



## 323 Stolen Land and Retrieval

A full-scale attack, to consider that it was an equal fight between the 15,000 soldiers that the Crown Prince held and the soldiers with Adam and Gabriel. Of course, composing these battalions for the Crown Prince should not be just average soldiers; there were squads with unique talents to make sure the victory in wars that the Crown Prince would be part of in the retrieval of the stolen lands. 1

"You are a strategist, yet you have the courage to fight with a warrior head-on."

"I may be a strategist, but I am not physically weak. Let us see who will win in this honorable fight. The winner takes all." Adam smirked.

"Well, then," the Crown Prince said, not even slightly concerned. He was a King Stage cultivator and compared to his enemy, who had a weaker cultivation base than him, he was sure to win. "But, I am confident in my field, mister strategist."

"The name is Adam. I already told you that."

Within just a blink of an eye, not expecting it to happen in their casual talk, the Crown Prince dashed to Adam with his sword targeting his neck. However, a reflex to be called, Adam had

unsheathed his sword just on time.

A metallic whistle was uttered as the two of them clashed in the middle of a chaotic battle between their soldiers. The Crown Prince smiled with vicious intent. It was wide, while Adam was just nonchalantly giving him an amazing gaze.

[Emperor's Touch!]

As the Crown Prince drew his sword vertically to his chest, an image of a huge, sunny, orange-half-bodied swordsman appeared behind him. It wore battle gear, mostly used by average soldiers, but it was unique as the armor of the swordsman in the imagery was similar to the Emperor's battle gear.

Adam Xim's eyes enlarged as they reflected the sword of the swordsman in the imagery. Without hesitation, he faced it with his sword covered with blue Qi.

"It is useless. No one has ever blocked the Emperor's Touch since I created it." 1

'So it is a personal sword technique.' Adam thought before the sword clashed with his and a huge explosion occurred in their location. Everyone was stopped for a moment, but the war continued for a second. It was a huge scene, and the Crown Prince was proud of it.

And just as the dust settled from the explosion's

epicenter, Adam appeared, standing in his tattered robes. His face was scratched and his mouth was coughing up blood. But, he wasn't still showing any sign of going down.

"You have tenacity... But, you will still face the same fate as the fools in the past that faced my sword technique!"

Again, the Crown Prince performed his sword technique, and a huge swordsman appeared once again. However, as its sword clashed with Adam's, it seemed to be penetrated by something. The Crown Prince focused his eyes on Adam and noticed how light blue raging lines were covering his whole body. It looked like a barrier from a distance, but up close, it was Adam's retaliation. It was an unending swing of his swords with Qi, and that was what kept him alive from the sword technique.

"Impossible..."

The Crown Prince didn't surrender, and while Adam was preoccupied with protecting himself from the huge swordsman's sword, he performed another sword technique that he was confident would cleanly slice off Adam's feet.

[Sickle of the Emperor!]

A huge orange sickle appeared and rushed to Adam, targeting his feet. The Crown Prince was



already having the victor's smile but was cut short when the sickle just disappeared suddenly.

"I am a strategist. I won't deny that. But I am also a good swordsman."

[Embodiment of the Fool!]

It was a counterattack. Adam swung his sword in any direction, and a net of white Qi appeared. It was wide and heavy, with small gaps. And as it was fast, it rushed to the Crown Prince without any direction to escape.

"Fuck it!"

The Crown Prince once again summoned the huge swordsman in his sword technique, but it failed to protect him. Within just a snap of a finger, he was defeated by the white Qi net, and he faced the rain of slashes that Adam launched.

The Crown Prince moved back, staggered, then held his position after finding his center of gravity. Painted on his face was frustration, and bruises from the slash he failed to parry were on his face. He could only hiss, but it was reasonable since he had underestimated his enemy.

"Well then, it seems like we have to..."

Baam! The Crown Prince dashed, and his sword clashed with Adam's blade.



"... do this with skills, not with techniques... I am confident in that field too!"

With swordplay, the Crown Prince challenged Adam to a fight that didn't use any of their sword techniques. It was only swords and their energy. Adam was not stupid enough to fall for that challenge, which would just prolong the fight. However, the unending sword attack that the Crown Prince launched was unstoppable. He didn't have time to use his sword technique.

Without any other choice, Adam did what the Crown Prince wanted. Although he was known as a strategist on the Eastern Continent, he was also a skilled swordsman, making him the fifth-strongest member of the Xiao Dynasty's inner circle. It was a council formed with different sects, military officials, and organizations to ensure a balance in power.

Adam sweetly smiled. His eyes were determined, and he swayed his hands with energy that wasn't filled with Qi. In this way, he would have time to know where he should concentrate his Qi.

'His balance and hits were accurate. I can see that he honed his swords with proper training and not just all about sword techniques. Who is this man? Why can I feel a mysterious aura from him as if he was some kind of noble? Is it just me... or am I hallucinating? His eyes were



turning orange, but I could not feel any Qi from his attacks!

Adam was almost distracted, but he was able to return to concentration. He saw how the Crown Prince seemed unstoppable, but he was also unstoppable, which he should not be worried about.

**'This kid is really pushing me...!'**

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**"Amon Wubao, the first son of Banglang Wubao, the leader of the White Lead Mercenary Group. Ji An Fang, the second son of the Great Elder of the Great Clan of Word Users. Xian Lim, the assistant of the Firestorm General of Xiaozhin Province. And Hand God, the son of the governor of the Limao Province and the Sand General. Standing next to the invaders of the continent proves that you are part of treason. Do you have anything to say against what I said?" Bavo Luo said.**

**Bavo Luo knew every important person on the continent. As a leader of the Justice Coalition, he should know how to act in each significant person's presence. And just as his squads were standing before them, who were confidently standing to stop them from slipping through the battlefield, it meant that these people he knew would dare to stop him and commit treason.**



"I have something to say. You are wrong with the second son. I am now the Governor of the Quanzhi Province." Ji An complained but was joking at the same time, and his long words came across as nonchalant.

Bavo Luo's one eyebrow raised. "You were the reason why there was a dispute in the Quanzhi Province after the destruction of the Cannibal Hero."

"You are not wrong about that, but it wasn't all from me. I have Big Brother's help."

"Big Brother, does that mean Ro Xian was part of this scheme?"

Ji An suddenly furrowed. "Don't mention that trash's name. Ever since I haven't called him my Big Brother."

"Then, who is your Big Brother?"

"That is none of your business."

Bavo Luo gulped then looked at the other three, who were just silent.

The muscular bodies of Amon and Xian Lim made him nervous. Although they were just silent, their presence and gaze were already bothering his soul. But he wasn't weak; he was simply assessing things correctly; fear is a natural part of human nature, after all.



The Hand God, who was just as silent as well, but slightly skinnier, didn't bring any bothering aura. He seemed insignificant in comparison to them, but Hand God was one of the impatient people, as well as the strongest in the raw power of the four of them.

"Fuck you! Can you shut up and let us fight!" An explosion of his shout was created, and Bavo Luo couldn't help but widen his eyes.

"W-What?"

Hand God suddenly opened his hands and appeared before Bavo Luo. He caught Bavo Luo's face with his tiny arms, but the expected outcome was the opposite. Despite his tiny arms, it almost broke Bavo Luo's skull.

Bavo Luo pushed Hand God and recollected himself. He shook his head and gave a serious gaze to the squad leaders in the Crown Prince's force.

"Defeat the traitors."