

# THE KIND OF EVIL

## Chapter 5 Influence.

A month had passed since Kyros became Rasmus and was brought to Neva. His utmost priority was to regain his health and gather information from the villagers about Neva. To survive, he needed money, and the easiest way to earn it was by selling dried wood and herbs.

"Good morning," Rasmus greeted the guards with a soft smile, fully aware of their hatred for his lineage.

He had learned that white hair was uncommon in Neva, especially in the southwest where it was almost nonexistent. While his father had black hair, his unusual white hair came from his mother.

"Ah, you really came!" A young woman hurriedly approached Rasmus as she watched him struggle under the weight of dried wood on his back. "Let me help you," she offered.

"I'm fine. I need to train my body as well, so I'll carry them myself," Rasmus shook his head with a smile. "Where should I put this?" He asked, glancing at the bakery store.

The woman guided Rasmus to the back where they stored the dried wood.

"Here you go, your payment," The young woman handed him five copper coins. "Also, I baked this just for you. Please, take it," she offered a loaf of bread with a gentle smile on her face.

Rasmus accepted the bread, which was worth two coppers in itself. Essentially, he was being paid seven coppers, and he was happy to accept the offer.

"Five copper for dried wood. It's not worth the time and effort," Videl commented, appearing beside Rasmus with his stoic expression.

Videl had the ability to come and go as he pleased, invisible to others. He often disguised himself as a traveler or adventurer, finding pleasure wherever

he could, indulging in the company of both men and women. Sometimes he gathered information for Rasmus.

"Money isn't my goal. It's about making a name for myself and receiving acknowledgment from the villagers," Rasmus responded as he checked the freshness of the herbs in the bag he made from leaves and tree bark.

"You do you. It's time for me to spend the day with the lady from the pub. Don't bother me," Videll sighed, disappearing like smoke.

Rasmus sold the herbs for ten copper, more than he earned from the dried wood. The herbalist, an old man with a wealth of knowledge, taught him how to make medicine and supplements to improve his health.

"Ten... twenty... twenty-six," Rasmus counted the coppers he earned for the day in his hand. "I can buy the book I wanted," he muttered, putting the money in his bag.

"There you are! The parasite that keeps dirtying our village," a man emerged from a dark alley, blocking Rasmus's path. "Looks like you got some money there."

Everyone's eyes were on Rasmus and the six thugs. Some smiled and smirked, enjoying his trouble, while others pitied him.

"I do. You can have it," Rasmus said, offering his bag to the thugs with a stoic expression.

One of the thugs grabbed the bread from Rasmus's hand, then dropped it and stepped on it, covering it in the dirt before kicking it away. A dog quickly snatched the bread, but Rasmus remained unbothered, his lack of reaction surprising the thugs.

"Can I go now?" Rasmus asked calmly, staring fearlessly into the thug's eyes.

The thug smacked Rasmus, sending him to the ground. They all laughed before leaving him alone.

Videl appeared in front of Rasmus, looking down at him with disgust, "What the fuck was that? You're pathetic..."

"Because I need their sympathy," Rasmus mumbled, not wanting anyone to see him talking to himself. "Also, I'm not pathetic. I'm just trying to be pitiful," he said, standing up and brushing off the dirt on his ragged clothing.

Videl furrowed his brow in confusion until the young woman from the bakery store approached Rasmus.

"Are you alright?! I can give you another one! Wait here for a moment!" She frowned and checked Rasmus over before leaving to fetch more bread.

"Compassion, right?" Rasmus's voice was barely above a whisper, glancing at Videl, trying to hide his smirk. "You do you. That's what you said, right?" He raised his eyebrows.

Videl crossed his arms and rolled his eyes, unamused by what he witnessed. "Humans are weird and pathetic. What's next? Begging for scraps and calling it a strategy?"

Rasmus responded with a soft smirk and a scoff. He then glanced at a bunch of kids who were staring at him. The moment their eyes met with his, they all ran away out of fear because of his lineage and white hair.

"Rasmus!" A man with a rough and deep voice called Rasmus. "I need your help, can you come with me for a second?"

Rasmus turned around and looked at the big muscular man.

"Eduard? You're back already?" Rasmus raised his brows in disbelief.

Eduard was a merchant, but Rasmus knew that his background wasn't ordinary, unlike the other villagers. His appearance and scars all over his body were enough to convince Rasmus that Eduard had an interesting past.

"What can I say, my goods are always the best compared to the other merchants. It didn't take a while for the townspeople to buy everything that I offer," Eduard smirked as he crossed his arms. "Anyway, can you help me? I need your talent in magic. The usual."

"Sure..." Rasmus nodded and walked toward Eduard.

A moment later, they arrived at the back of Eduard's house which was a farm. Eduard wanted Rasmus to water the whole farm in exchange for 1 silver. Rasmus didn't mind and it only took him less than a minute to create a rain at Eduard's backyard.

"No matter how many times I saw it, your talent in magic is just mind-blowing," Eduard scoffed as he shook his head in disbelief.

"It's not that hard to do. If you know how rain works, it's like flipping a hand," Rasmus said as he sat down on the ground and watched his magic creation pour over Eduard's farm.

"The Blackheart family, huh? I guess the rumor about the family that produced magic genius is true after all..." Eduard muttered to himself as he sat beside Rasmus. "You know, if you teach kids with magic talents, you'll get a lot of money, right?" He glanced at Rasmus with his brows raised.

Although it was true that the Blackheart family was known for their talent for magic, the real Rasmus was just an innocent child who got punished and

exiled. He didn't know anything about advanced magic, it was Kyros who knew how nature works and the science behind it. He used both Mana and his knowledge to create magic.

"Teaching? That's not a bad idea, but I'm just an outcast. I need recognition first from the villagers because right now, a lot of them still hate me for who I am," Rasmus answered as he watched the rain he made.

"I can help you with that, you know? I'm the richest merchant in the village," Eduard looked at Rasmus with a serious expression.

Rasmus showed a faint smile as he shook his head. "You can't force someone to change their view. Let it be done naturally," he responded as he watched the plants feed on the rainwater.

"I guess you're right..." Eduard nodded in agreement. "But if you need help, don't be shy to come to me," he tossed a silver coin at Rasmus.

"Thanks," Rasmus smiled as he caught the silver coin.