

Evil 152

Chapter 152 - 152: Becoming a hero.

Arka glanced at his rapier in the corner next to his desk. He knew he could reach it, but he also knew the risk of him failing was too high. He didn't have much option, and the only thing he could do was talk and try to find a way out.

"Why do you want me to become a commander?" Arka asked, his hand itching to grab the rapier and stab Rasmus right in the heart.

"Because people don't want corrupt people to control the world, especially old and greedy people like Mercurius. People need someone who is just and righteous," Rasmus answered and crossed his legs.

Arka furrowed his brows, confused because earlier Rasmus was threatening him but then he wanted someone like him. He had no idea what Rasmus was trying to say or what he wanted from him.

"You want someone who is just and righteous? Do you realize that if I did become a commander, your crime would be exposed and I wouldn't let you see the sun ever again?" Arka asked with a cold voice and expression.

"What crime, exactly? I don't remember admitting any crime. It was you who assumed that I committed a crime," Rasmus raised his brows.

"You just admitted that you—" Arka stopped his sentence and remembered that Rasmus never admitted that he was the one who destroyed Mercurius's fleet.

"Even if I did destroy Mercurius's whole fleet, what makes you think I can't do it again? To you and your fleet?" Rasmus asked as he rested his head on his left fist. "Baseless accusations would make you look like Mercurius, a joke for losing all his fleet without having evidence of the one who did it."

Arka crushed the armrests of his chair, realizing how cunning and confident Rasmus was that made him extremely annoyed and irritated. He was powerless and the whole conversation and situation only pushed him further into the corner like a helpless child.

"Don't worry, you'll get used to me later," Rasmus smiled as he crossed his arms. "Now, let's get back to the main topic. You have two choices, become a commander or lose your whole fleet. I need you to give me the answer now."

"What is it that you want from me, Count?" Arka crushed the sharp wooden pieces in his hands, ignoring the pain.

"Nothing," Rasmus answered without hesitation and stared into Arka's eyes with a serious expression. "Let's just say I hate greedy people, especially those who hinder my plans."

"Your plans?" Arka asked and slowly loosened up his fists.

"To monopolize the economy in South Neva," Rasmus answered so casually. "But don't get me wrong. I'm not planning to let anyone suffer. I have implemented my method in Eddenvilla, and you can see it yourself how much the merchants, and every company there are gaining wealth while I'm also getting richer," he pointed out.

Arka found that logic didn't make any sense, but he did hear that market prices for goods and spices were back to normal because the Vivelda and Urion companies were banished from Eddenvilla. He also heard the local trading companies there were brought back and brought back the glory of Eddenvilla.

"It was your doing?" Arka asked with his brows furrowed.

"Of course, who else it might be?" Rasmus nodded. "If you don't believe me, why don't you there yourself and ask around? I'm the one who helped them build their own companies," he revealed.

Rasmus stood up and placed his hands on the desk as he stared down at Arka with a cold gaze.

"Become a commander and don't let people like Vivelda or Urion touch their feet on this continent. Don't let foreigners people like them control the marker who bring nothing but suffering," he said with a serious expression. "I'll kill as many people as I need if they're trying to hinder my plans. I seek no pleasure in killing nor do I feel a thing from it."

Arka looked into Rasmus's eyes and those words that came out of his mouth made him remember someone he tried to forget. He knew the kind of person Rasmus was, a dangerous and yet reasonable one.

"So? What would be your answer, Lieutenant Commander Gullivard?" Rasmus asked with a cold smile.

"Promise me that you won't harm my people or any fleet. If you want me to become a commander, I'll need all the manpower to keep the peace in this continent. Pirates, bandits, and everyone who is disturbing the peace will be punished and banished," Arka answered as he stood up and stared right into Rasmus's eyes.

"Pirates? What pirates? Cygnus the One Eye and the other captains are working for me now. They're no longer pirates, they're doing legit work in the shipping company," Rasmus smirked as he sat down.

Arka was stunned and couldn't believe that those pirates, the ones who had been avoiding marines and never got caught had decided to let go of their status. He didn't know if Rasmus was telling the truth, but his gut told him that Rasmus wasn't lying.

"I told you that I'm greedy, but not greedy enough to make anyone around me to suffer," Rasmus said after reading Arka's expressions. "And yes, I can promise you that. I won't touch the fleet and all your soldiers."

Arka held his breath because he didn't know what to say. He was at a loss because he didn't know if Rasmus was evil, cunning, generous, or all of them combined. He chose to sit down and try to clear his mind before he decided to become a commander.

"You said you want nothing from me, but are you sure that you won't use me in any way in the future?" Arka asked the most important question. "Would I become your pawn or puppet?"

"Would I use you in the future? Why is that a problem when friends and family are often using each other for their own gain to some extent? But would you call it using each other when you call it a favor to your friends and family?" Rasmus asked back and looked at Arka with a mischievous smile.

"That's different when both sides can do the same. If I'm the only one who's being used, that's a completely different story," Arka answered without hesitation.

"Of course, it would be fair if you could use me as well, and I'm happy to cooperate as long as our goals align or it doesn't affect me in any way. I wouldn't use you if I knew that it would put you in trouble without any benefits. I'm not that heartless," Rasmus smiled at Arka, but his eyes were still cold and mischievous. "Don't you think I'm already generous enough to oblige with your request when I can easily find someone else to be the next commander?"

Arka thought if he declined, the lives of the soldiers that were under him would be killed by Rasmus. He had no choice because if he tried to kill Rasmus and failed to do so, innocent lives would get dragged into his mess and murdered by his decision indirectly.

"I'm honestly doing you a favor here, more than you can think of," Rasmus said as he stood up. "Do you know what's going on right now in South Neva? Do you know about the demons that are trying to take over this continent?" He asked.

Arka received a confidential letter from the Admiral himself about the current situation a while ago. It had been bothering him ever since he knew about the existence of the third Saint, the demons, and how prominent figures all over Neva were anxious about it.

"I'm not a part of those bastards that they call themselves demon worshipers. I'm also not taking sides with the humans because I don't owe them anything, and they were the ones who executed my whole family, leaving only one Blackheart to suffer," Rasmus leaned forward and stared right into Arka's eyes. "But I hate those demons more than humans because I don't want to be their slaves and I won't have the freedom that I have right now. Which is why I have been working with Archduke Thalior, Commander-in-chief Uriel Goldmane, and Chancellor of South Neva Union Altair Segeric."

"What I meant by doing you a favor is because if you agree to cooperate with me, you'll be a hero that the people need. You can do so much more than here, and you can do something rather than sitting at your desk and watching the world burn," he continued.

"Join us. Right now this world needs more people like you, not people like me," he said quietly as he stared right into Arka's eyes.