

Evil 641

Chapter 641: Selflessness.

The girl whined and sobbed in her sleep before she woke up with tears in her eyes. She sat up and looked around, finding herself in a room that she didn't recognize. She immediately had a panic attack when she remembered what had happened, and she began to scream hysterically. She jolted from the bed and ran toward the window, believing she was being kidnapped, but then she heard the sliding door being pushed behind her.

"Please! Please! Don't kill me! Please!" The girl screamed her lungs out as she turned around and knelt, lowering her head to the floor without bothering to look at the person that entered the room because she was too terrified to look.

When she heard the footsteps drew closer, she whimpered and her whole body trembled in fear. She continued to beg like it was a mantra to keep her safe.

"She had a chance to escape but decided to beg instead. That's not how..." A woman said, but before she could finish her sentence, someone had shut her mouth.

The girl's ears perked up when she heard a woman's voice, and she didn't expect to hear a woman's voice. When she slowly lifted her head, she saw a blonde woman, wearing a hanfu dress. Her memories were hazy, but she remembered that she saw her before. She then saw two women standing at the door, one had short black hair while the other one had long straight black hair, their faces looked almost identical like twins. Those were Aris and Rullein, disguising themselves to look like women of Khan Empire, however, Rullein used the same disguise as Ruen.

"Don't be afraid..." Serena muttered as she knelt in front of the girl. "Do you remember me?" She asked, her voice gentle and quiet.

The girl looked into Serena's eyes and the memories of that moment came back. Her head nod was slow at first before it grew faster, remembering everything and how she was saved by the woman in front of her.

"Yes... yes..." The girl nodded as a single tear ran down her chin. "But..." She paused and the tears turned into grief, pain, and suffering. "My uncle... my older brother..." She sobbed.

"They're gone," Serena shook her head slowly without showing any expression.

"You could have saved them..." The girl muttered. "You were there before the fight happened, but you didn't do anything..." She pointed out.

"Yes, but I had my own circumstances. And you can blame me for it if that can help you with the pain and grief," Serena responded, and her expression stayed neutral. "But I didn't regret saving you," she pointed out.

The girl realized that she was blaming her savior, and it felt bitter in her mouth. She immediately lowered her head and shook her head without saying a single word. She regretted what she said, to the point she bit her lip until it bled.

Serena exhaled deeply and put her hands on the girl's shoulders before she helped the girl stand up. The girl didn't resist, she even leaned against Serena because of how vulnerable and exhausted she was. Serena guided her back to the bed and sat on the edge with the girl while holding the girl's hand.

"Can I ask for your name? From which family you're from? I want to bring you home," Serena brushed the girl's hair, moving it away from her forehead before tucking it behind her ear.

"Lina Siyen, of the Siyen family," the girl answered as she looked at Serena, realizing that Serena was a foreigner. "My family is a well-known merchant family. I'm from Silu City of the Hain Province," she revealed.

"How far is Silu City from here?" Serena turned to look at Rullein.

"Three and a half day with carriage," Rullein answered. She had enough information about the Khan Empire from taking memories of the people. Her disguise could no longer be said to be on the surface level because her deep knowledge about the empire expanded every day. Also, they already knew who Lina was since Rullein had read through her memories when she was unconscious.

Lina looked at Aris and Rullein with curiosity because she had never seen identical twins before. Most of her life, she was being pampered and taken care of by her parents. She wasn't a person who had seen the outside world through her own eyes, she knew the outside world through stories and news.

"Oh, I forgot that I hadn't introduced myself. My name is Serena Valentine, a Saint from South Neva. You can just call me Serena," Serena put her hand on her chest and smiled at Lina.

"Saint? You're a martial artist?" Lina was stunned.

"No, not that kind of Saint..." Serena chuckled softly as she shook her head. "Your Saint is a title for martial artists who have reached the absolute peak. My Saint is a messenger of God," she explained.

"Messenger of God..." Lina muttered to herself. "Do you think my uncle and my brother are in heaven now?" She looked at Serena with an empty gaze.

Serena couldn't answer that question, no, she didn't want to answer that question because of her resentment and suffering that had been deeply rooted in her soul. She didn't want to speak of God, she didn't want to represent God, and she felt betrayed by God. She was sickened by the fact she was brought into a human world as a Saint when she was tortured and endured all kinds of pain and suffering when she didn't want to bow down to Adam as Lilith.

"I don't know, but I know they would die for you again and again because they knew that protecting you and keeping you alive was the only thing that mattered. However..." Serena paused to clench her teeth. "There are so many things that God appreciates... one of them is selflessness..." she revealed. Her desire to care for Lina outweighed her resentment toward God. She once failed to be selfless and denied to stand below Adam. In this moment, she felt like she was condemning herself by saying those words to Lina.

"Does that mean your God knows that my uncle and my brother sacrificed themselves for me and sees it as selflessness?" Lina asked, and there was hope in her eyes. "Your God will reward them and give them a place in heaven, right?" She asked again.

Serena couldn't speak, her mouth was tight shut because the only topic she didn't want to talk about was God. She nodded and smiled gently at Lina as an answer to her question. Aris and Rullein, who had seen Lilith's flashes of memories during her almost eternal punishment and torment for disobedience,

they could see the struggle in Serena's eyes and how hard she clenched her teeth. For someone to speak highly of a being who had condemned her to pain and suffering, it was unheard of.

Rasmus was staying in the room next to them, and he listened to everything while he was reading his notebook. He forgot what he was reading and his focus blurred the moment Serena entered the room to comfort Lina. He remembered that day when Serena stripped herself bare in front of him about her past, her resentment, and the betrayal she felt.

When Rasmus was still reminiscing about that moment, Aris and Rullein entered his room. They approached him and sat on the edge of the bed, watching him read the book, but his mind was elsewhere.

"We are going to escort Serena and bring Lina home," Aris informed.

"Okay, I'll go to the Immortal Mountain by myself and meet with Ana there," Rasmus nodded with understanding.

"Well, you don't have to be alone," Rullein flicked her hand and two puffs of smoke appeared behind Rasmus. As soon as the smoke dispersed, she made a clone of herself and Aris. "Now you won't be lonely. You can do whatever you want with them, they won't bite," she grinned.

Aris stared at her clone, and she let out a deep sigh as she shook her head. Rasmus glanced over his shoulder and looked at the clones, but he didn't show any reaction.

"They will follow me around?" Rasmus asked.

"Yes, since my core exists inside your body, they will follow you wherever you go. Oh, and they can fight as well, Each of them has a third of my power. Let's just say I split my existence into three, and I don't think anyone or anything can defeat them," Rullein nodded. "And they will do whatever you tell them to do, they'll obey you without hesitation. Well, more accurately, I'll obey you without hesitation. So, if you're feeling lonely..." she added.

"No," Rasmus cut Rullein off before she could finish her sentence.

Chapter 642 - 642: Imperial Princess.

Cyuren attended a meeting with the county magistrate after submitting his report on the situation at the border. As one of the candidates for the strategists of the empire, Cyuren had spent his week in his office and hadn't had a long sleep since the decree from the emperor about the expansion of the empire. Although his rank in government was still at the lower level, his predictions had helped the empire to strengthen its weaknesses to prevent the Sultans from taking advantage during the war later.

"The Imperial Chariot of the Princess has arrived!" A high-pitched voice was heard outside the room that broke the tension and the silence in the meeting.

Everyone was shocked when they heard the princess came to join the meeting without prior notice. Without a second thought, all of them stood up and straightened their attire to make sure they didn't displease the princess' eyes. Cyuren stiffened, and his gaze was filled with anxiety when he looked at the table.

"The Imperial Princess is entering the room!" The high-pitched voice was heard right behind the closed door, and immediately a eunuch opened the door without asking for permission.

Everyone lowered their heads like they were trying to look at their own chins to show how feeble their existences were in the face of the imperial family.

The moment the door closed and the air stagnated, footsteps that approached the table and the rustling sound of a dress were heard. When they heard the sound of a wooden chair creaking, they knew the princess had taken a seat, but they didn't dare to lift their heads, not before the princess allowed them to.

"I have decided to postpone the meeting about the expansion that is currently being held," a strict and deep woman's voice broke the silence. "You all may have a seat," she ordered.

All of them bowed their backs toward the voice before they all took a seat, still with their heads lowered. Nobody dared to put their hands on the armrests, they put their hands awkwardly on their laps. There were five princesses in the imperial family, but the voice that they heard, it was the first princess, the one that was both feared and respected even among the imperial family members. The

moment the first princess made a move, something serious had happened in the empire, she always came first to handle it.

"I have heard that Anastasha Asghar came to the capital city two days ago, and she came to meet with one of you here," the princess revealed. "And that someone gave her a confidential book of our people without hesitation," she added.

Cyuren closed his eyes when he realized he got caught. He already knew his fate was sealed at that moment, and he already imagined himself being executed. He wondered if everyone in the room was glancing at him, or if the princess was staring at him.

"By tomorrow morning, I want you to come into the palace and present your precious life," the princess ordered with her deeper voice. "Now that matter has been solved, I want you all to leave because I have something else to discuss with Registrar Cyuren," she added.

Everyone stood up, leaving Cyuren alone with the princess, and it shocked him that she didn't immediately point a finger at him. He noticed how she used an excuse to have another matter to discuss when in truth she was going to question his decision on giving the record book of the people from the Demonic Cult.

"You must be wondering why I did that, Registrar. However, that's none of your concern," the princess said after she read Cyuren's expression. "Now lift your head," she ordered.

Cyuren slowly lifted his head, but his gaze was still fixated on the floor.

"For what reason you gave Anastasha Asghar the record book of the people from the Demonic Cult?" The princess asked.

"I did it for the empire's benefit, Imperial Princess," Cyuren answered.

"For the empire's benefit, you say?" The princess asked. "There are two people that I despise the most. Do you know who those people are?" She added.

"No, Imperial Princess," Cyuren shook his head.

"Incompetent people, and those who believed a woman's words," the princess revealed. "People like you only know what men think. Do you know how and why the empire still exists to this day? Because a mind of a man is predictable by another man, but a mind of a woman, no man can ever predict them," she added.

"A man can often anticipate another man's ambitions because they were shaped by similar expectations. A woman in politics has lived under different expectations, learned different survival strategies, and that's they can't be analyzed with the same method you always used," the princess explained. "Right now, you think you've understood a woman well enough to take her words at face value, you've already made your first strategic mistake, Registrar," she added.

Cyuren was speechless, he didn't have anything to say because there was nothing to defend since he did accept Anastasha's ambition and honesty at face value. He had just given Anastasha a weapon to ruin her own family, and soon he would realize that the same weapon would be pointed elsewhere once she had achieved her goal.

Cyuren stood up from his chair and slowly kowtowed in front of the princess. He didn't speak for forgiveness or for mercy, he presented his life to the princess that was sitting in front of him.

"What do you think you're doing, Registrar? I said that the culprit should present their life tomorrow morning in the palace, not here in this room," The princess asked.

"My life worth nothing, Imperial Princess, and what I have done... I realized I have endangered the empire, creating a threat more dangerous than it has ever faced. I... have nothing else to offer but my life, Imperial Princess," Cyuren spoke quietly, his hands trembling at the idea of his existence being the one who brought the empire's downfall.

"Your life or anyone's life are replacable, and the emperor doesn't care about one life over the others. No, in fact, the emperor doesn't care about the lives, the emperor only cares about the purpose of those lives. What you said is the truth, before even you made a mistake, Registrar, and long before I was born," the princess pointed out.

Cyuren didn't know what to say anymore, and it was the first time he had encountered the first princess that high-ranking officials had talked about. He remembered that his foster father, the eunuch that served the emperor and managed to be favored by the emperor himself, warned Cyuren about the first princess countless of times. He finally felt what it felt like to stand before the first princess, the current strategist of the Khan Empire, Neesa Khan.

"As we speak, your foster father is kowtowing in front of the emperor, begging to spare your life, Registrar Cyuren. In this moment, the life you hold dearly is in my hand because the emperor has entrusted me with this matter," Neesa revealed. "Do you want death or do you want to devote your whole existence only to the empire?" She asked.

Cyuren pressed his forehead and nose even harder on the floor, he realized there was not life or death in the option, only physical death or the death of his identity.

"I will devote myself only to the empire, Imperial Princess," Cyuren answered with conviction.

"Understood. Tomorrow, you will face the emperor," the princess hummed and nodded with understanding as she slowly rose from her seat. "Now that the matter has been solved, I have to hurry and prepare for the next issue," she paused to fix her dress. "Anastasha Asghar is on her way to the Immortal Mountain. Is that correct?" She asked.

Cyuren's eyes widened and he could feel his heart skipped a beat when Neesa mentioned Anastasha.

"Yes, Imperial Princess. She plans to watch the Heavenly Alliance tournament with the guests she brought into the empire," Cyuren nodded, grazing his forehead and nose against the floor.

"Warn her..." Neesa paused. "Warn her that Neesa Khan is coming to see her," she revealed as she walked past Cyuren and then left the room.