

# THE KIND OF EVIL

## Chapter 1 Prologue.

Breaking news: the North Atlantic Treaty Organization has surrendered to the Sivean Party," the news anchor announced, her hands trembling on the desk. "The world has fallen to the tyranny of Sivean. Only God can protect us now..." Tears streamed down her face.

She glanced at someone off-camera, her eyes wide with fear. Suddenly, a gunshot rang out, and a bullet hole appeared in her forehead. The broadcast was cut to static.

An old man turned off the TV, his reflection visible on the dark screen. Gray hair and deep wrinkles marked his face. With a sigh, he stood from his luxurious crocodile leather sofa, its gold buttons gleaming. Leaning on a cane made of black diamond and white gold, he left the room.

Servants in his opulent mansion bowed as he passed, their eyes avoiding his. Fear, not respect, drove their actions.

He gazed at the luxury cars outside and the soldiers guarding the entrance. In a nearby window, his reflection reminded him of his age and the emptiness that wealth and power now brought him.

"Sir, the important guests are waiting in the meeting hall," an old butler informed him, bowing.

The old man nodded and walked down a hallway lined with expensive paintings as he breathed heavily because of his age. At the meeting room door, soldiers with "Sivean" armbands stood aside, fearful under his gaze. The butler opened the door.

Inside, people in suits and military uniforms stood to greet him. They applauded, including the tyrannical leader who had just conquered the world.

"Your Excellency," the old man's voice was weak and quiet, smiling at the leader across the oval table. "As promised, you now control the world."

The old man sat, and the others followed suit. Silence fell over the room, all eyes on the powerful figures at the table. The world had changed, and they were at its helm.

"If it wasn't for your help and insight, I wouldn't be here, nor would anyone else in this room. So, let's toast to our fallen comrades who died and sacrificed themselves. Salute!" Sivean, the tyrannical leader, raised his glass of champagne as his deep and rough voice echoed throughout the room.

Everyone, including the old man, raised their glasses and drank. The champagne was smooth, a testament to its expense, but soon their throats felt strange. They began to cough and fell to the ground, clutching their necks, realizing they had been poisoned.

Sivean spat out the champagne he had held in his mouth and wiped his lips with a handkerchief, smirking as he watched everyone die in agony. But then he noticed the old man was unaffected.

"How did you know?" Sivean asked, narrowing his eyes.

"Did you think I would fall for such a cheap trick?" The old man cleared his throat, calmly setting down his glass and showing that he hadn't drunk the champagne.

Sivean whistled, signaling the soldiers surrounding the mansion. Two guards entered, pointing their guns at the old man.

"I'm just an old man, yet you treat me as a threat?" The old man remarked, his eyes fixed on Sivean. He hoped for a more clever scheme but saw only disappointment.

"An old lion is still a lion," Sivean said, walking slowly towards the old man.

The old man chuckled but then coughed, his age and frailty evident. Pain etched his face as he caught his breath.

"I realize how foolish you are," the old man said, leaning back in his chair, staring at Sivean with his weary eyes. "I expected more from you," he sighed, settling in.

Sivean's vision blurred. He felt dizzy, and blood trickled from his nose—a sign of poisoning.

"When did you—" Sivean began, but he saw the old butler enter, swiftly killing the guards. The butler wore a mask and offered the old man medicine.

"You poisoned the air through the vents... smart..." Sivean acknowledged, collapsing as he realized the old man had outsmarted him. His body was paralyzed and couldn't move a single muscle.

"As you said, an old lion is still a lion. You entered my den, thinking you could do as you pleased without consequences?" The old man said, watching the dying tyrant. "You were on top of the world. Now, I'll take that from you."

Sivean tried to withstand the pain, but it worsened. He could no longer speak, his eyes glaring at the old man. He died with that glare, filled with anger. The old man showed nothing but a stoic and cold expression at the dead body of the tyrant.

"The antidote, Sir..." The butler was confused as to why the old man didn't take the antidote in the butler's hand.

The old man looked at the antidote in the butler's hand. He averted his gaze, showing that he was uninterested in taking the pill. The butler was saddened, his hands trembling because he knew the old man was planning to die with everyone.

"I have lived my life to the fullest that everything seems so bland and unexciting. I think this moment will be the best ending for my story," The old man smiled weakly. "When the world found out, what do you think they would call me? A hero that killed the tyrant? Or a villain who was the brain behind the world domination?" He glanced at the butler, and his voice grew weaker.

The butler clenched his fist and put it on his chest as he lowered his head.

"The world would lose such an amazing man, and I'm honored to serve you until the day I die, Sir," the butler answered as he stood beside the old man and removed the gas mask that he wore, planning to join the fate of his master. "Thank you for everything, Sir," he lowered his head to show his final respect to the old man.

The old man smiled weakly at the butler and didn't expect the butler to stay loyal to him. He realized the only person who was close to him and meant something to him was the butler who had served him for decades.

When the old man felt weak by the poison and heard his butler collapse, he closed his eyes. It didn't take a while until he realized that he wasn't affected by the poison anymore.

The remaining soldiers who heard the tyrant's whistle came to the meeting room. They saw the dead bodies of their leader, and the culprit behind his death was the old man who looked confused that he hadn't died.

They pointed their guns at the old man, and they didn't hesitate to pull the trigger. The loud gunshots were deafening, but the old man was unbothered by it. He had accepted his fate since there was nothing else he wanted to do in this world.

When the bullets were about to make holes in the old man's body, the bullets stopped.

"No, no, no..." A man landed on top of the desk, his voice gentle and soothing like a breeze of wind, shocked as to where he came from. "He's mine," the man looked young and handsome, wearing a black suit and a black shirt underneath.

The old man slowly opened his eyes. He was shocked and couldn't believe that the bullets around him were floating still. He looked at the young man with a terrified look written on his face.

"Let's get rid of these pests first," the young man raised his index and middle fingers.

All the soldiers collapsed. They lost their lives with a simple raise of the young man's fingers. At that moment, the old man knew with whom he was dealing.

"So I came all the way down here to meet someone like you," the young man squinted as he stared at the old man. "Kyros Revenor, the man who grew up in an orphanage. He killed a man for the first time when he was seven years old..." the young man read the scroll that appeared from thin air.

The young man read the biography of the old man named Kyros Revenor. An orphan who became a mercenary, killing and assassinating powerful people who could change the world to a better place. A man who began to climb his status through corrupt people who thought nothing but of themselves.

At that moment, Kyros' heart was racing, a sensation that he had forgotten. He was terrified and excited at the same time because he had met with a being that was beyond logic and human understanding.

"No wonder the angel of death is eager to take your soul. It would be bad if that loner came first before me," The young man threw the scroll and it disappeared into thin air. "A man who ruined God's plan," he grinned widely with his sharp and cold gaze toward Kyros.

"Who are you?" Kyros asked as he gulped and his body trembled.

"I'm what you people called The Devil," The handsome man suddenly appeared behind Kyros, gripping his shoulders. "This is just the beginning of your new story. So, let's have some fun, shall we?" He grinned as his eyes turned glowing red and flames were blazing in his pupils.