

Evil 142

Chapter 142 - 142: A deal.

Uriel sent a letter to her people, which she sent to the wasteland after she realized what she was dealing with. She used a pigeon to send the letter since it was her way to exchange information with her people. She also sent another letter to Thalior about Kiel and who he was.

"I cannot thank you enough, Count Blackheart. If we didn't meet, my people, they would have died or worse possessed by demons," Uriel bowed down to Rasmus without hesitation.

Rasmus looked at Uriel and didn't expect her to be so humble. She could be the strongest person in South Neva and yet she showed humility without hesitation. People might have been impressed, but he didn't like that attitude because that showed how righteous she was.

"Please, Lady Goldmane, we are only helping each other because our causes align. I'm just preventing the enemy from gaining more power than they should," Rasmus answered as he shook his head.

It was the second time Uriel had met Rasmus, and she thought that he was nothing but words, an arrogant person just like any other person she had met. She never thought that his arrogance and the way he spoke weren't just all talk which made it easier for her to understand him.

He spoke nothing but the truth, the bluntness of his words were supported by his actions which felt irritating and yet assuring at the same time. She didn't need to play words with him because as a knight, she wasn't playing with words but rather actions, and she judged people from their actions.

"Count Blackheart, may I ask why are you in the capital city?" Uriel asked with a curious look.

"Same as yours, more or less. This nation, after what I have seen, will be the first to fall. The number of people, the wealthy, the nobles, the commoners, and the poor, they have come to become Kiel's followers," Rasmus answered as he leaned against the wall and looked at Uriel and Harold. "What will Archduke Thalior do now?"

"His Grace, Archduke Thalior, he has decided to prepare for war. He's currently meeting with the kings and rulers, gathering allies for such a cause. The moment Kiel and his followers are trying to fight against

the peace that everyone sacrificed to achieve, we will strike them down," Uriel answered as she looked at Rasmus with a serious expression.

Rasmus hummed as he crossed his arms, thinking that was a risky play, but that was a sign of urgency, something that he wished for. He could give away this information to Kiel since he already gave Uriel what he knew about Kiel.

Uriel wondered what Rasmus thought about that plan. She, as a knight didn't care much about the consequences as long as it got rid of evil. She had seen, heard, and done things that seemed questionable, but in the end, she did the right thing.

"That's risky and yet effective. I would try something else, but that wasn't my call to make," Rasmus pushed himself from the wall and walked toward the chair. "There's a saying that you should treat your enemy as if they know your plans. It's better to feel underwhelmed than being overwhelmed by them."

Uriel furrowed her brows and realized that Rasmus's words were meant for her as well. She recklessly sent her people to the wasteland without realizing the threat.

"Can I ask why do you think that His Grace's plan isn't the best way to solve the situation?" Harold asked, intrigued by Rasmus's words.

"The fact that you have no idea why Archduke Thalior's plan isn't effective means that you think of your enemy to be clueless," Rasmus crossed his legs and looked at Harold.

"First, your enemy shouldn't waste their time bringing in followers or creating a new religion or belief if they can kill all the humans easily. Second, knowing that they do waste their time to this extent means they know what they're doing. Third, since they know what they're doing, they'll play it carefully and by carefully I mean not to get too much attention or play against the rules," he explained as he showed his three fingers.

"Do you understand what I'm saying? They would likely do anything stupid to make themselves in a dangerous situation," he pointed out. "If Archduke Thalior is waiting for them to make a mistake, he'll be the one making the mistake because he's letting the enemy grow stronger."

Rasmus thought that Thalior would make a bold move in a state of urgency, but he was playing passive still. He realized that Thalior might have gone softer after he managed to attain peace in South Neva and lost his grip on how to deal with threats. He misjudged Thalior as someone competent and it annoyed him.

"This is worse than I thought..." Rasmus muttered, sighing and rubbing his brows. "Archduke Thalior is trying to form allies to deal with evil without knowing whether they have turned against him or not. The moment he has gathered allies, it's the moment he realizes that it's pointless and a waste of time," he said as he got up from the chair.

"Please convey my concern, Lady Goldmane. Please do, before it's too late," he looked at Uriel.

Uriel and Harold watched Rasmus and Aris walk toward the door. Suddenly Uriel got up and looked at them. Her body moved on her own as if deep down she wanted them to stay and help them.

"Please, Count Blackheart. We need someone like you," Uriel said as she clenched her fists. "I know that you said that you're not our allies and you're not our enemy, but we need you."

Rasmus stopped his hand from reaching the door handle. He slowly turned around and looked at Uriel with his brows raised.

"And what do you need from me exactly, Lady Goldmane? You should know by now that I'm not someone who upholds righteousness or mortality," Rasmus asked with a calm and gentle voice.

"But that doesn't mean you can't, right? Count Blackheart?" Uriel asked with a serious expression. "We will give you whatever you want," she assured.

Rasmus chuckled softly as he shook his head, finding it funny that he needed something from them when he could get everything by himself. However, the person who asked for help was the 2nd swordmaster herself and knew what kind of thing he wanted.

"Everything?" Rasmus asked.

"Everything you want," Uriel answered without hesitation.

"The Primal Force technique. I want that technique," Rasmus crossed his arms with a smile on his face.

Uriel was shocked, didn't expect Rasmus to want something like that. She didn't try to test Rasmus's greed, but she would expect him to want something grand.

"From all the things you can have, you chose the thing that I can't give it to you," Uriel answered in a quiet voice.

"That's unfortunate," Rasmus chuckled as he grabbed the door handle.

"It's not because I don't want to or that I can't teach you. Primal Force isn't something that people can do easily. There are tests that you need to take. It's not about whether you're worthy of such a technique or not, it's about which method is the best for you to learn it. If I teach you now, using the method I learned, you might become a cripple or worse," Uriel explained as she approached Rasmus.

Rasmus remembered when Maximilian said something about learning the technique. He found out that the technique was something dangerous and shouldn't be exposed because of it.

"I can't teach you that technique, but I can bring you to my master. Not everyone can learn that technique or know how to meet someone who can teach it. I'll introduce you to him and I'll ask him to teach you about the Primal Force," Uriel suggested as she stood in front of Rasmus.

Rasmus nodded with understanding and offered his hand for a handshake. Uriel looked at his hand for a moment, thinking if she had made the right choice. She wasn't sure and she shook his hand, hoping that she didn't cause any problem from this.

"I might stay here for a while, and if you need to see me or want me to be a part of Archduke' Thalior's plans, just tell me when and where, I'll be there," Rasmus smiled as he kept shaking hands with her.

Uriel nodded as she watched Rasmus and Aris leave her room. The moment they left, Harold approached Uriel and looked at his surroundings.

"Lady Goldmane, I have been noticing that there's someone in this inn, someone with a strong evil energy, perhaps a demonic one," Harold pointed out, his voice barely a whisper.

"Let's find a new inn to stay in. This city must have been occupied by demon worshipers and their organizations, just like the Red Grins," Uriel nodded with understanding and grabbed her pouch to leave the inn.