

Evil 181

Chapter 181 - 181: Raw and Brutal.

"The Sand Tower is a place where you hire certain people for certain tasks. They can do everything and they'll always deliver on the tasks that they are given to do. Most of the time, they're hired to assassinate figures around the world," Johan explained as he looked at his dirty fingernails. "When I said around the world, I really meant it. They have killed thousands of people, and there's one last rumor that they have infiltrated into powerful families, like the Wyverncrest, the Angelis, the Sancticus," he added.

Rasmus had figured that much because of the people that the Sand Tower trained and nurtured. Those participants that were with him back then, they didn't seem to be from outside the tower. He could see that they had shared some kind of bond with each other. Knowing that they would get rid of those who had failed, that only meant that they were strict with their requirements.

"You were in there, weren't you?" Johan asked and looked at both of them.

Rasmus smiled and then shrugged because he didn't want to sell information for free. Johan then smiled as he nodded, knowing that he had just been busted for trying to gain free information.

"Those kids, they were trained to become assassins or figures that would infiltrate families?" Rasmus asked.

"Yes, and those who failed, they were thrown away and we would never know what happened to them. Some say that they ended up becoming servants of the Sand Tower, and some say that they were eliminated and gone from the face of Neva," Johan answered as he nodded.

"There's one other thing that even we are curious about," Johan said as he cleared his throat and fixed his sitting position. "There's a rumor that have created an army in the past few years which is why East Neva managed to attain peace because they have put powerful nations on their cobweb," he revealed.

Rasmus found that rumor to be far-fetched because it wouldn't be possible, but he could be wrong. He thought that if the Sand Tower was indeed that powerful and the rumor came to be true, the person behind the Sand Tower was a dangerous person.

"My last question about them. Who owns or runs the Sand Tower?" Rasmus asked with a serious expression.

Johan answered with a shook of his head and a smile on his face.

"Is it because you don't know, or is it because you don't want to answer?" Rasmus asked.

"What's the difference? In the end I can't give you an answer," Johan said calmly.

Rasmus was curious about the one who ran the Sand Tower. He then raised his right brow and leaned forward as he pulled out another 10 Eclers from thin air and placed it on the table.

"Where can I find the history behind the Sand Tower? I need a thorough and detail deeds of what they have done since it was created," Rasmus slid the money toward Johan.

Johan smiled once again and pushed the money back to Rasmus.

"As I said earlier, that we don't know anything valid about the Sand Tower. We don't sniff that place because we know that we will be in danger," Johan answered as he leaned back and crossed his arms.

"Even as we speak, there should be a few people that are following you. Maybe in this slum alone, there are a few of them who know you're here," he added.

"If you think the Poor Man's Hands is the only society that is spread across East Neva, the Sand Tower might have their members in each corner around the world," Johan continued, and his expression became serious. "We survive this long because we know our place," he gave a cold smile.

Rasmus nodded with understanding, but then he slid the money back to Johan again.

"Alright, enough with the Sand Tower. I need to know about Asghar family and its current state," Rasmus said as he crossed his arms on the table.

Johan immediately pushed the money back toward Rasmus as he shook his head repeatedly. The whole time, Johan was either being casual or serious, but this time he looked scared, fear of something.

"There's a saying between underground societies like us that if you hear an Asghar, you cover your ears. I hope you understand," Johan said with a straight face, but his breathing was shortened. "The Sand Tower is dangerous, but at least people whisper about them. The Asghar family? Even mentioning their name can get you killed. If you're smart, drop this topic right now."

Rasmus could summarize what he found out about East Neva. The whole continent was strong with power struggle and secrecy to the point people backstabbed each other through information. There was nothing in common about South Neva with East Neva, and how East Neva was more upfront, raw, and brutal when it came to power struggles while South Neva was playing it safe through politics and economics.

"Death is breathing on your nape if you try to get involved with East Neva, is that right?" Rasmus asked with his brows raised.

"Glad that you understand," Johan nodded.

Rasmus leaned back as he nodded, but then a smirk appeared in his face as he chuckled. Johan was confused and terrified by that reaction because he could see a man in front of him who would dive into the vipers' pit and left, leaving headless vipers on the ground.

"Well, I'm planning to leave these here in the first place," Rasmus pushed the money toward Johan. "You can use them to help the slum, especially to that young man called Doctor Daryus. You can give as much as you want and keep the rest, I don't really care," he said as he got up.

Johan was surprised that Rasmus was different from what he had heard. He didn't say a word and nodded his head with understanding.

"Let's just say that it's a token of our future friendship. We will see more often in the future," Rasmus smiled as he stared into Johan's eyes.

"You'll be disappointed because what you're looking for, we can't provide them at all," Johan responded as he put the money in his pocket.

"Who knows, you might be helpful in some way that we both wouldn't imagine," Rasmus said as he put his hood on. "Ah, and if that Doctor Daryus asked about me, just tell him everything for free. If he wanted to see me, I'm at the inn not far from here, and you should know where it is," he added and then left the basement with Aris.

As Rasmus and Aris left the hut and looked around at the slum area, Aris was interested in Rasmus's kindness.

"You kill humans both directly and indirectly, and yet you're being kind toward these humans. Are you always like this?" Aris glanced at Rasmus where all she could see was his nose.

"I'm someone who breaks the system that people around the world have made. Burn it, break it, destroy it to the ground. Giving these people hope and fight against poverty is also a way of breaking the system, no?" Rasmus turned his head to look at Aris. "And I don't think they don't deserve to die so pathetically like this."

"Are you sure that's really the case and not because you're interested in that Doctor?" Aris raised her brows, capable of seeing through Rasmus's mind and scheme.

Rasmus only answered with a smile and a chuckle.

Once they left the slum, the stench was gone and they smelled the fresh air again. The moons were bright and they had been in the slum for hours which they didn't expect to take that long.

"The disgusting beef stew is still lingering in my mouth," Aris muttered.

"What? You want me to make you my signature meat soup?" Rasmus asked as he looked at Aris with his brows raised.

"I don't mind. You spent a lot of money for mere words, so why don't you spend a little more to make me that meat soup? I believe that soup won't even cost you a gold coin," Aris smiled at Rasmus.

"Fine, let's find the ingredients and we can go somewhere to make it out in the wild. I have been inside the Sand Tower for too long, I need to see something other than walls around me," Rasmus answered as he looked around the city.