

Evil 122

Chapter 122 - 122: Mental Warfare.

Eduard watched as the trading posts that belonged to Vivelda and Urion companies were being cleaned up by the knights. The words had spread that those two companies had been smuggling drugs to Esteban and used it to gain power and support from other nobles and officials.

Rasmus's competitors had finally lifted their feet and kicked out of the city. The whole port had become Rasmus's turf and all the businesses there belonged to him. He had monopolized the market and it would be impossible for any competitor from outside the city to survive there.

"Boss, is it closing time?" An employee asked Eduard.

"Hmm? Oh, yeah. Let's clean the place," Eduard nodded and then looked at the sea and the sunset momentarily.

After he cleaned up his post, he went around to talk with the other owners of the trading posts. They talked about Vivelda and Urion companies that got kicked out of the city.

"A new town? Where?" Eduard asked.

"Lineva. Since the land has become fertile, I heard they're going to create a small town called Mercantile Town. It will be like a business center or some sort with massive farms around it," Gideon answered as he smoked his pipe.

"But that's still a plan, and who knows how long it would take to build that place," Ernesto responded.

"But I guess we should keep an eye on it because we would love to have a place there."

"I agree. Anyway, I should get going. Good evening, gentlemen," Eduard smiled at them before he left.

Eduard was on his way to meet Rasmus, but he was shocked when he saw a carriage with the Union of South Neva emblem parked outside the mansion. He wanted to know what was going on, but he decided to wait for tomorrow.

...

Rasmus, Carrion, and Aris were sitting on the couch. The three of them looked at Thalior and Uriel who sat across from them. They didn't expect to meet those two and their visit was so sudden that they didn't know they were coming until those two who stood there were already waiting for them in the parlor.

Thalior and Uriel looked at Rasmus and Aris back and forth. They couldn't believe it when Garret mentioned Orthias who was staying with Rasmus, but they finally saw it with their own eyes.

"I must apologize for the sudden visit, but there's something that we need to discuss with the two of you," Thalior looked at Carrion and Rasmus.

"What is it, Your Grace?" Carrion raised his brows.

"About those documents. How did you get those and why did you have those?" Thalior looked at Rasmus. "The death of the family of the former mayor, Edymur was not too long ago, so why do you have those documents in your hands?"

"Are you perhaps accusing us for stealing those documents, Your Grace?" Rasmus asked, his head tilted slightly and stared at Thalior. "With all due respect, we aren't the type who love to go around the bushes, Your Grace."

Thalior smiled gently because it was enough to understand what kind of person Rasmus was. Although it sounded rude and how empty those respectful words were, he didn't mind it at all.

"Just call me Thalior, Count," Thalior said calmly. "And yes, that's what I meant, Count. Those are confidential documents and letters that only people with authority can possess those things."

Carrion was anxious because of how Uriel stared at Rasmus without blinking her eyes. She was trying to gauge and understand his behavior. If Carrion could speak, he would spill everything, but knowing Rasmus, he knew that keeping quiet was the right thing to do.

"It's an old habit of mine. I took advantage of the situation," Rasmus answered as he nodded. "But I did give it to you who I believe needs to deal with this matter as soon as possible. After all, we both know what's going on out there," he said calmly.

Thalior responded with an empty and cold smile as he rested his elbows on his knees.

"I appreciate your honesty, Count. But I'm wondering if it was also you who did such a crime of murder?" Thalior asked, his eyes stared into Rasmus's eyes.

"Do I look like a murderer to you, Archduke Thalior? Or someone who would kill for fun?" Rasmus asked back.

Thalior already got the picture of Rasmus's personality. A pragmatist, a realist, blunt, and highly intelligent which didn't match with his age at all. He sensed something about Rasmus that made him more than he looked and what he thought about him.

"People who ask back as an answer to a question, they're usually hiding the truth, Count," Thalior responded with a serious expression.

"I know that, and I also know you're trying to understand me. Perhaps I'm also doing the same thing, Archduke Thalior. I might be testing you and see what kind of person I'm dealing with," Rasmus responded with a smile.

Thalior leaned back as he sighed softly and kept his eyes on Rasmus. He was convinced that Rasmus wasn't someone who he could ignore.

"Even if you're right, Archduke, you might need evidence to support your accusation. I don't mind entertaining you while you're wasting your time," Rasmus leaned back and stared into Thalior's eyes.

Carrion looked at Rasmus, Thalior, and Uriel back and forth with a cold sweat on his forehead. He didn't know what was going to happen because of the tension between them.

"What is it that you're after, Count? Why here of all places, and why are you helping us?" Thalior asked after he decided to forfeit mental warfare because it had become a waste of time. "Since you don't want to waste your time as well, let's be honest with each other and I won't pry on what has happened."

"As it should be," Rasmus smiled as he nodded in agreement. "And to answer your question is safety, Your Grace."

The change in Rasmus's demeanor caught Thalior off guard, but he kept a straight face.

"Safety?" Thalior furrowed his brows.

At this point Rasmus was like a broken record, telling the same story over and over again about his past. He revealed about the Wraiths from the Refenus Kingdom and how they wanted him dead.

He also revealed that he had known about those organizations and demon worshipers long before the events, thanks to information he had gained through the history of the Great Era of Neva.

He didn't forget to mention Esteban and the Red Grins who had been trying to observe him. He didn't hide the truth about him and Carrion tried to get rid of them.

"That's what I meant by safety, Your Grace," Rasmus answered. "Who would have thought that my bloodline was hated by both the righteous and the evil ones?" He chuckled.

"But let me assure you, Your Grace. Although I'm not your enemy, I'm not your ally either. We just have a common goal, that's all," Rasmus explained.

Thalior hummed and nodded with understanding after he found out that Rasmus was exiled and abandoned to the point he didn't have anyone but himself to survive. He imagined himself in Rasmus's shoes, and he didn't think he could do it like he did.

"And what about her?" Thalior looked at Aris.

Uriel glanced at Aris who seemed uninterested in the conversation but stayed by Rasmus's side just like her, staying by Thalior's side. She remembered her encounter with Lazarus and wondered if Aris could defeat him since she was an Orthias.

"What do you mean, Your Grace?" Rasmus asked.

"How is she? She's... she's not having any trouble staying here?" Thalior asked reluctantly and he still remembered the inhuman strength of her back then during the expedition.

"She does what she does. I'm only half Orthias, and I can't tell her what to do, but so far she seems to be enjoying her stay here," Rasmus answered and looked at Aris.

"That's glad to hear..." Thalior said as he cleared his throat. "Well then, Count. I still have matters to take care of," he got up from the couch, followed by Uriel.

Carrion escorted Thalior and Uriel out of the mansion and all the way to the carriage. But before they could leave, Thalior felt chills down his spine as he sat in the carriage. He looked outside the window and saw Videl walking into the mansion.

"That guy..." Thalior muttered.

Uriel glanced at Videl and then at Thalior. "What about him, Your Grace?"

"I felt something familiar. The same feeling that I had when I faced that powerful being beyond the Blackcliffs..." Thalior answered.