

Evil 55

Chapter 55 - 55: Wise and calculated.

The atmosphere became heavier in an instant because of what Moriganne said. Everyone didn't know what to say or did they have the right to say anything in the first place.

"Care to explain, Instructor?" Moriganne asked as she put her left hand on the paper on the table. "Although I don't have any expectations from this academy, I don't expect someone to dare to manipulate Monica's mindset. You're trying to brainwash her to your heart's content," she added and gave a cold gaze at Rasmus.

Aurelia was about to say something, but Rasmus raised his right hand at her. She watched Rasmus shake his head, signaling to her to not get involved.

"That's a bit extreme to call it brainwashing, Your Holiness. Isn't it a teacher's job to feed the students valuable and useful information and facts? Is it called brainwashing if the students begin to see the world differently?" Rasmus asked and stared at Moriganne.

"My position and status don't matter here in the academy or in my class. On my first day, my students looked me dead in the eye," Rasmus sighed as he fixed his sitting. "I'm not superior to my students. I put myself as a contender for their conscience," he explained.

"We argued all the time and I respect their views on things, but I hate to admit that their views were the views of what they taught them to see. In this case, all of them saw the world that their parents forced them to see," Rasmus pointed out with a serious expression.

"Now tell me, Your Holiness. Am I the one who manipulates Monica's mind or is it someone that's close to her?" Rasmus raised his brows and stared into Moriganne's eyes as if that someone he mentioned was the person he was staring at.

Monica looked at Rasmus with a shocked expression and wanted to say that he had gone too far. She glanced at her mother, but to her surprise, Moriganne was calm and collected even after the words that Rasmus had said to her.

"With all due respect, Your Holiness. I might have crossed the line, but if a child has to follow what their parents taught them, shouldn't I be somewhere out there to follow my parents' legacy? Killing people and seeking revenge?" Rasmus asked calmly after he managed to nail it safely.

Moriganne closed her eyes and could understand why Rasmus tried to change Monica's mindset, but she still didn't like that idea.

"Your parents were evil, and God bless you for not following their footsteps. But that's a different case because I'm nothing like your parents," Moriganne answered. "My teaching is suited for her as the future Saint of the North. You don't know anything about our culture and society. What you taught her is nothing but speculation of norms and morality," she explained and looked at Rasmus.

"I don't mean to be disrespectful, Your Holiness, but you got an easy life. God blessed you with a power capable of bringing someone back to life, healing any kind of wounds, and cleansing any disease. You don't have to do anything because the world is moving around you. Unfortunately, Monica isn't as blessed as you are, if she has to follow your steps, she won't survive and the ones who would be disappointed were no others than you two," Rasmus said with a serious expression and faced his body toward Moriganne.

At that moment, Moriganne was struck by Rasmus's words and it made her open her eyes. She began to feel the guilt that was slowly crawling out of her chest. She realized that all this time, she tried to shape Monica just like how she had shaped herself.

"I'm not trying to teach Your Holiness about God, but you missed the most important thing," Rasmus furrowed his brows, disturbed by the fact Moriganne couldn't see it. "You detached yourself from everyone and everything because you chose your God who chose you and gifted you a miraculous power. But Monica is also a gift from your God, to you, Your Holiness. Treasure her," he pointed out.

Moriganne looked at Monica who looked anxious the whole time. She knew that her daughter was anxious and feeling guilty for what had happened, but she ignored it. She realized she had neglected her daughter and yet she had high expectations from her daughter.

"A Saint is still a human, and humans make mistakes. Because humans make mistakes, they deserve a second chance, and nothing is too late," Rasmus said as he stood up. "I'll take my leave and give Your Holiness some privacy," he added and excused himself.

Astrea stood up from her seat and held Aurelia's hand. She signaled to her daughter to leave the hall so Moriganne could have time alone with her daughter. They both decided to leave the hall and followed Rasmus.

Moriganne was left alone with Monica in the hall. She slowly turned toward Monica and reached out her right hand. She never thought putting her hand on her daughter would be heavier than living as a Saint her whole life. She gathered all her courage and put her hand on Monica's head, stroking her daughter's hair slowly.

"I have apologized to countless people like breathing air, and yet it's so hard to say it to you," Moriganne frowned a bit, anxious and feeling infuriated by her own incapability. "I'm sorry, Monica. I have been neglecting you my whole life and there's no excuse for it and it's all my fault," she said as she reached out to Monica and gave her a hug.

Monica never experienced the warmth of her mother's body. She had never been this close physically to her mother. She didn't know what to react to for a moment because it was too shocking for her. She then wrapped her arms around her mother and embraced it wholeheartedly.

"There's no need to apologize, mother. I know how hard it is because I have seen you up close. As a future Saint, I understand and I will have the same responsibility," Monica said as she kept hugging her mother.

"No, you're not, Monica. I realize it by now," Moriganne said softly as she gently pushed Monica away from her. "Your life is yours, and I want you to explore while you still have time. Let me deal with the North and its people as their Saint while you can enjoy your youth," she gently smiled at Monica. "I still have at least a decade as a Saint, so you can use your time to your fullest."

Monica was in disbelief that Rasmus's words could move the cold heart of her mother which nobody could do. She didn't know if she should be grateful or scared by Rasmus's ability to convey someone's heart with mere words.

"Yes, mother. I'll use my precious time to learn and become someone that you can be proud of in the future," Monica smiled happily at her mother.

They both felt the same tingling feeling inside their chests, something that released the weight off of them. It was the feeling of connection between mother and daughter that had been long forgotten by them.

"But, Rasmus Blackheart is dangerous," Moriganne said as she put her hands on Monica's cheeks, cupping them gently. "Although the words he said moved me and opened my eyes, the absolute darkness still lingered around him. His thoughts are dangerous," she pointed out and tried to warn Monica.

"I know, mother. Sometimes his words and wisdom are admirable, but sometimes they're questionable," Monica nodded with understanding. "Every word he said, it didn't come from his heart, he said things that he could benefit from the situation," she added.

"You observed him well," Moriganne nodded in agreement. "Be careful around him, Monica. He might have an ulterior motive, especially when his students are from the most powerful families in Neva. Perhaps he wants to gain our favor in some way," she warned.

"I'm not sure about that mother," Monica furrowed as she shook her head in disagreement.

Moriganne tilted her head with a confused look because of what Monica said.

"I thought about it the moment I joined his class, but it was as he said earlier that he's acting not as a teacher but rather a contender. He's not trying to be likable to us, and he's distancing himself from us by creating a wall between his students. He does have an ulterior motive, but Maximilian and I have no idea what it is," Monica explained the reason behind her disagreement.

"I see. He's a tough egg to crack," Moriganne hummed and it reminded her of Eraglade, Rasmus's father because Rasmus resembled his father. "Please be cautious around him, and warn the others," she looked at Monica as she caressed Monica's cheek.

"Yes, mother," Monica nodded with understanding.