

Evil 88

Chapter 88 - 88: Crazy.

Rasmus arrived at the lagoon and saw the pirates including Matthias sleeping on the sand with bottles of rum scattered around them. Once he dropped the anchor, he jumped down and landed on the shore with a few heads hanging on his hands. He threw the heads at Matthias's body which woke him up and he was startled when he saw the heads around him.

"Your souvenirs," Rasmus sighed as he removed his pirate outfit.

Matthias groaned as he sat up and looked at the heads of the soldiers. He chuckled and grabbed one of the heads, staring at its terrified and helpless expression. He could tell the man died in fear, making him laugh joyfully.

"Now, this is something I love to collect." Matthias dropped his head and stood up. He looked at his crew members, who were safe and had no scratches on their bodies. "You kept your promise," he smiled at Rasmus.

"I'm a man of my word," Rasmus responded as he put on his shirt and suit.

"Right..." Matthias chuckled softly as he grabbed a bottle of rum. "So? How many ships did you destroy?" He raised his brows and drank his rum.

"Thirteen ships," Rasmus answered as he fixed his collar.

Matthias spit-took the rum and stared at Rasmus in disbelief, blinking his eyes repeatedly. "You're lying..."

"Ask your crew members. They saw it all happen," Rasmus shook his head.

Matthias looked at his crew members and they all nodded. He then looked at Rasmus in disbelief because it hadn't been six hours since Rasmus left the lagoon. He had never heard of anyone who could destroy thirteen big marine ships that were reinforced with Magic Stones and nobody was injured or the ship got damaged. He knew that Rasmus was a skilled mage, but he didn't expect to be that skilled.

His crew members told Matthias about their encounters with Commander Mercurius and how Rasmus managed to make him lose and retreat. They explained it in detail to the point that Matthias's mouth gaped the whole time as if he were listening to some kind of legend or myth.

"You... you're crazy..." Matthias chuckled in disbelief as he pointed at Rasmus.

"I take that as a compliment," Rasmus smiled and glanced at Matthias.

"Take me the next time you're planning to get rid of them," Matthias said with a serious expression.

"Sure, but I think it would be best if I stayed low for a week because I'm sure he would be on guard in the next few days. I want him to be on the edge and frustrated because they wouldn't find anyone during his patrols later," Rasmus nodded as he put on his loafers.

"Fine by me. Just let me board the ship with you next time," Matthias nodded repeatedly, his eyes never leaving Rasmus's face.

"I'll see you later this evening. I have to go back now, I need to get some sleep," Rasmus said as he walked away.

Matthias watched Rasmus and Videl leave. At that moment he knew that he didn't want to make an enemy of Rasmus.

Once Rasmus arrived at Carrion's mansion, he saw Carrion on his way to eat his breakfast. He decided to join in and told Carrion what happened last night. Carrion had the same reaction as Matthias, his mouth and eyes were wide open.

"But I understand what you meant back then, Carrion. I don't think I can win against Mercurius if I have to fight him head-on. He's strong," Rasmus said and took a sip of his wine. "Do you know anything about him?" He looked at Carrion with a serious expression.

"There was a dispute between Mercurius with someone before he got appointed as Naval Commander. It happened three years ago, and I heard it was because he sabotaged his rival for that position," Carrion answered as he swirled his wine glass and stared at the spot on the wall.

"A dispute?" Rasmus raised his brows.

"Yes, with Arka Gullivard. A young man who became Lieutenant when he was 24," Carrion nodded. "Arka is the most talented soldier, enlisted when he was still 18 and climbed up the rank like climbing a freaking ladder because of his impossible achievements," he scoffed and shook his head.

"So I assume it has something to do with jealousy?" Rasmus clasped his hands and put them in front of his mouth, his eyes pointed at Carrion's eyes. "Mercurius believed he was more befitting to be a Commander than a young man like Arka?"

"Close, but that's not the only reason," Carrion nodded. "It's because Arka has a history with Mercurius long before that. I don't know the details, but I heard it was because Arka is Mercurius's bastard son and Mercurius killed his mother to hide it from the public. But, that's just a rumor," he explained and shrugged.

"Do you know where he is?" Rasmus asked with a cold gaze.

Carrion glanced at Rasmus and knew what Rasmus was planning to do.

"I do," Carrion hummed. "You want to make him an ally, don't you?" He asked with a serious expression.

"An enemy of my enemy is my ally," Rasmus said with a faint smile on his face, leaning back on the backrest of his armchair. "I believe Gullivard and I have something in common and the same interest," he added.

Carrion scoffed with a disbelief smirk as he shook his head, looked down, and rested his forehead on his palm. He had never seen someone as crazy as Rasmus before, and he didn't know if he should be amazed or irritated.

"Isn't your plan to monopolize the businesses in this city? How did it end up hunting down a fucking Commander of the Sea? Don't you think this is getting out of hand?" Carrion asked as he stared at Rasmus with his brows furrowed.

"It's necessary," Rasmus answered and grabbed his wine glass. "But, I'm not planning to do it now because I'm expecting someone to be here," he muttered and took a sip of his wine.

"Someone?" Carrion raised his brows.

"A friend," Rasmus nodded as he stood up. "I'm going to sleep," he sighed and put the wine glass before he left the dining hall.

It had been a while since Rasmus used magic that much and the amount of Mana that he used was quite a lot as well. He fell asleep as soon as he hit the bed and didn't get bothered by the sunlight. He slept until evening and he woke up because a maid knocked on his door.

"Yes?" Rasmus asked as he sat on the edge of the bed, massaging his head because he hadn't gotten enough sleep.

"A guest is waiting for you downstairs, Lord Blackheart," the maid's voice was heard from behind the door. "His name is Eduard and he said that he's your guest, My Lord," she added.

Rasmus immediately got up and grabbed his shirt as he walked toward the door. He opened the door and the maid was flustered when she saw the muscular and toned body and scars on his upper body. She hid her face, lowering her head, and biting her lip with a wide smile on her face.

The maid followed him from behind and stole a glance when he put on his shirt and buttoned it. She wanted to squeal from happiness, but she held herself back. She couldn't wait to tell the other maids what she had seen earlier.

Rasmus walked into the drawing room and saw Eduard admiring the luxurious room. When Eduard turned around to look at the person who came into the room, his face turned bright with a huge grin on his face when he saw Rasmus.

"Count," Eduard immediately bowed his head, showing respect.

"Did you get my gift?" Rasmus asked as he approached Eduard.

"I did, I gave everyone a share because I think everyone deserves it, at least the ones who helped you," Eduard answered as he lifted his head. "It hasn't been a while since you left the village, but look at you now," he chuckled as he shook his head in disbelief.

"You think I would stay poor?" Rasmus smirked as he put his hands in his pockets. "Anyway, the reason I brought you here is to repay you," he said as he pointed at the couch, signaling Eduard to sit with him there.

"Repay me?" Eduard furrowed his brows as he sat down on the couch.

"Are you interested in making a name for yourself? To be the richest merchant in this city?" Rasmus raised his brows and smiled at Eduard.

"Pardon?" Eduard blinked his eyes repeatedly.