

Evil 200

Chapter 200 - 200: Political game.

"I know it's a bit late, but you two seem to be getting along really well," Rasmus looked at Garret and Carrion, the siblings that didn't like each other. "Working together as Earnwinds..." he added and sat on the couch across from Carrion.

Garret was at his desk, reading a document in his head before he decided to put it down and approached them. He sat on the cushion at the top end of the table.

"Well, I got what I wanted and you got what you wanted. Carrion said that he wanted to become someone other than an Earnwind, so I don't have a reason to distance myself from Carrion. We both have different paths," Garret answered as he crossed his legs.

Carrion didn't need to add anything else and kept sipping his hot tea. Although they both looked close, they both were competing against each other. They possessed both influence and power, so they wanted to best each other.

"And I'll keep my words, Count. I said it back then that once I became the head of the Earnwind family, I would support you with the Earnwind family on your back," Garret said with a smile and grabbed his teacup.

"Let's not talk about that right now," Rasmus responded and fixed his suit. "We need to get ourselves out of this situation. South Neva might disappear and everything you have here as well," he added and leaned back.

Garret's expression turned cold and serious as he fixed his sitting position and crossed his arms. He pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket and slid it on the coffee table toward Rasmus.

"The Servil faction is already answering the call from the Alliance. They're going to join their war," Garret said.

Rasmus looked at the piece of paper for a moment and wondered why it looked like the information was given in secrecy. He then grabbed the paper and read the content.

Xena Servil, the leader of the Servil faction had decided to join the cause that the Alliance had proposed. Five thousand Servil army were deployed and sent to the Vacia Kingdom, one of the nations that joined the Alliance.

"The Queen, Amalfrida is Xena's closest ally, isn't it? I remembered you said those two came together during the Council of Neva meeting," Rasmus gave the paper back to Garret.

"Yes, and we have expected that to happen the moment the Vacia Kingdom decided to join the Alliance. The Servil faction has been neutral for so long, even during the wars and attempted unification of South Neva," Garret answered and put the paper back into the pocket. "With their current status, the Servil faction is already on par with the South Neva Union."

"And that makes you, a part of the South Neva Union in a tight spot. If South Neva Union decided to not join the cause, and they managed to push the enemy back, you and the other's status would be in danger both here in South Neva and in the eyes of the whole Neva," Rasmus knew what Garret was afraid of.

"That's right. Which is why, I'm planning to help the Alliance..." Garret sighed as he stood up. "The Earnwind family needs to be in a good term with both the South Neva Union and the Alliance," he said and walked toward his desk.

"You want a war as well, correct? Which means, you want to help the Alliance as well," Garret sat at his desk and stared at Rasmus. "That makes our goal once again align," he smiled.

Carrion would love to leave the room, but he wanted to stay and listened to their conversation in silence. He didn't have any problem with the conversation because he believed that staying still wouldn't solve anything in this kind of situation.

"What do I get from this?" Rasmus crossed his legs and stared at Garret.

"I know Carrion has been trying to get his hands on mining sites, so I'll give you as many as you want," Garret offered.

"No," Carrion answered almost instantly. "I don't need your help on that. Don't bring me into this deal you make with Rasmus," he glanced at Garret with a cold gaze.

Garret and Carrion coldly stared at each other, and the real tension finally got revealed. Rasmus casually sipped his tea and watched the two siblings hating each other.

"Carrion is right, don't bring him into our deal, and I'm not interested in material aspects. You should know by now," Rasmus said as he put down the teacup. "You haven't fulfilled your words, and I believe you need to prove it first before you can propose something to me," he stared at Garret with a serious expression.

"I'm not fond of people who keep giving promises with no evidence. The more they talk, the less they mean anything to me..." Rasmus said as he stood up. "The representatives are here, so let's go to the meeting room," he pointed out after he felt a presence outside the building.

Carrion showed a smirk and scoffed quietly as he stood up and followed Rasmus. He was glad that Rasmus wasn't the type who lingered in emotions because most people would have fallen for Garret's words. He loved it when Garret was taken aback and speechless after Rasmus said that.

Rasmus walked in the hallway with Carrion and Garret to greet the representatives from the Alliance. When they waited at the entrance, they were surprised to see Xena Servil herself as one of the representatives. That alone was enough to say that the Servil faction had belonged to the Alliance.

When Servil saw Rasmus among the people, her eyes never stopped staring at him. Rasmus didn't back down and stared back at her until she finally averted her gaze.

Everyone sat at the round table, and Carrion informed Rasmus of the names of the representatives from the Alliance. There were four people, one of them was Xena Servil whom he already knew. The other three were Duke Gerald Carlson from the Eldora Kingdom, Marquess Wilfred Montague from the Falkenridge Kingdom, and lastly, Duchess Adelina Dunmore from the Ardenholt Kingdom.

Those four representatives came from the kingdoms that created the Alliance and managed to bring other nations to their cause. That would be enough to tell Rasmus that they came here without the intention of delaying the war but rather to convince the South Neva Union to join their cause.

"I see an unfamiliar face among you," Duchess Adelina said as she stared at Rasmus. "That white hair, is he what I think he is, your Grace?" She looked at Thalior.

"Yes, he's Count Rasmus Blackheart," Thalior nodded.

"If I heard it right, Your Grace had a few conflicts with Count Blackheart and kicked him out of the council," Duke Gerald crossed his arms as he stared at Thalior. "So, may I ask why is he here?" He asked with his brows raised.

Thalior took his time to answer because he didn't know what would be the best answer to that question. He didn't want to make him look bad, especially in front of the representatives from the Alliance. Any answer he would give, that would only ruin his reputation, and they knew that which was why they decided to ask that question.

"Are we here to waste time?" Altair asked as he looked at the representatives.

"Hardly, we are just curious, that's all," Marquess Wilfred looked at Altair.

"It's because we need him here," Thalior answered with a serious expression. "I made a huge mistake, and we all paid the price," he added.

All the representatives glanced at each other, their eyes smiling even though they put on a straight face. With those words coming out of Thalior's mouth, they became above Thalior at the table since they were the victims and Thalior was the culprit behind the chaos that happened in South Neva.

"We know that you were doing it because you believed it was the right thing to do, Your Grace," Marquess Wilfred put a fake smile on his face.

Everyone knew it was an insult and a mockery, but they didn't say anything.

"Well then, shall we begin our meeting? To discuss the reason for our visit?" Duke Gerald asked as he looked at everyone at the table.

"Of course, but we will give our authority to Count Blackheart, so he will decide everything that is discussed on this table," Altair said as he pointed his hand at Rasmus.

Rasmus smiled coldly as he stood up and placed his hands on the table. Their plan to belittle Thalior was pointless and useless when they realized the one who hold the authority and power was him.

"Now, let me hear what you have to say," Rasmus said calmly.