

Evil 153

Chapter 153 - 153: Recommendation letters.

Rasmus watched the soldiers train and spar while waiting for Arka to give his answer. The recruits were admiring the soldiers and they couldn't wait to become as strong as them.

It reminded him back when he was still a recruit, joining the army and being trained by a special team. He remembered when he betrayed his whole squad led them to their deaths and joined the enemy. He became the most wanted person in the world when he became a terrorist.

He remembered when he made his own organization and made connections with powerful people. He remembered how the world was ruled by powerful people who looked harmless and righteous to the public, but behind the scenes, they made deals with terrorists for their own gain.

He learned a lot from those people, but in the end, he despised people like them. He ended up scheming behind their backs, leading them to their fall and some even died from natural causes that the world believed in.

"Good times..." Rasmus muttered as he chuckled quietly.

After reminiscing about his past for half an hour, Arka came to see him and stood beside him. They silently watched the recruits train while the soldiers watched from the sides, encouraging them.

"I'll be leaving in a week and applying to become the candidate for the Commander position," Arka said as he looked at his hand with a white glove on. "There will be three candidates in total, including myself."

"Can you win?" Rasmus glanced at Arka.

"I have nothing to make myself a better candidate than the others knowing I hate politics. I don't have anyone that can help me be more prominent than those candidates. I only have skills and achievements," Arka answered as he clenched his fists. "In the end, it's not up to me whether I can become a commander or not," he glanced at Rasmus.

Rasmus was quiet and enjoyed the atmosphere and the breeze with the smell of salt. He slowly turned his body toward Arka and showed a smirk of confidence.

"Leave that part to me. I can pull some strings since I have Thalior and the others on my side," Rasmus said as he patted Arka's shoulder. "They will help. They need people like you at this moment and in this current situation."

Arka watched Rasmus walk away before he could say anything in return.

"You won't regret this. I can promise you that," Rasmus stopped walking and looked over his shoulder at Arka. "Just wait for the good news, Lieutenant Commander Gullivard," he smirked and then left.

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Rasmus unboarded the ship and looked around for a tall woman among the pedestrians. He went inside every pub he saw and didn't find Aris anywhere. He wondered where she went until he felt a tall presence behind him and saw Aris staring at him with the cloak and hood that covered her face and hair.

"How did you find me? Don't say that I look like a sore thumb," Rasmus asked and watched her walk beside him.

"You look like a sore thumb with that cloak and hood on," Aris answered without hesitation but then a faint smile formed on her lips. "So? How did it go?" She asked with her brows raised.

"It went well, and I have to go back and meet with Archduke Thalior for a recommendation letter. If you want to stay here, you can stay," Rasmus answered and looked at people looking at him and Aris with suspicion. "I'll be back once I get what I need, and it won't take long."

"Okay, I will explore this city and then go to the capital city. Let's meet there in two weeks. I might find something interesting like those demon worshipers. I believe you can use that information to help you out later on," Aris suggested.

"That would be perfect," Rasmus nodded in agreement. "Let's meet in Bastios's capital city in two weeks. Since you know how to find me, you can go wherever you want, but don't make a scene," he said and stared at Aris.

"I won't, but I can't give you promises," Aris smiled mischievously at Rasmus. "But I'll try."

"Good enough," Rasmus sighed as he nodded. "Well then, I'll take my leave. Have fun," he looked at Aris for a moment before he left.

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Two days passed, and Rasmus went to meet with Thalior who still stayed in Lineva to observe the changes in the capital city. He asked for a recommendation to Thalior for Arka and convinced Thalior that Arka would be a great asset for them since he was someone who upheld righteousness just like Uriel.

He explained how crucial to have a trusted commander of the sea during a time like this because enemies could come to South Neva if they weren't careful enough. The number of people that they could trust was less than a dozen, so adding one that held power in the sea would be a great addition.

After Thalior was convinced, he made a recommendation letter, including Altair, two powerful figures in South Neva that could be said to be the faces of South Neva itself. Once he got the recommendation letters, he didn't waste time and rode his horse back to Bastios.

In the middle of the night, when Rasmus was riding his horse to shorten the time to reach Bastios, he saw a carriage on the side of the road in the middle of nowhere. Suddenly he heard a woman scream, asking for help, hoping someone would save her. He then saw a group of bandits drag the woman and an old lady who looked like a butler out of the carriage by pulling their hair.

"Who's there?!" A bandit shouted when he noticed a person in the distance.

Rasmus didn't have a choice but to approach them and show himself to them. Since he wore a cloak and covered his face and hair with a hood, the bandits couldn't see his face.

"Get down from your horse or we will kill your horse!" The bandit glared at Rasmus and pointed his sword at him.

Rasmus ignored the bandit and looked at the woman with black hair. He noticed the woman didn't wear a dress like any nobles wore daily, she was wearing a skirt filled with accessories made of gold and a silk shirt and jewelry that wasn't the style that South Neva had. Her skin was a bit darker and smoother which made him remember his former student, Valari.

"I said get the fuck down!" The bandit swung his sword and was about to behead the horse.

Rasmus flicked his fingers at the bandit's hand and released a wind cutter that cut off the bandit's hand. The moment the bandit saw his hand fall to the ground, he was shocked before he began to scream as the pain began to overwhelm his senses.

He jumped down from his horse and stabbed the bandit right in the throat, making him stop screaming. He kicked the bandit and looked at the remaining five bandits who were busy unloading the suitcases.

"Please help us! We will pay you with gold that weighs twice your body!" The woman looked at Rasmus with her bright blue eyes.

The bandits charged toward Rasmus, but then their heads fell off before they could reach him. Rasmus watched as the bodies collapsed right in front of him and the night became quiet again, only the sound of blood flowing that filled the quiet night.

"Are you two from the East?" Rasmus asked as he approached the woman and offered his hand.

"Yes, we have some business here. We were in a hurry that I went ahead without my knights..." The woman answered as she held Rasmus's hand and pushed herself up.

Rasmus turned around and noticed a few people riding their horses with torches in their hands. They were the knights that the woman mentioned earlier, and he immediately got back on his horse after he knew that she was safe with the knights with her.

"Wait! You haven't told me your name," the woman stood in front of Rasmus's horse.

"Rasmus, Rasmus Blackheart," Rasmus said as he looked down at the woman.

"Blackheart?" The woman narrowed her eyes and then when she saw the glimpse of his white hair, she was convinced that he was the last Blackheart. "Anastasha, Anastasha Asghar," she introduced herself.

Rasmus nodded and then left without saying a word.

After he rode his horse far enough, he began to wonder because the name sounded so familiar.

"Asghar? That name sounds familiar..." Rasmus muttered with his brows furrowed. "But where do I hear or see that name before?" He added and continued his journey.