

Evil 68

Chapter 68 - 68: The Blackcliffs.

Three days had passed, and everyone was gathered in front of the castle. Unfortunately, Lenin and Novia were nowhere to be found and everyone was waiting for them. They couldn't go without those two, especially because they needed the magic tools to support them beyond the Blackcliffs.

Everyone was fine if Lenin and Novia had to take their time, but the problem was Sanya. She seemed to be fine and unbothered by it, but the way she stared at the road without blinking her eyes once made everyone feel pressured.

"Finally..." Sanya closed her eyes as she crossed her arms.

Everyone didn't see anyone on the road or anywhere near the castle gate until they saw a carriage coming from the distance. Even for Archelaus who had amazing eyes, he didn't see them coming until the carriage was visible on the gate.

"Get the horses, we are leaving soon," Sanya looked at everyone from over her left shoulder.

Arthor and the others climbed on the best horses in the North that Arthor provided. Since Arthor wasn't allowed to bring his me with the reason his knights were one of the pillars of the North, he lent his best horses to everyone instead.

Lenin and Novia hurriedly walked out of the carriage and they both looked exhausted with bags in their eyes. It was enough to tell that they both weren't resting their bodies for three days.

"Sorry for being late. We have prepared the magic tools for everyone," Lenin said as she approached the group. "Each of you will have two rings, and make sure to only use one at a time and replace the first when it has run out of Mana," she pointed out as she pulled out a few rings from thin air.

Everyone was given two rings as Lenin said, and they could feel the immense amount of Mana inside them. They were so eager to wear them, but they shouldn't do it because they had to cross the Blackcliffs first.

"You managed to make a spare for everyone. You have my gratitude," Sanya looked at Lenin, but her words felt empty. "The journey is long, and I suggest you rest in the carriage. It will take a few hours, so make it count," she suggested as she climbed on her horse.

The journey to the Blackcliffs had begun, and all the people in the Capitol were praying for their safety. The truth behind the expedition was done in secrecy because they didn't want the rest of the world to know about the truth. They didn't want to create chaos because of fear of the unknown and uncertainty.

They were going to the far East of the North Continent where the biggest fortress was at. The fortress's name was Fortress of Aresden, named after a northern hero who united the North and passed away during the war against the tyrant.

Lenin couldn't close her eyes because her anxiety beat her exhaustion. She glanced at Novia who was asleep as soon as they departed from the Capitol.

Four hours of the journey felt like a blink of an eye for everyone because their minds were focused on what kind of danger they would face beyond the Blackcliffs. They arrived at the fortress and it shocked all the knights that guarded the fortress because they had no idea about what was going on.

"We will be going on foot from here. No living animals dare to cross or even get close to the Blackcliffs," Arthor said as he jumped off of his horse and looked at everyone behind him.

Everyone got off of their horses and grabbed the stuff that they had put on their horses. The only one who didn't bother to get off the horse was Sanya, and everyone looked at her weirdly.

"My horse can handle the pressure," Sanya said as she looked down at everyone in front of her.

Everyone was curious if the horses that the Orthias raised were different kinds of breeds like the Orthias themselves who were different from normal humans. They didn't have time to distract themselves with such thoughts and began to gather around.

"Your Holiness..." Arthor stared at Moriganne as he went down to his knees in front of her.

Nior and the others went down to their knees behind Arthor and lowered their heads with their hands pressed together. Moriganne stood there and began to chant under her breath.

Ulric and the others also did the same, they went down to their knees in front of Astrea. The difference between the North and the rest of Neva was the way they did their prayer. The North lowered their heads while the rest of Neva raised their heads toward the sky.

Sanya silently watched everyone pray with her cold and stoic expression. She then noticed a beam of light bathing everyone during their prayers. She stared at the sky, still with a cold expression as if she wasn't amazed or terrified by the divine power that she was witnessing.

"May God protect us all..." Astrea and Moriganne said at the same time.

Everyone rose and they could feel the heaviness in their chests and shoulders blown away. They felt at ease and peaceful in their minds after they did their prayers.

"Let's move," Sanya said as she rode her horse to the gate.

The massive gate opened and Sanya led the group to the Blackcliffs.

The snow was thick and their feet were buried in the snow making it a bit troublesome for them to walk. They didn't have a choice but to endure it even though it would be a long and tiring walk.

"That's the Blackcliffs," Arthor looked at the black wall of a cliff in the distance. "Once we enter, we will rely on your ability, Lord Archelaus," he looked at Archelaus who walked beside him.

Archelaus nodded as his blonde long hair was blown gently by the cold wind.

They were standing in front of the Blackcliffs and immediately they could feel the pressure. They felt a slight headache while being there, but it disappeared immediately when Moriganne and Astrea used their divine powers on them.

"I'll protect you if something happens," Sanya looked at Archelaus. "You can stay by my side if that makes you feel at ease," she suggested.

"Thank you," Archelaus nodded as he slowly walked toward Sanya and walked beside her.

"Put the ring on, and don't use an excessive amount of Mana because we don't know how long we will be dwelling with Demonic Energy," Lenin reminded everyone around her as she stared at the unnerving and ominous cliff in front of her.

Everyone pulled out the ring that Lenin had given them and put them on carefully. They made sure the ring wouldn't slip because they only had a spare and if they messed up, it would make things hard for everyone.

"Let us advance," Archelaus said as he pulled his bow from his back and his trusted commander by his side with a map in his hand.

Everyone walked into the crack in the cliff since it was the only path forward. The cliff was blocking and separating the cursed land from the rest of Neva as if a higher being had created the nature walls for protection.

It was as Sanya said earlier that her horse was unaffected by the Demonic energy and casually walked into the darkness.

"If I may ask, Lady Sanya. The sisters that you mentioned, are they like you?" Moriganne asked. She was afraid that Sanya's sisters didn't share the same way of thinking as her because Moriganne and Astrea's ancestors were the ones who hunted and killed Orthias.

"I don't know, Your Holiness. One of them might be unbothered by your presence, but the other one is a different case," Sanya looked down at Moriganne with a cold expression. "All I can say is that it depends on how you behave in front of her," she pointed out.

The answer was so ambiguous that everyone felt a bit unsettled by it.

"We are about to enter the Blackcliffs territory. Be prepared," Archelaus warned because he could see the exit ahead.

Everyone went quiet and prepared their weapons in a tight space inside the crack of the cliff. Suddenly Sanya trotted her horse and startled everyone when she went ahead on her own. They were relieved because they had no idea what awaited them outside the crack.

The closer they were to the exit, they began to smell something unpleasant. Some began to cough and held back their gag reflexes because the smell became worse and stronger.

Archelaus walked out of the crack and he immediately threw up because the smell was worse than the pungent smell of a decayed body. When the others came out, they all threw up because not only could they smell the pungent smell, but they could also taste the bitterness inside their mouths and throats.

Lenin created a wind barrier to lessen the strong pungent smell because everyone wouldn't be able to breathe if they had to keep smelling it.

"This..." Ulric was petrified by the scene of dismembered decayed bodies where the body parts were scattered everywhere, even on the wall.

"This is my sisters' doing," Sanya pointed out as she looked at the scene. "How considerate of them," she smiled a bit as she chuckled softly.