

Evil 131

Chapter 131 - 131: A feast.

Videl cut off Guile's head and the body fell on Rasmus's lap. He absorbed the demon that possessed Guile's body, but the demon was resisting. Rasmus's blurry vision could see a black figure, as black as night. The body had no legs and its skinny body was trying to free itself from Videl's grasp.

"What... what are you!" The demon growled as it stared at Videl.

"You lowly spirit don't deserve to know who I am..." Videl grinned as his eyes turned black and began to devour the demon with his hands, sipping into his nails.

The demon begged with a panicked expression, but he was powerless as the damned souls that belonged to Videl shackled its body. The demon twitched until its whole body got absorbed by him and perished.

Rasmus watched the whole thing with his eyes barely open. He was glad that the plan worked, the plan that lured Guile away and let Videl devour the demon. When Videl talked about compatibility, he knew that his body would be worth more than Guile or any human and that the demon would want his body and try to possess it.

"You alive?" Videl looked down at Rasmus who could barely move his body.

Rasmus could only groan as he rested his head against the tree and closed his eyes.

"You were right, your body is indeed valuable to demons," Videl said as he crouched and pushed Guile's body away from Rasmus. "How did you know that?" He asked as he looked at the burn wounds on Rasmus's arms and legs.

"Because Aris's sister, Illidan..." Rasmus muttered. "She was possessed by a demon..." he added.

"Right, I remember that..." Videl nodded as he noticed how much in pain Rasmus was. "All right, let me heal your wounds," he said as he reached for Rasmus's hand.

"Don't you dare corrupt his body or even touch with your filthy hand," Aris said as she pointed the sword at Videl's neck.

Videl was startled and in disbelief because he didn't feel her presence at all until she spoke and put the blade on his neck. He slowly raised his hands and moved away from Rasmus as he turned around to look at Aris.

"Never touch him with your filthy power..." Aris said coldly and stared at Videl menacingly. "I need him to be free from that kind of power," she added as she kept pointed the sword at his neck.

"All right... all right... I'm not going to touch him," Videl said as he got up and distanced himself from Rasmus. "I wouldn't want him to follow my path either, trust me," he assured as he lowered his hands and leaned against a tree.

Aris lowered her sword and approached Rasmus to look at his condition. She held his hand and a faint blue light moved from her fingers to his palm and moved under his skin. The light healed the burned skin and traveled to where the remaining wounds were.

She looked at his body and noticed the body began to reject her power. She immediately pulled the light from his body and back to her hand. She looked at Rasmus and was convinced that his body had Orthias blood in it which was why he could accept her power. However, he was only half Orthias and he couldn't accept everything yet.

Rasmus felt cold all over his body, the good kind of cold like taking a cold shower after sweating a lot in bright daylight. He fluttered his eyes open and saw Aris in front of him, checking on him from up close.

"You..." Rasmus looked down at his arms, chest, and legs. He only saw small scars and wounds on his body. "You can heal wounds?" He looked at Aris.

Aris stood up and offered her hand to Rasmus. Rasmus grabbed her hand as he pushed himself up.

"Yes, but my power can only be used to another Orthias. Since you're one, I can heal your wounds," Aris nodded.

Rasmus looked down at Guile's headless body and his burned head beside it. He glanced at Videl who seemed fine and normal even after devouring a demon. He wondered if it was still him or if the demon had corrupted him in a way that he wouldn't know.

"I'm fine, I'm still me," Videl smiled coldly. "Nothing can devour me or corrupt me," he said as he pushed himself from the tree. "Anyway, we should go and check the camp," he continued and walked toward the camp.

Rasmus looked at his burned cloak and the shirt underneath before he followed Videl back to camp with Aris.

He looked at all the hundreds of corpses around the camp, but the numbers didn't add up with the bandits they had encountered earlier. Aris revealed that the remaining bandits had run away, and she didn't want to waste time chasing them down.

Carrion gathered all the prisoners and gave them blankets to cover their bodies. His chest was being squeezed by what he saw and couldn't forgive those bandits for what they did to them. He didn't need to ask because the marks on the prisoners' bodies were enough to tell their stories.

"Carrion..." Rasmus called with a serious expression.

Carrion turned around and saw Rasmus's state. He approached him but kept looking back at the prisoners who were hugging themselves with blank eyes. Rasmus could see it in his eyes, but he didn't say a word and kept staring.

"Are you satisfied now?" Rasmus stared at Carrion's eyes back and forth. "That you saved them all?"

"Saved them all? We barely saved half of them for fuck sake..." Carrion muttered as he clenched his fists. "We were too late and we..." he paused as he gritted his teeth. "We only saved something that has been broken to pieces..."

"Always see things in a negative way, aren't you," Rasmus crossed his arms and stared at the women with bite marks all over their necks and bodies. "But you're not wrong, they're broken and they can't be

the same ever again. They'll continue live on, alone with the nightmares that will haunt them for the rest of their lives. That will also put you in the same spot as them, thinking what would happen to them."

Carrion unbuckled his sword and dropped it as he sat down with his head down. He began to pull his hair back and rubbed his face from the emotions that swirled around him.

"Get up and bring all the prisoners out of this forest. You're their savior and you're responsible for their lives from now on whether you like it or not," Rasmus offered his hand.

Carrion looked at Rasmus's hand and looked at the prisoners who were looking at him. Some were grateful for saving them that words couldn't express their feelings. He sighed and then grabbed Rasmus's hand and pulled himself up.

"Aris will guide you out the forest, if that's all right with?" Rasmus looked at Aris.

Aris looked at the women for a moment before she nodded and agreed to guide them out of the forest. Although she kept her stoic expression, she had sympathy toward those prisoners and knew what they had been through.

After they left, the only ones that stayed at the camp were Rasmus and Videl.

"There are a lot of bodies over here..." Rasmus said as he looked at the corpses around him. "Enjoy your meal," he added and grabbed a bottle of whiskey from a crate.

Rasmus felt the chill down his spine as thick mist covered the whole camp. He watched the whole thing from up close of how the souls of the dead were being pulled from their bodies. It was unnerving, but he needed that to get used to what he was going to face in the future, Satan and the army of demons.

"That was a feast..." Videl let out a satisfied sigh with a big smile on his face. "Anyway, I know where they hide all their loots since I got the memories of the demon, do you want to get them all?" He approached Rasmus with his brows raised.

"Finders keepers..." Rasmus offered the bottle to Videl. "Where is it?"

"Follow me," Videl took the bottle and walked to the big tent.

Videl pointed at the tent that was hidden behind the big tent. Rasmus pushed the curtain and he was surprised to see the amount of jewelry, gems, and gold coins there.

"More than I imagined..." Rasmus looked at the loot as he rubbed the ring on his finger.

"They're all yours, Master," Videl bowed mockingly as he chuckled.