

# **My Wife is the Demonic Cult Leader #Chapter 14 : Eunru Valley (2) - Read My Wife is the Demonic Cult Leader Chapter 14 : Eunru Valley (2)**

Chapter 14: Eunru Valley (2)

“Hey, did you bring in any people separately before coming here?”

At my question, Number Seven shook her head.

“There are other Black Guards, but they wouldn’t move unless I gave them orders.”

“Then what the hell? Not even my escorts moved.”

We decided to find out who that intruder was first. We needed to clear up any possible misunderstandings.

\*\*\*

Cheon Yura was secretly tailing Jin Yeomyung.

In truth, following someone like this was a rather novel and refreshing experience for her.

“At this pace, he’ll be leaving the Cult’s territory.”

Just as she was unable to suppress her curiosity and increased her light footwork speed—

—Young Cult Leader, if you get too close, you might get spotted!

“I know.”

The escort’s heart was pounding with anxiety.

He couldn’t bring himself to tell her to turn back, especially when she so rarely looked this excited. But still, these occasional nerve-wracking situations weren’t exactly welcome.

Just then, something happened that slightly eased the burden on the escort.

Cheon Yura pointed forward and spoke.

“Those are the Sa Clan’s Black Guards.”

Masked individuals in black cloaks advanced stealthily ahead using concealment techniques.

Roughly ten could be seen for now—likely, there were more further ahead.

The escort let out a sigh of relief inwardly.

If it came down to it, those Black Guards could at least buy some time in a worst-case scenario.

—It seems Lady Sa Biyeon sent them to support Jin Yeomyung.

“Really?”

A slight hint of suspicion rose in her eyes.

“Well, let’s keep going for now.”

She ignored the escort’s response and continued forward. The escort sighed.

Their path was gradually steering toward the outskirts of the Heavenly Demon Cult’s territory.

At this point, he and the other two top experts of the Law Enforcement Hall could barely protect Cheon Yura. But if they went any further out, there was no telling what might happen.

Thus, the pursuit ended only after they discovered a village nestled between massive valleys.

“Amyeong, what’s that place?”

The escort, Amyeong, responded.

—That is... Eunru Valley.

“Eunru Valley? Never heard of it. What kind of place is it?”

—Young Cult Leader, that place is dangerous. Please, let us turn back.

“I asked what kind of place it is.”

At her cold tone, sweat beaded on Amyeong’s forehead.

—That place is...

A brief explanation about Eunru Valley reached her ears.

Her expression immediately twisted.

“This is ridiculous. Why does the Cult leave a place like that alone?”

—There are several reasons, but the main one is for demonstration purposes.

Being sharp-witted, she immediately understood what Amyeong meant.

“A demonstration, huh? I get the gist of it.”

—Also, within Eunru Valley, the Illusion Clan secretly cultivates forbidden medicinal herbs for use in their formations. Lastly, it serves as a trap to weed out spies from the Central Plains.

“Spies?”

—Our Cult’s defenses and security are tight. But there’s no such thing as absolute in this world. So rather than be caught off guard, the idea is to intentionally show a weakness and root them out.

“.....”

—In short, Eunru Valley is technically part of our domain, yet it’s a true lawless zone where multiple factions are entangled.

“I see. So that’s how they justified it.”

—Y-Young Cult Leader?

“We pursue him.”

—Young Cult Leader!

“Jin Yeomyung would have known exactly what kind of place Eunru Valley is before entering.”

—W-Well, that’s true, but...

“If he didn’t know, that’s one thing. But if he did, I can’t just leave him to face danger alone.”

—Still, there’s no need for you to go personally!

“Amyeong, Father once said this to me.”

Cheon Yura continued in a calm voice.

“Because I was born with many enemies, I must never abandon those who move for my sake.”

—.....!!

Amyeong was moved by her words.

A master who cared for her people this deeply!

In a place like the Heavenly Demon Cult, full of selfish and egotistical individuals, someone like her was truly rare.

“And also...”

But Amyeong’s emotion didn’t last long.

“More than anything, doesn’t it sound fun?”

—.....Sorry?

“If reclusive masters exist, a place like that is probably where they’d be. I’d like to meet one.”

—N-No, but...

Wouldn’t it be easier to find such reclusive masters by visiting the previous generation’s elders of the Cheon Clan or the Six Clans?

“Let’s go, Amyeong.”

—Y-Young Cult Leader!

Before he could even finish that thought, Cheon Yura began moving toward Eunru Valley.

The excitement that had welled up in Amyeong’s heart quickly sank back down in less than ten seconds.

\*\*\*

I rubbed my forehead and closed my eyes.

“So, you’re telling me you caused all that mess outside?”

Over ten people had died, and at least twice as many were injured.

Even in Eunru Valley, where death was an everyday occurrence, this was a rare incident.

Cheon Yura tilted her chin up as if to say, So what?

“I don’t avoid the trouble that walks up to me.”

“I’m sure you don’t.”

Why the hell is this girl even here?

I desperately resisted the urge to sigh.

‘So the one who had been watching me was this girl.’

I didn’t know what her reason for following me was, but her appearance had thrown my plans into chaos.

Cheon Yura folded her arms and showed her displeasure.

“But something’s off. Jin Yeomyung, you walked in without any trouble, but why do people keep showing up to stop me?”

I blinked and responded.

“...Isn’t it obvious?”

“What part of it is obvious?”

“That’s because...”

I almost answered directly, but then I stopped myself, sensing something off.

Cheon Yura, though her eyes were slightly sharp, was objectively a stunning beauty.

In a place like this, teeming with men starved for women, it was inevitable for trouble to arise if she walked around without even properly wearing her face veil.

‘If I said that out loud, the response I’d get would be obvious.’

I tried to redirect the conversation as much as possible to suit her mood.

“You’re attracting more trouble because you’re not avoiding it. Everyone here, in one way or another, knows each other.”

“Hmm...”

Cheon Yura nodded, seemingly convinced by my words.

“I see. Understood.”

One of her strengths was that she could be persuaded with clear reasoning.

“I was somewhat hopeful, but I didn’t see any reclusive martial masters.”

A recluse?

I didn’t know why she was suddenly looking for reclusive masters, but I responded sincerely.

“Well, that makes sense. If they were truly masters, they wouldn’t expose themselves in a place like this.”

“Is that so?”

“It is.”

I was racking my brain, trying to figure out how to get out of this situation.

After causing this kind of mess, the spies already planted within the valley must have noticed her presence.

‘Should I have her wear a face veil? No, that might cause other problems.’

Even if she wore a veil, it’d be hard to hide the innate nobility in her features. From the moment she set foot here, it was inevitable that problems would arise.

Unable to find a good answer, I turned to Number Seven for advice.

‘Hey, got any ideas?’

‘Uh, I... not really?’

Number Seven also seemed flustered and couldn’t take her eyes off Cheon Yura.

Strangely enough, it looked like she was more shaken than I was.

Which meant...

‘No more investigating around here.’

I'd have to get the information I needed from them quickly and get out.

My eyes shifted backward.

"You're called First Old Lord, right?"

"Y-Yes! That's correct!"

There, an aged but sly-looking old man was lying prostrate. Beside him, the ones I had seen earlier—Second Old Lord and Third Old Lord—were also lying face-down.

Since the one who caused the commotion turned out to be the Young Cult Leader of the main cult, this reaction was only natural.

"There's only one piece of information I want. Everything about Black-Spotted Blood."

"B-Black-Spotted Blood, you say?"

"Yes. Are you cultivating its raw ingredients here by any chance?"

Though I hadn't seen the raw materials for Black-Spotted Blood in the fields, it wasn't impossible.

I pressed with a cold expression.

"Don't tell me you don't know."

"N-No, that's not it. It's just that your question was so unexpected..."

My status wasn't exactly minor, and First Old Lord looked at me with a puzzled expression.

"Black-Spotted Blood, hmm..."

After some contemplation, he spoke.

"To my knowledge, Black-Spotted Blood is brought in from outside. It's true that its distribution starts here in Eunru Valley, but we don't handle it directly."

"You don't deal with it yourselves?"

"No. Our Three Elders only hold authority here thanks to the Illusion Clan. All the medicine we make goes to the Illusion Clan. It doesn't go to the red-light districts or back alleys."

"That makes sense."

Despite being called First Old Lord, his martial skills weren't much different from the other two.

There's no way someone barely at the level of a First-rate Martial Artist could act as a boss in Eunru Valley, where thousands lived, without strong backing.

"Do you know where the Black-Spotted Blood is brought in from?"

First Old Lord bowed his head in a humble posture.

"M-My apologies. So many goods pass through here..."

"....."

"If you give me some time, I'll find out immediately!"

Thinking I had fallen silent out of anger, First Old Lord quickly spoke up in a panic.

But that wasn't what I was thinking about.

'Brought in from outside. And they don't even know the source of a substance strictly banned by the Cult?'

My suspicion solidified into certainty.

'This couldn't happen unless someone high up in the Cult was involved.'

A smile crept onto my lips.

If I could trace this trail backward, I might be able to catch the tail of that so-called Heaven-Defying Society.

"You took an advance payment from Third Old Lord, didn't you?"

I was referring to the pouch of gold coins Third Old Lord was still cherishing.

"If you find out the source within a month, I'll give you five more pouches of gold coins."

"...Gasp!"

Not one, but five.

And all in gold.

Even for these three who were in the medicine-making business(?), that kind of money wasn't easy to come by.

Even if they quit their work right now, it would be more than enough for a comfortable retirement!

“I-I will mobilize every available resource to find it out, no matter what!”

Their eyes now brimmed with loyalty.

“Good. Now then... even if you don’t know where the Black-Spotted Blood is coming from, you must at least know where it’s gathered and where it flows from there, right?”

Only an idiot would think that drugs would naturally spread just by dumping them somewhere.

‘There’s definitely a primary distribution network and a point of contact.’

“Ah, we do know that much. We can tell you right away!”

“Oh? Where is it?”

“It’s a minor sect called Azure Wolf Sect, based in Nine Streams City. All the Black-Spotted Blood that flows into here is distributed underground through them first.”

“You know quite a lot, don’t you?”

“Well, the supply price for Black-Spotted Blood was so cheap that... when we were exploring distribution channels to expand our business, we, uh, did some digging. Hehe!”

“.....”

They knew far too much. It wasn’t just curiosity—they clearly had direct contact with this so-called Azure Wolf Sect.

‘Don’t tell me these guys...’

My gaze toward First Old Lord grew increasingly skeptical.

If left alone, they would eventually start handling Black-Spotted Blood themselves. And once that happened, the speed at which it would spread through the Cult’s underworld would skyrocket.

In other words, they were likely one of the reasons the Cult was plagued with drugs in my past life.

“How dare you.”

Cheon Yura, having realized this as well, began to emit killing intent.

“Eek!”

“Young Cult Leader, please, calm down.”

I hurriedly tried to restrain Cheon Yura, who now glared at me with eyes radiating intense Qi.

“You want me to calm down when these trash are spreading drugs within the Cult?”

“They haven’t acted yet. And if we rashly cut their heads off, it could create problems with the Illusion Clan.”

“Killing off this garbage wouldn’t cause any objections from the Illusion Clan.”

I poured all my energy into restraining her as she seethed with desire to execute them on the spot.

“What they supply only goes to the Illusion Clan. They’re just subordinates. The real trash we need to behead lies elsewhere.”

“.....”

“And we still need them to uncover the source of the Black-Spotted Blood and the whereabouts of the others involved.”

Only after hearing this did Cheon Yura’s killing intent gradually recede.

“I don’t like this at all.”

“Please endure it for a little longer.”

I quickly finished issuing instructions to the Three Old Lords and urged them to return to the main base.

But we weren’t able to head there right away.

“.....What the hell are these?”

The moment we stepped out of the Old Lords’ residence, dozens of masked men appeared.

From the hostility in their eyes, they were clearly not allies.