

ARMIPOTENT Chapter 199

The Kingdom of Alleria, north border, Calios Fort

At the north wall of Calios Fort, a 1.87 meters figure stood. To the right and left of the figure were the armored guards. The deep black armor gave off an intimidating vibe to the enemy.

However, the figure that wore a black cloak was more intimidating than the guard. Even the guard did not dare to get closer to the figure as a sinister and death aura shrouded the figure.

The wide straw hat covered the figure's feature, but one could see red-gleaming eyes underneath the straw hat. He was Zaneos the Demon Swordsman, and The Kingdom of Alleria was his home.

He got the title of the Demon Swordsman from his enemy. His sword technique was just like a demon that devoured countless souls. Added he was Demon Race hence he was called The Demon Swordsman.

Aside from Demon Swordsman, he was known as the Protector of The North. He had been dedicated thirty years of his life to protect the north from the human invasion, and he was undefeated.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

The sound of steel boots clanking to the stone floor rang. A two meters figure wearing dark-red armor came up with a skull-like mask covering the face.

Demon General Wardock, Zaneos's friend. The duo had been fighting side by side for years, protecting the land in the north from the greedy humans.

"You should get some rest, my friend. They are not going to attack us anytime soon after ten thousand of their soldiers died in your hand! It will take some time for them to recover," Wardock's sonorous voice broke the silence as he tapped Zaneos's stuff back.

However, Zaneos did not respond to his friend as he kept scanning the dark horizon ahead of him. Wardock was used to his friend's elusive and indifferent attitude.

"We can't be careless, Wardock! Do you know why humans could dominate half of the continent despite being born weak? We can't be careless against them, after ten thousands of soldiers died, they would think of a weird way to break our defense!" Zaneos replied with his curt tone. Her red pupils were moving around, scanning the horizon.

"You are right about that! Do you know the Dragon Riders of the Celestial Empire?" Wardock agreed to his best friends' words. Zaneos was surprised and turned his head to his friend. His friend rarely agreed to him with something.

"What's wrong with the Celestial Empire?" Zaneos asked. It was the strongest force of humanity, but the empire was located at the far end of human territory. It was far from the border, why would his friend bring up about them?

"They send the one and the only squad of Dragon Riders to help!" Wardock said weakly. Even though the demon claimed to be a superior race to the human race, a Dragon was another matter. A squad of twenty Dragons? It was not surprising that half of the demon race would perish.

Zaneos' red pupils contracted, shocked with the news. He quickly calmed down and looked toward Wardock, "How do you know?" That was weird for sure. His friend might be Demon General, but he was the one who was in charge of the fort. Why did they not tell him?

"The King told me directly, two days ago," Wardock looked toward his friend. His deep red eyes met with Zaneos's gaze.

"Then, when will the reinforcement come?" Twenty Dragon Riders, he and his man were not enough to face twenty of them. Unless they came one by one to him, Zaneos thought he could still win if it was a 1 vs 1.

'If the enemy has twenty Dragon Riders, I hope the King will come to support us,'

"Bahahaha..." Wardock let out sonorous laughter when he heard his friend's question, "As expected of my friend, you don't even waver in front of the mighty Dragon!"

The laughter lasted for a while and Zaneos furrowed his brows. He was displeased by how his friend took this matter lightly.

"Sadly, there's no reinforcement," the frown on Zaneos' forehead deepened. But there was no way The King would give up the border where the resources were still abundant, "Does The King have a plan?"

"Yes! You are right! He decided to avoid the fight, in another name we have agreed for a truce!" When he heard that, Zaneos let out a disappointed sigh. If the two sides agreed to a truce, then the battle would not happen. He could not fight the Dragon.

Zaneos was about to ask his friend when the agreement was reached until he saw a dagger flashed to his stomach.

Swoosh!

The black dagger pierced his stomach. He did not expect the sudden attack. He was about to retreat, a stab should not be a problem for him. However, soon he realized something, his mana, he lost control over his mana and his body suddenly weakened.

His red pupils widened as he got a clear sight of the dagger, "D-demon Slayer..." it was the name of the dagger that stabbed his stomach.

Just like its name, it was a weapon with the purpose of slaying the demon. Of course, the Demon Slayer could not actually kill a demon, but the dagger was actually draining the Demonic Mana from his body. From his understanding, the dagger was supposed to be in the hand of The Demon King.

Zaneos raised his head to look at his friend, "H-how?" A weak voice escaped from Zaneos's lips.

"Of course, The King lent the Demon Slayer to me. How do you think I can get this dagger into my hand?" Wardock let out a sigh. If not for the King's order, he was not going to do this, of course. However, he was the perfect candidate that was chosen by The King to do the deed.

"I am sorry, my friend but this is an order from The King," Wardock looked toward his friend with a regret, "I don't ask you to forgive me though since I don't deserve that. But this is not my will!"

Dragon Riders, Demon Slayer, and Truce, he quickly grasped what situation he was in. He was part of the truce to avoid the battle against the Dragon Riders. A condition needed to be fulfilled for the truce to be valid.

"How long? How much is my life worth?" Zaneos asked his friend calmly. His calm composure surprised his friend.

"As expected of my friend, you can keep your calm despite all of this," Wardock truly regretted losing such a friend, and he did not understand why The King would sacrifice a splendid subordinate for a truce, "Three years, the truce would last for three years!"

"Huhu..." Zaneos let out a chuckle when he heard the reply, "So my life is only worth three years of truce? After what I have done for the kingdom? For all lives, I have killed, that's it!"

"Very well My friend! Finish me off!" Zaneos accepted his death.

Even though it was a miserable end for him, he could not do anything about this. If The King wanted him to die, there was nothing he could do. Soon, the darkness invaded his vision.