

Evil 172

Chapter 172 - 172: Enraged.

Rasmus put his shirt and pants back on since the test was over. Only two participants passed the final test, the rest were still traumatized by their pasts. If it weren't for his old self, who had lived for more than half the century, he would have lost his mind during that hallucination.

He looked at the young man and woman who had passed the final test. They were calm and collected, and they were the two people who passed the second test after him. After he had observed them, they seemed different from the other participants.

"The three of you have passed the test, but the real challenge just starts now. What you're about to learn might cost you everything, including your life. Many tried, many failed, and they didn't get a second chance. Everything will depend on your effort," the old lady said with a serious expression as she looked down at them.

Rasmus had just found out the tests could only be taken once for those who were chosen by those old people. If they failed the tests, they couldn't come back and retake the tests in the future. It was the consequence for those who didn't put their lives on the line at that moment.

"You may call us Grandmasters as you are all now our disciples. We will teach you how to unleash your Primal Force. We will teach you what you need and what you want. However, we will not hold accountable for your failure and the risk you take; it will be all on you," the old lady's voice echoed throughout the room.

"Go through that door. You will find rooms for you to stay in," Yasser said as he pointed at the door. "We will be here to teach you once you are all well rested," he added as he watched Rasmus and the others walk toward the door.

They looked at numerous doors on the sides, and they decided to pick rooms where they weren't close to each other. The room looked like a jail room where it only had one bedroom and was surrounded by walls. There was no window or bathroom, no light from outside, only a lantern that lit the room.

Aris gave the ring to Rasmus, but when he wanted to pull the ring from Aris's hand, she resisted.

"What was that? That bloodlust," Aris stared into Rasmus's eyes.

Rasmus didn't want to remember what he went through. The glimpse of that memory was enough to disturb his mind and emotions. The trauma that the real Rasmus had was too much to handle because it had rooted deep within him. He inherited the trauma and pain from him.

"A past that I don't want to remember," Rasmus answered as he stared back at Aris.

Aris still didn't want to let go of the ring, and then she placed her index finger on Rasmus's forehead. She didn't say a word for a few seconds as she stared down deep into Rasmus's eyes back and forth.

"Can you show me that bloodlust again?" Aris asked.

"I don't want to," Rasmus answered without hesitation. "Unless you tell me why I need to do that," he added.

"When I saw you walking out of that room with that bloodlust, Mana surged toward your body and felt your rage and hatred. You might not have realized that back then, but if you can show me that bloodlust again, there's something you can achieve. You will understand when you feel it," Aris explained as she took a few steps back from Rasmus and kept the ring in her hand.

He furrowed his brows as he sat on the edge of the bed. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes as he tried to remember the day of the execution. The bloodlust brewed within him once again when he remembered the faces of those people, the pain, and the humiliation that he felt.

He could feel every beat and sting of his heart grow faster and more hurtful. He was slowly being consumed by rage, but then he felt the surge of Mana linger around him. It felt good because it felt like he was being caressed and hugged by Mana.

"Can you control it?" Aris asked quietly.

"How?" Rasmus asked back, but the moment he was no longer consumed by rage, the Mana around him began to disperse and dissipate. "Wait... it's... gone..." He muttered as he breathed heavily and felt empty.

"It's because you're not focusing on your bloodlust. You need to keep that bloodlust and that rage within you. You channel those overwhelming emotions toward the Mana around you and turn it into a powerful Aura, then make them move to your will just like your limbs," Aris explained as she leaned against the wall.

"You're really bad at explaining things..." Rasmus said with a straight face.

Aris closed her eyes as she sighed deeply and crossed her arms. It was hard for her to explain because she didn't know how human emotions worked.

"When you're consumed by rage, what do you feel?" Aris asked with her brows furrowed and eyes still closed.

"I want to kill," Rasmus answered.

"How? Like what do you want to do to them?" Aris asked, trying her best to understand Rasmus's emotions and to turn them into something.

"I want to strangle them, break their necks, rip their throats... crush their heads..." Rasmus muttered as he began to feel the rage brewing within him again. "I want them to suffer, and I want them to feel pain for the rest of their lives," he gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

Aris could see the Mana gathering around Rasmus again, and it was trying to soothe him and waiting for him to use it.

"That's it... now turn it into Aura," Aris muttered under her breath. "Can you imagine me being one of those people that you want to kill?"

Without hesitation, Rasmus lifted his head and stared Aris dead in the eyes. He imagined himself strangling her with both hands with his thoughts. He channeled his rage and bloodlust toward her. He almost blacked out when he channeled those emotions and imagined himself pushing Aris to the wall to crush her head.

Aris felt the surge of pressure and smashed her head against the wall, breaking the wall behind her. Aris was shocked by how powerful the force was, and she felt her neck being crushed slowly. She looked at Rasmus's eyes, and she knew that he intended to kill her at that moment.

The wall around her began to crack because of the intense force of Aura that Rasmus had released. The wall began to crumble and break because he wanted to kill her and crush her to a pulp like crushing an orange in his hands.

"Stop..." Aris said quietly as she began to suffocate.

However, Rasmus didn't listen to her and kept strangling her because he was completely consumed by rage. She sighed and did the same, dispersing the Aura that was trying to crush her body. She turned the Aura against Rasmus and pushed him to the wall.

Rasmus snapped back to reality as he felt his body being crushed against the wall. Aris immediately stopped and let him go, making him fall to the bed. His whole body took a huge toll after he released such a powerful Aura, the soreness was similar to working out for days nonstop. The cramps were extremely painful, as if his muscles were being twisted to the point that they were being torn apart, and he couldn't move his body at all.

"I told you to stop..." Aris sighed as she looked at the damage that Rasmus had done. She looked at the huge hole in the wall behind her. "Your body can't handle such power. You need to learn that Primal Force technique so I can unblock your power as Orthias," she explained and sat on the bed, looking at Rasmus, who was on his stomach, unable to move.

Aris poked Rasmus's back, and it felt like his back was being crushed by a heavy truck. He groaned in pain, and his face turned red. Aris chuckled as she toyed with Rasmus's weakened state, listening to him groan in pain.

"This is what you get for not listening to me," Aris said as she got up from the bed. "You won't be able to move your body for a few days. I'll get you something to eat, so just rest."

Rasmus glanced at Aris leaving the room, leaving him alone in that painful state.