

316 North to South [2]

"Underestimating the enemies is not an option. If possible, you should always overestimate your enemies, but that is impossible since our force is not that infinite. We cannot overuse our forces; hence, a smart way of using them should come first." 1

As the Crown Prince was watching servants doing labor jobs in constructing a huge temporary wall out of dirt, his subordinates behind him couldn't help but look at him with awe. The words coming from his mouth were so profound that they felt each word from him enlightened their tiny brains. He was good at almost everything, which was the reason he was named the Genius Successor.

Although the Crown Prince hadn't deemed those calls significant, the pride in it was still with him. He should not disappoint them. That was what he only had in his mind.

Their enemies were still unknown; thus, to prepare for the invasion of the Southern Continent, they should strengthen their defense against the invaders of the other three provinces. The Crown Prince was tasked with this, while the Emperor was handling things with the officials' training and strengthening their



core. Although from the outside, it looked like the Emperor wasn't working that much, in reality, he had all the worries that a leader should have.

"This will not be easy." The Crown Prince said to the Justice Coalition Leader, Bavo Luo.

"Indeed, Crown Prince. Since we had to know who they are, we should also take into account that they might use the opportunity in the Southern Continent to attack us. And just as it wasn't a secret to everyone, as well as the citizens, I feel that they were probably preparing for expansion."

"Which was just right. If I were the invader, I would use each opportunity. And at this time, I know well how they will attack us."

"How will they do that?" Bavo Luo asked.

Clearly, it was a mystery to be told as the Crown Prince hadn't shared all of his thoughts during their meeting. When the two opposing forces on the Northern Continent agreed to a truce, the Crown Prince made certain that he still had an ace in his hand. There was no way that he would reveal everything he had.

A small smile appeared on the Crown Prince's face as he shook his head, shaking in no pattern.

"First with overwhelming force. I might be

wrong, but they don't know the terrain they will face. Hence, I suggested that we build walls. Even though it was already obvious that we should build walls, I didn't forget to create a tall watch tower," he glanced behind them. There were three enormous watch towers made of rocks. "It is to harm their overwhelming force."

"But what if you were wrong? Any commander knows that quality is still better than quantity."

"Hmm... in that case... they wouldn't be able to capture the three provinces if they simply had quality. To capture those three provinces, they should first know that Northern Continent commanders and soldiers are not weak. Hence, to make up for the lack of quality they have, they should have enough quantity to overpower the quality. Hence, their numbers are expected to be overwhelming."

The Crown Prince clenched his fist as he thought, "Everyone knows that commanders and the three other Supreme Generals were not weak. Although the Cannibal Hero was injured, it doesn't mean that anyone could injure other Supreme Generals as well. The Cannibal Hero was at least one of the top three weakest, and the Eastern Continent's power has undoubtedly reached its peak. It doesn't mean that we should overestimate them. After all, in the previous Great World War, we succeeded in pushing them



until they weakened. So, defending from our invasion was what they got. And to fill the gap they have, they probably invaded our land secretly since they know that they are weak against us head-on.'

"You are indeed wise, Crown Prince."

"Wars are really the nature of the Northern Continent. Without war, what could be the use of our strength?" Demon Sword said, taking Levitate's attention as he was filling the needed Qi for the array formation he was building while breaking the protective grand array formation that was all around the Southern Continent.

Levitate sat down on the railing of the ship, as he watched everything happen from a distance. Half of the army was already on the land, whereas his exclusive subordinates and his and Demon Sword's company were on their ships. He had been assisting the array specialist from a distance, allowing him to conserve Qi as well.

"You are not wrong about that. If not for the challenges that the Emperor allowed, we wouldn't be able to test our limits. Hence, until now, wars have been our nature and peace hasn't been that peaceful anymore." Levitate responded.



Demon Sword just stared at him with a silly look and laughed. "Why would you talk like that?" I am just joking around with you, stupid! Hahaha!"

Levitate simply shook his head. She was delighted by how he got attentive to the topic she raised, but in fact, he was onto it. He was thinking about wars, especially fighting for life. Levitate had been in wars which he deemed as his life.

Even though Levitate's powers specialized in telekinesis, he was skilled at array formations, which made him stand out among his peers in his younger years. And because of it, all of his suffering started because of it. Surely, Levitate's face was so noble to look at now, but compared to his life before, he was just an insect to look at.

When he was younger, he could be described as having an untidy face and a skinny body. He had no family to trust and care for him. He had no backing, so, to survive, he had to discover what his small body could do. Pushing the limits of being poor, he was able to learn how to fight monsters. This became his source of living until he reached the legal age where he could get an education on his own. And first, he bought a book with the knowledge he was willing to study, and it was on array formation.

He entered a sect and became a disciple.

However, in his peers, he was already lacking, and it was weird to see that even though for years, he had been only learning array formation, he was still lacking. And in the fourth year of being an outer court disciple, a sect elder wanted to know if it was a waste of time to take him as a disciple. Although he could just be easily removed as a disciple, he was good at theory, which made his worth slightly valuable.

And just as a sect elder wanted to see his practical capabilities, he failed and was removed from the sect. But all along, it was his plan. He simply wanted to get the knowledge that even though he was expelled from the sect, making all the money he saved in vain, he was already satisfied.

Using the knowledge he got from array formation, he established a new identity and applied to an organization that specialized in array formations. He showed everything he got there and became an important asset, but he still faced difficulties because of the treatment he received from superiors. But he endured it, and after three years, he had already learned everything the organization could offer him, and although he still had superiors, he cared less, killed them all, and took the third Supreme General's attention.

And that was when he started raising his ranks



from the bottom until he acquired his specialty in telekinesis, which became his asset to this day.

"Wars... that is how we would be defined as... crazy for wars..." Levitate mumbled.

Demon Sword then raised her eyebrow in confusion and stood up from her seat. She then approached Levitate and tapped his back. "Hey... why is your blood reversing? Are you feeling unwell?"

"Ah... sorry... I am not feeling unwell. Ignore it." Levitate turned his back after standing, then continued assisting the array specialists.

Demon Sword pondered, then shook her head afterward.

'He knows that I am sensitive to blood, so how could I ignore it? Was he still depressed from his previous life? Come on... he is already a Supreme General... Was it too bad that he had to kill his benefactor just to be a Supreme General? I don't feel anything wrong with that. I killed my own father just to be a Supreme General, so why should he feel bad? Weird.'

Demon Sword then went back to her previous position and played with herself for a while. Although she was good with swords, in terms of styles, she was bad, and in her leisure times, she



would always play with her mind and imagine she was fighting someone.

In her seat, her shoulders would sway. Her head would tilt as if she was dodging something. Her eyes would blink multiple times. Her toes would dance. Demon Sword was practicing her style in her head.

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