

Evil 78

Chapter 78 - 78: Eddenvilla.

Rasmus walked around the port city and watched hundreds of merchants load and unload goods from the ships. He wanted to explore the city and check how many trading companies existed in the city. He knew that he would be stared at since he wore unique attire, not to mention his white hair.

He could hear people murmuring and whispering using wind magic that manipulated the wind to move around him. He could hear even the quietest whisper with that. He could hear that he had become well-known because of the incident that happened in the Academy between him and the Sherm family.

"You're famous now, huh?" Videl chuckled after he listened to the murmurs and whispers. Although he had lost all of his powers, his senses were still sharper than any human. His strength was still inhuman, but not as strong as he used to be, in fact, he only possessed 10% of his original strength, and yet Rasmus still couldn't touch him.

"I told you, it would help me," Rasmus responded as he pulled out a piece of paper that Garret had given him. It was the location where his brother lived. "His house should be around here somewhere," he pointed out as he looked around the street.

Rasmus looked at the busy street where dozens of carriages and wagons past him every minute. He knew he went to the right place where information would be easily obtained when people from all over the world came to this place to trade.

"That should be the place," Rasmus pointed at the house with the big and grandiose shiny gate across the street.

Videl whistled as he raised his brows when he looked at the big mansion with a garden and fountains behind the wall and gate.

They crossed the street and stood in front of the gate, and luckily there was a servant who was watering the plants. The servant noticed them and immediately put down the watering can in his hand.

"May I help you?" The servant asked as he looked at Rasmus and Videl back and forth.

"Is Lord Carrion home?" Rasmus asked as he pulled out a letter. "This should be enough reason why I'm looking for him," he pointed out and gave the letter to the servant.

The servant looked at the letter, but he didn't have the right to read it. He told Rasmus to wait and then hurriedly walked back into the mansion to give the letter to the butler.

It didn't take a minute when Rasmus saw an old man walking hurriedly along with the servant out of the mansion. The old man looked panicked after he read the letter and he told the servant to open the gate.

"My apologies, Count Blackheart. Please, come in," the butler said as he bowed his head.

"No need to apologize. You did what you were told," Rasmus nodded.

The butler and the servant were confused because they didn't see any luggage that they could carry. They couldn't believe that someone from Central Neva didn't have any belongings with him.

When they entered the mansion, the first thing that Rasmus saw was that the mirror was being replaced. He could see the fragments of a mirror on the floor that the maids were trying to collect. He then looked at the vases and some of them looked new compared to the rest. He also saw the cabinet filled with bottles of alcohol and almost all of them were empty.

"Lord Carrion is not home at the moment, Count. Why don't you rest and we will prepare lunch for you while you wait for Lord Carrion to get home?" The butler asked, anxious by how Rasmus looked at the hints of what had happened.

"He's not home? Where is he?" Rasmus looked at the butler with his eyes narrowed.

The butler hesitated, scratching the back of his ear, thinking if he should tell Rasmus about Carrion's whereabouts.

"Lord Carrion..." The butler paused as he lowered his head to hide his face. "Is at the brothel house right now, Count..." he answered shamefully.

Videl's ears and eyes perked up when he heard the brothel's house. He immediately glanced at Rasmus, his eyes telling Rasmus to go and check that place. Rasmus already knew without having to look at Videl, and he gave a slight nod to him. Videl couldn't help but smile widely.

"Can you tell me where it is? I'll visit him personally," Rasmus asked with a cold tone and a stoic face.

"Yes, Count. I'll send the servant to guide you there," the butler nodded with understanding and then signaled to one of the servants to guide Rasmus to the brothel house.

Rasmus and Videl followed the servant to the brothel house. The servant mentioned that the brothel house was only accessible to nobles or rich merchants. Hearing that, Videl couldn't help but walk on his tiptoes, excited and impatient to go there.

"This is the place, Lord Blackheart..." The servant pointed at the building behind him.

Rasmus looked at the building and it was indeed luxurious for a brothel house. The multi-storey townhouse with lots of windows with silk curtains screamed luxury and elegance.

"Here, take this," Rasmus offered a gold coin to the servant.

The servant was baffled when he saw a gold coin as a reward for simply guiding Rasmus. The servant took the gold coin and bowed his head repeatedly, thanking him a few times before he left.

Rasmus walked into the brothel house, and he was immediately welcomed by the strong scent of flowers and cigarettes. He watched nobles and merchants surrounded by dozens of beautiful and alluring women in revealing dresses, sitting comfortably on expensive leather sofas. The laughter and the giggles of those women were hypnotizing and alluring.

A woman approached Rasmus with a long black pipe in between her fingers. She was dressed in a black off-the-shoulder gown adorned with intricate silver embroidery, emphasizing her refined and glamorous appearance. Her wide-brimmed black hat was decorated with black roses and delicate embellishments.

Her dark, wavy hair cascades over one shoulder, framing her face beautifully. She wears elaborate jewelry, including dangling earrings and a choker necklace adorned with gemstones that complement the cool, dark tones of her outfit.

"What can I help a lovely gentleman like you here in this sinful place?" The woman smiled as she checked Rasmus from top to bottom, biting her lip.

"How much?" Rasmus looked at the woman with a warm gaze.

"One gold coin, per woman and per service, of course," the woman answered and dragged her pipe. "Two gold coins for three women, three gold coins for five women," she puffed the smoke before she spoke with a playful smirk.

Rasmus pulled out 5 Eclers from thin air and then showed it to the woman. The woman's mouth gaped widely when she stared at the money papers in his hand.

"Is this enough?" Rasmus asked. "To rent all the lovely ladies here, just for an hour," he winked at the woman with a gentle smile.

The woman cleared her throat as she exhaled deeply and fixed her dress.

"Ladies..." The woman called with an alluring and soothing voice.

All the women who were busy talking and pleasing the merchants and nobles suddenly stopped their hands. They all looked at the woman, beckoning them. They immediately got up and walked toward her as they fixed their dress and hair. All the merchants and nobles were confused when they were abandoned by those women.

"Thank you, Count Blackheart. We really appreciate your visit here," the woman smiled as she took the money from Rasmus's hand.

"So you know me already and pretend that you don't?" Rasmus raised his brows.

"I just wanted to tease a handsome man, can you really blame me for that?" The woman frowned as she crossed her arms. "Anyway, enjoy the service. If you need anything from me, just call me Madam Erlina," she brushed her hand on Rasmus's chest.

"Videl, you have an hour to please all these ladies," Rasmus said as he looked at those beautiful women behind the woman.

Videl smirked as he nodded and began to wrap his arms around those women. Erlina was surprised when Rasmus wasn't interested in the women and paid for his butler instead.

"Now, how much to rent you for an hour, Madam Erlina?" Rasmus raised his brows.

"Oh, darling. Money can't buy me," Erlina chuckled softly, smiling at Rasmus.

"Not you, but your time," Rasmus smiled back at Erlina.

"Hmm, let me think..." Erlina tapped her red lips with her index finger. "I'm quite busy right now, especially since I just took their women. I have to calm them down, don't I?" She glanced at the merchants and nobles who were still in shock.

"Of course, there will always be next time," Rasmus nodded with understanding. "Then can you tell me where Lord Carrion is? I have to speak with him," Rasmus asked as he looked at all the guests.

Erlina slowly raised her brows and her demeanor changed into a serious one.

"He's on the third floor, the room at the end of the hallway, the left wing of the building," Erlina answered with curiosity in her eyes. "But he's busy right now if you know what I mean. So why don't you wait for him here? I'll accompany you once I'm done dealing with these unsatisfied guests," she winked at Rasmus.

Rasmus nodded with understanding.