

Evil 38

Chapter 38 - 38: Trust.

Rasmus negotiated with Rouben about the wristwatch and how much percentage he wanted for royalty. In the end, he got 35% of the prize that was going to be put in a single wristwatch. Since it was a complicated process and not everyone could make it as perfect as him, Rouben wanted to sell a single wristwatch for 50 Eclers.

"10 Eclers is 500 Gold Coins, so I get 175 Gold Coins per wristwatch?" Rasmus looked at Rouben as he enjoyed his steak.

"We can go for 15 to 30 Eclers per wristwatch depending on the quality and the model," Esprella said as she swirled her wine glass. "I know nobles, and they would spend at least thousands of golds for that wristwatch, so you'll get more," she pointed out.

"She's right. We should limit the product to the point we have to use auctions to sell that thing," Garret said as he pointed at Rasmus's wristwatch. "I know people who have deep pockets for this kind of stuff," he added.

"Of course, not to mention that I'll rent your patent for a year. I'll rent your method for 3,000 Eclers how's that?" Rouben raised his brows.

"That's a reasonable price knowing you get more for selling it for a year. That's a deal," Rasmus nodded in agreement.

"You really know how to do business, Count. I can see myself doing more business with you in the future," Rouben said as he raised his wine glass.

"Hold on, old friend. Don't make this whole thing about yourself. Give us room to join," Esprella raised her wine glass.

Garret nodded in agreement and raised his wine glass. The four of them shared a toast. For the first time ever since he went into this world he felt at home with these three people. They were greedy, a cunning

and strategic kind of greedy because they knew how to control the rich and it reminded him back when he monopolized the economy in his previous life.

The four of them were discussing the profits already even though they hadn't started the business yet. It was because they were that confident and knew it would work no matter what because wristwatches were a necessity, especially for social status among nobles.

After they had their enjoyable lunch, they went back to the couch and enjoyed their wine.

"It's time for the main course, Instructor Blackheart," Garret sat straight as he looked into Rasmus's eye. "We want you to join us in this political game against the other executives. If you join us, we can make sure you climb that ladder faster than I did," he revealed.

"Why me? What's the reason?" Rasmus looked at Garret then both Rouben and Esprella.

"What else? Chancellor Lenin personally scouted you and brought you here into the academy as an instructor. That has never happened in decades, and when she brings someone, she knows that person is worth the trouble," Esprella explained and took a sip of her wine. "I have known her for 20 years, and the fact that you're here with us with your amazing talents both in business and teaching, speaks volumes," she added.

"We want to get rid of both Julian and that stupid old man Arnoldi. With those two gone, and you have joined us at the table, Esprella and I can become Vice-Chancellors. That power alone is enough to make us the most powerful people in Neva," Rouben explained.

Rasmus thought about it for a moment as he stared at the wine glass he was holding. The silence was supposed to pressure him, but he was calm and began to swirl his wine glass.

"(It's a good offer, especially knowing these people are the people I'm looking for to help me with my plan. But I don't want to spend years in this place, it's a waste of time because the world is too big and there are still things that I need to understand)" Rasmus thought as he looked at his reflection in the wine.

"That's a tempting offer, but I must decline," Rasmus said with a serious expression and looked at the three of them.

They were shocked and confused when Rasmus declined their offer. They didn't expect that and wondered what was the reason behind it.

"You must be wondering, and the reason is because I'm not planning to stay here," Rasmus answered as he looked at them. "I'm not interested in this place. I can achieve more outside this place, or even this island," he added.

"You do realize that this floating island is where all the power, wealth, and authority are. So what is it that you want when you don't need those three?" Garret narrowed his eyes, staring right into Rasmus's eye.

Rasmus knew there was a foreign power lurking underneath the ground. The power which led to the Great Era, and the rebellion that his father did. Those things were connected and it was as if they were preventing something from coming out of the ground.

He wanted to tell that reason to those three, but he didn't because he didn't know if one of them was a part of that hidden power that tried to reach the surface and rule the world. He didn't trust them at all when it came to this matter, but there was someone he could trust, and that was Lenin.

"I have a priority," Rasmus answered as he stared into Garret's eye. "Trust me, what I'm planning to do, you don't want to be a part of it because it will affect your reputation," he warned.

"So you want revenge?" Rouben raised his brows.

"It's not that simple, but you can say that I don't care about this world anymore because of what they had done to me. I want something else," Rasmus shook his head as he looked down at his wine glass. "But, don't get me wrong. I would love to maintain what we have here. I might be not interested in authority or power, but wealth, that's something else," he looked at the three of them and wanted to see their reaction.

"We understand," Garret nodded. "You're really something else. After all, it was Chancellor herself who brought you here. You have your own view of life and we respect that," he raised his wine glass.

"Of course. I know a good businessman when I see one," Esprella raised her wine glass. "It'll be foolish of me to pass this one out," she smirked.

"Let's get fucking rich, huh?" Rouben raised his wine glass.

After Rasmus emptied his wine, he excused himself and left the room.

(In a dark room)

A mysterious man was sitting in his chair when the butler came into the room and gave the newspaper to him. The man looked over his shoulder and saw the headline of Rasmus Blackheart's existence and his title was a "Wild Beast".

"How is that possible?" The man asked as he grabbed the newspaper and read it.

"I sent a man to Hurgel Village, and Russel was right. Rasmus Blackheart used to live in the forest near the village. We couldn't find Russel and the others, and I think he killed them and buried their bodies or maybe burned them to ashes," the butler mentioned as he watched the mysterious man read the newspaper.

The mysterious man sighed as he put the newspaper down after he read what happened in Gratlan and how impactful it was for Rasmus because his existence had become well-known. He didn't expect it would be this hard to find Rasmus, and after he found out where Rasmus was, it became problematic.

"I'm going to meet the people upstairs. I don't think this matter can be handled by us anymore," the man said as he walked toward the coat hanger.

"The people upstairs, boss? Do they have people in Gratlan?" The butler turned around to look at the mysterious man.

"They have, a lot of them and I believe there's one at the Gratlan Academy as well. We shouldn't be discussing this matter because the walls have ears," the man warned as he put on his coat. "Let's focus on finding the remaining rats that are hiding. Don't let any of them escape or we will end up like Russel," he added as he adjusted his coat and then left the room.

The butler bowed his head until he could no longer hear the mysterious man's footsteps.