

Evil 177

Chapter 177 - 177: Champions.

Rasmus and Aris walked into the mega building and looked at the free spot in the spectator's seat. There were thousands of people in the spectator's seat and there were another thousand outside the building. They didn't expect it to be this crowded, but it was enough to say that the tournament would be the best entertainment that people could ask for.

"People from around the world are coming here to watch..." Rasmus said as he fixed his hood to keep his hair hidden and sat on the bench.

"Heard there are three favorite contestants that the people are rooting for. The Black Sword, The Silver Hair, and The Flame Fists," Aris sat down beside Rasmus as she looked around. [Read latest stories on My Virtual Library Empire](#)

"Silver Hair?" Rasmus raised his brows, surprised by the name.

"Hmm, I heard he's an old man. I don't think he's an Orthias because we don't age at all..." Aris answered under her breath as she stared at a person in a white robe on the other side of the arena with an immense amount of Mana around them.

"Let me guess, you don't remember their names, do you?" Rasmus asked and glanced at the man who sat beside him.

Aris only responded with a soft hum as she kept staring at that person in the white robe. Rasmus noticed that Aris had been staring at someone, and he looked at the person she was staring at.

There were so many people at the arena who wore hoods to cover their faces since it was a normal thing to do. However, the person in the white robe stood out more than the others because of the quality of the robe.

"It's rare for you to be interested in some random person," Rasmus said and observed the other spectators.

"It's because that man is strong, and if I could compare him with someone, that would be Uriel Goldmane," Aris answered.

Rasmus knew that Swordmasters weren't the only people that stood on top. There were others like Mages, Sorcerers, Witches, Warlocks, Northern Stars, the Marines fleet, and Shamans around the world. The Swordmasters were more significant because they were knights. There were others that didn't reach the light of recognition, especially after he saw a lot of the basalt pillars in the Sand Tower that got heavily damaged.

Aris looked around and noticed there were a few more of them among the crowd. The people hid their identities and tried not to stand out. However, it was impossible for them to hide their power from Aris with her powerful eyes.

"I see there are more of them in the crowd, at least four of them," Aris pointed at the people in the crowd.

Rasmus looked at each of them and noticed how they were trying to blend in with the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" A man stood at the podium in the arena. His voice echoed throughout the arena. "Welcome to our humble place, the Arena of Blood!" He spread his arms with a huge grin on his face.

All the spectators screamed as they gave a standing ovation. Aris had never been to a such event where thousands of people screamed in excitement. She could feel the adrenaline from each individual in the area, and it gave her the same excitement as them.

"Today! We will begin the 129th tournament, where warriors from around the world gather and claim the title as the Champion!"

Everyone shouted the names of the contestants that were going to fight in the arena. The names that people chanted were either the Black Sword, the Silver Hair, or the Flame Fists. It was unquestionable that those three were strong and well-known to the people of East Neva.

"I can hear all of you fine. I can hear all of you already have a champion in your heart!"

"However! Don't underestimate the other Warriors that will participate in this tournament. There are times where the unnamed warrior came to the top and took the title of the Champion!"

"With all that being said, why don't we bring in the previous Champions who have conquered this arena?!"

The crowd went wild as they raised their hands, clenching them in excitement.

The people that Aris pointed out earlier suddenly jumped from the spectator seats into the arena. They landed from the fall perfectly, and the crowd kept screaming until their vocal chords gave up on them.

The so-called Champions slowly reached out their hoods and pulled them down, revealing their identities. Of the four of them, one of them was a woman, and they didn't look strong at all. They all had different skin colors and different face shapes, but they all wore something in common, and that was a necklace made of gold in the shape of a sun.

"You all know who these people are. The 118th Champion, Maxim, the Juggernaut. The 120th Champion, Sofia, the Lightning Spear. The 125th Champion, Amir, the Invisible Hands. The 128th Champion, Jin, the Deathbringer."

Rasmus listened to their titles and wondered what kind of abilities and skills they possessed to be called those things. He remembered in his past life when he got himself a few titles from both his allies and enemies. The Headhunter, the Finger's Collector, the Problem Solver, and there were many more, but the one that stuck with him until his old age was the String Bearer.

"Now, now... aren't you all tired of screaming? The tournament hasn't even started yet, so why don't you keep quiet for a moment and treat yourself better?"

"This year, we have something different, a twist, if I must say."

Everyone went quiet after the announcer revealed there was something different than in previous tournaments.

"The situation in the whole world is grim right now. Evil has spread across the world, and the rulers of East Neva have decided to bring in the strongest warriors to fight evil. This is why we will bring all the previous Champions to fight and become the ultimate Champion! The rulers will grant them anything they want in exchange for fighting evil!"

Everyone's eyes and mouths were wide open, and then they all screamed once again because they would never have thought to see the Champions fight against each other. The four Champions who were in the arena looked each other in the eyes as the atmosphere became heavier around them.

"Look at them! They're ready to fight! However, we have to wait until the tournament is over. Now, shall we bring in our Warriors that will fight in this arena? Let's bring them in and let the world know who they are!"

Rasmus found out that the Warriors that registered to participate in the tournament needed to have a name for themselves. The Arena of Blood was similar to the ultimate championship where the participants were the strongest and skilled people among themselves that had proved themselves.

There were a total of 200 Warriors that would participate in the tournament. They came from different continents, and a few of them were from islands that nobody had ever heard of. Aris could tell which of them was strong, and she already knew who would win the tournament.

"Well, aren't you ruining the fun?" Rasmus looked at Aris with his brows raised.

"What? I'm just stating a fact," Aris looked at Rasmus with a confused look. "Aren't that a good thing? You can bet your money and make a lot from it. I heard people do that here, and they're not holding themselves back," she pointed out.

At that moment, Rasmus tilted his head, realizing that Aris was quite smart. He could bet his money and double it easily, but he didn't know what kind of world he was in. He needed to know if the whole tournament was fixed or not because it was usually like that, especially in this kind of time and age.

"Well, we can do little bet here and there," Rasmus said as he looked at the VIP lounge two levels above him. "I can use this opportunity to get to know those people," he muttered and saw people in the lounge with women, drinks, and fruits around them.

"And here we go again," Aris rested her chin on her fist as she stared at Rasmus. "I thought you wanted to have fun, and yet here you are, ready to scheme again, ruining the fun for me," she narrowed her eyes.

Rasmus smirked as he chuckled and looked down at the arena.