

Evil 183

Chapter 183 - 183: Playing by God's rule.

Daryus put down his briefcase and slumped onto the couch as he rubbed his face in frustration. He slowly dropped his hands from his face and stared blankly at the ceiling of his room. He recalled every word that Rasmus had said to him earlier, and it bothered him all the way down to his conscious.

"Why do I consider his proposal?" Daryus muttered as he fixed his glasses.

(A few hours ago.)

"So you believe the system is the problem? Not the people?" Rasmus asked as he got up and grabbed a bottle of wine from the bedside table. "The system is as innocent as it is. What you said earlier is like blaming nature for flooding a whole village where the people themselves don't take care of nature around them," he said as he walked back to the table and opened the bottle of wine.

"Of course, I do agree with you completely that the system is a problem, but to ignore that the people that made the system isn't a problem is just plain nonsense," Rasmus said as he poured a wine for himself. "If humans were perfect beings, there would be no conflicts. Even if there's such a thing as a perfect system, human nature will corrupt it eventually," he said as he offered the wine to Daryus.

Daryus looked at the bottle and shook his head. He didn't drink alcohol, and even if he drank, he wouldn't do something as stupid as lowering his guard against someone like Rasmus.

"So you're saying that no matter what happens, there will be people out there who suffer from the system? I know that, and I'm not stupid enough to believe that the world can be perfect for everyone," Daryus responded as he sat up straight and crossed his arms. "What I'm saying is that the ones who suffer are mostly the ones who don't deserve it. That's what I'm trying to say here," he explained with a serious expression as he watched Rasmus elegantly take a sip of the wine.

"Fairness, is it?" Rasmus put down the glass as he licked his bottom lip. "My students know exactly what fairness is, but I wonder, what do you understand about fairness, Doctor?" He tilted his head as he leaned back and crossed his legs.

"Where both burden and benefit are equally given to people," Daryus answered without hesitation.

"So you believe that people who have privileges are being unfair? Do you believe that privilege is a bad thing, Doctor?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised.

At that moment, Daryus knew that Rasmus would point that out. He knew his ideal was far-fetched to the point of being nothing but a dream. However, he had dwelled on it for so long that he finally knew the issue wasn't the privilege, but something else.

"It's not the privileges that bother me or what's the problem. It's the abuse of those who are in control. Those who have the privileges should bear more responsibility, but I know that it sounded so egotistical of people like me to tell those who have privileges to carry more responsibility than the rest. But that's how it should be because their privileges came from the amount of responsibilities they have fulfilled, and yet they abuse their privileges and make the other suffer," Daryus answered.

"I know how foolish I may sound and look like, but I just want those who suffer to be... alive and well..." Daryus looked down as he clenched his fists.

Rasmus smiled softly as he rested his arms on the armrests and stared at Daryus with a gentle gaze.

"As foolish as you are, you're one of the few people in the world who can make a change. You're not looking for recognition, you're genuinely caring for people who are being treated unjustly. The world is laughing at you, but you never turn your back on it. A fool indeed," Rasmus said as he grabbed the glass and took a sip of his wine. "But who cares. I know you don't care how the world treats you, and I'm not someone who would laugh at someone for their beliefs."

Daryus lifted his head and furrowed his brows as he stared at Rasmus with a confused look.

"What are you trying to say, Count?" Daryus asked.

"I won't say something like who's going to laugh in the end because you'll never mock the world. What I'm trying to say is that if you want to achieve your dream, you have to sacrifice a small part of your ideal, and it will hurt you for the rest of your life. But, what if you don't have to feel that way?" Rasmus asked back as he swirled the glass in his hand.

Daryus narrowed his eyes as he steeled his heart because he knew what was about to come out of Rasmus's mouth would be dangerous.

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"What if I make the ones who have abused the system be the ones to suffer in the end?" Rasmus tilted his head as he rested his head on his fist and stared into Daryus's eyes. "There's a saying if you want to make stale bread taste delicious, they have to starve first. They deserve that kind of treatment before they can become a better person, right?" He added.

"Is that what fairness to you, Count?" Daryus asked back with a serious expression. "To let those who are unjust to suffer and the other way around? And what about the result of it? Do you think they will learn? Humans aren't that simple."

"Of course, humans aren't simple, Doctor. Humans can be as evil as demons and as kind as angels. Isn't God using force to make them obedient and punish those who aren't following God's will? Am I wrong to use the same method if God can play by that rule?" Rasmus asked with a cold smile.

At that moment, Daryus felt a chill down his spine where he had never heard that kind of answer before from anyone. He was a knowledgeable man who had read countless books, and he had never seen anyone who used that kind of excuse for the things people had done.

Daryus began to chuckle as he looked down and shook his head. That reaction attracted Aris's attention and made her wonder what was going on in Daryus's head.

"Then what? You're going to kill those who don't learn from your so-called fairness?" Daryus asked.

Rasmus smirked as he leaned forward, clasping his hands and putting them in front of his mouth.

"If there's such a thing as perfection, humans aren't one of them. Aren't we both agreed that humans have flaws?" Rasmus asked.

"You call that part of yourself as flaws? So you're justifying your reasoning because you believe that you're doing it just like how God did?" Daryus stared into Rasmus's eyes in disbelief.

"Give me one example of righteousness that has happened in this world where ultimate peace has been attained?" Rasmus asked back as he crossed his arms on the table. "Give me a solution on how to make a perfect world without harming others. I'll give you a thousand years, and you'll come out with nothing."

"You're sick in the head, Count," Daryus got up after he knew there was no point in arguing with someone like Rasmus. "I knew from the beginning that you're dangerous and not someone who should hold power. Good day to you, Count," he said as he bowed and walked toward the door.

"Unless there's someone like you on my side that I can make a world a better place," Rasmus said before Daryus could grab the handle of the door. "You can despise me all you want. People with the same ideals as yours will die before you can reach the surface in this time and age. I might be heartless, but someone like me is the one who will rule the world eventually. Choose your poison, and as a doctor, you can get rid of the poison along the way and will find the cure for this corrupt world once you have power and influence."

Daryus stopped walking and hesitated about leaving the room. He slowly turned around and stared at Rasmus in the eyes. There was no deception in his eyes, only ambition and confidence.

"You claim I can remove the poison along the way, but how do you expect me to do that if I'm drowning in it?" Daryus asked with a serious expression.

"You won't, I can promise you that. Why? I have people who are against my ideals but believe they can make a better world way better than what I have intended. You're not going to be alone in this, even if you join me," Rasmus answered without hesitation. "If you truly believe in change, don't fight me from the outside where you'll be powerless, fight me from within."

Daryus clenched his fists and knew that his ideals wouldn't be heard by powerful figures. If he joined Rasmus, he would get the opportunity to show his ideal world to the people around Neva and make a better world. However, if he joined Rasmus, he would find himself in an uncomfortable place where guilt might gnaw at him from within.

"As I said, Doctor. Choose your poison," Rasmus said with a serious expression.

"I'll think about it..." Daryus said as he turned around and left.