

Evil 186

Chapter 186 - 186: New Master.

Ermes grunted as he slowly opened his eyes and saw nothing but walls and a lantern. He knew where he was, and then he looked at his body, and it seemed to have recovered. He looked at the bandages that were wrapped around his body and tried to feel the wound on his back.

He slowly got up from the bed and walked toward the drawer to grab a glass of water. Once he felt a bit better, he left his room to meet with the Grandmasters to ask about what had happened in the city.

When he arrived, he immediately went down to one knee and lowered his head. The Grandmasters looked at his condition, which had recovered.

"Good work. Although it was messy, you did it flawlessly. Nobody knows who killed Advisor Suleiman. You have prevented the world from falling into the wrong hands," the old lady said with a serious expression. "However, today will be your last day."

Ermes furrowed his brows as he slowly lifted his head to look at the Grandmasters. He was confused as to why the Grandmasters had decided to retire him. He wondered if it was because of the mess or if it had something to do with the mission.

"Do you have any idea why we decided to retire you from the Sand Tower?" Yasser asked with a stoic expression, staring into Ermes's eyes.

Ermes shook his head slowly, still with a confused look on his face. He had no idea what was happening because there were too many things that could be the reason. He also knew that the Grandmasters didn't need a reason to retire him since they were his masters.

"What did you give to Count Blackheart?" Yasser asked with his brows raised.

Ermes furrowed his brows as he looked down, thinking about what Yasser had meant. He was confused for a moment until he remembered what Rasmus had said to him before he fainted. He remembered that Rasmus had warned him the cost of saving his life would be extremely expensive.

"It seems you finally understand," the old lady said as she rested her cheek on her fist. "Your life now belongs to Count Rasmus Blackheart. That's the price that you have to pay, and we can't reject his request because he also gave us priceless information," she explained as she crossed her legs.

Ermes couldn't believe that the Grandmasters were willingly giving him away to Rasmus. Something like this had never happened before because for those who were tied to the Sand Tower, the only way out was death. He wondered what kind of information that Rasmus gave the Grandmasters to break their own rules.

"You're no longer one of us and have become someone new. With that being said, your past and the things you have done, you should bury them and don't let anyone find them," the old lady said with a serious and cold expression.

Ermes nodded as he slowly got back up to his feet and gave a final bow to the Grandmasters.

"Find your new master, he's in the guest room," Yasser said and then signaled Ermes to leave.

Ermes left the room and went to the guest area in the tower, located on the 20th floor. His mind still couldn't process what had just happened, especially as he no longer belonged to the Sand Tower where he had spent all his life.

Once he reached the 20th floor, he knocked on the door in front of him. He heard Rasmus's voice and told him to come in. When he opened the door, he saw Rasmus standing against the wall, staring out the window. He glanced at Aris sitting at the table as she cleaned her long nails.

"How's your injury?" Rasmus glanced at Ermes.

"It's getting better," Ermes answered, his voice deep and soft.

"Have a seat," Rasmus pointed at the chair across Aris. "You're out for a week, and I can tell that you're confused by what is happening," he said as he walked toward the table and sat beside Aris.

Ermes nodded and sat across Aris and Rasmus, who were staring at him with stoic expressions.

"Thank you for saving my life," Ermes said as he lowered his head.

"There's no need to thank us. You have repaid by joining us," Rasmus shook his head as he poured tea into the cups. "Before we start, is Ermes really your name or is it fake?" He asked and put a cup of tea in front of Ermes.

"I have many names, and none of them are my real names because I don't have one," Ermes answered as he stared at the cup of tea. "My Masters... I mean, the Grandmasters told me that I'm no longer a part of the Sand Tower, so I'm no longer them," he added.

Rasmus hummed with understanding and didn't look surprised at all. He had seen and worked with people like Ermes back in his past life, people whose purpose was to follow orders and nothing else.

"Then what should we call you?" Rasmus asked and took a sip of his tea.

"I don't know. You should give me a new name, Master," Ermes answered and grabbed the teacup.

"You don't have to call me master, just call me by my name, Rasmus," Rasmus said and put down the cup. "I'll call you Javi from now on. Javi means new house, new light, new home. It's perfect for you because you no longer belong to the Sand Tower," he continued and crossed his arms as he nodded his head.

Ermes muttered the new name that was given to Rasmus. He didn't hate the name, and the fact it had a meaning behind it, he felt a sense of gratefulness to be given such a name.

"Then my name is Javi," Javi said as he nodded his head.

"You can ask me anything you want, and I'll answer them," Rasmus said and took a sip of his tea.

Javi thought for a moment since there were so many to ask, but he was thinking about which one that he wanted to ask first.

"How did you do it? To convince the Grandmasters to give me away?" Javi asked.

"I gave them valuable information that they need," Rasmus answered as he stared at his reflection in the tea. "The information that might get anyone killed if they know about it," he stared into Javi's eyes as he took a sip again.

Javi was compelled with information that could make the Grandmasters give one of their best assassins in the tower. He had known them for two decades, and he had never seen or heard the Grandmasters be willing to compromise their ace up their sleeves.

"You know you can ask if you want to know," Rasmus said with a smile on his face.

"I would rather not know because I know it's unnecessary for you and for me to know about it," Javi shook his head and took a sip of his tea. "Back then, who are those people?" He asked, staring at both of them back and forth.

"The Champions, the ones that have sold their souls to the demons, both willingly and unwillingly. The whole tournament was a set-up, just like how you entered the tournament to assassinate Advisor Suleiman. The emissary also had a plan for the tournament, and coincidentally, they came to take Advisor Suleiman, but you went ahead of them and made their plan fail," Rasmus explained with a smirk on his face. "The odds are jarring..." he pointed out as he chuckled.

Javi furrowed his brows as he looked down at his reflection in the tea. He agreed with Rasmus's words that the odds were unsettling that he had to assassinate Suleiman while the demons came to secure Suleiman. Not only that, but the fact that Rasmus and Aris were there at that moment was also unexpected.

"Right now, the capital city is in chaos because of the appearance of the emissary," Rasmus said as he got up and walked toward the window. "The city is on the brink of collapsing because of them. All the warriors and the Champions in that arena were possessed by demons. They massacred everyone inside..." he muttered and watched as the city was in shambles, where the knights were busy protecting the royal family and evacuating them from the chaos.

Javi furrowed his brows and decided to check out the city through the window. He saw people trying to enter the Sand Tower through the gate, but the knights prevented them from entering. He then looked at the crows who flew around the tower, and then he opened the window to let them all in.

Rasmus and Aris were curious about Javi's ability to communicate with crows and how loyal they were to him. They watched Javi listen to the crows croak and seemed to understand what they were saying.

"The king is dead..." Javi informed Rasmus with a stoic expression.

"I know, nobody can leave this hell safely. Funny, isn't it? That the Sand Tower isn't targeted by those demons?" Rasmus glanced at Javi with a smirk.

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"And why is that?" Javi asked with his brows furrowed.

"Because of the information that gave him, that's why," Rasmus put an unnerving smile on as he stared at the city in the distance.