

Evil 154

Chapter 154 - 154: Commander of the South Sea.

Rasmus entered Arka's office and held two recommendation letters in his hands. Arka could see the seal with the Ardentis and Segeric symbols on each letter. He couldn't believe what he saw, even though the letters were right in front of him on his desk.

Arka wanted to open those letters, but he knew that he could do that. He needed the letters to be untouched until they were given to officials and even the admiral himself. With those letters, his position as a candidate would outmatch the other candidates.

He then realized how Rasmus could get those letters, especially from Thalior and Altair. Those two were the faces of South Neva, and they weren't easy to approach even for rulers. Knowing what kind of a person Rasmus was, he couldn't believe they would give him what he wanted.

"You must be wondering how I managed to get those letters," Rasmus smiled as he sat down. "How can someone like me be able to gain their favor?" He rested his cheek on his fist with that smirk on his face.

"How?" Arka asked, genuinely confused and intrigued by the answer that he failed to find.

"Because I never lied. You can call me evil, heartless, cunning, or a schemer, but I'm not a liar," Rasmus answered as he leaned back and made himself comfortable on the chair. "What makes me different from people like me is simply because of that. I'm useful, and people need someone like me which is the sad truth," he muttered and looked at the ring on his finger.

Arka found a new light about Rasmus, and it was something that he had never seen in people like Rasmus. A trustworthy person even though Rasmus was morally questionable. He would have been laughing if he had heard someone like Rasmus existed, but there he was, sitting across from him.

"What's your reason to become someone like who you are right now?" Arka asked, and this time he used a softer voice as if he didn't need to be on guard anymore.

"Just like people wanting to become knights who decided to go to war and kill their enemies. They kill because it's necessary, and they're not wrong in doing so. I chose this path because I wanted to, and in a way, I'm not evil or wrong," Rasmus answered calmly.

Arka closed his eyes and kept the wall between him and Rasmus. He realized how dangerous Rasmus was and how his words could affect him that much. He needed to be cautious and keep the attitude of covering the ears and eyes forward at the moment.

"I'm not going to be your pawn or puppet, correct?" Arka asked and stared right into Rasmus's eyes.

"Seeing how capable you are, that would be an insult," Rasmus nodded. "I value those who value themselves."

Arka flinched and that was what he meant earlier. Those words struck him and he knew how dangerous it would be if he got swayed by Rasmus. He knew he had to keep a distance because he didn't want to be Rasmus's pawn.

"I kept my promise..." Rasmus said as he got up. "Now it's time for you to keep yours."

Arka looked at the recommendation letters on his desk, remembering the deal he had made with Rasmus. He took the letters and put them in the drawer before he got up and nodded.

"I'll do what I can," Arka answered with a serious expression.

Rasmus smiled and saw the resistance in Arka's eyes which made him more intrigued. He had been looking for someone like Arka who differed from Uriel and he knew he could use someone like him.

"I'll be waiting for the good news," Rasmus said as he walked toward the door.

"You can stay here while you wait, Count Blackheart. You can use all the facilities here and will be treated as my honored guest," Arka suggested. He planned to keep an eye on Rasmus, and it was a perfect opportunity for him.

"How generous and thoughtful of you. Of course, I would love to stay here," Rasmus smiled and knew Arka's intention but decided to play along.

Rasmus was brought to a room and it was bigger than he thought, and it was luxurious as well. The room was on the top floor of the fortress with an amazing view of the sea and the city in the distance.

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He spent the week in the fortress and trained his body to the limit again, hoping he could get stronger even for a tiny bit. He also trained his talent, the one that Agnesia mentioned about him being capable of controlling nature.

He tried to use his thoughts to manipulate the ground or the wind, but nothing happened. Aris also said that it was possible to bend the will of nature with mere thoughts, but he didn't know how. He tried to understand what Aris said, but she was so vague about it that he couldn't grasp it.

"Not everyone can be a teacher..." Rasmus muttered as he stared at the ceiling on his bed. "Bending the will of nature. I guess my understanding of nature is different from what the sorcerers of this world understand..." He lifted his hand and tried to grasp the air.

He was about to meditate and tried to understand it, but someone knocked on the door. A knight informed him that Arka had come back and he wanted him to see him.

As soon as Rasmus walked into Arka's office, he saw Arka with a few bruises on his face and his hands wrapped in bandages. He didn't know what had happened or if it was a bad sign, but he decided to stay quiet and kept a straight face as he walked toward him.

"You look great," Rasmus commented as he looked at Arka's face. "How did it go? Good news or bad news?" He asked as he sat down across from Arka.

"It was the same as before. The candidates were tested and checked who had the highest score. But since all the candidates got a perfect score, we ended up having duels and the one who came on top would get the highest score," Arka opened the drawer under his desk and grabbed something in it.

"That was one of the few tests, there were three tests in total. Physical, intelligence, and lastly number of achievements. I aced the first two, but I was too young to keep up with the last test since the other candidates had more under their belts," he said as he looked at something under his desk.

"Fortunately, the recommendation letters outweighed those two and this is what I got," he showed the golden star insignia and put it on the table. "I'm unofficially a commander now. There are some papers that need to be done and the ceremony as well to make it official."

Rasmus clapped his hands and a smirk slowly formed on his face. He already knew that Arka could pull it off, especially with recommendation letters that weighed more than any figures in South Neva.

"Congratulations, Commander Gullivard," Rasmus stood up and offered his hand for a handshake.

Arka looked at Rasmus's hand for a moment before he stood up and shook it. He didn't have a choice, but that didn't mean he would bow down to Rasmus's will. He had become a commander and he had both the responsibility and the power to protect the people.

"What do you want from me now?" Arka asked and kept shaking Rasmus's hand.

"Nothing," Rasmus shook his head. "I did say that I want nothing, at least for now," he smiled and pulled his hand from Arka's hand.

Arka narrowed his eyes and didn't try to hide his suspicions because he wanted Rasmus to know that he wouldn't bend down to his scheme. He wanted Rasmus to know that he wasn't an easy target and that he would bite if Rasmus tried anything.

"Hmm, now that I think about it, are you going to take over Mercurius's headquarters? Or are you going to stay here on this side?" Rasmus asked as he made himself comfortable on the chair.

"I'll be taking over the headquarters. I'll be choosing the next Lieutenant Commander position, and they will be taking over this fortress," Arka answered and looked at the insignia on his palm.

Rasmus nodded as he got up and fixed his suit.

"Well then, I don't have anything else to do here. Knowing There's a capable man that guards the sea, I'm not worried anymore," Rasmus said under his breath and looked at his wristwatch.

Arka didn't show any reaction to Rasmus's words and kept a stoic expression.

"Oh, I almost forgot. Do you know the Asghar family from East Neva?" Rasmus asked. "I met with a young lady a week ago, her name was Anastasha Asghar."

This time Arka looked a bit surprised that Rasmus mentioned that name. He didn't know if he should tell Rasmus or not, knowing Rasmus wouldn't let such an opportunity go if he knew.

"No, I don't," Arka answered and shook his head.

Rasmus observed Arka's face for a moment before he smiled.

"You're bad at lying, who would have thought," Rasmus said as he chuckled. "Knowing that you're hiding it, does that mean she's someone important, or perhaps something is happening in East Neva?"

Arka was terrified of how sharp Rasmus's intuition was to the point that he could find out what was happening. However, he didn't say a word or try to deny it because it was pointless and he didn't want to keep the conversation going.

"I'll see you soon, Commander Gullivard, very soon..." Rasmus walked away as he waved at Arka without looking back.