

# THE KIND OF EVIL

## Chapter 11 Pain.

As soon as the man stepped foot into the cabin, Rasmus gathered the Mana onto the door that he was holding. He created a wind magic, a powerful one that slammed the door shut, hitting the man's face until the thick hard wooden door broke. The man collapsed and fainted before he could react.

The moment the other saw their leader get attacked, they all revealed their weapons that were hiding underneath their coats. Rasmus ran toward the 2 guys that were in front of the door as he swung his wooden sword horizontally right on their necks. He broke their windpipes and made them suffocate before they could even unsheath their weapons.

The 4th guy swung his sword toward Rasmus's head, but Rasmus managed to block it. Rasmus used his left foot and kicked the guy's foot, making him lose balance, but when he was about to break the guy's head with a vertical attack, an arrow was shot toward him and hit him right on his right shoulder.

Rasmus was taken aback by what had just happened for a split second, but then he created balls of fire floating on his hands. He threw them at the people that were about to attack him. The balls of fire exploded and burned them all alive.

He was protected by Mana's shield so he didn't get hurt from the explosions. He then looked in the direction where the arrow was shot as he created two disk-like winds on his palms. He threw them in the direction repeatedly where the arrow was shot and the disks of wind cut down the trees like they were nothing.

The archer fell from the tree he was hiding in and when he was about to stand up, he saw the wall of fire from where his accomplices got burned alive. He saw a silhouette of a man walking and that was when he saw Rasmus walking through the wall of fire, unscathed.

The archer panicked and he lost his bow when he fell from the tree. He didn't have a choice but to unsheath his dagger. Before he could take a step forward, he heard a high-pitched whistling sound coming toward him. When he looked up, his body stopped responding to him. He was confused until his vision faded away as his head fell off his body.

Rasmus looked down at his right shoulder where the arrow had stuck in his shoulder. He carefully pulled the arrow as he groaned in pain, clenching his teeth and closing his eyes. When he managed to pull the arrow, he threw the arrow away and used a small flame on his index finger to close the wound.

"Magic is fascinating..." he groaned as he kept burning the wound. "But it can't completely stop anything solid yet..." he said under his breath as he covered the wound with his hand.

Rasmus looked at the mess and then looked at the leader who was unconscious at the door. He walked back to his cabin, ignoring the 2 guys that were suffocating because he broke their windpipe.

He dragged the man's body inside and tied him to the chair. He waited for the man to wake up as he cleaned the wound on his shoulder and treated it with herbs. He grabbed a knife from the kitchen and dragged a chair from the dining table toward the man.

He pinched and closed the man's nostrils, forcing the man to wake up because of the lack of oxygen. When the man opened his eyes, he gasped for air and panicked since it was a natural reaction.

The man tried to move his body, but his body was tied to a chair, making it impossible for him to move his body except his head and hands. He then looked at Rasmus with a confused look and fear at the same time.

"Wha-what happened?" The man panicked and then groaned in pain because his head was bleeding.

"We haven't finished our introduction yet. I believe you owe me your name," Rasmus said calmly as he sat in front of the man, crossing his legs and placing the knife on his thigh.

"Russell! My name is Russell!" The man answered immediately, his eyes filled with fear and desperation.

"I believe you're the people who are looking for me? Something about an organization? A bunch of criminals?" Rasmus stared at Russell dead in the eye as he tapped on the knife's blade with his nail, making a clanking sound.

Russell was surprised that Rasmus knew about them. Although he got exposed, he didn't want to answer.

"Good, that's what I want to hear. Nothing," Rasmus slowly stood up and grabbed the knife.

"W-wait! What are you doing?!" Russell's voice was shaky and breathy. His pupils shrunk and trembled, staring at the knife in Rasmus's hand.

Rasmus didn't say a word, his face was stoic and cold as he stared at his own reflection from the sharp blade in his hand. He slowly glanced at Russell's eyes and at that moment Russell knew those eyes were the eyes of cold-blooded murderers.

"Please... PLEASE!" Russell shouted and begged. "I'll tell you everything!" He exclaimed as he struggled to free himself.

"I know you will, but in my way," Rasmus's voice was quiet and flat.

Russell shook his head repeatedly as he screamed and tried to loosen up the rope, but it was impossible.

"What I'm going to do to you. If I do it correctly, you'll feel an unimaginable pain that you might pass out the moment I do it. But if I do it incorrectly..." Rasmus paused as he stood in front of Russel. "Well, it'll be worse than that. So, let's talk so I can't focus on what I'm going to do to you," he slowly formed a cold smile as he stared down at Russell.

Russell's screams and gargles were loud and almost deafening, but he was in the middle of the forest, far from the village. Nobody would hear him, and nobody would help him. In his final moment, his eyes and mouth were wide open. He died from a heart attack because of the immense pain that he couldn't endure.

Rasmus dragged all the dead bodies into the woods and buried them deeply. His arms and clothes were covered in blood as he looked at the flattened ground in front of him after he had buried them all.

When he was about to leave, he felt a presence or someone was watching him. It was his instinct, something that he had possessed in his previous life. As a mercenary for almost half a century, he could tell when someone was watching him or not.

"(They left...)" Rasmus thought as he stared at the distance.

He wondered who they were, and why they only watched.

"Were they his allies? That's unlikely. They would have come and helped him since their secrets were in danger," Rasmus said as he covered his arms with water magic. "So many eyes have been pointed at me..." he sighed as he turned around and went back to his cabin.

Rasmus cleaned the mess in his cabin, but no matter how hard he tried, the smell was too strong to get rid of. He gave up cleaning it and decided to do it tomorrow morning, so he decided to get some sleep.

Before Rasmus hit the bed, he grabbed his notebook and read the information that he had gotten from Russell.

"The Wraiths. Is that what you called yourself?" Rasmus muttered to himself as he read the organization name that was created after the rebellion that his

father did. "Just a bunch of thugs with connections..." he sighed, throwing the book on the bedside table.