

Evil 67

Chapter 67 - 67: The Arrival (3).

"Grand Duke, may I borrow your time?" Lenin approached Arthor as soon as everyone was dismissed from the hall.

"Great Sage, is there anything that you need?" Arthor's voice was rough and deep like a bear's.

"Yes, if there's a place where it's rich in Mana so we both can work on gathering Mana for the expedition?" Lenin asked and realized how small she was in front of Arthor. "We don't have time to rest for the sake of everyone's safety, so we would love to work on this matter immediately," she explained for her urgency.

"But there's a risk, Your Excellency. The area would become scarce of Mana for a very long time and would lose its value," Novia added to make sure that Arthor understood the consequences of their actions.

"Is that so..." Arthor furrowed and realized the risk and the danger. "I have a place in mind, but it's quite far from here. I'll sacrifice my land for this. Please follow me," he nodded with understanding.

"Thank you, Grand Duke," Lenin lowered her head to show her gratification while at the same time apologizing for the damage they would do.

Moriganne and Eveline watched Lenin and Novia leave with Arthor. They knew that Lenin was going to gather Mana for the expedition.

"Wouldn't your power alone should be enough to protect everyone and cleanse the area?" Eveline asked Moriganne.

"I would die for this cause, but unfortunately if I die now, the world isn't prepared to lose my power," Moriganne crossed her arms and stole a glance at Astrea who was talking with Archelaus and Thalior. "Astrea's daughter is still too young to carry the burden. I need to be alive until she's ready," she added.

"Her daughter is too soft, and it's really unfortunate," Eveline stared at Astrea. She knew that Astrea was soft and she raised her daughter similarly.

"Yes, but as long as she's not naive, it's good enough," Moriganne responded as she nodded in agreement. "Let us prepare on our side as well, Eve. Bring Sisylia and Garsia as well because we need them," she looked at Eve and then walked away.

Ulric and Esper didn't have time to rest after knowing where they were going. The Blackwall was a place where even someone like them who had been on so many missions to eradicate demonic beasts felt anxious. They had to make sure they were ready and by doing so they had to train.

"Ulric," Esper glanced at Nior and Aluca who were entering the training ground. "Should we ask them to join us? It would be best if we could communicate during the expedition," he suggested as he swung his wooden sword.

Ulric nodded in agreement and began to walk toward Nior and Aluca with Esper walking beside him.

"Sir Aluca, Dame Nior," Ulric greeted as he sheathed the wooden sword. "Are you both planning to train as well?" He raised his brows.

Aluca glanced at Nior as Nior was the older one and it should be her to decide.

"Yes. I believe you have the same idea as ours," Nior nodded as she removed her sword from her belt. "But we are missing a person. Where's Prince Callistor?" She looked around and thought he would be on the training ground.

"I'm here," Callistor appeared from the shadow.

They were surprised that they couldn't sense Callistor's presence at all. They were the last people who would be unaware of their surroundings, but somehow they were caught off guard by him.

"I have been observing those two because I don't want to be rude to join in," Callistor said as he approached them and threw a thin string at the weapon cabinet. "But since you guys are looking for me,

I'm honored to be included," he smiled and pulled the string that was attached to the wooden sword. He grabbed the sword and swung it around.

Nior and Aluca stared at each other and they both nodded at the same time. They walked to the center of the training ground while the others were watching them. They both turned around and pointed their wooden swords at those three.

"What's the best training other than a spar? We both will be your opponent," Nior said as she kept pointing her sword at them.

Ulric, Esper, and Callistor smirked as they readied their stances. They had different stances and sword styles which made it interesting for Nior and Aluca.

At the same time, Astrea, Archelaus, and Thalior were making a strategy for the expedition. They were looking at the map specifically for territory beyond the Blackwall.

"Your Holiness, where exactly we are going to go in the Blackcliffs area?" Archelaus asked as he observed the map and already knew the areas that he didn't want to be in based on the terrains and how isolated they were.

"Around this area, Your Grace," Astrea pointed at the map and made a circular motion with her forefinger. "There's a city over there and based on Moriganne's intel, this city is where the Corrupted resides," she explained as she retracted her finger from the map.

"The Corrupted..." Archelaus narrowed his eyes and there was a feeling of uneasiness in his voice. "I have only heard about them through reports, and I'm sure Archduke Thalior also has so little information about them," he added as he crossed his arms.

The Corrupted were the people who had been exposed to the Demonic energy that had turned them into minions of demons. They would lose their minds in exchange for a great strength that made them inhuman. Not only did they gain strength, but they were also granted immortality, but the bodies still decayed over time.

There were a lot of cases where people who were desperate, hunted for their crimes, and those who had lost the will to live would go beyond the Blackcliffs to become corrupted. Every year, the number of people going beyond the Blackcliffs increased and there was still no solution to that problem.

"Based on what Sanya said, we shouldn't be too worried about the Corrupted since her sisters should be hunting them for us. But that doesn't mean we can take it too lightly, so we should prepare for the worst," Astrea responded as she watched Archelaus put marks on the map. "We will take the safest route and if possible, we shouldn't engage in unwanted or disadvantage situations unless it's the only way," she added.

Archelaus and Thalior nodded in agreement because they knew that they couldn't handle the terrifying area of Blackcliffs.

"Your Grace, we are relying on your instinct and we all will move once you give us the path for us to take," Astrea stared at Archelaus with hope.

"Yes, Your Holiness. I will ask for the details of these areas to Saint Moriganne and her Templars. If needed, I will use my men as bait, distraction, or even as sacrifice during the expedition," Archelaus answered without hesitation. "A small sacrifice for the greater good. My men are ready to die for such a cause," he assured.

Astrea nodded with understanding heavy-heartedly because she knew it would be close to impossible to have no casualties on the expedition.

"You're not alone, Lord Archelaus. Don't carry that burden alone," Thalior stared at Archelaus.

Archelaus forced his smile as he nodded with understanding.

"It's getting late, gentlemen. We should rest and prepare for the expedition in three days. I hope it will be enough for us to prepare, and may God bless us all with protection," Astrea said, but her eyes were empty because the last thing she could only surrender and rely on God for this situation.

Archelaus and Thalior nodded in agreement and then they said their goodbyes before they went to discuss the expedition with the men they had brought to the North.

(On the training ground)

Nior and Aluca swung their wooden swords around before they stabbed them to the ground and rested their hands on the handles. They looked at Ulric, Esper, and Callistor on their knees, catching their breath with sweats coming down from their foreheads. Although Nior and Aluca were the ones who stood, their bodies were covered in scratches and cuts.

The training ground had become a complete mess with dozens of broken wooden swords scattered on the ground. It looked like a battlefield, a devastating one as well. If anyone saw the sparring, they would be shaken and terrified by how strong these five people were.

"The Northern White Stars..." Callistor scoffed in disbelief as he was still out of breath. "I can tell the tales of how fearsome the Wolffein siblings are," he slowly stood up and put his right hand on his chest, respecting and admiring the siblings in front of him.

"Truly, we are humbled," Ulric nodded, agreeing with what Callistor said.

"If I may ask, how strong is the Queen of Swords?" Nior looked at Ulric, Esper, and Callistor.

"It's hard to say," Esper wiped off the dust and snow on his left shoulder. "She might be a formidable opponent even for both of you," he answered.

Callistor and Ulric nodded in agreement and there was no hesitation since they had seen the Queen of Swords in action with their eyes.

"I see. It's unfortunate that she's not here with us," Nior looked at the sky and the barrier that blocked the blizzard. "It's an honor for us to be allowed to spar with the greatest swordsmen of Neva," she stared at them.

Aluca nodded and bowed down to convey his gratification to them.

"As do we," Ulric offered his hand for a handshake.

Everyone shook hands and then left because it was getting late.