

ARMIPOTENT Chapter 100

Tang Shaoyang opened his eyes as Origin's voice rang in his head, waking him up from his slumber. He opened his eyes and immediately got up from the bed. He went to the bathroom and washed his face.

It was still so early in the morning, the sun had not risen yet. However, he had something to do. He changed his clothes into a black plain shirt and black long pants.

Tang Shaoyang went to the fridge and got a bottle of milk to fresh him up. It was around 4 am, he was not going to wake the kitchen people to make him a coffee. After finishing his milk, he went out of the room silently, making sure he did not wake Zhang Mengyao who was still sleeping on the bed.

After that, he went to the elevator, he pressed the number 2 button. He needed something from the cafeteria before he went for his business.

When he arrived on the second floor, he was surprised there were still people in the kitchen. It was four middle-aged men, they were wearing a white apron.

"Leader!" The four kitchen staff greeted Tang Shaoyang simultaneously. They called him Leader instead of Boss, more appropriate so he did not look like a gangster leader or something.

"Mnnn," he nodded his head, "Can you get me a jar of salt and a butcher knife?" The four kitchen staff did not know what the Leader wanted to do with a butcher knife and a jar of salt. None of them did dare to ask too so they just gave what Tang Shaoyang wanted immediately.

He took the jar and the knife, but he then stopped midway and turned around, "Also, can you get me a cup of coffee? The usual one,"

"Yes, your coffee will be ready shortly," the leader of the four replied. The reason why the night shift existed was because of Tang Shaoyang, the kitchen was prepared to get ready anytime for him. After receiving the order, four of them moved up.

One got the cup, one looked for the recipe on the wall. A recipe for Tang Shaoyang's coffee was stuck on the wall. One poured the coffee and the last one added the sugar. The leader of the four mixed the coffee cautiously. Two minutes after that, the coffee was placed in front of Tang Shaoyang.

"Thank you for the coffee," Tang Shaoyang raises the cup with his left hand as he thanked the kitchen staff. With a jar of salt and a butcher knife in his right hand, and a cup of coffee in his left hand; Tang Shaoyang left the base.

He went to the abandoned building where he hung Mo Wen to the ceiling. To his surprise, Mo Wen could sleep in that kind of situation. The guy had his eyes closed. It was just his breathing that was irregular.

The thirty-seven slaves were already there, they followed the order to arrive at this place twelve hours later. They lined up in order as they looked straight toward the hanging Mo Wen.

Tang Shaoyang walked toward the table next to the hanging body. He placed the jar, butcher knife, and cup of coffee on the table. Zhao Zhong was here for some reason, he did not know why. Not only Zhao Zhong but Yan Sheng also here, he was standing next to Zhao Zhong.

"Is he dead?" Tang Shaoyang asked Zhao Zhong while pointing his finger to Mo Wen.

"I don't know, but let's check him up," Zhao Zhong brought a stick with him as he walked toward Mo Wen. He hit the guy on the cheek with the stick, "Water! Water! Water!" Mo Wen yelled out for water.

"He's still alive, Boss!" Zhao Zhong reported to Tang Shaoyang with a big grin, "I can see that," Tang Shaoyang nodded as he took a sip of his coffee, "Get rid of the bucket!"

Zhao Zhong got rid of the bucket from Mo Wen's feet. The clear water turned red as blood mixed with the water, as the wound started to fester since the wounds soaked in water for twelve hours.

"Please forgive me! I promise I will change!" Mo Wen pleaded with his weak voice, "How about extending the contract up to five years, no, ten years. Let's extend the contract to ten years. Please don't kill me,"

Tang Shaoyang merely smiled as he took the second sip of his coffee. After that, he stood up and walked to the front of Mo Wen with a jar of salt in his hand, "You asked me to give you a second chance, and I give you a second chance! Now you have the second chance but you betrayed my trust by killing one of my people," he shook his head while opening the jar.

He poured a handful of salt onto his palm then he rubbed the salt to the wound.

"ARGHHHHH!!!"

A piercing cry came out of Mo Wen's mouth. The wounds were tearing up as the crystalline salt rubbed into his wounds. At the same time, the unbearable excruciating pain assaulted his feet. Mo Wen's body shook wildly in the air, but Tang Shaoyang held the foot with his hand as he rubbed the salt to the wound a few times.

"Stop! PLEASE STOP!!!" Tang Shaoyang of course would not stop just because Mo Wen told him to. He continued with the other feet. The agony scream that reverberating in the room made the slaves' body shuddered.

Tang Shaoyang stopped after he spent half of the jar of salt. He walked back to the table as he washed his hand with water. He took the third sip of his coffee as he watched Mo Wen's body wriggled wildly. It was simple torture but the guy could not bear with it.

After the third sip, he picked up the butcher knife. He walked back to Mo Wen's front. The guy was begging to stop, but Tang Shaoyang merely grinned at this pitiful sight. There was pity in his eyes.

In the next moment, Mo Wen screamed again. With the butcher knife lacerated his thigh down to the calf, and down to the heel. The butcher knife was dancing around the legs, lacerating Mo Wen's legs.

Ten minutes later, the blood completely covered Mo Wen's legs. The blood even covered the wound and if one looked at the legs, they could not even see the cut wound.

"Don't you dare look away!" Zhao Zhong yelled at the slave group the moment he noticed a few of them tried to look away. At the yell, the slave group was forced to look at the bloody scene.

After that, Tang Shaoyang took the fourth sip of his coffee. After the fourth sip, he picked the salt again. Just like a professional cook sprinkled the salt onto the steak, Tang Shaoyang sprinkled the salt onto the laceration wounds.

Once again, the ear-piercing scream full of agony filled the room. Mo Wen did not stop screaming for like ten minutes.

"Alright, the second show is over! I expect to meet you guys six hours later in this very same place. We have the last show for you to see!" Tang Shaoyang grinned at the slave group.

At this point, Mo Wen was begging Tang Shaoyang to kill him. Unfortunately, the show was not over. Before they leave, he stuffed the wet clothes into Mo Wen's mouth and tied that to the back of his head, making sure the guy did not suicide.

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Six hours later

Everyone was back to the same building, the same people, and the same show. This time, Tang Shaoyang had prepared five full buckets of alcohol with high concentrate.

Looking at the bucket filled with alcohol, the slave group could tell what was going to happen to Mo Wen. Just like the morning, the slave group filled their afternoon watching Mo Wen tortured.

For thirty minutes, they watched the third show of torture for thirty minutes. After done with the torture, Tang Shaoyang cut the rope.

Bugh!

Mo Wen's lifeless body fell to the floor. Yes, the guy had lost his voice, since he did not drink and eat, he did not have the energy to scream let alone move part of his body.

"This is what will happen to you guys if you break the contract!" Tang Shaoyang spoke with his cold yet deep voice, "Actually, this guy is a little bit lucky that I don't have the tools for torture like pliers to pull his nail, or something else," he shrugged his shoulder lightly.

"Alright, this is the closing!" He took out the Destroyer from his inventory. Without blinking his eyes, he chopped Mo Wen's head off.

Swoosh!

Mo Wen died with his head separated from his body. It was witnessed by the thirty-seven slaves, Mo Wen died after a long of torture.

"Burn the body!" That was his last order before he went back to the base.

As soon as Tang Shaoyang arrived in his room, he washed his body. After that, he hopped up on the bed. Even though he looked tough and grinned all the time, torturing Mo Wen was a mental-taxing for him. This was his first time torturing someone to death, he felt a little dizzy after all of that.

However, he could not show his weak side to his people. Hence he always put on his usual grin, it was a necessary warning for the remaining slave group, after all.

Not long after he hopped onto the bed, he fell asleep. While he was sleeping, the door opened, and Zhang Mengyao entered the room.

She was looking for Tang Shaoyang, but she slowed down her steps when she saw he was on the bed. Slowly, she approached the bed and saw the man was sleeping. His face was paled slightly, and the face showed how exhausted he was.

Zhang Mengyao wanted to speak something with Tang Shaoyang. However, looking at the exhausted Tang Shaoyang, she could not bear to wake him up. Slowly, she also got on the bed and laid down next to Tang Shaoyang.

She faced the exhausted Tang Shaoyang and her hand slowly moved to his hair. She caressed his black hair down to his cheek. The exhaustion was so apparent on his face, "Who knows you also have a weak side of yours..." Zhang Mengyao muttered while caressing her man's cheek.

She had heard everything he did to punish Mo Wen. But who knew the guy himself was forcing himself to do that.

Status Update:

Name: Tang Shaoyang

Class: Spirit Contractor

Age: 26

Affiliation: Tang Empire

Level: 68

Talent: Divine Body

Attribute Point: 0

Strength: 238 (+200)*

Agility: 77

Vitality: 151 (+100)*

Stamina: 79

Magic Power: 59

Sense: 11

Skill Point: 20

Skill: [Basic Detection], [Spirit Summoning - Lvl 2], [Spirit Contract - Lvl 1], [Spirit Integration - Lvl 1]

Contracted Spirit (2/3): [Karan - The Great Warrior] [Zaneos - The Demon Swordsman]

Spirit Skill:

[Karan Skill]: [War Cry] [Wild Axes] [Earth Split]

[Zaneos]:???

*(+200) STR and (+100) Vit when [Spirit Integration] with Karan.