



184 Northern Continent's Intention

The wind was blowing smoothly across the Northern Continent. People were plowing their lands in unison as the sun was starting to turn orange in between two mountains. Around these people were men in uniform, wearing hard armor with swords on their waists, posing authority to everyone. ¹

In a small village, three people were hiding behind a bush. They ran away from those men in uniform just to escape their unreasonable responsibilities.

The correct term would be "imposed responsibilities," which were unreasonable as they needed to work 18 hours a day straight.

They were considered slaves, but at the same time, not, and just by that, that miserable life that had made them whine every night from pain, and made their voices hoarse when they talked, they were encouraged enough to urge themselves to escape.

These three people were all average farmers, 30 years of average age, and had thin bodies due to overworking. And as they were behind the bushes, they were still in their position, stiff and



frozen, trying not to get discovered.

From a distance, one man in uniform, in short, a soldier, was making his search for the escapees. This soldier was a cultivator with a base in the Warrior Spirit Realm. Any normal mortal trying to fight him would pose no threat to him. Hence, he was undefeatable if he fought with the escapees.

These farmers were due to be discovered. Even though they were hiding behind the bushes, they had underestimated the cultivator's senses.

The soldier walked straight to the bush as he knew that those farmers were hiding behind it. With a grin on his solemn and ugly face, he bashed the bush with the intent of harming the people behind it.

"Got you!" The soldier viciously smiled.

The farmers were startled. Fear and surprise were written all over their faces, and as the soldier caught the three of them, their bodies trembled.

"Oh... You have such tenaciousness in your small bodies." The soldier commented with a croaky voice, perhaps the result of shouting earlier.

"You should've worked hard if you want to rest. But, you dare to escape and skip all of your responsibilities while your family was working



hard? Wow, the nerve you got was commendable."

The farmers' eyes dilated in fear, but as their system shouted to them that they had to fight, they all shouted with the same content of emotion and intent.

"How dare you use your people as slaves! For the sake of war, you are willing to use us to death when, in fact, we don't even benefit from it!"

"You should have killed us all! You shouldn't have used us as slaves and ordered us endlessly to meet your greedy needs!"

"You are just like us. Even though you are above us, you don't have the freedom to choose what you want! You are a soldier, and you always will be. You have no right to choose what you want to be!"

Their shouts were just shrieking, hurting the soldier's ears. He swept the dirt off his ears and glared at the soldiers with infuriation.

"What a squeak."

The soldier pulled out his sword after he dropped the light bodies of the farmers. And as his sword was in his grasp, he raised it and directed the blades at the farmers' necks.

"Rest well in paradise if you wish."



Slash!

Blood splattered after the sword passed through three different necks. The heads dropped from their bodies, rolled and polished the land with their sticky red liquid.

"That should do it." The soldier had no sorrow in his eyes. He looked as if he just did it casually.

The Northern Continent's government was dictatorial and a one-man leader, where their "Emperor" held the supreme power of all of the people in the Northern Continent. With his Peak King Spirit Realm cultivation base, he was on equal footing with any strong cultivator on the continent.

Under the Emperor were the Six Supreme Generals of different brigades, and each Supreme General had 12 commanders of battalions under them. The military strength of the Northern Continent occupied 65% of the population.

It could be said that all of the cultivators were already soldiers of the government.

"Captain Luxio, reporting." A tall man in his forties stood before a person on a terrace, who looking down and observing the land from above.



The man who called himself "Captain Luxio" wore a red robe with bold details of harsh embroidery that showed all of his history in combat. He had his robe for over 40 years and he didn't change it, even though it resulted in being shattered. The embroideries on his robes were the scars of fixing his robe, forcedly sewn to be usable again.

Just with his robes, it had been with him from childhood until his adulthood. Without much thought of its appearance, Captain Luxio still maintained it with reinforcement.

On his waist were a sword and scabbard, with golden linings on the hilt. His face was just ordinary, yet, his aura emitted a pressing presence.

"Captain Luxio, I heard that your commander has been caught? You are one of his 12 Swords, right?"

Captain Luxio lowered his head and didn't reply to the words his superior spoke. His superior was so reputable that he couldn't even manage to speak against him.

'I am not one of his Sword anymore, but I couldn't deny that I was the number one Sword before.'

"It is just a shame that one of my commanders



fell into the hands of the enemy."

One of the Six Supreme Generals, Sword and Fist, The Cannibal Hero was the reputable superior Captain Luxio couldn't go against. His words were steel and firm, that should not be bothered by anything. Hence, even if he was wrong, he should not dare show that he was wrong.

His obsessive personality was well known. He didn't like being told that he was wrong. That was why, even though he respected him, he was scared of him as well. He also didn't like those who were greater than him in swords and fists, but when they were his subordinates, he would let it pass as he held them in the neck because of his authority over them.

Who would not be scared of their superiors? But Captain Luxio was scared to die at the hands of his superior.

The Cannibal Hero then faced the door and uttered, "Let the other one in."

The door opened and an individual entered the terrace. It was a bald man with ragged robes that were almost unsuitable to wear. It was grey, almost covered with brown and black dirt, and the dirty skin of the man could be emphasized.

"Second in Command of the Senses Battalion,



Regidor, reporting." The man stated, then lowered his head.

"You are now the Commander of the Senses Battalion as Polandor Cai has been killed."

Everyone was surprised when they heard the news. Polandor Cai was the commander of the Senses Battalion under The Cannibal's Hero's brigade. But then, just hearing that his mission failed and resulted in him dying, would mean that their enemies were at least strong.

Each battalion's commanders had at least cultivated until the General Spirit Realm. Hence, they were at least the strongest of each province, but as it looked, the Eastern Continent still had the power to fight.

The two newly appointed commanders didn't reply, but they only responded with the usual response.

"We humbly accept the honor of directly working under you, Supreme General "The Cannibal Hero!" With their right hands on their left chest, they lowered their heads and showed their salute.

"My Liege," Suddenly, a person with a dark cloak appeared with its face hidden. It stood before The Cannibal Hero, with its head lowered to show his respect.



"The traitors have been caught. The council of the region was now waiting for your decision."

The Cannibal Hero showed a wicked smile that turned wide, and slowly, creeps filled the air in the surrounding area. Then, as he became breathless from excitement, he abruptly disappeared, dashing directly to the open path of the terrace, only leaving dust from his sudden movement.

Slowly, the calm air returned, and the person in the cloak left the terrace as well.

Captain Luxio stood up and then faced Regidor with his right hand raised for shake hands.

"Let us make our greatest efforts." Captain Luxio stated, then, Regidor only looked at him with a clueless face.

'Ah, right. The Sense Battalion doesn't know about handshakes. They technically only do blinking to greet their comrades.'

"You take my hand and shake it. That is how you shake hands."

Regidor then followed what Captain Luxio said and smiled.

"Even though it was sad that our masters had died, at least we would replace them and continue their teaching so that they wouldn't



disappear." Regidor blurted.

"Only your master was dead, mine was only caught." Captain Luxdo uttered.

Regidor widened his eyes in surprise, then adjusted it. He then awkwardly smiled and said, "Ah, right. But let us just continue to work for the Emperor."

Captain Luxdo didn't reply; he just had a thought, 'if it is worth it.'

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The Legacy is near!

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Creator's Thoughts