

Evil 163

Chapter 163 - 163: Adventurers.

Videl took a deep breath, and the stench of pungency filled his lungs. He couldn't stop grinning as he devoured the lost souls around him who were waiting for judgment. He enjoyed his feast as he watched the knights stack the dead bodies into the pit.

He saw knights, peasants, and even children in the pit. The knights's eyes were empty, trying to ignore the gaze of the dead in the pit. The situation in Lineva was worse than he thought because Kiel's believers weren't afraid of authority, and they fought to their deaths like martyrs.

"(From all those bodies, none of them are being possessed by demons...)" Videl clicked his tongue, annoyed that he couldn't feast on the demons. "(I guess I'll wait until I reach the capital city. Heard it's getting worse over there...)" he sighed and looked into the distance.

After he consumed the souls of the dead, he continued his journey. There were barely anyone going to the capital city, only a few knights. He pretended to be an adventurer and planned to help the knights fight the demon worshipers.

Every village and town that he went to was in bad condition. If it wasn't for the adventurers that stayed there, those demon worshipers would have killed the people and burned the villages and small towns. So many women and children were taken away that the knights couldn't do much because they didn't have enough forces to spare.

He decided to rest for a moment in a pub, which was filled with adventurers from different nations. Since he pretended to be one, the knights told him to join the other adventurers and waited for further notice.

"You're an adventurer?" A man leaned against the bar counter as he looked at Videl from top to bottom.

"Yeah," Videl nodded as he ordered a mug of beer.

"You doesn't look like one," The man sat down beside Videl and kept observing him. "You look like a noble with that face," he added.

"Maybe I'm one," Videl answered and stared at the man with a stoic expression. "Is that a problem if a noble becomes an adventurer?" He asked.

The man shrugged and ordered another mug of beer for himself. He then looked at his surroundings, where the other adventurers were checking their equipment and enjoying their drinks.

"Silva," the man introduced himself and offered his hand for a handshake.

"Videl," Videl shook Silva's hand. "Cheers," he raised his mug and chugged the mug.

Silva raised his mug and chugged the mug as well.

"I heard we were going to hunt down some demon worshipers and bandits. We are gathered here because a noble's daughter got kidnapped by them this morning," Silva said as he pulled his brown messy hair back.

"And where did you get that information?" Videl glanced at Silva and the other adventurers at the tables.

"I have my ways. If you have been working as a mercenary long enough, you get a lot of information from trusted sources," Silva smirked and emptied the mug.

"So you're a mercenary?" Videl raised his brows. "So you have killed a lot of people?" He added.

"I don't think I should be proud of saying this, but yeah, I have killed a few bandits and criminals. I have been doing this for five years now, and right now, being a mercenary is quite profitable," Silva nodded and then asked the bartender to refill his mug. "What about you? I can see in your eyes that you have seen or even taken a lot as well," he stared into Videl's red eyes that looked sharp and unfazed.

"Too many to count. All I remembered was how each of them begged for their lives, and when I killed them and stared into their eyes, those were the moments I enjoyed the most," Videl answered with a cold smile on his face.

Silva's face turned pale when he realized he was talking with a murderer, someone who enjoyed killing. He then cleared his throat and tried not to show the fear on his face.

"Honestly, I think you're telling the truth..." Silva said and then chugged the beer. "So you're pretending to be an adventurer so you can kill people. Is that right?" He asked.

"Exactly," Videl smirked mischievously.

A knight suddenly came into the pub with a cape over his shoulders, meaning he was a high-ranking knight. All the adventurers suddenly became quiet and stared at the knight with serious and cold expressions.

"Listen up! We are going to climb Bronzing Mountain. We found their traces toward that mountain, but unfortunately, we lost them. We don't know where their hideout is, and we are going to find it before dark," The knight said loudly. "Does anyone here know how to track things?" He asked and looked at all the adventurers.

"Hold on a minute, chief. You can't ask us anything without knowing how much you're paying. You got money, you got our skills," Silva said with a smirk.

The other adventurers nodded in agreement. None of them feared or respected the knight since they had no reason to do so. The knight looked pissed, but he knew that the adventurers were a bunch of thugs.

"If we manage to find our target, each of you will get five gold coins. If you can track the location of the hideout, we will pay you double the amount," The knight answered. "Now, stop wasting my time and tell me who knows how to track them."

Silva raised his hand with confidence and a smugness on his face.

"Let's move! We have no time to waste!" The knight shouted and left the pub.

Videl left the pub and followed Silva to the wagon to get on it. He wondered whose daughter the bandit had kidnapped and if the knights would waste their time and resources on her. He asked Silva, but Silva didn't know either, but he knew that she was from a powerful and important family in Lineva.

The journey to Bronzing Mountain took them five hours, and the sun was three hours away from setting. Silva immediately went to the front and began to track down the path that the bandits took to the mountain.

He managed to trace the footprints of the bandits, but as soon as they reached the base of the mountain, the footprints disappeared. He looked around and noticed the falling leaves that got stepped on. He found out the bandits didn't climb the mountain but rather went around it.

"Hmm, looks like they go up from here..." Silva patted the big rock and saw a trace of specks of dirt on it. "Let's not waste time, shall we?" He smirked at the knights and began to climb the mountain.

Everyone was amazed by his skill, and they believed they might find the hideout before the sun went down.

Once they had climbed high enough, Videl looked down and they had reached half way from reaching the top of the mountain. He looked around and realized the mountain wasn't a perfect place to fight because, one wrong step, and they would fall to their death. The bandits who chose the mountain as their hideout might have thought about it and given them the advantage.

Silva stopped moving even though he saw the footprints of the bandits in front of him.

"What's the matter?" The knight captain asked.

"Look around you. The trees are getting fewer as we go higher, and the moment we can't hide ourselves in the trees, we might get exposed," Silva explained as he looked around. "I'm thinking of going there on my own, to find a different path to the hideout without being noticed by them," he pointed out.

The knight captain nodded with understanding.

"Take me with you," Videl said as he approached Silva.

Silva looked at Videl for a moment before he gave a nod.

They left the group and followed the footprints as they looked around for an alternative path to reach the hideout. As they followed the path, Silva wondered why Videl had decided to join him out of nowhere.

"Is there a reason why do you want to join me?" Silva asked as he looked at Videl from over his shoulder.

"Nothing in particular..." Videl answered as he looked at the summit where he could see the thick and immense demonic energy floating. "Just curious, that's all..." he slowly smiled and knew there was a powerful demon in the hideout.