

## ARMIPOTENT Chapter 953

'I do think an oath for safety measures is not that bad, no?' Rosalie agreed with The Smart AI. The Flame Empress referred to her past where her trusted people betrayed her. She did not ask them to sign the loyalty contract because she trusted them, but she was still betrayed by them. She felt like Tang Shaoyang needed more than trust, 'It's not like the young man will disagree with having an oath too.'

"If he really betrayed me in the future, Zaneos will take care of him, right Zaneos?" Tang Shaoyang shrugged, "I know that may be too late as he may have done the damage to me or the Empire, but I just feel wrong to use an oath for everything, you know? I don't want to be known as a tyrant who owns thousand of slaves. I feel conflicted because I am doing what I hate the most."

The silly dream of being Emperor came to him because he was on the bottom rank of the gang. He was no different than a slave back then. Of course, the leader of his gang offered him higher status, but he refused because if he accepted the offer, he could never get out of the gang. His old dream back then was to have enough money, a house, and a family. Now, he realized that he was doing what he hated the most, even on a bigger scale. This was not just a mere street gangster but an established nation.

'I will not let that happen, Master. I will not just train him to be strong, but I will nurture him to be your loyal General,' Zaneos assured Tang Shaoyang, 'If he shows a little disloyal, I will kill him myself.'

"I trust you, Zaneos," Tang Shaoyang nodded with a smile on his face. In the next moment, the smile turned bitter as he shook his head, "A goal, huh?"

Meeting with Chang Jie reminded him of his past. He was just a simple man with a simple dream, but he realized that he had changed a lot now. A mere house could not satisfy him, and one wife was not enough for him. Of course, he could not undo what he had done. People trusted their lives to him; he could not say to the people who trusted him, 'I have regretted my decision, and I will dissolve the empire.'

Another thing he hated the most was a coward. Running from his responsibility was what a coward did.

"Power changes people, huh?" He muttered in a low voice. The poor Tang Shaoyang could never think of having multiple women, let alone forming an empire. He was aware of what changed him, the power, the immense power he obtained from the Game. He hated being enslaved, yet he enslaved thousands of people now; he had become the person he hated the most.

His gang leader's nephew took his woman. He knew how it felt, yet he had done it as well. He took other women. Kang Xue had a boyfriend, yet he still forced himself onto her. He might justify his action by saying Kang Xue did not love her boyfriend, but it is still unacceptable to do so. It was not like Kang Xue loved him before. The worst part was he repeated it again. Li Shuang and Ava had a husband.

If he did show his desire, Li Shuang would refuse his advance. He took advantage of Li Shuang's situation where she had to survive alone with her daughter. Ava came to him by herself, but he could refuse her. She had a husband, and the worst part, her husband was his slave, the slave war for the empire. He had a choice not to make a deal with former Elven Queen Ava, yet he took advantage of her fear.

When his thoughts reached that point, Tang Shaoyang had a disbelief expression on his face. Then his face contorted in anger, angry to himself for what he had done. Everything came from a short

conversation with Chang Jie. It started by asking the young man why he wanted power. When the young man mentioned the purpose of getting power, he started questioning himself. From there, he realized that he had changed, changed for the worse.

His thoughts were connected with the spirits. They quickly noticed their Master's concern and mental conflict. Zaneos, Zara, Rosalie, and the other spirits tried to calm Tang Shaoyang, but it was futile because he did not hear what they said. Tang Shaoyang clenched his fist as he felt a big lump stuck in his heart. It was uncomfortable, it annoyed him, it evoked his anger. He came to realize that he was no different than a scum, a scum with power.

Then sarcastic laughter flowed from Tang Shaoyang's mouth, a peal of mocking laughter, loathing himself for what he had done. He might not be a righteous bunch, but he was not a total scumbag either, but for what he had done since the Game was what a scumbag would do.

Tang Shaoyang laughed for almost a minute, and then silence followed. At this point, the spirits also stopped talking. They were aware that what their Master needed was a time to collect himself. They believed that their Master would not fall by the inner conflict. He buried his face in his palm as he was too ashamed to show his face. This was the worst feeling he had ever had in his entire life, even worse when he accidentally killed someone in the gang fight.

The long silence broke up when Tang Shaoyang let out a sigh. He leaned his back on the throne as he closed his eyes. He was contemplating in his mind. Again, he could not undo what he had done. Tang Shaoyang was well aware of that fact.

He opened his eyes and looked up at the ceiling, "Ghaaaaaaaaaaaaa....." He yelled on top of his lung, venting out all his frustration. The realization hit him really hard, hating himself for becoming the person he hated the most. His voice echoed in the throne hall as he kept yelling for a full minute.

The scream did little wonder for him. He still felt awful but a lot calmer, "What's your goal?" He questioned himself.