

Evil 157

Chapter 157 - 157: Playing a similar game.

Rasmus tried to dig up as much information as possible about the situation in East Neva. He wondered what was going on there knowing the members of the Council of Neva from East Neva had decided to deal with demonic force with violence and head-on.

He got so much valuable information from Anastasha even though their credibility was questionable. He didn't mind because it was better than nothing, and he could use the things that sounded make sense to be the baseline of the picture he was trying to paint.

The North of South Neva took the situation to the extreme where they didn't hold back and revealed that the emissary was a demonic being. The famous and influential shamans proved that statement to be correct because they could see spirits and the dead. People were avoiding the emissary, however, and that led to the disappearance of the emissary, making the whole situation more problematic.

At the moment, the tension in East Neva was so palpable that a war might break out anytime soon. Since East Neva had a bad history of violence, the chance they would kill each other to take over each other's land, power, and legacy was too high to ignore.

"They're trying to get rid of the fire but ended up getting caught in fire themselves," Rasmus muttered as he poured the tea into Aris, Anastasha, and his cups. "So you're taking refuge in the pretense of avoiding conflict while you're just waiting for something to happen," he offered the teacup to Anastasha.

Anastasha only smiled and took the teacup as she nodded her head to show gratification. She didn't try to correct or deny Rasmus's deduction because Rasmus didn't ask a question but rather speculation. Some people might unconsciously deny it or correct him.

"So far, all the information that you have provided, how many are them are the truth?" Rasmus asked.

"Does it matter? Even if you know how many of them are the truth, you can't find it or have the time to waste it. I know that you haven't taken them all at face value ever since we conversed on this topic," Anastasha smiled and then took a sip of the tea.

"Then answer me this one question where I want you to tell nothing but the truth," Rasmus said with a serious expression. "I think that would be fair and I don't mind giving you one truth as well."

Anastasha flinched her eyes when she realized she had just taken the bait and at that moment she had just fallen for his trap. She slipped and she looked both pleased and annoyed at the same time through her smile.

"As long as it has nothing to do with my purpose or plans, I will answer them. Your question will be nullified and you just used your one and only free card," Anastasha stared into Rasmus's eyes.

"Fair enough," Rasmus nodded in agreement. "Then my question would be. What's your take on the emissary? The one who works under a powerful evil being and the third saint, Ermaine."

"I despise them all. This is the world of the living, and only the living should rule this world," Anastasha answered with a serious expression, there wasn't a single doubt or hesitation in her words and eyes.

Rasmus was surprised to hear the answer, but there was a small hint that she might be pulling some strings to manipulate the whole situation. Whether she despised them or not, she was something who might use them, just like how he did to Kiel but more subtle and risk-free.

"Now it's my turn. Since you want it to be fair, then I'll ask the same question. What's your take on the emissary here named Kiel? The one who works under a powerful evil being and the third saint, Ermaine?" Anastasha repeated the same question as his.

"I despise them all. This is the world of the living, and only the living should rule this world. We have the same view of them and we both want them to disappear," Rasmus gave the same answer as Anastasha.

Anastasha stared into Rasmus's eyes but there was no deception in his voice and eyes. She gave a slow nod and took a sip of the tea before she looked out the window and the sun was about to rise.

"It's getting early, Count. I'm afraid, a lady like me can't keep my eyes open all night..." Anastasha smiled gently at Rasmus.

Rasmus looked out the window and the orange hue of the sky was getting visible. He nodded with understanding and decided to get up and looked at Aris that they should leave and let Anastasha rest.

"Oh one more thing, Count Blackheart," Anastasha looked at Rasmus who was about to leave the room. "The Urion company is currently investigating those shipping and trading companies, wondering who's the real owner of those companies. You need to be careful because if they want you dead, they will make it happen," she gave a smile of warning.

Rasmus smirked as he turned around to look at Anastasha and then gave a nod. He knew that she could give the information to the Urion company, but she didn't.

"Goodnight, Princess, or should I say good morning," Rasmus said and then left.

Anastasha nodded and then walked toward the window to watch Rasmus and Aris leave the mansion. Once she could no longer see them, she left the room and went to her chamber to get some sleep.

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Rasmus and Aris rented a room in an inn and they both sat on the edge of the bed.

"That attire that she wore, I want it," Aris said.

"Hmm, I can ask someone to make it for you," Rasmus nodded and washed his face with water in a bucket.

"So? Did you find out what she's planning to do? I think after you having hours of conversation with her, you might already know what her intention is," Aris looked at Rasmus wet his hair and pulled it back.

Rasmus grabbed a towel and dried his face and hair as he stared out at the window as the sun rose and bathed his face in the warmth of the sun.

"She's waiting for the war to start..." Rasmus answered and leaned his shoulder against the wall. "She's just like me, she wants all the profit into her pockets. She might even sacrifice her siblings and make the sole winner in this whole mess," he added.

"She doesn't look like someone who has the power to do that, unlike you," Aris said as she lay down on the bed.

"She does, she just makes it as if she doesn't have the power to do so. She's smart, and people like her who have no strength will hone their brain and make it more dangerous than brute force," Rasmus answered and watched people begin to go outside and work. "She uses her weakness as her strength. She seems fragile and vulnerable which makes her easily ignored."

"And? What are you going to do?" Aris asked and looked at Rasmus.

"My goal aligns with Thalior and the others who want to get rid of Kiel. My other goal also aligns with Anastasha because we both want war to break out..." Rasmus muttered and turned around to look at Aris. "I'll let her be because I don't see a reason to stop her or to be her ally. She's already set her chess pieces, adding another force would only ruin her plans and might become hostile toward me. I'm planning to watch, for now..." he added and walked to the couch.

"She's dealing with East Neva while we are dealing with South Neva. I'm thinking that it's a perfect opportunity for us as well. The moment war break out in East Neva, we will use that momentum to start the war here as well..." he added as he lay down and put his arm over his eyes. "At that point, she might realize that I'm playing a similar game as hers..." he muttered and closed his eyes.

Aris hummed and stared blankly at the sun that was supposed to blind her. She was about to ask another question, but Rasmus was already asleep, and he looked tired from all the trips he had made before coming to the capital city.

"Goodnight..." she muttered and slowly closed her eyes.