

Evil 541

Chapter 541 - 541: Home.

Satan stood still in front of a portal, her expression stiffened as she took a deep breath. The Fallen Watchers were looking at her, and they all were concerned about what she was going to do. She then closed her eyes, clearing her mind before she opened her eyes with determination and entered the portal. As soon as she disappeared into the portal, the portal disappeared, leaving the Fallen Watchers without their master.

Satan squinted her eyes and spread her wings, covering the blinding light that could pierce all her senses. She wrapped herself with her wings, blocking the light. She could hear sizzling and squelching sounds coming from her. She looked down and saw her body release an unpleasant odor as tar dripped out of her porcelain skin and black dust shed from her wings. She had forgotten how many times she had to go through this process because the world she went to always corrupted her existence.

This was a reason why she didn't use corruption or use souls to empower herself. She was a being that required to be pure, uncorrupted, untainted, untarnished. Her place was always in the shadow of the throne, and she couldn't and didn't want to escape her role or place. She knew her place, and every time she came back, everything that didn't belong to her would be purified.

Once she was purified, she folded her wings and the blinding light was no longer harmful to her body or her eyes. She then glanced at the thousands of Angels standing like a statue, guarding the endless hallway. They didn't look at her, they just stood there with their visions focused on what was in front of them.

"Is the Prince here?" Satan asked as she gracefully brushed her elegant black gown that dragged on the pure white with hints of gold floor that looked like it was made of marble.

"The Prince is in Divine Court." All the Angels said at the same time.

"On his own?" Satan asked as she walked gracefully as her long gown dragged on the white tiles. Every step she took, the shadow followed her from behind, cascading down the bright and endless hallway.

"No, the Prince is with the Heaven's orders." All the Angels answered as the shadow began to take over the light that never disappeared, wrapping the Angels with the blanket of shadow.

"The Heaven's orders? All of them?" Satan asked as she looked at the stairs that suddenly appeared in the distance.

"They are now waiting for your arrival." The angels spoke as their eyes glowed bright gold like stars in the vast universe when the shadows covered the hallway.

"Thank you," Satan muttered as she walked up the endless stairs toward the light.

Every step she took made her climb higher and higher illogically until she stood in front of a gate made of pure white and gold stone like marble. The Archangels were guarding the gate and they opened the gate for her without having her tell them to.

The moment the gate opened wide, Satan saw all the familiar figures, the ones who only spoke to God and only took orders from God. They were all lights with beautiful white or gold wings, folding gracefully and releasing undeniable powerful divine energy.

"All Princes are here..." Satan spoke as the gate behind her closed slowly. "Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Azrael," she looked at them as she approached the white table under the six big trees.

"Aren't you one of us, Prince of the World." Michael spoke, his voice was like rumbling thunder on a sunny day, both terrifying and calming.

"Hmm, I have forgotten that title. Not like it matters since that title gives me no power in this kingdom..." Satan spoke as she sat on the chair among the Princes.

All the Princes sat there, silently staring at Satan and the shadow she brought into the court. They were all equal, equally under God's authority but something about Satan that made her slightly different from them. That slight difference made them not equal to Satan, and they couldn't name what they felt because they didn't have emotions or feelings.

"I hope I wasn't disturbing your plans..." Satan stared through the blinding light of Michael and stared into His eyes. "Did He tell you to plan all this?" She vaguely pointed her hands at the table.

"We have given permission to guide the humans," Michael answered.

"Ah..." Satan nodded with understanding. "Just the humans?" She asked with her brows raised.

"We have no plans for other beings in that world nor do we have the permission to guide them." Gabriel answered, the voice was both masculine and feminine, giving two different soothing feelings at the same time.

"Ah, now that makes sense. Which one of you received God's order cleaning of that world so humans could live there? I'm talking about the extinction of True Dragons," Satan asked, crossing her legs and looking at all the Princes.

"God bestowed me the power to cleanse that world." Azrael answered, his voice barely above a whisper but it was loud enough to bring discomfort.

Satan hummed as she nodded with understanding, finally finding the answer she was looking for. However, there were a lot of things that she wanted to ask, but she knew she couldn't cross those invisible boundaries.

"What about you? You have done so many deeds into that world." Raphael asked, his voice calm like water that satiated the thirst.

"Too much deeds to be explained," Satan answered as she uncrossed her legs. "But I'm here to tell you what I know from that world, about things that had happened behind the curtain that all of you might be unaware of," she said as she put her hand on the table. The shadow began to expand on the tabletop, reaching all the Princes.

None of them avoided the shadow and let it touch their lights. They could see what Satan wanted them to see, and she didn't hide a single thing from them. Once they got all the information, Satan's shadow slowly shrunk and went back to her side. They had seen enough about Rasmus, Videl, Aris, Rullein, Serena, Orthias, the humans, the Saints, everyone, and everything.

They wanted to question Satan's deeds, but they knew they would cross the same boundaries that Satan chose not to cross. They knew that questions would point them back to their Lord, God, and questioning God was the last thing they wanted to do. However, for Satan, she didn't care if she questioned God, she didn't want to question and interpret God's intentions and that was the line she would never cross.

"What you saw is nothing but the truth," Satan said calmly. "Now that you know, what is your plan to deal with the unknown?" She asked with her brows raised.

"That would be the same as yours," Michael answered.

"Unfortunately, no," Satan shook her head, and there was no hesitation in her voice. "You said your plans were to guide humans and only humans. Your plans endanger mine. We have the same objective, but we don't want the same outcome," she added.

At this moment was what reminded them who Satan truly was, a truth bringer both that encouraged toward goodness or evil depending on how the mortal beings interpret those truths. Satan didn't operate on the same level and capacity as them, unrestrained in a sense. A truth without God, a truth from a being called as God's accuser, adversary, and prosecutor.

"You warned them about us and you warned us about them." Gabriel said.

"Yes, and it's up to all of you, oh Princes of Heaven," Satan replied as she slowly stood up. "I have done what I came for. Is there anything else that you want to say?" She asked as she looked at them.

"Once God gave us permission to eradicate your force, you would stand no chance," Michael said.

"I'm aware of that. However, permission isn't the same as order. Permission allows deviation, order doesn't, and I will not stay quiet without any act of deviation unless it's an order," Satan replied with a smile on her face.

All of them had nothing else to say and it was enough for them to understand Satan's intention. They watched Satan walk away as the gate opened up for her. She didn't look back until the gate closed and her presence along with her shadow disappeared, leaving a world where only light existed.

Satan stood there and slowly lifted her head, staring at the brightest light, she was eager to go toward that light, but she knew it wasn't the time, not yet. Satan came back to Neva and all the Fallen Watchers were relieved that she was fine.

"How did it go?" Lucifer asked, noticing that Satan's body had been purified and somehow she had regained a lot of her power by merely visiting heaven.

"I did what I came for, that's all what matter," Satan answered as she walked toward the throne and sat on it. "Now, we should focus on stabilizing our power. Tell the others to finish their tasks as soon as possible. Everyone is running out of time," she said with a serious expression.

Everyone lowered their heads and some of the Fallen Watchers left to assist the plans in East Neva and West Neva.

Chapter 542 - 542: Helping hands.

Rasmus was looking out the window at the refugees because they had lost their home. The Vercnum Empire and the Rosemore Kingdom had conquered at least 20% of the continent. The lack of food and clean water was the cause of how easily those two nations were prevented from expanding their power. Water had become gold because the lakes, wells, and rivers had been consumed by corruption. The cases of murders and demon sightings increased every day and there was nothing they could do.

The only people that could purify the corruption were Serena and Aris, and Serena's existence became important even though nobody wanted to admit it. Their hatred toward Saints were deeper than their disgust toward Rasmus as a half breed. However, Serena had left the Brithia Kingdom to follow Erlina to the Ceras Kingdom with Carrion, Daryus, and Aider.

"Rasmus, can I come in?" Aris's voice could be heard from behind the door.

Rasmus realized that he had been in solitude for three days and he hadn't spoken to anyone ever since his meeting with Javi.

"Come in," Rasmus said as he pushed himself away from the window and walked to the couch.

Aris entered the room and the first thing she checked was the mixed energies that filled Rasmus' room. If a normal human entered his room, they would either die from madness, corruption, or even cold. She realized that Rasmus was incapable of stabilizing whatever was inside him.

"How do you feel?" Aris sat on the couch across from Rasmus and observed Rasmus' body from top to bottom.

"Weak, tired, cold, in pain, hot, dizzy, everything else that I don't need to explain," Rasmus answered, his voice calm and collected even in that condition. "What's going on out there right now?" He asked.

"Right now, I'm busy helping nations purify corruption. We might have taken care of the problem in the Walloce Trench, but what's underneath us? We haven't found any clues. There's a big chance that the Womb of the Mother is deep under the ground," Aris answered, and she looked a bit uninterested in dealing with that. "Maybe we can ask Videl to deal with this," she suggested as she stared into Rasmus' eyes.

Rasmus could see it in Aris' eyes, and they had spoken through stares around so many times that words were no longer needed. He nodded in agreement.

"Any news from him?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised.

"No, not yet. But I can send Yur to find him and help us with this matter," Aris answered, relieved that Rasmus could understand her intention. She wondered how Rasmus prevented his thoughts and mind from thinking that Videl was scheming behind them.

"Yes, that would be helpful for him to regain his power," Rasmus said as he leaned back and looked out the window. "He should be capable of finding them with his current state," he added.

"How about Rullein? She still hasn't come out?" Aris raised her brows and stared into Rasmus' eyes with a worried expression.

"No, she hasn't. She feels guilty for what she did and she wants to redeem herself by protecting my body from within. The dragon scales seems to have taken a root deep within my body now, and everything I touch is easily broken if I used too much strength," Rasmus reached the table and gently pressed his

index finger and it immediately made a crack in the thick wooden tabletop. "And? For what reason you came?" He crossed his arms and legs.

Aris pointed her finger at the spatial ring that Rasmus wore. Rasmus raised his hand and showed the ring on his middle finger. Aris nodded and without hesitation, Rasmus pulled off the ring and gave it to Aris.

"We might be able to help you survive and even stabilize your condition," Aris revealed as she brushed the rim of the ring and her gaze fixated on it.

"We?" Rasmus tilted his head slightly.

"Me, Aristoria, and also Sanya..." Aris answered.

Rasmus furrowed his brows as he slowly fixed his seating, sitting straight and looking at Aris with a curious look.

"Do you remember when Sanya put her energy inside you?" Aris asked.

"Yes, I remember. Why?" Rasmus nodded.

"You should be able to speak to her and even be there with her. But before that..." Aris paused and pulled out the Dragon's Breath from Rasmus' spatial ring. "This is the thing that will help you stabilize," she pointed out and put the Dragon's Breath on the table.

Rasmus almost forgot that they still had the Dragon's Breath, and he remembered that Aris needed that.

"What makes you think this will help me with my condition?" Rasmus leaned forward, his elbows rested on his thighs. "What makes you so sure that this wouldn't get devoured by one of the energies that are currently fighting over my body?" He lifted his head to look at Aris.

"Because you know that the soul of a True Dragon isn't the only thing that exist in this thing," Aris answered, staring back into Rasmus' eyes. "Don't you remember that Aristoria is also trapped in the void realm with the True Dragon? That she has tamed the True Dragon," she added.

Rasmus hummed as he rubbed his chin, slowly understanding what Aris was trying to do that could help with his condition.

"And why do we need Sanya in this?" Rasmus asked.

"Because Sanya hid a secret from the rest of the world, even the Orthias' elders don't know," Aris answered, and she was also surprised when Aristoria revealed it to her. "Sanya is similar to Rullein, she's the manifestation of the remnants of all True Dragons life force. She's an Orthias, but she's not at the same time," she revealed.

"Sanya might be the only person that could help you and let the Dragon Breath dominate the other energies, devouring them as energy. At the same time, Aristoria will be the one who will tame the power because she's an Aristoria that has transcended into the realm of a True Dragon but still maintained her existence as an Aristoria," Aris explained, but there was a bit of uncertainty in her voice and in her expression. "I'll try to speak with her in the Void Realm while you try to speak on this matter with Sanya. What do you think?" She looked at Rasmus, staring into his heterochromatic eyes back and forth.

Rasmus had been thinking about this whole situation of his own and he realized how he had barely any control over his body. He didn't want power to take control over his consciousness nor did he want to rely on one.

"How do I reach Sanya?" Rasmus asked.

"Find her energy, and I can see that it's still there within your body. All you have to do is trace it and use Mana to feed it. You will meet her," Aris answered as she grabbed the Dragon's Breath and placed it on her thighs.

Rasmus nodded as he made himself comfortable on the couch. He slowly closed his eyes, using Mana around him and letting it enter his body. At the same time, Aris released her energy into the Dragon's

Breath. Rasmus' consciousness got sucked into Sanya's energy while Aris' got sucked into the Void Realm.

The first thing that Rasmus heard and felt was the heavy wind and the coldness on his fingers. The moment he opened his eyes, he saw Sanya standing still in the middle of the mist, alone like a statue. She was standing in front of him with the fur coat robe she wore and the braids that flown by the blizzard.

"I believe it hasn't been a while since the last time we met. Now, look at you, your body is no longer belongs to you," Sanya said without having to turn around to look at Rasmus.

"So you can feel what's happening to my body?" Rasmus asked.

"Of course, I'm using that energy to keep an eye on you," Sanya turned around to look at Rasmus, she was a bit surprised when she saw the chaos in Rasmus' body that affected his appearance. "What are you? No beings can withstand that many energies inside them," she asked as she approached Rasmus.

"I'm not sure what am I anymore," Rasmus answered. "But I'm here to ask for your help," he said without wasting a moment.

"My help? How can I help you with that condition?" Sanya crossed her arms, observing Rasmus' heterochromatic eyes.

Rasmus explained what he knew from Aris and told Sanya what they found and what Aris and him had done with the Dragon's Breath. Even while explaining something that should have been shocking, Sanya kept that expressionless face, listening.

"That could work, but what do I get from helping you? I know what kind of a person you are. Your life worth than anything in this world, and I want something in return for helping you," Sanya's gaze mirrored Rasmus' when he tried to corner others.

"What do you want in return?" Rasmus asked without hesitation.

"You'll do whatever I ask you to do. That should be an easy task," Sanya answered with a cold smile.

"What if I don't?" Rasmus asked coldly.

"You'll find an opportunity in every situation you're in, will you not?" Sanya asked as she walked around Rasmus in a slow and deliberate way. "I believe you wouldn't just ignore my request because whatever it would be, you might have the same interest as mine," she stopped right behind Rasmus.

"What are you trying to say? You're not even asking my question," Rasmus looked over his shoulder at Sanya.

"I'll help you out, just consider my request," Sanya answered and grabbed Rasmus on the shoulder. "That's what I'm trying to say. We will meet again," she tapped Rasmus' shoulder and made him disappear.

Rasmus took a deep breath when he felt like falling into the pit and realized that he had come back to his room, sitting on the couch. He looked around him for a moment before he looked at Aris, who was staring at him.

"How did it go?" Aris asked with her brows furrowed.

"She said she would help," Rasmus answered, still feeling distorted. "What about you?" He asked as he looked at the Dragon's Breath in Aris' hands.

"She said she would help as well," Aris answered. "Shall we do it now?" She asked.

"Yes, we shall," Rasmus nodded as he exhaled deeply.

Chapter 543 - 543: Aristoria bloodline.

"Is there a particular reason why you have to position yourself like this?" Rasmus asked, looking at Aris who was sitting on top of him while he was lying on his bed.

"Yes, I need to seal the energies with your body, making sure none of them escape because it would cause harm to yourself or the whole city. This is the perfect position so I could maintain the balance," she explained as she looked down at Rasmus. "It does feel uncomfortable, but I have no choice either," she added as she looked at the Dragon's Breath in her hands.

Rasmus stayed still while Aris used her power to see the strings inside his body. The strings were no longer entangled with each other, only a few of them still. She wanted to check one last time, making sure that one of the energies didn't overpower the other.

"Does this will cause me to awaken the final threshold of my Aristoria bloodline?" Rasmus asked out of curiosity.

"Yes, you will..." Aris nodded, her gaze fixated on Rasmus' eyes. "But I don't know how your body will react to it because you still have flesh, bones, and heart," she added.

"Should I be worried about that?" Rasmus raised his brows, feeling Aris' hips shift slightly on his.

"No, hopefully not," Aris answered and held the Dragon's Breath tightly in her hands. "I want you to look at this first, does this remind you of something?" She asked out of curiosity, trying to keep Rasmus calm.

Rasmus looked at the sphere of frozen Dragon's Breath in Aris' hands. He had stared at it many times, and that question made him look at it from a different angle and perspective.

He stared at it for a while, his mind occupied to understand the riddle. When he realized the Dragon's Breath was frozen, he realized that it was frozen. He began to question how breath could be frozen in that frozen cloud form, which was scientifically impossible.

"It's frozen by something, and you mentioned that ice is the most powerful element. Perhaps this was frozen by the power of the Overlord?" Rasmus asked, tilting his head to look at Aris' face.

Aris nodded and looked at the sphere in her hands, she knew that Rasmus could understand it. She wouldn't be able to understand it if Aristoria didn't mention it and how it ended up in that form.

"Yes, and nothing can break this, to release and absorb it in its purest form. We don't know how, but that's how it happened and made," Aris answered, seeing her own reflection on the clear sphere. "But since you possess the Overlord's power, we believe you can break this and you can inhale the Dragon's Breath," she explained and offered the sphere to Rasmus.

Rasmus took the sphere and began to see it the moment he held it. He hadn't held the Dragon's Breath ever since the Overlord's power had awakened. Now that he had gotten used to the Overlord's power, he could sense the same energy coming from the Dragon's Breath.

"Is that how we are going to do this?" Rasmus muttered, turning the sphere around in his hands.

"Yes, the moment you inhale the Dragon's Breath, Aristoria will enter your body along with the True Dragon's soul. She will guide it to where all the energies collide. Sanya will notice it as well and she should use her energy within yours to stabilize the True Dragon's soul," Aris explained and nodded her head.

Rasmus knew that it was complicated, too complicated for him to understand it fully. However, he knew he had no better choices but to do this and trust Aris.

"I'll do everything I can even if it costs me all of my power. Can you trust me?" Aris muttered, her gaze moving from Rasmus' eyes to the other.

"You know the answer already. I'll do it now..." Rasmus answered and began to use the Overlord's power.

The Overlord's energy coated the Dragon's breath until the sphere slowly evaporated. The moment it was small enough to be placed inside his mouth, he pushed it to the back of his mouth and closed his mouth shut as he felt the sphere vaporize in his throat. When the Dragon's Breath was released, it entered his lungs and felt like he was being crushed by a mountain.

"Now you need to isolate all of the energies with yours. It doesn't matter anymore at this moment. Make sure to keep an eye on Rasmus' strings, even with one string unaffected, he will overcome and conquer the conflicting energies within him," Aristoria whispered.

Aris created a barrier and cut the outside world from Rasmus. The air was cold but the mist was cold until it was set ablaze with purple fire. Aris endured both the cold and the heat with her energy, the bed was a dead object that witnessed everything.

"My other self should be in there already, so all we can do is wait and maintain this barrier for Rasmus," Aristoria said, holding Aris' hands from behind.

The True Dragon descended into the dark clouds without any sign of fear until it finally went through the mixed energies that tried to conquer it. Aristoria was standing in between the True Dragon's horns, looking at the land that had been separated by a wall of colossal mountain. One part was covered in polluted dark smoke with a worldly dead tree and its ginormous roots and thorns. The other was covered in blizzards, ice shards, ice pillars, and ice spikes that reached high into the sky.

"What a dangerous situation you're in, my child..." Aristoria looked up at the sky and saw the golden sky being squeezed by dark clouds and the snowstorm. "My my, I don't think I can do much here..." She muttered to herself as she had used her energy to protect the True Dragon from being consumed by all the energies.

As soon as Aristoria said that, a tremendous amount of Orthias energy was released from the mountain. The energy pierced through the True Dragon's chest, feeding both the True Dragon and Aristoria. They both looked down and saw Sanya, standing at the peak of the mountain, waiting for them to come.

"Let's get to work..." Aristoria looked down at the True Dragon's head. "Cleanse the sky," she transferred her energy to the True Dragon's body.

The True Dragon roared and spread its wings, releasing a light blue energy and spreading like a nuclear explosion. All energies succumbed to the power of a True Dragon that overpowered them. The True Dragon soared through the vast sky, cleansing with its breath, slowly but surely showing its superiority.

The sky was bright once again, a pure white sky where no energies reigned over it. Aristoria admired it for a moment before she ordered the True Dragon to descend.

The True Dragon's legs wrapped around the mountain like a tree branch. It once again spread its wings, roaring as the sign of the new being that would conquer the land. At the same time, Aristoria jumped

down and landed on the mountain's peak. She saw Sanya standing there with her arms crossed and playing with a blue flame around her fingers.

"Look at you, scattered in different things. Now, you're here, in a place that will bind you for as long as this body is still alive," Sanya said, knowing the one that she was talking with was a different Aristoria from before. "Your plan is ruined now, you're not whole anymore if you chose to protect your child," she pointed out.

"You're right," Aristoria answered without denying it. "Perhaps my actions caused all of these, leading them into the problems that I created," her eyes focused on the dead tree that went as high as the sky.

"It's the first time I heard you admit that you were wrong," Sanya smiled as she stared at Aristoria's calm expression, the same expression that she always saw. "Which one do you want to deal with first? The one you raised or the one you made a deal with?" She asked.

"I will meet Rullein since it has been a while since the last time I saw her," Aristoria answered, but then she glanced at Sanya with a cold gaze. "You don't want to deal with the Overlord? Aren't you a part of the law the Overlord reigned?"

Sanya coldly stared back at Aristoria, showing hostility in her gaze. There was something that Sanya didn't want to remember and there was a bit of regret that she told her origin to Aristoria.

"I have chosen to become an Orthias, and there's nothing I wish to change. My job here is to keep you and the True Dragon alive and safe, that's all," Sanya said and stared at the True Dragon with her glowing blue eyes. "What are you waiting for? Go and save your children," she turned around and walked away, staring at the other side of the field.

Aristoria looked at Sanya for a moment before a smile formed on her lips.

"Thank you, for keeping your promise," Aristoria said as the True Dragon began to flap its wings and flew toward the dead tree.

Aristoria flew and landed on the True Dragon's head.

Chapter 544 - 544: Cleanse.

Aristoria landed in front of the colossal dead tree while the True Dragon began to release a blue fire breath that burned the roots and thorns from the sky. There was no sign of resistance because Rullein was there, leaning against tree bark that was as wide as a mountain. She was hugging herself, feeling ashamed and guilty for what she had done. Oddly enough, Aristoria's present made Rullein change her appearance into a small child.

"Has you lost control over your power, Rullein?" Aristoria asked as she walked through the thorny roots and the sticky tar on the ground.

"No, not really..." Rullein answered, her face still facing downward. Her voice was quiet and filled with guilt and shame.

"What kind of answer is that? I don't remember raising you like this," Aristoria tilted her head, her bright skin and white dress were like a contrast to the place she was standing, a dot of white in the field of darkness. "Tell me, why are you doing this?" She stood in front of Rullein.

Rullein wanted to tell Aristoria that there was a power within hers that was powerful enough that she couldn't control. The corruption was too powerful than she had anticipated and Videl's power was the one controlling it from behind. She realized that it all started when she began to consume Corruption from the Demonic Beasts and the Womb of the Mother. The power that had accumulated inside her that she didn't realize had grown too powerful that it resisted her power.

"I lost control of my power the moment I took a root deep inside Rasmus' body. Something else has taken half of the power I have released here, and I'm stuck here in this place. I don't want to tell Rasmus that because I have done one mistake, and now I did another one," Rullein muttered, as she put her hands behind her back.

"I can tell, and that's why I'm here. I'll take your power away, at least most of it because you're growing too fast, and this unknown power you took turned out to be above your capability to devour," Aristoria looked around at the corruption, something that more powerful than the Dark Energy that belonged to Rullein. "I have told you many times that you shouldn't devour things so casually. Now you understand what I meant?" She reached for Rullein's head and patted her with care.

"I'm sorry..." Rullein muttered, leaning in to Aristoria's hand.

"You should, and you should apologize to Rasmus for lying to him," Aristoria smiled softly. "Now, tell me where's your core? I'll cleanse the corruption," she asked and glanced at the tree bark behind Rullein.

Rullein slowly lifted her head and saw the woman who had raised her, the one she had been learning from for hundreds of years. She felt safe, like back then when she learned the world from Aristoria, and nothing could make her feel otherwise. She glanced at the True Dragon, burning the roots and the thorns into ashes, the corruption that had accumulated began to float into the sky, but it was purified by Sanya's power.

"Follow me..." Rullein turned around and dug the ground that was covered in tar.

There was a hole, big enough for Aristoria to enter, but it was also filled with tar. However, Aristoria didn't hesitate and began to dip her foot into the hole and began to descend, completely drowned in tar and corruption.

Aristoria slid deeper and deeper until she finally fell onto a hard surface. She used her energy to cleanse the tar all over her body, realizing how invasive it was. She then saw Rullein, standing next to a dark purple sphere where the top and bottom parts were wrapped in roots that looked like veins.

"Your core has grown bigger and stronger than I had expected," Aristoria muttered, walking toward Rullein's core. "But it's being corrupted slowly and it's slowly being absorbed by external force. Your core has been contaminated," she reached out to the sphere and touched it gently.

"What will happen to me?" Rullein asked, and there was a hint of fear and anxiety in her voice.

"As I said, I'll cleanse your core. That also means you'll lose all the power you have devoured because it all has been contaminated," Aristoria turned to look at Rullein, knowing how scared Rullein was. "But it's better than losing yourself, is it not?" She asked with her brows raised, her voice gentle and quiet.

Rullein nodded slowly, there were no words that could express her feelings.

"I'll do it now," Aristoria said and turned her gaze toward Rullein's core.

Aristoria released her energy, a blinding bright blue light that was enough to burn the roots into ashes until everything disintegrated. She then focused the light on her hands where she touched the core. The light illuminated the dark purple core, and the core began to react like it was boiling. The sphere began to tremble and that was when Rullein began to collapse.

Rullein was in extreme pain, but she didn't want to scream, didn't want to whine or complain. She knew what she did was wrong and she tried to accept her punishment. Aristoria knew that, but she couldn't stop, not until she was sure that Rullein's core was cleansed to its original state, purely Dark energy.

Sanya watched as the roots and the thorns dried up to the point they all thinned up like a thin branch. The True Dragon landed, trampling on the dried roots and thorns as it began to roar, releasing draconic energy that purified the land. However, Sanya noticed there was a foreign energy, a powerful one that resisted the draconic energy. She immediately flew toward it, trying to find out what it was before it got purified by the draconic energy.

When Sanya managed to isolate that foreign energy, she narrowed her eyes, observing it thoroughly. It was a different energy than the one that corrupted the True Dragon that Aristoria and Rasmus had fought before, but it was similar.

"What a dangerous energy this is..." Sanya muttered to herself before she released the energy, letting it be purified by the draconic energy. "Where was this energy come from?" She furrowed her brows and watched as the energy weakened and finally could no longer resist the draconic power.

A loud crackling sound was heard from the dead tree that reached the sky. Sanya saw the crack that grew bigger and longer until the whole tree suddenly snapped. The tree was so big that it could trample on the True Dragon and she could die if she got trampled by it.

She flew away, trying to avoid the toppling tree. It wasn't just her, the True Dragon also flew away, knowing the danger of that colossal tree. When it hit the ground, it shook the ground to the point that the mountain wall was crumbling from the impact.

"You, we need to prevent the other energy from taking over the mountain and this area," Sanya stared at the True Dragon.

The True Dragon glared at Sanya for a moment, but then it flew toward the mountain, following her words. The two of them stood at the mountain's peak, looking down at the blizzard that was slowly moving toward the mountain. The ice shards began to freeze the mountain's foot rapidly when it knew the other side had lost its power to resist.

"You need to hurry..." Sanya glanced at the dead tree as she flew toward the left side of the mountain wall.

The True Dragon began to release fire breath that melted the ice shards underneath it all the way to the right side of the mountain's wall. Sanya on the other hand, she used her blue flame, a flame that could spread wildly and made anything as its fuel. The two of them were busy preventing the Overlord's power from taking over the other half of the land.

At the same time, Aristoria held Rullein's core that had shrunk enough that it fit in her cupping hands. She made sure that Rullein's core was clean from any other energies. Once she finished observing Rullein's core, she looked down at Rullein's unconscious and weak body. She bent her knee and gently put Rullein's core in Rullein's arms then created a barrier to protect Rullein.

Aristoria looked up and saw the bright sky above her, listening to the sound of the True Dragon's roar and flame. She knew that the Overlord was trying to conquer the mountain and was trying to take over Rullein. She flew and went to the mountain to assist Sanya and the True Dragon.

"What are you doing here..." Sanya flew toward Aristoria. "Your job isn't to deal with this," she pointed out, floating in front of Aristoria. "Your job is to deal with that thing..." She pointed at the glowing bright blue eyes in the sky, hidden beneath the dark gray snowstorm.

Aristoria glanced at the eyes in the sky for a moment. She didn't want to admit that what she felt at that moment was fear. She never encountered the Overlord, not in that state where it was alive.

"Right..." Aristoria nodded slowly.

"Go, I'll help you when you need me the most," Sanya held Aristoria's hand, gripping it tightly. "I promised, didn't I?" She stared into Aristoria's eyes with a serious expression.

Aristoria took a deep breath and closed her eyes, slowly nodding her head once again. Once she had overcome the fear, she slowly opened her eyes and let go of Sanya's hand before she flew toward the glowing bright blue eyes.

Chapter 545 - 545: The truth revealed.

Aristoria landed on a mountain made of pure ice, and she had never felt so cold before. She could see millions of her reflections in the ice, making her feel trippy because she could see herself everywhere because of the clear ice. She looked down and realized the mountain of ice was formed from millions of ice pieces.

Her fingers felt stiff, her movements began to slow down as her power was being neutralized. She knew the closer she was from the Overlord's core, the less of her remained.

"This feeling reminds me of that time, powerless..." Aristoria remembered a similar situation when she first encountered the Overlord's existence.

Aristoria slid down the ice, her gaze was fixated into the gray clouds where a pair of glowing bright blue eyes were. The eyes were big, a True Dragon's body could fit into one of the eyes. She could imagine how big the Overlord was, perhaps the Overlord's size could be a tenth of Neva's surface or half Earth's size.

"(Such a being existed in Neva, something that doesn't feel like it belongs in this world...)" Aristoria thought to herself as she reached the bottom of the ice mountain. "That makes sense that more than half of Neva is covered in snow and ice..." She muttered to herself, staring at the otherworldly creature ahead of her.

The longer she walked, the bigger the eyes became, and the clearer they were. The Overlord was staring down at her, recognizing her as the one who had promised a vessel. There was no sign of hostility from the Overlord's gaze, but there was something else, a dominance.

Aristoria noticed the sudden change of the wind current, hitting her back with so much force. She looked up and saw a bizarre phenomenon where big vortexes were coming from all directions where the

cores were moving toward the same sky. Flashes of hundreds of lightning could be seen but there was no thunder that followed.

The dead tree was colossal, the mountain also, but they both turned pale in comparison when the flashes revealed the Overlord's silhouette behind the clouds. Aristoria unconsciously stopped advancing, finally seeing the glimpse of the otherworldly creature and its magnificent.

Suddenly, the vortexes grew fiercer and bigger, pulling the clouds and the mist into them. Aristoria gulped when she was given permission to look at the Overlord's head. She looked at the biggest vortex that circled around the Overlord's head and to its long neck. She ice mountains orbiting its head because of how big the Overlord was and because it had its own gravitational pull.

The Overlord's head was bluish white like snow on a starry night. Its sharp bottom and upper teeth clasped together on the sides of its shut mouth. The eyes were white with light blue irises and black slit pupils. It had four horns with each horn having four branches, decorated with sparkling ice, making them look like a crown.

Each deep growl was enough to make Aristoria's body tremble by the rhythm. She collapsed to one knee with her head felt like being crushed from both the inside and outside. She was powerless, and she was thinking of a way to prevent the Overlord from taking over Rasmus' body.

"Your name..." The Overlord glared at Aristoria like a speck of dust on the ground.

"Aristoria..." Aristoria answered as she was trying her best to keep her self conscious.

"You were the one who found me," The Overlord spoke, his voice being enough to shake the whole realm. "Rise..." The Overlord ordered.

Aristoria struggled to stand on her feet because of the gravitational pull and the trembling ground from the Overlord's breathing. She tried to balance herself, and slowly but surely, she managed to stand tall. She lifted her head, looking into the Overlord's eyes that seemed to see through her and all of her memories.

"You want to protect the boy, but the boy isn't your child anymore. Your child is long gone, died from starvation and abandonment," The Overlord spoke, slowly lowering its head as the snow began to get pulled by its gravitational pull.

"He's still my child. He embraced who he was, he treated himself like my child did. It doesn't matter if he's still my child or not, but he is... to me," Aristoria answered as her feet were being pulled toward the Overlord's face by its gravity. "I promised you a body, but the body isn't my child," she pointed out.

"I know, but I want this child's body. He has a body that can transcend higher than your race and the dragon. This body can withstand my power," The Overlord replied, slowly lifting its head and looking up at the endless sky. "I have decided, and there's nothing you can do. After all, you planned to give my power to this child. You have made a mistake, and now you will have to pay," he growled.

A smirk formed on Aristoria's lips, and that confidence was enough to make the Overlord glance at her, smelling of her fearlessness. The Overlord sensed something that he couldn't understand or failed to grasp from that smirk alone. As a being who could see everything, it reminded him of that moment, the moment when death descended from the sky.

"A mistake you say?" Aristoria's smirk widened as her eyes suddenly glowed bright blue. "Sanya thought it was a mistake, but I never thought a being like you would say the same thing. It seems I managed to outsmart the strongest being," she raised her right hand as more and more energy gathered around her instead of going to the Overlord.

The Overlord watched as Aristoria's energy turned into a glowing bright blue vortex around her. He was confused because it was impossible for someone to gather their power in his presence. However, he was proven wrong, and even though he tried to make Aristoria's energy succumb to his will, the energy only grew stronger.

"Do you know where your core is located?" Aristoria took a step forward toward the Overlord, gathering more and more energy into her body. "My son's heart," she raised her brows. "Do you know who's blood and power that runs in my child's body?" She asked again as she absorbed the Overlord's power. "Mine," her smile widened. "And do you know what that means? That means, your power is under my will," she pointed her finger down at the ground.

The Overlord suddenly lost his power and his neck couldn't support his head, making his head hit the ground. The impact sent a shockwave that could turn a human body into dust, but to Aristoria, it was just like a gentle breeze.

"The only reason why my child hasn't awakened his Aristoria's bloodline is because I haven't given my permission yet," Aristoria stared at the jaw of the Overlord that was bigger and taller than any mountain. "You're in my reality, and the control is in my hand," she snapped her fingers and cleared the sky in an instant. The blizzard disappeared and that was when the True Dragon appeared and landed behind her with Sanya standing on its head.

"I managed to contain your power before, and do you think I didn't try to understand it and find its weakness?" Aristoria asked as the True Dragon lowered its head to Aristoria, showing its ownership to its master. "I am Aristoria, the one who has transcended and once controlled the world's will thanks to your power," she muttered as she raised her right hand and then swung it downward.

The Overlord's size shrunk until it was smaller than the True Dragon. Sanya was in disbelief, shocked that Aristoria had hid her power the whole time. Sanya finally saw Aristoria's real plan, and it was beyond her grasp.

Aristoria slowly raised her open hand and pointed at the Overlord. She slowly clenched her fist until the Overlord felt Aristoria's energy crushing his body. The Overlord felt what Aristoria felt, powerless and kneeling in her presence.

"Show me your core," Aristoria commanded, her gaze cold with trails of light blue on the corner of her eyes that flowed like a river. "I could find it myself, but I want you to do it yourself," she muttered as she tightened her fist.

Unlike Rullein's core which was hidden underneath the dead tree, the Overlord's core was hidden in his chest. When the Overlord arched his back, he revealed the glowing blue-ish sphere on his chest. Aristoria walked toward him and touched the core with her palm. She released her energy and pierced into the Overlord's core, stabilizing it and at the same time overpowering it with her own.

"Now your existence is under my will," Aristoria said as she pulled her hand from the Overlord's chest.

Aristoria turned around and walked toward Sanya, but her steps became heavier and unbalanced. She collapsed to her knees and the True Dragon suddenly roared in pain until it collapsed just like her. Sanya looked at both of them with a confused look until she saw Aristoria's body and the True Dragon's body turned translucent and slowly became transparent.

"Aris!" Sanya ran toward Aristoria and held her in her arms. "You..." Before she could finish her sentence, Aristoria placed her thumb on Sanya's lips.

"Yes, I am..." Aristoria said weakly as her eyelids grew heavier. "My son, will you come to me?" She glanced at the sky.

Sanya looked up and saw Rasmus slowly descend from the sky, unaware of his presence. She watched Rasmus walk toward them and went down on one knee beside Aristoria.

"Give me your hand..." Aristoria weakly raised her right hand.

Rasmus didn't hesitate to grab Aristoria's hand and hold it gently.

"It's yours now... everything..." Aristoria smiled weakly at Rasmus. "I have been waiting for this moment, and now I have fulfilled my wish..." She muttered as she looked at her hand that had become transparent.

Rasmus could feel everything in this realm, every dust, every corner, he could sense everything as if they were a part of him. He had heard everything and he had gained control of both the Overlord's power and Rullein's power, living in coexistence under his command.

"Good bye, mother," Rasmus said, holding Aristoria's hand that already felt like air.

"Good bye, my child..." Aristoria said before she completely disappeared, becoming one with the air. There was a glimpse of her grinning when she heard Rasmus call her mother.

The world was no longer separated by blizzards and black smoke, everything was white and the mountain's wall was no longer there to separate both sides. There was only Rasmus and Sanya, the Overlord and Rullein in that vast white space. There was only silence when Sanya and Rasmus stared at each other.

"I wasn't expecting this..." Sanya said as she slowly stood up.

"Me neither," Rasmus replied, his gaze fixated on his hand where Aristoria's phantom hand lingered. "Is it over?" He asked.

"Yes, I believe it is over," Sanya nodded and looked at her surroundings. "My job here is done, and I'll keep an eye on those two cores," she turned to look at Rasmus.

"Why?" Rasmus asked as he stood up.

"Because that's the promise I made with your mother. To protect the one that she will bring into this world," she revealed.

Rasmus hummed, realizing that everything was over and that he had regained his own body and mind.

"I'll consider your request," Rasmus said calmly.

Sanya raised her brows and glanced at Rasmus, a bit of a smile formed on her lips.

"That's better than nothing," Sanya nodded with understanding. "Well then, you should go out of here. Aris might be worried and waiting for you. We will talk when we meet again," she chuckled softly before she walked away.

Rasmus looked up at the white sky for a moment before he closed his eyes. When he opened his eyes, he saw Aris' face right in front of his, staring at him while she was gripping onto his shirt. When she looked into his eyes for a few seconds, she then sighed in relief before she pulled away and let go of his shirt.

"Welcome back..." Aris smiled gently at Rasmus before she rolled over and lay down on the bed beside him.

"I'm back," Rasmus muttered and stared at the ceiling.

Chapter 546 - 546: Agendas.

Videl sat on top of a mountain on one of the islands away from the West Neva continent. His expression was cold and had a hint of annoyance in it when he realized that he had lost his power that had been deeply rooted into Rasmus' body and Rullein's core. He was so close to controlling two powerful beings, but now he had lost both of them before he could see the seed he had planted to bloom.

"You failed..." Belial's voice was quiet.

"Failed you say?" Videl scoffed as he grabbed a piece of rock. "Failing one objective isn't a problem. As long as they're unaware of my intention, nothing will change," he smirked and coated the rock with hellfire before he threw it hard enough to reach the sea.

When the burning rock made contact with the water, it exploded and created a powerful and destructive explosion. The water reached the sky and created rain on the island, wetting the demons that crawled in the dark.

"I didn't expect there was a power that could purify my power and the origin of evil. Did you?" Videl glanced over his shoulder at Belial, unaffected by the rain since his body was so corrupted that nothing pure could touch him.

"No. It's not right..." Belial replied.

Videl knew that it was both a good thing and a bad thing when there was a power that could overpower his. The good thing was it had a chance to fight against Satan and even the angels. The bad thing was it had a possibility to overpower those beings and even himself.

"I miscalculated, I didn't expect that Aris had those things on her that could help Rasmus. I didn't just fail, but I made them stronger," Videl stood up and swirled his finger toward the sky, burning the clouds until they disappeared and evaporated the rain.

Videl turned around and realized that Belial had disappeared. He then noticed Yur's presence from the distance and he knew that his time of leisure was over.

"What brings you here? They need my help?" Videl asked with his arms crossed, watching Yur floating in front of him.

"Yes, they need your help..." Yur answered and looked down at the swarm of demons hiding in the darkness. "Can you go back now and help them?" Yur looked at Videl.

Videl smirked as he snapped his fingers, opening a portal in the sky. All the demons that were lurking in the darkness immediately looked up at the portal. They all flew toward the portal and disappeared into the night. Once all of them entered the portal, Videl closed the portal and clapped his hands once, taking Yur's attention to him.

"Well then, shall we go now?" Videl smiled.

Yur nodded and flew with Videl following Yur from behind.

At the same time, Erlina and the others had arrived at Ceras Kingdom. The capital city was dreadful and there were traces of blood everywhere. The people looked all gloomy and anxious, avoiding even a droplet of water when they saw it around them.

Before they entered the capital city, they saw piles of dead bodies being burned in the pit. Sorcerers were on the scenes, preventing the bodies from coming back to life. The whole continent was doing the same thing after they found out what happened if someone made contact with water.

"This doesn't look good..." Carrion muttered, looking out the window of the carriage he was in. "I wonder how many bodies they have burned and how many people that survived here," he added.

"I hope they're still alive," Erlina said with a cold expression as she looked outside the window. "What about you, Serena? What are you going to do now that we have arrived?" She turned to look at Serena, who was sitting beside her.

"I will meet the king, and I might need your help to introduce me to the royal family. You want to spread your influence, I'll also spread my influence here and help you to get your revenge," Serena answered, but her gaze was empty and distant.

Serena had been thinking about the scheme that Videl had done behind everyone's back. She was in a dilemma about which side she wanted to share that information with. Satan could be helpful and Satan would accept her since Satan didn't care about her past. On the other hand, the cultists, the Zevrathi, and especially the angels, they wouldn't want to have her around.

"(But to side with Satan would only give her the opportunity to grow stronger, giving her a chance to become an unstoppable force)" Serena thought to herself, her eyes closed and arms folded.

"Well, your presence here will be crucial and Daryus can act like your trusted aid. A doctor and a Saint, I think it's a good pair in this kind of situation," Erlina nodded as she looked at Daryus being squeezed in the middle by Aider and Carrion.

"Do you want to blend in with the crowd now, Aider?" Erlina raised her brows.

"Yes, that would be lovely," Aider smiled with his eyes closed, wearing the face of a young adult in simple attire, making him look like a mere steward.

The carriage stopped and then Aider walked out of the carriage, looking at his surroundings before he blended in with the atmosphere. He listened to the carriage leaving and he began to gather information from the people about the family that Erlina planned to erase from history.

Because of the letter that Queen Anastasia wrote to King Sullivan the 3rd, Erlina and others arrived at the royal palace. They were welcomed with warmth, especially knowing a Saint had come to cleanse the whole nation.

"His Majesty and Her Majesty are eager to welcome you, please follow me," the palatine said with his head lowered in front of Erlina and the others.

"Please lead us the way," Serena smiled softly.

Erlina chose to let Serena handle the group since Carrion and her were going to expand their influence with the nobles first. Fortunately, nobody recognized Erlina's face since she ran away when she was still young. She planned to buy the mines, the crops, and the lands since West Neva had just survived a dangerous situation, leaving a lot of lands to have no owners.

"Ah! Saint Serena, it's an honor to have you here..." King Sullivan rose from his throne when he saw Serena enter the room. "We have been waiting," the king had a long beard and darkened eyes from the lack of sleep with the thinning hair under the crown.

Erlina looked at the king and the queen, both of them desperate to rebuild their nation. It was a good sign for her, and so she decided to play the quiet one, to offer none but at the same time give them the idea of an opportunity to use her wealth and power.

"I would love to have a conversation, but I believe the city needs me right now," Serena said in a soft voice.

Sullivan's eyes lit up when Serena hinted that she would cleanse the corruption. There was no other good news but that, and it was enough to tell how desperate he was when the West Neva never accepted religions, especially a Saint.

"Thank you, Saint Serena. We will be waiting here and we will prepare food for everyone," Sullivan replied as he nodded with understanding.

"Then, we will excuse ourselves..." Serena put her hand on Daryus' shoulder. "You two should accompany his Majesty and her Majesty. I believe there are interesting things to talk about, right? Minister of South Neva Union?" She turned her head to look at Erlina.

Erlina was recruited by Thalior himself and given a position as a Minister that overseen three nations in South Neva. That offer was given to her before they left Centriva, and she didn't think twice about accepting that offer. She wasn't officially a minister yet since she hadn't signed any documents that prove her position as the Minister of South Neva Union.

Sullivan's eyes brightened even more, realizing that he might have struck gold. West Neva and South Neva had formed an alliance since the demon invaded Neva. With that being said, he believed with Erlina on his side, he could not only rebuild the Ceras Kingdom but also make his nation stronger than others.

"Yes, I believe we could have a conversation while we wait for your return, Saint Serena," Sullivan nodded and then signaled to the knight to prepare the parlor room for the guests.

Serena and Daryus left the throne room, going to the city square so Serena could cleanse the whole city. On the other hand, Erlina and Carrion followed Sullivan and his wife to the parlor room.

It hadn't been a second since Erlina and Carrion took a seat, and Sullivan had already made his move.

"If I had known that a Minister from South Neva Union would come here, I would have prepared something more appropriate," Sullivan said with a huge smile on his face.

Erlina didn't react to the pleasantries, trying to act cold and dismissive. She knew her worth, and she would make the king dig his own grave until the whole nation would be under her rule.

"There's no need for that, Your Majesty. We came here because Queen Anastasia wished us to help your nation," Erlina gave a hint, luring Sullivan to take the bait.

"I see, we are very grateful. We are indeed in need of help, Minister. As you can see, my nation is on the brink of collapse. We might need funds and resources to rebuild the kingdom," Sullivan said and looked at the window at the gloomy sky.

"Funds?" Erlina raised her brows slowly. "Do you mean loans?" She asked as she pulled her folding fan, moving it toward her lips before she unfolded it, covering the lower half of her face. "If it loans, I might be able to help," she pointed out, her eyes narrowing as if she was smiling with her eyes.

Chapter 547 - 547: Eerily Identical.

Serena looked at the people gathered in the city square where Daryus showed that water was no longer harmful to consume. Daryus trusted Serena's power and drank the water straight from the wall after Serena finished cleansing. The people were waiting for madness to consume Daryus, but it had been half an hour since he had drank the water.

"Please, come and test it yourself. I swear on my life that the water is safe now," Daryus said with conviction in his words. "Take the water and drink it. All of you haven't had any water to drink for more than two days, and if you don't drink now, all of you might die, so please, come and drink," he offered the bucket of water to anyone that was willing to take the first step.

An old man raised his hand, his lips dried and covered in cuts due to dehydration. He approached Daryus and cupped his hands as they took the water from the bucket. Everyone watched the old man drink the water in his hand.

Everyone went silent, Serena was raising her brows, knowing who that old man was. She could see the darkness in the old man's heart, the same darkness that belonged to Aider. She didn't expect to see him assisting them, and the fact he managed to get a new face, meaning he had just killed the man who owned that face he wore.

After a few minutes without any sign of corruption from the old man, all the people immediately rushed toward the well. They had been dehydrated for days, and they couldn't endure the thirst anymore.

Children were the first to drink from the well and then the old people. Everyone was crying and kneeling in front of Serena because there were no words that could express their gratitude. But Daryus knew that some of them were in critical condition, organ failures from dehydration.

"If anyone feels sick, please come to me and allow me to check your body!" Daryus shouted and looked at everyone's complexion, checking which was which that needed his help.

Serena maintained the barrier dome that covered the whole city. Her power helped ease the symptoms of sick people and prevented them from dying. She then glanced at Aider, walking away as if he was no longer needed.

"Daryus," Serena called as she approached Daryus. "I have to go back to the palace. Are you going to be okay on your own here?" She put her hand on Daryus' back, imbuing divine energy into his body to protect him and to give him the strength that he needed.

"Yes, I'll be fine. I'm used to this," Daryus looked at Serena for a moment before he shifted his focus to the people in front of him.

Serena nodded with understanding and left the city square on her own. The people were bowing their heads to her, showing their utmost gratitude and held her hands like she was someone worth worshipping. The whole journey back to the palace, everyone looked at her and went down on their knees, chanting their gratifications like a mantra.

When Serena arrived at the parlor, she saw Erlina and Carrion signing documents and then King Sullivan put the royal seal onto the documents. She didn't need to check what it was, but the fact that Erlina looked pleased was enough to tell that Erlina had gotten what she wanted.

"Saint Serena! We saw the divine barrier and what happened, we are thankful for your help," King Sullivan stood up and looked at Serena before he bowed his head. "Is there anything you want in return, Your Holiness?" He asked as he lifted his head to look at Serena.

"I don't want anything, Your Majesty. I came here to help, and I'm far from done," Serena shook her head and smiled at Sullivan. "There are cities, small towns, and villages in your nations that need to be cleansed, and I'm planning to go to each one of them," she pointed out.

Hearing that, Sullivan almost collapsed that he had to lean against the couch with his hands supporting his body. There were tears in his eyes and he was speechless because he didn't know how to express his gratitude anymore. Serena then approached him, helping him to stand properly and smiled at him with admiration.

"You're a good king, Your Majesty," Serena said as she held Sullivan's arm.

"Thank you, Your Hollines..." Sullivan bowed his head, finally showing his submission to Serena.

Erlina was smiling behind the fan that covered the lower half of her face. She knew that sooner or later King Sullivan would realize that the kingdom would no longer be his. She knew that she had to move fast to get what she was coming for.

Erlina, Carrion, and Serena were escorted to the guest room so they could rest after a long journey. The three of them sat on the couch, sitting across from each other with the documents laid out on the coffee table.

"You got the mines, the land, and the exclusive right to trade in the Ceras Kingdom. You're robbing them dry, aren't you?" Serena chuckled as she read the documents.

"I'm not robbing them dry, they're offering them to me without me asking for it," Erlina leaned back, making herself comfortable on the couch. "Well, they're in Carrion's hand, my task here is to act as a representative of the South Neva Union," she added.

"And? Did you get the information that you needed from His Majesty? About your family?" Serena asked.

The mention of Erlina's family made her expression turn cold and there was a hint of killing intent in her eyes. She didn't say a word at first, she stood up and walked toward the window, opening it wide. She looked out the window and stared at the sky until a smirk formed on her lips.

"Yes, they're alive and healthy," Erlina answered as she looked at Serena.

Suddenly a raven entered the room with a scroll tied to its leg. It was Javi's raven, and Erlina immediately pulled the scroll, wondering what kind of news that he had for her. When she read the content, she grinned widely before she crumpled the scroll and hid it in the valley of her breasts.

"The Blackhands are currently observing the Riverband town where my paternal family lived," Erlina said with a huge grin on her face, walking toward the couch. "They said that they're ready to make a move as soon as I tell them," she chuckled softly and sat beside Carrion. "I can't wait to see the rivers turn red."

"So, we are just waiting for Aider to come back then? I'm not sure if he's going to pull this off. I don't think it's even possible," Carrion looked at Erlina with his brows raised.

"If he said he could, there's no reason to be worried about it. We just need to wait for him to come back," Erlina replied as she tapped on her folded fan. "I'm curious as well, so let's just wait."

Day turned into night, Daryus came back and he looked tired and a bit depressed. He couldn't save a few lives because he was too late, most of them were children. He couldn't hide his anger and disappointment toward himself to the point that he cried so much that his eyes were swollen. Serena and Erlina were there to comfort him.

It was late at night, everyone was still waiting for Aider's return, and that was when they heard knocks on the door. Carrion was the one who opened the door to check who it was.

"What the fuck..." Carrion was baffled when he looked at Erlina standing at the door. "Wait, what?" He turned around and looked at Erlina sitting on the couch, enjoying her tea.

The others looked at the door and they were as shocked as Carrion when they saw Erlina standing at the door. They were shocked not because the fake had the same face and skin color as Erlina, but also because of her body and curves that looked so identical.

"Aider?" Erlina asked, and there was a hint of horror in her eyes.

"Yes?" Aider raised her brows as she walked in, her voice was also identical to Erlina's, making it eerie to hear. "It's me," she smiled as she turned around, showing her curves from all angles.

"How?" Erlina was stunned because it felt like she was looking in a mirror. "How did you do this?" She asked, gulping in disbelief.

"Well, I just find a woman's face with the same complexion as yours. The rest? I just carve the face, reshaping it into your face. For the body, I just need to feel the empty space or tighten some of the parts. Now, here I am," Aider chuckled as she stood in front of Erlina, where their height was also identical.

"But your voice..." Erlina muttered, having endless goosebumps when Aider was standing in front of her. "You're a man, so how did you change your voice?" She asked, furrowing her brows and narrowing her eyes.

"I just trained my voice, that's all," Aider answered non-chalantly. "But that's not what matters, right? Now you can go freely while I act like you here," she pointed out.

"Right..." Erlina cleared her throat as she nodded in agreement. "Now I can go without being suspected. Well then, you can use my attires, my gowns, and dress..." She muttered, still finding it eerie that Aider could easily copy someone else's appearance.

Aider took the folding fan from Erlina's hand and then unfolded it, covering the lower half of her face, mimicking Erlina's behavior. Erlina then went to grab a hooded robe for her to wear.

"Why don't you wait until the morning?" Carrion asked, and he looked worried and afraid.

"I'll be fine, I have Serena with me," Erlina approached Carrion and cupped his cheeks. "I'll be back safely," she leaned in and kissed his cheek and then his lips. "I promise," she caressed Carrion's cheeks before she let go of his cheeks and then left the room.

"I'll protect her," Serena looked at Carrion with a smile on her face. "Not for your sake, but for Rasmus' sake. He would be very displeased if something happened to her, so I won't let anything happen to her," she assured before she left the room to be with Erlina.

Carrion looked at the hallway, watching Erlina and Serena disappear into the corner.

"Take care," Carrion gripped on the door frame and then walked back inside.

Chapter 548 - 548: Revenge.

Dawn came, the sound of the river woke Erlina up and she was surprised that they had arrived at the Riverband. It was because Serena used divine power to make the horses have unlimited stamina to pull the carriage. The journey should take them at least two days, but with Serena's power, they arrived in less than a day.

"You need to hide because we are about to enter the town," Serena looked at Erlina, who was sitting across from her in the carriage.

"Right..." Erlina stood up and pulled up her seat, revealing a storage space that could fit her inside.

Erlina walked into the storage space and closed it while they were waiting outside the gate for the guards to check on the people that wanted to enter the town. She wasn't worried that she would get caught or if they weren't allowed to enter the town because they got a recommendation letter from King Sullivan himself. The Riverband was a town where it had five spring waters that went through dozens of towns, cities, villages, and even a few nations. Which was why, Serena's presence was important and needed.

When guards stood beside the carriage, Serena opened the door for them, showing her pure white robe and a letter with the royal seal on it. The guards looked at each other for a moment before one of them took the letter. When they read that she was a Saint and had cleansed the capital city from corruption, the guards didn't check the carriage and immediately guided the carriage into town, escorting them to meet the Marques family who ruled the territory.

"I need to see the spring first if that's okay?" Serena asked the guards that were escorting the carriage.

"The spring? If that's what Your Holiness want, then we will escort you there first," the guard nodded with understanding and guided the carriage around since they had already gone past the spring.

When they arrived at the spring, which was inside a building. However, corruption managed to reach the spring and tainted the whole spring, taking hundreds of lives from corruption and dozens more from casualties. The building was tightly guarded and the water was blocked so the city couldn't access it. The reason it was tightly guarded was due to the townspeople were desperate to drink something and they didn't care if they were going to die because they were going to die anyway from dehydration.

"Please this way, Your Holiness," the guard pointed at the gate that was heavily reinforced.

Serena followed the guards and she was being escorted by a few guards, leaving the carriage unguarded. The coachman purposely moved the carriage toward an area that wasn't heavily guarded. The coachman looked around for a moment before he walked into the carriage and opened the storage space.

"My Lady, it's safe now. You can come out, but be very careful," the coachman said and offered his hand to Erlina.

"Thank you," Erlina walked out of the storage space and put the hood on to cover her face.

The coachman walked out of the carriage first and signaled Erlina to come out when it was safe. Erlina hurriedly walked out of the carriage and went into a dark alley as fast as she could. It was thrilling and scary at the same time because she had forgotten how it felt to be sneaky, reminding her of the old time.

Erlina was trying to calm her heart when suddenly she heard footsteps from the dark alley. She held her breath and hugged the wall, panicking that her heart almost skipped a beat. She was terrified that it might be a patrolling guard, but then he saw a woman wearing a black robe.

"Lady Erlina, it's me, Ayla," Ayla pulled down the hood and smiled at Erlina to assure her that she was an ally.

Erlina sighed in relief that she had almost collapsed from fear.

"Please don't scare me like that, Miss Ayla. You scared the hell out of me," Erlina used the wall to support her body while she pressed her chest, trying to calm her heart.

"I apologize," Ayla chuckled softly and stood in front of Erlina. "Please, come with me. I'll summon everyone and you can rest for a bit before we proceed with the plan," she said and pointed her hand toward the dark alley.

Ayla guided Erlina into a building that had been long abandoned due to the whole family that owned that property dying from dehydration. Erlina sat on the chair, alone in the house and waiting for Ayla to come back with the rest of the Blackhands.

It didn't take ten minutes until 12 Blackhands entered the house without being noticed. Ayla was the one who ran the operation since she was one of the three leaders of the Blackhands.

"We have gathered all the information about the Borgia family, and it turns out that you're not the only one, Lady Erlina. There were five mistresses that Marquess Borgia had and all of them were killed including all the children by the order of his wife," Ayla informed with a serious expression. "But all the funds were from Marquess Borgia himself. In short, it was his doing," she revealed.

Erlina scoffed and turned into laughter as she covered her mouth, shaking her head in disbelief.

"That bastard..." Erlina clenched her fist until her nails dug into her skin and began to bleed. "I want them all dead," she said without hesitation.

"All of them?" Ayla asked, trying to affirm it.

"Yes, all of them, all his children," Erlina nodded.

"As of now, there are three sorcerers that are currently staying in his mansion due to the people that have been protesting because the people are dying from dehydration while the Marquess family is living with an abundance of water supply that is enough for everyone," Ayla informed as she looked at the Blackhands. "We can use the townspeople to create chaos, making their deaths to be natural," she added.

"Good, when can we proceed with that plan? I want to personally kill him and his wife," Erlina asked, her expression cold with no shred of hesitation.

"We can go now, Lady Erlina. Just say the words and we will begin the operation," Ayla said as she stood among the Blackhands.

Erlina closed her eyes, unclenching her fists as she tried to calm herself down.

"Let's do this," Erlina stood up and nodded her head.

"Let's move," Ayla said and then all the Blackhands left the house one by one. "Please wait for a moment because we will gather the townspeople. By then, you can stand among them," she informed and then left the house.

Erlina looked out the window and she didn't see any of them on the street as if they were ghosts.

It only took a few minutes until the street was filled with townspeople with forks and torches in their hands. Men and women, all of them went down to the street, walking together. Erlina then decided to join them, standing among them like she belonged there.

At the same time, Ayla and all the Blackhands observed the mansion's wall which was heavily guarded. When the guards noticed the townspeople coming toward the mansion, most of the guards left the post

to grab their weapons. That was when Ayla and the others began to climb the gate and removed the robe they wore, revealing the armor they wore that belonged to the Borgia's family.

The Blackhands knew where weapon storage was, and they all blended in with the real knights. When they were inside the storage room, they assassinated the knights without making any noise. The Blackhands wore the helmet to cover their identity while carrying swords, bows, and shields for the knights.

Ayla noticed the Sorcerers coming out of the mansion, checking the situation out there to see if they were needed. Ayla looked at the Blackhands that had blended in with the knights, ready in their position. Ayla and the five Blackhands walked toward the Sorcerers without being suspicious.

"We might need your help, Sorcerers. The people seem to be trying to enter the mansion and burn everything down," Ayla said as she pulled up the visor of her helmet, showing her face.

"These people can't wait for a bit longer? We are trying to bring rain into this town, and yet they don't want to listen," one of the sorcerers said with annoyance in his words. "Let us talk to them one last time," he added.

Ayla and the five Blackhands moved aside and followed the sorcerers from behind. The moment the sorcerers showed their vulnerability, Ayla quietly unsheathed her sword, signaling all the Blackhands that were ready in their position. Ayla and the five Blackhands swung their swords toward the Sorcerers. Three Blackhands stabbed the Sorcerers in the hearts, and then Ayla and the other two Blackhands decapitated the Sorcerers before they could even react.

The Blackhands that were near the gate immediately unsheathed their swords and stabbed the knights right in the throats. Ayla and the others released their Aura and dashed toward the knights, killing them all while they were busy dealing with the Blackhands that were killing the knights.

"Open the gate!" Ayla shouted as she slashed the knight's body in half.

The Blackhands opened the gate, letting the townspeople in. Ayla and the five Blackhands were the first one to enter the mansion, and there were strong knights that were ready to stop them. Ayla and the Blackhands casually removed their armor and dropped the swords, revealing their black attire and daggers on their waists.

The knights swung their swords, using Aura and didn't care about their surroundings. Even with their experience, they couldn't touch the Blackhands unit. They were too fast for them, and the moment they showed any opening, the Blackhands stabbed them on the back of their knees, inner thighs, and finally their throats or their eyes from the gap of the helmet.

Erlina walked into the mansion with a few Blackhands following her from behind while the townspeople threw rocks at the windows and then their torches. The remaining Blackhands were waiting on the exit of the hidden passage in case the Borgia family tried to run away.

"Eric, Sofia, Ludwig, the three of you search the mansion. If they're still here, take them to our meeting point, we will go to the secret passage," Ayla ordered.

The three of them nodded and left while Ayla escorted Erlina to where the secret passage was.

The passage was hidden in the storage room where the Borgia family kept their money, gold, and documents. Erlina wanted to take them all, but she knew if she did, that would make it look suspicious. She ignored them and followed Ayla into the tunnel.

"Looks like they were leaving in a hurry," Ayla used the torch to track the footprints. "This is a good sign," she said and continued walking.

When they reached the end of the tunnel, they saw the Blackhands standing outside the tunnel with four people tied to the ground and five knight corpses on the ground. Erlina looked at the four people that were tied to the ground, and her expression turned cold and her gaze filled with hatred and disgust.

"Please! Spare us! We will give you whatever you want!" Marquess Borgia looked at the Blackhands, his voice trembling in fear.

"Spare you? Why would I spare you?" Erlina asked as she reached out to the dagger that Ayla offered.

"What? Why? Who are you?!" Marquess Borgia asked as he glared at Erlina in disbelief.

"You don't remember me? Try to remember, who I resemble?" Erlina asked as she looked down at Marquess Borgia.

Marquess Borgia furrowed his brows, but then he realized that face, those eyes, a child that belonged to a woman that he impregnated, the child that he failed to kill.

"Erlina..." Marquess Borgia's voice was barely above a whisper.

"Yes, that's me. The child you didn't want," Erlina grabbed Marquess Borgia's children by the hair and didn't hesitate to stab them in the heart in front of him and his wife. "You did this to yourself," she muttered as she walked toward his wife and stabbed her in the heart a dozen times, making her hair and hands covered in blood.

"Please! Spare me! I'm sorry!" Marquess Borgia screamed. "Help! Anyone! Help me!" He screamed his lungs out.

Erlina kicked Marquess Borgia down to the ground before she straddled on top of his body. She stabbed his face so many times that his face no longer recognized, his choked screams because of his own blood were weak. His body slowly became limp until he no longer moved a muscle.

"AHHH!!!" Erlina screamed as she threw the dagger and began to cry after the adrenaline disappeared. She realized she had just killed children and murdered four people.

Erlina was too weak to stand up, so Ayla approached her and helped her stand up, hugging her tightly and preventing her from seeing what she had done to those people. Ayla brought Erlina away and could feel the tremor of Erlina's body.

"It's done, it's over, Lady Erlina," Ayla said, trying to calm Erlina, who was being hysterical.

Chapter 549 - 549: Overcome.

Serena was busy cleansing the spring when she heard a commotion from outside the building. She knew what had happened and pretended to not know. She ordered the guards to grab a few buckets and take

the water from the spring, telling them to focus on the matter in front of them instead of the commotion outside.

When Serena walked out of the building, she saw townspeople carrying pitchforks and pointed them at the guards. She then looked at the thick smoke in the distance, she was amazed at how fast it was for the Blackhands to do their job. She then noticed Erlina among the townspeople, nodding her head and signaling to Serena that she had gotten her revenge.

"All of you should mind your manners! You're all in the presence of a Saint that came to cleanse the plague and the corruption!" A guard shouted, glaring at the townspeople who were blinded by rage.

All the townspeople's voices subdued gradually when they saw Serena standing on the stairs. They also saw the guards behind her carrying buckets full of water. The town council raised his hand as he turned around to look at the people, signaling them to calm down.

"I don't know what's going on out here, but there's no reason for anyone to be so hostile anymore," Serena said as she walked down the stairs. "I have cleansed the spring, and now everyone can have access to the water. I have done the same thing in the capital city, and His Majesty sent me here to help with this problem," she explained and looked at the townspeople who were standing in front of her, staring them one by one in the eyes.

"Does that mean we no longer have to die from thirst anymore?" The town council asked.

"Please, drink it," Serena looked at the guard that was holding a bucket full of water.

The guard was surprised that Serena had told him to drink the water. He didn't know if it was safe or not since Serena hadn't said anything that the water was safe to consume. However, when Serena gave him a nod and the people were staring at him, he had no choice but to cup the water. He gulped and closed his eyes as he took a sip of the water. It was cold and refreshing, forgetting how blissful it was to drink spring water.

Everyone was waiting for minutes, and there was no sign of the guard from losing his mind. By now, the guard should have gone mad and began to kill anyone that was around him.

"It's safe, and I can assure you, this spring will never get contaminated ever again because I placed a divine energy that will keep cleansing the water. In fact, this spring can cure any illness, but not the serious ones. I can promise you that," Serena said as she looked at the guards to let the townspeople drink from the buckets.

The guards began to distribute the buckets to the townspeople, letting them rehydrate. Serena left divine words in the spring that acted as purifiers, and nothing could contaminate it, not even a powerful demonic energy.

"Now, will you tell me what's the commotion about? And why is there a smoke over there?" Serena asked with her brows raised and looked at the distance where the mansion was devoured by flames.

Out of spite and hatred toward the Borgia family, the townspeople proudly said that they had killed the Marquess whole family. They burned them while the Marquess family hid in the mansion. Of course it wasn't the truth, but Ayla placed the dead bodies of the Borgia family back in the mansion. With the flames that burned the mansion, nobody would know what actually happened to them since the only evidence anyone would find was ashes.

"And? What are you going to do? The noble family that ruled this town is dead?" Serena asked the guards that were supposed to give punishment to the townspeople for treason. "These people are the ones who killed them. Won't you punish them for what they did?" She raised her brows.

The guards looked at each other, knowing that they were outnumbered and that they didn't have a master to serve anymore. Punishments were meant to give order, but if the power behind that order didn't exist anymore, it was pointless.

"I hate them, and I'm glad that they died..." A guard muttered with a trembling voice. "My mother died because the Marquess didn't give me the water that my family needed even though I had served him for years. He also cut all the guards' wages when this happened while he sold the water twice our wage. They all deserved to die," he added as he clenched his fists.

Serena looked at the other guards and they also felt what that guard's felt. They knew how greedy the Borgia family was, and they knew how many families suffered. The Riverband town had so many springs, but the Borgia family monopolized it and made it a business, selling them to other regions while he limited the water that could be distributed to his own people, and if they wanted more, they had to pay for the water.

"It's a tragedy then," Serena said with a frown written on her face. "They died from their own greed," she planted the idea on desperate and suffering people.

Her words and her status as a Saint were enough to make them all agree with her. The act of treason toward a noble family would end in execution, but here, it felt justified and felt right. The guards decided to turn a blind eye to what had happened to the Borgia family.

"Now, I have a few springs to cleanse. Please enjoy the spring, drink as much as you need, not as much as you want. Do not repeat what you just removed from this town. Share what you have, rebuild, and protect," Serena said as she looked at the townspeople and then at the guards. "I'll report this to His Majesty that the revolt was due to the greed caused by Marquess Borgia himself. I will try my best to avoid everyone here from getting punished," she smiled at them.

The moment Serena walked through the crowd, the guards opened the path for her and the people bowed and kneeled before her. The adults were bowing their heads to the ground while the children waved at Serena, not understanding what was happening. When Serena clasped her hands together and created a divine barrier around town, it was the final nail because the people now treated her like someone worth worshipping.

The moment Serena walked into the carriage and left the town to cleanse the remaining springs, the townspeople followed her to the gate, still wanting to show their gratitude. She only smiled and waved at them until the people stopped following her, standing at the carriage and waved at her.

Erlina slowly sat up and pulled down the hood that covered her face. She was sitting across from Serena, and they both looked at each other in silence until both of them smiled at each other. The carriage then suddenly stopped and Erlina looked outside the window, seeing Ayla standing under a tree with two horses.

"It's time for me to go back to the capital city. You'll be fine on your own?" Erlina looked at Serena with her brows raised.

"I'll be fine," Serena nodded, still with a smile on her face. "Go," she tilted her head toward the door.

Erlina left the carriage and approached Ayla as she watched the carriage leave. She looked at the horses for a moment before Ayla offered the reins to her. She gently brushed the horse's neck before she carefully mounted and sat comfortably on the saddle.

"The others are waiting, we will escort you back to the capital city, Lady Erlina," Ayla said as she mounted her horse.

"Thank you for your help, Ayla, and all the Blackhands," Erlina said in a quiet voice, still shaken from what she had done, her deeds that she would never forget.

"If we didn't do our job properly, our Lord, Count Blackheart would question our abilities. We fear more of the disappointment than the failure," Ayla answered as she shook her head. "Shall we move now? It would take us at least two days to reach the capital city," she asked as she kicked the horse with her heel.

"Yes, we shall," Erlina nodded and began to trot her horse to follow Ayla's horse.

Erlina looked back at the town in the distance, realizing that she had finally killed the family that had caused her suffering. At the same time, she was thankful because if it wasn't because of them, she wouldn't have run away from West Neva to South Neva. She wouldn't have the skills to charm and to read people, and most importantly, she wouldn't meet Carrion and Rasmus.

Chapter 550 - 550: The Accuser and the Adversary.

Serena walked out of the carriage to cleanse the last spring and noticed it looked abandoned. She looked around and noticed the corruption in the air compared to the last two springs she had cleansed. She knew there should be guards that guarded the spring, but this one she found nobody.

"You should stay here and keep your eyes wide open," Serena said to the coachman as she looked at the spring water under the cliff surrounded by trees and a building on the side. "Looks like the guards here drank the water not too long ago," she pointed out as she looked at the fresh blood on the building's wall and around it.

"Yes, Your Holiness," the coachman nodded, gulping nervously when he also spotted the trails of blood.

Serena released divine energy from her body to lure the guards since corruption would feel threatened by divine energy. When divine energy spread widely, she heard a screech in the distance, and then another until the screeches overlapped each other.

Serena looked up on top of the hill and saw nine guards that were still on the second stage where they had become undead. All of the guards didn't hesitate to jump down from such a height and land on the spring. The guards ran toward her with their bulging eyes and bodies covered in open wounds that revealed their flesh and bones.

Serena was ready to use divine power to cleanse them when suddenly all the guards stopped charging as soon as they walked out of the spring. The guards looked at something in the sky before all of them turned around and ran away. Serena furrowed her brows and tilted her head in confusion, but when she turned around and looked at the sky, her eyes flinched. Three Fallen Watchers were floating in the sky with their angelic wings and demonic wings.

"You should go-" Before Serena could warn the coachman, a fire burned the carriage along with the coachman and the horse. They turned into ashes in just a matter of seconds before the coachman could even scream.

Serena clenched her fists when she took a few steps away from the flame. She watched the three Fallen Watchers descend and land in front of the flames. Their wings spread widely, and when they folded their wings, the flame was extinguished.

"It's an opportunity to find you here, Lilith," a Fallen Watcher spoke, his gentle voice matched with his appearance, a lean and toned ashen body and hair.

"I must say, it's indeed an opportunity," Serena replied as she looked at the three of them. "Why are you here? You're not the ones that are assigned to take over this continent, are you?" She asked.

"No, we are not," the second Fallen Watcher shook her head, her cracked skin like an old statue, her long black messy hair covering half of her face. "We are here to assist them," she revealed.

"How generous of you to tell me that," Serena smirked, hiding the nervousness underneath.

Serena knew that those Fallen Watchers were strong and at their primes, and she didn't know if she could fight them all when she required some time to release her full power. She was in a dangerous situation that she knew there was no way out of it, not when she was alone and in the middle of nowhere.

"It's quite ironic to see you doing a good deed, Lilith. We have been watching you this whole time," the third Fallen Watcher spoke, his broken armor and muscular body underneath being enough to tell that he was a battle angel, or used to be.

"Ironic in what way? I have been helping humans, am I not? Just because I chose to not bow and kneel, that doesn't mean I'm incapable of showing compassion and kindness," Serena crossed her arms, trying to defuse the tension and tried to gather as much information as she could. "And? Is there a reason why you have been following me?" She asked and looked at the three of them.

The three Fallen Watchers looked at each other, wondering what they should do to Serena. They knew that Serena was a powerful individual that could defeat them easily just like last time. There was one way to answer that, and that was to ask their master first, Satan.

A portal suddenly appeared behind them, a void that could cut through time and space. A figure that came out of it, Satan, in her long black gown, barefoot and her black hair that dragged on the ground. A smile appeared on her face when she saw Serena, another encounter with her, alone.

"My, my. We meet again so soon," Satan walked toward Serena and the Fallen Watchers moved aside to unblock her path. "Aren't you an interesting one, always alone, away from the pack," she tilted her head.

Serena didn't know if this was a good thing or a bad thing. She did plan to meet Satan again, but after she had someone powerful with her, which was Sanya. She didn't have any leverage or opportunity to bargain because she was powerless on her own.

"Oh, don't be so afraid of me. There's no need to have any leverage to face me," Satan chuckled softly.

Serena's face turned pale when Satan could read her thoughts. That was when she realized Satan had regained her power, the power that made her who she was and befitting of her title.

"Yes, I'm quite fortunate that I regained my power after I came back to His kingdom," Satan stood in front of Serena and slowly put her hand on Serena's cheek. Her hand was bigger than Serena's face, making it not impossible to crush Serena's head if she wanted to. "So, let me see what you want from me..." She muttered and began to look into Serena's thoughts without permission, without any chance for Serena to hide everything.

Satan narrowed her eyes when she found out what had happened to Rasmus and what Video was scheming behind everyone's back. She then furrowed her brows when she didn't get any useful information about Rasmus' plan for West Neva since Aris was the one in charge. She didn't care enough about Aris, Erlina, and Serena's plans to gain their influence in West Neva.

"That old friend of mine is really cunning, isn't he?" Satan chuckled when she talked about Vidal. "He managed to pull this off, but interestingly, he was still no match for Rasmus' mind to see through schemes," she smirked as she pulled her hand away from Serena's cheek.

Satan liked what she saw because there was a fracture in Rasmus' team, but she knew that there was no chance for her to break in. She turned around, folding her arms before she tapped her finger on her chin, thinking deeply. She was thinking about Rasmus' scheme of letting the cult and the Zevrathi summon the angels as a precaution to deal with her and her force.

Satan's expression hardened and her eyes narrowed, trying to decipher Rasmus' mind that she still hadn't fully grasped yet. She wanted to know what drove him to make such a decision, at what point he would take matters into a gamble and where he drew the line. She wanted to know the mind that kept her fail her conquest and sabotaging her plans.

"Desperation? That's too simple..." Satan muttered to herself as she walked back and forth slowly and gracefully. "Lack of power? Perhaps..." She tapped her chin repeatedly. "What could push him into the corner?" She hummed, tilting her head.

"Strange..." Satan murmured. "For someone who schemes this much, his shadow is remarkably... quiet," Satan glanced at Serena, after she found out how loyal Serena or Lilith was toward Rasmus. Rasmus was the only human being that had seen Lilith's past and made her embrace it.

Satan sighed as she unfolded her arms, letting them rest on her sides.

"You have your choice now, Lilith... or should I call you Serena now?" Satan asked. "You want to strike a deal with me, to deal with Videl's scheme. However, you also want the same thing with the cult, the Zevrathis, and the angels. Choose, which side you dare to carry the burden," she pointed her hand at Serena, giving her a chance to speak up her mind.

"My soul is still the same, but my existence isn't. Call me whatever you like," Serena answered, her hands locked into balls of fists, fear and anxiety still overwhelming her. "The angels saw me as nothing but a death sentence, worthless, you don't," she pointed out.

"Oh? But Rasmus planned to use the angels to fight against me, but are you sure that you want to do the opposite? Are you sure you want to place him in a corner?" Satan slowly raised her brows. "Although, I don't really mind which side you're asking for help with. Because in the end..." She paused to stand in front of Serena, and then a cold and calculated smile appeared on her face. "The consequences are yours to burden," she revealed.

"God," Serena muttered as she slowly lifted her head to look Satan in the eyes. "You're facing the army of God. Are you not scared?" She asked.

Satan glanced up at the sky for a moment before she averted her gaze to the side.

"Of course I am," Satan answered with a smile on her face. "I see what you're trying to say here, Serena. You're wondering if I'm powerful enough to fight them and win against them? You're wondering if I helped you to deal with Videl and gain more power, that would give me a chance to win against His army? Well, the answer is depends on how far He would involve Himself," she answered before Serena could ask the question.

Serena narrowed her eyes, not knowing what to react to the answer to her question.

"However, as long as Videl has no chance of winning the so-called bet that none of us know what it is, that's good enough for me," Satan leaned down, her face right in front of Serena's, releasing a scent that was uniquely hers that couldn't be described. "That also applies to the angels, but either way, you're placing the person you trust into a place that he shouldn't," her eyes narrowed, smiling at Serena's conflicting feelings.

When Serena was about to give an answer, Satan suddenly pressed Serena's lips with her index finger.

"Ahh, no..." Satan shook her head slowly. "You're not leaving until you give your answer," she grinned.