

Evil 166

Chapter 166 - 166: Winning an argument.

Videl walked into the tent and saw the gruesome sight of butchered human bodies. The bodies of men, women, children, and animals were being mixed like toys. He remembered this scene from a very long time ago, and it became one of his favorite memories.

"So you're here on this continent as well, Yaza..." Videl looked at a woman with the head of a small girl and the legs of a goat. "You always have a way of playing God no matter what world you're in..." He muttered and stared at the lips of the girl moving, as if it was trying to speak but the brain couldn't control the body yet.

He burned all the victims of Yaza's curiosity of creation and devoured their souls as his own. He didn't want to leave any evidence of what was happening there to the humans. He acted like Rasmus, making both at the disadvantages of the situation.

After devouring every soul, he left the tent and burned everything to ashes. He then looked at Silva, who had become his loyal servant, another human to be his plaything.

"Our job here is done... Let's find another town or village so I can feast on the dead..." Videl said as he walked down the mountain with a massive sea of flames that devoured the whole camp behind him.

(At the same time in the main headquarters of the South Neva Union.)

Carrion got out of the carriage and saw so many knights being deployed to deal with the chaos that had happened all over South Neva. He was anxious, and his heart had been racing fast since last night, and he couldn't get a wink of sleep.

His arrival was conveyed to Altair, and the knight escorted him to Altair's office. When he entered the room, he saw Altair and Thalior at the table with cold and serious expressions. He felt like staring at two mountains that were about to fall right on top of him.

"(How in the world could you stand with these two people like it was nothing?)" Carrion thought of Rasmus.

"Another Earnwind in the building, how interesting," Altair stared into Carrion's eyes. "But you, you didn't attend your late father's funeral. Everyone was there but not you."

Carrion gulped and didn't know what to say after being confronted like that. He was being pressured and knew that Altair was trying to belittle him to see what kind of a person he was. He took a deep breath and then showed a faint smile as he nodded.

"I would rather not be called an Earnwind, My Lord," Carrion said calmly. "It's not uncommon for people to cut ties with their families, and I'm just one of them."

Thalior never blinked his eyes once ever since Carrion entered the room. He knew that Carrion was associated with Rasmus, and his being in the room only raised questions and suspicions. Carrion could read the gaze that Thalior gave him, and he couldn't blame Thalior for thinking like that.

"So, you're not an Earnwind anymore? Then why did you use your last name to influence other people?" Altair asked with an empty smile on his face. "Your words and actions are... contradicting," he chuckled mockingly.

Carrion closed his eyes and tried to find a way to get back at Altair. He pretended to be Rasmus and tried to think like him.

"Is the lives of the people less important than my life, My Lord?" Carrion asked and stared into Altair's eyes. "I would love to talk about mine, but I'm here not to entertain you while the lives of the people are being played and taken away by demons as we speak."

Altair's smile immediately disappeared from his face. His eyes and expression became cold once again, with a hint of annoyance and irritation. He didn't have anything to say after being confronted like that and decided to stop playing around.

"So, you came here as an envoy of Count Blackheart?" Altair asked.

Carrion wasn't even offered to take a seat, and yet, Altair had begun asking the main questions. He was being looked down on too much, but he couldn't leave because Rasmus needed him to gain his trust and to prove to himself that he could do better.

"Yes, My Lord," Carrion nodded and kept his calm demeanor.

"And why do you think we need him? Is he looking down on us that he sent someone like you to help us?" Altair narrowed his eyes.

"Because someone like me can gather more people through their greed rather than empty words, My Lord," Carrion answered with a cold expression. "Unity and greed can align where everyone is satisfied, not only through ideals but it can also be through materials and well-being, physically and mentally."

"So you're saying that we should satisfy their needs in exchange for them to join us? Your skill is good when it comes to business, but here, you're lacking," Altair responded as he scoffed, finding Carrion's explanation to be ridiculous.

"You're still more concerned about their greed rather than the lives and the safety of the people. Is this really what we are going to argue about, My Lord?" Carrion furrowed his brows.

Thalior closed his eyes and slowly turned his head away. Ever since his argument with Rasmus, he felt something within him change. He began to see and think of things that affected his principles and ideals.

He approached Altair as he shook his head slowly, telling Altair to stop arguing. He then sat at the desk and told Carrion to sit with them.

Carrion sat at the desk and looked at both of them.

"Remember, Carrion... if you want to win an argument, don't try to fight their ideals with yours. The moment your ideals and theirs clashed, things went ugly, and you both would bend reality so the ideals would make sense to you or them. If you want to win, use the flaws of their ideals, which will make them look like fools to you, those who listen, and themselves. Even if they were right, you wouldn't hurt your ego or ideals."

Carrion remembered those words that Rasmus had said to him before. He never thought he could win an argument using that method. He knew that it was used to win an argument but in exchange for offending them.

"Count Blackheart sent you, for what?" Thalior asked in a cold tone.

"I have learned a lot of things from Count Blackheart, and I know what kind of people he is. He deals with things without considering morality. So, he sent me here because I might be able to help and still align with your ideals," Carrion answered with a serious expression, trying to keep himself calm.

Thalior and Altair shared a look with the same thought inside their heads.

"It's suspicious, isn't it?" Carrion smiled and stared blankly at the table. "Even I couldn't understand why he sent me here. But I know him enough that he's always been serious about his words. He really wants humanity to survive," he pointed out.

Thalior knew what kind of a person Rasmus was. He knew that even if Rasmus intended to save humanity, there was a hidden or a few hidden intentions behind it. But then he remembered what Carrion had said earlier if that concern was important than the lives and the safety of the people.

"We already have your brother here, but you said that you're no longer an Earnwind. You also said that you're Count Blackheart's envoy, but that's not enough to convince us that you can be of any help to us. Tell me, what's your goal here?" Thalior asked.

"I want to prove to myself that I can be better. It's the truth that Count Blackheart was the one who asked me to be here, but I'm here of my own accord, not because I'm following his order," Carrion answered with a serious expression.

Thalior and Altair shared a look once again, and then they both nodded.

"And what's Count Blackheart doing right now?" Thalior asked.

"As we speak, he should have arrived by now," Carrion said as he stared out the window. "Count Blackheart is on his way to the Druloem Kingdom in East Neva," he revealed and turned his head to look at Thalior.

"East Neva?" Thalior furrowed his brows. "What exactly he's doing there?"

"To get stronger," Carrion answered.