

Evil 204

Chapter 204 - 204: The brilliance of a mind.

Thalior wanted Rasmus to know about the figures that founded the Alliance. He knew that Rasmus would say something that might jeopardize or create disunity among them. He knew that would happen because nobody would come out of the room with a smile when Rasmus was in the room.

"That's what we are asking for from you, Count Blackheart. You can handle everything, but we hope that you hold back to avoid unnecessary problems at the moment or in the future from this deal we're making with the Alliance," Thalior said with a serious expression.

"Let's assume that I keep my words, but what if we could tell that one of them was trying to monopolize this whole situation? People like them, they don't want equality, they want more than what you have right now, Your Grace," Rasmus responded as he crossed his arms and leaned back.

"Let them be," Thalior answered without hesitation. "I don't care about what they want or what they gain from this. It's better than having them sided with the enemy and stab us in the back. That's for the best, for now," he added and stared right into Rasmus's eyes.

"We will deal with them once this is over. Altair and I have a plan to prevent them or anyone from gaining unnecessary influence and power," Thalior added as he rested his arms on the armrest.

"Do whatever you want, that's none of my business. I suggest you bring Marquess Earnwind and Carrion with you. They both can be seen as the middlemen, to prevent the Alliance from thinking that South Neva Union is planning to take all the credits while at the same time, making the Alliance depend on the Earnwinds indirectly since Garret is planning to have both sides on his side," Rasmus suggested as he looked at Thalior.

Thalior had noticed Garret's suspicious movements ever since the Alliance was founded. He knew that Garret was an opportunist, someone who would do anything to gain both power and wealth. He didn't need Garret in South Neva Union because of that personality, but at the same time he didn't want to get rid of the Earnwind family because it's one of the families that united South Neva.

"Let him do what he wants because sooner or later he will either succeed or fail miserably. The Earnwind family isn't the same without the former head," Rasmus said as he spun the ring on his finger. "Or you can say it's a fair price to attain peace," he pointed out.

"Are you suggesting this because it's the only best option, or is it that you have something to gain from this, Count?" Uriel asked with a serious expression. She was curious if Rasmus had tried to gain something from this or not.

"Everyone will gain something from this, Lady Uriel. Anyone will take an opportunity when they find an opening, it's just common sense," Rasmus answered and stared into Uriel's eyes. "But, no, I didn't suggest it because it benefitted me. It benefitted all of us," he shook his head.

Thalior crossed his legs and tapped his fingers at his knee as he stared blankly at the coffee table. He then glanced at Rasmus, realizing how efficiently he dealt with problems. When no ideals were being threatened, he could see the brilliance of Rasmus's mind. He knew there was no such thing as a perfect plan, but Rasmus managed to minimize the risks and made them easy to handle whether with or without their involvement.

"I'll discuss this matter with Altair later," Thalior sighed. "That's all I have to say, Count. You may leave," he said as he stood up and walked back to his desk.

Rasmus nodded and then left Thalior's office with Uriel since she wanted to meet with Javi again. She wanted to know about what had happened in the Druloem Kingdom in detail from him.

As soon as they left the building, Javi landed right behind Rasmus. Uriel looked at Javi from up close, and she had so many questions written in her expressions.

"I'll give you some privacy," Rasmus said and walked away to check on Aris.

The moment Rasmus had gone far enough, Uriel brought Javi to the garden so they could speak privately. They sat under the gazebo and watched the snow fall around them.

"You said that you no longer belong to the tower, how's that possible? Nobody can leave no matter what," Uriel asked and stared at Javi's eyes back and forth.

Javi explained everything in detail, and since he didn't know much about how Rasmus and the Grandmasters made a deal with the emissary, he skipped that part. He used an excuse that he was still

unconscious during that time, and that Rasmus gave valuable information to the Grandmasters that traded with Javi's life.

"What kind of information did Rasmus give to the Grandmasters that they broke their own rules?" Uriel placed her fingers on her lips as he stared blankly at the table.

"I don't know and I don't want to know. I'm someone who follows order, and that's all there's to it," Javi answered as he shook his head.

"How bad is it? The situation over there," Uriel looked at Javi with her brows furrowed.

"I can't say it's worse than here. East Neva is a place where people joke around about peace. It's bad, but it has always been bad," Javi answered as he looked at the distance where the wall was.

Uriel sighed and had her fair share of experience on how East Neva treated her. She remembered when she had to kill so she could sleep at night. There were no good memories when she was in East Neva, everything was dark and gory.

"You're now following the most dangerous person that I have seen so far, Javi," Uriel looked at Javi with a serious expression and a bit of concern in her eyes. "I know that the Grandmasters of the Sand Tower are out of this world when it comes to taking control behind the curtains, but Rasmus is worse..." she said as she looked down at her gauntlets.

"I have dug up information about him from the moment he set foot on South Neva. Everywhere he went, both bad things and good things happened, and I can feel it in my heart that he's the one behind all of this..." Uriel furrowed her brows and clenched her fists.

"Tell me, what do you see in him? You have seen leaders rise and fall whether you make them rise or the ones who take their lives..." Uriel asked as she lifted her head to look at Javi in the eyes. "You're one of the few assassins that the Sand Tower raised that has reached the peak where your presence was the Sand Tower's will itself. So, tell me, Javi. Tell me what you see in Rasmus," she frowned anxiously.

"Rasmus is someone who's running out of time while at the same time trying to chase it. It's hard to describe, but that's what I see. Every step he took, there would be a reason behind it as if he had no time to waste," Javi answered and stared at the distance.

Uriel slowly furrowed her brows as she stared right into Javi's eyes, she saw nothing but the truth and reality that he had seen about Rasmus. She then averted her gaze and deepened her furrowed brows as she thought about what she knew about Rasmus.

She began to see Rasmus in a different light, but not in a good way. She noticed that Rasmus had gained a lot of influence, power, and wealth, and yet he didn't use them like how others used them. She was so bothered by Rasmus's actions that it appeared that he needed those things and yet he didn't want them.

"It seems that you understand him similarly to how I see him," Javi looked at Uriel's anxious expression. "He doesn't have time to use all the influence, power, and wealth he has," he added.

"Then what is it that he's after? Why does he's required to get all of those things when he doesn't use them?" Uriel asked.

"He's not using it, he just doesn't want to use them yet. When he uses them, that's when we'll find out what he's after, and we are going to be there, watching helplessly because it's already too late. Whatever that he's after, we will be spectators on the bench," Javi answered as he stood up.

"I have to go, Lady Uriel. It's nice to be able too see you again," Javi bowed and then left.