

Evil 171

Chapter 171 - 171: Third Test.

All the participants looked at each other and wondered what kind of test it was until suddenly, Rasmus walked past them and opened the door. The moment the door was open, they could smell something sweet with a bit of a scent that they couldn't describe. Rasmus stood there for a second before he decided to walk in without any fear.

The room was pitch black, and he realized that the room was completely sealed, that even Mana didn't exist there. He didn't know what kind of room it was, but when the other participants entered the room, the door behind them was shut so tightly that no light could enter the room.

Suddenly, they heard sizzling and hissing sounds from around them, and even though they couldn't see anything, they could feel and smell the strong scent of the smoke. Everyone tried to hug the wall to calm themselves while Rasmus stayed put and tried to understand what the test was.

He tried to inhale the smoke a little bit, and so far, he didn't feel anything wrong with it, and it didn't affect him at all. He could hear the other participants were looking for a hidden exit to leave the room because they believed it was the objective. He maintained his calm and tried to find the hidden exit as well by rubbing his feet and hands on the ground and on the walls.

While everyone was busy looking for an exit, Rasmus felt someone or something brush his nape. He turned around and tried to grasp whatever was in front of him, but there was nothing in front of him. Suddenly, he heard one of the participants shriek in fear, followed by the other participants screaming and begging.

He wondered what was happening with them until he also heard whispers in his ear, mumbles. He tried to get away from the mumbles, but no matter what, he kept hearing those mumbles and whispers in his ears. He realized the smoke made everyone hallucinate, so he sat down and tried to calm down.

"(The first test was combat test, the second was survival, and this one might be about mental fortitude...)" Rasmus thought as he closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and let it happen rather than resist it.

"Rasmus Blackheart!" A man yelled right in front of his face.

When Rasmus opened his eyes, he was in the city square of the destroyed city with black smoke in the distance. He looked around and saw hundreds of people glaring at him, screaming and pointing their fingers at him. He was confused at first, but then suddenly fear and anxiety overwhelmed him and made his whole body tense up and frozen still.

He looked down and noticed how small his hands were, and the old memories that he had been trying to ignore and lock away came back. He then felt a rock hit his head, and that moment scarred him, or at least the real Rasmus. He looked at the man who had thrown the rock at a kid with a huge grin on his face after he had managed to hurt an innocent kid.

He began to cry because of the pain and the fact he was being thrown at with rotten vegetables and rocks. The pain he felt and the rotten smell were so real that he could feel it vividly, as if he had gone back in time.

Each person that screamed "Kill" to him was so clear, from an old man's voice to a small girl's voice. They were trying to break through the knights that had blocked their paths, and they all wanted him dead.

Rasmus covered his head in a fetal position as he sobbed uncontrollably with tears that dripped from his eyes and blood that fell to his eyes. He tried to wipe off the tears and blood from his eyes, but it was pointless. He glanced at the bodies of men, women, and children hanging, their bodies twisted and broken, their eyes forever frozen open.

"Uncles... aunties... grandpa... grandma... I'm scared..." Rasmus sobbed as he kept covering his head from the rocks and rotten vegetables thrown at him.

"Father... mother... it hurts..." Rasmus looked at the headless bodies of a man and woman on stage. "Please... stop..." he sobbed as he wiped his eyes, and the pain on his body became unbearable.

The knights only watched from a distance without showing any sympathy. Some of them were even glaring and smiling at him as if he deserved such treatment and they would kill him if they could.

Rasmus looked at the man with a greatsword walked toward the dead bodies of his parents. He watched as the man stabbed his sword on his father's head and then stabbed his mother's head. The man lifted his sword with heads on it like a skewer as he stared down at Rasmus with a cold gaze.

Rasmus got up as he screamed his lungs out, blinded by rage when the heads of his parents were being treated like cheap meat. When he got up on stage, the man kicked Rasmus right in the chest, sending him toward the spectators.

The people who saw the opportunity began to spit on his body and kicked him with the intention of breaking his bones. He felt the pain as he heard his ankles broke, his knees dislocate, and his shoulders crack. He screamed in pain while at the same time couldn't breathe because of the kick of that man.

The knights once again only watched and let it all happen to him. If it wasn't because of the voice of a man that told them to secure Rasmus, they wouldn't move his body from the spectators. He was brought into a dungeon and threw him into the cell, leaving him there on his own, in the dark.

He was imprisoned there for no reason, letting him starve and be thirsty for days as if they had forgotten about him. He endured the pain, the hunger, and the thirst to the point he began to hallucinate.

"(Get up...)"

"(Get up...)"

"(Get up! And wake up!)"

Rasmus opened his eyes and immediately gasped for air when he got back to reality. He fell to his knees as he hyperventilated and clenched his fists. He was blinded with anger after he re-lived the memory of that moment. At that moment, he wanted to kill those people, the faces that he saw back then who enjoyed his suffering.

"Calm down..." Rasmus muttered as he wiped his tears.

His uncontrollable rage still overwhelmed him and it was the first time he couldn't control his emotions. He knew that it was Rasmus's past and not his, but he also knew that he was Rasmus and no longer Kyroz.

He sat down and leaned against the wall as he listened to the other participants struggle to break the hallucination. He didn't know what kind of expression he was making and his thoughts were filled with rage, hatred, and death. He couldn't get rid of those emotions, and the only thing he could do was to let them loose and try to control them.

After what it felt like an eternity, the door opened. He stared blankly at the silhouette of a person standing at the door, checking on everyone's condition. He stood up and approached the figure with bloodlust where his only thought was to kill anyone that tried to hurt him.

The person that opened the door was Yasser, and when he saw the bloodlust around Rasmus, he slowly took a step back. He had never seen anyone with such bloodlust from hallucinations, and that kind of bloodlust was dangerous to have because they would live to kill.

The others felt Rasmus's bloodlust even though they couldn't see him yet. Aris immediately went down and looked at Rasmus's cold and empty gaze toward Yasser. She had never seen him lose control like that, especially showing his bloodlust.

"So? Did I pass the test or not?" Rasmus asked and stared right into Yasser's eyes.

"That depends. Seeing you like this, you can't control your emotions, and that's not a good thing to have," Yasser answered.

"Do I not look calm to you, Master Yasser Arhat?" Rasmus asked calmly even though his eyes were still cold and empty.

"Yes, you are, but your bloodlust doesn't change the fact you can't control your emotions," Yasser answered.

Rasmus took a deep breath as he closed his eyes. After he let his emotions loose, he finally could control them and hid them back where he had put them. He slowly opened his eyes, his gaze no longer empty or cold.

"I can control my emotions, I'm just letting them loose for a moment," Rasmus said with a cold smile.