

Evil 151

Chapter 151 - 151: A threat.

"New Gardens of Bastois..." Rasmus looked at the big island in the distance where Arka and his fleet operated and protected the South Sea. "Quite a fancy name for a fortress," he leaned against the railing of the ship.

Rasmus was on his own because Aris wanted to do her own thing which was explore the city. He knew it would be best if he went to the fortress on his own because having her around would intimidate anyone.

"I couldn't believe it! We are going to be a part of the Marines! Especially that we are right under Sir Gullivard!" A newly recruited marine said with his eyes lit up and stared at the island. "My dream finally came true!" He laughed as he gripped the railing tightly.

"Yeah, me too! My parents are so proud of me and they were shedding tears when I left," another recruit said as he nodded and looked at headquarters.

"I can finally give my parents and little brother and sister enough money so they can eat whatever they want. I'll work hard to make them happy!" Another recruit said with his fists clenched in determination.

Rasmus glanced over his shoulder and saw dozens of newly recruited marine knights and mages on the top deck with him. He watched how thrilled and anxious those soldiers were, and they were either a year younger than him or a year older than him. He envied them because he had forgotten how to feel such excitement and anxiety.

"When was the first time I felt thrilled... Was it when I assassinated the king of England? Or when I went to infiltrate the Pentagon?" He muttered as he rested his cheek on his fist with a faint smile on his face. "Or was it long before all that... maybe when I took someone's life for the first time..." he mumbled and chuckled quietly.

As soon as the ship arrived, all the recruits were standing in line as their instructors stood in front of them. Rasmus glanced at their innocent and bright faces with a faint smile on his face before he unboarded the ship.

He followed the knights who patrolled the fortress outskirts to the main gate into the headquarters. He decided to take a short break to admire the sea around him and the city that looked so small from where he was.

"Attention!" A man shouted at the new recruits who were standing in line in front of the gate.

Rasmus turned around and listened to the man's speech about the integrity and commitment of Marine soldiers. The speech was something that came out of a textbook that had been used for decades, a generic one. However, the new recruits were listening to the speech as if it were their new purpose in life.

Rasmus had had enough of it and walked toward the gate, but then was stopped by the knight that guarded the gate. He gave his reason for the visit and showed the letter to the knight. He then was told to wait while the knight informed Arka about the letter and about Sebastian Perez.

The moment Rasmus pulled down his hood, the new recruits couldn't help but glance at him. They shared a look with each other with their confused expressions. Rasmus on the other hand stared at them with a stoic expression until all of them stopped looking at him.

"Please follow me, Count Blackheart. Lieutenant Commander Gullivard is waiting for you in his office," the knight said, and his voice was overheard by the new recruits.

Rasmus nodded and followed the knight into the fortress.

Since the headquarters was as big as the island itself, the fortress looked massive from the inside. Knights and mages were either training or cleaning the fortress, only the high-ranked soldiers could enjoy the peaceful morning.

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"Sir, Count Blackheart is here," the knight said in front of the door.

"Let him in," a soft and yet deep voice could be heard from behind the door.

The knight slowly opened the door and signaled Rasmus to walk into the room. As soon as Rasmus entered the room, the knight closed the door behind him.

Rasmus looked at the tall man with dark green hair wearing a green uniform with so many medals hanging on his left chest. The man was busy dealing with a document in his hand before he lifted his head and stared at Rasmus with his dark green eyes. He looked so young, younger than Rasmus expected even though he already knew that Arka was the youngest Lieutenant Commander in history.

"Please, have a seat," Arka said and pointed his left hand at the chair across from his desk.

Rasmus sat down and slid the letter from Sebastian Perez toward Arka.

"Thank you for having me, Lieutenant Commander," Rasmus said as he watched Arka break the seal on the letter and read it.

"Please, Count, you don't have to use my title since you're a noble with royal blood within your body. Just call me Gullivard," Gullivard said as he read the message.

Rasmus stared coldly at Arka with a bit of disgust written all over his eyes. Arka felt the intensity of Rasmus's gaze and when he stared directly into Rasmus's eyes, he could see the disgust in them. He realized that he had made a grave mistake because he had forgotten that all the Blackhearts were executed publicly.

Although Arka made a mistake, he didn't falter from such a gaze and didn't show it in his eyes or expression.

"I apologize. I didn't mean to insult you in any way," Arka said with a straight expression.

"People made mistakes, no need to apologize as long as you know acknowledge your mistake," Rasmus responded with a cold smile.

At that moment Arka knew that Rasmus was different compared to the people that he had met before. He had encountered people like Rasmus, someone who he needed to be careful around them.

"Shall we cut to the chase so we both don't waste our time?" Rasmus asked as he leaned forward and crossed his arms on the table. He was glad that Arka wasn't like Carrion who didn't know where to stand.

"If that's what you want, Count," Arka nodded as he put aside the letter and crossed his legs.

"Do you know about Commander Mercurius and what happened to him recently?" Rasmus asked.

"Yes, he lost all his fleet to a group of pirates. It has been a hot topic and the other commanders have been searching that group, but so far there's no sign of that group," Arka answered as he rested his arms on the armrests. "It's as if the ones who destroyed his fleet weren't a group of pirates but rather someone who pretended to be one," he pointed out and stared into Rasmus's eyes.

"Wouldn't that be funny if Mercurius was wrong about that?" Rasmus asked with a cold smile on his face.

"There's nothing funny about someone who has massacred hundreds of lives. It doesn't matter who did it, what matters is the act of killing," Arka responded with a cold expression. "I remembered that the one who destroyed his fleet was a man, a sage, someone with extraordinary talent in magic."

"And what do you think the purpose of that man of doing such deed? Massacring countless lives and didn't take anything in return from him or his fleet?" Rasmus tilted his head and stared into Arka's eyes.

"I'm not sure, and that's not my job to find out the answer since it's the job of the investigation team," Arka leaned back, his eyes never leaving Rasmus's. "Now can you start what do you want from me, Count Blackheart?" He asked.

"Since Mercurius has decided to step down from his position as Commander, I want you to replace him," Rasmus answered as he leaned back, crossed his legs, and rested his arms on the armrests.

Arka connected the dots and at that moment he knew it was Rasmus's doing, the man behind the massacre of Mercurius's fleet. He had never seen someone as confident as Rasmus and didn't show any remorse for what he did or be so open about it.

"I remember the recruits out there. They were so happy when they boarded the ship, and how they wanted to dedicate their lives to their families by working here as marine soldiers," Rasmus said as he looked over his shoulders. "I wonder how many soldiers you have here, and it would be a shame if you ended up like Mercurius, right? Seeing your people die for nothing," He turned around and stared into Arka's eyes.

"Is that a threat, Count Blackheart?" Arka asked coldly.

"Yes, it is, Lieutenant Commander," Rasmus nodded as he sat straight. "I lose nothing from this, and you'll lose everything."