Chapter 101 : Chapter 101

Chapter 101 : Eun Bin and Tae Un-seo

The Diancang Sect’s training field turned cold in an instant.

Ok In-gi, Diancang’s first-generation disciple and a discussed candidate for the next Sect Leader, was defeated in a single move.

And that, too, by a single punch from an opponent who hadn’t even drawn his sword.

"What on earth is that fire fist?"

"Didn't they say Ice Palace……? Then shouldn’t he use Ice Art?"

But he was using Fire Art, not Ice Art.

"No, no matter how I think about it, it’s absurd."

"How are we supposed to win against a monster like that……."

"Come on, refresh the atmosphere! Let’s cheer for Baek Ri-geuk now! The first one couldn't be helped, but there’s a next time!"

It is a best-of-five series.

They just need to win three out of the remaining four duels.

"Baek Ri-geuk, you can do well, right?"

"...I will do my best."

Watching Baek Ri-geuk looking extremely tense, the eyes of Jang Il-jae, the Sect Leader of the Diancang Sect, narrowed.

"Impressive."

Jang Il-jae discreetly looked at the Divine Physician, Seong I-han, sitting next to him.

Seong I-han was stroking his beard with a pleased smile. It was an expression that said he had already expected this.

"Sect Leader, it seems the disciples' spirits have been crushed."

"Haha, does it look that way to you, Divine Physician? But our Diancang is not a sect that collapses so easily."

Jang Il-jae turned his head to check the roster.

Since they gave up the first round, they absolutely had to secure the second round.

If they lost consecutively here, Diancang's honor would plummet to the ground.

"Second duel, Diancang Sect second-generation disciple Baek Ri-geuk! Step forward!"

At the shout of Baek Ri-gung, an Elder of the Diancang Sect, a man jumped up onto the martial arts stage with a highly tense expression.

"Who is the participant from the Ice Palace side?"

At Baek Ri-gung's question, a figure walked out slowly from the Small Snow Squad's side.

"Small Snow Squad Vice Captain, Eun Bin."

Eun Bin, revealing his smooth bald head, took a clasped hands greeting.

"Please treat me well."

"I will learn a move from you."

Baek Ri-geuk drew the heavy sword he was carrying on his back.

It was a sword that focused on destructive power, differing in trajectory from the slender swords typical of the Diancang Sect.

Eun Bin, who had expected a fast sword duel, drew his sword with a fascinated look.

"Then, let the duel begin!"

Boom-!

Simultaneously with the command, Baek Ri-geuk, whom everyone thought was nervous, kicked off the ground and shot forward.

"Sun Shooting Sword Art, Splitting Light Crossing Shadows!"

Baek Ri-geuk's sword scattered in all directions, pressuring Eun Bin's entire body.

Despite being a heavy sword, the unique speed of Diancang was added to it, causing a heavy sound of piercing wind to ring through the training field.

‘To have this kind of speed with a heavy sword. It is indeed practical.’

Eun Bin narrowed his eyes.

The opponent’s sword qi was heavy rather than sharp.

It was a burdensome weight to take head-on.

Recently, while teaching Yu So-dong alongside Baek Mu-yong, Eun Bin had a chance to reflect on his own martial arts once again.

The essence of the Ice Palace, Snow Cloud Step.

Eun Bin’s body drew a strange trajectory, as if sliding on snow, and narrowly slipped through Baek Ri-geuk’s sword net.

"Are you only going to dodge!"

Surprisingly strong in actual combat, Baek Ri-geuk swung his sword widely, slashing horizontally.

The sword qi scratched the floor, raising dust.

But Eun Bin had already dug into his blind spot.

"Snow Shadow Sword."

A blizzard began to spew out from Eun Bin’s sword.

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I stroked my chin while watching the battle between Eun Bin and Baek Ri-geuk.

"Young Master, the Vice Captain will win, right?"

"That goes without saying."

The problem is how he wins.

What I want is three consecutive victories.

To do that, Eun Bin needed to stomp on Baek Ri-geuk thoroughly so that the next opponent wouldn't be able to exert their spirit.

"Snow Shadow Sword."

At that moment, Eun Bin swung his sword.

Eun Bin’s slit eyes, which had been slightly closed, opened.

"I think it's my first time seeing that sword art."

"The Vice Captain doesn't usually step forward."

Moving secretly in the background is Eun Bin’s nature.

Even when stepping forward like this, he created that blizzard to hide himself.

In other words.

‘He hunts the opponent while hiding in the shadow within the snow.’

Eun Bin’s unique specialty, different from the typical strong sword of the North Sea.

-Oho, I didn't know because that guy was always sticking to the Young Palace Head, but he's quite skilled, isn't he?

-It’s over.

At the words of the Sword Venerable and the Demon Queen, I stared at Baek Ri-geuk.

Baek Ri-geuk also seemed to be maximizing his senses while watching the blizzard rage.

Baek Ri-geuk feels calmer and stronger than the first-generation disciple I faced.

‘Was looking nervous just an act?’

"Sun Shooting Sword Art, Slanting Sun No Light."

There is no more light in the setting sun, only deep darkness and silence remain.

With a flash of light, Baek Ri-geuk tried to clear away Eun Bin’s shadow.

"It’s finished."

At my words, Wi Ji-yeong tilted her head.

"Isn't it not over yet?"

"No. It’s over."

Baek Mu-yong must have seen something too, as he also said it was over.

I glanced at Tae Un-seo.

Tae Un-seo’s eyes were moving rapidly, displaying immense concentration to track Eun Bin’s movements.

"So-dong, only we....."

As Wi Ji-yeong said that, she looked back at Yu So-dong.

Whish- Whish-

Yu So-dong’s eyes were also moving like crazy.

"What the!"

"Eun Bin was already predicting Baek Ri-geuk’s next sword form."

There is no martial artist who doesn't know that Diancang’s unique sword art is the Sun Shooting Sword Art.

Then one must anticipate what sword strike will come, and Eun Bin induced exactly the sword strike Baek Ri-geuk would unfold next.

And,

"He disappeared before the light reached."

Slither.

Eun Bin, rising from Baek Ri-geuk’s shadow, placed his sword next to Baek Ri-geuk’s neck.

"...I lost."

Feeling the cool sharpness at his neck, Baek Ri-geuk declared surrender.

Then,

"Winner, Ice Palace’s Eun Bin!"

Silence began to hover over the training field once again.

"It was a good duel."

"...You are incredibly fast."

"There will come a day when you can suppress a fast sword with a heavy sword."

"Thank you."

Baek Ri-geuk stepped back with a relieved expression.

Although he lost, he was able to feel something while watching Eun Bin's movements as he unfolded the Sun Shooting Sword Art with a heavy sword.

"D, don't be discouraged. We still have three matches left! Heo Cheong, you can win this time, right?"

"Of course."

Hearing the shout to boost morale from the Diancang Sect, the expression of Jang Il-jae, the Sect Leader of Diancang, gradually hardened.

'It won't end without us winning even once, right?'

If that happened, it would be the disgrace of disgrace.

They intended to hold the initiative in dealing with the Poison Palace, but it looked like they were handing over the initiative from the start.

2 to 0. The atmosphere of the training field was now turning from shock to fear.

The disciples of Diancang were defeated like autumn leaves in the wind.

Jang Il-jae's fingers began to tap the armrest of his chair nervously.

"Third duel, Diancang Sect second-generation disciple Heo Cheong! Step forward!"

Grim determination dwelt in the voice of Elder Baek Ri-gung.

Finally, one of the best talents Diancang could put forward stepped up.

Ok In-gi, a first-generation disciple, participated first because he was the Eldest Senior Brother, and Baek Ri-geuk, a second-generation disciple, was sent out because he followed Baek Ri-gung as a swordsman who handled the Sun Shooting Sword Art with a heavy sword, a different style.

Just in case both were defeated, the order was arranged so that they could win the third match no matter what.

Heo Cheong was a figure who wielded the most traditional sword art within the Diancang Sect, focusing on speed and change.

As he ascended the martial arts stage, a man walked out sluggishly from the Small Snow Squad camp.

"……Huh?"

"What is that?"

The Diancang disciples rubbed their eyes.

There was no sword in the hand of Tae Un-seo, the man who climbed onto the martial arts stage.

Instead, a single kitchen knife gleaming in the sunlight was held in his hand.

"Isn't that…… a kitchen knife?"

"Is the Ice Palace short of weapons? Or are they insulting us!"

Despite the murmuring of the Diancang Sect disciples, Tae Un-seo gently rubbed the blade of the kitchen knife with his thumb with an indifferent expression.

"I am Tae Un-seo of the Small Snow Squad. Please treat me well."

"I am Heo Cheong of the Diancang Sect. ……But are you saying you will face me with that kitchen knife?"

Heo Cheong’s brow furrowed.

A sense of insult welled up, but having seen the results of the previous two rounds, he could not let his guard down.

"This is not just a knife. It is a kitchen tool that is like my life."

"……Fine. I will verify if that arrogance is sincere."

Heo Cheong drew his sword.

The sword blade trembled lightly, letting out a clear resonance.

"Let the third duel begin!"

Whish-!

Heo Cheong’s form became blurry like a cloud.

Flying Cloud Chasing Shadow.

It is a movement art that flies up like a cloud to chase shadows.

He rotated rapidly around Tae Un-seo, aiming for the blind spots where the kitchen knife couldn't reach.

‘His knife is short. I just have to not give him distance!’

Heo Cheong’s sword cut through the wind, aiming for Tae Un-seo’s neck and flank simultaneously.

Sun Transport First Appearance.

It was the true fast sword of Diancang, different from the heavy sword Baek Ri-geuk displayed.

Tae Un-seo’s reaction upon seeing that sword was,

Slice-!

He swung the kitchen knife in the empty air without even looking at Heo Cheong’s sword path.

"……?!"

Heo Cheong’s eyes widened.

It was clearly before the sword form even reached.

But as Tae Un-seo’s kitchen knife cut through the air as if slicing a fillet, the 'Sun Transport' was helplessly split apart.

"It’s quite a tough sword."

Tae Un-seo muttered as he narrowed the distance.

"Sun Shooting Sword Art, Force Pulling Great Bow!"

Flustered, Heo Cheong maximized the changes in his sword art.

Sword qi overflowing in all directions tried to trap Tae Un-seo.

However, to Tae Un-seo, that was not an attack.

It was merely an ingredient that needed to be prepped.

Tae Un-seo’s kitchen knife began to dance, drawing strange trajectories.

At first glance, it seemed to be swung haphazardly, but.

"Tae Un-seo cuts the grain of the sword path."

Just as the legendary cook Paoding separated the meat from the bone of an ox with a single blade,

Tae Un-seo's kitchen knife finds and digs into the grain of the complex sword path Heo Cheong unfolds.

The metallic sound of sword clashing with sword did not ring out.

Shhh-

Only the chilling sound of something being smoothly cut away could be heard.

"H, how……!"

Heo Cheong got goosebumps.

Before his sword forms could even be deployed, Tae Un-seo was cutting off their flow in advance.

As if a chef were deboning a fish, Heo Cheong's martial arts itself was being dismantled.

Tae Un-seo's kitchen knife slid in, riding along Heo Cheong's sword blade.

Tae Un-seo's eyes flashed.

"Tae Un-seo, stop!"

Snap-

At my shout, Tae Un-seo's sword strike stopped.

Come to think of it, that jerk.

He knows well how to slice people, but he seemed not to know how to control his strength.

"I realized why Tae Un-seo's cooking tastes so bad."

Flash-

Taking advantage of the gap when Tae Un-seo stopped his sword at my shout, Heo Cheong's Sun Shooting Sword aimed for Tae Un-seo's neck and shot in.

Tae Un-seo stared straight at that sword without blinking.

Slice- Slice-

Along with the sound of faint wind piercing.

Heo Cheong’s sword was positioned at the tip of Tae Un-seo’s neck.

"Winner of the third match, Heo Cheong!"

"Waaaaaaah!"

"We won!"

"Thank goodness!"

"We can hold the fourth match!"

The disciples of the Diancang Sect shouted cheers.

"Good job."

I saw Tae Un-seo retreating with a sheepish expression.

"Heo Cheong, what’s wrong?"

However.

Heo Cheong, who saw his own sword, had no choice but to bite his lip slightly.

"....."

Including the sword tip, the sword edge was completely damaged.

Heo Cheong could intuit that even if he had stabbed the neck with this sword, Tae Un-seo would not have died.

Although he won, feeling as if he had lost, Heo Cheong clenched his fist.

Chapter 102 : Chapter 102

Chapter 102 : You Were Beautiful

Eventually, it led to the fourth duel.

"Can you win?"

If by any chance Wi Ji-yeong loses, Baek Mu-yong is scheduled to step up for the next duel.

"Of course!"

"It's fine even if you lose, so just do it comfortably."

At Baek Mu-yong's words, Wi Ji-yeong shook her head.

She had a determined expression that said she absolutely could not lose in front of the Young Master.

Thinking that if only Tae Un-seo hadn't lost, Wi Ji-yeong wouldn't have had to step up, which was regrettable, I looked at the opponent from the Diancang side.

Diancang Sect's third-generation disciple, Jin Am.

He was Wi Ji-yeong's opponent.

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The Diancang Sect barely escaped the crisis of three consecutive defeats.

However, the atmosphere in the training field was still heavy.

2 to 0.

Amidst the overwhelming martial prowess of the Ice Palace, Diancang's honor had already been tarnished.

Jang Il-jae, the Sect Leader of the Diancang Sect, looked at Jin Am, the third-generation disciple who had come up to the martial arts stage.

'Jin Am must win here so we can see the final showdown.'

Jang Il-jae's gaze turned to a man with the heaviest build among the Diancang Sect disciples.

"Fourth duel, Diancang Sect third-generation disciple Jin Am! Step forward!"

Along with the shout of Baek Ri-gung, an Elder of the Diancang Sect, Jin Am walked up to the martial arts stage with heavy steps.

"Waaaaah! Jin Am, you must win!"

"Make sure we can continue to the next turn!"

"I will do my best, Senior Brothers."

Whoosh.

Jin Am snorted.

Jin Am was a figure who unusually used a Great Saber in the Diancang Sect, which was a sword sect.

His alias was Azure Rock Saber.

It represented a steadfast strength like the hard rocks of Mount Diancang.

"Huh? What, it's a woman this time."

"Then isn't it an easy win?"

"It looks like she'd fly away if Jin Am hits her once?"

The Diancang disciples showed gleeful expressions upon seeing Wi Ji-yeong coming up to the martial arts stage.

"Young Mistress, what is your name?"

At Baek Ri-gung's question, Wi Ji-yeong jumped up onto the martial arts stage cheerfully and answered.

"I'm called Wi Ji-yeong of the Small Snow Squad!"

At the cheerful and noisy entrance, distinctly different from the previous three, the expressions of the Diancang disciples hardened again.

In Wi Ji-yeong's hand was a flying dagger, which was practically her trademark.

"Miss Seol, do you think that child can win against a disciple of Diancang?"

The Divine Physician, Seong I-han, asked while looking alternately at Wi Ji-yeong and Jin Am.

Jang Il-jae, the Sect Leader of the Diancang Sect, also pricked up his ears at the Divine Physician's words.

"Wi Ji-yeong is also a member of the Small Snow Squad."

Meaning she is a member escorting the Young Palace Head of the Ice Palace.

At those words, the Divine Physician nodded.

He thought she wouldn't lose easily to Jin Am.

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Jin Am looked down at Wi Ji-yeong and opened his mouth with a stiff expression.

"I am Jin Am of the Diancang Sect. Is... that flying dagger your weapon?"

"Yes, is there any problem?"

"No, there is no problem, but..."

Jin Am 'looked down' at Wi Ji-yeong.

A situation where the difference in weight class was already significant.

If Wi Ji-yeong were hit even once by the saber Jin Am wielded, it seemed the duel would end blandly.

"I have no intention of going easy on you just because you are a woman."

"I also won't go easy on you just because you are a man!"

Thinking that he would get caught up in Wi Ji-yeong's pace if they talked any longer, Jin Am drew his Great Saber.

Whoosh!

The sound of heavy wind cut through the training field.

"Junior Brother, go easy!"

"It's an easy win!"

At the sight of the disciples giggling.

Glare-

"Ugh."

Baek Ri-gung glared at the disciples with cold eyes.

"Fourth duel, Jin Am versus Wi Ji-yeong. Let us begin!"

Boom!

As soon as the command fell, Jin Am dragged his Great Saber on the ground and charged at Wi Ji-yeong.

Falling Sun Saber Art.

It was a single strong strike, loading inner qi into the huge saber and striking down as if chopping a mountain.

The piercing wind sound created by the saber and the dust covered the training field.

"Thousand Autumns Falling Sun!"

Truly, Jin Am had no intention of going easy on Wi Ji-yeong.

'I will completely crush her with power and weight!'

Wi Ji-yeong smiled brightly watching the saber Jin Am was swinging.

A straightforward and honest attack befitting that bulk.

"But, you're slow."

Swoosh! Boom!

When Jin Am struck down with his saber.

Wi Ji-yeong had already disappeared and was gone.

"Who do you predict will be the winner of this duel, Captain?"

Ice Palace side camp.

Baek Mu-yong asked me.

"You're asking who I think will win?"

I was tracking the movements of Wi Ji-yeong, who had begun to bewitch Jin Am's eyes.

"Yes."

"Placing Wi Ji-yeong fourth from the beginning was to ensure an unconditional win for the next duel in case Tae Un-seo lost."

"……Pardon?"

Baek Mu-yong seemed to think I had saved him as a last resort.

"There won't be any occasion for Squad Leader Baek to step up for a duel."

I stared at Wi Ji-yeong, who was gradually increasing the number of her duplicates.

Illusion Step.

It was the name of the movement art Wi Ji-yeong learned in the Demonic Cult.

'In the first place.'

There's no way just anyone would be selected as the maid of the Demonic Cult Leader's youngest son.

The virtues of a maid can be largely seen as two things.

'Can she execute whatever I instruct at a fast speed.'

That is why Wi Ji-yeong possessed a lightness skill that reached the top tier even within the Demonic Cult.

Also,

'Strong mental fortitude.'

No matter what harsh words she hears, no matter what treatment she suffers.

Only by possessing the mental fortitude to endure steadfastly could one become a maid serving the Heavenly Demon's son.

In other words,

'When Wi Ji-yeong, who always looks cheerful, makes up her mind in earnest.'

Flash-

'She is quite scary.'

Illusions begin to increase gradually.

"Wait, wasn't it supposed to be an easy win?!"

"She's incredibly fast!"

"Like that... it looks like it will be hard for Jin Am to hit her even if he swings his saber?"

"Wait, Jin Am! We don't know when the opponent will tire out! She has no means of attack!"

"I wonder."

The reason Wi Ji-yeong uses flying daggers is exactly because of that.

From the moment one gets bewitched by Wi Ji-yeong's illusions from the start, one should consider the duel already over.

"It has begun."

Flock of Swallows Piercing the Mountain.

Swish-!

Flying daggers are scattered high into the sky.

Dozens of flying daggers, shot from unknown origins, were fired towards Jin Am.

Clang- Clang- Thud-

"Ugh!"

Even if he could block a few flying daggers.

He couldn't block the flying daggers aiming for Jin Am's body with a time difference.

"Aaaargh!"

As he began to swing the giant saber again, a tremendous wind arose in the training field.

He seemed to hope the flying daggers would falter in the wind, but.

Three Turns Return Flight.

The flying daggers that seemed about to fall turned, struck other flying daggers, and flew to embed themselves in Jin Am.

"Cough!"

A flying dagger accurately embedded in Jin Am's elbow.

Along with a tingling sensation.

"Swallow Tail Acupoint Press."

Thud!

Finally, a flying dagger flew and accurately embedded itself in Jin Am's numbness acupoint.

"....."

Silence settled on the training field.

"I told you, I won't go easy on you just because you're a man."

Wi Ji-yeong, who revealed herself in front of Jin Am as the illusions disappeared, spoke.

"Don't worry too much, since I avoided all the fatal acupoints, there won't be any issues with your health!"

With those words as the end.

"Fourth duel... the winner is the Small Snow Squad's Wi Ji-yeong!"

"Yahoo! Young Master! I won!"

Seeing Wi Ji-yeong with an excited expression for winning the duel, the Diancang disciples felt an unknown fear.

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The duel ended.

Baek Mu-yong smacked his lips as if regretful, and the disciples of the Diancang Sect looked extremely dispirited.

Baek Ri-gung, the Elder of the Diancang Sect, sent those who participated in the duel up to the martial arts stage to have them greet each other.

"It was a good duel."

Pat-

As I took a clasped hands greeting first,

"It was a good duel!"

The Diancang disciples also began to take clasped hands greetings one by one.

After exchanging greetings and descending from the martial arts stage, Jang Il-jae, the Sect Leader of the Diancang Sect, stood up from the platform.

"Everyone, you worked hard. I believe the disciples of Diancang felt many things through this duel. Since the Ice Palace is not an enemy but an ally who will subjugate the Poison Palace together with us in the future, I hope you get along well!"

"Yes!"

"Then with this, I will end the duel between Diancang and the Ice Palace....."

"Please wait a moment, Sect Leader."

Baek Ri-gung, the Elder of the Diancang Sect, stopped the Sect Leader's words.

"Hmm? Why is that?"

"Shouldn't the Young Cult Leader of the Ice Palace also say a word?"

"Waaaaaaah!"

At the words that the Young Palace Head would say, the spirits of the Diancang Sect disciples began to revive again.

"Men are really..."

"They seem simple."

Cheon Deung-jin and Seong Sang-ah revealed themselves.

"Where have you been?"

"We were watching the duel from behind. Since the protagonists of this place seem to be Miss Seol and the Small Snow Squad."

I looked at the two and nodded.

"Please go out quickly."

"Yes."

At the Divine Physician's words, Seol Ye-rin stood up.

Her shimmering sky-blue hair fluttered in the wind.

When Seol Ye-rin appeared in front of the platform, the Diancang disciples tried to shout cheers again but stopped.

It was because an energy overwhelming the audience was spreading from Seol Ye-rin's eyes.

Amidst the silence of the surroundings.

"Sect Leader of the Diancang Sect, Elders, and disciples of Diancang who protect the peace of Yunnan."

Seol Ye-rin's voice resonated through the training field.

Seol Ye-rin paused for a moment and slowly looked at the faces of the Diancang Sect disciples filling the training field.

Soon, she also turned her gaze to where I and the Small Snow Squad members were standing.

"The duel we just held was not a duel to determine who is stronger between Diancang and the Ice Palace. This duel was a process for us to confirm with each other how much power we have to confront the Poison Palace. Although our Ice Palace was able to take the result of three to one with good luck, I think the result of the duel is not important. What is more important is!"

Whoosh!

With her one word, snowflakes began to flutter in the sky of Yunnan.

"Driving the Poison Palace out of Yunnan. Let's fight well together."

"Waaaaaaah!"

As soon as Seol Ye-rin's speech ended, a roar like thunder burst out.

"I will fight and die for the Young Palace Head!"

"Why die!"

"I adore you, Young Palace Head!"

"You saw her for the first time today!"

While the Diancang disciples shouted cheers, Seol Ye-rin came down from the platform.

"Certainly, the Young Palace Head is the Young Palace Head. It was an impressive speech."

"You flatter me, Sect Leader."

"Then I will tell them to guide you so you can rest comfortably until dinner."

"Thank you."

Seol Ye-rin finished greeting the Sect Leader and the Divine Physician and came down to where the Small Snow Squad was.

"As expected, Young Palace Head, you were the best."

"The Diancang disciples are going crazy."

"It was moving, to the point I want to treat you to a delicious meal!"

"Thank you all."

Seol Ye-rin exchanged greetings with her eyes with Cheon Deung-jin and Seong Sang-ah standing next to me, then approached me.

"How was I?"

At Seol Ye-rin's question, asking with sparkling eyes.

After pondering for a moment what to say, I tossed out a word.

"You were beautiful."

Blush!

At my compliment, Seol Ye-rin's face turned red.

Watching that appearance of Seol Ye-rin, I thought.

Since an opportunity for the relationship between Diancang and the Ice Palace to become quite solid had been arranged thanks to Seol Ye-rin's active role.

Now it was truly time to clean up the Poison Palace.

Chapter 103 : Chapter 103

Chapter 103 : Miao People

The way to win a war is to destroy the main base.

After finishing the duel, I began discussing with the Diancang Sect Leader how to raid the Poison Palace.

The conclusion was that the fastest way to drive out the Poison Palace forces that had crossed into Yunnan was to directly strike the Southern Barbarian Poison Palace's headquarters.

"If you cause a disturbance, we will become a detached force and deal with the Poison Palace's major figures."

However, the big problem was that we didn't know who the major figures to be dealt with in the Southern Barbarian Poison Palace were.

"Black Master, Poison Master, Poison King. You just need to deal with these three."

The Diancang Sect Leader, Jang Il-jae, passed the information to me.

"Can we consider the Poison Palace finished if just those three are dealt with?"

"Yes. If the head collapses, chaos will intensify, and in the midst of that chaos, I think Diancang can defeat the Poison Palace's martial artists. It's just that the damage might be considerable....."

The biggest problem was that there would likely be many people poisoned.

"Do not worry about that."

If the poison could be detoxified, dealing with the poisoning was actually not a big deal.

And I had learned the Poison Venerable's martial art, the Ten Thousand Heavens Poison Hand.

I could detoxify almost any poison if it passed through my hands.

"Then there is no problem."

"Yes, then let’s proceed with setting out immediately tomorrow."

"Understood."

That was the story up until yesterday.

"There won't be any more people attacking us, right?"

On the way to Diancang, we had a record of dealing with the Five Poison Old Freak and the Poison Palace's poison men.

Assuming that Poison Palace masters might appear again upon seeing our group move, I began to move together with Diancang.

"Can Miss Seong and Miss Cheon come along too?"

At Wi Ji-yeong's question, I nodded.

I thought those two could be the key personnel for this battle.

‘Miss Seong possesses medical skills to detoxify poison, and Miss Cheon can burn poison with Fire Spirit Qi.’

There was no better combination than this.

So,

"Baek Mu-yong, take responsibility along with Mu-myeong and protect the two of them."

"Yes, understood."

If there were personnel to protect them, we would be able to move well.

‘It’s a larger group than I thought.’

The Divine Physician, the Divine Physician's granddaughter, the Young Palace Head of the Potala Palace.

The Ice Palace's Young Palace Head, Seol Ye-rin, and Han Seol-bi.

If I included myself, Eun Bin, Baek Mu-yong, Tae Un-seo, Wi Ji-yeong, Yu So-dong, and Mu-myeong.

‘A total of twelve people.’

Since the number of people stood out, we decided to join up with Diancang at the Southern Barbarian Poison Palace.

We came down from Mount Diancang, passed through Yun County, and reached a region called West Miao.

"From here on, it is Yunnan, but it is also a place where many Namman people reside."

"Is that so?"

Then it seemed likely that there could be watchers all around.

"Let's try to look like a group going to sightsee in Namman as much as possible."

"Is that right?!"

At my words, Wi Ji-yeong's eyes began to sparkle.

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Yunnan Province, West Miao.

There were those watching my group as we entered the terrain of deep valleys, dense jungles, and frequent poisonous fogs.

—Outsiders have intruded.

—Are they martial artists?

—They appear so.

—Are they bastards here to torment us again……?

—What shall we do? There are quite a few of them.

—How many?

—Twelve people.

—Quite a lot.

—They seem to be trying to cross into Namman.

—We should report this, right?

—Yes.

—Then let's just watch for now.

—Yes.

Rustle— Rustle—

Those watching my group disappeared in an instant.

Since it was a complete jungle, it seemed difficult to notice them moving.

"It is becoming difficult to clear a path."

"Shall I burn it?"

"...Wouldn't that attract too much attention?"

"I think we are already attracting enough attention."

I didn't know where she brought them from, but Wi Ji-yeong had changed the clothes of the entire group.

"...Doesn't it suit you so well! Actually, I intended to give them to you when we got to Namman, so it's a little bit of a shame."

"Thank you, I will wear it well."

When Seol Ye-rin thanked her, Cheon Deung-jin and the rest of the Small Snow Squad also expressed their gratitude to Wi Ji-yeong.

Since everyone had changed into clothes that looked a bit cooler in the hot and humid region, it really did feel like we were going on a trip.

The fact was that we stood out even more.

If we were going to stand out one way or another.

It was better to get rid of the cumbersome vines as well.

Whoosh!

Just like that, I abruptly started burning the vines.

—Huh?

—What is this smell.....

Those who were moving to report to the other Miao people hesitated.

"Fi, fire!"

"We, we must put it out."

"If the fire spreads sideways, it's the end!"

West Miao is practically the home of the Miao people.

The Miao people could not leave alone the bastard who dared to try and burn the forest.

"What do you think you are doing!"

Swoosh!

The Miao people soared high into the sky climbing the trees and started throwing something continuously with both hands.

"It's parasites!"

The moment Eun Bin shouted upon seeing the parasites.

Swish— Thud.

Several fine needles began to be scattered.

"Wh, what the—"

Briefly marveling at Mu-myeong's martial arts that accurately hit the flying parasites.

Snake Barbarian Thirteen Blades.

Clang!

Tae Un-seo and the Miao people clashed.

***

I flinched upon seeing the figures popping out as soon as I set the fire.

—It is the Miao people.

—It is the Miao people.

Listening to the stories of the Sword Venerable and the Demon Queen, they seemed to be the Miao people who lived in Namman.

—Their specialties are poison and curses.

—And they hate having their home taken away more than death.

So, I had just set fire to the Miao people's home.

‘This is awkward.’

Isn't it hard to live if there are this many vines?

That was my only thought.

"What do you intend to do?"

Seol Ye-rin asked me.

"Since moving secretly seems impossible now anyway. Since it has come to this, I will try to extract information from the Miao people."

"Confirmed!"

I was the one who set the fire, but the Miao people were the ones who rushed in first.

I didn't know we would undergo another battle when we hadn't even arrived in Namman yet.

"Let's not kill them this time."

At that moment, Seol Ye-rin stepped forward.

Seeing the Miao people, Seol Ye-rin seemed to feel somewhat pitiful.

Crack—

The blazing fire began to extinguish at a single hand gesture from Seol Ye-rin.

No, it wasn't just extinguished.

I scratched my head watching the earth begin to freeze completely.

The problem was,

"...Wouldn't freezing them like that be more painful than killing them?"

The fact was that the Miao people also froze solid due to the Extreme Yin Qi Seol Ye-rin emitted to put out the fire.

"Ahem, Small Snow Squad Captain. Go and melt the Miao people."

Calling me Small Snow Squad Captain only at times like this.

Still, I nodded and began to approach the Miao people.

Slide—

At that moment, a young Miao child revealed himself from behind a Miao person who had become an ice statue.

"P, please spare us."

I got the feeling that I had become a villain.

"Oh my, there is a child with them!"

"Young Master! What are you doing not melting them quickly!"

"Are you okay?"

Seong Sang-ah, Wi Ji-yeong, and Cheon Deung-jin hurriedly ran to the child.

A short while later.

"T, thank you for sparing us."

The thoroughly intimidated Miao people were sitting in front of my group with the children.

"Here, it is dumplings."

Just then, Tae Un-seo held out dumplings.

It seemed he thought we should rest in West Miao before moving on.

While Tae Un-seo was cooking like that, we started conversing with the Miao people.

"So, you mean you thought we were intruders, is that it?"

"That is correct."

Actually, we did look like intruders.

If someone abruptly set fire to their home, it seemed they could view it that way.

"I had no intention of harming the Miao people."

I politely apologized to them and started bringing up the story about the Poison Palace in Namman.

When I said our current objective was the Poison Palace.

"The Poison Palace is dangerous....."

The Miao people started trembling.

"Did something happen?"

At Seol Ye-rin's question.

The Miao people began to tell their circumstances.

They said the reason they were living in West Miao of Yunnan was entirely because of the Poison Palace.

"Are they discriminating even amongst the same Namman people?"

Shake shake.

"They are not the same."

The child held in the Miao woman's hand and opened his mouth.

"There is the Beast Palace in Namman too, not just the Poison Palace!"

"Beast Palace?"

—He must be talking about the Southern Barbarian Beast Palace.

—It seemed they got along well just two hundred years ago, so something must have happened?

Everyone's eyes sparkled as the story of the Beast Palace came out.

"Little boy, is the relationship between the Beast Palace and the Poison Palace not very good?"

The boy, who appeared to be the Miao woman's child, shouted triumphantly as everyone's gaze focused on him.

"Yes! The Poison Palace's poison men really hate the Beast Palace's wild men and beast men!"

"So they fought a lot of battles. Although the Beast Palace lost in the end,"

"You know a lot. Amazing!"

"Hehe, thank you!"

The Miao women were not stopping the child even though he was talking.

Usually, they would stop them from telling such stories to outsiders.

"Do you really think..... you can destroy the Poison Palace?"

"We came from the Ice Palace. We also have a record of defeating over a hundred poison men. We believe we can do it this time too."

"A hundred.....!"

Listening to the two's conversation, I began to examine the surroundings.

"By the way, are you the only Miao people living in West Miao?"

"That is....."

Just as the Miao woman was about to speak.

Grrr!

The sound of a beast crying began to be heard from nearby.

"Huh?"

The children were transparent.

Seeing the children smiling brightly, I intuitively sensed that the sound just now was related to the Miao people.

"Could it be someone you know?"

I asked as I raised my body.

Because a presence emitting quite a strong killing intent was approaching towards this direction at a tremendous speed.

"Probably.....!"

Just as the Miao woman was about to answer.

Grrr!

Once again, along with the beast's cry.

Swoosh!

A man of massive build fell from the sky towards me, who was closest to the Miao woman.

Chapter 104 : Chapter 104

Chapter 104 : Beast Palace

Thud!

A massive bulk embedded itself into the ground, causing dust to fly in all directions.

As I performed footwork and retreated backward, a ferocious bulk entered my vision.

"How dare an outsider set fire to the land of West Miao and threaten the Miao people!"

The appearance of the man revealed within the dust was bizarre yet overwhelming.

With his upper body almost entirely exposed, he wore a tiger skin over his shoulders, and red tattoos squirmed like veins all over his body.

What drew attention more than anything were the sharp claws sprouting from his fingertips and the golden eyes resembling those of a beast.

He was a Wild Man.

-It seems he maximized his outer arts by accepting the blood of a beast into his body.

-Be careful.

At the warning of the Sword Venerable and the Demon Queen, I slowly raised my hand and restrained the Small Snow Squad members who were trying to step forward.

The Miao children shouted as if they were glad to see the man.

"Maeng Cheol Hyung!"

"Hyung! These people are not bad people!"

Despite the children's shouts, the man called Maeng Cheol did not withdraw his gaze glaring at me.

It was because his beast-like sense of smell detected the secret poison qi and hot Extreme Yang Qi emanating from me.

"Children, stand back. A disgusting smell similar to the Poison Palace bastards comes from this guy."

Maeng Cheol's muscles began to expand abnormally.

-Grrr.

With a beast's roar coming from deep within his throat, Maeng Cheol kicked off the ground and sprang up.

Swoosh! Slash!

The man's claws brushed past my shoulder and tore the giant old tree behind me to shreds in a single instant.

I clicked my tongue as I performed footwork and retreated backward.

‘He is fast. And he possesses power too.’

He wasn't simply strong.

It was tricky to read the trajectory of his attacks because the beast's unique reflexes and killing intent were combined.

"Wait, there seems to be a misunderstanding."

Despite my shout, Maeng Cheol did not stop.

Rather, his eyes became bloodshot red as he drove me even more fiercely.

"If you are not a dog of the Poison Palace, then what is this poison qi! You cannot deceive my nose!"

Swish swish swish!

Maeng Cheol's claws rushed in, aiming for my vital points in succession.

It was the Beast Palace's unique fist technique, White Tiger Tearing Fang Fist.

Realizing that this could no longer be solved through conversation, I was about to circulate the Ten Thousand Heavens Poison Hand but stopped.

It was obvious that the misunderstanding would deepen if I used poison.

‘Then the only way is to suppress him with force.’

Whoosh!

Red flames swirled around my fist.

The fist containing Extreme Yang Qi collided head-on with Maeng Cheol's claws.

Boom!

As the flames and the beast's energy clashed, the surrounding vines burned away powerlessly.

Maeng Cheol was pushed back three steps and looked at his hand.

Smoke was rising as if he had suffered a burn, but Maeng Cheol raised the corners of his mouth as if he was enjoying it even more.

"He was a very hot guy! As a warrior of the Beast Palace, I will pull out your heart and offer it to the altar!"

"Please, stop it!"

At that moment, Seol Ye-rin, unable to endure it, stepped forward.

Cold frost began to fall around her, and in an instant, a massive ice wall blocked the way between Maeng Cheol and me.

-Crack!

Maeng Cheol's fist embedded itself into the ice wall, but the ice wall did not break.

Seol Ye-rin's chilly voice rang out in the forest.

"We are on our way to fight the Poison Palace, not here to fight the Beast Palace. We were just sharing food because the Miao children looked hungry."

Maeng Cheol pulled out his frozen fist and looked at Seol Ye-rin.

And he discovered Tae Un-seo's dumpling steamer steaming behind her back.

"……Dumplings?"

Maeng Cheol's spirit dampened at the sight of the children holding dumplings in both hands and munching on them.

Maeng Cheol sniffed his nose to smell the scent, then pointed a finger at me.

"Then what is that terrible poison qi stained on your hands!"

It seemed he was talking about the Poison Venerable's martial art.

"I obtained the Poison Venerable's legacy. I learned it to beat up the Poison Palace bastards."

When I gathered the energy of the Ten Thousand Heavens Poison Hand as if it were nothing, Maeng Cheol's golden eyes were dyed with astonishment.

"Poison Venerable……? Are you speaking of that Poison Venerable of the Ten Venerables under the Heavens?"

"Yes. If you cannot believe it, verify it yourself."

Maeng Cheol stared at me for a long time, then suddenly plopped down on the spot.

Then he snatched one of the dumplings the children were eating and put it in his mouth.

"……It is delicious. The Poison Palace bastards cannot produce this taste."

The Small Snow Squad members made absurd expressions at the sudden change in attitude.

However, only Tae Un-seo's eyes shone.

Because he ate his dumplings ‘deliciously’.

Maeng Cheol swallowed the dumpling and added it bluntly.

"I am Maeng Cheol, a warrior of the Beast Palace. If your words about going to strike the Poison Palace are sincere, I will accompany you. Because of those bastards, our Palace Lord is currently……."

Maeng Cheol's words trailed off.

I intuitively sensed it.

The fact that the Southern Barbarian Beast Palace was also in a serious crisis due to the Poison Palace.

"What is happening at the Southern Barbarian Beast Palace?"

At my question, Maeng Cheol looked toward the south with eyes filled with hatred.

"The Poison Palace Lord, that son of a bitch Sa Man-so…… planted a ‘parasite’ in our Palace Lord."

The group's eyes sank heavily at the same time.

***

My group gathered in one place, slightly distanced from Maeng Cheol.

"What do you intend to do now?"

"I think we might be able to obtain reinforcements from one more place."

It was as Wi Ji-yeong said.

"I think it would be good to stop by the Beast Palace before going to the Poison Palace."

"We can try treating him, and if it really doesn't work, can't Master Hyeokryeon use the method used to treat Sang-ah last time?"

The Divine Physician's words were correct.

We had the Divine Physician, the best physician in the Jianghu, and Seong Sang-ah.

On top of that, since I learned the Poison Venerable's poison art, I felt I could handle something like a parasite in an instant.

"If we can just treat the Beast Palace Lord, we definitely gain a sure ally."

Baek Mu-yong also agreed.

"But... would it be possible to take even the Miao people living in West Miao to Namman?"

Just the current personnel numbered twelve.

Taking the Miao people and Maeng Cheol here as well was unreasonable.

"It might be dangerous, so I should ask Maeng Cheol."

The more allies, the better.

Since it seemed most of the group agreed to go to the Beast Palace, I moved.

"Maeng Cheol."

"Did you call?"

"I intend to try treating the Beast Palace Lord's poison. So regarding that, could you go to Namman with us?"

Maeng Cheol hardened his expression at the words that we might be able to treat the Beast Palace Lord.

"...Is that really a possible task?"

"Yeah, I think it will work."

"I can guide you as many times as needed!"

Maeng Cheol began to snort.

"Then this confirms it."

The group's next destination was decided to be the Southern Barbarian Beast Palace.

***

"I will be back."

Maeng Cheol spoke looking at the Miao woman, Aran.

"Do not get hurt... and you must return."

"You do not have to worry."

The children intruded on the two's faint emotions.

"Hyung! Go safely!"

"We will be waiting!"

"You guys must not cause trouble and stay put!"

"Yeah! Have a safe trip!"

"Make sure to save the Palace Lord!"

Even as he set foot on the path to Namman, Maeng Cheol of the Beast Palace gave his gaze to the Miao woman and the children until the end.

"They must be precious people."

At my words, Maeng Cheol nodded.

"It is safe to say I live because of them."

"Really?"

"In West Miao, not only Aran and I but also people of the Beast Palace who fled to Yunnan for various reasons have formed a home."

"Sorry about that, since I almost burned down such a home."

"It is in the past."

Maeng Cheol did not mind.

Because if the Ice Palace people really treated the Beast Palace Lord, all the Miao people of West Miao would be even happier.

"But then, does that mean the Poison Palace practically rules Namman right now?"

"Correct. The fact that the Beast Palace lost in the fight between the Poison Palace and the Beast Palace, the two hegemons of Namman, was significant."

"They wouldn't have been weak, so what was the losing move?"

"Trusting people too much was the losing move."

The Wild Men and Beast Men from the Beast Palace are essentially ethnic minorities.

Therefore, the bond between the same people was distinct.

So they trusted their kin too much.

They hadn't thought that a traitor would appear among their kin.

"A traitor?"

"There was one Beast Man of the Beast Palace who attached himself to the Poison Palace side."

The guy's name was Bi Han.

-Grrr.

Maeng Cheol ground his teeth as if just thinking about the guy made his blood boil.

"Calm down. So where is he?"

"He must be acting high and mighty in the Poison Palace. If by chance there is an opportunity to take revenge on him, I would like you to yield it to me."

"I will consider it."

Passing through the dense forest, we were finally able to enter Namman.

"Brother Maeng Cheol!"

Then, the Beast Men who were hiding in the bushes appeared in front of us.

Although they said they lost in the fight against the Poison Palace, this was the secret to the Beast Palace's survival since ancient times.

Endless bonding and suspicion.

"These are....."

"They are people who might become benefactors."

When Maeng Cheol explained the circumstances to the hiding Beast Men.

"They are....."

"Is it really okay to trust them?"

"I guarantee their identity."

"If Brother Maeng guarantees it....."

"I am the Young Palace Head of the North Sea Ice Palace, Seol Ye-rin."

When Seol Ye-rin took off her veil and approached.

"......!"

"The Ice Palace's Young Palace Head!"

Seeing Seol Ye-rin's face, the Beast Men of the Beast Palace opened their eyes wide.

Watching that sight, I realized that appearance was important to Beast Men as well.

"Where should we escort you?"

Watching the Beast Men of the Beast Palace showing a kind appearance, I asked Maeng Cheol.

"How long does it take from here to the Beast Palace?"

"We will arrive soon."

***

Like that, a short while later.

All the group members were able to arrive at the Southern Barbarian Beast Palace.

Flustered by the appearance of the palace which was shabbier than thought, I followed Maeng Cheol and was able to meet the Beast Palace Lord.

"....."

The problem was that the Beast Palace Lord's complexion was in a very, very, very bad state, as if he was truly on the verge of death.

"Do you think... treatment might be possible?"

Nodding my head, I began to check the Beast Palace Lord's pulse.

Chapter 105 : Chapter 105

Chapter 105 : Making a Noise in the East while Attacking the West

The Beast Palace Lord of the Southern Barbarian Beast Palace, King of Ten Thousand Beasts Maeng Ho-seong, regained consciousness at a tickling sensation in his qi center.

‘What is this?’

His entire body was hot.

It felt as if he was engulfed in flames.

He could feel ‘it’ wriggling in his qi center.

‘It is scary?’

The parasite?

The parasite that had gnawed at his qi center and rendered him incapable of doing anything was afraid.

He could hardly believe it.

As a little more time passed, Maeng Ho-seong realized that foreign energies were circulating within his body.

‘Yang energy?’

It felt as if his acupoints were burning as the Yang energy passed through them.

But soon,

Whoosh—

‘This time it became cool?’

What entered next was Yin energy.

It was quickly cooling down the path the Yang energy had passed.

Like that, the Yang and Yin energies that shot down to the qi center tapped and threatened the parasite's body as if telling it to come out quickly.

‘Is this really... happening inside my body?’

Feeling the two true qis threatening the parasite, Maeng Ho-seong felt that this moment was an opportunity.

Vroom—

The inner qi that was originally settled in his qi center wriggled.

Then the parasite revealed killing intent toward the inner qi.

However,

Sizzle—

As the Yang and Yin energies threatened the parasite again, it began to stay quiet as a dead mouse.

‘Now!’

The inner qi stimulated the parasite.

Then the parasite, startled, tried to spring out.

But realizing it would die if it went outside, it tried to enter the qi center again.

Crack—!

The Yin energy pulled it.

Then,

Flare—

In a flash, the parasite's body caught fire.

Maeng Ho-seong also felt tremendous pain.

But he endured it, thinking about what would come after this parasite was burned away.

Because if just the parasite disappeared, Maeng Ho-seong could wake up again.

A short while later,

"Cough."

Vomiting a clot of blood, Maeng Ho-seong opened his eyes and muttered with an expression of disbelief.

"Am I... awake?"

"Yes. We burned and eliminated the parasite, Beast Palace Lord."

Maeng Ho-seong looked to the side.

A handsome man and a beautiful woman were guarding Maeng Ho-seong's side.

It was Hyeokryeon Yeom and Seol Ye-rin.

***

I recalled the process of treating the Beast Palace Lord, Maeng Ho-seong.

The moment my finger touched Maeng Ho-seong's wrist, a creepy chill crept up my fingertips.

It wasn't an ordinary poison.

These were things that grew their bodies by gnawing on life force, inner qi, and organs.

The already significantly enlarged parasite detected my energy and rather wriggled ferociously to swallow this side.

"……!"

My brows furrowed.

The Divine Physician Seong I-han, who was watching from the side, asked cautiously.

"How is it?"

"It's serious. This guy is not ordinary. It has already swallowed a lot of inner qi and is firmly nested in the qi center."

At my diagnosis, Maeng Cheol clenched his fist tight.

"The Palace Lord endured until the end, circulating his inner qi to protect us. If only he hadn't saved us back then....."

"There is no need to blame yourself, for we will save him soon. Miss Seol."

"Yes?"

"Since the Extreme Yang Qi entering the acupoints might damage the Palace Lord's acupoints, I would like Miss Seol to circulate Extreme Yin Qi."

"Yes."

Seol Ye-rin and I moved.

"I will begin."

My palm went up onto Maeng Ho-seong's chest.

Zzzzt!

Along with the black energy of the Ten Thousand Heavens Poison Hand and the Extreme Yang Qi, the sleeping parasite reacted.

As if fishing, I let my energy flow little by little and lured the parasite.

The parasite didn't budge.

When external energy entered, it rather hid deeper into the qi center.

While I was agonizing over how to pull the bastard out.

-Now!

Maeng Ho-seong moved his inner qi himself.

Thanks to that, I was able to catch the parasite easily.

"Cough!"

Maeng Ho-seong bent his waist and poured out a clot of blood.

It was the remains of the burnt parasite.

Color began to slowly return to his complexion, which had been black and lifeless.

‘That was the situation until just a moment ago.’

One hour later.

Seong Sang-ah checked Maeng Ho-seong's condition on behalf of Seol Ye-rin and me.

"Both the traces of the parasite and the nest have been completely removed. Now he needs grandfather's medicine and rest."

Only then did the Beast Palace's Beast Men kneel in unison.

Maeng Cheol shouted, banging his head on the floor.

"Beast Palace Warrior Maeng Cheol! I will never forget the grace of saving the Palace Lord for the rest of my life! From now on, our Beast Palace will even jump into fire if it is the Ice Palace's command!"

"……Please stand up."

I spoke with a wry smile.

Using the Poison Venerable's martial art, the Ten Thousand Heavens Poison Hand, and Extreme Yang Qi, burning a single parasite was no longer difficult.

On top of that, with Seol Ye-rin circulating Extreme Yin Qi to securely protect the acupoints, I could handle the parasite very comfortably without any hesitation.

"Thank you."

The Beast Palace Lord, Maeng Ho-seong, expressed sincere gratitude.

"Not at all, we help each other when times are tough."

"Right, it must have been a long journey from the Ice Palace, what brings you here?"

The Beast Man, Maeng Cheol, shouted again.

"They say they came to catch the Poison Palace!"

"...The Poison Palace?"

"Yes, well. Due to circumstances, we ended up fighting the Poison Palace, and we happened to hear news of the Beast Palace Lord."

The Beast Palace Lord, Maeng Ho-seong, spoke.

"Perhaps, would it be okay if the Beast Palace lent a hand?"

"We would be grateful if you did. You do not need to worry about poison."

Maeng Ho-seong nodded.

After realizing what kind of energies Seol Ye-rin and I wielded, he began to think that they could win even in a fight against the Poison Palace.

"You just need to be careful of that bastard, Bi Han."

"Do you mean the traitor bastard who betrayed the Beast Palace?"

"So you heard. That's right, he didn't simply side with the Poison Palace. That bastard... returned after finishing his training in the Poison Beast Valley. He has become a monster... that has abandoned human emotions."

Poison Beast Valley. At the mention of that name, which exists on the border of the Southern Barbarian Poison Palace and the Beast Palace, the surrounding Beast Men trembled in unison.

"If it is Poison Beast Valley... Do you mean that hell-like place where you cannot come out alive once you enter?"

At Maeng Cheol's question, Maeng Ho-seong nodded with difficulty.

"The Poison Palace Lord, Sa Man-so. That bastard gently coaxed Bi Han and sent him there. Those who return alive from there... are no longer of the Beast Palace clan. They are just weapons of the Poison Palace made solely for slaughter."

I recalled the map.

On the path to the Southern Barbarian Poison Palace, there was the Poison Beast Valley.

‘The path we must go has become more rugged.’

But my eyes were shining with a fighting spirit.

"We will set a date. Since the Diancang Sect is also crossing over to Namman, I think defeating the Poison Palace might not be as difficult as thought if the three forces join hands."

"Even the Diancang Sect of Yunnan……!"

"Yes. We will help with your revenge, Palace Lord."

At my remark, the Beast Palace Lord held out his hand to me.

"If you defeat the Poison Palace, the Beast Palace is now a blood ally with the Ice Palace."

I looked back at Seol Ye-rin, meaning to ask if I could take this hand on her behalf.

As Seol Ye-rin nodded.

"Thank you."

As I and the Beast Palace Lord, Maeng Ho-seong, clasped hands, the blood alliance between the two groups was confirmed.

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At that time.

Heavenly Demon Divine Cult.

"I apologize."

The Thunderbolt Demon Clan's Young Clan Head, Byeok Tae-san, was kneeling in front of Hyeokryeon Geuk.

"Failed again?"

"Hyeokryeon Yeom was... stronger than expected."

"Are you calling that an excuse right now?"

"I am saying this because I thought it was strange. It is impossible for a bastard who lived a life like a scoundrel to become this strong this quickly!"

That was a matter Hyeokryeon Geuk also questioned.

"You have a lot of words for someone who failed."

"……I apologize."

"What happened to the matter being planned through the Poison Palace?"

"We succeeded in turning a Beast Man of the Southern Barbarian Beast Palace into a Blood Poison Demon Man. The Poison Palace Lord used him to poison the Beast Palace Lord, so currently Namman is practically the Poison Palace's land."

"What about the Poison Venerable's tomb?"

"I grasped that it was proceeding smoothly."

"Then that is done."

The work with the Potala Palace and the Southern Barbarian Poison Palace was finished.

Since he had dug traps in the Murim as well, he would be able to advance toward the Murim as soon as he became the Young Cult Leader.

"Now do I only need to finish the Great Thunder Temple and the North Sea Ice Palace?"

"Although I failed this time, next time I will do my best to……,"

"I very much dislike those who are all talk."

Flinch.

Byeok Tae-san hurriedly bowed his head.

It was because he feared the glint in Hyeokryeon Geuk's eyes.

"Go directly to the Great Thunder Temple. Go and show that the Thunderbolt Demon Clan is still maintained and return."

"...Yes, First Young Master."

While Byeok Tae-san turned back and was walking away trudgingly after saying that.

Thud thud thud.

It seemed like extremely urgent news as one subordinate was seen running urgently.

"What is the matter!"

"Fi, First Young Master, this is the content reported to the Information Pavilion within the cult just a moment ago. They say the Southern Barbarian Beast Palace and the Southern Barbarian Poison Palace have clashed, taking the hegemony of Namman!"

"What?"

At that shout, Byeok Tae-san's face began to harden like a blank sheet of paper.

***

The Diancang Sect Leader, Jang Il-jae, and the North Sea Ice Palace's Young Palace Head, Seol Ye-rin.

And the Southern Barbarian Beast Palace Lord, Maeng Ho-seong, gathered in front of the Poison Palace.

"Will this method really work?"

"I trust the Small Snow Squad Captain."

"If I were the Poison Palace Lord, I think I would rush in with fire in my eyes."

The three people were walking toward the Southern Barbarian Poison Palace alone respectively.

No other people were visible at all.

"Since it is a siege warfare, not a defensive one, I think our roles will be important."

"It is the first time we match our breaths, but I look forward to working with you."

"If we just deal with the Poison Palace well, let us relieve our fatigue in Yunnan."

"The Beast Palace will invite you first."

"I am fine with everything."

"Then......."

One, two, three!

"Come out here!!!"

The three people burst out a Lion's Roar simultaneously.

"......?"

"Who is shouting?"

The guards protecting the Poison Palace's castle gate discovered the three people.

Especially among them.

"Hey, that guy over there is....."

"It's the Southern Barbarian Beast Palace Lord!!!"

"The Beast Palace Lord has appeared!"

The Poison Palace's poison men who recognized the Beast Palace Lord, Maeng Ho-seong, began to sound the alarm.

"Is it a success for now?"

The opposite side of the Poison Palace.

I was lying in ambush with the Ice Palace group, the Diancang martial artists, and the Beast Palace's Beast Men and Miao people.

It was the military strategy of making a noise in the east and attacking the west.

Chapter 106 : Chapter 106

Chapter 106 : Poison Palace

"It is now."

As my low voice fell, those waiting beyond the west wall of the Poison Palace moved in perfect order.

Thanks to the Lion's Roar of Jang Il-jae, Seol Ye-rin, and Maeng Ho-seong that resonated from the eastern main gate, the attention inside the Poison Palace was completely focused in that direction.

"The Beast Palace Lord is alive! How can this be!"

"Even the Diancang Sect Leader is here? Report to the Palace Lord immediately!"

The confused voices from inside the Poison Palace reached all the way to the western wall.

I wore a cynical smile on my lips.

-Kukuku, Making a Noise in the East while Attacking the West... It is a very standard method.

-Still, please be careful.

It was just as the Sword Venerable and the Cold Snow Demon Queen said.

I looked back and sent a hand signal.

"Mu-myeong, open the path."

"Leave it to me."

Mu-myeong took a handful of black powder from his bosom and scattered it into the air.

As the invisible poison barrier protecting the western wall of the Poison Palace touched the black powder, it melted away with a sizzling sound.

It was an antidote powder containing the essence of the Ten Thousand Heavens Poison Hand.

Mu-myeong had been learning the Ten Thousand Heavens Poison Hand quite well in the meantime.

"Let's go."

I kicked off the wall and climbed up first.

Baek Mu-yong, the Small Snow Squad members, and the elite disciples of the Diancang Sect followed soundlessly behind me.

As soon as we crossed the wall, what unfolded before my eyes was the inner garden of the Poison Palace, vibrating with the smell of bizarre herbs and blood.

"Who is it!"

Three poison men guards patrolling the western garden discovered us and rushed in.

However, before their voices could even escape their mouths,

Swish! Thud!

Yu So-dong's movement arts and Wi Ji-yeong's flying dagger accurately pierced the guards' acupoints.

The poison men collapsed to the ground without leaving even a shred of a scream.

"Master Hyeokryeon, do we go straight to the inner hall like this?"

Ok In-gi, a first-generation disciple of the Diancang Sect, asked while gripping his sword hilt.

I shook my head and pointed to the passage leading underground.

"No. Palace Lord Maeng said that the guy named 'Bi Han' and the Blood Poison Demon Men are near the underground prison. We must blockade the entrance before they come out."

"We, the Beast Palace Beast Men, will handle that!"

The Beast Men, led by Maeng Cheol, stepped forward baring their teeth.

Hatred for the traitor Bi Han and the Poison Palace was boiling in their eyes.

It was then.

"R-Raid!"

I saw the poison men guarding the Poison Palace trying to throw poison and flee.

Pishuk-

A fired fine needle accurately embedded itself in a poison man's neck.

At that moment.

"The Palace Lord was right when he said to deploy immediately if a disturbance arose anywhere."

A low and bizarre voice flowed out from the entrance of the underground passage.

Slither, a man walked out from the shadows.

He was wearing the attire of the Beast Palace, but his skin was pale like a corpse, and ominous blood-colored tattoos were wriggling like a pulse all over his body.

His eyes had already lost focus, and only red madness lingered in them.

He was a Beast Man.

And the fact that there was a Beast Man on the Poison Palace's side meant...

'That guy is...'

"Bi Han...!"

It seemed he was the one who fed the parasite to the Beast Palace Lord.

Maeng Cheol let out a beast-like roar and sprang forward.

"You traitorous bastard! How dare you do that to the Palace Lord!"

Bi Han scattered poison.

At that, Maeng Cheol was forced to step backward again with the same momentum he had used to spring forward.

"I heard Palace Lord Maeng's voice from the main gate; how did you cure him?"

Bi Han's gaze rested on me.

Bi Han sniffed his nose and then tilted his head in a bizarre manner.

"This smell is... You have also learned Poison Art!"

Bi Han's fingernails grew abnormally long and began to be frosted with blood-colored true qi.

That energy was not simply the poisonous qi of the Poison Palace.

It was the fishy and ominous bloody qi unique to the Blood Cult that I had felt countless times.

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Bi Han shuddered at the heterogeneous energy brushing past the bridge of his nose.

It was not the energy of a simple martial artist. It was not that stuffy and clean Inner Qi possessed by the Orthodox Factions of the Central Plains.

It was a scent of darkness deeper and thicker than the rotten puddles at the bottom of the Poison Beast Valley. And a hot heat pulsating within it.

'It is this guy.'

The variable that Palace Lord Sa Man-so spoke of.

Bi Han instinctively realized that the man in black robes right before his eyes was the one who burned away Maeng Ho-seong's Life Parasite and reawakened the dying lion.

"Maeng Cheol, I will handle that guy."

"But... You guys clear the path. This battle ends if we just catch the Poison Palace Lord."

The Small Snow Squad, the Diancang Sect, and the Beast Palace all knew that my words were correct.

"...Understood."

"What are you muttering about!"

Bi Han tilted his neck bizarrely and took a step forward.

Wherever his footsteps touched, the grass on the ground burned dark red and gave off a thick stench of blood.

-The secret arts of the Blood Cult have completely melted into his body. They twisted the human meridians to forcibly amplify the bloody qi.

The Cold Snow Demon Queen's voice rang through my mind.

Bi Han licked the blood-colored fingernails that had sprouted over ten centimeters from his fingertips and emitted a red glint from his eyes.

"The poison of the Poison Palace and the bloody qi of the Blood Cult have become one inside my body. I am no longer a lowly Beast Man of the Beast Palace!"

Bi Han's figure became blurry.

Shooaaak!

It was closer to a beast's leap than a movement art.

In an instant, Bi Han's fingernails, which had closed in right under my nose, tore the empty air to shreds.

Blood Snake White Tiger Fist.

The blood-colored fingernails bent like a snake and tried to wrap around my neck.

I stepped back using footwork and at the same time, drew up Extreme Yang Qi into the Ten Thousand Heavens Poison Hand and countered with a straight punch.

Kwaaang!

Black poisonous qi and blood-colored bloody qi collided, and the stone lantern in the garden shattered into pieces.

The one pushed back was Bi Han.

He turned a somersault backward and landed lightly, but he narrowed his eyes upon seeing the tips of his fingernails that had clashed with my fist turning black from necrosis and burning away.

The poisonous qi and bloody qi were burning.

"This fire art is...?"

"I guess you heard about a martial artist who uses fire arts?"

Madness dwelt in Bi Han's voice.

"So you were the idiot the First Young Master spoke of!"

"First Young Master?"

My eyebrows narrowed.

Bi Han crouched his whole body.

His back muscles expanded as if they would tear, and the blood vessels under his skin fluctuated.

A bizarre noise, a mixture of a beast's cry and incantations, flowed from his mouth.

Ihihihihihihihi-

"Go, Blood Poison Demon Men! Make them your sacrifices!"

At Bi Han's command, monstrous people reeking of corpses poured out from the underground passage.

They were blood men modified by the Blood Cult's technology, who had already lost human reason and only flashed blood-colored glints from their eyes.

"No!"

Maeng Cheol wailed after seeing the faces of those blood men.

"How dare you! How dare you do this to our kin!!"

It was because some of the blood men clearly appeared to be Miao People and Beast Men.

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At that time.

The main gate of the Poison Palace, the massive iron gate, crumpled inward.

Bang! Kwakwakwang!

The fortress where thousands of poison men stayed vibrated solely from the energy emitted by just three people.

The first one to walk out amidst the thick dust was a woman wearing a veil glowing with blue light, Seol Ye-rin.

"Block them!"

The poison men of the Poison Palace poured down tens of thousands of poison arrows and poison mist from atop the fortress walls.

It was a lethal poison that would melt even a decent master of the Central Plains before they could even breathe.

However, Seol Ye-rin did not blink an eye.

As Seol Ye-rin lightly reached out and stirred the empty air, the surrounding moisture instantly turned into sharp ice particles and condensed.

"Freeze."

It was an instant.

The pouring poison arrows stopped in mid-air, making cracking sounds.

No, it was not just the arrows. Even the poison mist spreading in all directions became blue ice crystals and crashed to the ground like jewels.

"I-It all froze!"

Flustered, Gal Cheon swung his staff and sent a swarm of poisonous insects flying, but,

With every step Seol Ye-rin took, the earth turned into an icy path.

Even the sweltering climate of Namman screamed, unable to overcome the bitter cold of the North Sea.

The movements of the two tycoons following behind her were even more overwhelming.

"Hoho, since the Young Palace Head of the Ice Palace is clearing the path, this old man is losing face."

The Diancang Sect Leader, Jang Il-jae, flicked his finger without even drawing his sword.

Four Overflowing Finger Art.

The formless internal energy loaded into his finger became a point and flew out, accurately striking the archers on the fortress wall.

The guards, whose acupoints were pierced without shedding a single drop of blood, fell down like fallen leaves.

"Sa Man-so! You rat-like bastard, where are you hiding!"

And amongst them was a shadow roaring like a storm, the King of Ten Thousand Beasts, Maeng Ho-seong.

Maeng Ho-seong was already like a wild beast.

His figure, which had kicked off the ground and sprang up, landed on top of the heads of the iron-clad poison men guarding the castle gate.

White Tiger Tearing Fang Fist!

Kwaang!

The bodies of the poison men, said to be harder than steel, were crushed by a single strike.

Maeng Ho-seong began to destroy every Poison Palace building in sight as he advanced unhesitatingly toward the inner hall.

The pent-up anger accumulated over several years was exploding as destructive true qi.

"...Stop! You ignorant fools!"

From deep within the inner hall, the Poison Palace Lord, Sa Man-so, finally revealed himself.

By his side stood the Black Spider Master Won Dok-myeong and the Poison Spider Master Bi Hyeol-mae, as if escorting him.

Sa Man-so's complexion was beyond pale, taking on a blue hue.

"Sa Man-so!"

Seeing the Poison Palace Lord, Sa Man-so, walking out, the Beast Palace Lord, Maeng Ho-seong, roared.

'That person is the Palace Lord of the Poison Palace.'

Seol Ye-rin realized that Hyeokryeon Yeom's party, who had gone inside, had not encountered the Poison Palace Lord.

Looking at Seol Ye-rin, Sa Man-so licked his lips.

"Seeing as you are here, it seems the Ice Palace has come as well... You are truly a beautiful woman."

Sa Man-so shot a greedy gaze at Seol Ye-rin's blue hair.

"Hoho, she is a woman who is already spoken for."

The Diancang Sect Leader, Jang Il-jae, shielded Seol Ye-rin.

"Look who it is, even the Diancang Sect of Yunnan. You have really made up your mind."

"You saw correctly. The Diancang Sect has moved to punish the poison men of the Poison Palace running rampant in Yunnan."

"The renowned Diancang of the Central Plains holding hands with the Ice Palace and the Beast Palace? Maeng Ho-seong, there was a reason you managed to survive."

"Shut up! I will cut off your head and place it on the altar of the Beast Palace!"

"Palace Lord!"

The Beast Palace Lord, Maeng Ho-seong, rushed at the Poison Palace Lord, Sa Man-so, once again.

Seol Ye-rin began to cover Maeng Ho-seong, hoping that Hyeokryeon Yeom would quickly conquer the Poison Palace and return.

Chapter 107 : Chapter 107

Chapter 107 : Poison Jiangshi

My eyes sank cold.

Maeng Cheol recognized the Blood Poison Demon Men pouring out from underground.

The faces of the Beast Men and Miao People were grotesquely twisted.

‘They are already dead.’

They could no longer be considered alive.

They were slaughter weapons that had lost their egos and only craved blood.

“Kuhahaha! How is it, Maeng Cheol? The little brothers you cherished have now become hunting dogs targeting your neck! Isn't this true evolution!”

At Bi Han’s sneer, Maeng Cheol trembled all over.

“Bi Han!!!”

“Now, kids! Tear those guys apart!”

-Kuooh!

At Bi Han’s command, the Blood Poison Demon Men let out beast-like roars and rushed in.

‘They are fast.’

Whether their meridians were forcibly twisted by the Blood Cult’s secret art, the physical abilities of the Blood Poison Demon Men seemed to have exceeded human limits.

“Squad Leader Baek, Yu So-dong, Wi Ji-yeong! I will leave the rear to you! It would be good if you could subdue the Miao People and Beast Men without killing them... but if the situation doesn't allow it, do not hesitate!”

“Yes!”

At my command, the Small Snow Squad members moved in perfect order.

“Leave this place to us!”

Wi Ji-yeong’s flying dagger cut through the air and slowed the advance of the Blood Poison Demon Men.

Baek Mu-yong wielded his heavy sword and blocked the charge of the demonic practitioners from the front.

Bang!

The battle began.

I pierced through the chaos and flew straight toward Bi Han.

“You said you were in cahoots with Hyeokryeon Geuk, right?”

Poison qi and Extreme Yang Qi swirled up from both my palms.

“I would like you to tell me what kind of agreement you made with Hyeokryeon Geuk?”

Bi Han leaped once again.

This time, he twisted his body in the air and scattered dozens of blood-colored claw marks.

Blood Snake White Tiger Fist Blood Sea Ten Thousand Heavens!

The surroundings were filled with blood-colored trajectories.

A wide-area attack with nowhere to dodge.

But I had no intention of dodging.

Rather, I took a step deep into Bi Han’s attack.

Paat!

A huge flame barrier soared up from my entire body.

As soon as the blood-colored blood qi touched the flame, it evaporated with a sizzling sound.

“W-What! My blood qi is burning?”

“I guess Hyeokryeon Geuk didn't tell you about me?”

My hand stretched out toward Bi Han’s chest.

Bi Han hurriedly crossed his arms to block, but my palm was already touching Bi Han’s chest.

Ten Thousand Heavens Poison Hand, Soul Absorbing Life Stealing (攝魂奪命).

“Keoheuk!”

Bi Han’s eyes grew large as if they would pop out.

He felt bizarre poison qi penetrating into his body along with terrible high heat.

The meridians hardened by the Blood Cult’s secret art began to melt down in an instant.

“T-This can't be... How did you pierce through the blood qi……!”

“Whether it's blood qi or poison, it's all over if I burn it away.”

As I put strength into my hand, an explosive true qi burst out from inside Bi Han’s body.

Pop!

Bi Han’s body flew back dozens of jang and embedded into the wall.

Smoke rose from his entire body, and the tattoos that were glowing red faded away.

At that moment, a bizarre sound rang out from deep within the underground passage.

Deng— Deng—

As soon as the sound was heard, the rampaging Blood Poison Demon Men stopped their movements all at once and prostrated on the floor.

And Bi Han also vomited blood and started laughing crazily.

“Hihihi... It's over. You guys... are finished now. ‘He’ has awakened.”

My complexion hardened for the first time.

Overwhelming evil qi felt from inside the underground passage.

It was a true demonic aura that could not come from Bi Han.

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At that time.

Toward the main gate of the Poison Palace.

“Sa Man-so!!! I came back from the underworld to strike your neck!”

Maeng Ho-seong’s roar shook the inner hall of the Poison Palace.

The old body that was just skin and bones after being gnawed by parasites was nowhere to be seen.

Maeng Ho-seong’s body, treated through Hyeokryeon Yeom’s Ten Thousand Heavens Poison Hand and Seol Ye-rin’s Yin Qi, was exuding wildness beyond his prime.

White Tiger Explosion Fist!

As Maeng Ho-seong's fist cut through the empty air, a huge shape of a white tiger pounced on Sa Man-so.

"Y-You monster-like bastard……!"

The flustered Poison Palace Lord Sa Man-so hurriedly waved his sleeve.

Thick purple poison mist spread out like a curtain, but Maeng Ho-seong's fist wind burning with rage tore that poison barrier apart like a sheet of paper.

Kwaaang!

The stone floor of the inner hall overturned as if exploding.

Sa Man-so flinched and retreated, and a deep pit was dug in the spot where he had been standing.

"Block them! What are you doing! Kill the intruders right now!"

At Sa Man-so's shout, Black Spider Master Won Dok-myeong and Poison Spider Master Bi Hyeol-mae flew at the same time.

Thin poison threads spewed out from the Black Spider Master's fingertips as if thousands of venomous snakes were popping out, and Bi Hyeol-mae spread red poison mist while chanting a bizarre spell.

"How dare you!"

At that time, a cold voice that seemed to freeze the venue rang out.

It was Seol Ye-rin.

As Seol Ye-rin lightly touched the ground, a huge ice barrier soared up around Maeng Ho-seong.

Ten Thousand Year Ice Spirit Wall.

Chiiik!

As soon as the Black Spider Master's poison threads and Bi Hyeol-mae's sorcery poison mist touched the ice wall, they froze white and lost their power.

Seol Ye-rin's blue eye glint coolly scanned the Poison Palace masters.

As Seol Ye-rin stretched out her hand toward the empty air, blue snowflakes began to flutter in the sky of the Poison Palace.

It was a beautiful sight, but it was an omen of death.

Wherever the snowflakes touched, the guards of the Poison Palace hardened into ice statues without even being able to scream.

It was the overwhelming power of the Ice Art that collapsed the enemy's formation simultaneously with wide-area defense.

"This wench……!"

It was when Poison Spider Master Bi Hyeol-mae was about to rush at Seol Ye-rin while emitting killing intent.

Shuuuk!

Formless sharp energy blocked Bi Hyeol-mae's feet.

It was the Diancang Sect Leader, Jang Il-jae.

He was snapping his fingers with a relaxed expression while still clasping his hands behind his back.

Four Overflowing Finger Art.

It was the unique finger art of the Diancang Sect.

"Hoho, did you say Poison Spider Master? This old man's fingers are itching to hit your acupoints. It would be good for your safety not to touch the Young Palace Head."

The sharp energy spewing out from Jang Il-jae's fingertips completely blocked the movements of the Black Spider Master and Poison Spider Master.

Since Diancang's sword art was ever-changing, the two Poison Palace masters did not dare to even approach Seol Ye-rin or Maeng Ho-seong.

"Kuooooh! Sa Man-so, there is nowhere left to run!"

As Seol Ye-rin took charge of defense and Jang Il-jae took charge of containment perfectly, Maeng Ho-seong could focus all his gong power solely on the one guy, Sa Man-so.

Maeng Ho-seong's both hands transformed like the front paws of a huge tiger.

The ultimate strike combining the beast's blood and human will was being prepared.

"T-This can't be! My Poison Palace, my kingdom, by merely these guys!"

Sa Man-so took out a black gourd bottle from his bosom as a last resort.

But before he could even open the bottle, Maeng Ho-seong's fist embedded itself into his chest.

White Tiger Tearing Fang Fist Severing Mountain Ridge!

Kwaaaang!

Along with a roar that vibrated the entire inner hall, Sa Man-so's body flew piercing through the wall.

"Palace Lord!"

"Ah!"

At the sight of the defeat of Poison Palace Lord Sa Man-so, an opponent he had already beaten once and whom they thought he could win against even if they fought again, the Poison Palace's poison men despaired.

"As expected of the Young Palace Head. Thanks to you, we were able to defeat the Poison Palace Lord even without Young Hero Hyeokryeon coming....."

Jang Il-jae looked toward the Poison Palace at the energy he suddenly felt.

He felt it too.

The ghost qi felt from inside the Poison Palace.

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The moment I saw the existence appearing cutting through the darkness of the underground passage,

I instinctively felt the pores of my entire body standing on end.

Thud, thud.

The footsteps heard at regular intervals were terribly heavy.

The thing that finally revealed its appearance under the faint torchlight had a human shape but was a monster that could not be called a living spirit anymore.

Dark red binding ropes winding tightly around the whole body.

The skin visible between them had hardened like steel and had a blue glow, and burning blood-colored eye glints were spewing out from the hollow eye sockets.

-Keulkeul, be careful. It's a Poison Jiangshi.

-The Poison Palace guys finally crossed the line. It's a slaughter weapon that doesn't feel pain or get tired!

The warnings of the Sword Venerable and Demon Queen rang in my head.

“Hihihi... Look! This is the ultimate masterpiece made by the Poison Palace! No master in Murim will be able to block this guy's path!”

Bi Han, who was vomiting blood stuck in the wall, shouted in a voice full of madness.

Simultaneously with his shout, the Poison Jiangshi tilted its head crookedly and stretched out its hand toward Maeng Cheol, who was closest.

Shuaak!

“Maeng Cheol, dodge!!!”

If my shout had been a step late, a large hole would have been pierced in Maeng Cheol’s chest.

Maeng Cheol twisted his body with all his might, but the Poison Jiangshi’s fingernails grazed Maeng Cheol’s shoulder and made a deep wound.

“Kkeuak!”

The wound area turned black in an instant and began to rot.

It was not a simple external injury but a fatal Corpse Poison injected.

“Squad Leader Baek! Take Maeng Cheol and retreat! Tae Un-seo, Wi Ji-yeong! Seal that guy's movements!”

At the same time as I commanded, I raised the Extreme Yang energy to the limit.

“Flame Fist.”

My fire fist embedded frontally into the Poison Jiangshi’s chest.

Flame exploded along with a roar of Bang!

A strike that would have blown away the upper body if it were a normal martial artist.

However, the Poison Jiangshi was only pushed back three or four steps and took its stance again as if feeling no pain.

Rather, the spot where my fist touched began to freeze with terribly cold energy.

‘It withstood the firepower of Flame Fist?’

The Poison Jiangshi was a monster that grew up eating poison.

Normally, my Extreme Yang Qi should have been able to burn the guy.

‘What did they do to the Jiangshi?’

At that time, in front of the Poison Palace’s inner hall.

“This energy is.....”

Jang Il-jae’s complexion turned pale.

As the Sect Leader of the Diancang Sect, he had experienced numerous unorthodox factions, but this was the first time for such an ominous and huge evil qi.

Sa Man-so’s body, which had flown over the castle wall, wiggled and rose from the ruins.

Sa Man-so’s chest was crushed by Maeng Ho-seong’s punch, but he laughed like a madman and poured his blood onto the formation on the floor.

“...It's too late! The blood ritual is already over! Beast Palace Lord, Ice Palace wench! You will all become Poison Jiangshi’s food.....!”

Jjeojeojeok-

Sa Man-so’s entire body froze.

Seol Ye-rin had frozen him completely.

“Young Master Hyeokryeon.....!”

Seol Ye-rin bit her lip.

Originally, it was the time when Hyeokryeon Yeom should have subdued all the poison men of the Poison Palace and come this way.

The fact that he hadn't meant that a problem had clearly occurred.

At the thought that Hyeokryeon Yeom might be in danger inside the Poison Palace, Seol Ye-rin’s eyes began to be dyed with a cool blue light.

Chapter 108 : Chapter 108

Chapter 108 : Conspiracy

I frowned at the bizarre cold energy creeping up my fist.

Despite hitting it with Extreme Yang Qi, the guy’s body was sucking in the heat instead of burning.

-Keulkeul, it seems to be a Blood Crystal.

-It seems the blood qi is pushing away the Extreme Yang Qi!

A Jiangshi impervious to Extreme Yang Qi.

At the Demon Queen and Sword Venerable's advice, I immediately wrapped the Fighting Venerable's martial arts around both hands.

Since the Ten Thousand Heavens Poison Hand's martial art was poison qi, it wouldn't work on a Poison Jiangshi.

‘This is why I need to learn various martial arts.’

“Tae Un-seo! Aim for the guy's joints! Wi Ji-yeong, attack the eyes with flying daggers!”

“Understood!”

Tae Un-seo’s kitchen knife struck Poison Jiangshi’s knee hard.

Clang!

The sound of metal clashing with metal rang through the cave.

At the moment the Poison Jiangshi’s body staggered, three of Wi Ji-yeong’s flying daggers were shot toward the guy’s eye sockets.

Clang- Clang-!

However, the Poison Jiangshi didn't even turn its head.

The flying daggers bounced off the steel-like skin, and the guy rather reached out to grab Tae Un-seo by the collar.

“This monster bastard!”

Baek Mu-yong shouted while supporting Maeng Cheol.

I didn't miss that opening and dug into the Poison Jiangshi’s chest.

Diamond Fighting King Divine Fist.

Fighting King Heaven Breaking Strike.

As soon as my left fist touched the Poison Jiangshi’s chest, a hole was pierced in the guy’s chest.

Boom!

Screech!

For the first time, a scream like a metallic sound burst out from the Poison Jiangshi’s mouth.

Even though it was a monster that couldn't feel pain, it felt an instinctive threat.

“T-This makes no sense! A fist that pierces a Poison Jiangshi?!”

Bi Han’s face, leaning against the wall, was dyed with fear.

It was then.

Purple mist spewed out from the Poison Jiangshi’s body as if exploding.

It was Corpse Poison of overwhelming concentration filling the entire underground passage.

“Everyone cover your noses! Don't breathe!”

I shouted, but the air was already filled with fatal poison.

At the moment the Small Snow Squad members were staggering and about to lose their balance.

Whoosh-!

Absurd cold energy rushed in from the end of the underground passage.

The spreading purple Corpse Poison crystallized in the air as it was and fell to the floor.

“I'm glad I'm not too late.”

Seol Ye-rin appeared with her blue hair fluttering.

The Extreme Yin Qi spewing from Seol Ye-rin’s fingertips had the momentum to freeze even the Blood Crystal harbored by the Poison Jiangshi solid.

“Lady Seol! How are you here.....”

I was surprised to see Seol Ye-rin.

The fact that Seol Ye-rin came here meant that the battle at the main gate had ended.

At my call, Seol Ye-rin smiled slightly.

“The third Young Master was too late, so I froze everything and came.”

As Seol Ye-rin put her palms together, huge ice spikes soared up from under the Poison Jiangshi’s feet and dug into the guy’s body.

Even the Poison Jiangshi’s sturdy body couldn't block Seol Ye-rin’s ice attack.

‘This... It seems Seol Ye-rin's compatibility with Poison Jiangshi is even worse.’

Whoever it was, didn't it just matter if we defeated it?

‘The Blood Cult's demonic hand has reached the Poison Palace of the Southern Barbarians too.’

My gaze turned back to Bi Han.

“Huh?”

“Young Master! That beast man is running away?!”

Bi Han started running away like crazy.

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Bi Han realized instinctively.

The moment that blue-haired wench appeared, the match was over.

No, not a match, but a one-sided slaughter would begin.

The black-clothed man's fist that tore apart the Poison Jiangshi's steel-like skin was terrifying, but that woman's cold energy freezing the space itself evoked a physiological repulsion.

Feeling the blood qi forcibly raised by the Blood Cult's secret art cooling down cold, Bi Han threw his body into the darkness without looking back.

'This makes no sense! The Poison Jiangshi is an immortal weapon! But it freezes so helplessly like that?'

The Poison Jiangshi's bizarre metallic sound and the sound of ice cracking heard from behind made Bi Han's spine chill.

"Huff, huff……!"

Breath was blocked by the cold energy permeating deep into his lungs.

Bi Han scratched the blood-colored tattoo engraved on his chest strongly with his fingernails.

Blood Art, Blood Flow Rampage!

"Aaaargh!"

Along with pain, the forcibly boiled blood qi expanded the leg muscles grotesquely.

Bi Han was no longer a warrior of the Beast Palace.

He was just a monster who sold his kin to live and even sold off his humanity.

"Where are you trying to go?"

A low voice heard in his ear.

Bi Han's eyes grew large as if they would pop out.

He clearly thought he had widened the distance by dozens of jang, but the grim reaper in black clothes was already crossing above his head.

Swoosh!

I rotated my body in the air and landed on the floor.

Due to the impact, the ground was dented deep and dust rose.

"Young Master! Master Maeng asked to leave his share for him!"

Wi Ji-yeong’s cheerful voice following from afar was heard.

Bi Han ground his teeth with a despairing expression.

“Kukuku- Although I will end here, the First Young Master will not leave you alone!”

A guy using Blood Arts mentions Hyeokryeon Geuk.

I thought it was strange.

If nothing else, Hyeokryeon Geuk wasn't a stupid enough guy to hold hands with the Blood Cult.

“Die!!!”

Bi Han stabbed his own heart as a last desperate struggle.

“What are you doing!”

Fresh blood spewing out from Bi Han’s chest became thousands of blood-colored needles in the air and pounced on me.

It was a forbidden technique sacrificing his own life force.

However, as my palm scanned the empty air, all the blood-colored needles corroded black and fell powerlessly to the floor.

It was Corpse Decay using the Poison Venerable's martial art, Ten Thousand Heavens Poison Hand.

“……Ah?”

Bi Han’s vision shook.

My hand, which had approached before he knew it, was grabbing the nape of his neck.

“You stabbed your heart, but you didn't die.”

Seeing this, it seems Bi Han’s body was also modified into a Jiangshi.

“Maeng Cheol will be pleased.”

If he revives even if killed and killed again.

Where else would there be a better target for revenge than this?

The red Extreme Yang Qi rising from my fingers struck Bi Han’s brain hard.

Bi Han fainted showing the whites of his eyes without even being able to scream.

***

The fight with the Poison Palace ended.

“We won!!”

“We brought down the Poison Palace!”

“Waaaaah!”

The gloomy poison mist that dominated Namman froze by Seol Ye-rin’s Ice Art and fell to the floor, and the Beast Palace warriors' victory roars filled that place.

The Poison Palace’s poison men lost their master and scattered, and the poison men who resisted until the end became blood cakes by Maeng Ho-seong’s fists.

“Young Master!”

Wi Ji-yeong ran toward me as I appeared carrying the fainted Bi Han like luggage.

Behind Wi Ji-yeong, the Small Snow Squad members were approaching while putting away their respective weapons.

“You brought that guy alive, right? Master Maeng is looking for him with fire in his eyes right now.”

“Uh, he has a body that doesn't die even if his heart is pierced. We need to study how he's built.”

I threw Bi Han onto the floor with a thud.

Just in time, Maeng Cheol, who was approaching accompanied by Maeng Ho-seong and Jang Il-jae, saw that sight and stopped his steps.

Maeng Cheol’s entire body was covered in the poison men’s blood.

“Isn't he poisoned?”

“He is fine, since I administered the antidote.”

The Divine Physician, Seong I-han, told him it was fine.

Since even the Divine Physician said it was fine, I handed Bi Han over to Maeng Cheol.

Maeng Cheol and Maeng Ho-seong's eyes looking at Bi Han were sunk coldly more than ever.

"……Bi Han."

Maeng Cheol's thick fingers grabbed the nape of Bi Han's neck.

Even in a fainted state, Bi Han trembled as if feeling instinctive fear.

Maeng Cheol bowed his head deeply toward me.

"Young Master, thank you for capturing this traitor alive. According to the Beast Palace's law... I will make him pay the price for selling his kin's blood."

I nodded silently.

Pain worse than death would be waiting for that traitor, but mercy was a luxury for a guy who made his kin into Jiangshis.

The inner hall of the Poison Palace.

Standing on the highest pavilion, I looked down at the view of the collapsed Poison Palace.

Next to me, Seol Ye-rin wearing a veil stood breathing the night air together.

"You worked hard."

"You too, Young Master. I really didn't know they would even mobilize a Jiangshi."

The Poison Jiangshi was subdued by Seol Ye-rin.

I entrusted Mu-myeong with testing various Poison Venerable's martial arts on the Poison Jiangshi.

Mu-myeong was a bit flustered but answered he would try his best.

"By the way, what happened to the Poison Palace Lord?"

"Sect Leader Jang and Palace Lord Maeng cut his breath directly. They say he left some bizarre words right before dying. That he was merely the 'beginning'."

My brow narrowed.

The First Young Master Bi Han mentioned must be referring to Hyeokryeon Geuk.

The technology to make the Poison Jiangshi must be the Blood Cult's technology.

There are one or two things to investigate.

At that time.

“Third Young Master.”

Seol Ye-rin called me.

“Hm?”

“Since we solved the problem of the Poison Palace and Beast Palace, shall we travel to Namman in earnest?”

Ah, originally the purpose was travel.

“Shall we?”

If we asked the Beast Palace’s beast men and Miao People, there would probably be people who could guide us to various places in Namman, so that didn't seem bad either.

However,

-Keulkeul, I discovered an interesting letter in the Poison Palace Lord's room.

The Sword Venerable, who was searching the Poison Palace, returned.

‘By letter, you mean…….’

-Bring the Poison Jiangshi to the Great Thunder Temple. That is what was written in the letter.

At the Demon Queen and Sword Venerable's report, my eyes flashed.

A letter someone sent to the Poison Palace Lord.

Even telling him to bring the Poison Jiangshi.

‘It's the Blood Cult.’

The Blood Cult must have been using the Poison Palace to throw Murim into chaos.

‘Great Thunder Temple... The Blood Cult in a Buddhist holy ground. The combination is very nasty.’

Just in time, I had to see off Cheon Deung-jin to the Potala Palace too.

“Lady Seol. What do you think about going to the Great Thunder Temple after wandering around Namman a bit?”

“Great Thunder Temple?”

Seol Ye-rin’s eyes twinkled.

It was good to see various sceneries while coming to Namman.

“If it's near Young Mistress Cheon's hometown, I like it. I'm also curious about how the Young Master lived in the Potala Palace before coming back.”

At Seol Ye-rin’s answer, it seemed like she wanted to visit the Potala Palace too, I nodded.

The next destination was decided.

***

At that time, a distance of about one thousand jang away from the Poison Palace of the Southern Barbarians.

“Oh dear, I came too late.”

The man in blood robes who had followed Seol Ye-rin's party from Yueyang Tower.

The Blood Cult's Seventh Blood Lord, wearing blood robes embroidered with Seven on the back, muttered looking at the Poison Palace where smoke was soaring.

“To think the Poison Palace would be defeated... Like this, the plan to kidnap the Ice Palace's Young Palace Head goes a bit awry.....”

Seol Ye-rin’s face was being projected on the Seventh Blood Lord’s retina.

Chapter 109 : Chapter 109

Chapter 109 : Ambush

Around the time the victory cheers subsided over the debris of the Poison Palace, I took a break while receiving the Beast Palace warriors' hospitality.

Maeng Ho-seong sent the Beast Palace messengers in all directions early on to call the scattered Miao villages and Beast Men together.

“Young Master Hyeokryeon, thank you once again. Our Beast Palace will repay this grace for generations to come.”

I lightly smiled while accepting the wine cup Maeng Ho-seong offered.

“Is there a need to call it grace? Thanks to you, we also saw many good sights.”

Although I said that, my head was complicated.

The word ‘First Young Master’ Bi Han left, and the letter telling to head to Great Thunder Temple.

And above all, the Blood Cult’s technological power that created a monster called Poison Jiangshi bothered me.

I called Wi Ji-yeong who was chewing a dumpling beside me.

“Ji-yeong-ah, is the Small Snow Squad members' maintenance finished?”

“Yes! Everyone says their bodies are itching because they want to sightsee Namman more. Tae Un-seo already went out to the marketplace saying he would get ingredients that only grow here.”

I nodded at Wi Ji-yeong’s answer and looked to my side.

Seol Ye-rin was having a serious conversation about something with Diancang Sect Leader Jang Il-jae.

“Sect Leader, then is Diancang returning to Yunnan now?”

Jang Il-jae burst into hearty laughter and nodded.

“Since we dealt with the Poison Palace threatening Yunnan, it seems Diancang has fulfilled its duty. I think it will be enough to leave the cleanup of the remaining remnants to the Beast Palace. This old man should return to Yunnan now and take care of sect affairs.”

Jang Il-jae sent a meaningful look toward me.

“Young Hero Hyeokryeon, if you see the Blood Cult’s shadow on your way, please send word to Diancang anytime. Because you are now Diancang’s precious close friend.”

“Thank you, Sect Leader.”

“Young Palace Head, please drop by again next time too.”

“Yes, I will.”

It seemed the Central Plains’ perception of the Ice Palace was gradually changing.

‘I formed a connection with Diancang too.’

I had to think about how to utilize this connection later.

A few days later, the party set off again while receiving the send-off of the Beast Palace and Miao people.

“The Beast Palace will absolutely never forget the Ice Palace’s help.”

“I hope we stay on good terms in the future too.”

While watching Seol Ye-rin and Maeng Ho-seong exchanging farewells, I looked back at the party members.

I had already notified the party members of the next destination.

“Are we going to the Potala Palace now?”

At the Divine Physician Seong I-han’s question, I nodded.

“Young Mistress Cheon said she would show us around her hometown.”

At Seong Sang-ah’s words, Wi Ji-yeong, who was mumbling on a dumpling, twinkled her eyes and cut in.

“I heard there is really delicious barley bread and butter tea if we go near the Potala Palace? I think I’m already hungry!”

“Are you hungry again after emptying three plates of dumplings just a moment ago?”

At Baek Mu-yong’s rebuke, Wi Ji-yeong put on a pretended look of unfairness.

“...From now on, I will only pass the dumplings Warrior Tae makes to Warrior Baek.”

Baek Mu-yong smiled bitterly at Wi Ji-yeong’s words.

“Although it seems Tae Un-seo also needs to improve his cooking skills a bit.”

“...I will try hard.”

Tae Un-seo, who was staying still, got hit by a stray stone.

“You just have to make what the Young Palace Head eats delicious.”

At Eun Bin’s words, Tae Un-seo nodded.

“Mine too!”

Cheon Deung-jin approached with a somewhat flushed face while tidying her red Buddhist robe.

“When we arrive at the Potala Palace, I will treat you to a banquet.”

“Sister Jin, I will look forward to it.”

Seol Ye-rin smiled softly and answered.

Yu So-dong made a puzzled expression and asked quietly.

“Isn't the food Warrior Tae makes delicious?”

At that one word, everyone started praising Yu So-dong.

“As expected, there is only the youngest.”

“That's a relief, a relief.”

“You succeeded, Tae Un-seo!”

While everyone was praising Yu So-dong, Han Seol-bi stealthily approached me.

“Captain, I think I need to report to the Ice Palace a bit.”

If Han Seol-bi, who moved in the role of surveillance, didn't report when heading to the Potala Palace, it seemed the strategist would worry considerably.

I told Han Seol-bi to report while thinking conveying that we were going to the Potala Palace would be fine.

***

Flap flap!

A carrier pigeon arrived at the North Sea Ice Palace.

North Sea Ice Palace, Palace Lord’s Hall.

At the sound of wing flaps tapping the window frame, General Manager Seol Su-hyeok quickly opened the window.

A letter with a secret mark sent by Han Seol-bi was tied to the leg of the carrier pigeon that arrived piercing through the fierce north wind.

“Palace Lord, Seol-bi sent a message from Namman.”

North Sea Ice Palace Lord, Seol Baek-ho accepted the letter with a heavy hand.

Seol Su-hyeok, who was pouring tea from the side, looked at the message with anxious eyes.

“Did she report properly this time?”

“Well.”

Seol Baek-ho opened the message.

-To the Palace Lord, Hello, Palace Lord. It's Han Seol-bi.

I am doing well. Do you know where this is right now?

It's Namman, incredibly! From Hunan to Namman.

I think many things really happened.

The Young Palace Head is doing well. She also shook hands with the Diancang Sect Leader.

We joined forces with the Namman Beast Palace and subjugated the Namman Poison Palace too!

Ah, there are various reasons why we came to fight the Poison Palace.

This story is too long so I will leave it for later.....

What is really fortunate is that I got permission from the Small Snow Squad Captain like this and became able to report!

I was very thankful to be able to continue executing the Palace Lord's command.

We are scheduled to leave for the Potala Palace now, but I think there will be difficulty in sending messages for a while again.

Still, since this means there is enough leeway to convey regards like this, I think you don't have to worry too much!

Ah, a Poison Jiangshi appeared but... no one got hurt! It's true!

-From Han Seol-bi of the Cold Blood Han Family.

“.....”

Seol Baek-ho's eyebrows twitched while scanning down the letter.

As heavy silence flowed, Seol Su-hyeok asked carefully.

“.....Did she say she drank alcohol again?”

“No.”

Seol Baek-ho burst into hollow laughter and put the letter down on the table.

“It seems they annihilated the Namman Poison Palace together with the Beast Palace.”

“Pardon?”

Seol Su-hyeok almost dropped his fan to the floor.

If it's the Namman Poison Palace, isn't it the ruler of the outer region that even the Nine Sects One Gang of the Central Plains cannot step into carelessly due to its vicious poison and sorcery?

“According to Han Seol-bi's report, that guy Hyeokryeon Yeom seduced the Beast Palace Lord to recruit him as a friendly force, held hands with the Diancang Sect, and scorched the Poison Palace's base to the ground. It seems they even met a Poison Jiangshi.”

Seol Su-hyeok took the letter as if snatching it and started reading.

The more he read, the more his eyes grew as large as lamplights.

“This... is this truly something a detached unit can do? It hasn't been long since they left the Ice Palace, but to completely overturn Namman's power structure.”

“That's not all. It says the guy's next destination is the Potala Palace. It seems he intends to take Young Mistress Cheon there.”

Seol Baek-ho leaned his body deep into the throne behind his back.

When he first accepted that scoundrel-like guy as a live-in son-in-law, he only hoped he would treat Ye-rin.

The live-in son-in-law guy was going beyond the North Sea and stirring up the world.

“General Manager, how do you see it? I sent him on a trip, but it seems he intends to shatter Jianghu to pieces?”

Seol Su-hyeok unfolded his fan again, fanned slowly, and answered.

“I don't think he is moving with the simple intent to smash. Because Seol-bi sent it like this, if I infer the rough content, it seems he made the Namman Beast Palace a blood ally and recruited the Diancang Sect Leader too. Adding to the Mount Hua matter last time, if he reaches out to the Potala Palace now.....”

Seol Su-hyeok's eyes shone sharply.

“The North Sea Ice Palace might no longer be in the Outer Regions but become able to enter the inland. Captain Hyeokryeon might be drawing a bigger picture than we thought.”

Seol Baek-ho laughed loudly and drank from the liquor bottle at his waist.

“A Hidden Dragon is a Hidden Dragon indeed. I don't know if Ye-rin had an eye for people or if that guy bewitched Ye-rin but.....”

Thick expectation dwelt in Seol Baek-ho's eyes.

“Aside from that, tell Han Seol-bi. To please report properly! Isn't there any news about Ye-rin at all!”

This message also felt like a slightly modified version of the message sent before.

Because the watcher sent to monitor had become a companion, the feeling that he wasn't receiving information properly continued.

It was frustrating to the point of going crazy.

“...Husband. Are you looking at something without my knowledge again?”

“Heok!”

At that time, Ice Queen Hong Ye-hwa appeared.

Seol Baek-ho made a troubled expression and handed over the message.

“I was trying to show you.”

Hong Ye-hwa glared with fire in her eyes.

***

The path heading from Namman to Tibet was rugged.

The dense jungle gradually subsided, and high mountain ranges that seemed to touch the clouds began to reveal their majesty before eyes.

Around the time we entered the high mountain zone in earnest, a huge carriage procession decorated with splendid silk was seen stopped in the middle of the path.

At the center where dozens of escort warriors were standing guard strictly, a man wearing golden silk robes was waiting for the party while fanning himself.

“Oh oh! I thought you would go this way as expected! It's been a long time, Captain! Young Palace Head!”

As the man approached making a fuss, Yu So-dong grabbed his sword hilt and blocked the front.

“Who are you? Reveal your identity.”

“Oh my, there are people seeing me for the first time. I am Moyong Geum of the Moyong Clan Merchant Guild.”

At the merchant guild procession that appeared out of nowhere on the way to Tibet, I stepped forward.

“Moyong Geum?”

“Big Brother!”

Moyong Geum saw me and smiled brightly.

“How are you here.....”

“Just in time! We are going on a trade trip to India, and we heard information that there was an incident in Namman.”

“Information?”

“Yes, we received information from the Ice Palace and were waiting.”

It felt like someone in the Ice Palace who knew the route our party would move provided information to the Moyong Clan Merchant Guild.

“Who sent it?”

“Uh... it wasn't the General Manager, and since they said they are someone who loves the Young Palace Head, I carefully thought it might be the Palace Lord.”

The father-in-law wouldn't be this meticulous.

‘It could be the mother-in-law.’

I clicked my tongue.

She must have sent the message in a hurry after receiving Han Seol-bi's message.

She probably devised the most efficient way to assist her daughter Seol Ye-rin in preparation for the arduous journey of the high mountain zone.

“It seems you had a schedule going to India just in time?”

“Yes. Starting with the Ice Palace, people in the Outer Regions started using our merchant guild, it's all thanks to Big Brother!”

Moyong Geum folded his fan with a clack and grabbed my hand abruptly.

It was a look that wanted something.

“So, what do you want?”

“Since our paths are the same just in time, I'm saying it would be really good if you took charge of the merchant guild's escort.”

“Before that, I think I need to ask where this trade trip is going.”

My eyes headed toward the top of the cliff far away.

-Keulkeul, rats have attached.

Because the Sword Venerable's voice was transmitted.

There was an ambush.

“It is a trade trip going to Great Thunder Temple though?”

Simultaneously with the end of Moyong Geum's words,

Swoosh!

Dozens of arrows flown from the top of the cliff began to pour on the party members.

Chapter 110 : Chapter 110

Chapter 110 : Bridgehead

“Get down!”

As soon as my roar fell, the air around the carriage twisted.

Dozens of arrows pouring like rain from the top of the cliff. They were not simple arrows.

Dark blue poison qi dwelt on every arrowhead, and the piercing sound tearing the air proved that the internal energy of those who shot the arrows was not ordinary.

Clang! Clang-clang!

Baek Mu-yong and Eun Bin immediately threw their bodies and blocked Seol Ye-rin’s front.

Eun Bin’s sword rotated so fast it couldn't be seen and struck away the arrows, and Baek Mu-yong swept the ground with heavy sword qi to twist the arrows' trajectory.

“Moyong Geum! Hide under the carriage!”

“Yes!”

Moyong Geum quickly crumpled his body between the wheels of the splendid carriage.

The merchant guild’s escort warriors also raised their shields and started to return fire, but the terrain disadvantage was clear.

Whiz—!

At that time, there was a hidden weapon flying in with a bizarre sound through the rain of arrows.

A hidden weapon in the shape of a circular saw blade rotated and rushed toward the roof of the carriage Seol Ye-rin was riding.

“Lady Seol!”

My body soared into the empty air.

Whoosh!

Extreme Yang Qi spewing from my palm formed a curtain of flame and received the saw blade hidden weapon head-on.

Sizzle!

As flame and metal clashed, the hidden weapon heated up red and fell to the floor.

I landed lightly on the carriage roof and raised my head to stare at the top of the cliff.

“Who are you guys!”

-Keulkeul, they are wearing blood robes.

-Are they Blood Cultists?

At the Sword Venerable and Demon Queen’s words, my eyes flashed.

“Wi Ji-yeong! Tae Un-seo! Protect the merchant guild people! The rest follow me!”

I kicked off the ground and climbed the nearly vertical cliff.

“I entrust the Young Palace Head to you.”

After saying that, Eun Bin took Yu So-dong and started following me.

On top of the cliff, men in blood robes wearing black masks were setting up camp.

“.....”

As one of the masked men flicked his wrist, dozens of needles poured out from inside his sleeve.

They sure have a lot of hidden weapons.

I, who retrieved all the needles using the Ten Thousand Heavens Poison Hand, returned the needles as they were.

Thwip-thwip-thwip-

The needles embed directly into the men in blood robes.

Looking at the enemies falling down the cliff after being hit by needles, I recited coldly.

“This is disappointing. Are you trying to catch us through merely these kinds of dirty tricks?”

It was then.

Blood-colored fog rose from the forest behind the cliff, and a bizarre laughing sound was heard.

“Kikik... Is it okay to leave Seol Ye-rin alone like this?”

Men wearing blood-colored silk robes appeared piercing through the fog.

At the man’s words, I looked back.

With the sound of Boom, men in blood robes popped out from under the carriage.

***

The ceiling of the carriage was torn off with a roar.

“Young Palace Head!”

Han Seol-bi’s scream guarding outside the carriage was heard, but shadows wearing blood-colored clothes were already pouring in through the torn ceiling.

They were the Blood Cult’s ambushers hiding under the merchant guild’s carriage wheels and in the piles of dirt on the path.

Seol Ye-rin calmly put down her teacup.

The fingernails of the man in blood robes who barged in right before her eyes rushed aiming for her neck.

Fishy blood scent pricked the tip of her nose, but Seol Ye-rin’s pupils were deep and calm like the abyss of the North Sea.

Crackle—!

Extreme Yin Qi spewing from Seol Ye-rin’s entire body froze the inside of the carriage in an instant.

The tea water fluttering in the air became ice awls and pierced the chests and shoulders of the men in blood robes.

“Keoheok!”

The attackers froze with their feet stuck to the floor.

But as if they couldn't feel pain, the guys ignored their flesh being torn off and rushed in again.

‘Is it a Jiangshi? No, this is…….’

Movement like a doll without life dwelling in it.

It seemed to be a Jiangshi, different from the Poison Jiangshi seen in the Poison Palace.

“Who dares to aim for whom!”

Fire Spirit Qi exploded from Cheon Deung-jin’s palm.

The men in blood robes trying to pierce through the carriage wall were swept away by flames and bounced off.

But the number of enemies showed no sign of decreasing.

Men in blood robes were constantly pouring out not only from the top of the cliff but also from the forests on the left and right of the path.

Seol Ye-rin slowly moved her steps out of the carriage.

Every time she took a step, the ground turned into a pure white ice sheet.

“Young Palace Head, I will block this place!”

Baek Mu-yong wielded his sword and cut down the approaching enemies, but the offensive of the men in blood robes was terrible.

If he cut one guy, two guys rushed in, and every time their blood touched the floor, bizarre smoke rose and clouded the party’s minds.

Seol Ye-rin raised her head and looked at the top of the cliff.

She saw the figure of Hyeokryeon Yeom slaughtering the enemies.

He was also struggling surrounded by numerous enemies.

‘I cannot put the burden only on Hyeokryeon Yeom.’

Seol Ye-rin’s blue hair fluttered riding the strong wind.

She put her two palms together at chest height.

Glacial Seal.

A blue light curtain starting from under Seol Ye-rin's feet spread out in all directions like a wave.

Not only the men in blood robes surrounding the carriage, but even the enemies climbing up the cliff foot froze up to their waists at once and stopped.

"……!"

The Blood Cult men looking down from the top of the cliff flinched as if flustered.

Seol Ye-rin flashed a cold eye glint and captured a shadow approaching secretly aiming for Hyeokryeon Yeom's back on top of the cliff.

A dagger with blood-colored energy dwelling in it was held in the guy's hand.

"Be careful behind you!"

Seol Ye-rin stretched out her finger and flicked the empty air.

Swoosh—!

A sharp ice arrow flew cutting the air and accurately pierced the chest of the person aiming for Hyeokryeon Yeom's nape.

Only then did Hyeokryeon Yeom look back and meet eyes with Seol Ye-rin.

Hyeokryeon Yeom curled up the corners of his mouth and shouted something, but it was buried in the high mountain wind and not heard.

But Seol Ye-rin knew.

"Lady Seong, Lady Cheon. Please stay behind me. Because I won't let a single guy cross this line."

Huge ice flowers bloomed around Seol Ye-rin.

***

The Blood Lord leading the Blood Cultists.

Among them, the youngest in charge of the seventh, Seventh Blood Lord Blood Bone Lord Yeon Jeok-ha frowned.

'The Demonic Cult's Third Young Master and the North Sea Ice Palace's Young Palace Head.'

He intentionally repeated attacks to separate the two and hunt them.

It seemed he invested all the military power the Seventh Blood Lord had, enough to use Jiangshis.

‘But…….’

He couldn't catch either of them.

‘The Moyong Merchant Guild's escorts are almost useless.’

The problem is those people.

‘The military power of those protecting the Young Palace Head is stronger than I thought.’

The two move secretly and chase down the Blood Cultists.

The big guy protecting the Young Palace Head and the woman using flying daggers.

And even the women using Ice Art and Fire Art beside them.

‘That old man and granddaughter aren't even moving yet.’

Plus even the boy holding a sword and watching the situation.

‘There are too many variables.’

To hunt the two quickly and kidnap the Young Palace Head, it seemed he had to input a few more people.

“What are you trying to do?”

A situation confronting Hyeokryeon Yeom.

At my question, the Seventh Blood Lord smiled.

“Indeed, can you protect the Young Palace Head?”

Rumble.

The ground starts shaking again.

How many Jiangshis did he hide on the way to the Outer Regions?

No, if not that, maybe the number of Jiangshis he originally carries around is this much.

-It's quite a lot.

-If they push with quantity offensive, there is no answer!

The Sword Venerable and Demon Queen’s words are right.

“It seems killing that guy is the fastest way.”

They are soaring up.

The Jiangshis.

But this time, they were not ordinary Jiangshis.

“Bones?”

“I am the Blood Cult's Seventh Blood Lord, the Blood Bone Lord in charge of bones!”

As the Blood Bone Lord raised both arms,

Splash-

Numerous bones popped out.

I made an interesting expression looking at that.

Not ordinary Jiangshis, but Jiangshis made only of bones started attacking me.

What naturally comes to mind is,

‘Skeleton?’

The skeleton soldiers of the previous life had to come to mind.

They said the Blood Cult’s magic arts were close to evil arts, and it felt like they implemented magic.

‘If so…….’

If I research the Blood Cult’s evil arts, wouldn't I also be able to handle those Jiangshis?

Interest started to arise.

Of course.

Roar-

-Kiiiiiik!

The skeleton screams.

The flames rising from the toes were showing firepower enough to burn the bones and turn them into ash.

“H-How.....”

“I bet I'm not the only one it doesn't work on?”

I pointed behind.

Crackle-

The skeletons freeze from their toes.

Extreme Yang Qi burns everything, and Extreme Yin Qi freezes everything.

“If you want to deal with us, you should have prepared something that doesn't burn well and doesn't freeze well.”

I flicked my finger with those words.

“Flame Butterfly.”

The butterflies that flew in fluttering,

“Keuaaak!”

Set fire to the Seventh Blood Lord’s body.

***

Moyong Geum quickly examined the situation.

‘This great army.....’

Was being handled by just two people.

Those appearing to be Jiangshis made of bones all froze.

Flames ripple on top of the cliff.

He came to realize that there was no one who could easily deal with the combination of the North Sea Ice Palace's Young Palace Head, Seol Ye-rin, and the Small Snow Squad Captain, Hyeokryeon Yeom.

‘Holding hands with the Ice Palace was a very good thing.’

Just the profit earned from selling Cold Iron is an astronomical amount.

Plus, with just the fact that he traded with the Ice Palace, he became able to trade with another Outer Region.

The trip to the Great Thunder Temple undertaken this time was also like that.

Plus,

‘To think the Beast Palace, not the Poison Palace, occupied Namman.’

Moyong Geum, who found out about Namman’s situation while talking with the Divine Physician, thought he should maintain friendship with the Ice Palace in the future too.

The fact that the person traveling with the Ice Palace's Young Palace Head was the Potala Palace's Young Palace Head was also big.

Like this, the Moyong Clan Merchant Guild might be able to become a bridgehead connecting the Outer Region Murim and the Central Plains Murim.

Moyong Geum could be said to have watched the Ice Palace’s moves from the closest distance.

‘Perhaps…….’

The place the Ice Palace would go after touring all of Namman and the Western Regions should be seen as decided.

‘Murim.’

When that time comes, Moyong Geum will have to make a choice.

Whether to go towards accepting the Ice Palace, or towards excluding them.

Which choice would be beneficial to the Moyong Clan Merchant Guild was no different from being already decided.

Therefore,

‘I should present the sword made of Cold Iron commissioned to a master artisan as a gift at least.’

Since the engagement gift was prepared simply, thinking he should prepare the gift to give Hyeokryeon Yeom and Seol Ye-rin matching the wedding date meaningfully, Moyong Geum slowly stood up.

Because the battle had ended.