

Evil 178

Chapter 178 - 178: Pieces of news.

Rasmus watched the fight with a serious expression, trying to learn anything that he found interesting. He watched the warriors fight in the arena with their weapons in their hands, bruises on their faces, and wounds on their bodies.

The tournament only had two rules, the first one was no killing and the second one was no use of Aura or even Mana. It was also the best of three matches where things could have changed in the second round. They fought only with their own strength and skills, making it interesting to watch.

They learned each other's strength and skill which made the second round and the third round of each match fun to watch. They were indeed skilled individuals and not some random thugs who used only their muscles to fight.

"If you're participating in the tournament, how far do you think you will go?" Aris asked as she watched the match.

"With my current state, maybe on the top twenty if I use everything I have," Rasmus answered with confidence. "What do you think?" He glanced at Aris.

"Hmm, top fifty," Aris answered without hesitation. "Your swordsmanship is not the best. You won't stand a chance against those who know their weapons. Especially those who use spears, halberds, and quarterstaves," she explained.

Rasmus couldn't argue with that reasoning because he had never fought anyone with a spear before. His experience in a medieval type of combat was close to none. He didn't know what a master in weapons other than a sword could do to him.

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The sun was setting, and the first day of the tournament was finally over. Half of the Warriors had been eliminated, and the next stage would be held in a week. They wanted the Warriors to be in their best condition because it would be good for them and good for the spectators because it would give them the best fights.

Everyone left the arena with huge smiles and bright faces because they were satisfied with the matches. They couldn't stop talking about the Black Sword, who barely moved a muscle when defeating his opponent. The Silver Hair also defeated his enemy with a single strike, just like the Flame Fists.

"Can't even tell how strong they are when they barely show anything," Rasmus said as he stayed in the spectator's seat, waiting for everyone to leave because he didn't want to be stuck in the crowd on his way out. "But you said that they're nothing compared to that guy named Hermes?" He looked at Aris.

Hermes was one of the warriors that found it interesting because of his mysterious appearance. He covered every part of his body with bandages and wore a ragged and torn cloak. He even wore a black goat mask to hide his face completely. His movements were different from the others because he moved so swiftly, as if he was defying gravity.

"He's that guy that you saw back then at the Sand Tower. The one that you saw sitting on top of the tower. I know because they both smell the same," Aris revealed.

Rasmus didn't expect someone from the Sand Tower to participate in the tournament. Knowing what kind of people worked in the tower, he immediately thought that there must be a reason behind it.

"Now that's interesting..." Rasmus said under his breath as he crossed his arms, thinking that the Sand Tower might be investigating something from the tournament.

Once the arena was less crowded, the two of them walked toward the gate to leave the arena. Rasmus and Aris went to a nearby inn to spend the next few weeks there. Unfortunately, all the nearby inns were full, and they couldn't get a room at all.

They went to another area in the capital city and managed to find an inn there. The downside of it was the fact it was near the slum area where people lost their places in the city because of gambling. The gambling culture was strong in East Neva, and it wasn't a surprise to have so many people struggling in all places.

"Any news?" Rasmus asked as he sat down at the table in a pub.

"A war is happening right now between two big clans whose names I don't remember. It's on the north side of East Neva," Aris answered and ordered a mug of warm beer. "It's something about the demonic cult that they recently discovered underground of that clan. They said the cult has existed for more than a hundred years."

"They said those demonic cult members were so strong that they almost took over three small clans before the war happened. So far, hundreds have died, and the other clans are about to join the war," she continued and ordered the food on the menu.

East Neva was similar to the Asia continent, where the north side was similar to East Asia culture while the south side was similar to Middle Eastern culture. The central East Neva was a mix of both and unlike South Neva, they handled things differently from each other since they had different cultures.

"What about South Neva? Any news from there?" Rasmus asked and ordered water because he needed to be clean for his training.

"The new Commander, the one that you helped, he closed the border. Nobody can leave or enter South Neva, and it has something to do with the quarantine and isolation plan," Aris said and began to eat her beef stew.

"Quarantine and isolation?" Rasmus furrowed his brows.

"Yes, Lineva and a few other nations have been occupied by revolutionary parties. They're mostly common folks and knights who believe they can do better than the current government. They're against the South Neva Union because they believe the South Neva Union has failed and can't fulfill their promises," Aris explained as she pushed the bowl away because it tasted bland, unlike the soup that Rasmus had made.

"Hmm, so that means Kiel's plans are going smoothly. Now the revolutionary parties have grown bigger, he'll soon unite them all and control them from behind," Rasmus crossed his arms and leaned back.

"Soon you'll get what you wanted," Aris stared into Rasmus's eyes as she drank her beer.

Rasmus hummed and nodded his head as he looked outside the window. He then noticed a group of people wearing scarves to cover their faces as they walked into the pub.

Seven men entered the pub with scarves that covered the bottom half of their faces. They slowly pulled out their axes and began to threaten everyone at the tables.

"Give me all your money if you want to live!" A man shouted but cracked midway. He pointed his old and rusty axe at Rasmus.

Rasmus glanced at the other tables and noticed that the robbers only pointed their weapons at certain people. He assumed that everyone who got threatened were travelers and adventurers because the ones that didn't get robbed were oddly calm.

He glanced at the man's hand that held the axe and noticed it trembled. He could tell the man was anxious and afraid of pointing a weapon toward others. He glanced at the man's yellowing eyes and saw the desperation in them.

"(Yellowing eyes...)" Rasmus thought as he kept staring at the man's eyes.

"H-hey! Did you hear me or not? Give me all your money!" The man yelled as his hand began to tremble even more.

Rasmus glanced at the bowl of beef stew that Aris had ordered and didn't eat. He slowly pushed the bowl toward the man and pointed his hand at the stool.

"Why don't you sit down and eat first? No matter how loud you scream, you won't have the guts to hurt people," Rasmus said calmly as he stared out the window. "You can keep screaming and attract the attention of others out there. You might get lucky and attract a righteous warrior," he pointed out.

The man gulped as he looked down at the beef stew that looked delicious. He slowly bent down and sat on the stool as he put down his axe on his thighs. He looked at Rasmus and Aris back and forth, confused by what was happening.

"Take this with you once you're done," Rasmus put down a gold coin in front of the man.

"Th-thank you..." The man was shocked and immediately put the coin under his sleeve.

He ate the beef stew without catching a breath, but then suddenly the other approached him and noticed how nice it was for him to be treated that way. He immediately pushed the bowl away and lowered his head, afraid of his own subordinates.

"What's this?" The other man wrapped his arm around Rasmus's neck and placed the dagger on his throat. "I saw you giving him a gold coin. Wouldn't it be fair if you give us one each?"

The moment one of the robbers wrapped his arm around Aris, Rasmus closed his eyes and sighed. The man's head got crushed by a powerful Aura, and the blood splattered around the pub, making everyone scream so loudly.

Rasmus took the opportunity when everyone was distracted by what happened by grabbing the dagger that was on his throat. He bashed the man's head behind him onto the table really hard. He lifted the dagger and pierced the man's skull with it all the way under the table.

"A gold coin should be plenty for all of you, and yet they wanted more. How ungrateful of them, am I right?" Rasmus stared at the yellowing-eyed man with a cold gaze.