

# THE KIND OF EVIL

## Chapter 12 Powerless.

"There are no words from Russell and his men?" A mysterious man with a rough voice asked.

"No, the last thing we heard was that he went to Hurgel Village," A butler-like man shook his head, staring at the man who sat on the expensive leather sofa, facing the window.

"Does that mean Rasmus Blackheart is there?" The mysterious man glanced at the butler.

"We're not sure. It has been two weeks since then, and if he hasn't come back that means something has happened to him and his men. We can assume that he's dead," the butler answered as he looked out the window. "It would be troublesome if anyone found out about us," he pointed out.

The mysterious man sat there with his legs crossed and arms rested on the armrest. He gave it a thought for a moment and knew it was indeed dangerous for people who knew their organization.

"What do you want us to do? I can send someone to check the village," The butler glanced at the mysterious man.

The mysterious man sighed as he slowly stood up from the sofa and adjusted his attire. He didn't turn around to look at the butler and just stood in front of the window.

"We have no idea who lives there. Russell isn't an easy target, but if he really died, that means someone strong lives there. Let's not take risks because we'll expose the people above us and they will kill us all," the mysterious man said calmly.

The butler nodded with understanding.

"Now, there's a more immediate problem that we need to take care of," the mysterious man said, turning around to look at the butler. There's a scholar who has been trying to find information about our past in the capital city. Find

him, and we need to kill that old man," he said, staring at the butler with a cold gaze.

The butler bowed his head and then left the room.

Rasmus was in his home, reading the information that he had got from Russell. He found out that the Wraiths wanted him dead, rather than making him an ally. There was something off about it when a crime organization wanted the son of the man who raised his banner and went against the royal family to be killed.

Unfortunately, he didn't get much information from Russell since he was only a footman, a man who received an order to kill. The Wraiths organization itself seemed to be just the lowest one that dealt with "waste management".

"What did you do, father? What did you know..." Rasmus tapped his finger on the table, staring down at the notebook.

He was trying to remember old Rasmus's memories, but he found nothing. His father, Erglade, was a nobleman and a most respected figure in the Revenus

Kingdom. Rasmus wasn't close to his parents, especially his mother, whom he had only met once in his whole life.

"Looks like someone was having fun without me..." Videl whispered right into Rasmus's left ear from behind.

Rasmus got a chill down his spine when Videl whispered, but he tried his best not to show any reaction. He slowly glanced at Videl, watching him walk around the table, and sat across from him.

"You're back," Rasmus stared into Videl's eyes. "What did you find?"

"You don't miss me?" Videl smiled as he stared back at Rasmus. "Well, I don't find much information about them, and you seem to already know who they are," he pointed out after he read Rasmus's thoughts.

Rasmus furrowed his brows when he heard that Videl couldn't gather much information. He was confused because Videl was the Devil, a being who could read thoughts and made men and women to his knees for pleasure.

"What do you mean you don't get much information? You can read minds and make them talk," Rasmus asked, crossing his legs.

"Right. I forgot to tell you that I'm not allowed to use my power on anyone as long as it's not used to help you in any way. If I do, we lose the bet with God," Videl sighed as he leaned back against the backrest. "My power is extremely limited when it comes to helping you. You can say I'm basically your butler, but a bit special."

"That's why you haven't done anything helpful..." Rasmus sighed as he massaged his nose bridge. "Let's change the topic. What did you find?"

Videl explained to Rasmus what he found during his visit to the capital city. The Wraiths organization was in fact a new organization that was made after Erglade's rebellion. Their purpose was to eradicate the remnants of the nobles that were against the royal family politically.

The Wraiths had managed to get rid of 6 noble families and there were rumors that the Wraiths worked under the royal family or were paid by the royal family. Nobody dared to dig any information about them because there had been cases of displayed dead bodies of people who tried to uncover the truth.

"You're no kidding when you said you didn't get much information. What you know, I already know it from Russell as well," Rasmus muttered as he rested his head on his fist.

"I have been wondering this past few weeks. Why did you help those children? Are you trying to be a good guy here? I know you're trying to get their recognition, but isn't this unrelated?" Videl stared coldly at Rasmus.

"Because I just want to. Can't I do whatever I want?" Rasmus asked back, unbothered by Videl's cold gaze. "What about you? Aren't you enjoying your time as well? Sleeping with someone's wife or husband?" He raised his brows. "Just enjoying your vacation. I know what I'm doing."

Videl raised his hands because he had been doing nothing but indulging himself in pleasure.

"You know I can't protect you in any way. You need to lay low because those villagers might spread about your kindness. You're not naive, so you know what I mean," Videl said with a serious expression.

"I know... kindness isn't just attracting good things, it also attracts bad things..." Rasmus stood up from his chair and put his notebook in his pocket.

Rasmus walked to the window and looked at the forest that surrounded his cabin. He was deep in thought about the Wraiths and his parents.

"(I need to train my body and my Mana control.)" Rasmus thought as he looked at his hands. "(I'm not strong enough to explore this new world.)" He sighed deeply as he crossed his arms.

"You said you can't use most of your power when it comes to helping me. What about your eyes?" Rasmus turned his head to look at Videl and pointed his finger at his eye.

"My eyes? What about it?" Videl arched his brows.

"I feel like someone has been observing me the past two weeks. I don't know who they are, but my guts are telling me that someone is watching me from

the woods," Rasmus explained as he stared at the woods through the window. "Like using your perception power?" He glanced at Videl.

Videl raised his brows, intrigued by Rasmus's words. He slowly closed his eyes and used his power to detect anyone in the forest. Once he opened his eyes, he hummed and got up from his chair.

"There's someone indeed. He's watching you right now and he knows you're standing behind the window," Videl said as he nodded.

"What kind of attire he's wearing? A black coat?" Rasmus asked as he scanned every tree that he could see.

"A dark green robe. Quite old, with gray hair, maybe in his 40s. I believe he's a mage because he doesn't have any weapon on him," Videl described the man as he rested his cheek on his fist. "You said he's been watching you for weeks? There must be a reason why," he said as he stared blankly at the spot on the wooden wall.

"A mage. I wonder if he's the one who informed those guys where I lived..." Rasmus muttered to himself. "I might be strong enough to fight some bandits.

That mage must be an expert, so fighting with him with magic, I would undoubtedly lose to him," he said as he walked back to the table.

"So you're going to let him watch? You're quite an exhibitionist, aren't you?"  
Videl grinned and chuckled softly.

"Just keep me updated about him. I want to know if he's indeed the one who exposed my whereabouts to the Wraiths," Rasmus said as he sat down. "If nobody comes here, then he's here for a different reason..." He added as he tapped the table with his fingers.

Videl only responded with a nod.