

Evil 127

Chapter 127 - 127: The Hunt.

"This is the forest?" Rasmus looked at the dark woods where no lights could pierce through the thick and giant trees. "The sun is still up and yet there's no light, interesting..." he muttered as he looked at the long fences of gigantic trees on his left and right.

"This is more than just interesting..." Videl stood beside Rasmus and could see the black mist that imitated hands with long fingers, reaching out to them. "You might not see it, but this place is wicked..."

Rasmus raised his brows and hummed as he felt the chill wind brush his face as if it were caressing his cheeks. The eerie feeling was close to when he was brought by Videl down to hell, but it couldn't be compared to what he felt and witnessed down there.

"What do you think?" Rasmus looked at Aris who stood to his right.

"It's not like what I had imagined. This is underwhelming compared to the blackcliffs, not even a pale in comparison," Aris answered and began to walk into the woods.

Rasmus and Videl looked at Aris and they were curious about what it felt like beyond the blackcliffs. Videl said it himself that the forest was wicked, but to think there was something more vile than what he was seeing made him grin widely.

"Let's go," Rasmus covered his head with a hood and held the handle of the sword hanging on his waist.

As they walked into the woods, they felt like walking into a different world. The sunlight was gone and the silence overwhelmed the atmosphere. The only noise they heard was their footsteps and the damp soil below them.

Carrion was anxious and couldn't stop gripping the handle of his sheathed sword. He was glad that he wasn't at the far back because he would constantly be looking behind him. Rasmus and Aris were at the front while Videl was at the back, enjoying his time absorbing the evil energy that had been accumulating in the woods.

"So, are you going to use a sword? Not your magic?" Carrion asked Rasmus in a quiet voice.

"Yes, I want to test my limit. I was powerless back when I fought Mercurius's right-hand man. I need to gain real experience in sword fight," Rasmus nodded as he kept his eyes on his surroundings.

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(In the depth of the dark wood)

Dozens of bandits were enjoying their time in their camp, cooking their own meals. The camp was filled with a lot of valuable items like jewelry and gems from the unfortunate lives they had taken. They also got themselves high-quality weapons during their scavenging hunts in the woods.

There were prisoners, placed in cages made of wood like animals. Most of them were women and they barely had anything to cover their bodies. They had bruises and wounds and they were all squirming in fear and pain whenever the bandits walked past their cages.

For criminals and bandits, they barely saw a woman back in the wasteland, but since they had moved out, they had relieved themselves with those prisoners daily. They didn't care if they did it with dead bodies as long as they were satisfied.

"The boss wants to see you," a muscular man looked at the man with scars all over his face.

"Did you just call him boss, Jack?" The man with the scars looked at the muscular man.

"Don't be stupid, Dax. You don't want to end up like those poor bastards..." Jack looked at the hanged bodies around the camp. "Show some respect," he warned the man with the scars.

"Fuck off..." Dax sighed as he bumped into Jack and walked toward the big tent.

Dax pushed away the curtain and saw a man with long black hair sitting on a wooden throne with a sword on his lap. Dax walked toward the throne and bent his knee as he rolled his eyes and lowered his head.

"Gather your people," the man said in a lazy voice. "We have intruders and they seem to be looking for us."

Dax lifted his head and looked at the man's dark green eyes.

"Let them be. They won't be able to handle the forest and will leave on their own accord," Dax responded coldly.

In the blink of an eye, a sword swung right in front of Dax's eyes, he didn't see it coming. He slowly felt a sting on his neck, and when he rubbed his neck he felt pain. He looked at his fingertips and saw blood on it. He gritted his teeth and tried to hold himself back.

"Will you do it or not?" The man asked as he put the sword on his lap again. "I don't need a useless dog in this place," he stared down at Dax.

"I'm on it, boss..." Dax answered reluctantly as he got up and then left the tent.

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Dax and his men left the camp and went to patrol around the forest. They already knew the path they should take and which they should avoid. He didn't care if he couldn't find the intruder since the forest was not a safe place because of the fierce beasts and the curse that the forest itself had.

He looked at his men from over his shoulder and noticed there were less and less of them. A few of his men had decided to follow Guile directly since it made them feel special because they got better weapons and equipment, not to mention they felt superior to the other bandits.

"It starts singing again..." One of Dex's men muttered as he looked up.

Everyone stopped moving and they could hear a soft hum in the air, it was a soothing hum. They immediately covered their ears with a piece of cloth and continued to patrol. They didn't dare to look around them and focused on the path in front of them.

Although they seemed unbothered, they were sweating cold sweat. They were anxious as they could see apparitions from the corner of their eyes, peeking and beckoning them from the trees. It wasn't the first time or the second time they experienced that, but they couldn't get used to it.

As they went further, the apparitions began to lessen and slowly faded away. They pulled the piece of cloth from their ears as they exhaled deeply. But then Dax raised his left hand, signaling his men to stay put and listen.

They heard a faint man's voice in the distance and they turned their heads toward the direction the voice was coming from. They began to walk slowly and stealthily as they kept their eyes forward.

The voice became clearer and clearer as they approached it, but then it became complete silence. They shared a look for a moment before they moved even slower and quieter because they didn't want to get caught lurking.

"That really works..." A man's voice could be heard behind them.

Dax and his men immediately turned around and saw Videl standing and staring at them with a smirk on his face. They were sure that nobody was around them and they didn't feel any presence around them.

"Of course it works. It's one of the oldest tricks in the book," Rasmus answered as he looked down at the bandits from the tree branch. "Making noises and attracting their attentions," he said as he jumped down and landed in front of them.

"But what if it didn't work? I would die if I got ambushed..." Carrion came out from behind the tree.

"That's why I let Aris stay nearby to protect you," Rasmus answered as he watched Aris come out from behind the tree next to Carrion's. "She would kill them if they tried to ambush you."

Carrion looked at Aris and he doubted that she would protect him at all.

"Now, you must be the leader since you have been giving them commands," Rasmus pointed his sword at Dax.

"(Giving my men commands? They had been observing us for a while?)" Dax narrowed his eyes as he unsheathed his sword. "(When did they do that? We didn't feel their presence at all...)" he gritted his teeth as he readied his stance.

"How about we have a duel? I will spare your men if you can kill me," Rasmus proposed with his brows raised.

Dax knew it was the right thing to do knowing he and his men couldn't feel their presence. He knew those people weren't normal and strong, especially Aris since she was tall and her white hair was a bad omen.

"Fine, I'll accept your—" Before Dax could finish his sentence, his men screamed. When he turned around, he saw all of his men had been killed. "You said that you would spare them!" He glared at Rasmus.

"I didn't touch them, no? I said I would spare them, not we would spare them. The deal is between the two of us, not all of us," Rasmus answered with a straight face.

"You bastard!" Dax yelled as he glared at Rasmus.