

Evil 187

Chapter 187 - 187: Make a different.

Three days passed, and the Druloem Kingdom fell to the hand of the emissary. It only took days for a powerful kingdom to fall, and that was enough to warn everyone in East Neva not to mess around with the demons.

Javi was observing the city from the top of the tower with the crows around him. He got the big picture of what had happened while he was out recovering. The emissary used demons to possess the people and turn them against the royal family. He also found out the reason that the Sand Tower didn't get attacked by demons was because they were willing to cooperate with the emissary.

Rasmus was the main reason why the emissary agreed to cooperate with the Sand Tower. Javi found out that Rasmus had made a deal with the emissary from South Neva and that his name was known to the other emissaries in Neva. Rasmus was an important asset to the demons, however, he was confused as to why Rasmus decided to kill those demons back then.

"How are you feeling today?" Rasmus asked as he approached Javi.

The crows flew away when they noticed Rasmus's presence.

"I have recovered, the wound has dried out as well," Javi looked over his shoulder and brushed the wound with his right hand. "How's your training?" He looked at Rasmus.

"It's done. I have awakened my Primal Force," Rasmus leaned against the pillar and stared at his hands. "But it's far from over. I have to awaken something else within my body, but I need a safe space," he added.

"The tower isn't safe enough?" Javi raised his brows.

"I have learned a lot about what's happening in East Neva. There's nowhere safe in this continent, especially with its current situation," Rasmus answered and glanced at the city that had been completely abandoned by the living. "Well, there's another reason. The risk of awakening that thing is high, and I might become a cripple. So, I need a place where I can be at ease," he pointed out.

Javi stared at Rasmus and noticed that Rasmus had grown taller and paler again. His hair was also getting whiter, or close to silver, as if he was close to being in perfect form. He also noticed that Rasmus's eyes were no longer grayish, they were getting bluer and brighter.

"And where that might be?" Javi asked as he got up and leaned against the pillar.

"I know a place, and we are going there tomorrow. However, there's someone that I need to rescue first here," Rasmus pushed himself from the pillar. "The man that I asked you search for, did you find him?" He asked.

"I found him in the slum with the rest of the Poor Man's Hands members, hiding," Javi nodded and pushed himself from the pillar. "Should I get him for you?" He asked.

"We can go there together, let's go," Rasmus said and then walked away.

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The three of them went to the slum area, and it was worse than the last time Rasmus visited that area. Stains of blood and guts scattered around the area. There were toys and dolls on the ground with blood stains on them.

Rasmus found out about what happened to the slum from Javi a few days ago from Javi that the demons had taken all the children and murdered the rest. It was similar to what happened in South Neva before he left, that the kidnapping of children happened everywhere. The building that the bandits used was burned down and there was nothing left of it.

Once they reached the area where the Poor Man's Hands stayed in the slum, slowly one by one, the beggars showed themselves. They already knew about Rasmus and Aris which gave them the sense of safety. Not long after that, Johan showed himself, and he looked pale with bags under his eyes because he had to stay awake for danger.

"You're here..." Johan said in a raspy voice. "Is it over?" He asked anxiously as he looked around.

"You have to pay me that if you want to know the answer. No information is free," Rasmus said with a stoic expression. "But, since we are friends, I'll answer that. No, it's not over, and they might come back to find more children to take," he answered and shook his head.

Johan exhaled deeply as he massaged his nosebridge, he knew that he wasn't safe there anymore and thought about leaving.

"So, why are you here, Count?" Johan asked as he placed his hands on his waist.

"I want to meet with Daryus, he's here right?" Rasmus asked.

Johan was surprised that Rasmus knew about Daryus' whereabouts until he glanced at Javi. The way Javi ignored his surroundings, calm expressions, and his physique, Johan knew that Javi was from the Sand Tower.

"Yes, he's here, but..." Johan paused as he looked at the hut behind him. "He's not in the right state of mind. He's devastated after he saw the state of the slum and what had happened to the poor," he added.

"He's in there? I'll see him, privately," Rasmus said as he walked past Johan, leaving Aris and Javi behind.

Rasmus went into the basement and saw Daryus weeping and snorting in the corner with his glasses placed on the table. He didn't try to hide his presence and made him known to Daryus by sitting at the table. Daryus immediately wiped his eyes with his handkerchief and tried to hide his red eyes.

"Now that you have seen the real world and what kind of world we are living now, do you still believe that fairness matter?" Rasmus asked with a serious expression.

"Are you here to mock me, Count?" Daryus asked in his stuffy nosed voice.

"Insult and mockery are based on perspective. I'm just asking a question, Doctor, no hidden meanings behind it," Rasmus answered as he placed his right hand on the table while his other hand was on his crossed lap.

"What do you want? I'm not in the right mind to argue," Daryus asked as he glanced at Rasmus.

"It has been weeks since our last conversation. You said that you're going to think about it, so I'm here to get my answer," Rasmus answered and stared coldly at Daryus. "I'm planning to leave East Neva. I want you to come with me," he added.

Daryus cleared his throat as he thought about the answer. He didn't know what to do after all his effort was taken away by the demons. The people that he had cared for for months, they were massacred and taken away. He was powerless, and knew how insignificant he was in this world.

"Don't speak about your ideals in this situation. Not even the righteous people would listen to you because right now everyone is at war against the demons. Death will be everywhere, innocent lives will be the victims of it," Rasmus said as he kept staring at Daryus. "I know you're not naive, and you have strong ideals and belief which I'm looking for. Join us, and you can really make a difference," he continued.

Daryus was speechless and couldn't argue with Rasmus's logic. He hated that Rasmus was right about both of them that he was powerless and that he couldn't make a difference by himself. The world didn't need people like him, the world needed people who could change the world for the survival of humanity.

"Where are we going? South Neva?" Daryus asked.

"Yes, we are going to South Neva, and you will meet people like you. The same people who want nothing but a better world with their own hands," Rasmus answered as he nodded. "The situation over there is less chaotic than here, and we can really prevent people from dying."

Daryus's eyes were empty with a blank gaze pointed at the ground. There were so many things happening in his head, but somehow he couldn't think of any of it because he was devastated.

"You can leave if you believe that I'm not the right person to follow. I won't force you to stay or to follow me, but if you really want to make a difference, I'm your only option that you have right now," Rasmus said as he got up. "What do you say? Are you coming with us or not?" He asked and looked down at Daryus. Enjoy more content from My Virtual Library Empire

"I'll come..." Daryus nodded as he grabbed his glasses and put them on.