

Chapter 1 Nano Machine |

Chapter: 1

A long time ago, martial artists of Jianghu used to learn martial arts for their own safety and protection against enemies.

But as time passed, martial arts evolved to kill enemies more efficiently and it grew to be more sophisticated and complicated.

The simple forms became a series of movements, and the breathing techniques represented the basics of internal energy.

Martial artists left heirlooms to the future generations with books and teachings of what they learned, allowing martial arts to evolve.

Martial artists were soon the ones who were more powerful than normal humans as they could run through the trees like the wind, crush stones with their fists, and cut down trees the swing of a sword. They were soon called the people of Wulin.

However, martial artists wanted to become more powerful and they gathered to form clans.

Those who wanted justice and honor called themselves the Force of Justice, and the ones who did not care about using violence and cruelty were called the Force of Evil.

And there were those who sought an entirely different route, seeking only strength. They were called the Demonic Cult.

The current Wulin was in a tight competition between the three forces.

South of Jianghu, there was a place called Ten Thousand Mountains. It was filled with tons of mountain peaks that spread vastly over the land, and this place was forbidden.

It was because this place was the home of the Demonic Cult.

In a deep forest far from the castle of the Demonic Cult, a boy who looked to be in his teens was running for his life.

"UGH!"

The boy was exhausted and heavily panting. His clothes were ripped and his face was full of bruises, showing that he had gone through a severe beating before he had escaped.

"Dammit!"

The boy spat, as he saw five masked men waiting to capture him. He had run so hard for the last thirty minutes, but it seemed he couldn't get away.

"F*CK!"

The boy held on his trembling legs and glared at masked men. Their faces were covered, but it was easy to see that they all were smirking.

"You did well in running all the way here. Prince Chun."

"Haha. I almost fell asleep while waiting for you."

The boy frowned. If they had been waiting for him here, then there was no point for him to continue running in this direction.

The masked men all pulled out their swords from their backs. Their eyes were filled with the intention to kill the boy.

'What should I do?'

It was his life that they wanted. It didn't seem like talking to them would work. He had used all of his internal energy to run here, so he had no energy left to run or fight. But even with his death waiting for him, his eyes were filled with anger rather than fear.

"...Why? I gave up on joining the academy already. Why do you want to kill me?"

"Prince... you surely know that all of that doesn't matter."

The boy was at a loss for words. He had expected this day to come ever since he was very young, but he didn't expect it would come even before he joined the academy.

"As long as you have the right to the throne... it is your destiny."

The other masked men began making comments also.

"Surrender, and we will make this quick."

