

Evil 169

Chapter 169 - 169: A test.

Aris looked at the old man who looked so fragile with barely any flesh on his cheeks. However, she could see the immense amount of Aura in his body and around him. That Aura was the only thing that kept him standing and alive.

"It's an honor to meet an Aristoria, the greatest among the ancient race..." The old man smiled weakly at Aristoria as he slowly bowed his body.

"Your days are numbered, don't waste your energy to show some respect," Aris responded as she walked around the room. "For a human, you live quite a long life..." She said and guessed that the old man had lived for more than a hundred years.

"It's a gift and a curse," the old man answered with a weak smile.

Rasmus observed the old man's skin that looked pale and thin. The cheek bones and the jaw muscles of the old man looked weakened. It was enough to tell that the old man had been hiding in a dark place for decades without sunlight. He realized that the knights wouldn't know who that old man was because they had never seen him outside the tower.

"Master Yasser Arhat, it's an honor to meet you," Rasmus said as he bowed his head.

"I heard a lot of things about you, Rasmus Blackheart. What you have done, what you have achieved, and how many lives you killed," Yasser said and looked at Rasmus with his droopy eyes. "At first I thought I was seeing things when my favorite student requested me to teach you the technique. I thought I taught her everything that she needed to know, but I didn't expect someone like you to exist," he added.

Rasmus couldn't grasp Yasser's words completely. He didn't know if that was a good thing or a bad thing.

"Let me ask you, Rasmus Blackheart. Did you trick her or force her so you can be here?" Yasser asked calmly.

"No. It was her who offered me that she would give me anything in exchange for helping her or them to deal with the situation in South Neva," Rasmus answered as he shook his head. "I don't force anyone, I give them choices, always."

Yasser closed his eyes and nodded after he finally grasped what kind of person Rasmus was. A man with questionable deeds and yet never told lies which made him dangerous because he didn't need to lie to get what he wanted.

"A man who can see through people and also make them see through your eyes. You don't need to lie because you make them lie to themselves," Yasser slowly opened his eyes and stared right into Rasmus's eyes.

Rasmus only responded with a smile, not wanting Yasser to see through him. He didn't know how dangerous that old man was, and he could see it in the old man's eyes that he wanted to make a better world. It reminded him of himself when he was an old man and wanted to achieve something that he had never done before.

"Give me a reason why I should teach you about Primal Force, Rasmus Blackheart?" Yasser asked with a sharp gaze.

"Do you believe in words, Master Yasser?" Rasmus asked back. "If so, then my answer will be because they need me more than they know. I know what they don't, and I do what they don't want to do," he answered without hesitation.

Yasser nodded with understanding and then slowly walked toward the door behind him. He then signaled to Rasmus and Aris to follow him.

Rasmus didn't expect to see people in the next room, and they were all staring at him with cold gazes. He then looked to his right and saw ten people wearing black silk robes, sitting on a chair and facing those people.

"You join with them..." Yasser said as he walked toward the people in black robes. "You can stay and join us here to watch," he looked at Aris with a weak smile on his face and pointed at the empty chairs.

Rasmus looked at the young men and women standing in line. They were as young as Maximilian and the others, and based on their expressions, they were trained assassins because they didn't make any other expression but that cold gaze. Aris on the other hand sat on the chair and stared at the faces in front of her.

"Take off all your clothes," an old lady in a black robe said.

Everyone removed their clothes without hesitation while Rasmus was taken aback by the sudden order by the old lady. He slowly removed his cloak and everything on his body just like the others. He was completely naked just like those young men and women around him. It reminded him back when he got recruited into an elite force where he was forced to get naked with his brother-in-arms.

When his white hair was revealed, everyone stole glances at him and wondered if he was the person they thought he was. The old lady walked down the stairs and looked at every one of them from top to bottom. She suddenly stopped in the row where Rasmus was, and then she stood in front of him and stared right into his eyes.

The old lady turned around and looked up at Yasser who was sitting on a chair for a moment before she turned around to observe Rasmus. She grabbed Rasmus's left arm and thoroughly looked through his veins and felt his muscles. When she looked at his palms, she let out a soft hum and nodded before she walked away.

After the old lady finished observing everyone, clothes fell from the above. Everyone looked at the old and ragged clothes, all of them had stains whether it was blood, vomit, sweat, or all of them.

"Put them on," the old lady said as she sat down.

Rasmus grabbed the nearest one, but a man got the clothes first before him and snatched it away from him.

"I almost forgot. There are only a few of clothes, so those who don't get one will fail the test," the old lady pointed out.

The man that snatched the clothes suddenly smirked at Rasmus, but suddenly his head was grabbed by Rasmus and pulled it down forcefully. Rasmus kned the man in the face and then kicked the neck of the man before the man hit the ground.

Everyone was shocked that Rasmus didn't hesitate to harm that man and took the clothes from him. Yasser and the others looked at the man and saw how Rasmus almost killed the man and made him paralyzed for the rest of his life because he kicked precisely on the spine.

While Rasmus was putting the clothes on, the others fought for the clothes on the ground. He glanced at Yasser and the others who had been staring at him with sharp and cold gazes. He gave them a cold and unfazed gaze as he walked to the side and watched the others fight.

Rasmus counted there were a total of forty participants excluding himself. He observed the way they fought and handled the situation. He was right those young men and women were trained to be assassins because they didn't show remorse or emotion throughout the bloody fight.

There were twenty participants left while the rest left the room with shame. The man that Rasmus injured was carried by them because he was paralyzed from the neck down. His way of dealing with his opponent made the other participants avoid him if necessary. They knew if someone could disable their opponents that easily, they were dangerous people.

"Congratulations. Now that all of you are wearing clothes, feeling comfortable, it's time for the second test," the old lady said as she stood up and looked down at all the participants. "It's a survival and endurance test. Go to that door on your left over there and if you succeeded, you would come back here through that door over there on your right."

All the participants glanced at Rasmus because they were wary of him.

"Can I kill during the second test?" Rasmus glanced at the old lady.

"It's a survival test, everything is allowed," the old lady answered with a straight face.

"Well, would you all prefer me to go first and hunt you all down or I go last and let you all be?" Rasmus asked with a straight face at the other participants.

Without saying a single word, they all walked into the door, leaving Rasmus behind.