

Evil 182

Chapter 182 - 182: The system.

"What are you thinking about?" Aris asked as she refilled the bowl with mostly meat and a little broth in it. "You must be thinking about the person behind the Sand Tower, aren't you?" She asked and stirred the meat.

"No, I was thinking about Anastasha. Johan's words are bothering me because I didn't expect the Asghar family to be this powerful and feared," Rasmus answered as he offered his bowl to her so she could fill it.

"If the Sand Tower is powerful enough, why don't you ask those old people in the tower about the Asghar family?" Aris poured the broth into Rasmus's bowl and only put a few pieces of meat in there. "It's either they both are working together or they're competitors. That guy mentioned that the Sand Tower who made East Neva achieved peace, but the history you learned, it was said to be the Asghar who did it."

Rasmus looked down at the bowl and realized she had only given him a few pieces of meat. He then looked at her bowl, which was full of meat.

"They could be working together behind the scenes, but that doesn't mean they're still right now after they got what they were looking for. The history of East Neva is filled with betrayal to the point the amount of betrayals that had happened here was still more than the rest of Neva combined," Rasmus said and took a sip of the soup.

Rasmus thought about it for a moment as he enjoyed the view of the small lake in front of him. He had met with Anastasha and Yasser, both of whom came from two different sides, and both were giants in East Neva.

"How should I approach this..." Rasmus muttered as he sighed and stared at the moonlight's reflection in the lake.

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The morning came, and they stayed there, camping at the lake. Rasmus swam in the lake, and it was refreshing. Aris joined in and dove into the deepest part of the lake because she wanted to see everything from below.

When they were both enjoying their time, suddenly a few young people came to the lake. They all had the same idea as them, to swim in the lake. Knowing it was about to get crowded, Aris and Rasmus decided to get out of the lake. However, their white hair and appearances attracted all the attention, especially Aris's tall figure.

Rasmus wandered the area around the capital city with Aris as his guide since she had explored every corner of the city and outside the city. They ended up climbing a mountain, and that was where Rasmus decided to train his muscles and bones with Aris's help.

After a week, they both came back to the arena to watch the tournament again. The betting had finally opened on the second elimination stage. Rasmus followed Aris's words and bet on those warriors who were strong but unnoticed by the spectators.

"So avoiding bets on those favored warriors won't bring in as much money as it should because there will be less money if there are barely people who bet on the opponents..." Aris learned about the betting system. "Who came up with such an idea?"

"Betting?" Rasmus asked. "It's a game of the wealthy people. It's basically wasting or gaining money in exchange for excitement. Profit was never the case for them, however, the poor think it's a way to get rich easily but end up losing everything. The reason why it's addicting is self-explanatory," he explained as he looked at his wristwatch.

The matches began, and Rasmus managed to gain all the profits from betting on the right side. Aris understood why people were so addicted to betting because in their eyes, they couldn't see who would win, unlike her.

Once again, Hermes and the other strong warriors barely showed their skills in the second elimination stage. They defeated their opponents with only a few moves so that their skills couldn't be calculated. The tournament was rigged from the start so that those warriors wouldn't fight each other in the elimination stages.

Rasmus attracted too much attention when he carried big pouches of money from betting. He did that on purpose because he wanted the eyes to be on him for this. He wanted to attract the important guests of the event.

Unfortunately, it wasn't just the important guests that took an interest in him, a few unfortunate people died because of their interest in his earnings. Rasmus and Aris killed them without hesitation once they lured them to a secluded place.

Rasmus and Aris decided to go back to the inn after they had their share of fun. However, when they entered the inn, they saw Daryus sitting on the couch, restlessly. The moment Rasmus's eyes met with his, Daryus jolted from his seat and approached him.

"Let's talk in my room," Rasmus said before Daryus could open his mouth.

As they entered the room, Aris pulled down her hood and removed her cloak. Daryus was stunned by her beauty and smooth skin that almost glowed under the sunlight. He immediately shook his head and lowered his head because he didn't want to offend her.

"So you came to Johan and asked about me," Rasmus said as he put down his cloak and rolled up his sleeves. "How much do you know?" He asked as he sat on the bed and stared at Daryus.

"I heard enough to the point I left before Johan could finish his storytelling..." Daryus answered as he lifted his head and stared at Rasmus without any sign of fear but rather suspicion and confusion. "Why did you help them? They have suffered enough, and you're planning to use them too?"

Rasmus stared at Daryus for a moment with his brows raised before he stood up and walked toward the table. He signaled Daryus to sit with him while Aris sat by the window, enjoying the view.

"I'm not going to use something that has broken, no," Rasmus shook his head. "I'm more interested in the one who is trying to fix it," he added.

At that moment, Daryus realized that he was the one that Rasmus wanted to see and use. He failed to realize that he fell right into Rasmus's palm, and knowing what kind of a person Rasmus was, he decided to take a few steps away from him.

"You may leave and never find me again, but you won't be able to help others on your own," Rasmus said before Daryus could reach the door.

"With all due respect, Count Blackheart. I don't want to entangle myself in your play..." Daryus said as he fixed his glasses.

"Why don't we sit down and have a talk first? I don't know what you heard about me, but that's only from the perspective of his, not from me, her, or those people that I helped," Rasmus smiled and looked at Daryus with a gentle gaze. "I never forced people to join me so I won't do that to you as well. You can leave if you still believe I'm dangerous in your eyes."

Daryus sighed and knew this would happen, the wordplay that Rasmus used was nothing like he had ever experienced before. He had steeled his heart and made sure he didn't get swayed by Rasmus's words because Johan had warned him about Rasmus.

Daryus sat down and glanced at Aris, who had zero interest in the conversation. He didn't believe he saw the myth of an ancient race, Orthias, to be sitting there in front of him.

"Now, are you a righteous man, Doctor?" Rasmus asked as he clasped his hands in front of his mouth.

"No, I only care about the people who are in need. I don't believe in both righteousness and evil to be the problem because those who suffer still exist everywhere," Daryus answered with a serious expression.

"That's quite interesting. Then what's the problem, Doctor?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised.

"The problem is the system itself. No matter what kind of system humans make, they only benefit a few people the most. The further down you go, the less it benefits the people, some even feel the system is against them," Daryus answered.

Aris glanced at Daryus, and she didn't expect that he and Rasmus shared the same view of the world. Although she saw it in Daryus, he was nowhere near Rasmus's view of the world. She then looked at the city and showed a faint smile.