

Evil 124

Chapter 124 - 124: A second chance.

"So, we are leaving?" Carrion watched Rasmus packing his stuff.

"Yes, we will depart tomorrow," Rasmus nodded and continued packing his clothes. You should spend your time with Erlina while you still can."

"Why should I? She doesn't see me like how I see her," Carrion leaned against the door frame and looked down at his feet.

"Why does it matter? You do it because you want to, not because of what she wants. Be selfish to her while you still can, and say what you want to say. It might affect her a little bit," Rasmus responded and put down the suitcase from the bed.

Carrion sighed as he scratched his head, frustrated by his feelings. He then excused himself and went to the brothel house to meet Erlina.

Not long after Carrion left, Videl came in and informed Rasmus that he had passed his duty to Matthias. Erlina had agreed to take care of the port with Eduard and Matthias, and she would be the one who collected all the money.

"Are you going to tell me what you learned after your quest to learn dark magic? And why Aris could discover your identity that easily?" Rasmus asked and sat on the edge of the bed as he looked at Videl.

Videl walked toward the window and leaned against the wall as he looked outside. He then looked at Rasmus and pointed his hand toward him.

Rasmus raised his right brow until he felt cold crawling from his feet up to his nape. It was so cold that it felt like a block of ice was rubbing off his skin. As soon as Videl lowered his hand, the cold disappeared and warmth slowly took over Rasmus's skin.

"What was that? What did you do?" Rasmus narrowed his eyes at Videl.

"Souls, the damned souls who are trapped in this world," Videl answered as he looked at the ceiling where the souls were floating and screaming at him, begging to be freed. "Witches and Warlocks used this method to trap the soul of a person when they died and used them for their advantage like cursing someone or as a charm to protect someone."

"Humans can do something like that? That's not possible, no?" Rasmus furrowed his brows as he got up.

"Of course, but demons exist. They made pacts with demons, offering their souls in exchange for that power. Something like a master and servant pact while the humans will be the servants," Videl nodded.

Rasmus hummed as he walked to the window and looked at the busy street.

"So, you made a pact with a demon?" Rasmus glanced at Videl.

"I did, but who would have thought that I'm the master of those demons?" Videl grinned as he stared at Rasmus. My body might be mortal, but my soul is still that of a devil. No demons in this world could make me their servant," he chuckled mischievously.

"Does that mean you're controlling them now?" Rasmus crossed his arms.

"Yes, but they're too weak, too weak to be even called demons. The lowest of the lowest in the hierarchy of demons. They're not worth mentioning," Videl stared at the small demons that looked like imps hiding in the corner of the room. "The stronger the demons, the stronger their power. The stronger their power, the more power I can absorb from them until they disappear and become one with me."

Videl explained how the pact worked, and it was always one-sided. The demons or the master of the pact would drain the life out of humans. That life would make the demons stronger and increase their ranks in the demon hierarchy.

He explained the hierarchy of demons from the lowest to the highest.

The Lesser Demons and the Damned Souls were the weak and mischievous spirits whose job was to incite humans and turn them against God. They were treated worse than a foot soldier because they contributed everything but gained nothing.

The Soldiers and the Nobles were the second lowest ranks in the hierarchy, the spirits who acted as the masters of the spirits that were below them. They were the ones who kept the lesser demons and the damned souls from doing their jobs or being devoured by them. They were the ones who took credit for what those spirits did to humans.

The Dukes and the Kings were the middle class in the hierarchy, the spirits who were in charge of observing each layer of hell. The generals who committed treason to God and placed them in hell and governed the demons and tortured the sinners.

The Prime Lords, the Fallen Watchers, the second place in the hierarchy, the fallen angels who could go to the world of the living. They were the incarnations of evil, chaos, and destruction that led humanity to its demise. The limbs of the devil himself, and they were the ones who followed the devil and led the rebellion against God.

The Sovereign was the first in the hierarchy, the mastermind behind the rebellion. Imprisoned in the depths of hell were the most dangerous spirits that God had ever created. The ones who had the power to overthrow God but failed in doing so were punished for eternity.

Rasmus could finally understand the hierarchy of demons, and it was easier to understand than the ones he read from various books and sources. He realized how brutal the hierarchy was in hell, but then he realized that the caste system mirrored what had happened on Earth back then.

"The Sovereign you mentioned, how many are there exactly?" Rasmus asked.

"There were the three of us, one who we killed and devoured," Videl answered as he looked at his hand. "God doesn't care about what we do down there in hell as long as the system keeps running."

"The three of you? So you, Satan, and the last one was killed and devoured by the two of you?" Rasmus furrowed his brows.

"There can only be one ruler in hell, and I kicked Satan out, which turned out to give Satan the opportunity to gain more power on Earth," Videl stared into Rasmus's eyes. "Now you know why I was the one who ruled hell while Satan was out there. But now the situation has changed. Satan is the sole ruler of demons, and now I'm here turned into a mortal," he added, the white in his eyes turning black in an instant.

Rasmus finally got the full picture behind Videl's bet with God. It was always about power struggles, but he didn't expect it to turn out this way.

"So what did you get from the bet with God?" Rasmus asked.

"A second chance to challenge him," Videl stared at Rasmus with his black eyes and glowing red pupils. "Once I got my revenge, I'll become the sole ruler and get rid of everything that exists," he added.

Aris was in her room, and she had been listening to their conversation because of her sharp hearing. She finally knew the whole truth behind the deal that those two had made. She then walked to the window and stared at the dark sky, thinking about the higher beings that existed outside the world of the living.

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As morning came, Rasmus, Videl, and Aris were outside the mansion, waiting for the carriage. Carrion was still in the mansion and letting the maids and servants know that he might not come back.

"So, you're really leaving?" Erlina said as she crossed the street. "No drinking party, no nothing. It gives me a bitter taste in my mouth, to be honest," she frowned as she looked at Rasmus and Videl.

"If you miss us, then come find us," Rasmus smiled. "I'm sure Carrion would love to see you again," he chuckled.

Erlina chuckled as she shook her head, but then she sighed and cleared her throat as she nodded her head.

"Take care of him for me, will you?" Erlina looked at Rasmus with a faint smile. "Don't push him too hard, yeah?" She stared into Rasmus's eyes as she put her hand on his chest.

"I was planning to, but since you're asking it nicely, I won't," Rasmus nodded.

Erlina scoffed as she nodded.

"You take care of yourself too. Don't make a lot of scenes out there," Erlina patted Rasmus's chest and took a step back. "I might visit you, so keep in touch."

"Well then, I'll take my leave," Erlina smiled at them and crossed the street.