

Evil 117

Chapter 117 - 117: Hypocrite.

The night was quiet as it was a few hours before the sunrise. Everyone was asleep so soundly except for Rasmus who was outside, walking in the dark street. His cloak hid his appearance and a hood that hid his hair and face.

His eyes were focused on the hill where the mansion stood tall on top of it. The white walls protected the mansion from any intruders and the gates were heavily guarded by knights and mages.

The knights patrolled behind the walls and anyone who saw how many knights there would be enough to tell how rich the mayor was. That also raised questions about how much money the mayor made and how he got that money.

It was no secret that the mayor had taken bribery from Vivelda and Urion companies. It wasn't just him, there were a lot of them who shared the money with him. The mayor was standing at the front while those people were hiding in his shadows, he was either a puppet or a shameless politician.

Rasmus hid behind the bushes and looked at the four knights that guarded the gate, two outside and two inside the gate. He glanced at the wall, but he couldn't approach the wall unnoticed.

He looked at the knights and cast wind magic, scratching their left ears. The moment they turned to their left, he ran toward the wall and jumped over it silently. When he jumped over the wall, a knight was right under him, patrolling. Fortunately, there was a big tree, and landed on it quietly.

The knight was unaware because Rasmus created a strong gush of wind that hit the other trees around him.

"(What kind of security is this? A mayor with a whole platoon to guard his front yard, how paranoid can you be?)" Rasmus sighed as he looked at the mansion and the big four gardens in front of it.

He quietly landed on the ground and began to move stealthily toward one of the gardens and hid behind the bushes. He watched his surroundings and noticed how tired and sleepy the knights were. He chose a path where the knights were less focused on the job and slowly moved his way to the mansion.

Once he hugged the wall of the mansion, he knew that using windows or doors would be impossible. He didn't want to leave a trace of breaking in, so he jumped and flew to the balcony and the roof. The only places that weren't guarded or locked were the chimneys.

He slowly climbed down the chimney and he was quite lucky that the fireplace was clean and hadn't been used for a while. He didn't have to worry about leaving traces on his steps. He then looked at his surroundings and immediately knew where he was.

He casually walked in the dark hallway, the sound of his footsteps was nonexistent as he looked at the doors on the sides. Once he found the door, he stood in front of it for a moment before he slowly opened it.

He stood beside the bed and stared down at Gerrard who was sleeping so soundly. He slowly pulled out his dagger and placed his free hand on Gerrard's mouth as he slit Gerrard's neck, slowly and painfully. His gaze was cold as Gerrard was trying to fight back, making the blood gush even harder.

Rasmus slowly took a few steps back, watching Gerrard try to reach the door. Gerrard was trying to scream for help but all that came out was the sound of wind and blood dripping to his feet and on the floor.

Gerrard's eyes were filled with fear, the fear of death. The act of a man who had been hugged by death itself, trying to escape from the grip of death that had tightened around him, an embrace he couldn't break free from. In the end, he fell and died with his eyes wide open before he could reach the door, a face of terror.

Rasmus walked toward Gerrard's dead body and painted the wall with his blood, leaving a message for those who entered the room. He slowly wiped his bloody hand and dagger on Gerrard's clothes before he left the room.

He went into another room where the other son of Edymur was and did the same thing. He went from room to room until the only ones that he spared were Edymur and his only daughter.

Once he got his job done, he used the chimney and left without leaving a trace. Not a single soul knew about what had happened and there would be no sign of trespassing.

When morning came, Rasmus left his room and went downstairs where it was quieter than usual. He didn't see any maids or servants, not even Carrion or his butler. He then went outside and saw people running toward the hill.

It wasn't just the mansion that became quieter, but the whole city was the same. He wasn't interested in what had happened and went back inside to the dining hall. He grabbed a jar of strawberry jam and spread the strawberry on the bread with a knife, just like how he killed those children.

Before he could eat the sandwich, he saw Carrion walk into the dining hall with a pale face. Carrion's eyes were blank, pointed at the floor with his blank expression out of shock.

"What happened?" Rasmus asked as he ate the sandwich.

Carrion was speechless and still in shock as he pulled out a chair and sat across from Rasmus. He took a deep breath and exhaled deeply as he stared at the strawberry jam on the table. He gagged as he shook his head and decided to look away to take another deep breath.

"The mayor's children, wife, and mistress..." Carrion paused to clear his throat. "Someone murdered them in their sleep and left a sick message on the wall..." He continued as he rubbed his face.

"What kind of message?" Rasmus asked and took a sip of his tea.

"You feast while others starve. You hoard while others beg. But know this, gold cannot shield you from what is coming. The cries of the hungry, the curses of the desperate, and the wails of the broken, they do not vanish. They gather... They grow...." Carrion said slowly with his eyes closed. His voice began to tremble. "And when the weight of their suffering turns to shadow, it will reach for you. Your wealth will not buy you mercy. Your power will not grant you an escape. You will choke on the very riches you worshipped, and in your final breath, you will realize, none of it was ever truly yours. Pray that death comes swiftly. But for the greedy, it rarely does..."

"And what do you think of that message?" Rasmus leaned back and stared into Carrion's eyes.

"What do you mean? Does it even matter—" Carrion stopped in the middle of his sentence when it struck him. He slowly gulped and pointed his finger at Rasmus. "It was you..." His voice trembled, fear and terror written all over his face after he saw the lifeless bodies in the mayor's mansion.

"What makes you think it was me?" Rasmus raised his brows.

Carrion didn't need any proof because he knew how Rasmus dealt with things. He had known Rasmus for too long to know that Rasmus only dealt with things with an offer or death. He knew what Rasmus did to those people who monitored him and how heartless he was.

"You wrote that message about greed, but aren't you the same as him, Rasmus?! You're being a hypocrite right now because he caused problems with your businesses?!" Carrion stood up and glared at Rasmus.

"Hypocritical, me?" Rasmus tilted his head as he crossed his legs. "Tell me, Carrion. When did my greed cause suffering to the people around me?" He asked as he placed his hands on the armrests.

Carrion felt a lump in his throat when he tried to deny Rasmus's words and wanted to keep calling him a hypocrite. But he knew well that Rasmus didn't make the innocent suffer and he couldn't deny his words at all.

"But you killed a child among them for god sake!" Carrion shouted as he slammed the table. "A child's innocent lives! Why didn't you kill Edymur and get it done?! Why did you kill them instead of him, huh?!" He added.

Rasmus slowly leaned forward and rested his head on his fists, his expression was cold and eyes were menacing when he stared at Carrion. Carrion had never seen Rasmus give that kind of stare at him, and he felt a chill down his spine as if he knew that he had just crossed the line when he shouted those words.

"And I have never said that I'm righteous and uphold justice, Carrion. I have taken hundreds of lives since I stepped foot in this city..." Rasmus stood up and walked around the table to approach Carrion. "You ignored those and now this bothered you? Now who's being a hypocrite?" He asked as he stood in front of Carrion, his glare piercing through Carrion's defense.