

Evil 168

Chapter 168 - 168: Tower of Sand.

Rasmus and Aris took their time exploring the city. However, ever since that bald man found out about their purpose for coming to the city, they had been followed. It was either because of his words or because of his appearance.

"They're quite skilled," Aris walked beside Rasmus as she looked at her feet on the sand. "They know how to blend in really well."

"They're no knights or warriors. People who are good at hiding their presence are assassins. They're not being hostile, which is a good sign. Maybe they were ordered to observe us," Rasmus answered and pretended that he was clueless.

Rasmus wouldn't be able to detect them if it wasn't for his perception magic. He kept sensing the same figures even though he had been wandering in different areas of the city. His senses became more sensitive ever since he was in harmony with Mana around him.

Once they were done exploring the city, they went to the northwest side of the city, where they saw a tall tower. The tower was separated from the city and surrounded by walls with only one entrance to get there. A steel gate with knights guarding it.

"Yes? Do you have a permit to enter?" A knight with turquoise colored armor asked as he approached Rasmus and Aris.

"No, but Master Yasser Arhat is expecting us," Rasmus answered.

"There's nobody in the Sand Tower with that name. You should leave and go," the knight responded without hesitation. His face was straight, making it impossible to decipher whether he was lying or not.

Rasmus narrowed his eyes, and it clicked the switch in his head when he realized the Sand Tower might be an intelligence agency. As soon as he stood in front of the gate, he noticed more figures observing him from the distance. He didn't want to make a scene because he needed this chance to get stronger and to learn Primal Force.

"Let them in," a man in a long black robe with a hood that covered his head and a shawl that covered the bottom half of his face walked toward the gate from inside.

The knights looked at the man, and they were all panicking as they nodded their heads. The knights hurriedly opened the gate to let Rasmus and Aris in. The man was still standing behind the steel gate without moving a muscle. Rasmus, on the other hand, noticed that the figures that had been following them had left.

"You must be Rasmus Blackheart, and the woman beside you must be Aristoria," the man's voice muffled under the shawl.

Rasmus nodded and didn't question where the man had found out about their identities. He assumed that Uriel had revealed it to her master.

"Follow me," the man said as he turned around.

Rasmus followed the man as he observed the Sand Tower in front of him. He was surprised that the design and the architecture of the tower were similar to Big Ben, a square and tall tower. He noticed the tower was made of sandstone that looked sturdy and timeless.

While he was admiring the architecture, he noticed a person was sitting on top of the tower. He enhanced his vision and saw a man in all-black with a black feather cape, staring in the distance. The man was surrounded by shiny black ravens as they looked toward different directions.

"How is she?" The man in the black robe asked.

Rasmus averted his gaze for a moment to answer the man's question, but when he looked up again, the man and the ravens had disappeared.

"Lady Goldmane? She's having a hard time. Politics aren't her best trait," Rasmus answered.

The man hummed with understanding and didn't say another word.

They entered the Sand Tower, and it was quite dark because there was barely any light that could enter the building. There was barely anyone inside, and there was no chatter or murmur, making the building dead silent. Everyone in the building didn't make any noise, not even the sound of their footsteps. He also smelled something earthy because of the tower that was made of sandstone.

"Now I understand why that man was anxious when I mentioned this place. Is this a place for people who do things in the shadows?" Rasmus asked the man who walked in front of him. "Gathering information across the world, I presume?"

"The less you know the better," the man dismissed Rasmus's words. "Don't put yourself in an unnecessary problem."

Rasmus smiled because he missed this kind of environment and type of people where everything was done in secrecy among each other. The world of spies and secret agents that controlled the world as they pleased and for the best interest of everyone.

They walked up the spiral stairs and it took them almost five whole minutes to reach the middle half of the tower. Rasmus didn't know where the man was taking him, which made it exciting in a way. The man guided them to a spacious room, and he told them to wait as he left the room.

Rasmus looked out the window as he leaned against the wall. He looked at the city from above and it looked beautiful and unreal. He had never seen any city like this back on Earth, and it reminded him that he was in another world.

An hour had passed, and there was no sign of people coming into the room. Rasmus and Aris wondered if Master Yasser Arhat was busy, so they waited for a bit more. However, after they waited for another few hours, they realized something wasn't right.

Rasmus began to look around the room and found a single book that was placed on top of the fireplace. The book was covered in dust which made it odd because the other furniture or items in the room were covered in dust. When he grabbed the book and opened it, there was nothing inside, only blank pages.

"Do you think this is some kind of test?" Aris asked as she sat down on the couch.

"Maybe," Rasmus muttered as he made sure he didn't miss anything on or in the book. "This book is covered in dust and I wonder why," he said as he looked around and the first thing that came up in his mind was where the book might belong in the room.

He looked around the room and he didn't find any spot where it was covered in dust. He brushed the dust off the book and rubbed it before he smelled it up close to his nose. The smell was just like the smell of the whole tower, the smell of sandstone.

He looked at the ceiling and walls of the room thoroughly. He couldn't find anything off about the ceiling or the wall until he looked at the bookshelf that was empty. He tilted his head and decided to push the bookshelf away and found a small gap in the wall.

"Huh, that hole is oddly a perfect size with the book," Aris said as she stared at the wall.

Rasmus placed the book carefully into the hole and it fit perfectly. He then heard a soft click from inside the wall, and slowly the wall behind the couch began to slide. Aris turned around and watched the sandstone wall move until a person could fit into the wall. She pushed the couch away from the wall so they could walk into the passage.

"After you," Aris smiled as she stared at Rasmus and pointed at the passage.

Rasmus walked in, and it was so dark. He could smell sulfur in the air, and anyone who used fire would put themselves on fire. He used his perception magic and let Mana guide him deeper into the tunnel.

He realized there were so many paths to take, but thankfully he could tell which one was the right path where the rest led to dead ends or pits into the ground. Aris followed him and found this whole thing exciting and fun.

Finally, they found a door made of wood in front of them. Rasmus slowly opened the door and saw so many torches on the wall. The square room was empty with nothing inside until he noticed a man sitting in the center of the room in a black robe standing still.

"Welcome, Rasmus Blackheart. I have been waiting," the man's voice sounded old and weak.

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