

THE KIND OF EVIL

Chapter 16 Land of the Great.

Rasmus sat beside Eduard after they took a short break in a small town, the last stop before their destination, the capital city of the Refenus Kingdom. The journey took 12 hours from Hurgel Village to the capital city, and it was a bit tiring to sit that long, especially in a wagon.

"Are you good?" Rasmus glanced at Eduard who became awkward and quiet the whole journey after what he had witnessed. "You're one of the few who helped me during my struggle. I'm not going to harm you in any way," he said in a calm and soft voice.

"Thanks," Eduard answered as he nodded nervously.

It went quiet again and Videl was snickering quietly at both of them because of how awkward it was.

"We are going to the capital city..." Eduard paused to glance at Rasmus. "Are you okay? I assume you have bad memories about that place," he pointed out.

Rasmus had been thinking about that because the original Rasmus was traumatized, furious, scared, and anxious since he got in a trial where people called him the Son of Evil. Although he was fine, his heart couldn't stop pounding and he felt anxious because he had become one with Rasmus. It bothered him, but he could handle it since he wasn't planning to take a stroll in the city.

"No, I'm not fine," Rasmus answered.

Eduard nodded and understood how bad it must have been for Rasmus since his whole family got executed in public. He knew how traumatized it would be for Rasmus and how angry he might be.

"Did you know that your land is now owned by a new family? The Fischer family. I heard rumors they're sheltering criminals and selling slaves..." Eduard said as he kept his eyes on the road with beautiful green fields around it. "The Refenus Kingdom has become a mess since the rebellion that your father did. This place is now a safe haven for criminals."

"I'm not sure if it was because of my father or if this country has been like that before," Rasmus muttered as he looked at the green field on his left with cows and lambs on it. "They were hiding something and I believed my father knew about it and wanted to eradicate the problem from its root," he added.

"The royal family, huh?" Eduard raised his brows, staring at Rasmus.

"You should leave this country while you can, Eduard. I don't see a future for you here," Rasmus said and looked at Eduard.

Eduard laughed as he shook his head, "I'm just a merchant who sells fruits and vegetables. Sometimes, used goods. I would leave if I could, but I don't have the money to do so. I can't even live in a small town because it's too expensive."

Rasmus nodded with understanding and ended the discussion there.

"Up ahead..." Eduard nodded up in the distance.

Rasmus coated his eyes with a thin layer of water to act like binoculars. He could see the city walls, towers, and the big palace. Memories flash right before Rasmus's eyes when he watched his parents, uncles, aunties, cousins, and nephews get beheaded in public. The smell of rotten tomatoes and blood was right under his nose.

"I need your help," Rasmus looked at Videl from over his shoulder.

Videl glanced at Rasmus and knew what Rasmus wanted. He snapped his fingers and it changed Rasmus's hair color to black in an instant. Eduard who saw it was utterly shocked because it was impossible for someone to change appearance, not even a great mage could do something like that.

"You didn't see anything," Rasmus glanced at Eduard.

"My lips are sealed," Eduard nodded and immediately looked straight at the road.

They entered the capital city after getting checked by the city guard. Rasmus's head was throbbing and he looked pale. He had forgotten how it felt to be so anxious that it made him sick. The old Rasmus was extremely traumatized and it affected his behavior completely.

"The airfield is at the far north of the city, I'll drop you near there because I can't enter the airfield," Eduard could see the cold sweat on Rasmus's forehead.

"Yeah," Rasmus muttered as he nodded and massaged his nosebridge.

They arrived at the airfield, and Rasmus felt a lot better after he tried to calm down.

"I owe you, Eduard. Take care," Rasmus looked at Eduard before he walked toward the gate.

"You too, Count," Eduard smirked.

They arrived at the airfield, and instead of planes like on Earth, they were blimps parked on the vast airfield. He looked at each blimp that was on the airfield where there were symbols on the balloons that represented which company, family, or nation they belonged to.

The blimps weren't using gas, they used Mana stones to act like the machine that ran the blimps.

"That should be the one," Videl pointed at the blimp with an emblem of a gold crown with gold feather wings around it.

"Fancy," Rasmus approached the blimp as he grabbed the letter in his suit's pocket.

Rasmus knocked on the door and it woke the pilot up. The pilot was startled when he saw Rasmus, but the moment he saw the letter in Rasmus's right hand, he immediately opened the door for him.

"Fancy indeed..." Videl went ahead and checked the food.

"How long is the flight?" Rasmus asked the pilot who was operating the blimp.

"Around three to four days, Count Blackheart," the pilot answered as he kept operating the blimp.

Rasmus wondered how far Gratlan was, but knowing it took days, it should be far away. He could only see the floating island as a dot from the village, but he never thought it would take days.

"Don't eat everything up. We are going to be here for at least three days," Rasmus said as he walked past Videl who had already indulged himself with the food.

"What? Three days and only this much food?" Videl asked in disbelief as he watched Rasmus go to bed to rest. "Even in hell we have infinite food..." he held back on eating the remaining food on the table.

Three days had passed, and they could see Gratlan through the window. Rasmus didn't expect the floating island to be that big. If he could compare it, it was as big as Hawaii. He could see the palace that was as tall as a skyscraper in the center of the island, surrounded by green mountains.

The Gratlan Academy building was on the north side of the island which was hidden behind the Gratlan Palace. The east side had a big and most advanced city called Gratland City in Neva which was open to the public. The West side was only for royalties and it was called Sky Heaven. The Southside had a city and a big tower, and that side was only for scholars and mages which was called the City of Knowledge and Magic Tower.

He read about the City of Knowledge and the Magic Tower because he was interested in them. He remembered that scholars were respected figures in Neva because they had to achieve something that nobody could achieve. It was similar to getting a nobel prize on Earth.

The Magic Tower, on the other hand, was a place where talented and genius mages around Neva gathered. There were classes based on their achievements and skills as a mage. The lowest was a Mage, then became an Arch-Mage, Wizard, High-Wizard, Sage, and finally Great Sage.

"(There were only a handful of Sages in the history of Neva, and only three people had reached Great Sage. I wonder what kind of people they are...)" Rasmus thought as he began to wander.

They landed on an airfield specifically used for the academy only, and that was when Rasmus saw three massive buildings that looked identical to each other. The left one had a flag with a sword and wings emblem on it. The right building had a staff and wings emblem on it. The middle building had a book and wings emblem on it.

There were two people waiting for Rasmus at the airfield, an old man with long gray hair and beard and a woman with short bright brown hair in her mid-thirties. They both wore the same white robes with gold engravings.

"Welcome to Gratlan Academy, Count Rasmus," the woman said.

Rasmus offered his hand for a handshake with both of them, but they both looked down at his hand while hiding their disgust. They didn't want to shake his hand, so he retracted his hand and put it back in his trousers' pocket.

"Let us introduce ourselves. We are the vice-chancellors of the Gratlan Academy. My name is Julian Escorville, I handle disciplinary matters. His name is Arnoldi Frenfort, he handles academic matters," Julian explained as she looked at Rasmus's attire which looked quite fancy and high-quality.

"Chancellor Lenin is waiting for you, so please follow us," Arnoldi said and walked to the academy.

Rasmus and Videl smirked as they glanced at each other.

"Let me fuck her brains out," Videl whispered as he chuckled.

"And not Arnoldi?" Rasmus raised his eyebrows.

"With this?" Videl pointed his index fingers at his crotch. "I can try, but I don't think he will like it though," he chuckled.

Rasmus scoffed as he smirked and shook his head because of how immoral Videl could be. Sometimes he forgot that the man next to him was the one who tortured countless souls and ruled hell.