

ARMIPOTENT Chapter 225

"Are you sure about this, Deril? 600 gold is not a small number," a woman with a white robe said, she was concerned because the stake was too much. What made her uneasy was the fact that the opponent readily agreed to the duel despite knowing Deril's rank.

"What are you worried about, Rina? He's just Wood Rank, our Deril will win the duel without much trouble," a loud voice filled the room, a man with a big frame, and wearing heavy armor spoke up.

He was Argil, the Heavy Warrior of the White Tiger, the front line of the party, and he was Gold Rank Adventurer.

As for Rina, she filled the support role in the party, healing and buffing her party member during the fight. Her role might be a support, but she held the most important role in the party as she was one out of two High Cleric in Platinum Rank.

She turned around, causing her blue hair to flutter to the side. Her bright blue pupils matched with her hair, "Didn't you see it? The man was so confident even after he saw Deril's Platinum Rank. He must have some tricks within his sleeve to dare to accept the trial of the duel."

"Stop fussing about him, Rina. It's his decision, not us. It's his money, not us. He's an adult, and you are not his mother either," at the corner of the room, a man remarked. The tone was flat, and his voice was emotionless.

The man wore clothes to cover half of his face, from the nose down to his neck. Next to him was a bow, and two daggers were hanging on his waist. The man had his eyes closed, and he was Master Scout of the White Tiger Party, and also the third Platinum Rank in the party, Murie.

"I am not his mother, but I am the party leader," Arina massaged the space between her eyes. Their party might be famous, but the members in fact did not get along. Especially between Murie and Deril, and she knew what causes this, it was her.

She was the cause of the crack, both fell for her, but she never considered them to be her man. Not with their childish antics, she regarded them as friends, not more than that.

Deril had his head lowered. He ignored all the remarks as if he heard nothing. When there was no longer any voice inside the room, Deril looked toward Arina, "I am sorry for not consulting with you first, but I have no way to go back at this point."

He stood up and picked the blue greatsword next to him and walked out of the room. At this point, Arina truly could not prevent the trial of the duel anymore. Not only their party would take a hit in their reputation, but it would wound the man's pride as well.

They had formed the party for eleven years, and they had grown so close, as friends, and also comrade in the life and death. Starting from the Bronze Class, now three of them had reached Platinum Rank. Even if she liked one of them, she was not going to choose from any of the two men. The party she had built all these years would crumble for sure.

Arina looked at the retroceded Deril's back and let out a sigh, 'It seems the party that I have built with my sweats and blood would crumble very soon,' he could tell that the atmosphere in the room was not good, at all.

Meanwhile, Tang Shaoyang was sitting across the Guild Master. There was a paper on the table, that was the oath that he signed with his blood. Next to the table, an old man with a white bright robe with complicated symbols all over standing. The white-haired old man was a High Priest that would seal the oath under the divinity. At least, that was what was told to him.

"Are you sure about this?" For the seventh time, Carlos asked again, "Your opponent is not just any Silver Rank or Gold Rank, but an experienced Platinum Rank."

"I know already, let's the priest seal the oath and start the trial of the duel already," Tang Shaoyang impatiently replied, "Moreover, isn't this what you want too?" He rolled his eyes at the old man.

"Hah... But the stake is still too much, I should have interfered," Carlos massages his bald forehead, "Also, why don't you just tell them the truth? The problem could be solved easily if you asked them how the Dire Wolf King died? Deril certainly does not know, and you can easily win the argument."

Tang Shaoyang smirked at the old man, "Who's going to turn down easy money?"

Looking at the smirk on Tang's face, Carlos realized that Tang was intentionally provoking the brothers. The old man let out a sigh and motioned the priest to seal the oath, "Please seal the oath, Sir."

The old priest nodded and extended his right hand to the oath paper. His hand suddenly shone brightly, and the oath paper also shone, as if the oath was responding the priest. The scene lasted for a few seconds before the light dimmed down.

"It's done," the priest said in a neutral tone, Carlos stood up and bowed his head, "Thank you, Sir," the priest returned the bow and walked out of the room.

"Follow me, we are going to the back arena," Carlos took a different exit than the priest while Tang Shaoyang followed him. They walked through the long corridor, "Has Deril deposited the payment? 600 gold is a lot, and I don't want to get cheated."

"It's in me, you don't need to worry about that. You should focus on your battle instead," Carlos could not help but shake his head. Money filled his head as if he had already won the battle.

When he was about to reach a door, Tang Shaoyang noticed his four subordinates were waiting at the door, "I have informed your party member, and they want to meet you."

Cao Yuntai looked at his Boss with an uneasy look on his face. They had just been away like an hour, and here their Boss was involved in something big again. His Boss was like a magnet that pulling all troubles into him.

"Just sit and enjoy the show," Tang Shaoyang tapped the older man's shoulder, "Oh, also hold this for me. Since killing is not allowed, it best to not use the weapon," He turned around and handed the battle-ax to Cao Yuntai.

Captain Cao almost lost his balance when he received the battle-ax. He was not expecting the battle-ax would be this heavy. He thought he could easily lift the battle-ax since his Boss always swung the battle-ax with just one hand.

The Guild Master opened the door that led to the arena. The arena was quite big to Tang Shaoyang's surprise. The seat circled the square platform in the middle. The seats could accommodate a thousand, not less.

Carlos walked toward the platform, and Tang Shaoyang followed him closely. On the way to the platform, Zowen's voice was buzzing in his head. She was asking to use [Spirit Integration] with her.

—Let me try it, let me try it! I want to know what it looks like to integrate

She was extremely curious about the integration, but Tang Shaoyang was concerned about something, 'Is it okay, Teacher? I mean, you don't allow me to integrate with you, is it okay if it's Zowen?'

—It should be okay. The reason I don't allow you to integrate with me is because of my Demonic Mana. Zowen is a human spirit, you should be okay.

'Alright then, I am also curious about the power of magus,' Tang Shaoyang nodded.

Both climbed up to the platform, Deril was already there. He was wearing his blue armor and blue greatsword in his hand.

Carlos glanced back at Tang, "Are you sure you are not going to get your weapon?"

"There's no need, a magus does not need the battle-ax," as he said that, Tang Shaoyang immediately cast [Advance Spirit Integration].

Bzzz! Bzzz! Bzzz!.

Lightning surged out from his feet, it spread all over his body until his body was covered in lightning. Within ten seconds, his black hair changes into blue, and his hair suddenly grew longer. A burst of strong mana swept the platform as the spark of lightning spread around the arena.