

Evil 101

Chapter 101 - 101: Answered Prayers.

Rasmus dragged the man into the dark alley with a piece of cloth covering his mouth, there were trails of blood from the man's ankles because Rasmus had cut his tendons. The man grunted, desperate to scream for help, but little did he know that Rasmus had created a wind barrier to prevent noises from spreading outside the barrier. All the people could hear if they were nearby was a soft and faint whistle.

Rasmus threw the man onto the wall and slowly unwrapped the cloth from the man's mouth. The man began to scream his lungs out for help, but when he looked at the cold and unbothered expressions of Rasmus and Aris, he realized that it was futile to ask for help.

"Are you done?" Rasmus asked as he stared at the bloody dagger in his hand.

"You'll pay for this!" The man glared at Rasmus and Aris. "Do you even know with whom you're dealing with?!" He shouted.

"Is that a threat?" Rasmus asked as he went on one knee, resting his arm on the other knee. "Then let me hear it. Who am I dealing with right now?" He asked as he flipped the dagger around his fingers.

The man smirked and began to chuckle nervously to cope with the fear within his heart. He knew he could live if he could make Rasmus feel fear from the people that he was working for.

"They call themselves the Red Grins..." The man answered with a grin on his face.

"Is that Marquess Esteban's organization?" Rasmus raised his brows.

The man's grin disappeared instantly when Rasmus mentioned Esteban's name. He didn't expect Rasmus to know about this, but then he realized that Carrion might have betrayed them and revealed everything to Rasmus.

"Don't be too surprised, I know about you demon worshipers," Rasmus said with a cold expression. "I was chased by the Wraiths before I came here, so I already know people like you are everywhere," he pointed the dagger at the man, right in between his eyes.

The man giggled mischievously before he opened his mouth, "It's too late..."

Rasmus raised his brows slightly.

"It's too late as they have come to this world and answered our prayers!" The man said ecstatically, his eyes wide open with joy like a madman. "Our savior has come..." He grinned widely as he stared at the night sky.

Rasmus grabbed the man's face and forcefully put the dagger into the man's mouth. He scraped the man's gum with the tip of the dagger, cutting it open. The man snapped back to reality by the immense pain and began to scream in pain.

"Now now, you can be crazy somewhere else..." Rasmus smiled coldly at the man. "Can you give me a hand, Aris?" He turned his head to look at Aris as he kept scraping the man's gum with a dagger.

Aris approached the man and followed Rasmus's instructions. She forced the man to open his mouth wide open. She watched how Rasmus tortured the man by pulling the tooth and piercing the tip of the dagger into the nerve system under the exposed gum. She had never seen that kind of torture before but she was unfazed by the scene.

"Your so-called savior won't help you here, so tell me what you know or I'll show you what a phantom pain is..." Rasmus said with a cold gaze at the man and placed the tip of the dagger on the man's tongue. "Nod if you want to cooperate."

The man nodded repeatedly with tears flowing down his cheeks.

The man revealed who the savior was, and based on the man's description, it could be Ermaine and her masked beings. He also found out there was an emissary that appeared in South Neva, specifically in the Republic of Lineva. A man who turned a wasteland for hundreds of years into fertile land.

The man also revealed something similar happened all over Neva and soon there would be more of them. It was as Lenin predicted when she explained about Ermaine and the new religion that would appear all over Neva.

"There... I told you everything that I know..." The man answered, his voice was shaky by the pain and the amount of blood he had lost. His face had turned pale and his eyes were barely open. "Now let me live..."

Rasmus raised his brows and tilted his head slightly as he stared into the man's eyes.

"Who said that I would let you live?" Rasmus asked.

The man's heart felt like it was dropped from a tall building when he heard the question. He then realized that Rasmus never said anything about letting him live, he said that he wouldn't let him feel phantom pains.

"Please..." The man shook his head as he stared at Rasmus, pleading for his life.

"You're already dead, you just don't realize it," Rasmus said as he slowly got up and looked at the pool of blood under the man's body.

The man kept begging, but the more he moved the more blood he lost. His voice became softer and softer until he finally closed his eyes and stopped moving. Rasmus and Aris just stared at the man who died helplessly.

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Rasmus and Aris threw the dead bodies into the ocean and watched them sink with the rocks that were tied to their legs.

"They'll hunt you down for this," Aris said as she watched the bubbles in the water.

"Sounds fun enough to you?" Rasmus asked and made sure the bodies didn't go to the surface again.

Aris crossed her arms and nodded, a faint smirk painting her face. That alone was enough to answer Rasmus's question.

"There will be a lot of strong humans and other beings that will hunt me down in the future. This is just the beginning and let's see if I can survive or not," Rasmus said as he looked around and made sure nobody saw what they did.

"You're too weak to survive," Aris responded without hesitation.

"I'm aware of that..." Rasmus nodded in agreement. "But I'm not planning to stay that way. I'm going to get stronger since I already know how," he turned around and walked away from the shore.

Aris looked at Rasmus before she followed him and walked beside him with the dagger in her hand. They walked to the stable that belonged to Carrion and rode a horse out of the city. Rasmus brought her to the lagoon where Matthias and his crew were.

When they arrived, Aris looked at ships anchored near the shore. She immediately jumped off her horse and looked at the sleeping pirates. Her killing gaze was undeniable as she unsheathed her dagger, but Rasmus stopped her by putting his arm in front of her.

"They're not our prey as well," Rasmus looked at the dagger in her hand. "They're friends of mine."

Aris glanced at Rasmus and her killing gaze disappeared in an instant. She put her dagger away and continued to look at the scenery of the beautiful lagoon. She didn't want to deal with humans so she distanced herself.

Rasmus walked and looked for a sleeping old fat man on the beach. He saw Matthias sleeping with his belly wide open, he then dropped a barrel of rum on Matthias's belly, waking him up with a loud grunt and waking his crew.

Everyone grabbed their swords but when they realized it was Rasmus, they sighed and dropped their swords. He then dropped a few barrels of rum for them to enjoy. They began to smile and surrounded the barrels like ants attracted to sugar.

"Where have you been? We thought you were dead or something..." Matthias looked at Rasmus as he leaned against the barrel. "Hmm?" He leaned his body to the side with his head tilted when he saw a woman in the distance with white strands of hair coming out of the hood she wore. "Wait... Is that?!" He shouted quietly as he pointed at Aris.

"Yes, a real Orthias, the ancient race," Rasmus nodded as he looked at Aris walking toward him. "I suggest you not to do anything funny with her," he warned them.

Everyone looked at Aris and seeing another white hair was already a bad sign. They didn't need an explanation because they already knew what she was. They knew Orthias from legends, and they didn't want to involve themselves with that.