted ones that were neutral to avoid biased perspectives and to avoid them from manipulating the record.

Before they could begin the discussion, Monica entered the hall. Moriganne stared at her for a moment with her stoic expression.

"Please have a seat," Lenin pulled up the chair next to Moriganne as she looked at Monica.

Monica sat beside Moriganne gracefully and stayed quiet with her eyes closed.

The discussion about the issue was opened by Lenin. She explained what had happened back then, but she kept Aurelia's power secret because it was something that nobody should know, or at least it shouldn't be her to reveal it.

The discussion went on an hour and most of the time, it was Astrea who spoke about the issue. She emphasized that both future saints weren't about who had more power or devotion, but rather about sacrificing oneself for the people. She wanted the world to know that saints were chosen not by humans but rather by the Gods they believed in.

Astrea warned those who believed that Monica was a fake saint or had spread it. She stated that if those people could mock Monica as the future saint, those people could mock Aurelia in the future as well. She warned everyone that disrespecting one religion was equal to disrespecting the other religion.

Astrea wished that the world should coexist whether people believed in different religions. She quoted that peace wasn't given but rather achieved and that it was everyone's job to maintain it, not destroy it.

The journalists were moved by Astrea's words because it opened their eyes and they no longer looked at the issue from one side. They understood how dangerous it would be if the world kept the issue going. The words that came out from those people who ignited the issue would become a weapon that would harm them in the future because it would cause a big war between the North and the rest of the world.

They understood that their mission was to calm the people of Neva before it was too late. They could feel the burden in their hands, shoulders, and ears because they were the ones who could prevent war or start a war.

"The moment someone uses a religion as a tool, that's when they have lost their faith and humanity," Astrea frowned.

Astrea's last words were engraved inside the journalists' heads. It was the final words that closed the discussion and cleared the issue.

All the journalists left after they got everything and wanted to publish it as soon as possible.

"Now that the journalists are gone, can you tell me how exactly, someone who's not your mother can handle your power?" Astrea narrowed her eyes as she looked at Aurelia. "Not only he could handle it, but he could also stop your power," she added.

"I have notified him to come after the journalists leave, Your Holiness," Lenin said. "He should be here anytime soon," she assured.

As soon as Lenin said that, Rasmus entered the hall, and everyone looked at him with curiosity. On the other hand, he looked at Astrea and Moriganne's appearances.

"Perfect timing, Instructor Blackheart. Please have a seat," Lenin pointed at the seat across her chair.

The atmosphere in the hall grew tense as Rasmus walked in, the air heavy with the weight of the unspoken questions lingering in the minds of those present. Astrea's narrowed eyes tracked his movements, and Moriganne, though composed, observed him intently, assessing the man who had managed to do something so extraordinary.

Rasmus, with his usual calm demeanor, approached the seat Lenin pointed out, taking it without hesitation. His eyes met Astrea's briefly, then Moriganne's, before he settled into the chair. Despite the intensity of the situation, he remained unfazed.

"Thank you, Chancellor," Rasmus said politely.