

Evil 180

Chapter 180 - 180: Poor Man's Hands.

"What's your business?" A man wearing a bandana blocked Rasmus's path. "Nobody is allowed to get in here. If you have no business, turn around and leave," he swung his dagger right in front of Rasmus's face.

Rasmus pulled out a gold coin and tossed it at the man. The man didn't hesitate to catch the coin and look at it, making sure it was a real gold coin.

"We just want to have a talk with your boss, Suliman. Now you know how easy it is for me to spend my money, your boss would kill you if you don't let me see him and get a fair share for himself," Rasmus said calmly as he revealed a coin pouch and shook it.

The man was thinking of taking the pouch from Rasmus's hand, but the moment his eyes met Rasmus's, he felt a chill down his spine. He could see in Rasmus's eyes that he would be killed the moment he took that pouch from him.

"Come..." The man said with a cynical look before he turned around and walked into the building.

There were so many people in the building, and they looked like bandits rather than beggars. Rasmus knew that they weren't a part of the Poor Man's Hands and were just a bunch of people who used the weak for their own gain.

After walking up the stairs for a few minutes, they reached the top floor. The man knocked on the door before he came in while he told Rasmus and Aris to wait outside.

"You two, come in!" The man's voice could be heard from inside.

Rasmus and Aris opened the door and saw a fat man sitting at the table with so much food and fruit on the table. The fat man was chugging the bottle of red wine as he stared at the gold coin in his hand. It appeared the man gave the coin to the fat man since he was his boss.

"You, what's your name..." The fat man asked, his voice out of breath because of his fat body.

Rasmus slowly pulled down the hood and revealed his white hair. They didn't react to his white hair at all. He looked at the fat man's expression, and the fat man looked clueless about his identity. Seeing the fat man as the boss, he assumed it was Suliman, the person behind all the sufferings of the poor.

"Rasmus Blackheart," Rasmus answered and slowly averted his gaze and stared at the man with a bandana, checking his reaction.

Suliman thought for a moment as he munched on the grapes. He then remembered the story of the Blackheart family and looked at Rasmus with a big smile on his face.

"Ah! You're the last Blackheart!" Suliman pointed at Rasmus. "Well, I don't care who you are, but you said you came to talk. So, give me the pouch you showed him earlier, and then we can talk," Suliman grinned as he chuckled.

Rasmus glanced at Aris and gave her a small nod. Aris slowly revealed her white hair and face to Suliman. Her beauty was enough to make Suliman's jaw drop, and he couldn't blink his eyes.

Rasmus glanced at the man with a bandana once again, but he didn't get any reaction from him. At that moment, he realized the man was different and had something hidden beneath that face.

"Hah! You bring me a woman for me too? Let me have her!" Suliman pushed his chair back and patted his lap.

At that moment, the man with the bandana showed a faint concern and fear on his face. The way he kept avoiding his eyes from Rasmus and Aris was another evidence that he knew a lot of things that the so-called boss didn't.

"Beggar by choice, suffer for something," Rasmus said as he stared at the man with a bandana. "Without suffering, you'll achieve nothing," he continued, rephrasing the slogan of the Poor Man's Hands.

Suliman furrowed his brows, he had no idea what those words meant at all. But he didn't know that those words weren't meant for him.

"Using this fat pig and those people as the front while you can gain information without getting yourself and your society exposed. Now that's something smart, something that has been keeping the society survive for hundreds of years," Rasmus smirked at the man with a bandana.

"Hey! What are you talking about? Didn't I say that we would talk once you give me your money? Stop saying nonsense and give me that money and her as well!" Suliman slammed his hand on the table and glared at Rasmus.

Rasmus formed Mana around Suliman and created a vacuum space around that fat man. He made sure there was no air for Suliman to breathe while at the same time sucked the air out of his lungs.

"It would be a waste to destroy this thing you have built. So? What do you say? I can get rid of this place and force you to tell me about yourself, or you can cooperate. It's both a win-win situation for me and a lose-lose situation for you, but which one is less troublesome?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised.

The man with the bandana sighed as he closed his eyes and nodded.

"Please spare his life..." The man said and pulled off the bandana from his head. "He's dumb, but he's very useful for us."

Rasmus glanced at Suliman, who was suffocating. The moment Suliman passed out, he dispersed the vacuum space. Suliman collapsed and created a gentle earthquake.

Rasmus and Aris pulled the hoods up and covered their faces again. The man brought them outside the building and guided them to another area in the slum. The area was different from the ones that they both had seen before because the gazes in their eyes didn't show desperation and hopelessness.

"Tell me your name," Rasmus said as he followed the man from behind.

"Johan. You can call me Johan," the man answered without hesitation. He didn't dare to make up a name after what he had heard about Rasmus and what he had achieved in South Neva.

Johan guided him into a hut, where he saw a beggar sleeping on the ground. He patted the beggar on the shoulder, and the beggar slowly rolled away as he pulled the ragged cloth he was sleeping on, revealing a hatchet underneath.

Once they entered the basement, Johan sat down at the table and pointed his hands toward the stool across from him.

"How did you know that I was from the Poor Man's Hands?" Johan asked as he watched Rasmus and Aris sit across from him.

"Because you're too calm. I have encountered a lot of bandits and thugs. I also have encountered a lot of people like you, who are hiding their identities," Rasmus looked around at the small basement he was in.

Johan realized his act wasn't perfect and that it would cost him his life in the future if he weren't careful.

"Is there anything you need from us, Count Blackheart?" Johan asked. "If you're looking for information, the cost depends on how important and crucial the information is. However, we are selling information with information which is much cheaper than buying it with money," he pointed out.

Rasmus smiled as he shook his head.

"I'm not interested in selling the information that I have, so I'll buy yours no matter how much the price is," Rasmus answered as he fixed his sitting and placed his hands on the table. "I need to know what's the purpose of the Sand Tower," he said.

Johan raised his brows as he took a deep breath and leaned back against the wall. He thought for a moment before he decided what he should say.

"The reason we have survived this long is because we're not sniffing around the places that we shouldn't have," Johan answered as he stared at Rasmus. "We don't know anything about them, but we can sell rumors if you're interested. Of course, they're not some baseless rumors that some random people said," he offered.

"How much?" Rasmus asked.

"50 gold coins," Johan answered without hesitation. "For each rumor," he added.

Rasmus pulled out 10 Eclers which were worth 500 gold coins, and then he slid it toward Johan.

"Summerize everything you know about them," Rasmus said with a serious expression.

Johan once again raised his brows and showed a slight shocked expression. He then took the money and placed them in his pocket as he nodded with understanding.