Chapter 1 : Chapter 1

Chapter 001 : Live-in Son-in-law

"Samadhi Divine Fire."

At my single word, a flame blossomed at the tip of my finger.

"I really have regressed."

Regression.

A mysterious phenomenon of returning to the past.

"Perhaps, this will be the last one."

I was experiencing this mysterious phenomenon for the third time.

The beginning was reincarnation.

The life before I reincarnated, that is, my first life, was a life where I was born in South Korea and struggled as a second-string baseball player.

High school days, stepping into the batter's box receiving high expectations as a super rookie.

Suffering a shoulder injury in the first match, I was stripped of my first-string qualification and while forcing myself to practice unreasonably, I was hit by a ball and died.

And when I regained consciousness again, I realized I had reincarnated in the murim.

The second life I gained was the life as the Third Young Master of the Demonic Cult, Hyeokryeon Yeom.

The Cult Leader of the Heavenly Demon Divine Cult whom any martial artist would tremble at.

I was born as the son of the Heavenly Demon, Hyeokryeon Hwi.

Possessing the natural constitution of the Extreme Yang Body.

However, the problem was the fact that I was not the legitimate son of the Cult Leader, but an illegitimate son.

Still, thinking that I could live my life fully this time, I lived like a profligate.

Instead, I trained in martial arts diligently.

I even harbored the dream of overtaking my other two brothers to become the Young Cult Leader and inheriting the Heavenly Demon Divine Cult.

But a dream was just a dream.

“Youngest, exactly. You should have moved according to the Cult Leader's will.”

My father, the Heavenly Demon Hyeokryeon Hwi, had issued a command for me to leave for the North Sea Ice Palace in order to save me.

The profligate Hyeokryeon Yeom had refused that command.

“This is what happens when you covet a tree you cannot climb.”

Was it because of that?

I lost my life to Hyeokryeon Geuk, my eldest brother and the Young Cult Leader of the Demonic Cult.

I finished my second life in vain.

The problem was, I opened my eyes again.

The third life was spirit possession.

This time it was fantasy.

I underwent spirit possession into the servant of a Mage Tower Master.

Although a mage, a half-baked mage possessing a Heavenly Punishment that could not accept mana.

Since I already had the experience of two lives, I struggled to survive without giving up.

I researched mana and the body like a madman to manifest magic.

Enduring all the envy and jealousy of my senior brothers, I received recognition from the Mage Tower Master.

It was an unfortunate life.

Although I possessed a natural understanding of mana and the flow of nature better than anyone else and could solve numerous formulas.

Because I could not accumulate mana, I never succeeded in implementing magic even once.

A small achievement was finding out that the reason I couldn't implement magic was because I possessed a unique constitution called the Extreme Yang Body.

The moment I thought I just needed to research a little more.

I felt a burning pain and reached death.

And the present.

Following reincarnation and spirit possession, regression proceeded.

Again, I returned to the murim.

That too, cherishing the memories of Hyeokryeon Yeom before the tragedy occurred.

“They said life is best out of three, since I've experienced regression, spirit possession, and reincarnation, this must be the last chance.”

My instinctive intuition was saying so.

That a next life does not exist.

“Third Young Master!”

Fwoosh.

I extinguished the fire that had soared at my fingertip and looked at the maid, Wi Ji-yeong, who opened the door and barged into the room.

“What is the matter?”

“The Cu, Cult Leader is calling for you!”

“Let's go.”

“R, right now?”

“Then?”

I know what the matter is.

Because I still remember the day the maid, Wi Ji-yeong, made such a fuss.

If, on this day, I had left for the North Sea.

‘I can survive.’

“Let's go.”

To receive the solemn command of the Heavenly Demon.

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“Go to the Ice Palace.”

These are the words my father, the Heavenly Demon Hyeokryeon Hwi, spat out as soon as I arrived at the Cult Leader's Palace.

“Yes.”

“……Do you not ask the reason?”

“If you say go, I must go.”

“…….”

A little interest arose in Hyeokryeon Hwi's eyes as he looked at his son.

“If you go to the North Sea, you will be outwardly known as a live-in son-in-law. You will be entering a political marriage with the Young Palace Head.”

“I see.”

“It is a political marriage formed as a token of a blood alliance, but whether this engagement actually comes to fruition depends on what you do. You might have to pass a test given by the Ice Palace Head. Are you confident?”

“Yes.”

“…….”

Hyeokryeon Hwi's interest deepened a little more.

Because it was a reaction that implied it didn't matter either way.

“Are you not resentful?”

“Knowing Father's heart, how could I be resentful?”

“.....”

The third was a profligate.

To think this guy who only caused trouble is saying he knows my heart?

It was more shocking than saying the sun rises from the west.

“This son will try to live splendidly in the Ice Palace.”

“.....”

It seems sincere.

If one were to grab one of the passing cultists and order them to leave the Divine Cult, one of the two would choose suicide.

That is how many people wish to bury their bones in the Divine Cult.

However, the guy who is the son of the Heavenly Demon was talking as if he had not a shred of lingering attachment to the Divine Cult.

“You have no ambition.”

“I am leaving because I have it.”

“.....!”

“Sometimes, a tree that has faced the north wind is sturdier than a dense forest.”

The Heavenly Demon Hyeokryeon Hwi was clearly flustered now.

The Heavenly Demon, the Cult Leader of ten thousand demons.

To the point of forgetting his words for a moment.

In that interval, the guy bows.

“This son shall return embracing a Wish-granting Jewel at the next greeting.”

“.....”

Hyeokryeon Hwi could not move until the guy who bowed and left was no longer visible.

Staying still for a while, he let out a laugh as if his pulse had released.

“They said blood is thicker than water, to think he was a hidden dragon...

Perhaps the North Sea could become a greater nourishment for the guy than these Hundred Thousand Mountains.

If only the guy can obtain the Wish-granting Jewel of the Ice Palace.

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There is exactly one reason why father is sending me to the Ice Palace.

‘To save me.’

In the past, I held out saying I wouldn't go even if it meant dying and then learned martial arts from the elders.

That was the best move a reincarnator who didn't know martial arts could make.

Of course, the situation is different now compared to then.

A situation where I clearly know I will die at Hyeokryeon Geuk's hands if I don't go.

Going to the North Sea Ice Palace was the right choice even just to survive.

“Oh my, Young Master! I heard you are going to the North Sea!!”

When I returned to the quarters, Wi Ji-yeong shouted, perhaps having heard the rumors in that short time.

“Why are you grinning?”

Wi Ji-yeong hurriedly pretended to cry.

“Oh my, tears are falling like this because I'm sad thinking I won't see the Young Master anymore, what do you mean grinning.”

“So why? We have to go together. Pack your bags.”

“Yeaaah?!”

“I'm not just going to the North Sea, I'm going to hold a ceremony, so I can't go alone.”

“A ceremony?”

“He told me to marry. With the Young Palace Head of the Ice Palace.”

“Eeeeh?!”

The reaction is sticky.

Not caring whether Wi Ji-yeong screamed or not, I organized the current situation.

Going to the Ice Palace has been decided.

It sounds nice to say I'm being sent to form a blood alliance, but in reality, I'm a hostage.

‘Is it fortunate that I can at least use political marriage as an excuse.’

I can't just go and quietly act as a hostage.

“Wi Ji-yeong. What am I good at?”

“Wine, women, and gambling?”

I grinned.

‘Handsome face, hot body.’

The conditions were good.

Playing loosely is what I've been doing until now.

The profligate of the Hundred Thousand Mountains.

It was a phrase referring to Hyeokryeon Yeom.

“Ji-yeong. What was the name of the Ice Palace's Young Palace Head?”

“My name isn't Ji-yeong but Yeong!”

“Okay, so the name?”

“If it's the Young Palace Head of the Ice Palace... are you speaking of Miss Seol Ye-rin?”

Seol Ye-rin?

Right, it was that name.

The precious daughter of the Ice Palace Head who possesses the Extreme Yin Body and ends up dying young.

Ice Flower, Seol Ye-rin.

The goal was set.

“By the way, rumors say that person is quite very sick?”

“I know.”

“Yes?”

“Let's research it once on the way.”

“Research what?”

“The method to melt Miss Seol's frozen heart.”

“Yeaaah? I just told you she is sick! They say she can't even go outside to the point that it's rare for anyone to have seen her even in the Ice Palace.”

“Huhu. I know. I know.”

I experienced three lives and returned to the murim through regression.

If I think about why I was given the chance to live as Hyeokryeon Yeom again.

‘It probably means to take revenge.’

Unlike the other two lives, in the murim, I met death by another person.

There was an achievement.

Since I now know that this body possesses a unique constitution called the Extreme Yang Body.

And,

‘For me, who has the Extreme Yang Body, the Young Palace Head who has the Extreme Yin Body will be no different than a Wish-granting Jewel.’

Something that will make me into a dragon.....

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A little later, inside the Heavenly Demon Divine Cult warehouse.

“First, packing thick clothes.”

I absolutely loathe the cold.

Because of the Extreme Yang Body, I usually don't feel the cold, but the North Sea is a world I have never been to.

It might be cold.

After packing clothes.

“Next, packing things to eat.”

Since the North Sea is a cold neighborhood, ingredients can be frozen and stored, but other ingredients will not be easy to find.

But the Heavenly Demon Divine Cult was different.

Enough to be regarded as the strongest as a single force, the Heavenly Demon Divine Cult was a force with thick finances and strong martial power.

And I was the son of this rich family.

“I wonder what the Ice Palace's Young Palace Head likes?”

Since she would have only been in a cold region, she will likely like warm things.

“Will she like it if I pack teas by type?”

Thud thud thud.

Famous teas of the Central Plains like Mount Jun Silver Needle, White Tiger Silver Needle, and Biluochun (a famous type of tea) were filled in the warehouse and I packed them all without hesitation.

2 hours after doing so.

“Whew. This should be enough, right?”

After fruitfully packing things that seemed valuable.

Packages were piled up in a heap next to me.

As I returned to the quarters with a happy heart at the thought of having looted the Demonic Cult's warehouse.

“Nice to meet you, Young Master.”

Along with a carriage planted with a flag symbolizing the Ice Palace, a man boasting a rugged physique was waiting for me.

“Are you Young Master Hyeokryeon Yeom?”

The man with the rugged physique spoke to me.

“That is so. Did you come from the Ice Palace?”

The only person who would be waiting for me like this in the middle of the night would be someone from the Ice Palace.

“Yes. I came from the North Sea Ice Palace. I am called Baek Mu-yong.”

The man who revealed his own name as Baek Mu-yong was a muscular, rugged man.

The man wearing pure white clothes and wearing a sword was a man who seemed to have strong pride just from his impression.

Looking at how his eyes were full of confidence, it seemed he was confident in his martial arts.

The appearance of wearing a thin and pure white scabbard at his waist that didn't match his body was impressive.

“Departure was clearly tomorrow, what is the matter in the middle of this night?”

“The situation has changed. I think we must move to the North Sea right now.”

“Understood. Prepare.”

“……?”

Baek Mu-yong was startled.

He had heard I was a profligate and had inwardly braced himself firmly before coming.

However, to think I would cooperate so obediently.

“...Thank you for understanding. I will organize the carriage.”

While Baek Mu-yong organized the carriage, I first woke up the maid, Wi Ji-yeong, who had fallen into a deep sleep.

“Wake up.”

“Gasp! Thi, Third Young Master?”

Startle.

Wi Ji-yeong, who was sleeping while even drooling, opened her eyes at my shout and muttered in a half-asleep state.

“Is it time for me to die or something? There are times when the Third Young Master even appears in my dreams.”

“It's not a dream so wake up.”

“Hiek!”

Blink blink.

Wi Ji-yeong, who regained her senses, looked outside.

A completely dark world.

It was still night.

“What is the matter in this deep night..... Gasp, surely!”

At the appearance of Wi Ji-yeong covering her upper body with both arms, I let out a sigh.

I'm not that much of a profligate.

“Stop spreading the wings of your imagination and just pack your bags. I think we have to head to the North Sea right now.”

“Yes, please wait just 15 minutes.”

“Okay, sorry for waking you.”

Pause.

Wi Ji-yeong, who was about to move to pack her bags, trembled all over.

“Please, can you not say the words sorry? I feel like I'll be startled even while sleeping.”

“It's not a difficult thing to say sorry for something to be sorry about.”

“You didn't say such words before!”

Scuttle, looking at the back of the moving Wi Ji-yeong, I smirked.

Right, rather than the word sorry.

“Thank you.”

Although she talks a lot, she is a maid who is more excellent in the role of assistant than anyone in the Heavenly Demon Divine Cult.

-Third Young Master! Hurry and run away!

‘Enough to die for me, who was from an illegitimate background.’

In the opportunity I gained again, whoever it may be, I will not let the people who formed a connection with me die.

Absolutely.