



Vishnuh-Clan

Romeo the Butcher

The Dark Side of the Silent

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Vishnuh-Clan

Colophon:

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Prologue – The Avenger's Path

Romeo appears to be an ordinary butcher in a small, quiet town—a man who spends his days slicing meat with practiced hands and greeting familiar faces across the counter. To his neighbors, he is predictable, even forgettable, a fixture of routine and civility. Yet beneath this carefully maintained normalcy lies a man living a double life, shaped and scarred by personal tragedy, profound loss, and a bitter reckoning with a justice system that failed to protect the innocent.

Where the law hesitates and criminals walk free, Romeo intervenes. He has taught himself to become what the courts could not: an instrument of consequence. Drawing on the discipline of his trade—precision, patience, and an instinctive awareness of vulnerability—he plans each act with meticulous care. But it is not skill alone that makes him dangerous. Romeo possesses a deep understanding of human weakness: fear, greed, arrogance, and guilt. These are the tools with

which he lures his targets, confronts them, and delivers punishment on his own terms.

His actions are flawlessly orchestrated, leaving no trace, no pattern, no name. To the outside world, justice remains abstract, unresolved, and strangely silent. No one suspects the quiet butcher whose hands smell of iron and salt, whose eyes reveal nothing beyond polite attentiveness.

There is only one exception.

An old friend, someone bound to Romeo by shared history and unspoken debt – knows the truth. Between them exists a vow made long ago: *silence, forever*. Together, they carry the weight of secrets and vengeance, fully aware that such knowledge corrodes the soul as much as it protects it. As the bodies of Romeo's past pile invisibly behind him, the path he walks grows darker, more perilous, and far more consuming than anyone could have imagined – even Romeo himself.



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Intro:

The rain lashed relentlessly against the cobblestones of Hamburg. Streetlamps flickered through the fog, and the city seemed to hold its breath, as if it sensed the presence of an unseen force moving beneath its skin. Inside a small, unremarkable butcher's shop, Romeo sat in the dim glow of candlelight. Maps, newspaper clippings, and handwritten notes lay scattered around him – an intricate web of crime stretching across Europe. Each page felt like a stone on his shoulders; each address was a verdict still waiting to be delivered.

At times, in the depths of night, he heard the voices of those he had judged. They were not hallucinations. They were echoes – memories of the sentences he had passed, the power he had seized, and the silence he had left behind. Was he a savior or an avenger? An executioner or a hero? The answer lived only in the emptiness of the shadows that surrounded him.

His silent friend sat in a corner, a presence more shadow than man – watching everything, saying nothing. He was a mirror. Romeo needed no one to justify his choices to, only himself. Yet this time the burden felt different. Heavier. The threat ahead of him was international, organized, merciless. His path would take him from Hamburg to Warsaw, and onward to France. What awaited him was larger than anything he had faced before.

His thoughts drifted back to Türkiye. To the Grey Wolves – the feared ultranationalist network led by Murat Öss, a man who wielded power as though law and humanity did not apply to him.

Romeo remembered their shadow networks: arms trafficking, abductions, intimidation, political manipulation. He had tasted their cruelty, seen the arrogance in the eyes of men who believed no one would ever dare confront them.

But he had.

And not by chance.

One by one, he had broken them – not through brute force alone, but through strategy, silence, and timing. Murat Öss, the cunning leader who believed himself untouchable – had fallen into a trap of his own making, carefully woven by Romeo's hand. The echo of their collapse never left him: proof that a single man, armed with skill, patience, and uncompromising justice, could cause an entire empire to implode.

Now, as he prepared for the greatest threat of his life, he knew that what he had done back then had only been the beginning.

Their disappearance had been absolute. The underworld never learned what had happened. Only one man knew the full truth – and he remained silent. It was a lesson Romeo never forgot silence is a weapon more powerful than any gun.

Romeo the Butcher stood in his workshop. His knife gleamed on the table; his sticks lay within reach. Yet his greatest weapon was his

own body – honed through years of training in an ancient Indian martial art preserved within a closed, non-religious South American community. Every turn, kick, strike, and throw flowed seamlessly and lethally. His movements were unpredictable, his timing flawless. In a fraction of a second, he could disable an enemy and vanish into the shadows – silent, precise.

His body was a living weapon.

His mind, a strategic engine that saw the battlefield before the enemy ever did.

From his mentor, he had learned grim lessons – lessons forged not in books, but in blood, betrayal, and survival. Rules that had carried him through wars, pursuits, and confrontations:

1. **Never offer your hand to an enemy you know wants to bite it off.**

Mercy is a luxury a warrior cannot afford when facing someone who waits only for you to blink.

2. **Never let a wounded enemy live.**

A desperate man without honor always

returns – not to fight, but to strike when you are not looking.

3. **Never trust peace.**

An enemy who smiles during a truce sharpens his blade beneath the table.

4. **Know your opponent's shadow better than his face.**

People lie. Bodies lie. Shadows never do.

5. **Master yourself, or your enemy will master you.**

Anger blinds. Calm kills.

6. **Never strike first – but strike decisively when the moment comes.**

Doubt is the opening a blade slips through.

7. **A shared secret is a manufactured weakness.**

Silence saves your life. Words dig your grave.

8. **Observe more than you breathe.**

Those who see everything are surprised by nothing.

These rules were his invisible armor.

They had guided him through Türkiye, Hamburg, Warsaw, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Marseille – through gangs, corrupt businessmen, and hardened soldiers. And now they would protect him again, against a threat larger, more organized, and more ruthless than any before.

A map of Europe lay on the table. Hamburg. Warsaw. Lyon. Marseille. Each city concealed a fragment of a network: former military operatives smuggling weapons, corrupt accomplices profiting from innocent blood, traffickers trading human lives like merchandise. Romeo's mission was brutally clear – neutralize them. Permanently. No traces. No witnesses. No mistakes.

He remembered the sleepless nights of training: in forests, deserted alleyways, cold gymnasiums, and abandoned parks where only the moon bore witness to his transformation. He learned guerrilla techniques and ancient tactics passed

down – unbroken and secret – from generation to generation to the heir of an ancient Brotherhood. His mentor had taught him not only how to fight, but how to survive, how to think, how to anticipate.

Now, he commanded it perfectly.

His body reacted faster than he thought. His senses were perpetually razor-sharp. Every sound – the snap of a branch, the shift of a shoe on wet asphalt, the tremor of a metal downpipe – was instantly analyzed. Every shadow is categorized. Every breath beyond his walls registered, as though he were part of the darkness itself.

His planning was surgical.

No detail escaped him. He knew his enemies' habits, their routes, their flaws, their weaknesses. He predicted their actions before they themselves were aware of them. He knew when they would strike, where they would gather, what weapons they carried – and who would hesitate first.

This was no longer instinct.

It was inheritance.

A doctrine of survival.

An art fully mastered only by his mentor – and passed on to Romeo.

And now, as the international threat crept closer, he felt everything converge: every lesson, every wound, every night of relentless training. It was as though the universe itself had been shaping him for this exact moment.

He was ready.

Lethally ready.

Yet once, Romeo had been only a shadow of the man he would become. His heart had been heavy with raw grief for his father, who had been killed during a brutal street robbery. The perpetrator was never found. Never prosecuted. Never even seen. The only proof a man had once stood there was the lifeless body Romeo later had to

identify – cold, still, stripped of everything except the memories they shared.

That injustice consumed him from the inside – not with screams, but with whispers. It gnawed at his ribs each night, tugged at his thoughts, and clenched his heart in an iron grip.

He did not know how to fight.

He did not know how to search.

And he certainly did not know how to heal.

He had no direction, no strength, no strategy – only grief, and a burning wish that someone, somewhere, could tell him how to fight back against a world that had taken everything from him.

Revenge simmered within him, but he had no idea what to do with it. Because despite his rage... he had never fought. Not even by accident.

His physical condition was, at best, embarrassing.

He had avoided gym class for years as though it were radioactive.

A push-up was a mythical concept, and his annual attempt at a sit-up usually ended in a philosophical discussion with the ceiling about why gravity always won. His body felt less like an instrument of justice and more like a sack of salt – sluggish, uncoordinated, and utterly unsuited for heroics.

How am I supposed to fight crime like this? he wondered, watching his belly wobble gently like gelatin that had just heard an unpleasant truth.

That was the moment fate sent him to Zuiderpark in The Hague – not as a hero, not as a warrior, but as a broken son desperately searching for a way to understand injustice, let alone correct it.

And what he found there was not comfort.

But a man who would change him – down to the bone.

The meeting with his mentor was a turning point, the kind destiny throws in your path without warning.

One day in March 1980, after treating himself to a day in The Hague – partly to relax, partly to escape the realization that his body was little more than a willing sack of salt – Romeo wandered into Zuiderpark.

It was one of those days when the sky drooped heavy and gray, like damp cardboard, and the city seemed to groan under its own burden. Romeo wandered without purpose, more intent on escaping his thoughts than on finding any real pleasure in the world around him.

The streets were nearly empty, save for the occasional passerby whose hurried steps echoed like whispers of distant worry. Even the wind seemed reluctant to stir, leaving the air thick and still, as if the city itself were holding its breath.

And then he saw him.



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In a secluded corner of the park, hidden behind a line of trees, a brown-skinned man trained with an intensity that did not seem to belong to this world.

His movements were fluid yet devastating, rhythmic yet ominously precise. He kicked, struck, turned, and landed as if gravity were a suggestion rather than a law. This was not exercise.

It was survival.

It was war conducted in silence.

Romeo stood still, transfixed, and intimidated all at once. The man moved as though he were preparing to fight the devil himself – and the devil would not have stood a chance.

Only later would Romeo understand that he had not been watching an ordinary man – no athlete, no martial arts enthusiast. This was the *Adhipatih* of the Vishnuh Brotherhood, known among the initiated simply as *Mass*, a title whispered through generations. He was the master of pure Pencak Silat, a combat doctrine developed and

safeguarded by his ancestors within the Vishnuh Brotherhood.

A man whose presence conveyed a single message: touch me, and you will break something you need.

Anyone with common sense would have walked away.

But Romeo... was Romeo.

For reasons no one has ever fully understood — not even himself, he walked toward the Adhipatih. Perhaps it was courage. Perhaps it was stupidity wearing an expensive coat. Perhaps ambition had hijacked his mind.

Or perhaps it was simply the first sign that fate had decided to interfere in his life.

As Romeo approached, the master stopped training abruptly. Not from fatigue — such a concept did not appear to exist in his vocabulary — but because he had noticed Romeo. His eyes, dark and unyielding, pierced him as though reading him from the inside out. Romeo

felt it instantly: this was no ordinary gaze. It felt as though he had already been defeated without the master having moved a single finger.

Romeo swallowed, greeted him politely, and asked – his voice steadier than he expected – whether the Adhipatih would take him on as a student.

Silence followed.

A long, uncomfortable, almost cosmic silence.

Mass studied him, his stare so sharp that Romeo wondered whether he might actually split in two if the master so desired. Not a muscle moved in the Adhipatih's face, but his eyes spoke volumes: *Who are you to dare ask me this?*

Romeo explained his motivation. When he finished, the master nodded.

Not with enthusiasm.

Not with pride.

But with the resignation of someone who recognized that fate had already decided.

He offered one warning – one that struck Romeo’s soul like a hammer blow:

“Discipline is sacred.

Always be on time.

No exceptions.

Not even if you have to crawl through weather, wind, or an existential crisis to get here.”

Romeo nodded, without fully understanding what he was stepping into.

He did not know these words would become the foundation of his transformation.

He did not know that being late to the Adhipatih was worse than losing a fight.

He did not know this was the first step on a path that would turn him from an insecure sack of flesh into a warrior of blood, bone, and unyielding will.

But in that moment... he believed only that he had been given a chance.

A chance that would rewrite his entire life.

The first day of training was not an introduction. It was the execution of his former self.

Romeo arrived before the sun touched the park. The Adhipatih was already there, motionless, as if he had never slept and the darkness itself sustained him. No greeting. No explanation. Only a nod. And then it began.

Thus began Romeo's regimen: training three times a week, under every imaginable condition – rain that fell like ball bearings from the sky, wind that tried to shove him back home, cold that made his toes question their contract with his body.

The Adhipatih rarely spoke.

That was his method: silence as instruction, pain as feedback.

Romeo endured. Five years. Sometimes reluctantly, sometimes with shaking knees, sometimes stumbling in after night shifts, feverish or half-sick – but always present. Because one lesson had been carved into him

early: being late was a mortal sin. The Adhipatih did not enter your life to spare you. He came to break what was weak.

Every training session felt like a trial imposed by the elements themselves:

- mud that clung and dragged him down.
- air that cut like glass
- muscles screaming for mercy
- and a master who never shouted, only watched in silence.

Romeo was not merely shaped into a weapon; he gradually lost the ability to be anything else.

His humanity ceased to be a part of him and became a memory – vague, distorted, as though it belonged to someone he had once known but long since buried in the mud of Zuiderpark. Each training with the Adhipatih was like a blade cutting away another piece of his former self: doubt, fear, even empathy.

What remained was discipline, silence, and something darker than determination – indifference.

Not toward life.

But toward pain – in any form.

And that was precisely the point.

The Adhipatih did not train men.

He trained survivors.

Once, he had spoken a single sentence that would haunt Romeo for the rest of his life:

“A man who wishes to become strong must first be willing to lose everything that makes him human.”

Romeo had laughed. Briefly. Awkwardly. Ignorantly.

He came to understand that it was not strength that made him lethal, but the emptiness surrounding him. Not the presence of fear, but its complete absence. Not doubt, but the total eradication of it. His limits dissolved; every

restraint, every moral hesitation, gave way to an icy logic. What had once seemed like a mission had become a natural law – inevitable, like decay itself.

The emptiness did not arrive suddenly. It crept in – slowly, patiently – like a shadow advancing a centimeter each day across his soul, until no corner remained where light could still breathe. At first, he resisted, stubbornly, as if sheer willpower could repel the dark.

He clung to memories: the scent of his butcher shop at dawn, the warm wood of the old chopping block, the rhythmic sound of his first knife being sharpened under the watchful, approving gaze of his father.

But even those precious images began to fade. They thinned, became elusive – as if written on paper slowly dissolving in rain. And the harder he tried to hold on to them, the faster they slipped through his fingers.

The darkness did not win in a single blow. It won centimeter by centimeter – until it won everything.

His training with Mass had taught him this: emotions are unpredictable, dangerous, and cause hesitation at moments when stillness is required. And so, they were eliminated. Not consciously – but through the accumulation of years of discipline, pain, and sacrifice.

Mass saw it happening. He watched Romeo's gaze change – from man to instrument, from student to entity. And still, he said nothing. Because he understood that some paths are not chosen; they emerge. Not from desire, but from necessity.

One evening, during a training session where the cold air scraped Romeo's lungs like shards of glass, Romeo suddenly stopped. Not from exhaustion, but from realization. Of how far he had come. And how far he had drifted from himself.

“You feel it at last,” said the Adhipatih.

Romeo looked at him, his face untouched, his heart a silent organ without desire.

“What do I feel?”

“The vanishing,” the Adhipatih replied. “What remains when a man wages war against himself for too long.”

Romeo said nothing. Words had become unnecessary. He no longer existed as a man, but as a response to injustice – an instrument that did what had to be done.

The organized crime, deeply entwined with the city of The Hague like roots in rotten soil, had to be torn out to the last fiber. He no longer cared how many lives, bonds, or memories were ripped apart in the process.

When his knife, his sticks, or his strategy went into motion, there was no such thing as half measures. He acted with the precision of a ritual: cutting was not a choice, but a promise – an inevitability.

He stopped only when nothing moved anymore, when silence grew heavier than the breath that had preceded it. Until emptiness itself delivered the final word. In that emptiness, he found a strange kind of peace. The world was chaotic, but in his hands it became orderly. It was harsh. It was final. And hesitation had been taken from him long ago, for hesitation was a luxury he could no longer afford.

The ancient *Pendekars*, under the vigilant eye of the Vishnuh Brotherhood, had understood this long before him: protection was an illusion, a fragile mirage that abandoned even the strongest in the end.

Mercy? A luxury the world had never truly possessed – merely a word the weak clung to for comfort. Their legacy was harsh, cold, and unyielding. Simple in essence. Merciless in execution.

The Pendekars taught that true strength did not reside in muscle or blade, but in the ability to recognize the inevitable and act without a

fraction of doubt. They knew there were moments when a path became irreversible — when silence equaled surrender, and action was the only response capable of correcting the world's imbalance.

They understood that some roots, no matter how deeply entrenched, had to be torn out with surgical precision to prevent chaos. Corrupt intent, hidden betrayal, abuse of trust — none of it could be allowed to survive within a community that sought to protect itself.

And those who believed they were safe behind walls of lies, manipulation, or status eventually learned the truth: safety was only delay. A brief pause before the law of the Brotherhood reached them — unyielding, direct, infallible.

The legacy of the Pendekars was not one of glory or loudly celebrated honor. It was a sober lesson in reality. A cold truth that echoed in the hands of those who dared to act... and in the silence of those who did not — and were destroyed by that hesitation.

“He who wishes to deliver justice must be willing to break more than bones.”

Romeo felt the sentence echo through his mind, as if a voice from another era whispered that the line between justice and destruction had always been thinner than people dared to admit.

He walked now with that line at his heels – an invisible boundary following him day and night. He knew its position precisely. And he knew exactly when he would cross it.

His inner silence had become more dangerous than any weapon. It was the stillness before a storm – the silence that makes men whisper... and causes those men to disappear.

He no longer looked at the world with hope, but with calculation. He counted: errors, debts, sins. In his mind, each offense ticked like a clock that never stopped – a countdown no perpetrator could escape.