

Evil 76

Chapter 76 - 76: Hard Decision.

Moriganne and Astrea were already in the meeting room, waiting for the others. They both were anxious, but oddly they felt comfortable around each other for the first time because they both shared the same burden. There was only silence, a comfortable and yet heavy one.

After waiting for a few minutes, Arthor and the other came into the room, no longer in their armor. They walked toward the round table and sat wherever they liked. They no longer separated themselves from each other like back then. Arthor was sitting beside Thalior and Callistor. Their conflicts and status no longer mattered when they all failed to stop the prophecy.

When they were about to begin, Aris barged in and everyone was surprised when she cut her hair short. Sanya was expressionless, but her eyes were the opposite. She looked a bit sad when she saw Aris with that short hair.

"What?" Aris crossed her arms and stared at all of them with a cold gaze, menacingly.

Everyone immediately looked away and some cleared their throats.

"Let's address this issue," Moriganne said, looking at everyone in the room. It's about the third Saint, Ermaine. We saw with our eyes that she could use Divine power that only the Saints could have. This issue will cause an uproar, a third Saint that appeared out of nowhere," she pointed out as she looked at Astrea.

"We heard from that demon. They plan to deceive humankind and lead them astray..." Astrea paused, nervously playing with her nails. We can assume they will create their own religion. A religion that the demon worshippers have been waiting for their whole lives, a religion that will oppose morality and humanity..." she continued as she clenched her fists.

Everyone nodded in agreement. They knew the hidden agenda during the Great Era, and what it was actually about.

"I wanted to say that we should let the people know, giving them a warning..." Thalior passed as he shook her head. "But that would only bring chaos. The world isn't ready for the truth, and so are we..." he said with a serious expression, his hands intertwined and his eyes focused on the spot on the table.

At that moment, Lenin remembered what Rasmus had said to her, about the people who built the world with lies or hiding the truth. She remembered what he warned her about the world that was based on lies, it would crumble. She was terrified and amazed at the same time by how Rasmus could predict this future.

"(His question was, which side I would choose, was it? The ones that built the world with lies or the truth seekers...) "Lenin closed her eyes, massaging her nose bridge. "(If you were me, what would you choose, Count?)"

Novia could see the troubled expression that Lenin had, wondering what was on her mind.

"We should address if we even stand a chance, Your Holinesses," Archelaus pointed out as he looked at Astrea and Moriganne. "They possess both divine power and evil power. We were powerless in the presence of that being. The people who sit here at this moment are the few strongest people in the whole Neva. I don't believe sending the rest of us will make any difference," he added with his brows furrowed, concerned and afraid.

Everyone looked down, agreeing with Archelaus's words but too afraid to nod their heads. The room became silent for a moment until Lenin cleared her throat to break the silence.

"May I?" Lenin looked at everyone.

"Please, Great Sage," Astrea's eyes brightened a bit, seeing Lenin had decided to speak.

"Lord Archelaus is concerned about whether we even stand a chance against them. My answer is, yes, we are," Lenin said with confidence as she looked at Archelaus. "We have to understand that we were fighting them in a place that we weren't familiar with. Second, we were fighting in a place where Mana was scarce and we relied only on the rings that I provided. We lost because we weren't prepared for it," she pointed out as she stared at them.

Everyone nodded and realized her reasonings were valid and they hadn't thought about that beforehand.

"We were taken by surprise, and even if we were in the worst-case scenario, I know someone who can help us," Lenin pointed as she tapped her finger on the table. "It's not someone that you all know," she added as she looked at them.

"Who is it, Great Sage?" Thalior raised his brows, curious about this person that even the Great Sage could look up to.

"It's..." Lenin paused. "Count Rasmus Blackheart," she revealed.

Everyone didn't expect the person that the Great Sage looked up to was Rasmus Blackheart. A young man unknown for his whereabouts for the past decade was the person she believed could help them. Nobody knew about his ability, but Lenin knew, and she experienced it beforehand, and with her own eyes. Novia was there as well when Lenin was bedridden because she was affected by his spell.

"Are you sure, Great Sage? He's just an instructor at Gratlan Academy. We never heard anything about his ability, and I think he's no match with you, Great Sage," Moriganne narrowed her eyes, not wanting to rely on Rasmus because she knew and had seen how dark his thoughts were.

"Trust me, Your Holiness. Count Rasmus Blackheart is more genius compared to me and all the mages and scholars combined," Lenin answered as she stared into Moriganne's eyes.

Everyone couldn't believe it, their eyes were wide open and brows raised when she admitted that she was nothing compared to Rasmus.

"Unfortunately, there's one little problem," Lenin stacked her hands on the table. "Count Rasmus Blackheart, he's dangerous. He has no desire to protect this world or destroy it. We have to understand that we killed his whole family in front of his eyes, and he hates us," she pointed out.

"That's nonsense, Great Sage. We can change his mind if we tell him the truth about what's happening right now," Ulric crossed his arms, staring at Lenin with his brows furrowed. "What kind of man that has no desire? That's a lie," he added.

Moriganne placed her finger under her lips, thinking about her encounter with Rasmus. She had read the assignment that Monica did, and she thought about what Rasmus had said to her about Monica. She realized that Rasmus was a pragmatist, a person who sought nothing but benefits for himself and yet he didn't have any strong desires. It was proven when he could withstand and endure Aurelia's power.

"No," Moriganne shook her head, denying Ulric's words. "The Great Sage is right. I have seen him in person, he was dangerous. Not because of what he could do, but because of his way of thinking. I'm not sure he would care about this situation," she explained, her eyes staring blankly at the table.

Aris looked at Lenin and Moriganne and she was interested in this man called Rasmus Blackheart. Her interest in him grew larger because she wanted to see him in person. The fact he hated them based on Lenin's words, and how he could care less about the situation, resonated with her.

"Let's just say that it's true that he doesn't care about this situation," Arthor said as he crossed his arms, his eyes scanning the faces around him. "Why did you mention him in the first place, Great Sage? I know that you have a way to persuade him, right?"

Lenin took a deep breath and exhaled deeply, tilting her head slightly to think. She was unsure if she could bring Rasmus to their side, but she knew that he didn't like people who lied or hid the truth.

"I could try. I'll try everything," Lenin nodded as she looked at everyone in the room.

"We can let the Great Sage deal with that, and we should focus on the main issue here," Astrea said as she sat straight. "The new religion, what are we going to do with it and what move should we make? We have to find the solution right here, right now," she looked at the people in the room.

Aris who had heard enough decided to leave the room because she didn't care at all.

"The future of Neva is in our hands," Esper muttered as he sighed.