

Creator 1701

Chapter 1701: Meeting Zeus

The battle went on for more than an hour. Sam slowly dealt with the people on the ground.

He then shifted his focus to the snipers who are hiding on the rooftops of the houses.

They are perfectly utilizing the terrain to their advantage. Sam guessed that they might have been given a buff that amplified their already dangerous stealthy abilities. From what he knew there are three snipers hiding from him. Now that all the ground forces are gone, all he has to do is hunt all three people.

Sam is able to dodge the bullets, but he was unable to find their locations because of his position. His energy vision is not exactly helpful. The energy waves coming from the houses and people within are also acting as a hindrance for him.

So, after some thought, he decided to pick a different approach.

He activated wind elemental fusion and flew into the sky. He looked down on the roofs of the houses and smiled.

Now there is no disturbance. Even if the snipers are really good, they cannot overcome this simple obstacle. It is as simple as that.

Sam took out his handguns and started shooting down at them.

And snipers themselves revealed their locations even though they had some camouflage buffs. They are hard-programmed to try and kill Sam. They are smart enough to hide, but they are not cunning and intelligent enough to just retreat and hide their location and report the matter to the other people inside.

Sam is of course going to take advantage of that.

BOOM

BOOM

Bullets rained down on the town with explosions. The snipers started moving around, trying to find a cover. One of them died in the first volley of Sam's attacks. The other two went on to the streets as they used the cover of houses to try and attack Sam once again.

But this time, they lost their location advantage completely. All they are doing is make Sam bomb at the town at different locations. He destroyed a lot of infrastructure and some people even died before they could even resist.

And in process of hunting these two snipers, Sam also understood something else. When the hell's tower is simulating something based on real events and even if the creatures are granted some intelligence, it is not exactly as clear and proper as the real incident.

For example, Sam is sure that if the incident were to happen in the real world, the Lion Hunter Tribe would have reacted a bit differently. First, they will still send the first wave and they will wait for the first wave to be annihilated before they make any decision.

But they would be constantly observing Sam. They wouldn't just sit back and let the first wave die in vain.

And if the snipers were really cornered in such a situation, they would have just escaped back and let the commander know what kind of enemy they are facing.

Then there is the scenario where the shelters are being bombed. If the opponent is strong enough to bomb the shelters randomly while fighting the first wave, the commanders are not going to just sit around.

Even some experienced Lion hunters inside the shelters wouldn't just stand by. That rule only applies to them, if they are safe and sound with minimal damage. Once things are past that, there is no way, they will take this lying down.

They would have retaliated immediately.

But now they are just staying back as if there is nothing they could do. No, that is not even an accurate description. They are just acting as if they are objects in their surroundings. Not like creatures that are there to kill him.

Sam started analyzing their behavior and his head is filled with some thoughts.

When this large scenario is planned, it seemed like whatever brain or the origin of this creation that was in play took the overall scenario into account and took the most generic and step-by-step approach.

It didn't take individual behaviors into account. He doesn't know how this dynamic works. Because until now, the individual creatures all had their own behavioral patterns inherited from them.

But now all of that is gone.

As these thoughts flooded his mind, Sam finished off the two snipers. As soon as the corruption hit his body, he noticed some energy fluctuations coming from different corners of the town. He could understand what was happening.

Some of the creatures are finally coming out as per the exact protocol. The first wave took a decent time. So, the second wave is going to come now and it wouldn't be very strong. It would be strong of course, but not to the point that it will put extreme stress on him.

It would be manageable.

But still, Sam didn't start the fight. Instead, he disappeared from the spot. He went to the stone pillar and decided to deposit the corruption energy.

Hel saw the whole thing and sighed.

"There is no way Zeus' plan is going to work this way. Sam is going to be very careful. All he did is deal with this first wave and he already went to the pillar. If my guess is right, he will directly go to the pillar again right before he even finishes the second wave.

This stupid guy just lost a shit load of fortune and his plan is ruined even before they revealed it out in the open.

And he has to face the wrath of that stupid Gambler.

Zeus is fucked."

Hel muttered to herself and decided to inform about the situation to Zeus directly.

She didn't delay once the thought popped into her head. She directly went to meet with Zeus and explained what she observed.

Zeus thought for a moment and sighed.

"This is the first time I had to think this much when dealing with a Mortal. Why is this bastard who is not even a descendant of an Olympian god troubling me this much."

"You and your stupid Olympian pride. Can you fucking hold it in, while I am here? You might think it is all powerful and shit, but all we can see as outsiders is an incestuous family of debauch people.

So, shut the fuck up and tell me what you want to do."

RUMBLE

Lightning crackled in the sky as Zeus looked at Hel.

Hel didn't care much about his anger. She knew her words angered him. In fact, that is one of the main reasons, the Olympian gods are not respected as much. They are only getting any respect because of Zeus and their other gods' overwhelming power.

"You better talk carefully to me Hel. If you insult Olympia once again, I will start a realm war before Gambler could start anything."

"Yeah, yeah. You and I both know, that half of your threats are nothing but empty words."

Zeus calmed down before he spoke.

"Don't worry about the situation with Sam. Even if he has absolute control over the tower and the floors, he wouldn't be able to deal with what I am planning next.

You need to go and implement the next round right after everyone clears the third floor of the hell tower.

This task is something I specifically designed to contribute to Sam's already drawback. The headstart he gave to the rest because of our forceful measures will stay just like that."

"Are you sure you want to push the other gods to this extent? It is not really a good thing, you know. They might support it to a certain extent. But they also know that Gambler is a dastardly guy who holds even a minor grudge."

"Whatever. I am sure this will go smoothly.

I can make sure that there will be no suspicions, but Sam will definitely be targeted in the next round and will carry an even heavier drawback compared to the rest of the players.

So, don't worry and continue with whatever games you are playing."

"Alright, I will do that. I just wanted to let you know about the situation.

"Just keep on studying whatever he is doing."

"I will do that of course. I have no other option. Just letting you know another thing. Gambler didn't react even after seeing all of this happen.

So, I will be careful if I were you. Make some arrangements to deal with whatever consequences that might come to your doorstep because of him."

"What is he going to do? Do you think I am you? I don't need to worry about him knocking on my door. He doesn't have the guts to do so."

"You would love to believe that, don't you? Even with the bonus you get from the realm of Olympia, you shouldn't act this cocky. Indra thought the same and he swallowed a bitter pill a long time ago.

The gambler went and threatened Indra right in his home. He even tore a hole in space and let his void dragon in. Right above Indra's castle. Why do you act as if you forgot about it?"

Hel just stood up as she shook her head and left.

Chapter 1702: Next Task

BOOM

A few days passed.

Sam is currently standing on top of a pillar in the middle of the town. He is defending himself with an energy barrier as he used the reaper sword to cut down the enemy bullets coming from every side.

He didn't even have a change in expression as he let everyone rain him down with bullets.

In the past few days, he has taken down the town bit by bit. He didn't care much about trying to do it in a single streak. He also didn't care about finishing this off in a single sitting.

Whenever he felt like the corruption has hit him and is anywhere near the limit, he just went back to the pillars, even if he is the middle of a fight.

He knew that safety should be his highest priority. Since Hel is making his life more and more unreasonable.

And most of his speculations about the Lion Hunter Tribe are true. So, he didn't have much trouble dealing with them at all. The only problem is the time taken. It has taken a lot longer than he originally expected.

He finished off the boss. The commander of the Lion hunter tribe with his sword struck and all of a sudden, the whole town started rumbling.

GRRR

It is almost like a beast is growling from under the ground.

Ignoring the weird sound coming from there, Sam jumped up into the air and disappeared. He reappeared at the pillar and injected the corruption into it.

Hel who is spectating the whole thing shook her head and hurriedly waved her hand.

Sam felt a familiar force as he smiled.

His body still has the corruption that came from killing the commander. Hel's timing is surprisingly remarkable. Because Sam knew that this is the most amount of corruption he is going to accumulate because of the extra bonus he got from Boss.

His new way of dealing things is obviously not going to let him accumulate more than this.

So, she picked the best time she could.

Sam once again appeared in an empty space.

"Why did you call us so soon?"

Some players directly complained. The more they interacted with these gods and Hel, the less reverence and respect they had for them. And as their power increased, even the self-restraints in the way they speak are going away.

They are now even complaining about the things they don't like.

Hel didn't care about their complaints. She just looked at their states and shook her head.

Unlike before, Sam is nowhere near being the worst candidate among the players. He doesn't have the highest level of corruption and he is definitely not the most exhausted.

She sighed and closed her eyes for a moment.

For the next minute, her face twitched occasionally and a frown that deepened every second appeared on her face.

Players didn't understand her sudden reaction. But they didn't care much. They are being toyed with anyway, so there is no point in trying to know the details. Particularly when they are sure that they won't know a thing even if they ask.

Hel opened her eyes and sighed deeply. She looked at Sam for a moment and shook her head.

"I hope your ass survives this one."

She muttered to herself and later spoke loudly.

"Attention my dear players. Welcome to your second challenge. This time, it is going to be a bit different from the first one."

Because, not only will you be unable to use your weapons, trinkets and other artifacts you have. You will also be unable to use your own bodies.

For this round, only your souls will go and they will be placed in the bodies of other people. The bodies will be chosen in a way that they will at least be slightly compatible to your affinities."

Everyone was stunned. They didn't expect such an announcement at all. They are all thinking of how to deal with this second round with all the corruption they accumulated in their bodies. Sam noticed that everyone has a lot of corruption pent up in their bodies. In the first round, apart from Sam, no one is in such a sorry state.

And every player understood that one of the main reasons Sam lost is because of this corruption only. So, they are kind of ecstatic when they learned their bodies are not going to be part of this round.

"Don't get too happy yet. Even if your bodies are not going to be a part of this round, the corruption attached to your soul will be with you. But I must say it is a lot, lot better than going out with these bodies.

Anyway, let me explain the remaining task to you.

The location of this round is going to be a battlefield in a realm far away.

It is kind of an isolated realm. It has no contact with the surrounding realms and except for a select few, no one even knows about the existence of other realms. They believe that theirs is the only world.

And currently, a world war is happening there.

And coincidentally, they also have seven key candidates fighting there that are compatible with your cultivation level as well as your affinities.

You will be forcefully sent to occupy their bodies.

And you will be there in a week.

This time since the whole scenario itself is difficult, we didn't make it hard for the actual task part.

The task is for you guys to take over a certain area.

It is an area centered exactly in the middle of all the camps and it is currently occupied by beasts, some wandering criminals, and bandit camps. Whoever takes over that area will have the best chance to win the battles in the surrounding areas.

Of course, it is large enough for only one side to swallow it whole, so the person who occupies the largest part wins.

One condition is that apart from the basic hand-to-hand combat and movement techniques, you cannot use any other skills. That includes energy attacks, your personal trump cards, formation techniques that you learned in your body, weapon-making skills.

There will be one skill from the owner of the original body that would be chosen and you are forced to master the skill and use it for your task."

At this moment, Sam raised his hand.

"What if I can use my other skills with the skill you gave me as a base?"

"What do you mean?"

"If you have given me swordsmanship as my skill, I can make a formation with the sword rays in an instant with my movements. I won't be using any formation nodes, flags, or even inscriptions. It will be purely the sword rays that came out of my sword strikes."

Hel thought for a moment and said.

"If you can really do that, then fine. Do it as much as you like."

"Thank you."

Sam smiled and didn't speak any further.

Hel looked at the rest and asked.

"Does anybody else have any other questions?"

"You are awfully tolerant today."

Arkiv suddenly spoke up from the side.

"What?"

Hel asked in a surprised tone.

"I remember the last mission briefing. You were so irritated and conceited. But now, you are patient and tolerant of everything going on around here. This is too much for me to take in."

The other players also nodded as they also noticed this.

Sam is also surprised by this. But he just felt that it is not something that he should mull over at the moment.

Hel didn't answer him. But she knew why she subconsciously behaved like that. It is because she is sure that Gambler will make some big move on her and she wants to do as much damage control as possible.

Even though she is helping out Zeus with his stupid plan now, she felt like Sam would survive this and even get an upper hand in this. And she also believed that this would be the last time she does this. So, she is being a bit careful with her attitude without even knowing.

But she doesn't have to explain this to players. All she did is explain the remaining rules.

"So, you will be staying in that body for seven days. The three players that have the largest land occupation will gain the badges.

The rest will not. And the badge score will depend on how much land you occupied.

Also there are some hidden badges that will only be awarded by triggering some hidden conditions. So, you might want to put your efforts and go above and beyond to achieve everything you deem important and necessary in this battle.

When you enter the body, you will be given the memories of the original person. Everything will be imprinted into your soul and you will also be given a gist of the situation at the time and the behavioral characteristics of the person.

So, you need to act accordingly and proceed further.

That is all I have to say.

All the best."

Chapter 1703: Disabled

All the players digested the information Hel gave. Unlike before she was considerate enough to let them sink it all in.

"Okay, you can go now."

With a wave of her hand, all the players' bodies collapsed right there and then.

...

Sam felt like he is being sucked by an undefeatable and indomitable force out of nowhere. He felt like he is traveling through a very different and unique world. He could see a bunch of orbs floating around in a really dark space.

But every orb felt alive. Like every single one of them is a life of its own.

He moved at a speed that made all the orbs look like they are streaks of light in a dark space.

But as he moved, he felt like he is also another orb and soon he noticed that he is dashing towards a certain orb.

He collided with that orb and felt like he is wrestling with some other power.

Before he knew it, it seemed like the other power succumbed to him.

SPLASH

Sam suddenly felt a splash of water on his face. He opened his eyes and all he could see is a ceiling that seemed to have been made of rugged thick leather.

He looked around in shock. He is laying on the floor and all he could see were people's legs that are standing on either side of him.

After the initial shock, only Sam realized that the water on his face is unusually warm and then the smell finally hit him.

The shock on his face turned to anger and he looked at the people around him.

It is urine. The urine of a Beast no less.

As he was about to open his mouth and showcase his anger, he felt a leg coming straight to his face.

"You bastard. What are you glaring for?"

He felt the kick straight on his face. No matter how much he tried, he wasn't able to move.

The kick was not forceful though. It was not meant to hurt him, rather it was meant to humiliate him. But it did bring him back to his senses and he tried to get up immediately.

Only that he couldn't. His upper body sat up, but his lower body couldn't. Because he doesn't have much of his lower body. His legs are not there. All he had left of the legs are some stubs at his thighs.

Sam went into shock again. He couldn't make sense of what is happening around and why he doesn't have any legs. At this moment, all of a sudden a wave of memories hit his soul. It hurt a little. But he got a gist of what is happening.

And his face paled for a moment.

As strong as his mentality, even Sam couldn't take the ridiculousness of this situation.

The thing is, he is one of the key figures in the war. With his cultivation at Peak of Astral Plane. He went into enemy lines many times and piled on so many merits that all of his peers are both afraid and jealous of him.

And the day before, he was called for an urgent mission. They got ambushed and left behind to save the rest. He resolved himself to die but survived. Only to lose his legs in the process though.

As Sam went through the memories, the first that came to his mind is the fact that how the young man wasn't healed properly in time. If he was healed as soon as he was attacked and brought, his legs would have been intact.

But it wasn't done. He was unconscious and all he got was first aid his legs were gone.

Not even the toxins and other infectious matter were removed. He had to amputate his legs by the time the healer came once again.

And declared that the body's owner cannot regrow his legs ever again.

Of course, just like any other organization, Sam also has some serious enemies in his own and they didn't fail to take advantage of his perilous situation. And among them, the most hateful of them all is currently standing in front of him with a container full of beast urine.

"Oi, Brice. What the fuck are you dazed for? You still haven't answered my question. Why were you glaring? It is not like the people in this tent are the ones responsible for you losing your legs.

It is your stupid decision to get stuck in there while trying to be a hero. Instead of directly coming to me and reporting the situation, you have the audacity to sleep till now.

That is why I brought here and woke up you.

Now, tell me. Why did you do this selfishly? You have to know that your body is not yours. It is the Clan's property in this state of war. Who gave the right to destroy it like this?"

Sam looked up as he listened to the rant of another guy.

He is young and tall. He has very narrow eyes, but a square face. But he looked strong. They are definitely of the same cultivation level. And he emitted an aura that is befitting of a person that killed hundreds of people. He is reeking the stench of the battlefield.

One thing Sam is sure about is that this guy is definitely not some pushover young master who is relying on just the situation and making other's life miserable.

Sam got more details. This guy's name is Blane. Brice and Blane are of the same generation and rivals in the clan. But currently, Blane has slightly higher authority in the war because his team got more kills at the start and he was promoted to a higher rank.

Brice on the other hand fell behind a bit short in terms of merit. But the last battle should not have only overturned that, he should have left Blane behind in the dust.

This is something everyone in the camp knew. And that is the reason Blane is trying to so hard to pin this as Brice's recklessness.

If he can prove that Brice acted up like this because of his greed over his personal merit and rewards. Blane can appeal that Brice is acting without any concern towards the clan as he is one of the key factors in the war and didn't bother to take care of himself properly.

It is like knowing that a weapon is a key to war, but someone recklessly uses it for their personal gain while they are already in the war, without caring if it could be used later on or not.

Sam shook his head as he sighed.

He couldn't help but feel sorry for Brice, but he is also kind of impressed by his decisiveness of Blane.

If he really proves Brice's actions, then he would win, but it is not that one-sided. It is going to be hard. After all, Brice is known to be a loyal subordinate. His loyalty to the clan is so unshakable that even Blane's reputation is not comparable to it.

But to Blane to still go with this plan, he must be really confident or really determined.

As Sam is thinking of all this, he suddenly dodged to the side.

Blane's kick grazed past him.

"I am ordering you as your superior. Answer me."

Sam didn't bother with him though. He just calmly looked for some more information. The information about what the affinity of this guy is like and what skills he can use.

He got the information as soon as he thought about it and it was followed by a pleasant surprise and a horrible shock.

The surprise is the constitution of this guy's body.

This guy has a constitution that is almost as rare as Sam. It is a very special warrior-mage constitution and his spiritual core has the ability to be compatible with any element.

As long as the person can understand and gain insight into the basic laws of elements in nature and have enough mental strength, they could wield any element.

To be precise, they can modify their spiritual energy into any elemental energy. It is very similar to Sam's conversion ability. But unlike Sam's core which could inherently absorb different elemental energies through the cultivation technique, this body can only do the conversion.

And the requirements to properly wield it are way too high. The mental load a person has to bear to wield it is extremely strenuous. This limits the number of elements a person can master.

But for a person like Sam, who has wielded so many elements over the years, this is a perfectly compatible body.

Then the horrible shock he has to digest is the skill that he could use.

Within his consciousness, he could see all the skills that are floating on some virtual screens. All the skills that this person mastered.

Sam is actually impressed by the skillset.

There is archery, swordsmanship, movement techniques, formations techniques, and inscriptions. He is a decent all-rounder.

But of all those skills, the one that he got is Weaving

Chapter 1704: Weaver

Weaving

Weaving is the skill that Sam got out of all the skills that this guy mastered.

A bunch of memories flooded his head again.

Brice's hobby. Brice has a relatively rough childhood. His father was also a core figure of the clan and died defending it. Because of that loss, their standing in the clan has reduced by a lot.

He has to fight for resources and deal with the oppression from other elders who are scared of his talent surpassing their own offspring. Simply put, regular influential and powerful family nonsense. Nothing much.

And to endure all of this shit, he sought to weaving. A skill he learned from frail mother who tried everything in her power to shield him and from the clan's oppression. In a way, if not for her, this guy would have long ended up in a ditch somewhere.

After so much effort and sacrifice this guy improved for his mom's sake. He took so many difficult decisions. Killed people he didn't want to kill, fought with people he didn't want to fight. And weaving was sort of like a meditation for him.

He even carried a loom around in his storage and every night, he spends a lot of time on it.

Of course with all the time he spent, he became really good at it. It could be said, that's the skill he mastered the most.

In a way, it could be said that Sam was given the skill with highest mastery. But in his current state, he couldn't see much use for this.

As he was thinking of what to do and assessing his situation, Blaine looked at him in anger as he exuded killing intent.

Sam finally looked at the young man and the surroundings. He paid attention to his own situation.

"How dare you?"

Blaine asked in a low voice. Even though he has been asking the same question again and again since the start, this time it felt different.

"How dare you act like this? First, you did something in the mission that is clearly against the orders which led to the massive fuck up. Because of that massive fuckup, instead of coming back to the camp, you tried to increase your glory and stayed back.

You fucked up even more and lost your legs like this.

In a critical state of war, with no consideration to your clan members you as one of the key factors injured yourselves to this extent.

And as I ask for explanation in a much informal setting with respect to your achievements until now, you dare become unresponsive like this?

Okay then, from now on, let us take the hard path.

You are going to be court martialled.

I will call up on the two reserve commanders from the main camp to act as judges. You will go through the trial like any other soldier that committed a crime and you will receive punishment as such. It will take a couple of hours for people from the main camp to arrive.

Until then, you are dismissed.

Guards, take Brice back to his tent. And make sure he doesn't leave anywhere or escape.

He is the highest priority criminal in our camp currently."

He left the room after passing those orders. A couple of guards came over and lifted Sam and took him to Brice's tent.

Sam is still a bit dazed. It is one thing for him to be dazed as soon as he arrived in this body. He thought it was just the aftereffect of the sudden shift of his soul. But now only he realized, even this body is slightly lethargic.

When he dodged the kick that came to him, he noticed that the body felt a bit heavier than it should.

As he was thinking of it, he noticed a half-eaten bowl of soup in the tent. Right beside his bed. It gave out a scent of medicinal herbs. He got curious and decided to take a sip.

Only after he did, did he realize what's wrong with the body. It is the after effect of the medicine. The medicinal combination is not exactly a mystery to Sam. He could easily guess what its purpose is and why Brice drank it.

It doesn't even have any other side effects and is actually good for him. The only problem is that it has a slight anaesthetic effect. It will numb his mind and body down a bit and it seems like Brice drank it right before he was summoned to this discussion.

If he was a bit more awake, maybe then he would have answered something and got out of the trial. But now he is trapped in some scheme.

Sam sighed and thought of what to do next. If possible, he would like to regain his legs, but the grace period to get them back is over. At his level, if he really wants to get them back, he shouldn't have healed the wounds in the first place. And once the wounds are healed and the body's circulation is used to the new situation, it is almost impossible to get them back.

If he wants it now, he needs an above average divine plane cultivator to do the healing which is impossible in his current state.

As he was thinking, he was about to lay down and relax. But at this moment, he noticed that someone approached the tent.

The guards are trying to convince him to get away, but that person is adamant about it. Sam frowned as he tried to look at the situation with his spiritual sense.

But the guards already gave up and let him come in.

"Salute Captain."

The person came in and saluted to Sam.

Sam nodded in return. He recognized this person. He is the vice-captain of the team that was under Brice.

After the incident, he took over the team and even got promoted to the captain's spot in Brice's stead.

"Seems like you are the captain now. You might want to change the greeting."

"I am sorry Captain. I refused to take the position. But I was..."

"Don't need to explain yourself. I am currently unfit to lead the team anyway. It is better that you took over. It is better than handing the team I built with so much effort to someone who doesn't understand you guys.

Anyway, I hope my situation is not effecting you guys too much."

"About that, that is what I wanted to talk to you about.

Everyone of our team have been getting offers from the lackeys of other young masters. Particularly the lackeys of young master Blaine. They are not even asking for a complete change of team. They are asking to absorb the whole team into their faction and they are trying to individually buy off people from our side."

"Oh really? They already made their move?"

"Yes. While you were unconscious, we tried to get you to treatment. But Blaine's people stopped us. They took over your treatment plan and in the guise of interrogating us, they separated the whole team.

I was made an offer stating that three people from our side already agreed to this.

Chapter 1705: Disturbance

"Three people already agreed?" Sam is a bit surprised. The team Brice assembled is really remarkable.

He kind of took a similar tactic to Sam.

Pick up, orphans. Even though he might not have done it with the same intention as Sam, Brice was friendly with these orphans and practically grew up with more than half of the team. He is directly responsible for training them since they were kids.

So, loyalty is something he expected by default.

"They might be playing tricks."

Sam said after some thought. He thought further and felt like it could be an obvious trick to fluster this guy and Brice.

"I thought the same at the first captain. But things don't seem as simple as that. I investigated the incident and it seems like the formation we have set up has been rigged. Someone messed with the energy flow of the formation."

"What?" Sam asked as he thought back to Brice's memories. He is surprised upon noticing what kind of formation it was.

"Only one person activated the formation and since it is a pre-constructed formation based on formation discs, how is it possible for the energy flow to be messed up? Only two people can do it, the one who inscribed the formation disc or the one who set up the formation using the disc."

Sam muttered to himself.

"Yes, captain. There is also another thing. The medicine you have taken before you went to meet Blaine. It shouldn't have been served to you at all. Even though it heals you, we received instructions from the camp healer that it shouldn't be given to you before you meet young master Blaine.

We were told that you would feel dazed, numb, and clumsy. But someone from our team gave it to you even after that warning."

Sam's frown got deeper. For some reason, he could feel a little hurt by this. It seems like he is being slightly affected by the emotions of the body's owner.

He thought for a moment and sighed.

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"Honestly, I am too tired to deal with this right now. Just leave it as it is for now. We will deal with it after the court martial is over. And for now, I need to take some rest."

Sam sighed.

The subordinate looked at Sam in pity as he left.

After that guy left, Sam finally started looking at his temporary body seriously. The first thing he did is clean the urine off of his face.

And for that, he manipulated the energy to create water elemental energy.

The conversion process is a bit tedious and stressful on his body, but it wasn't that bad.

After washing his face, he finally laid down and processed his thoughts.

Honestly, he didn't want to be bothered with schemes and plots at this point. He has been working his ass off in Hell and in front of that intense physical and mental torture, all of this seemed to be child's play.

He has no interest in dealing with this stupid scheme and stuff. He is currently bothered by only two things, the way to utilize his skill to get out of this mess and Blaine.

Sam is pissed at the fact that the asshole poured piss on his face.

No matter how much he consoled himself that it was aimed at Brice, he wasn't able to control his urge to beat the crap out of that guy. But he has to because it will be much easier for him if he is calm and peaceful instead of doing something as stupid as creating a conflict with this guy.

All he has to do is go to that area and occupy it. He doesn't even have to really hold the territory for long, as long as the other players are not able to invade the territory for a while, it will be his win.

So, he closed his eyes and meditated as he tried to figure out how the energy circulation in this body works.

After an hour or so, he finally understood how and has a basic understanding of it.

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Afterward, he then started examining the most important thing. The weaving skill. It could be said that Sam knows a bit about weaving. But he is nowhere near as skilled as Brice. After going through the memories and trusting the muscle memory of the body, he took out the loom and set it up.

He took out some silk that was in Brice's storage before he started weaving. For the first hour, he couldn't do anything. He constantly got stuck and the loom was jammed again and again. He could only fix and retry.

After another hour of struggle, he finally managed to get a gist of how to work with it and became half decent at weaving a fabric.

Of course, most of it is still thanks to the muscle memory of the body and the memories of the body's owner.

He kept on practicing but this time, he started injecting spiritual energy into each thread while weaving. This is the only thing Sam was able to do without any hiccups. It is thanks to his precise control that he practiced over years with so much effort.

And to his surprise, weaving actually became easier as he was able to accurately control the silk threads when they are enveloped with energy.

He slowly started weaving the fabric and by evening he finally entered a zone. He just kept on weaving while his energy enveloped every single thread of the fabric. He is absorbing energy from the surroundings and put it into threads as he kept on weaving a very large fabric.

The energy in the threads stayed intact just like that. It didn't disperse and it didn't fall apart. It stayed just like that as if the fabric is fully made of energy.

As Sam thought to this point, he suddenly got a very interesting idea. An idea that never crossed his mind. The researcher inside his head started screaming. He wanted to test something out immediately.

But at this moment, someone barged in. His concentration was gone. The fabric that he made with so much effort exploded into a bunch of small threads because of the energy disturbance. Sam angrily looked at the person who came in.

"Get the fuck out of here." Sam didn't even hold back as screamed.

"What the fuck? Did you dare to scream at me like this? You fucking cripple?"

Sam looked at the blonde young man. The young man is much younger than Brice and Blaine. Everything about him, his hair, clothes, body language, everything is screaming only one word, 'COCKY'.

He is fucking arrogant.

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And on top of it all, there is one more thing that made him act this way. This guy is Blaine's lackey. The closest lackey and he always wanted to take down Brice.

Sam would have normally let this go since he already decided to stay put and didn't want to make a mess. But disturbing him while he is on verge of doing something that fascinated him, there is no way, he could take it.

Fuck the competition, fuck the gods, the epiphany he had at that moment, that one moment is not going to come back. Even after he figures out what he thought of, later on, this moment is gone and nothing in this world will be able to outweigh that.

Looking at Sam's silence this cocky guy mistook it for silence.

"What the fuck are you doing? Do you think that just because the trial got delayed a bit, you are safe? Do you really think you are back to being the young master of the clan? You are nothing but an entitled cripple at the moment.

So suck it up and start moving."

Sam didn't budge. He just held the loom and tried to get that feeling back.

He didn't want to lose that feeling that easily. He knew he is going to figure out something. A new innovation. A new skill. A new door that could lead to possibilities that he wants to explore very much. He doesn't want to lose all of that just like that.

He tried, but it didn't work. All of that work was for naught. He looked at the young man in front of him.

Cocky-guy already made his way towards Sam and dragged him by his arm.

"I told you to get the fuck out of here. You better make your way towards the main tent. You are being court-martialled and this is a fucking order."

As he spoke, a bunch of people already surrounded Sam.

They are all Astral Plane Consummate cultivators. Some of them are in the peak stage and some of them are late stage.

Sam controlled his urge to go berserk and started using his hands to move forward. The whole group that is currently Blaine's lackeys are all sneering at his actions.

Sam had a frown on his face as he moved forward. He is just getting pissed more and more. What he doesn't know is, things are just getting started.

Chapter 1706: Court Martial

Sam is currently in the middle of the main tent.

Even though it is called a tent. It is very majestic. It is adjacent to a mountain that is partially under the tent. The mountain's side was carved in such a way that a large platform was created. The platform is at least twelve feet above the ground with stairs right before the center seat.

The person who sat in the center seat is Blaine. The current commander of the camp and also the person directly in charge of Brice's case.

On either side of him, some people sat down. Sam recognized them from Brice's memory. They are judges from the main camp. But one look and Sam could guess, they are on Blaine's side.

The whole court-martial is just a front to destroy Brice and his future. And Sam doesn't really care much about it. He liked Brice, but that is it. Nothing more nothing less, there is no way Sam is going to waste his time on this.

His only goal is to finish the task as soon as possible and get the fuck away from this place. He could really get back to his body right now and fight in hell compared to staying in Brice's body right now.

And on top of that, he is pretty pissed about the disturbance. He only has one thought in his mind.

He will go through this court-martial without making a scene. He will endure whatever punishment is put on him. He will take his time while fulfilling the punishment. He will have some peace and quiet while doing it.

He would get some time to think of a plan to finish the task and fuck off from here.

That is all he has to do. That is all he is going to do.

Sam is pretty adamant about this.

"Brice, what do you have to say about the crimes you have committed? Do you have any remorse?"

"I don't have anything to say. Do whatever you want."

"Whatever I want? It is as if you are saying that I am doing this on purpose."

"I don't really care if you are doing this on purpose or not. All I said is I am not going to say anything about anything in this situation. If you think I am guilty, just punish me as you see fit. If you don't think that I am not, and I have to fight in the war once again, just give me some orders.

I don't have any energy or patience to deal with this."

"Really? Patience? You are talking about Patience and energy to deal with this? Do you really think this is the attitude you should be taking after all the shit you have done?"

All of a sudden, everyone turned to one particular corner in the room. The cocky guy who disturbed Sam earlier is standing there.

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His face is burning with righteous anger.

Sam frowned and looked at Blaine without responding to him. He is already pissed at him. If he is pushed even a bit more, Sam is sure that he would lose it and do something that will create a huge mess.

So, he pushed his urge down and stayed put.

Blaine looked at Brice with a frown. As if he is dissatisfied with something. This made Sam curious. This should be Blaine's ideal scenario.

Brice is not resisting at all. He is just there accepting all the punishment that could be bestowed upon him. In fact, Sam is even willing to just accept if the other gives out the death penalty. He doesn't have any thoughts of resisting at all.

But Blaine seems to be dissatisfied.

It is almost as if he is expecting Brice to resist.

And if Sam could read Blaine's thoughts, he would be surprised by how on point he was.

Blaine is indeed disappointed about Sam's or rather Brice's compliance with the situation. He wanted Brice to resist. He wanted Brice to fight back, defy the punishment and scream with righteous anger.

He wanted Brice to fight back with everything he got.

There are two reasons for it.

Brice's resistance will be favorable to him. He will be able to use any outbursts that Brice might have to improve his own situation and increase his punishment.

The second reason is a bit more personal.

Brice is the only rival he had since he was a kid. The rivalry is one of the reasons that kept him on a edge. That fuelled his improvement. He admired Brice and his tenacity despite all the drawbacks and suffering he had to go through.

He is sure that if their circumstances were different if both of them were ordinary commoners, or if both of them were born to the same parents, they would have definitely had a better relationship. They would have been as close as brothers.

They would have had each other backs, they would have had adventures together. And Brice actually tried to make this happen.

That made Blaine angry. He always wished that Brice is just as cold-hearted as him. Just as calculating as him.

But he is not like that. That made him angrier. From then on, the only thing that he liked about Brice is his unyielding fighting spirit. Now Brice is accepting everything like a wimp. This obviously made him furious.

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He is tempted to beat the crap out of Brice right at that moment.

"Everyone below the rank of a vice-captain. Leave the tent right now."

Blaine ordered.

Everyone left without making a sound.

"Do you know why I sent everyone away?"

"I don't care."

"You should. Because that is the last favor I am doing to you for the achievements you had made for the clan.

I am giving you the last chance. Admit to your crime."

"I already told you. I don't really care. If you deem me guilty then I am guilty. Just give out the punishment and send me away."

"So are you admitting that you committed the crime?"

Sam stayed silent for a moment and he was about to just admit and be done with it. But at this moment, the cocky guy suddenly came forward and spoke up.

"Commander Blaine, I don't understand why you are acting like this? Why do you want to spare his dignity? He is a traitor to the clan if you ask me. You have to treat him as such.

Why would you care about his face in front of the soldiers?

If he is really feeling like shit, then he deserves to feel like it."

The cocky guy went on and on.

Sam frowned at this. He didn't like this guy to begin with and he just kept on pushing his buttons.

"I don't remember telling you to speak up. Why are you talking all of a sudden?"

Blaine said coldly.

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"I am talking as a reputable soldier that is loyal to the clan. Brice has no regard for our situation in the war. We have already been struggling so much with other clans. And he is in this state at this situation. What kind of response would do that?

You must punish him severely. He should be given the death penalty."

Blaine didn't react. He looked at Brice as if he is expecting some reaction. But there is nothing except for a frown.

Blaine thought of something and spoke.

"You are acting out too much Vice-captain. It seems like the recent praises have gone to your head. Even yesterday, you acted out of line and pulled that urine stunt. What do you think you are doing?"

Sam finally had an expression on his face.

He looked at the cocky guy coldly.

"What do you mean out of line commander? A criminal dared to sleep in the middle of his interrogation. You were being soft on him.

I don't like it at all. If you were your normal self, you would have been killed for such an action. But you were lenient asking for the healer to check him.

My actions are the only appropriate ones at that time. But you just interfered and took that off of my hands in the middle. That is very unlike you.

If you are being fair, I need you to prove it to me. Treat him like you do to everyone else. If you don't, I will have to act out to make things fair."

The cocky guy kept on talking and he became angrier with every word.

"Enough. You are crossing your limits again."

Blaine said calmly.

This only made the young man angrier. He took out the gourd of beast urine once again and said.

"Commander Blaine, I hope you will act fair this time around. Or I will start from where I left off yesterday."

Sam frowned as he looked at Blaine and the cocky guy back and forth.

He could sense that something is wrong and his brain is rapidly thinking of reasons as he speculated why this is happening.

experience

Chapter 1707: Retaliate

Before Sam could even process those speculations, the cocky young man already started swinging the urine gourd towards Sam's head.

Sam looked at Blaine and the other guards, no one seemed to have any intention to stop. Blaine even looked like he wanted that to happen.

But Sam is not really in the mood for a urine shower.

He pushed his arms on the ground and slid the side to escape.

When the young man was about to change the direction his hand is moving in, Sam already caught a hold of it and pulled him downwards. He shifted his weight and tried to pin the hand down to get rid of the gourd.

The cocky young man was slammed because of Sam's sudden motion which made him feel a bit embarrassed. And to cover that embarrassment, he couldn't help but look at Sam angrily and whisper.

"You bloody cripple. Even after your legs are gone, you still don't change do you? How dare you even think that you are worthy of young master Blaine's rival. After all the planning I did to kill you, you escaped with your legs gone.

Just when I thought at least young master's plan succeeded, he is still showing so much mercy to a low life bastard like you.

I really wish I could kill you right here."

Even though he just whispered, a lot of people in the surroundings heard it clearly. Sam is sure that even Blaine could have heard it faintly.

So, everyone is shocked.

Sam on the other hand was not as angry, but he felt a bit frustrated. He doesn't want to be tangled in Brice's mess. That was why, he was just ready to accept the punishment. But the situation is way too complex.

As Sam slipped into these thoughts, the cocky guy got out of the lock and threw the gourd at Sam.

Sam instinctually, tried to use the energy shield.

But it failed to activate and he remembered that he couldn't use any other techniques. He didn't just expect that even the energy shield one of the basics of almost all cultivators can be considered a special technique of its own.

The gourd hit him and it broke open.

To Sam's dismay, the gourd is not a normal one. It is a spatial storage device for fluids. There is a lot more urine inside it than it should have.

Sam is drenched.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. The pungent smell of urine came off of him.

People started giggling on the side. The cocky young man stood up with a stupid grin on his face.

Sam gritted his teeth and took another deep breath before muttering.

"I wanted to go away silently. But fuck it."

As soon as he spoke, he raised both of his fists and slammed them into the ground. The spiritual energy converted into earth elemental energy as it spread towards cocky young man.

Before he could realize what is happening, the ground split open and his legs dropped into the cracks.

He is almost down to his knees which is not that much taller than Sam's current height.

When the cocky young man tried to get out of the cracks, Sam already leaped towards him with a punch.

BAM

An explosive sound came as Sam's punch landed on the arms of the young man. It should have hit the face, but the young man was fast enough to block his face with his arms.

The punch didn't have any styled techniques or any refined energy flow, it didn't even have any elemental energy infused within. All it had is sheer brute force and the cocky young man felt like his arm was hit by a charging beast.

Before he could react, he was greeted with another punch.

BAM

CRACK

He could feel a crack in his arm before he fell backwards. But at least, he was out of the cracks on the ground.

But Sam didn't let him recover, he is already on top of him in a mount position. His arms are covered with earth elemental energy and turned to rocks.

BAM

BAM

BAM

BAM

One punch after another landed on the young man's handsome face. Whenever he tried to circulate his energy, Sam's hit made him lose his focus.

Each punch contained such for that he felt like his brain went shut for a brief moment before coming back. It is almost like he fainted for a couple of seconds and all of his bodily functions stopped.

Sam pounded his face. Bone broke, and he bled from every part of his face possible. Teeth fell out and some even went into the throat.

"Just because I was staying silent, do you think you can do whatever you want?"

Sam turned to Blaine as he spoke.

Nobody knows if he is talking to Blaine or if he is talking to the cocky young man, but all of them had a hunch that it is directed for both of them.

"How dare you act up in a court martial?"

Some of the guards reacted and started moving.

Sam didn't stop hitting the young man, he just kept on punching even though the young man fainted.

Only when the guards came to pull him off, did he react.

Right when the soldier held him, he leaped to the side and caught a hold of the leg of the guard. He used his weight to push the soldier down and moved to sit on the chest.

Of course, while he tried to do that, he started punching the guard on the ribs and the side of the chest. Breaking ribs with every punch.

The guard still held his spear and used its shaft to try and push Sam away by his chest.

But used one of his hands to hold the spear down. He used all of his strength to push it on to his chest, before using his elbow to pound on the guard's chest. The armor was pierced in no time.

This time the pounding didn't last long, other guards started jumping on Sam trying to attack him and save their comrade.

One of them held Sam by his neck from behind and tried to drag him back while two more people went to check their comrade.

Sam gritted his teeth and forcefully hit the other party on the crotch with the back of his head.

The opponent fell down on his back along with Sam.

Sam flipped over and took the mount position again. Once again the pounding began.

There are very few people in the tent at the moment since Blaine told them to leave. And very few of them are guards. Only very important guards have a place there.

As for the rest, they are captains and vice captains of other squads. They didn't dare rashly move. They are beware of taking a misstep. Even though Brice might have fallen from his pedestal, he is still in a higher position than most of them as he is a direct descendant of the clan.

They didn't dare take action against him rashly and after looking at how Sam is handling the guards, they are even more unsure of it.

Sam is not acting like a young man who lost most of his future prospects because he lost his legs. He is aggressive, precise, and ruthless.

Just the way he crushed the crotch of the guard with the back of his head, sent shivers through the spines of most of them.

Blaine looked at the whole scenario with a frown.

He is happy that Sam finally reacted. But the reaction is a bit different than he expected. He did expect that he would fight back, but he didn't expect him to win the upper hand this overwhelmingly. And even the fighting style is a bit different.

Brice used to be very strategic when it comes to fights. He never really made the first move unless he is absolutely sure that he would win.

Most of the time, he let the opponent attack and used to tire them out before making a move.

And in his current situation, he should be sticking to that even more. But he is aggressive like a wild beast. He is letting his anger do things. He is way too confident as if he doesn't give a fuck about how the fight is going to turn out at all.

Sam bashed the skulls of all the four guards that came. Just like how it was a bit hard for Sam to fight them without his legs, the guards are also a bit caught off guard by the unconventional attacks that are coming at them.

"Brice, do you even know what you are doing? This is a court martial."

One of the judges finally spoke.

Sam looked at the judge and said.

"Why the fuck didn't you speak up earlier then? If it is a court-martial, then just fucking pass the judgment. I already told you, I don't have anything to say. Just finish this whole farce and be done with it.

Pathetic scoundrels."

Chapter 1708: Retaliation II

The judge became furious the moment Sam spoke like that.

After all, even though he is not the strongest of the bunch, he became a judge because of a reason. He is a person three generations ahead of Sam.

He is one of the oldest people of the clan. For Sam to call them scoundrels to their faces, it is an extreme act of disrespect.

"How dare you talk to me like that? You fucking bastard.

We should have kicked you out the moment your father is dead. A fatherless bastard is indeed rude, without any manners or character. That slut of a mother must have been the reason that you became like this."

Everyone in the room turned dead silent.

Even Blaine looked at the judge in shock. He didn't expect the judge to speak out like this.

Captains and Vice captains looked at the judge with their eyes widened in surprise. The people who were groaning on the ground also couldn't help but hold their groans in their throats.

Sam coldly looked at the Judge.

His aura changed. The killing intent coming from his body is beyond reason or measure.

He dragged his body with the help of his arms as he slowly moved towards the platform in the front.

No one spoke for a short while. Even the Judge realized in this time frame that what he said might have crossed a line.

He has been a judge for far too long. He is even two generations older than the current Clan head.

He was respected very much by everyone in the clan. It seems like it has gotten to his head and he stayed on the top for far too long.

He has spoke whatever he wanted all this while and nobody bothered to object to him. So, as soon as Sam said that one word, he couldn't hold himself back and just spoke whatever he thought out loud.

Only when he felt Sam's or rather Brice's killing intent did he realize what kind of blunder he has done.

He remembered some previous cases that Brice was involved in.

Brice was not the goody two shoes. Even though his reputation is such outside the clan since he was known to go above and beyond for the sake of the clan, within the clan's internal circle, his reputation is shit.

He is known to be polite and calm in most cases, except for one. Any case that is related to his mother.

Anyone that ever shamed his mother was all taught a lesson by him. He broke their limbs, he bashed the skulls of his peers, and he even went as far as rip the crotch off of one of his elders when they tried something funny with his mother.

And in every one of those cases, Brice was summoned to the Judgement hall and this Judge presided over a bunch of those.

Whenever he saw the victim, he couldn't help but feel sorry for them, no matter what kind of crime they committed. Brice was that brutal.

Now that he remembered all of them and also his cultivation level which was lower than Brice's by a notch, he understood that things are not going to be easy for him.

As Sam slowly dragged himself to the platform, Blaine just stayed silent.

He didn't speak, he didn't stop and he didn't even show any other reaction after that initial shock.

And Sam himself looked through the thoughts of Brice. The memories that haunted the owner of his body went through Sam's mind.

Sam's own anger is enough for him to react crazily when someone commented about him like this. And merging with Brice's thoughts, his anger is overflowing.

He is rageful.

Before he knew it, his brain is clouded with desire for vengeance. He doesn't want anything other than killing the old man that spoke out loud like that.

"What are you doing? Go back and stand in your spot. You are going through a trial."

The Judge screamed once again.

"No, my trial is on a break for now. Whatever happens now is your trial. Get ready for it."

As he spoke, Sam pushed the ground with his arms and leaped on to the stairs.

"Guards, guards. Everyone stop him. Stop him from coming up. It is a direct order."

The judge screamed.

The guards who went out, came back in. the captains and vice captains who were standing on the side all made a move together.

They decided to stop Brice or rather Sam so that things won't go to the point of no return.

If a judge dies here, things wouldn't go down well with some simple trials and punishments.

Heads will roll. The whole military structure of the clan will be shaken and they are in the middle of a war on top of that. There is no way, they would be able to handle all of this.

So, they all made a move to stop Sam.

Sam didn't even turn back and just moved forward. As he climbed one stair after another, the nearest captian already reached him and tried to grab a hold of him from the rear.

He learned from the guard who got his crotch crushed. So, he kept a distance.

"Captain Brice, please calm down. We can resolve this issue later. We are in a middle of a war. We cannot have this kind of issue at our hands."

He tried to reason with Sam.

But of course, it didn't work.

Sam caught hold of the man's arm and started crushing it with brute force.

In response, the man frowned and groaned. His arm glowed with orange flames and he tried to escape Sam's grip.

Sam on the other hand didn't care if his arm is burning.

He forcefully pulled the arm forward and threw the captain over his shoulder. The throw was done to a side and the head of the captain crashed into the ground below the stairs.

The other vice captains also made their move. They didn't dare to attack Sam with some fatal moves, al they could do is either get close to him and tried to stop him with physical force or attack him with long range and elements just enough to wear him down.

But everyone that came close to Sam was unable to stop him. He broke their hands, crushed their ribs, and whenever he was in a bind, he forcefully got out of it, even at the cost of hurting himself.

The old judge was stunned at the rapid turn of events. Within two minutes so many things happened. Nobody expected Brice to be that strong. And nobody expected how reckless he is. He took a bunch of attacks that came at him without caring. He dodged them barely enough to not attack himself.

He reached the top of the platform. Blaine stood up and looked at Sam.

But there is no reaction from him.

Sam turned to look at the old judge.

There is not much space between them. He slammed his fists on the platform and leaped into the air. The impact launched him high into the air.

The old man raised his land and blue lightning was thrown at Sam.

Sam wasn't able to maneuver himself much in mid-air, and the energy shield is something he cannot use.

He just let the lightning hit him. But instead of just crashing down from the impact, his body conducted the lightning and let it pass through him. The fusion of lightning elements at the last moment, he was able to reduce the impact, even though it hurt him a lot.

He fell right at the old man. He caught hold of the old man by his collar and punched him on the neck with his other hand from the side.

The old man gasped for air.

"Leave me. Get off me. You bastard."

The old man tried to pull Sam away.

One of the captains reached the platform and tried to do the same.

When other judges were about to interfere, Blaine gestured for them to stop.

The captain tried to pull Sam off of the judge, while another captain reached out to the rear of the old man and tried to pull him away from that side.

Sam didn't want to lose his grip, he used his second arm also and caught hold of the old man tightly.

And when the force pulling him off increased, he used the spiritual energy at his fingertips to dig into the flesh of the old man. He kept a hold of the old man tightly.

Sam was being constantly pulled off, but all it did is tear the flesh off of the old man bit by bit.

The only good thing is that he wasn't able to attack the old man actively. But when the force increased and his grip was reduced by a lot, Sam couldn't hold back and bit the old man on the neck.

Chapter 1709: Valley of Seven Passages

Ten minutes later.

Sam sat on the floor and the old man who is on verge of death is lying beside him. A chunk of flesh is missing on his neck.

The flesh on the back of the old man was torn apart. He is barely breathing.

The other captains and vice captains who wanted to stop Sam are now standing as far away from him as possible to not to be his next victim.

Sam's body is riddled with wounds and he is panting heavily.

Blaine looked at Sam with surprise and confusion. He knew that Brice would act up when his buttons are pushed, but this is beyond what he imagined.

After a few moments, he shook his head off of these thoughts. Whatever Sam did is extremely beneficial to him at the moment, so there is no need for him waste his time and mull over useless thoughts. He can save those for later.

"Everyone get down. We are now going to pass judgement on Captain Brice."

All the captains and vice captains thanked Blaine in their hearts before leaving.

Blaine looked at Brice with a smirk and said.

"Brice, you have injured yourself in pursuit of glory, disregarding your importance for winning this war.

You have refused to plead guilty and stubbornly stuck to the thought that you are right.

You have acted up in the middle of a court martial and even attacked a judge over a minor disagreement in your views.

You are to be banished to the Valley of Seven Passages. You and the people who acted as your accomplice in your initial brash actions are to leave this tonight itself and go there.

Depending on the Judge's condition after the treatment, the rest of your punishment will be decided.

You can leave now."

After ten minutes.

Sam is inside his tent once again. He was given some healing potions. But he is still soaked in blood.

He is a bit surprised by Blaine's actions.

After the judgement, Sam clearly understood Blaine's goal. All he wanted from Brice was to create a commotion big enough so that he could justify the punishment of sending him to the Valley of Seven Passages.

As for the forced and unnatural aggressive moment Brice had there with the judge and the other captains and vice captains, it is mere allowed so that there is an incident that Blaine could point out to, when he needed it.

He can easily manipulate and twist the words to fit whatever narrative he wants as long as the final result is what he wanted.

The only variable that Blaine wouldn't know is that Sam actually wants to go to the Valley.

Because that is the name of the task location. At least the name given to the task location by Brice's clan members.

There was a moment of regret for Sam when he was done dealing with that old man. In that moment of clarity he regretted making such a rash move.

But now he is glad. If he knew that the punishment would be him going to the place that he needs to go, he would have complied a lot more faster. He would have just started beating the crap out of people way before than he did now.

Anyway, he was glad that things worked out the way he wanted.

He checked the spatial storage of Brice to see if he could use anything. Apart from the loom there is nothing much he could use. Of course, there are some potions and pills that could help him a bit for his recovery and health.

But there is not much he could with the weapons and other stuff.

Sam really hoped, he at least had his forging skill to use. He would have made some legs and used them to move around. In fact, if these restrictions let him carve some wood, that would have been good enough as well.

He could use the peg legs and some crutches to walk around a bit more freely.

But when he tried to carve the wooden table he had in the tent, he was so clumsy and stupid to the point that not a single proper cut was made on the table no matter how much he tried.

It is almost like he became dumb in a sense.

He felt frustrated and all he could do was take out the loom and do something with it. He decided to weave for a while before he was sent to the Valley.

After a long time, he once again fell into a trance. He didn't know he will reach the same state as before, but he is in a really good position as he explored the intricacies of energy in the thread form as kept on weaving the fabric.

Soon, it is almost mid night before people came for him.

"Captain Brice, your team has been assembled and you are to be deployed right away. You cannot come back until further notice and the rest of your punishment has been determined."

One of the guards came and informed.

Brice dragged himself out of the tent. His vice captain, or the current captain of his former team is waiting along with three more people.

"You four are my accomplices? What criteria did they use to determine that?"

Sam asked casually as he moved forward.

"The people who didn't accept their terms and deals are your accomplices, captain. That is it."

"Hmm, not too bad of a criteria then. At least they are straight forward to an extent.

Anyway, how are we going to leave this place? Don't tell me, I have to walk until then. I am not in a mood for it and I don't think I have to explain the reason why, right?"

"Of course not young master. They let us use the space gate to the nearest base of the Valley and from there, they arranged a beast cart to take us."

The Vice captain spoke again.

"Thank you Vice. Since we are five people, there is no need to be so uptight and formal. Be a bit more casual and at the valley do whatever you want in normal time. You just need to act when I need you. Otherwise, you are free to focus on yourself."

Sam said as they made their way to the gate silently.

After using the space gate, they arrived at the base camp nearest to the valley.

"So, the high and mighty captain Brice, finally fell a victim to the shitty politics."

As soon as they arrived at the camp, Sam and the others were received by the camp's person in charge.

Memories went through Sam's mind and he recognized who the other party is. Captain Wolf and he is the captain of the Grey wolf squad of the clan.

The Grey wolf squad, the only squad that is completely devoid of any political affiliations with the clan. They are fierce warriors that only care about their job. Fighting and defending the clan.

They don't give a shit about the accolades or the authority of the clan and they don't support any of the young masters or elders. But that is one of the reasons, they grew to a point that they have utmost credibility and authority in the clan's military. Even the clan head has to take their opinions into consideration before they made any major decision.

If the squad supports a single young master, then it is almost guaranteed that they will become the next head.

They are that influential and powerful.

And currently there are only two young masters they acknowledge. Young master Blaine and young master Brice.

Sam is getting more and more impressed with Brice's track record in the military as he met these people. Even though he has the memories, he didn't really go through them thoroughly.

"Nice to meet you too Captain wolf."

"I told you to relinquish your title as the young master and join my squad. You would have established great many deeds here and you would have been a perfect captain candidate after me.

You could have retired early and become an elder of the clan afterwards. Why do you have to go through all the suffering? An honest man like you is not suitable for the stupid politics. Now look at you, all the potential being wasted."

Sam smiled wryly.

He must say that's the best proposal the original Brice could have gotten. But what can he do. He cannot change the decisions of the body's original owner.

"Anyway, it is all in the past. I heard you are serving the sentence in the Valley of Seven passages. That place is fucking dangerous. So, try to be careful and stay safe. The only thing I can promise you is, when you apply for reinforcement with proper cause and proof, we will arrive there without any delay.

Of course, everything has to go through proper procedure.

Also, no bastard can come and get you from this side of the camp. Nobody can cross us and scheme against you. So, all the best."

Chapter 1710: Perimeter

Next morning.

Sam is sitting on a cart that is being dragged by some panther-type beasts.

This is the beast cart arranged by the wolf squad to send him to the valley. His subordinates or rather his 'accomplices' are sitting alongside him.

The Grey wolf squad let them stay there for the night and arranged their journey at dawn so that they could get adequate rest.

Sam was really grateful for that as he got a few hours of Weaving done.

Even at this moment, as they are traveling, he is playing with the energy threads in between his fingers.

He is trying to see what he can do with these energy threads, what he could do with a fabric of thread that he could control through his loom. He is really looking forward to it. Even more than winning the task, he felt like a new door opens up to him once he realizes these skills.

Within a few minutes, they reached a large mountain with a tunnel entrance.

"You need to pass through that tunnel. Then you will reach the Valley. This is one of the seven passages leading to the valley.

Even though it is called a valley, it is a massive area surrounded by mountains. It is as big as three cities and it is ruled by all kinds of strong beasts. Even our squad will have a hard time if they want to survive there.

So, be careful and don't go around causing yourself the trouble. Focus on surviving.

And also, the captain told me to share this intel with you.

Young masters of the other six clans are also coming here. But their purpose is different. They are here to conquer this area so that they can take over the valley and use the remaining six passages to deal with the other clans.

As you can understand this is a strategic point. We think that Captain Blaine left this place in your hands, hoping that you will die in the hands of other clans. Even by any chance you manage to survive this, you will be taking the blame for letting such a vital strategic place go to the other clans.

You already have so many cases on you. So, it will be detrimental to you going forward. So, please be careful and try to hold your ground around the passage for a while.

Wolf squad has been trying to get the right to open a base in the valley for a long time. And this time we are not going to stop until the clan approves. So, you have to hold on until we come here.

Understood?"

Sam looked at the Vice-captain of the Grey wolf squad who accompanied them.

"Don't you think you are being too biased toward me? You guys will be in trouble if word goes out."

"Who has balls big enough to trouble us? Let them say what they want. No matter what the report says, we know that you lost your legs fighting for the clan. You should have been rewarded. But instead, you are being toyed around with because of these shitty politics.

Captain got so furious that he wanted to bash Blaine in the face. He had to control his urge because of the war situation. He might just do it after things calm down a bit.

Just be careful. It would be a pity for a guy like you to die with just this. All of our squad believes that you will make a comeback even in your condition."

"Thank you for your trust. And I will keep what you said in mind. Thank you so much."

The vice-captain of the wolf squad left after that.

Vice, Sam's current subordinate took out a wheelchair and helped Sam get on it.

Sam used his hands to ride it into the passage followed by four of his subordinates.

Vice, is obviously the vice-captain. The remaining three are Erb, Rec, and Rib.

Even though their names are weird, it is because of their situation as orphans as kids. They are really good in combat thought. In fact, that might be the reason they were too stubborn to accept the deal like the rest of his squad.

After they reached a certain distance within the passage, it went completely dark. They used their spiritual sense to stay vigilant and move forward.

They came across some beasts in the middle. They were also of Astral Plane, but much lower in terms of cultivation compared to them. So, they were easily dealt with.

After traveling for almost two hours, they finally saw the other end of the tunnel.

But as soon as they came out of the tunnel, they were greeted with a loud roar.

ROAR

Vice lunged forward as he covered Sam and attacked the claw that came at them.

It is a large beast that looked like a liger. Flames are coming out of its fur and at the point of impact of the claw and Vice's spear, a flaming storm was created.

The remaining three people immediately came forward and covered Sam up to shield him.

Sam just sat there without doing anything.

But he was surprised to see a beast like this here. One must say that very few people have the same level of knowledge as him regarding beasts. But this is one that he couldn't identify. The only thing he managed to identify about it is that it looked like a Liger.

A crossbreed between a Lion and a tiger. But apart from that, he couldn't figure out what type of lion crossed with what type of tiger to create this.

He must say that the beast is in a league of its own though.

It is powerful, and skilled and its instincts are off the charts.

There is no information about that even in the memories of Brice. This is definitely one of the hybrids that haven't been identified and added to the book yet.

The team cooperated well as they fought with the beast.

Sam thought of something and said.

"Don't defend me. Go and fight it directly. I can handle myself."

As he spoke, Sam pushed himself down onto the ground and took out his loom.

The team was surprised, but they were not in a position to be distracted. The beast is literally on the same level as them, but it is still handling three people on a proper equal footing. One mistake and they will be its meal of the day.

As they are fighting, Sam set up the loom and closed his eyes. He took a deep breath and started weaving.

The weaving started.

The fabric slowly formed as Sam rapidly operated the loom. And the spiritual energy that enveloped every part of the fabric thread by thread is laced with fire elemental energy.

The fabric formed and took shape within no time. Even though it looked slow, within the next two minutes there is a square foot of fabric and he controlled the energy of the fabric to make it float.

The loom and the threads attached to the fabric and the loom acted as a medium as he carefully controlled the energy concentration.

He changed the energy and concentrate it in different positions of the fabric. Within a moment.

BOOM

A large fiery explosive bullet was shot out of the fabric as it was blown into pieces. The bullet hit the liger on the side and made it crash into the forest.

The team members were shocked.

They didn't expect that Sam would be providing backup like this. But the surprise is a pleasant one. So, they are delighted with this as they continue to fight.

BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

The explosions kept on coming and before they knew it the Liger was down.

"What kind of technique is that captain? I haven't seen that before."

Vice ran to Sam and asked.

Sam kept his loom away inside the storage before he opened his eyes.

"I don't have legs, I need to compensate for it with something else. So, I am exploring options. Anyway, don't waste any time. The beast here is dead. Scout the area and lure any of the beasts here one by one. We will create a perimeter around this point and create our base camp right at the entrance of the passage.

That is our first task and it should be done by the afternoon. Understood?"

"Yes, Sir."

All four of them saluted and went on to do their tasks. There are indeed some beasts left over in the surroundings. So, they lured them one by one and finished them off at the entrance. After some time, they made sure that there are no more beasts in the area before they set up a perimeter.

They stripped the beasts' corpses of anything edible and useful. They used the rest of the carcasses to create the barricade around.

After finishing the barricade, they settled down and one of the team members who had a fire element started cooking some fresh meat they just farmed from these beasts.