

ARMIPOTENT Chapter 561

"So what? When you wet your pants, I am fighting and killing the demon. I have gone through hundreds of battles while you just learn something from a sheltered academy? Can you even apply what you have learned to the battlefield?" Usually, General Allan would back down from the senseless argument but not this time.

A sheltered kid that had never been on a battlefield tried to ridicule him. This was something he would usually overlook but not this time. He was in a bad mood with the decree of the King yet this guy tried to kick him while he was down.

"You...!" Sir Page raised from the chair and had his finger pointed at General Allan.

"You what?" General Allan stood up as well. His two meters towering figure easily dominated the 1.74 meters Sir Page. The latter flinched as he sensed General Allan's aura. He might be an Earl and the opposite part was just a Viscount but General Allan was one of two Primordial Ranks the Warmir Kingdom had.

"Even if your Grandfather met me, he will respect me yet you greenhorn has crossed the line," General Allan flung the table between him and Sir Page away with a flip of his hand before he took a bit step closer.

Sir Page took two steps back as his face showed fear, "What do you want to do? I am an Earl! You can't do anything to me unless you want to be punished by the King!"

"Funny Sir Page," General Allan smiled, "Let me give you a puzzle for you. One of many Earls in the kingdom or one of the two Primordial Ranks in the kingdom. If you are the King of Warmir, who would you choose?"

Sir Page's face lost its color when he heard the question. Everyone knew the answer, and he knew the answer as well. The King would choose the Primordial Rank rather than an Earl without accomplishment.

Sir Page then realized that he had poked the wrong nest this time. No, it was not the wrong nest but he poked the nest at the wrong time. Usually, General Allan would just give him a nod and a smile each time he showed off his knowledge. Since then he had been doing this every time he visited the military camp.

"You can't do anything to me or else my father and my grandfather would pursue the matter. You and your family would be prosecuted by harming an Earl!" Sir Page pulled his final card by bringing up his father and his grandfather. His Grandfather was an Epic Rank that worked in Warmir Royal Academy as an instructor, and his father was working in the Royal Court. That was the main reason why he inherited the title this early.

Sir Page was hoping that General Allan would back down when he mentioned that but he was wrong with that. The threat did not work on General Allan.

"As I said, even when your grandfather met me, he would still respect me yet you crossed the line this time. I have tolerated you for so long yet not this time. I will least collect one of your fingers," After saying that, General Allan's figure flashed toward Sir Page. The old man pinned down Sir Page easily without resistance.

"NO! Don't! Please don't cut my finger! I promise that I will never do it again! I promise you! Please forgive me for this once! Please!" Sir Page screamed. He was terrified that his finger would be cut by General Allan.

Thanks to the commotion, it attracted the other soldiers outside the tent. One of General Allan's subordinates barged into the tent and saw the scene before him. His superior was pinning down the messenger of the King, "Are you okay, Sir Alan?" The man ignored Sir Page's pleading and asked General Allan.

"I am fine. I just need to vent out this frustration a little bit. Guard the tent and don't let anyone enter the tent, Anyone! Even the King himself comes!" General Allan commanded his subordinate.

"No, please, don't! Please help me! Help!" Sir Page screamed at the top of his lungs. However, General Allan's subordinate merely nodded his head at his superior before he came out of the tent, leaving the two people inside, "Yes, Sir!" That was the answer before the subordinate guarded the entrance.

"You do love pointing your finger at me so I will take this one for my collection," General Allan pulled Sir Page's right hand and pulled the index finger. He raised his right hand, his index finger was shrouded with a revolving wind. He then cut Sir Page's index finger with his index finger.

"ARGHHHHH!" Sir Page screamed as the acute pain assaulted his finger. He felt something missing as he could no longer feel his index finger.

"Huh!?" General Allan furrowed his brows as he smelled something bad. He got up and saw that Sir Page wetted his pants, "Bahahahaha..." the old man's laughter filled the tent, "You have been lecturing me all this time about war and battlefield yet you wet yourself just because of this," General Allan was still holding Sir Page's index finger, laughing while shaking his head.

General Allan crushed the finger into his palm as the fire lit up, burning all the remains of the index finger including the bone. This way, Sir Page could not reattach the finger unless he asked someone else to regrow the finger.

"Man, you are too noisy for just losing a finger," General Allan shook his head and picked Sir Page who was rolling around on the ground. He picked up the Earl by the neck and threw him away out of the tent.

After he threw away Sir Page, his subordinate entered the tent with a concerned expression, "He is an Earl, and also the only heir of the Page Family. You are going too far by cutting his finger... will you be okay, General?"

"Hah..." General Allan let out a sigh, "Maybe you are right about that but that's enough to dissolve my anger a little bit. But you are right, why would I lower myself to a kid like that?"