

Evil 80

Chapter 80 - 80: Carrion Earnwind.

Rasmus walked down the stairs and saw a man with slick black hair sitting on the sofa with a glass of whiskey in his hand. The man had pale skin and a handsome face that was almost too pretty for a man. He could understand why Garret said that his little brother was narcissistic by the way the man dressed himself.

When the man glanced at the stairs, he arched his brows as he took a sip of his whisky. He knew exactly who Rasmus was from his white hair, and the fact he was there, he realized it was his brother who sent him.

"Carrion Earnwind, it's nice to finally meet you," Rasmus said as soon as he reached the last step of the stairs and walked toward Carrion.

"My brother sent you, didn't he?" Carrion asked after he emptied the glass. "What is it this time?" He raised his brows and crossed his legs.

"Your brother want to get rid of you," Rasmus answered with a cold gaze as he stood in front of Carrion, looking down at him.

Carrion wasn't threatened by Rasmus's words, his gaze was as cold as Rasmus's. He looked at the servant as he pointed at the empty glass, signaling the servant to refill his drink.

"That's new," Carrion scoffed as he leaned back, making himself comfortable on the couch.

"Well, your brother said that you're narcissistic and a man that's so full of himself. Seeing your current state, you're a failure, aren't you?" Rasmus crossed his arms and gave a judging stare at Carrion. "A man who can't control his emotions and desires," he pointed out.

Carrion gritted his teeth, it was visible on his cheeks when he clenched his jaw muscles. He was pissed, his fists clenched and ready to punch Rasmus at any moment.

"But then I wonder, who's exactly is so full of himself, you or your older brother, Garret," Rasmus said as he stared at Carrion's fists. "He wants to get rid of you so he can secure his position as the next head of the Earnwind family. He's afraid of your talent," he revealed.

Carrion loosened up his fists, confused by what was going on and what Rasmus was trying to say.

"So what is it that you want from me? Are you going to get rid of me and become my brother's lackey?" Carrion arched his brows, his expression still stiff and cold.

"That depends..." Rasmus sighed as he sat on the same couch as Carrion, but he put a fair distance from him. "Are you planning to stay miserable or do you want something fun?" He looked at Carrion with his brows raised and glanced at the servant who came back with a glass of whisky.

"How is that related to my question?" Carrion narrowed his eyes at Rasmus as he grabbed the glass from the servant's hand.

"Staying in your brother's shadow like a useless second son of Earnwind or be someone that you can be proud of," Rasmus explained as he crossed his legs and looked at his wristwatch. "I have seen the state of your mind from what I have observed from when I came into your mansion. You're disgusted and disappointed in yourself, using alcohol and women as your way to escape from it," he said as he pulled the sleeves of his suit.

"You drank a lot to the point of your skin became pale, your bags under your eyes showed that you could barely sleep at night. You break a lot of items in your mansion just because you can, and if I have to assume, you want to drain the money of your family because you loathe them," Rasmus added with a serious expression. "You hate yourself for not meeting their expectation, and yet at the same time you'll hate yourself more for becoming someone that you're not."

Carrion clenched his fists, digging his nails into his palms when Rasmus managed to nail everything about his problem. He didn't expect a stranger could see it from a glance, and he didn't believe that Garret had told Rasmus about it since Garret never cared for him and it would be impossible for Garret to understand his problem.

"Who are you?" Carrion's voice was quiet.

"I'm just a man who offers you something that you won't regret," Rasmus answered as he stared into Carrion's eyes. "Are you interested?"

Carrion was suspicious of Rasmus's intentions, especially when it was a stranger that he had just met and someone that Garret had sent. He didn't know if he wanted to accept the offer or even believe Rasmus's words.

"Oh grow some balls, Rion, just accept his offer," Erlina scoffed as she walked down the stairs. "How long are you going to escape from reality? And be a man for once?" She added as she crossed her arms and walked toward the couch.

Carrion was surprised that Erlina would suggest to him that he should accept Rasmus's offer. He knew Erlina so well that she wouldn't say something like that unless she knew what was going on and believed it was the right thing to do.

"Be a man? Am I not manly enough to satisfy your girls?" Carrion scoffed and took a sip of his drink.

"You call that manly? You're nothing compared to Count Blackheart's butler," Erlina chuckled as she sat in between Rasmus and Carrion.

"What do you mean by that?" Carrion furrowed his brows and stared at Erlina.

"Don't you realize by now that nobody is here and all my girls are gone?" Erlina glanced at Carrion. "As we speak, Count Blackheart's butler is pleasing all the twenty girls. You're nothing to him if you want to call yourself manly," she chuckled as she crossed her arms.

Carrion was speechless that he felt defeated and didn't know what to react. He then glanced at Rasmus and couldn't believe someone would spend a lot of money on his butler, not to mention on girls in a brothel house.

"Anyway, just accept his offer, Rion," Erlina said with a serious expression.

"Why? That's none of your business..." Carrion responded as he looked away and drank his whisky.

Erlina grabbed Carrion's cheeks and forced him to look at her.

"Because I'm interested with his plan," Erlina answered and stared right into Carrion's eyes. "I'm thinking that I would want to see it happening and perhaps joining hands with him as well," she added as she looked over her shoulder at Rasmus.

"Wait, hold on a minute..." Carrion pushed Erlina's hand away from his face. "What are you talking about? Can you tell me what's going on?" He looked at both of them back and forth.

Rasmus stood up and buttoned his suit, he then explained to Carrion about his plan. He explained that he wanted to compete with the Vivelda and the Urion companies in both trading and shipping. He wanted to monopolize the city and tried to get rid of all of the companies.

Once Carrion heard everything, he couldn't help but laugh really hard because it was the funniest thing he had ever heard in a while. He had to wipe his eyes from the tears in his eyes because of it.

"You don't believe me?" Rasmus raised his brows.

"No, you're being delusional..." Carrion chuckled as he shook his head.

"Then what about a bet?" Rasmus crossed his arms. "If I could do it, your life is mine," he said with a serious expression, his eyes staring right into Carrion's soul.

At that moment, Carrion's smugness disappeared and the way Rasmus looked at him was unnerving. He had never seen anyone with that confidence in his life, and the way Rasmus said that he wanted his life was disturbing.

Erlina knew that Rasmus was confident and serious about it during her conversation with him. This time she knew that he was indeed confident and could do it from how she looked at his eyes.

"What's the matter? Are you scared?" Rasmus smirked. "You said I'm being delusional, shouldn't you be confident that you would win the bet?"

"Alright, I accept the bet," Carrion said as he stood up. "If you couldn't, I want you to leave this place and go back to be my brother's lackey," he added and offered his hand for a handshake.

Rasmus shook Carrion's hand firmly, and then suddenly they heard someone walk down the stairs. They looked at Videl with messy hair and his tuxedo was a complete mess.

"Madam, I think your girls can't service anyone for the rest of the day. I apologize," Videl said as he bowed his head with a satisfied face.

"All of them?" Erlina was shocked.

"All of them," Videl grinned as he nodded.