

Evil 34

Chapter 34 - 34: Story-telling.

Rasmus's case and his past were known worldwide, full of suffering and hardship. Everyone didn't know at first that the Blackheart family still existed if it wasn't for the case. They were curious about what kind of a person Rasmus was that the journalist made him famous by giving him the title of a "Wild Beast".

"Wow..." Videl gave Rasmus a standing ovation after he read the newspaper. "You've done it. I didn't expect your plan to go so smoothly," he scoffed and was in awe.

"This isn't my first ride," Rasmus enjoyed his coffee as he looked at students in the garden through the window of his room. "This is what I like about this world that doesn't have advanced technology. People are in for something spicy because it's not easy to access any information around the world."

"Using this case to make yourself known to the world. I don't think there's any better way of doing that compared to what you did," Videl sat down and grabbed an apple from the basket. "Simply just making yourself injured and now you went viral," he scoffed as he shook his head.

Rasmus opened his notebook and wrote Sherm's family name on it. He thought about the research that Lenin revealed during the trial and the Sherm's family head who was a famous and respectable scholar who specialized in Mana and Magic.

"It's time for my class," Rasmus emptied the cup of coffee and grabbed his suit.

"Rasmus, can I ask you one thing?" Videl glanced at Rasmus with a serious expression.

Rasmus saw Videl's serious expression as he put on his suit. He nodded, telling Videl to ask whatever he had in mind.

"Are you planning to make those students of yours your accomplice in the future?" Videl asked.

"Accomplice? They're bound, chained by their roles. I might be able to change their way of thinking, but they won't be able to change who they truly are. Too much pressure from their surroundings, and I don't

believe they will be freed from those chains. Their eyes aren't like mine," Rasmus answered as he adjusted his suit.

"So, you're wasting your time here?" Videl raised his brows.

"Not really. Although I can't change them, my impression will stay deep inside them. To put it simply, I'm living inside their heads," Rasmus answered as he looked at Videl. "Connection, that's all that matters," he added and then left his dorm.

Rasmus went to class and didn't expect all his students to be already in their seats. He walked to his desk and sat on top of it, staring at them silently. He thought about the conversation he had with Lenin in the carriage about his mother, Aristoria.

"(An Orthias. I wonder what that means...)" Rasmus sighed.

"Instructor?" Aurelia tilted her head, confused by the silence.

"Is everything all right, instructor?" Isador asked.

"Everything is fine," Rasmus responded with a calm expression. "Hand me the assignment," he reached out his hand.

Everyone stood up and pulled out their papers which surprised Rasmus because it was supposed to be a group assignment. He then grabbed all the papers and went around his desk to sit in his chair.

While Rasmus was busy checking everyone's assignments, the silence was deafening for everyone. They all looked at each other and they were thinking the same thing.

"Ask away, no need to be so shy," Rasmus said as he read Maximilian's assignment. He could feel the gazes of his students.

Everyone looked at Monica since she was the only one who wasn't bothered by the silence. They signaled to her to ask the question since she had also had a conversation with Rasmus before.

"Instructor, we were in the courthouse during your trial. We listened to the Chancellor's words when she defended you. She called you a wild beast, and I wondered why she knew about all that and what was the reason she called you that," Monica asked, staring at Rasmus who was busy checking their assignments.

Rasmus stopped reading the assignment and slowly put the paper down as he stared at his students. They all felt anxious by the silent stare of him as he rested his head on his fist.

"Before I answer those questions, let me ask you this. How much do you all know about the Blackheart family and about what happened to them?" Rasmus asked with a stoic expression.

"The Blackheart family is one of the oldest families in Neva, and they share the same blood as the royal family. About your father, we knew that he was one of the great Sages and the most respected man in the Southeast of Neva," Alexandre answered.

Everyone nodded in agreement because they heard the same thing. The fact they knew that much meant Erglade was famous all over Neva. Rasmus kept hearing the same thing until he looked at Isador who seemed to have something to say.

"What about you, Isador?" Rasmus asked.

Isador was taken by surprise when he got called out by Rasmus.

"I..." Isador paused to think for a moment. "I heard from my father that Erglade Blackheart was the leader of the Black Cloak. It's a division that only the king knew and their job was to eliminate threats," he continued as he looked at Rasmus.

It was the first time Rasmus heard about that and it intrigued him, making him want to know more.

"Why have I never heard about that? Can you elaborate on how you know that?" Rasmus raised his brows.

"My father knew everything in Central Neva and since the Refenus Kingdom was one of the Sun Empire's vassal states before Erglade Blackheart took down the kingdom. I don't know about the details and that's all I know," Isador answered nervously.

Rasmus stared into Isador's eyes and he realized that the Sun Empire or the Suncrown family did know everything since they were the ones who won during the Great Era. He was so eager to dig up some information about their past, but it would be too obvious.

"Thank you for telling me," Rasmus said as he stood up from his chair. "Now, let me tell you my story," he walked around the desk and stood in the middle of the classroom.

Rasmus began to tell his tale after he was banished, exiled, and abandoned when he was still a child. He explained how he ended up in Hurgel Village by getting into a random wagon one day after he was hunted and harmed by everyone. He vividly explained how the villagers kicked him away and closed the gate in front of him and how he ended up in the abandoned cabin deep in the forest.

His students listened to his story without blinking their eyes, imagining it was them in the story. They imagined themselves starving for weeks before they could hunt rats or insects to fill their stomachs. It was horrible to imagine and the fact Rasmus endured that for more than a decade was unimaginable.

"One day, I thought to myself that I can't live like that anymore," Rasmus said as he sat on top of his desk. "That I need to change after I learned from my experience that not everyone is heartless. That's when I began to see how to read a person's personality and how nature works," he continued as he stared at the spot on the wooden floor.

"I survived and learned many things at least in the last decade. I understand people, learn from them, and use it to survive. I bare my fangs and claws as my only choice to live," Rasmus said and looked at his students's expressions. They all were touched by his resilience and understood his suffering, which he had been trying to do.

"After things went smoothly, Chancellor sent someone to look for me and found me in the village a few months ago. She found out what I did and what I contributed to the village. She was interested in how I

taught the villagers Mana and magic, and not long after that I got a letter, a recommendation letter from the Chancellor herself," Rasmus showed a faint smile. "And now here I am, teaching you brats how to see the world at its worst and how to survive that," he scoffed as he crossed his arms.

All the students chuckled at his words and the atmosphere immediately became lighter.

"Look at the time. I was supposed to check all of your assignments," Rasmus looked at his wristwatch.

"Instructor, what's that on your wrist and why do you always look at it?" Valari stared at the wristwatch.

"It's a clock," Rasmus pulled up his sleeve and showed the wristwatch made of iron, but he polished it to be shiny. "It's a small clock and I call it a wristwatch. I use Mana to run this thing," he explained.

Everyone was intrigued by his wristwatch and wanted to see it up close. But Rasmus took the papers and left the classroom before they could ask him more about it.