

## The Tower 35

### Chapter 35

- There seem to be many unknown strong contestants in the finals this time! They caused a lot of variables in the preliminary round! Thanks to the wails of those who lost their points, I could not sleep well these days. Hahaha!

The 17th game of the round of 64 was about to start at the North Stadium. Two men had come up to the field. One was a lightly dressed swordsman, and another one was a knight in armor.

- Now! The 17th game will soon begin! We have already finished more than half of the round of 64! We have Tugot, a lucky swordsman here with us today having miraculously advanced from the preliminary round!

Boo— Boo— Boo—

"You're just lucky!"

"You're going to fail this time!"

"The knight I was cheering for had failed to advance because of you!"

The audience booed and criticized Tugot, who was on the field. How could a man with no fame or skills get to the finals in such an episode that had drawn so much attention?

In the preliminary round, several people who were major contenders for the finals had fought against each other and destroyed themselves. And Tugot, who took that chance to knock them down when they were weak, advanced to the finals. Tugot was not a particularly appealing contestant to an audience who wanted to see a fun game. However, even among such an audience, there were people cheering for Tugot.

"Mas... Tugot! Let's go! Let's go, Tugot! Hey, what are you doing? Why aren't you cheering?"

"Tsk, what are you cheering for? Whether you cheer or not, the result will be the same. Is your head for decoration?"

"What did you say? Do you really want a fight, you Bighead?"

"What did you just say? Do you really want to die?"

"Hey! It's noisy, so if you're going to fight, go outside and fight!"

"Who cares about Tugot... Are they cheering for the guy who's gonna die next because they're Skeletons? Hahaha, that's a new way of cheering."

When the audience near them got mad at them, the two who were cheering for Tugot closed their mouths, glared at each other and then turned to the field. At that time, the opponent was coming up to the field.

- The opponent of Tugot is Hoppen, a strong man who's also referred to as the Knight of the Iron Wall!

Whoa—!

"Ho-ppen! Ho-ppen! Ho-ppen!"

"Just kill him, Hoppen!"

"Are you going to let that fool stay in the finals? Show him what you got, Hoppen!"

Unlike Tugot, Hoppen received a lot of cheers.

"I guess I'm lucky this time. I can't believe I get to face someone like you in the finals," Hoppen muttered.

"Hey mister, don't let your guard down, that's how you're going to lose," Tugot replied.

"Hahaha!?Do you think an Ogre will die from being careless in front of a Goblin?" Hoppen laughed at Tugot.

"I have seen a Goblin win against an Ogre," Tugot said.

"I have never heard such a funny thing before. You are a funny guy," Hoppen replied.

"If you don't want to believe me, you don't have to. But remember, that stereotype is blinding you," Tugot warned him.

"Haha, I was wondering how you came up all the way here, but you must have come up with your mouth. I will let you know that this is a place where you compete with your skills," Hoppen replied.

Hoppen, the knight with a helmet, drew his sword. At the same time, Tugot raised his sword in a slightly clumsy position.

- Well! Since both of our contestants seem to be ready, should we get started? Alright then! Let's begin the 17th game of the round of 64!

Da-dum—!

A harsh drum sound signaled the start of the game. Hoppen, the contestant referred to as Iron Knight, rushed towards Tugot and struck his sword. Tugot avoided Hoppen's attack by a hair's breadth and then made a counterattack that brushed past Hoppen's helmet.

"Keugh—" Hoppen flinched and fixed his posture because he was surprised by Tugot's reaction speed. Tugot was faster than expected.

"You're pretty good. So it wasn't just luck that brought you all the way here?" Hoppen asked.

"Bring it on," Tugot said.

"I will," Hoppen replied.

Hoppen's sword rushed towards Tugot again.

Chaeng—! Chaeng! Chaeng!

There was a series of clashes between the two contestants. And the audience's enthusiasm heated up in the fierce battle between the two.

"What's going on? Tugot is fighting better than I thought."

"Wait, was it not by luck then?"

"No way, is Tugot going to win? Will he win again?"

"Shut up! You guys don't know anything about the sword. Look at the difference in the skill level between the two. Look at how Tugot wields his sword! He seems to have good physical ability, but his swordsmanship is lacking. He will never be able to beat Hoppen with such swordplay."

Before the start of the game, almost all of the audience predicted Hoppen's victory. However, now that the game was at its peak, people had changed their minds about the odds, from 10:0 to 8.5:1.5. Most audiences still thought that Hoppen would eventually win.

"You're pretty good! But you still have a long way to go!"

Hoppen was able to block all of Tugot's attacks as if he could expect what was coming, except for the first move. It was difficult for Tugot to break through Hoppen's weak points, because Hoppen was known for his defensive swordsmanship. On the other hand, Hoppen's sword was gradually closing in, creating wounds on Tugot's body little by little.

"Keugh!" Tugot's left arm was cut a little deep, and a groan came out of his mouth.

Tugot's arm almost flew away after being struck by Hoppen's attack, but he managed to escape with excellent reflexes and strong physical ability, stepping back. There was a sigh of regret in the audience as people were watching the scene. And the two Skeletons who were cheering for Tugot uttered a rough shout.

"That bastard!"

"I'll tear his limbs apart right now!"

"Then your skull will break down first. You stupid bonehead."

"Whoa... I was just too into it for a moment. What I just said was unseemly of chivalry."

"What the fuck are you saying."

"Shut up. But I told him several times that he has to keep his center of gravity low in that situation... Huh? What is he doing? If you go in like that— Oh, man... No! Put your right foot back! And have your upper body turn diagonally! Ah!" The Skeleton shouted and hit his abdominal bone out of frustration.

"You're really fucked up." The Skeleton next to him shook his head.

In proportion to the soaring enthusiasm of the audience, the confrontation between the two in the stadium was also getting fiercer. It would have been normal if the two men fell down in exhaustion by this point. However, the two were on fire, and far from exhaustion.

"Hey mister, it must be hard because you're old. Why don't you just give up," Tugot suggested.

"No way, I'm still fine!" Hoppen replied.

It was a situation in which the tension between the two men was at its peak. The fight looked fierce on the outside, but Tugot's entire body was already far from normal because he was battered.

Tugot's right arm, which was blocking Hoppen's sword, instantly stiffened. After seeing Tugot's trembling arms, Hoppen thought Tugot was already at his limit. And Hoppen's calculated move worked out. His mana flowed through his sword, and stimulated Tugot's muscles. The small gap between the sword and Tugot was the crux to determining the winner of this fight.

'I won!?' Hoppen thought he won.

"Oh my!" However, right before his sword could reach Tugot's heart, Hoppen slipped on the small stones on the ground and lost his balance.

Parts of the field were smashed and fragments of rock were formed during the fight between the two. The stones reversed the crucial moment. Hoppen's sword passed between Tugot's neck and shoulders, not his heart. And Tugot, who did not miss the opportunity, penetrated Hoppen's abdomen with his sword.

Keugha—!

Hoppen, who had never been hit by a valid hit, collapsed and vomited blood, due to this single, successful attack. In the face of such an unexpected situation, the audience looked at the field with blank expressions, and soon the sound of drums announced the end of the game.

Whoa—!

"That was crazy! How did he win?"

"What happened to Hoppen all of a sudden?"

"I think he slipped when he stepped on the stones."

"Ugh you idiot! How can you lose to Togot!"

"What the hell are you doing? What are you going to do with my points? How can you call yourself the Knight of the Iron Wall!"

Most of the audience at the gambling house placed their bets on Hoppen, and they did not think there would be any surprise this time. The fight was one-on-one and the opponent was the Knight of the Iron Wall. However, in yet another unexpected twist, the winner was Tugot.

"Oh no! My points!"

"Ahhh! This doesn't count! How can you step on the stones and slip at this very important moment!"

"Tugot—! I love you, Tugot! I love you so much!"

"Yay! He won! Tugot won! I'm rich now!"

There were people who gambled with reverse bets wherever they went. Tugot's dividend payout was incredibly high compared to Hoppen and people could sweep home points if he won. And very few people in the audience have succeeded in gambling.

"Hahaha! I'm rich now."

"Lol, are you really? Anyway, let's hurry up and go."

"Alright."

The two Skeletons, who had been cheering for Tugot since the beginning of the game, left the stadium and headed to the gambling house. The gambling house was in a state of chaos. After Tugot's victory, many people were crying on the floor because they had lost their money.

"Tsk, idiots. Of course Tugot would win. Can't they see that?"

"Shut up. Let's just hurry up and get our points."

The two Skeletons exchanged points.

"Wow, how did you guys think of putting so many points on Tugot? Did you guys gamble?"

"What do you mean? Tugot is much stronger even at first glance!"

"You think Tugot is much stronger?"

"Stop talking nonsense. Hurry up and give us the points."

"Okay, I'll check your identity first. May, Warrie... Okay, that's right. Here, take these."

May and Warrie received a currency that could be exchanged for points. They put them in their arms and returned.

"Ugh it's too bad that the maximum is to bet 3,000p at once. If we could put more in, we would have swept all the points."

"Was the dividend rate 21 times this time? It's much less than I thought. Was Tugot overrated in the preliminary round?"

As the two left the gambling house muttering, there was a moment of silence in the gambling house. And some of the people who were sitting on the floor exchanged glances, got up and left the gambling house.



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"Are you okay?" Tugot asked, helping the fallen Hoppen.

It was not something the guy who just stabbed him in the stomach would normally say, but unless he had done a fatal wound that could cripple the opponent in the combat, the referee did not consider him as the winner. It was because of that...

"Thank you..." Hoppen replied.

"Please go and get treated," Tugot said.

"Alright, I will. And now I can take your word for it," Hoppen muttered.

"What do you mean?" Tugot asked.

"The fact that a Goblin... can also beat an Ogre," Hoppen explained.

Tugot could not believe that Hoppen was saying that in this situation. Tugot laughed and whispered in his ear.

"It's not a Goblin..." Tugot whispered.

"...What?" Hoppen looked at Tugot with surprise when he heard what Tugot said.

- The game is over! The winner is Tugot! What a surprise! It is happening again in the finals! Maybe Tugot is a strong man?

"Dear contestants, please step aside," said Felix.

The officials came up and escorted Hoppen away. And Tugot went down and left the stadium to the cheers of the audience.

- Now, the next game will be played soon. The next contestant is Kalen, one of the most talked-about people in this competition! Many people think of him as a wizard who knows death...

Tugot went inside and saw Kalen waiting for the next game.

"You are a lucky guy," Kalen said to Tugot as he passed by.

"Well, you're not lucky," Tugot replied.

"What are you talking about? Do you think I'm gonna lose this game?" Kalen asked.

"Good luck," Tugot replied.

Kalen frowned at Tugot's words. Kalen wanted to grab him and question him, but he could not do that because the game was about to start.

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May and Warrie came out of Gret Ciel to use the points they just won.

"With this amount of points, I can finally buy a mana book that I have been wanting for so long."

"Tsk, don't do that. You should buy a weapon instead! Since ancient times, weapon wielders have been one with their weapon—"

"Hey there! You must have earned a lot of points."

"There's no place for those who only have bones to use points. Why don't you share some of your points?"

Most of the audience was in Gret Ciel because the game was still on. Therefore, it was very quiet outside. However, suddenly, a group of people appeared and surrounded the two. The two Skeletons looked at them calmly even though they were in a dangerous situation.

"Let's share the points. Are these yours?"

"Sharing is caring."

"That's right, what's good is good. But I don't do that with weak people." May smirked at the ridiculous words.

"Did you call us weak? You Skeletons must be crazy. Says you who earned points because that idiot Tugot was lucky enough to win the battle." The strongest-looking man in the group came forward and laughed at the two.

The Skeletons looked weak in the eyes of the man. It was ridiculous for them to have won so many points from a single round. In a twenty to two situation, he knew to consider what his next steps are after the fight instead of just fighting them.

'I will have to deal with these two first in order to take the biggest portion of their points. Running away with the points would be my worst move. It will be tough if I have to deal with the other guys after.'

Greg, who was eliminated from the preliminary round of the tournament, took out his sword, trying to think through the situation in advance.

"What did you just say?" Suddenly, the Skeleton's voice got low and serious.

The aura of the Skeleton in a robe changed in an instant.

"You idiot, there are things you can say and others that you cannot," said a horned Skeleton as he stared at Greg.

"What? For someone who would have been overthrown by humans if it weren't for Gret Ciel... You guys have a lot to say." Greg thought they were angry because he insulted them, but that was not it.

Swoosh—

Warrie's sword slipped out smoothly and when Greg saw that, he gave him a cold stare. A swordsman could tell how capable the swordsman is just by looking at the way the individual drew one's sword. Greg could tell that this Skeleton was no doubt a swordsman with a decent level of competency.

"You will not be able to escape death easily." May's eyes were blackened.

The dark, dull mana from May stretched out in all directions and eroded the surrounding space. The group of people surrounding the two could feel the bloodthirst, hostility, and malice just by being in the same space as them.

"How dare you say that to my mas... Tugot. I'll make you regret swearing at him," May said.

There was an instantaneous reversal in the atmosphere. The gamblers could feel themselves getting suffocated. This bloodthirst of the undead was unfamiliar to them.

"Shit!" Greg's face twisted in agony.