

Evil 184

Chapter 184 - 184: Intense match.

Two weeks had passed, the elimination stages were over, and it was time for the semifinals. The four Warriors that reached the semifinals were Hermes, the Black Sword, the Flame Fist, and the Silver Hair. The arena was so crowded that it was impossible for everyone to sit.

Those four were out of the other Warriors league because they dominated the tournament. They still hadn't shown their skills at all because they didn't need to. It was as if four adults were against a bunch of toddlers.

The first match was between the Black Sword and the Flame Fist. Everyone began to bet, and the odds were even, making it the best time to push their luck on getting a profit.

"Well then, it's time for the favorable warriors to show their skills," Rasmus said as he saw the Black Sword and the Flame Fists enter the stage.

"Want to make a bet?" Aris rested her chin on her fist. "They both are equally strong, and we both haven't seen how strong they are. What do you say?" She looked at Rasmus with a straight face.

"I'll pick the Flame Fists. What are we betting on? Do you even have money to bet?" Rasmus asked.

"Who said that we are going to make a bet with money? Why don't we use something more exciting?" Aris smirked at Rasmus. "The winner will get one wish from the loser. Whatever it is, they must grant the wish no matter what it is." Discover hidden stories at My Virtual Library Empire

Rasmus narrowed his eyes and stared into Aris's eyes. He didn't know if he would agree with it because he didn't know what was in her head. He still didn't know the real reason behind her following him. That wish would cause him a lot in the future, but if he won, it would make his plan go smoothly.

"Fine," Rasmus offered his hand to seal the deal.

Aris shook Rasmus's hand with a smile on her face.

Everyone started to cheer when the Black Sword unsheathed his black sword. It was the first time in the whole tournament where he used his sword. The rumor said the materials for the sword were one of a kind, with the help of the most famous alchemists in the North to process those materials.

The Flame Fists pulled on his shiny metallic gloves, which fit perfectly with his hands. The gloves were called Phoenix's Claws because they would turn glowing red like lava once they caught on fire. It was said that the gloves were unmeltable, and once they reached their critical point, anything they touched would catch on fire.

"Look at the crowds!" The announcer said as he looked around him. "I know you all have been waiting for this day. The Black Sword, Viktor against the Flame Fist, Laus! Is everyone ready?!"

The crowd went wild as they stomped the ground, creating such a powerful atmosphere that the whole arena shook because of it. Aris and Rasmus were smiling widely because of the contagious excitement that the people released.

Laus charged toward Viktor at such an extremely high speed that it took everyone by surprise. He threw a punch right at Viktor's face, but Viktor blocked it with his sword. The clash between the glove and the blade created sparks, and that lit up the glove.

Viktor pushed Laus away and dashed toward him simultaneously. He swung his sword horizontally at Laus's torso, but Laus caught the blade with both hands. The other glove lit up, and he threw a kick at Viktor's face.

Viktor held the sword with both hands and pushed Laus away, making the kick barely miss his face and lose Laus's grip on the blade. He spun and swung his sword once more, but Laus blocked it with his right hand as he threw a punch at Viktor's face simultaneously.

Viktor dodged the punch, but since the glove was blazing hot, his cheek got burned a bit as his right eye felt the heat. He lost his momentum and Laus took the chance to disarm Viktor and threw the sword away. At that moment, Viktor raised his hands and admitted defeat.

The crowd was stunned because all of that happened in less than ten seconds. They couldn't process what had just happened, but then they began to cheer and gave both of them applause. Since it was a best-of-three match, they weren't worried that Viktor lost the first match.

"They're fast, and not to mention they don't use Aura at all..." Rasmus was amazed by both of them. "Even with my current state, I wouldn't be able to move as fast as them," he added as he crossed his arms.

"That match is just the appetizer. The second match is going to be the real fight. Both have tasted each other's skills and abilities," Aris said as she nodded. "You're not on their levels yet, both in swordsmanship and close combat. Once you awaken your Primal Force, you need to sharpen your skills again," she looked at Rasmus.

"That's the plan. I'll take my time to hone my skills," Rasmus nodded and watched Viktor swing his sword around as if he was trying to adjust his skills against Laus.

"Let's see who will win the second match now," Aris said, staring at Viktor and Laus going up to the stage again after a short break.

Viktor readied his stance, and it was different from the previous match. He looked more composed as he readied his stance, holding the sword with both hands in front of his face before he slowly pointed the sword at Laus.

This time, Laus hesitated from charging toward Viktor because he could see that he would lose the moment he made a single wrong move. Viktor, who knew Laus wouldn't charge at him, decided to dash toward him at high speed.

Laus readied his stance and prepared to block the incoming attacks when Viktor pulled his sword down and back. When Viktor swung his sword vertically upward, Laus was ready to grab the blade, but suddenly, Viktor stopped midway and slashed horizontally, right before Laus could grab the blade.

Laus was surprised and immediately dodged to the side before the blade could cut his guts open. Before he could get his feet in a perfect position, Viktor swung his sword horizontally toward him. He was about to block the blade, but once again, Viktor changed his trajectory and targeted Laus's thigh.

Laus couldn't dodge it in time and got cut quite deep in his left thigh. He gritted his teeth when Viktor didn't strike him again after he managed to leave a wound on Laus. Laus then scratched his gloves with each other, creating sparks that lit his gloves on fire.

This time, Laus didn't hesitate to close the distance because Viktor already knew that if he was too close to him, he would lose. Laus didn't falter and charged toward Viktor at an extremely high speed.

Viktor swung his swords repeatedly, preventing Laus from getting too close to him. They exchanged blows, creating sparks everywhere. The crowd went wild and began to cheer for both of them as the atmosphere became so intense on the stage.

Rasmus couldn't keep up with the movements and imagined what it would be like if he was on either side. He wouldn't be able to stop any of them with his current state, and it only made his heart race and gave him motivation to grow stronger.

Viktor got a few hits on his torso, slowing his movement down because Laus targeted his shoulders and chest muscles. On the other hand, Laus also got a few deep cuts that made his movements less flexible because of the wounds. They both were fighting without any fear of death and took this match as a life-or-death situation.

The fight was so intense that both of them intended to kill each other. Suddenly, the bright sky turned dark almost immediately, and the chanting stopped abruptly. Everyone looked up and saw the dark clouds brewing on top of them. They were in a place where rain only happens once or twice per year, and yet this happened so suddenly.

Viktor and Laus stopped attacking each other and looked at the dark clouds above them. Aris and Rasmus noticed the fluctuation in Mana dropping instantly. They both noticed it wasn't normal until someone said to look at the top of the arena. They both saw silhouettes of people wearing ragged cloaks standing on the top edge of the arena, circling them.

"Demons..." Aris muttered as she stared at the sky with a cold gaze.