

THE KIND OF EVIL

Chapter 6 Sadistic Mentor.

Another month had passed. Rasmus's health improved drastically thanks to his training, medicines, and supplements that he made. He also got the book that he wanted, so he decided to take a day off to read.

"Have you heard?" Videl barged into the small, rustic cabin, the wooden floor creaking under his weight. He yawned, the sunlight filtering through the cracked window highlighting his tired expression. "Those thugs that kept bothering you got kicked out of the village. The villagers complained about them, so the chief banished them," he sat down across the table from Rasmus.

"Once I got their sympathy and empathy, they began to help me. I barely did anything and look what I got in return from being pitiful," Rasmus said as he kept reading the book. "Sometimes life is simple if you don't take things too seriously."

Videl squinted his eyes, a slow, simmering disbelief brewing within him. As The Devil, he couldn't fathom how someone could manipulate outcomes so seamlessly while appearing so indifferent.

"What's that book you're reading?" Videl asked as he rested his head on his fist.

"History and politics. The old Rasmus has no idea how the world works, so his memories are useless for this kind of stuff. After all, he was banished for ten years since he was 12," Rasmus answered as he flipped the page.

As Rasmus read the book, he thought about how he could use this newfound knowledge. Understanding the history and politics of Neva was crucial. If he could grasp the intricacies of power and influence, he could maneuver more effectively and achieve his ultimate goal.

Videl looked bored, his eyes drifting aimlessly around the cabin. He hadn't found anyone interesting in the village.

"You spent 20 years working as a mercenary. I thought you would kill those thugs or at least harm them," Videl said, staring at Rasmus, who was focused on his book.

"Who said I won't kill them?" Rasmus replied, looking intellectual with his legs crossed and the book held in his left hand. "You know where they are, right? I want to visit them later."

Videl raised his brows and then a huge grin formed on his face. But then he furrowed his brows, crossed his arms, and stared down at Rasmus.

"You know this world isn't about guns and bombs. This world uses magic, swords, shields, and arrows to fight. Your combat skills aren't enough," Videl pointed out, his boredom evident as he began tapping on the table with blank eyes.

Rasmus glanced at Videl, curious about what he was implying. "That's true, but what's your point? Do you perhaps want to teach me how to wield weapons?" Rasmus asked, raising his brows.

"It helps with muscle growth as well, which is something you're trying to do," Videl smirked mischievously, staring into Rasmus's eyes.

"Are you really that bored that you decided to help me?" Rasmus stared back at Videl, surprised by the prospect of having a normal conversation with the Devil, the most feared being and the ruler of Hell.

"I don't want to admit that," Videl jolted from his seat, then slammed his left hand on the table. "So? Are you in or not?"

Rasmus closed the book and placed it on the table. "I'm in," he nodded as he stood up.

Rasmus followed Videl to the backyard, his curiosity piqued. He watched in awe as Videl's right hand phased through the trunk of a gigantic tree. Moments later, Videl withdrew his hand, now gripping two wooden swords. He tossed one at Rasmus.

"(This wooden sword is heavy...)" Rasmus thought as he hefted the weapon. He had to use both hands to hold it properly.

"Let's begin with the basics. Stances and grips," Videl suggested, spinning the heavy wooden sword effortlessly before balancing it on his fingertip. "Or we can just start with a spar!" In a flash, he was in front of Rasmus and swung the sword down vertically.

Rasmus, barely able to hold the sword properly, was forced to block Videl's attack. He mustered all his strength, but the attempt was futile. His wrists twisted painfully, and the sword flew from his grasp. He dropped to his knees, stifling a scream as veins bulged on his neck and forehead.

"My bad..." Videl chuckled, resting his wooden sword on his left shoulder. "I forgot how weak you are."

Rasmus lifted his head slowly, realizing Videl had intended to hurt him from the start. He remembered Videl's promise not to harm him or deceive him.

"You broke your promise to God..." Rasmus muttered under his breath.

Videl looked skyward, his lips forming a shrug. It seemed he was communicating with someone unseen.

"God is fine with that since I said it was for your training," Videl chuckled, looking down at Rasmus. "Am I wrong?" He raised his brows, his grin wide and threatening, hinting at more pain to come.

"I should have known..." Rasmus said as he struggled to his feet and sighed. "But I can't hold a sword with these hands," he showed his swollen wrists and hands to Videl.

"Is it?" Videl pointed, and miraculously, Rasmus's hands healed before his eyes.

"I'm not your toy when you're bored..." Rasmus muttered as he walked over to retrieve the wooden sword. "Remind me next time to ignore you when you're bored," he readied his stance again, his eyes locking onto Videl's.

"So stingy..." Videl chuckled as he readied his stance. "Enough with the talk. Watch and learn."

The day turned into the night in the blink of an eye, but not for Rasmus. He was lying on the ground on his belly with his broken hands and fingers. It was so painful that he got a fever and was close to passing out.

"How was it? Did it remind you of the countless times you got tortured in your past life?" Videl chuckled mischievously as he patted the wooden sword on his shoulder and looked down at Rasmus.

"Fuck off..." Rasmus muttered in his shaky voice as he pushed himself up with his elbows.

Videl laughed to his heart's content, holding his stomach because he could finally make Rasmus pissed for the first time. He didn't expect it to be this satisfying because he had been trying to put Rasmus on edge and push his button. He enjoyed every second of Rasmus trying to get up but was unable to do so.

"Alright, I'm done playing around," Videl snapped his fingers and healed Rasmus's body completely.

Rasmus gasped as he felt immense relief because the pain from the broken bones all over his body disappeared. He went on all four and processed everything that he had learned from the spar he did with Videl.

"Are you giving up already? I never thought you were this weak, or is it because you had forgotten what pain feels like that makes you both physically and mentally weak?" Videl chuckled as he crossed his arms.

Rasmus couldn't argue with Videl's words because it had been decades since he felt pain. He might be smart and cunning, but it wasn't enough because he didn't know what kind of challenges he would face in the future.

"(Magic and divine power exist in this world. Strong knights and warriors who conquered others with force also exist. I need to get used to this kind of pain again.)" Rasmus thought as he closed his eyes.

"That's more like it," Videl said with a smirk written on his face after he read Rasmus's thoughts.