

Evil 54

Chapter 54 - 54: Parents and Instructor meeting.

"The last Blackheart in the world..." Astrea paused to hum and looked at Rasmus thoroughly. "I'm not surprised you could handle her power, but it's not a good thing..." She narrowed her eyes.

Rasmus kept his body straight and expression unfazed even though he had no idea what Astrea was talking about. He wondered if it was because of his mother's bloodline, an Orthias which made Astrea believe his ability to resist divine power was from his mother's bloodline.

"My apologies, Your Holiness, but I don't understand what you mean," Rasmus said calmly. "This should be sufficient to explain how I managed to keep myself sane," he unwrapped the bandage on his left hand and showed the big wound that hadn't dried and fully healed yet.

Lenin, Aurelia, and Monica were shocked that the wound hadn't healed even though it had been a month. After they saw how bad it was, they understood why it hadn't healed yet since it looked terrible, and they were confused as to why he didn't ask to be healed.

"I believe Saint Moriganne can help you with this problem," Astrea looked at Moriganne.

When Moriganne stood up, Rasmus could see how anxious Monica was by how she twitched her brows. He remembered the words she said about her mother.

"Can you show me your hand?" Moriganne stared at Rasmus with her stoic expression.

Rasmus didn't hesitate to offer his hand to Moriganne because he wanted to know the greatest Saint of the century. He read books about her that she could heal any wounds and she could bring a king back to life when she was Monica's age.

"You will feel an unbearable itch, endure it," Moriganne warned as she put her left hand under Rasmus's left hand.

Moriganne put her right hand on Rasmus's left palm and gently brushed her fingers on the wound. She stared at the wound and the flesh began to regenerate slowly. She looked at Rasmus's reaction, but she didn't get anything from him, not even a flinch.

Rasmus felt the unbearable itch in his palm like a feather tickled him from inside his palm. It was uncomfortable, but he could endure it because he tricked his mind by distracting it. He then thought about if he could use the future Saints as his pawns.

"You have very dangerous thoughts in there..." Moriganne stared right into Rasmus's eyes. "Shrouding by a thick blackness..." she pointed out.

Rasmus was surprised that Moriganne could tell what he was thinking. He wondered if she could read his thoughts or if it was something else. The fact that she said that she saw a thick blackness, he believed that she could only see the color of people's thoughts.

"It's just a mere thought," Rasmus responded as he stared back into Moriganne's eyes. "Everyone has the freedom to think whatever they want to think. You can judge someone's actions, but not their thoughts," he added.

Rasmus's words echoed throughout the hall because everyone was quietly observing and judging every move he made and the words he said. Lenin and Astrea stared at Rasmus and they both made serious expressions because his words were controversial.

"You don't expect me to have pure and happy thoughts after what I have been through for the past decade, do you?" Rasmus asked as he raised his brows. "You can read my thoughts as you please, but know your boundaries," he warned with a serious expression.

"My apologies," Moriganne nodded with understanding. "I'll focus on healing your wound," she said as she looked at the wound that was about to heal completely.

After Moriganne healed Rasmus's wound, she settled down in her seat. Rasmus was amazed by how effective and powerful her healing power was. He wondered if that power came from God or if it had something to do with Mana.

"You saved my daughter, Count Rasmus Blackheart, more than you think," Astrea said as she gently stroked Aurelia's hair. "Is there anything that you want? And I mean it when I said everything," she added.

"Thank you, Your Holiness, but am I allowed to request for it later? Right now I have nothing in mind. I'm still taking small steps ever since I got my life back," Rasmus's eyes were empty and he stared at the table.

"Of course. If you need anything, you can tell my daughter," Astrea smiled as she nodded with understanding.

The atmosphere became awkward again since there was nothing else to discuss. Rasmus wasn't bothered by the atmosphere because he used it to see each individual who was at the table. He saw how Astrea loved her daughter so much while Moriganne rarely opened her mouth or showed affection toward Monica.

"Since I have the opportunity to speak with the parents of my students, I think it would be a waste if we don't use this opportunity to speak our minds at each other," Rasmus looked at Moriganne and Astrea.

Astrea and Moriganne shared a look, and then they both looked at Rasmus as they nodded in agreement.

"But before that, I think there's someone who shouldn't be here since this matter is only between the parents and the teacher," Rasmus looked at Lenin with a smirk on his face.

Lenin didn't expect that Rasmus was trying to kick her out of the hall.

"This never happened before, being kicked out in my own academy..." Lenin scoffed as she stood up and shook her head in disbelief. "But, as a Chancellor, I shouldn't get involved in this matter as you said. I'll deal with the journalists outside," she added and left the hall.

Rasmus observed both parents once more, but Moriganne still hadn't shown any reaction or spoken toward Monica. He wondered if Moriganne was upset or if she was cold in general, untying herself from any lingering emotions.

"So, Instructor Blackheart. What do you teach your students? As a former student here, I have to admit that I barely remember anything because the academy couldn't provide me something that I needed back then," Astrea said as she tried to remember her days back when she was a student, and it was 30 years ago.

"I'm not sure about Lady Moriganne because she came to the academy 4 years later," Astrea looked at Moriganne.

"Unfortunately, I felt the same," Moriganne responded as she nodded.

"In that case, allow me to show Your Holinesses what your daughter is learning in the academy, or at least in my class," Rasmus put his right hand in his suit. "I'm going to show you the result of the first assignment that I gave them," he pulled out two papers that got folded.

Monica and Aurelia looked at the papers and began to panic. They didn't expect Rasmus would show their first work to their mothers because they were naïve when they first wrote the assignment.

"Instructor..." Aurelia stared at Rasmus and was a bit upset and flustered.

Rasmus handed the assignments to Astrea and Moriganne so they could read what their daughters wrote. He couldn't hide his joy at seeing his students panicking.

Astrea and Moriganne grabbed the paper and read it thoroughly. They noticed what the assignment was and they both had to admit that it was a great assignment. They could see how their daughter planned on gaining recognition and what they were going to use it for.

Astrea couldn't hide her smile because she could see how innocent Aurelia was in the writings that she made. On the other hand, Moriganne didn't react to Monica's writings at all.

"Those came from their hearts, and as you can see, those things that they wrote were something they believed in," Rasmus pointed to the papers in Astrea and Moriganne's hands.

"Were?" Moriganne glanced at Rasmus with a cold gaze, her brows furrowed.

Based on Moriganne's reaction, Rasmus could assume that Moriganne found Monica's writings to be as perfect as they were. He began to understand Moriganne's personality, detached toward everything. He could see how bland the world was in Moriganne's eyes, and that the only purpose in her life was to devote herself to her God that blessed her with amazing power.

"These are the perfected versions after attending my class for a few months now," Rasmus pulled out the papers and offered them to Astrea and Astrea.

Astrea looked at Aurelia's latest writings and she was surprised at how mature she looked in there. Although she didn't agree with everything that she wrote, overall, she was impressed by how she could think that way to gain recognition.

"What's this?" Moriganne put down the paper as she stared at Rasmus. "What are you feeding Monica with? The first one is a lot better than this," She narrowed her eyes and she looked dissatisfied and a bit upset from the way she asked.

Monica lowered her head and she already knew that her mother would disapprove of her writings. She felt embarrassed because she could feel Astrea's and Aurelia's gazes toward her and her mother.