

THE KIND OF EVIL

Chapter 4 Magic & Mana.

Rasmus imagined creating fire through combustion that replaced the elements and materials with that flowing energy around him and it was enough to light a fire on his right index finger. It was so small, but it was enough to light the wood again.

"I'm impressed," The Devil was mildly shocked as he raised his eyebrows. "So you know how to use Mana now," he crossed his arms, observing Rasmus.

"Barely," Rasmus felt weak after he manipulated Mana to turn into fire. "This thing called Mana, it can act as hydrogen, oxygen, and other elements...." Rasmus muttered to himself and thought of the possibility that he could achieve with Mana.

"Interesting, isn't it? But you know it's too good to be true," the Devil grinned as he stared into Rasmus's eyes and read his thoughts.

Rasmus hummed and nodded in agreement. The knowledge about Mana was still basic because the original owner of Rasmus's body barely understood it since he got banished when he was still young. He was just an innocent child who knew nothing.

"Mana isn't unlimited and has a limit just like any natural energy and element..." Rasmus muttered as he rubbed his fingertips. "I should get some rest because my body is asking me to rest, but I don't feel safe with you around," he glanced at The Devil coldly.

"I promised to God that I wouldn't deceive you or try to harm you. If I did, God would punish me and send me back to hell, taking my vacation away," the Devil assured as he raised his hands. "My job here is to be your guide and accompany you until the end."

"But that doesn't mean you can't hide the truth, just like how you toyed with me when I gathered mushrooms," Rasmus responded as his gaze narrowed with suspicion. "You don't want me to do this in an easy way, don't you?"

The Devil chuckled mischievously as he sat down with his cheek resting on his fist.

Rasmus observed the Devil who was supposed to be guiding him throughout his journey. He knew that he couldn't show any vulnerability near the Devil because he knew that one day the Devil would use him as his pawn.

"Don't bother me. I need to rest now," Rasmus slowly stood up and his legs were shaking because of how weak his body was.

The Devil raised his hands as he watched Rasmus walk back to his room.

Rasmus felt restless when he was asleep because of his empty stomach. He could barely sleep, but his body was too weak to stay awake.

"This is pointless..." Rasmus sighed as he sat up and rubbed his messy hair. "I need to find something to eat..." he muttered and got up from the bed.

Rasmus remembered there was a small village not far from the forest. He thought for a moment and decided to pay it a visit even though it gave him bad memories because nobody treated him nicely.

"I'm no longer Kyros..." Rasmus stared at himself in the mirror. "This foreign feeling feels weird and yet real..." he said under his breath when Rasmus's memories affected him deeply.

He walked out of his room and found the Devil staring out the window. When the Devil noticed that he was being stared at, he glanced at Rasmus with a cold gaze.

"You want to pay the village a visit?" The Devil asked with his brows raised after he read Rasmus's thought.

"Yes, to get something to eat or we both will go back to hell if I die from starvation, right?" Rasmus asked as he rolled his sleeves.

"How are you going to do that? Begging for food?" The Devil arched his brow as he observed Rasmus's skinny body.

"What's wrong with that?" Rasmus raised his brows as he walked toward the front door.

The Devil shook his head in disbelief and then watched Rasmus leave the cabin. He was surprised that Rasmus took this whole situation as if it was nothing. He was expecting Rasmus to be overwhelmed by the new reality.

Rasmus left the forest and looked at the brick-paved road that led to the nearest town. He tried to regain more of Rasmus' memories of the world he lived in as he saw the beautiful world he was in. His bare feet followed the path and the only thing that he felt at that moment was excitement.

"Hurgel Village... the furthest village in the Refenus Kingdom," Rasmus looked at the small village from the top of the hill.

He looked at the village which looked so beautiful because he loved Georgian architecture. Its symmetry, elegance, and simplicity seemed timeless and pleasant to look at. The city had a river that split the village into two sides and the smoke that came out of the chimney made the scenery look like it came out of a fantasy movie.

He walked into the village in his ragged clothes where everyone looked at him with pity, but seeing his white hair, they knew who he was. He ignored the gazes and went straight to the market where people sold bread and other food.

"I don't have any money..." Rasmus looked at the warm bread in front of him as he wiped his drool. "Do you have any bread you've discarded or can't sell?" He looked at the man who stood behind the stall, his voice weak and shaky.

The man knew who Rasmus was, but seeing how skinny his body was, made the man pity him and gave him two breads without saying anything. Rasmus immediately bowed his head and even went down to his knees to show gratification.

Everyone saw the gesture that he made to the baker. Some were touched and pitied him while some were disgusted because he was a Blackheart. Rasmus didn't mind the gazes and immediately walked away as he hugged the two breads tightly.

The moment he went into an alley to eat his bread, the Devil appeared beside him with a cold gaze pointed at him. Rasmus couldn't read the Devil's expression at all and it was unnerving.

"Huh, that was easy," the Devil looked at Rasmus with his brows furrowed as he scoffed.

"That's human for you..." Rasmus paused and looked at The Devil as he took a bite. "There's a reason why humans are God's greatest creation," he continued with a smirk.

The Devil couldn't stop staring at Rasmus with his eyes fixated on Rasmus's eyes. His stoic expression was impossible to decipher and what he had in his mind.

"You want one? It's delicious," Rasmus offered the other bread to The Devil.

The Devil looked at the bread for a moment before he took it from Rasmus's hand.

"What should I call you?" Rasmus asked as he munched on the bread and glanced at The Devil. "Since you're my butler, at least I need to address you properly."

"Videl," The Devil took a bite of the bread. "You're not kidding. This bread is delicious." He shrugged his mouth, surprised by the taste, and took another bite.

"Videl?" Rasmus scoffed. "For a powerful being, you came up with such a stupid name."