

ARMIPOTENT Chapter 597

Zaneos looked at the fireballs raining on him. The Demon merely looked up at the sky. When the fireballs were ten meters away from him, he moved his right hand toward the sword. He pulled the sword out and seethed in again. That happened in the blink of an eye.

No one could see the sword's movement. In the blink of an eye, many spaces distorted in the air and swallowed all the fireballs. The terrifying fireballs vanished into nothingness.

Ashley and Aki looked at the scene before them with widened eyes. The two, no, all of them could not comprehend what happened. Where did the fireballs disappear to? Was that Zaneos' doing? No one knew because they did not see Zaneos do something. The demon did not even move from his spot.

Even Bronson was clueless about what happened. He did not know if that was Zaneos' or Aerelion's doing? The Undead Spirit looked up. Beyond the cloud, he saw the big shadow coming closer. So he did not know if it was the demon or the wyvern. Both were creatures of the same origin, after all.

'Maybe this is why Master used Spirit Blessing on Zaneos and Aerelion.' The Executioner thought to himself.

Zaneos smiled subconsciously. He did not expect that one day, the spirit would be a lot stronger than his peak when he was alive. Yes, he could not achieve this when he was alive. He had gotten stronger, even though he did nothing. 'The system is ridiculous.'

Meanwhile, the group of Fiery Rook was still hovering above him. They did not move and seemed to be confused with the disappearance of their fireballs. Zaneos observed the group and muttered in a low voice. "The sky is not my domain, but his."

At this moment, Aerelion came down from the sky and hovered above the group of the Fiery Rook. The Fiery Rook turned around, and the Infernal Wyvern roared furiously at them. Right after the roar, the reddish-black fire spread out from the Infernal Wyvern's body.

The fire swept everything in the sky, including the group of the Fiery Rook. The reddish-dark fire stayed up in the air as the dead body of the Fiery Rook fell one by one. All of them were still in the fire.

Zaneos could trust what was in the sky to Aerelion. His focus was on the enemy that came from the pit. The wall around the pit suddenly fell off and revealed the army of the Gator Tribe. They had been hiding underground all this time to ambush the group with the trap.

However, Zaneos messed up their plan. The one who was supposed to be in this pit was his Lord's force, not him. The Infernal Sword looked at the leader who led the army of the Gator Tribe, the Golden Gator, Goldier. Next to him was his brother, one of the elders, Goldien.

The Gator Tribe looked at the sky and witnessed the falling Fiery Rook. Goldier's eyes shook as he looked at the creature that slaughtered the Fiery Rook Tribe. He set up this perfect plan, using the Fiery Rook Tribe's force to assist them from the sky while they surrounded the enemy on the land.

However, it was no longer a perfect plan when the unexpected foiled his plan. This was a failure, the opposite of what he pictured when he proposed the alliance between the two tribes. They could not even take a single enemy down with them.

"So, what's your decision, Goldier? If you want to surrender right now, My Lord will accept you and your tribe to be part of the Empire." Zaneos tried to solve it without violence. His Lord needed a lot of force to realize his ambition to conquer this continent. More force was needed, but if the Gator Tribe did not appreciate the offer. They could become a big lump of experience for his Lord too. Either way, his lord benefited.

"Don't be ridiculous! We will never surrender to the person who has killed Silver!" Goldien was the one who responded to Zaneos.

"You are not suitable to be a leader. Maybe that's why your brother is chosen to lead the tribe instead of you." Zaneos shook his head. "You are prioritizing your feelings instead of your people. You know, right? Your decision will bring destruction to your tribe? You are a chief of a tribe, your decision will affect your people as well."

"Don't spout nonsense at my face, Demon! You are the last person I want to listen to!" Goldien took a step forward and pointed his index finger at Zaneos. "Where's your lord? Is he hiding behind his subordinate now? Tell him to come out, because I will kill him!"

Zaneos shook his head. "First of all, My Lord never hides behind his subordinates. He deems you and the Gator Tribe are not worthy of his time. He sent me, that guy, and them." The Demon pointed his thumb to his back.

As Zaneos spoke to Goldien, Bronson led the septuplet Troll Warlords down to the pit. They were now approaching Zaneos. When Bronson arrived next to The Infernal Spoke, he spoke with a frown on his forehead. "What are you doing, Zaneos? I don't think Lord Tang asked us to talk with these weaklings."

"They are indeed weak, but if they join the Empire, Our Lord does not have to waste his time to fight those weaklings. We can use them to conquer the three kingdoms later." Zaneos smiled.

Goldien's frown deepened as he saw the new group. The new group looked stronger. That was what he perceived from observing Bronson and the seven trolls. 'Do we have a chance against them?'

"We" meant himself, Goldien, and the other three elders. From the situation, Goldien was not confident to win against them. Especially with the one Myth Rank and four Ancient Rank Fiery Rook were stalled by the giant creature that was similar to a dragon. Goldier was considering all the options he had.

Leaving their territory was not possible. The other tribes would not accept them unless they surrendered. It was no different than surrendering to this new force. Fight the demon? They might win, but what about the man who beat them before? He was not here yet. Even if he and the Elders defeated the Demon, their force would be weakened. When that man came to them, they were just waiting to be slaughtered by him.

While Goldier was in deep thought, Goldien was provoked by Bronson's remark. His fury took over him as he rushed toward Zaneos and Bronson, alone. "Let's see what you say after you taste my fist, Undead!"

"Do you want me-" Before Bronson could finish his words, Zaneos cut him off. "No, I will face the Chief and the Elder. I don't think those armies could force me to go all out."

"I figured that out." Bronson nodded his head and looked at the septuplet Troll Warlords. "Do you remember what I said?"

"Yes, Sir. We fight them, but we don't kill them." The septuplets Troll Warlords replied simultaneously. Bronson asked them to not kill the Gator Armies, but wounded them and left them for Ashley and the force to kill them. Even though his Lord did not ask him to do it, he took the initiative to tell the Troll Warlord.

"Don't!" Goldier tried to call his brother. But the latter did not heed his call. The other three tried to help too.

"Don't go over, stay back!" Goldier ordered the Obsidian Gator Chief, the Earthern Gator Chief, and the Venomous Gator Chief to not help his brother. The three Elders halted their steps and looked toward the Grand Chief with their eyes wide opened.

"What do you mean? Your brother is..." The Obsidian Gator Chief stopped midway as he realized Goldier's intention. "Do you want us to surrender?" The Obsidian Gator raised his voice slightly.

"That Demon's words are right. We are the leaders, our decision will affect our tribesmen. If we fight them, I am afraid they will kill us all." Goldier voiced his concern. He prioritized his tribesmen over his brother's life.

"So you think we can't win against that demon, undead, and seven trolls? What are you trying to say?" The Earthern Gator Tribe asked the Grand Chief.

Goldier looked up at the sky. The reddish-dark fire became like a cloud in the sky, and he could see the Fiery Rook fighting the giant creature. Only five Fiery Rook were still alive, and they fought the wyvern desperately.

"Yes, I don't think we can win against them. The best choice is to surrender. Look at those tribes that have been absorbed by them. It seems they treat them well. We don't see abuse or..." Before Goldier could finish his words, the Venomous Gator Chief interrupted.

"I understand what you are trying to say, Goldier. However, I don't think I can work for someone who has killed Silver." The Green Gator shook his head. "However, I know you can control your emotions better than us, and think more rationally than us. We will fight alongside Goldien, and we will leave the tribe in your care."

The Venomous Gator Chief smiled and turned around. The Obsidian Gator Chief and The Earthern Gator Chief tapped Goldier's shoulders and smiled. "We will leave our people in your hands. We are sorry for leaving you alone, brother." After that, the two gators also turned around and rushed toward Zaneos.

Meanwhile, Zaneos pulled his sword and slashed the sword horizontally. The demon did not move from his spot. However, the space in front of Goldien suddenly distorted, and the blade came out from the distorted space.