

Evil 81

Chapter 81 - 81: Easy to deal with.

Rasmus and Carrion went back to the mansion to have lunch together, and he had no choice but to welcome him since the mansion belonged to Garret, not him. Their lunch was a bit awkward and once again, Carrion had a few glasses of whisky to make him numb.

"How are you going to do it? You don't know anyone in this city," Carrion looked at Rasmus who was eating his lunch on the other side of the long table.

"Do you want to watch me do it?" Rasmus asked as he wiped his mouth with a napkin.

"Better than staying in this place..." Carrion stared at the glass of whisky in his hand.

Carrion thought about what Rasmus had said about him, his pale skin and lack of sleep because of alcohol. He knew that he had to stop, but he didn't remember when was the last time he was sober, and he was a bit scared of facing the chattering in his skull.

"Good, let's go then," Rasmus stood up and put the napkin next to the plate.

Rasmus brought Carrion and Videl around the city to buy a lot of liquors, barrels of rum, and the first place that Rasmus wanted to visit was the shipwrights that Erlina recommended. The place was quite far from the city and they had to use a carriage to get there. The place almost looked like it was in the middle of nowhere since the shipyard was at the big lagoon that was surrounded by forest and mountains.

"Do you even know whose territory this belongs to?" Carrion asked as he got out of the carriage.

"Of course, Erlina told me everything. It belongs to a group of pirates..." Rasmus answered as he looked at the beautiful scenery. "Which makes it even better," he showed a faint smirk and then walked toward the shipyard.

Rasmus told Videl to stay and guard the carriage because he didn't trust the pirates. Videl didn't complain since he owed Rasmus for giving him the pleasure of pleasing 20 women earlier. In fact, they knew that the pirates had been observing them from the woods since they entered the pirates' territory.

The pirates who were enjoying their sunbathing with a bottle of rum in their hands noticed Rasmus and Carrion walking toward them. The pirates immediately gathered up and surrounded Rasmus and Carrion.

"Is Matthias here? Matthias Crowe," Rasmus asked as he stared at the pirates holding their swords around him.

"Who's askin'..." A fat old man asked with his bassy and rough voice.

Rasmus turned around to follow the voice and saw the fat old man rubbing his belly.

"Rasmus Blackheart," Rasmus introduced himself. "Are you Matthias Crowe?"

All the pirates were surprised to see a Blackheart in front of them. They didn't know anything about what happened in the academy, but they knew what Eglade did, the rebellion that killed the royal family.

"I was," the old man answered and drank his rum. "Who told you that name?" He looked at Rasmus with one eye closed.

"Madam Erlina told me. She told me that you're the best shipwright she know," Rasmus answered and ignored the pirates around him.

"That grumpy little lady," Matthias scoffed and smirked. "It has been years since the last time I saw her..." he chuckled with a faint smile on his face. "What do you want?"

"Can you build a ship... big ship..." Rasmus answered as he rested his hands on his waist.

"Ships... it has been a while since I made one," Matthias yawned as he shook the empty bottle of rum in his hand. "Well, I could still make ships, but why should I make them for you?" He asked as he threw the bottle of rum into the water.

"Well..." Rasmus raised his left hand and pulled out barrels of rum from his spatial ring. "Why don't you let me convince you first?" He smiled.

All the pirates were surprised and huge smiles were written on their faces. Matthias looked at the barrels of rum before he looked back at Rasmus. He slowly approached the barrel and grabbed one for himself that he rested on his left shoulder, wrapping his arm around the barrel.

"Now we are talking. Come with me," Matthias smirked and walked toward the forest.

"Enjoy the drinks, lads..." Rasmus glanced at the pirates. "I might come back often, so don't bother saving it," he smirked and then followed Matthias.

The pirates laughed in excitement as they began to open the barrels and pour the rum into their bottles.

Carrion looked back at the pirates enjoying themselves, drinking and getting wasted. He wanted to feel disgusted toward them, but he realized he was not that different. He became conscious of himself ever since Rasmus called him out about his problems.

"You handled that so easily..." Carrion said and looked at Rasmus who walked in front of him.

"Simple-minded people are so easy to deal with. Just like you," Rasmus responded.

Carrion gritted his teeth and clenched his fists, but he didn't try to defend himself.

Matthias guided them to the pirate's hideout and it was located at the base of the mountain. They dugged the wall of the mountain and created their little village there inside the man-made tunnel where houses were stacked on top of each other. There were decayed ships that decorated the tunnel.

Once they entered Matthia's house, they saw a few skulls and rotten heads hanging from the ceiling. Rasmus was unbothered by it, but Carrion was disturbed by it that he almost gagged.

"Can I ask why do you want to make a big ship?" Matthias asked as he put down the barrel of rum in the corner of the room.

"I want to start a shipping company, and I need a good and fast ship," Rasmus answered as he sat in the chair.

Matthias chuckled quietly as he opened the barrel of rum and poured it into a big jug.

"You're wasting your money and time," Matthias pointed out and then chugged the rum. "Do you even know with whom you're dealing with?"

Carrion smirked and expected that kind of response from Matthias because he thought the same way.

"Of course," Rasmus nodded as he crossed his arms and looked out the window, staring at the decayed old pirate ships. "The fact that you're on land and not out there in the sea, the fact I'm staring at the decayed ships, that means you were unable to steal anything from them, and you're hiding from them, don't you? A jobless pirate," he glanced at Matthias.

Matthias stopped chugging the rum and slowly glanced at Rasmus with a cold gaze. He was amazed by how sharp and keen Rasmus's observation was. Carrion looked at Matthias' expression and it was similar to what he had experienced, being called out.

"If you knew, then why are you still wanting to make a ship?" Matthias asked.

"Just make me a big ship. I'll pay you plentifully," Rasmus said as he stood up. "I want a fast, strong, and easy to handle big ship..."

"Once you gave me my ship, I can assure you, that you can hunt the ships from those companies that made you this way. I'm going to make them lose everything," Rasmus said with confidence, his eyes

staring right into Matthias's eyes. "You know a Blackheart, right? I can easily destroy their ships and burn those people, but that's not fun. So, what do you think? Are you going to help me or not?"

Matthias had met thousands of people and he knew when he was talking with the crazy ones. At that moment, he knew he was talking with one of them.

"All right..." Matthias nodded repeatedly as he looked at his reflection in the rum.

"How long does it take?" Rasmus raised his brows and put his hands in his trousers' pockets.

"Nine to ten months, that's the fastest I can do," Matthias answered as he shrugged his lips.

"Three months," Rasmus shook his head.

"Do you even know how to make a ship? You want a good and fast ship, right? We can't do that fast," Matthias answered.

Rasmus sighed as he looked at the empty barrel and flicked his fingers, cutting the barrel in half and then he flicked his finger again, cutting them into small cuts. He showed how he mastered magic without having to use magic formation or chanting.

"I'll help with the process. I can cut as many trees in a matter of seconds and I can lift as many woods as you need," Rasmus pointed out. "So, three months, can you do it?"

"Four months?" Matthias raised his brows and looked up at Rasmus.

"Good enough," Rasmus nodded. "Well then, I'll be back soon with more barrels of rum. You should begin to design the ship," he added and then walked out of the room.