

Evil 128

Chapter 128 - 128: Vengeful Spirit.

Rasmus blocked every attack that Dax threw at him and could see the path of Dax's sword before attacking. He didn't know if it was because Dax was too weak or was it because he had been trained by both Videl and Aris.

"Die! Die! Die!" Dax screamed his lungs out every time he swung his sword. "Die!" He swung his sword with all his might and finally shattered Rasmus's sword.

Rasmus knew his sword would break knowing Dax's sword was better than his in quality. He then pulled out his dagger and coated it with Aura. He threw it right in between Dax's eyes, piercing through his skull and stopping his movements for a moment.

He jumped back and watched Dax try to swing his sword aimlessly as his eyes began to roll back. The movements became stiffer and stiffer until Dax finally collapsed. He watched Dax's body twitch uncontrollably like a dying animal.

He tried to take the sword from Dax's hand, but Dax's hand was locked and gripped the sword tightly. He then pushed the dagger deeper into Dax's skull with his leg to kill him.

The sound of the skull cracking and the wetness of the brain and blood was too much for Carrion. He had to look away and cover his mouth with his fist. It was the first time for him, to see Rasmus killing a person in front of his eyes.

"Can't handle it?" Videl walked toward Carrion.

Carrion couldn't say a word because he might throw up if he opened his mouth to speak. He shook his head slowly and repeatedly as he tried to calm his stomach reflexes.

"I see you have never killed even an animal before, don't you?" Videl leaned against the tree as he looked at Carrion's pale face.

"No... I'm... weak to seeing blood..." Carrion answered as he took a deep breath and exhaled deeply.

"Hmm, and you won't be able to overcome that at all," Videl leaned against the tree. "There are people who love killing, some are fine with killing, some feel nothing, and some are like you. But humans change for better or worse, so you might be able to deal with it," he stared Carrion in the eye.

"Let me guess..." Carrion paused to clear his throat. "Rasmus is the type who enjoys killing," he looked at Videl with a serious expression.

"No..." Videl shook his head and turned his head to look at Rasmus. "He's the worst type. He felt nothing, no remorse or pleasure. People who feel nothing, they're the scariest type because they will kill anyone who is against them. They're not driven by emotions, only goals, just like perfect tyrants."

Carrion gulped as he glanced at Rasmus who casually pulled the dagger from Dax's skull and forcefully pulled the sword from Dax's stiffened hand. He finally saw the big picture of what kind of a person Rasmus was. Not only was Rasmus heartless, but he was also cunning, manipulative, smart, and pragmatic, a combination that screamed chaos and destruction.

"Don't be afraid. I'm going to give you a piece of advice," Videl stared into Carrion's eyes that were filled with fear. "The moment you show fear, that's the moment he will use you like tools rather than an ally. Show him that you're not like others and he will treat you more than a tool."

"I can see that you're struggling to understand him, but he never asked you to understand, and that's your problem. You don't have to agree or understand him, just accept him as is," he continued as he pushed himself from the tree. "Don't show any weaknesses to him anymore. He will devour you and you'll be his mindless puppet. And once he's done playing with his puppet, he will throw them away," he muttered and then walked toward Rasmus.

Carrion couldn't use words to express his gratification to Videl. That opened his eyes and showed how he should tread around Rasmus. He might be powerless, but Rasmus knew how useful he was. He would use that advantage to make himself matter.

They continued their journey and Rasmus used his tracking skills to find the path that Dax and his men had used before. Thanks to the damp soil, he could find the footprints and follow them.

"Shh..." Rasmus stopped walking and listened to the soothing hums around him.

Carrion looked around and the hums were so comforting and alluring. He then saw a pale woman in a beautiful red dress walking so gracefully in the distance. He was unconsciously walking toward the woman, but then Videl grabbed his shoulder and pulled him.

"The moment you approach her, you will kill yourself. That's a vengeful spirit," Videl warned as he stared at the woman in a red dress. "And there are a lot of them..." He pointed out as he looked at more and more vengeful spirits humming and peeking at them from behind the trees.

"And now that we have attracted their attention, we can't just ignore them anymore," Videl pointed out.

"What do you mean?" Rasmus asked as he looked at the vengeful spirits reshaped their appearance into terrifying ones.

The vengeful spirits revealed their true form where their fingers were almost as long as his arms and the sharp nails that reached all the way down to the ground. Their eyes were wide, some were white, red, and black. Their glares were filled with hatred and anger.

"Hmm, spirits like them tend to be mischievous ones, draining the souls of the living. Not that we attract their attention, we have become their preys," Videl answered calmly with a stoic expression. "Physical attacks are useless. Magic might work, but that would alert those bandits," he pointed out.

"Can you deal with them then?" Rasmus glanced at Videl.

"Of course, just another meal for me," Videl smirked as his eyes turned black and a thick mist formed around them.

Carrion felt a chill down his spine and immediately approached Rasmus to stay near him. He would have wet his pants if it wasn't because of Rasmus and Aris near him.

The vengeful spirits looked around at the mist and they seemed anxious by it. But then the sound of faint screams could be heard, the screams of pain, hatred, and fear. Rasmus and the others could hear those screams, begging for forgiveness and to be freed.

"Now, do your duty... devour them for me..." Videl spread his arms with a huge grin on his face.

The vengeful spirits disappeared into the mist and their screams were overlapped by the screams of the spirits that were devouring them. Those screams made Carrion fall to his back and cover his ears with cold sweats on his forehead.

Rasmus listened to the screams and it was similar to what he heard back in hell. The screams of sinners where they were tortured for eternity and couldn't do anything but accept their punishments. He was disturbed by it, but he kept a straight face and tried to endure it because he knew that he would face things worse than that in the future.

Aris was unamused because she was born with such a power to see spirits and hunt them down. It made her feel like home in a way, but the way Videl did it, it intrigued her a little bit.

The screams faded away as the mist thinned until both of them completely disappeared. Videl took a deep breath as he looked up with a satisfied smile painted on his face. His hands trembled as he clenched them and felt the surge of power within him.

"You're fine with this?" Aris glanced at Rasmus.

"Videl and his power?" Rasmus asked back. "Yes, I'm fine. I'm not worried," he nodded.

"You seem unfazed even though you have never seen something like this before," Aris pointed out as she stared into Rasmus's eyes.

"I would be lying if I was unfazed by it. It's terrifying, but I don't have time to dwell on it," Rasmus answered as he sheathed his sword. "Is there anything more surprising than Videl?" He raised his brows at Aris.

"I guess there isn't," Aris said and stared at Videl with his darkness that grew around him, ready to devour lives under his command. "But not for him. He might get traumatized," she stared down at Carrion who was still covering his ears.

"He'll managed," Rasmus looked at Carrion with a stoic expression.