

Evil 77

Chapter 77 - 77: A Contender. (End of Volume 1)

After a very long discussion and countless arguments, everyone was rubbing their faces, frustrated and completely at lost. They weren't bothered about letting the Third Saint and her religion, they were bothered by how much they had to sacrifice before they could eliminate her and her religion.

"If they began their first move from the North, it's unfair for them. We can't let Ermaine take over the North. Too many lives, too many warriors would be corrupted. We can't let that happen," Archelaus said with a troubled look. "We can't let the North disappear..."

Arthor, Aluca, and Nior nodded in agreement and appreciated Archelaus for recognizing the problem.

"That being made a proposal to us because she said she was still weak. She needed followers to regain her power, so if we made a proposal to them, would they listen if we threaten them? The Great Sage mentioned that we could fight against them since they would be in our territory, so, it should be enough to make them consider moving to another region rather than fighting us, right?" Novia proposed as she looked at everyone in the room.

They thought about it for a moment and considered Novia's idea. It wasn't a bad idea, but the question would be, which region they wanted to sacrifice? Central Neva was out of the option which narrowed the choice to be Eastern, Western, or Southern regions.

"Did we assume that powerful being to be that foolish to centered their move in a single region?" Arthor looked at them with a serious expression, rubbing his beard as an act to comfort himself. "The demon worshippers, they would rise all over Neva the moment they realized their lord has come to this world. It will spread all over Neva, brainwashing the people to follow them."

Everyone rubbed their faces once again, realizing they had reached another wall.

"Right, and we have no idea if that powerful being with those masked beings could move undetected. We have seen the powerful being could change its appearance to its liking, and we wouldn't know if it had moved to another region or not by now," Thalior added as he clenched his fists on the table.

"We won't find the solution here, and we are wasting our time," Lenin said as she stood up, knowing that this whole discussion wouldn't reach any conclusions. "It would be best if we tell the rest of the powerful figures about this matter. We need them all to decide what we will do about that being and the Third Saint. We have to hurry before we lose control over this world," she pointed out and looked at everyone.

Everyone sighed and hated admitting that Lenin was right about it. They were only wasting their time and the other powerful figures deserved to know.

"Let's meet up at the Council of Neva, one month from now..." Lenin said with a serious expression. "We don't have time to spare."

Everyone nodded in agreement and decided to prepare to leave. But then Moriganne looked at Sanya who had been oddly quiet the whole time since the beginning.

"Lady Sanya, what about you?" Moriganne asked, and her question piqued everyone's interest. "What are you going to do now?"

Sanya stared at all the figures around her before she decided to open her mouth, "We agreed to help you deal with the prophecy, Moriganne. We don't care about the affairs of humankind, and we don't involve ourselves with you, all of you. This will be the end, for now."

Sanya stood up from her chair, her words were like daggers that pierced everyone's hearts. They were shocked by how detached she was, but they realized it was humankind's fault to begin with. They didn't have the right to protest or demand anything from her.

"Would you help us if we failed?" Moriganne asked with a soft voice, her words hinted how much she was afraid and desperate.

"I have observed all of you from the very beginning. You have proven yourself that you're not the same as your ancestors. I will try my best to persuade the elders, and see how far we will involve ourselves," Sanya said coldly. "I can assure you that this world will not fall under the evil power."

Hearing that from Sanya, everyone unconsciously bowed their heads to her. She was taken aback by their actions, but her facial was as stiff and cold as always.

"Good luck... to all of you," Sanya said before she walked away and left the room.

The cold and chill wind with the snow hitting Sanya's face as soon as she left the castle inside the Aresden fortress. She looked around and found Aris sitting on top of the rubble from the wall that she had destroyed earlier. She decided to approach her and climb up the rubble.

"Aris..." Sanya stood behind Aris as her hands reached Aris's short hair and began to play with it.

"What?" Aris didn't look back and allowed Sanya to play with her hair.

Sanya didn't say anything and continued to play with Aris's hair. She could feel how smooth it was until she stopped her fingers when she saw a few faint light blue hairs on Aris's head. She had never seen anything like that before because all Orthias had silver hair.

"What?" Aris asked again, this time she turned her head to look up at Sanya.

"It's nothing..." Sanya shook her head, putting her cold and stiff expression. "The meeting is over, I believe it's time for you to meet him," she said as she hid her hands behind her back with a strand of light blue hair that she pulled from Aris's head.

Aris hummed as she stood up and walked past Sanya, going down the rubble. She didn't look back to look at Sanya as if she didn't care about her. Sanya didn't mind it because Orthias didn't get attached to each other like humans did.

Lenin watched Thalior, Astrea, Ulric, Esper, and Archelaus prepare their belongings before they went to the Capitol with her. She glanced to her right and saw Aris walking toward her. She immediately nodded her head, telling Aris that they were about to leave.

"Do you have anything with you, Lady Aris?" Lenin looked at Aris, the tallest woman she had ever met. She looked at Aris's clothes, they were meant for men's clothing, long pants, boots, and a long sleeved shirt without tying the top part, revealing her collarbones.

"No," Aris answered with her arms crossed.

"We will be leaving soon," Lenin said as she nodded with understanding, placing her hands behind her back.

(At the same time on the ship)

Rasmus and Videl walked up to the deck of the ship, cracking their necks and backs. They stood there for a moment for a breather and looked at the busy people around them.

"The smell of the sea..." Videl said as he looked around and saw seagulls flying around the port.

"Welcome to the South Neva where sea, rivers, and lakes are everywhere," Rasmus nodded as he massaged his nape and looked at the vast sea around him. "The journey was longer than I thought, not to mention we had to transit a few times. I'm surprised that you weren't complaining," he sighed as he pulled his hair back.

Rasmus expected Videl would reply to his comment, but all he heard was silence. He glanced at Videl and he noticed the confused look on Videl's face. Before he could ask, he watched Videl turn around, facing north with his brows furrowed.

"What's wrong?" Rasmus furrowed his brows and crossed his arms.

Videl's eyes were focused on something in the distance and still hadn't opened his mouth. It made Rasmus more curious and decided to tap on Videl's shoulder. Videl was surprised and he immediately looked away and toward Rasmus.

"What is it?" Rasmus raised his brows.

"I'm not sure..." Videl paused as he took a glance at the spot he had stared at earlier. "I felt something, a familiar presence coming from over there," he pointed at the distance. "Something that I know very well..." he muttered to himself.

"It's them, isn't it?" Rasmus stared at the direction Videl was pointing at, knowing who they were from the way Videl described it. "Satan?" He glanced at Videl.

"Yes, and their annoying loyal servants...." Videl clenched his fists, his eyes cold.

"So it has begun..." Rasmus hummed as he crossed his arms, eyes focused at the distance toward the North. "Our contender."

"Contender, you say? Damn right..." Videl's voice was cold until a smirk formed on his face.

As soon as the ship docked, Rasmus and Videl got off the ship and looked at the beautiful city of Eddenvilla in front of them. The hill with a palace on top, surrounded by forest, mountains, and Georgian-era buildings was like paradise to Rasmus.

"Since they have made their moves, we can't let them have a head start," Rasmus said as he fixed his suit. "We will start from here."