

Evil 140

Chapter 140 - 140: Playing a fool.

Rasmus slowly grabbed Aris's hand where it was crushing his other wrist. He stood in front of her and stared into her eyes calmly without showing any pained expression.

"Calm down, Aris..." Rasmus said softly. "It's not the time yet..."

Aris ignored Rasmus and tightened her grip on his wrist. Suddenly a hand grabbed her cheeks, cupping them and pulling her head down. She was startled and snapped back to reality when she saw Rasmus's face right in front of her.

"I said calm down..." Rasmus whispered. "I promise that you will have your revenge and I promise to find a way to bring back your sister, Illidan."

Aris loosened up her grip and noticed that she had fractured Rasmus's wrist. She forgot that Rasmus was only half Orthias and his bones weren't as strong as hers..

"You don't have to worry about it. It will heal," Rasmus looked at his wrist with visible purple bruises. "I want you to wait somewhere, far from here," he said as he pulled out a piece of cloth from the ring and began to wrap his wrist.

"Why?" Aris furrowed her brows, but then she realized why. "I'll keep my ears wide open. I can hear everything even from far away," she said and left, keeping the hood on her head.

Rasmus was glad that Aris managed to calm down. If she could feel him, that also meant Kiel could feel her as well. He didn't want to get involved in her problems with the masked beings. He wanted to represent himself, as a nobody.

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After waiting for hours it was finally his turn to see Kiel in person. He took a deep breath and tried to calm himself down as he walked into the tent. The inside was dark since it was a black tent and the sunlight barely reached the inside.

He looked at the man, sitting on the ground with his legs folded and a low table in front of him. He looked at the man in a white robe to covered his whole body, a white mask to covered his whole face, and a hood that covered his hair. The only thing that he could see was the man's bright yellow eyes.

"Have a seat," Kiel pointed his hand at the pillow across from him. His voice was gentle and soothing like a gentle breeze.

Rasmus looked at the sitting pillow before he approached it and sat on it. They both stared at each other's eyes, silently and without blinking their eyes.

"Yes? Is there anything you wish to ask?" Kiel asked, his muffled voice breaking the silence.

"I know who you are..." Rasmus said with a cold gaze staring into Kiel's eyes.

"I'm just a nobody, and I only help people who are in need," Kiel's eyes were smiling as he shook his head.

"Stop the act. You're one of Ermaine's emissaries, a masked being," Rasmus didn't break his cold attitude. "You're a demon, and you can't fool me," he folded his arms on the table as he leaned forward.

Kiel's eyes were no longer yellow, they slowly turned redder and completely became blood red. A gush of wind surrounded the tent and it became completely dark. The only thing that lit up the tent was his glowing red eyes.

"Rasmus Blackheart, the last Blackheart and the one that we have been looking for..." Kiel's voice became deep and rough, his body stayed the same, but the shadow behind it became bigger and bigger as if it was the real him.

"Cut the bullshit and listen to me," Rasmus slammed the table and glared at Kiel.

As soon as he said that, his body felt like it was being crushed by gravity. He was forced to kiss the ground and he couldn't fight against it.

"Watch your tongue, mortal... I won't hesitate to take your life because your life is worth nothing," Kiel grabbed Rasmus's head and began to push his head. "We heard a lot about you, a schemer."

"That's why I want you to kill those people, every single one of them..." Rasmus's voice was trembling in anger and hatred. "I came here to ask you that in exchange, I want to offer you my help..." he added and clenched his fists.

Kiel loosened up his grip and slowly pulled his hand away from Rasmus. He got rid of the intense pressure from him as he pulled away and sat back.

Rasmus groaned as he slowly got up and sat back across the table. His breath was ragged, but the anger and hatred still lingered in his eyes.

Kiel could see genuine hatred and anger from Rasmus. It wasn't an act and he knew that Rasmus indeed wanted humankind to perish. However, he didn't let down his guard because he knew there was something about Rasmus that he couldn't trust.

"Help us? And how exactly are you going to help us?" Kiel asked.

"You should have realized it by now, how I know about you, Ermaine, the Saint, the masked beings, and even your master," Rasmus stared at Kiel without any fear within him, only blinded hatred. "Where do you think I got all that information? And also the fact that Thalior and the South Neva Union are already preparing to war against you."

Kiel had people in the South Neva Union, but there were no words about them preparing for war. He then thought for a moment and knew that it would be impossible to get all the information because Thalior might have predicted that there were demon worshipers among them.

"And why should I believe you? Your first statement that you know about us might be true, but this statement of Thalior preparing for war, you're making it up, mere speculation," Kiel stared into Rasmus's eyes.

"For what reason do I need to lie or speculate? Do I look like someone who wants those people to thrive?" Rasmus clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. "I want them dead, all of them. I want to see this world burn..." his palm began to bleed as he dug his nails too deep into his skin.

"You didn't answer my question, Rasmus Blackheart," Kiel stared into Rasmus's eyes, ignoring the resentment in Rasmus's eyes.

"You must have heard about the corpses of your followers, the bandits and Guile to be exact. The man with a demon that possessed his body? Thalior already knew about it and Guile's body might be being examined by the Holy Nation right now," Rasmus asked back without faltering. "Your plans have been exposed and they won't stay quiet anymore."

Kiel could see the big picture of the near future when he was isolated on this land while Thalior and the others surrounded him. He didn't have enough people and he alone couldn't deal with Uriel Goldmane after he heard how strong she was.

"I will be your eyes and ears. All I'm asking from you is power and wealth in return. I need them to make myself important enough to be in every secret meeting that they do in the future. I already have their trust to tell me everything, I just need to be important enough to be a part of it," Rasmus said with a serious expression.

Kiel didn't like the idea of trusting Rasmus, but if he didn't trust Rasmus, he might lose more if he didn't use him. He was convinced that Rasmus's resentment was rooted deep within him and that it was a genuine feeling that any human could feel. As a fallen angel, he had seen thousands of humans, and there was no sign of Rasmus faking his feelings.

He closed his eyes and the tent became bright again as the atmosphere lightened up as well. The moment he opened his eyes, his pupils turned bright yellow again and there was no sign of evil or vile from him anymore.

"Thalior is preparing for war as you said. Prove it and give me everything you know about this plan of his. Once you gave me what I needed, I would give you what you wanted," Kiel said calmly. "You may leave, human."

Rasmus slowly got up and left the tent casually. He watched more people were waiting in line to meet with Kiel. Once he was far enough from the tent, Aris approached him and stood in front of him.

"You're alive and unharmed..." Aris looked at Rasmus from top to bottom. "How was it? Did you fool him? Did you fool a fallen angel?" She raised her brows.

"I'm not sure, but I know for sure that he's convinced that I'm just a fool blinded by hatred. I must admit, I owe myself to have such deep and rooted emotions within me," Rasmus answered as he turned around and looked at Kiel's tent in the distance. "I have lit the fire, now it's time for me to dance in it," he muttered.