

Evil 138

Chapter 138 - 138: Plans and purposes.

After staying in Totua for more than a week, Rasmus had been socializing with the townspeople. He found out the emissary's name was Kiel, the man who taught people about farming, plants, landscaping, and even geography.

Based on Videl's suspicion, that emissary was one of the Prime Lords, the Fallen Watchers. The one who taught humankind about Earth back then, and now he taught humankind in Neva. Kiel wasn't evil like demons and taught humankind about the world. Kiel was trying to further humankind from God through knowledge.

"Is there a chance that he would know you if you two meet in person?" Rasmus asked Videl who was enjoying his seafood.

"Yes, he might, but he won't know who you are and your real identity. If you want to see him, you have to see him on your own, or at least with Aris," Videl nodded and sucked the meat from the fish bones.

"Right now, Thalior must have read your letter. So you're going to sell him out to Kiel, right?"

"Yes, that's right. The war will happen with or without my involvement, I'm just making it profitable for us," Rasmus nodded and took a sip of his hot tea.

Videl continued to enjoy his meal and then watched Carrion come into the restaurant. He waved his hand to signal Carrion. As soon as Carrion sat down beside Videl, he sighed deeply as he rubbed his face.

"Looks like you got it rough. How did it go?" Videl looked at Carrion.

"The words had spread, about what we did and the mayor couldn't stop asking me to join him for lunch with his friends. Well, I couldn't decline and make use of the opportunity to make myself well-known," Carrion answered as the waitress came to take his order.

He ordered a cup of coffee and thanked the waitress.

"Anyway, are you sure about this? That you'll give all the credit to me?" He looked at Rasmus with his brows raised.

"We stick to the plan I have for you. I want you to get under their skins and get yourself access to mining sites. You do the talking, I'll spend the money for you," Rasmus answered and enjoyed his muffin. "How many do they have here, in Lineva? Six?" he asked.

"Seven, a new one was discovered recently in the wasteland, deep under the ground. They're trying to get their hands on that mining site, and I might be able to join in," Carrion said and thanked the waitress after she put the cup of coffee in front of him.

Rasmus tapped his fingers on the table and nodded repeatedly as he was deep in thought. He also planned to invest his money in the Mercantile Town project and used Carrion as his connection.

"You two can go to the capital city. Use your influence to gain favor from the people in power. Do whatever it takes to get them," Rasmus looked at Carrion and especially Videl.

Videl nodded with a smirk because he already knew the plan that Rasmus had prepared for him.

"You're not coming with us, what are you going to do?" Carrion furrowed his brows.

"I'm also trying to understand this nation, but from a different approach and perspective. You two will be gaining influence on the surface while I'm from the shadow. I don't like being famous, especially since I'm already famous for being a Blackheart," Rasmus answered and rubbed his fingers to get rid of the crumbs.

Rasmus looked at his wristwatch and thought that Aris should be in town soon. He excused himself and decided to have an afternoon walk on his own in a small town.

He thought about Kiel and imagined what it felt like to be in the presence of a fallen angel. Based on Videl's words, Kiel wasn't an evil entity like him, however, those who weren't evil were usually smart and cunning.

"Those around me are strong, including my enemies..." Rasmus muttered as he sat on the bench in the small park. "I might be smart, but that's not enough. I need to get stronger but limited by my body. I need to learn about the Primal Force and find someone who can teach me that," he rested his cheek on his fist and blankly stared at the distance.

"I still haven't retrieved the secret diary of my father and the equipment that my mother wore. Then I need to get stronger by going to the East Neva for the Primal Force art. But my business here is just beginning, and I can't let this chance go to waste..." He muttered as he closed his eyes and enjoyed the breeze.

"A monologue with yourself?" A familiar voice asked.

Rasmus opened his eyes and saw Aris standing in front of him with a hood that covered her hair. He didn't expect to see her even though nobody knew where he was going.

"How did you find me here?" Rasmus asked as he watched Aris sit beside him.

"Your white hair stands out like a sore thumb," Aris answered as she pulled down the hood. "It's not that hard since I can also trace your Mana. I can smell your scent," she looked at Rasmus.

Rasmus looked at Aris and he was caught off guard when Aris gave such an answer to him. He then looked at Aris's expression which was no longer cold and looked a bit relaxed.

"I'll pretend that I don't hear that comment for being a sore thumb. However, you look a bit brighter. Did the trip back to Eddenvilla was that enjoyable?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised.

Aris showed a faint smile and began to tell him what had happened, including when she killed a sea beast. She had never seen a sea beast before since she lived deep in the woods up the North. She was excited when she saw one and how she killed it because it had been a while since she had used her power.

They had a normal conversation for almost an hour until Aris looked down and remembered the letter.

"Here, from Erlina," Aris showed the letter to Rasmus. "She used a small kid to deliver the letter, and it seems she's trying to not stand out too much."

Rasmus took the letter and read it thoroughly until he realized why Erlina didn't want to be seen. It appeared that Erlina was trying to play in the big league where politicians and powerful nobles were. He knew that she was ambitious and that was why he gave her wings to fly as high as she could.

"You already knew that she would do something like this?" Aris asked.

"Yes," Rasmus nodded and hummed. "She's going to play a big role. Not only in Eddenvilla or the Republic of Cruen, but she would become an important figure in South Neva. I saw it the moment I met her for the first time," he answered as he burned the letter.

"How do you do that? To see people's talents by just talking with them?" Aris shifted her body and completely faced Rasmus.

"First is their confidence, the way they speak, the way they behave. Second is their way of responding to a situation, the way they take it, the way they address it. Third is their control over their emotions, the way they see reality both in front of them and those around them. Lastly, their principles, are how they create their path and those around them," Rasmus said as he lifted his four fingers.

"The moment they have all those, they're bound to achieve greatness and those people around them," he explained as he stared into Aris's eyes.

Aris looked at the trees behind Rasmus and thought for a moment before she moved her focus back to Rasmus.

"What about me? What do you think of me?" Aris asked with curiosity in her eyes.

Rasmus stared into Aris's eyes back and forth before he opened his mouth.

"A leashed beast," Rasmus answered with a serious expression.

Aris was offended by how Rasmus depicted her, but she tried to understand the meaning behind it.

"What do you mean?" Aris asked with her eyes narrowed.

"You have all the points but you have no purpose, no real goal of what you want to do with your life. You might be more powerful than any human can ever exist, but you live to die," Rasmus explained.

Aris tilted her head and found that the reasoning made no sense to her.

"I'm an Orthias, a race that has existed longer than any living being. Our goal is to protect this world from anything that tries to destroy it. I don't dwell on wealth, power, or influence. My existence is solely to protect this world," Aris responded as she leaned forward and stared right into Rasmus's eyes. "You think I'm a leashed beast? I think you're the one who barks nonsense."

"I respect that, but I still don't believe it's something that you want. If what you said is the truth, then why did you run away from your people where staying can achieve that goal of yours?" Rasmus raised his brows and muttered right in front of Aris's face.

"I never said that greatness has anything to do with wealth, power, or influence. You just interpret it wrongly," he smirked as he chuckled. "Do you understand now why I called you a leashed beast?"

Aris smiled coldly at Rasmus and her eyes had something that bothered him. The way she looked at him and smiled, it seemed that there was something that he didn't understand that made him wrong about her.

"Beware who you're calling a leashed beast," Aris whispered and then stood up.

"I'm well aware, and I do make mistakes," Rasmus smiled as he nodded with understanding. "I apologize," he looked up at Aris.

Aris showed a smug smile before she left and walked around the park.