

THE KIND OF EVIL

Chapter 13 News.

Rasmus climbed the tallest tree in the forest, his muscles straining as he reached the top. Catching his breath, he looked down at the vast expanse below. The ground was at least 80 meters away. Taking a deep breath, he leaped off the branch. Before hitting the ground, he used wind magic to push himself up, landing softly.

"(Almost half a year since I came to this world. The furthest I've gone is that village, and yet this world is three times bigger than Earth)," Rasmus mused, staring at the leaves that blocked the sunlight. "(I wonder what kind of mysteries I'll find out there. The world is too big for me to turn it upside-down. My lifespan is the only thing that's holding me down.)"

"Done with your training today?" Videl asked, leaning his left shoulder against the tree and tossing a towel at Rasmus.

Rasmus caught the towel and wiped the sweat off his muscular and toned body, the result of nearly a year of rigorous training. Surviving in the forest had made him healthier and stronger. Under Videl's tutelage, he had become a skilled swordsman, but he knew he was nowhere near as strong as those sword masters.

He suffered almost every day from Videl's cruelty. Countless times he almost met his ends during training. Those experiences couldn't be erased and made him more sensitive to the dangers in his surroundings.

"It's time to sell the dried woods and herbs. Prepare the cart for me," Rasmus said, drying his hair before throwing the towel at Videl's face.

"Getting cocky now, are you?" Videl scoffed, incinerating the towel into ashes with a glance.

"Said the Devil who hurt me by explaining to God that it was all just for training. You're my butler, so act like one," Rasmus retorted, walking past him with a chuckle. "You made me your punching bag, so it's time for me to repay your kindness."

"Fair enough," Videl replied, heading to the backyard to grab the cart Rasmus had made for carrying more wood and herbs.

Rasmus took a bath and thought about the mage that had been observing him for the past month. The mage had been observing him in the forest and in the village whenever he taught the villagers how to utilize Mana. He thought the mage was a part of the Wraiths, but it appeared he wasn't since there were no strangers or criminals who came to his house for trouble.

"(So you're not one of them...)" Rasmus sighed, feeling relaxed in the wooden bathtub. "Who are you, and what do you want? " he muttered, closing his eyes.

Once he was done taking a bath, he went to the living room and looked at the bookshelves. It had been a while since he had visited the bookstore because Henry hadn't come back from the capital city.

"I'm going to visit the bookstore..." Rasmus looked at the shelf that he had made that had been filled with books. "I'm going to the village, are you coming?" he looked at Videl as he put on his clothes.

"No. I'm too lazy. I just want to sleep right now," Videl yawned as he lay down on the sofa. "Don't forget to bring me a loaf of bread," he watched Rasmus walk around the house.

"The usual, right?" Rasmus raised his eyebrows and looked at Videl as he prepared to leave.

Videl gave a thumbs-up with a smile on his face.

Rasmus walked into the village and stared at the small dot in the sky which he didn't notice when he first went into the village. It was thanks to his understanding of Mana that he could create a magnifying glass from water that he put on his eyes. He could see things clearly from kilometers away.

The floating island was Gratlan which translates to the Land of the Great. Since he read the book about the Great Era of Neva, he was interested in that place. Based on his memories, his father mentioned a Great Sage who lived there and she was the pioneer of humankind.

"A small island where it overrules the whole world," Rasmus muttered as he stared at the tiny dot in the sky and walked into the village.

The villagers greeted Rasmus with smiles on their faces. Some of the young women were blushing because of how fit his body was and how handsome his face had become. He became well-known and everyone loved him because he helped everyone without asking anything back in return.

"Is there Anything good from the neighboring nations?" Rasmus asked when he saw Eduard preparing to leave with his carriage, restocking goods to sell.

"Same old, same old. But I heard there's a conflict between The Suvian Kingdom and the Erlon Empire because they found a new mining cave that was discovered in the border," Eduard shrugged as he counted the silver coins in his left hand. "Oh, now that I think about it. Do you know about the Great Era?" he glanced at Rasmus.

"Of course. What about it?" Rasmus asked and leaned his back against the carriage, furrowing his brows and looking at Eduard.

"There are words that have been going around Neva lately. They say the Second Great Era has come," Eduard answered as he put his coins in the pouch.

Rasmus raised his brows, surprised by what he had heard. He immediately pushed himself forward and stood in front of Eduard with a serious expression.

"What do you mean?" Rasmus asked in a serious tone.

"I don't know much, but I heard that the Suncrown Empire's Crown Prince is going to attend the Gratlan Academy. Not only him, but the daughter of the Angelis family is also going to attend the Gratlan Academy. Both are the same age," Eduard answered as he stared at Rasmus. "That's all I know. If that's really happening, the world will tremble and I'm going to take this opportunity to gain a favor from one of those figures!" he grinned widely. "Anyway, I have to leave now. I have to give the supplies to other clients," he patted Rasmus's right shoulder and went inside the carriage.

Rasmus watched Eduard's carriage leave the village as he tried to process what he had heard.

"The Suncrown family again..." Rasmus muttered as he crossed his arms.

"The Angelis family as well, the family of Saints..." he sighed as he looked up

at the tiny dot in the sky. Slowly, he formed a smirk on his face, finding this news to be the most exciting news he had heard in a while.

In the book, the Suncrown family was the one who basically won the war while the other figures lost their place in Neva. The Suncrown changed its status from a kingdom to an empire because of it. The Suncrown family became one of the powerhouses in Neva, both respected and feared.

He wanted to tell Henry about what he heard from Eduard, so he went to the bookstore as he had planned earlier. When he turned to the corner to where the bookstore was, he was confused by the crowd that stood in front of the bookstore. He saw some of the people murmuring and saw some wiping their eyes.

"What's going on?" Rasmus asked one of the villagers.

"Henry died. We just got the news a minute ago. His body was hung on display at the town square in the capital city," the villager answered as he looked at Rasmus. "I heard they tortured him..." he added.

Rasmus didn't show any reaction to the news and he didn't feel a thing when he found out that Henry was dead. Death didn't bother him anymore no matter who they were, and he had been detached long before he entered this new world.

He walked away from the crowd and realized the reason behind Henry's death had something to do with the Wraiths. At that moment he knew that there was a connection between the old kingdoms that fell during the Great Era and those criminal organizations.

"It seems they're trying to hide something..." Rasmus paused to look at the crowd. "Something that might put them in danger," he continued as he crossed his arms.