

## Evil 32

Chapter 32 - 32: A private conversation.

Rasmus put his suit on, and thanks to Aurelia and Monica, he had recovered completely. He was amazed by how powerful Divine power was, and it was more fascinating than magic. He was accompanied by Videl to the main building where Lenin was waiting for him. He saw two carriages with the Gratlan Academy emblem on it.

"Ready to leave, Instructor Blackheart?" Lenin asked as she stood next to the carriage, looking at his unique attire that she had never seen before.

"Yes, Chancellor," Rasmus nodded as he adjusted the collar of his shirt.

"Your butler can go to the next carriage with my maids and butler. There should be a spot left," Lenin looked at Videl and pointed at the carriage behind Lenin and Rasmus's carriage. "There are a lot of things that I want to ask in private, so, shall we?" She pointed at her carriage.

"We shall," Rasmus gracefully bowed and then walked toward the carriage with Lenin walking behind him.

Rasmus could see Videl's smile even though he couldn't see his face. He already knew what would happen in that carriage and he hoped that it wouldn't leave any stain or smell in there.

Rasmus and Lenin entered the carriage and left the academy to the courthouse.

Since the journey to the courthouse was quite far and would take an hour, Rasmus grabbed his notebook from his suit. He read his writings and methods about Mana, magic, and Aura with mathematical equations.

Lenin was curious about the writings and wanted to take a peek at Rasmus's notebook. The moment she could see a glimpse of it, Rasmus slowly tilted the book toward his body and prevented Lenin from seeing it.

"Why did you put random numbers on each rune that you wrote in that book?" Lenin asked since she saw a glimpse of a page in the notebook.

"It's my way to understand magic," Rasmus answered as he kept reading the notebook. "It's easier for me to understand them, and allows me to experiment with these numbers," he explained.

Lenin was sitting across from Rasmus, but she suddenly sat beside him because she was intrigued by the content of his notebook. But before she could see the content, Rasmus closed the notebook and looked at her with his eyebrows furrowed.

"Chancellor, with all due respect, I don't want anyone to read my writings," Rasmus said with a serious expression, showing that he wasn't playing around and didn't care if the person he was talking to was his boss.

"That's fair, but how about we exchange information? I'll give you my writings that I don't plan on publishing and you can let me read that notebook," Lenin offered and pointed at the notebook in Rasmus's right hand.

Rasmus smiled, and then stood up and moved to the seat across from him. He wasn't interested in sharing because what he wrote could bring chaos that he couldn't handle. He put the book in his pocket and decided to look outside the window at the beautiful scenery.

"Count Blackheart, I heard of your methods when you taught those villagers in the Hurgel Village. You used a unique one that I found hard to understand," Lenin crossed her legs and arms, staring into Rasmus's eyes.

Rasmus noticed that Lenin used his title rather than his job as an instructor. He noticed this conversation had nothing to do with the academy at all, and it became more personal.

"It's not that hard to understand. Everything I taught them, they have existed hundreds or even thousands of years ago. It's a natural phenomenon that people oftentimes look over it," Rasmus answered with a serious expression.

"I don't remember your father learning magic from that," Lenin responded, keeping her eyes on Rasmus's.

"You know you can stop asking around the bushes, Great Sage," Rasmus stared at Rasmus with a cold gaze.

Lenin knew that Rasmus could understand her intentions. She then placed her hands on her thigh, making herself comfortable in the carriage.

"The people that you killed when they visited your cabin, who were those people?" Lenin asked.

"They called themselves the Wraiths. I don't know much about them, but one thing that I know of is that they're working for powerful people. Their job is to eliminate people that might endanger those powerful people, a bunch of assassins if I must say," Rasmus answered.

"So you killed them before you knew who they were until you interrogate the leader? I believe that's a wrong order to do that," Lenin said and she tried to read Rasmus's expression.

"It's simple. Nobody would come to talk if they brought that many people. Especially when they all looked at me dead in the eye. It's that easy to understand that they came for no good reasons," Rasmus replied with a stoic expression.

Lenin wanted to argue, but she knew she couldn't win when the fact that he was right, and he didn't harm innocent people. She began to understand Rasmus's personality based on what she observed and heard. She found out that Rasmus was a pragmatist and that he saw things through the lens of his reality.

"So, they came to kill you, the last Blackheart?" Lenin raised her brows.

"Yes. Fortunately, they came a little bit too late. If they had come a year ago, I might have died," Rasmus nodded as he looked outside the window, enjoying the journey and scenery.

"Do you know why?" Lenin tilted her head slightly.

"Who knows? Do you know why my father raised his banner and killed the king and his whole family?" Rasmus asked back, glancing at Lenin with a serious expression. "If we look at it from a glance, my father was a madman, but if you really look at it thoroughly, there's no way he suddenly decided that in a single night. There must be reasons, valid ones for him to do a rebellion," he added.

"It's funny that they shoved the details under the rug and just focused on the things my father did without questioning why. I wonder if you think the same as them or do you think critically from a different perspective?" Rasmus asked.

"And you find your father's action is justified? No, I shouldn't ask that question," Lenin shook her head and knew Rasmus wasn't that kind of a person. "Let me rephrase my question. What makes you think he did it for valid reasons?" She crossed her legs again, but it was the other way around this time.

"I wouldn't dare to say anything if I don't know the whole thing, but I can say that the Wraiths thought that I knew and they had to eliminate me to keep those 'valid reasons' hidden under the rug," Rasmus answered.

"Now that we are on this topic. How much do you know about my parents, Great Sage?" Rasmus asked because he remembered she was present during the execution of his whole family with the Council of Neva.

"I know your father very well. He was a genius, an impossible egg to crack. He became the most trusted aide to the King because he was the best Sage that I know," Lenin looked away, remembering the days when she taught Erglade during his enrollment in the Gratlan Academy. "For your mother, I don't know anything about her. All I know is the fact your mother is an Orthias."

"An Orthias? What's that?" Rasmus furrowed his brows. He had never heard anything about them or what they were.

"Of course, you don't know. It's a hidden history from the public, only old families that have existed for thousands of years know about their existence," Lenin answered as she crossed her arms and looked at Rasmus. "You'll find about in the Magic Tower, so if you want to know, I'll give you everything that you need," she added.

Lenin looked outside the window and she realized they had arrived at the Council Palace, located in the center of the island.

"We have arrived, and there are a lot of people," Lenin said as she looked at the journalists who were waiting for their arrival.

"So they have journalists on the island," Rasmus said as he looked at the crowd.

"Of course. Anything that happens on the island, the whole world wants to know. We are the center of the world after all," Lenin answered as the coachman opened the door for her. "Let's continue our conversation another time, Count Blackheart," she said and walked out of the carriage.

"That's exactly what I needed, both of them," Rasmus said under his breath as he walked out of the carriage.