

# THE KIND OF EVIL

## Chapter 3 Dangerous Camaraderie.

Kyros' head was spinning roughly so that he threw up before he could even open his eyes. When he opened his eyes, he saw the vomit on the dusty and dirty floor in front of him. He slowly lifted his head and found out that he was in a dark, moldy, and cold room where everything was covered in dust.

"Where am I?" Kyros asked, but his voice sounded so young. He looked around and noticed he was inside a cabin because the walls, ceiling, and floor were made of planks of wood.

"Wait..." Kyros noticed the change in his voice. He looked around to find something that could show reflection. He realized that his health and body were worse than his old body. He could see how thin his arms were and he could see the shapes of his bones.

Kyros looked at the dusty window as he wiped it with his dirty and stinky sleeves. He looked at his white messy short hair and blue eyes which he

didn't recognize at all. He thought he was dreaming until he felt a stomach ache because of extreme hunger.

"Who are you..." Kyros muttered in pain as he stared at his reflection with narrowed eyes.

He had so many questions in his head, but nothing made sense. The only thing he could think of was that he had been transferred into a new world in a new body. He remembered what The Devil had said back then.

"Young master?! Are you alright?! I heard you vomit," A butler barged into the room with a panicked expression.

Kyros tilted his head as he looked at the butler over his shoulder. He had many things going on in his head, and he began to feel feverish from thinking and moving.

"Who are you?" Kyros furrowed his brows.

The butler tilted his head with a confused and worried look.

"I'm your butler, Young Master..." The butler's voice was quiet and soft with a confused look.

Kyros decided to sit on the edge bed because his body couldn't handle it anymore. He knew that his health had worsened so he tried to not exhaust himself.

The butler looked at the vomit and thought for a moment if he wanted to even clean the vomit. At the same time, Kyros noticed how clean the butler's uniform was and how healthy his body was compared to him. Something wasn't right until he looked at the butler's slick hair.

"You can stop pretending, Devil," Kyros said as he lay down on the bed and hugged his stomach.

The butler's confused face suddenly changed into a terrifying grin that his mouth was wide open from ear to ear. He knew that he couldn't fool Kyros.

"You're sharp and I hate that," The Devil said as he leaned against the wall.  
"Let me help you," he snapped his fingers.

Kyros' body became lighter and he was no longer in pain. Although he felt a lot better, his body was still weak.

"Where are we? Who am I? And what is this place?" Kyros asked as he leaned against the dirty wall behind the bed.

"Your new world. It's called Neva where it's three times bigger than Earth," The Devil answered as he looked at how dirty the room was. "You're a fallen noble that tried to scheme against the Refenus Kingdom. For what your parents did, the world agreed to kill all your family and let one live to keep the bloodline," he explained.

"And my name is?" The old man raised his eyebrows.

"Rasmus, of the Blackheart from the Refenus Kingdom," The Devil answered with his arms crossed. "That's all I know from looking into your soul."

"They spared one life to keep the family name existing, that means the Blackheart is an important family in this world," Rasmus muttered to himself and narrowed his eyes. "Wait, what did you just say?" He glanced at the devil with his brows furrowed.

"I'm as clueless as you are. I know nothing about this new world," The Devil crossed his arms as he stared at Rasmus. "You will regain your memories, so you'll get all the answers you're looking for because you're no longer Kyros, you're Rasmus."

Kyros closed his eyes and tried to read the memories of Rasmus, the body that he had taken over. He could see fragments of memories, split images of them which were hard to tell about Rasmus' past. But, he found a lot of information about the world he was in from those fragments and images.

He was brought into a unique world that was similar to the Georgian Era where the nobles and hierarchy were still strong and controlled the world. What made it unique was that magic and divine power existed and everyone depended on them in their daily lives.

"You said that God wants me to turn this world upside down..." Rasmus muttered as he looked outside the window and noticed he lived in the middle of the forest where the trees were gigantic.

"That's the premise," The Devil nodded. "But we both know it won't be that easy..." he added.

"Of course, there's always a twist..." Rasmus decided to go outside to see the world he was in.

Rasmus couldn't exhaust himself if he didn't want to collapse, but he had no choice because he needed something to eat and drink. The Devil was following him, and it made him feel uneasy because the Devil's gaze gave him chills and made him shiver.

He was too afraid to have thoughts because the Devil could read his mind. He didn't want to be on The Devil's bad side, not until he knew more about him and his purpose.

"You said you know nothing about this world, is that right?" Rasmus asked as he looked at the mushroom that grew on the roots of the trees. He didn't know if it was edible or not, but he knew once he cooked it and tasted it a bit.

"I just came to this world after you, so I know nothing yet," the Devil answered as he watched Rasmus collect different types of mushrooms.

"You're useless for someone who's going to help me," Rasmus looked at The Devil from over his shoulder with suspicion.

The Devil grinned widely as he looked down, hiding his face.

Rasmus thought about it thoroughly as he gathered the mushrooms. He knew it wasn't that simple, especially after he observed the Devil and how he played with words and hid half the truth every time.

"By the way, those mushrooms are all poisonous. Even a tiny bite is enough to kill you," The Devil pointed out as he scoffed.

Rasmus stared blankly at the trees when he heard what The Devil said. He dropped the mushrooms that he had collected for minutes. He was convinced about how The Devil played his game which was making himself dance on the palm of the Devil's hand for entertainment.

He took a few dried leaves and branches from the ground to make a fireplace since it was cold. He found a few herbs that seemed edible, and he planned to boil it to fill his stomach. Once he was done, he went inside the building and warmed his body with the fireplace as he boiled water at the same time.

"You said you made a bet with God, that means you're not going to stay put when things don't go as you want them to be, right?" Rasmus put his hands near the fireplace.

"You're too keen. I hate that..." The Devil smirked playfully. His words and expressions didn't match. "That's right. I'm allowed to give you hands since we are against God after all, but there's a limit to that," he nodded as he leaned his shoulder against the fireplace.

"You've done it once back on Earth. From a nobody who was abandoned and then climbed your way up to the point you ruled the world," The Devil looked at Rasmus. "It's not that hard to do it once again, right?" He continued with a faint smirk.

Rasmus hummed as he closed his eyes after he ate the herbs he found that were enough to fill his stomach. He made himself comfortable in the living room which had nothing but a fireplace. He tried to read Rasmus's memories.

He had so much free time in his past life during his old age, so he knew exactly how to meditate. He connected the fragments of memories like a puzzle and found out about Rasmus' past and his family. He discovered a crucial piece of knowledge, the existence of Mana.

"(So my family is a magic expert, a powerful family at it as well)" Rasmus furrowed as he tried to understand how to use magic. "My father was a Count and I have inherited that title," he muttered as he looked at the herbs in his hand. "A lord without a land, what a joke," he continued as his eyes were focused on the burning woods.