Chapter 12 : Chapter 12

Chapter 012: Martial God

"Are you saying you're going to go down here with just your bare body right now?"

Eun Bin seemed to be barely holding back from asking if I was crazy.

"Yeah, I plan to go down."

"It's a cliff. Are you planning to die just to find the Martial God's legacy, which might not even be down there?!"

I looked at Eun Bin with a fascinated gaze.

Because the Eun Bin I knew wasn't this short-tempered.

"Are you worried that if I die, the Young Palace Head will die too?"

"That is..."

"It's fine, I won't die."

I pressed my feet against the cliff.

Then I infused qi into my Bubbling Spring acupoint.

'Inner Qi is Mana.'

That meant it was possible to change the properties of qi just like mana.

Chwa-ap!

The qi shot out through the Bubbling Spring acupoint stuck to the cliff.

I tried to pull my foot off with force, but it didn't budge.

'Perfect.'

Although I hadn't learned the Wall Lizard Art, changing the properties of my qi allowed me to perform a martial art similar to it.

"Kyaaak! Young Master!"

Wi Ji-yeong screamed as she saw me throw my body down the cliff.

"My ears hurt."

"...Young Master?"

Chwa-ap.

I was standing with my feet on the cliff and my body straightened out, looking at Wi Ji-yeong, Baek Mu-yong, and Eun Bin.

"I'll be back."

Eun Bin muttered as he watched me leisurely descend the cliff.

"Using Wall Lizard Art so naturally?"

"Young Master! You must come back safely!"

Listening to Wi Ji-yeong's voice, I smiled with satisfaction.

It was because I could feel it more clearly the further I descended the cliff.

-...Child.

A sound like someone desperately calling me could be heard.

A sound that could only be heard by me, who had already experienced multiple lives.

-Child.

I'm coming, I'm coming.

I didn't know he would be looking for someone this anxiously.

Well.

'Since his descendants haven't looked for him even once, it's understandable he's anxious.'

But if he wanted to be found, he shouldn't have left his legacy in a place like this.

As I went further down the cliff, a cold wind began to blow.

Hwaruruk-

Amidst the blowing frost, I conjured a flame.

"Your words and actions are different."

No wonder no one could find it.

The further down I went, the clearer it became where I had to go.

When I reached the middle of the cliff.

Tststs-

The Extreme Yin Qi I had received from Seol Ye-rin reacted.

'There is something here?'

I knew there was something like a formation, but I couldn't figure out how to break through it.

At that moment.

Woo-woong-

This time, Extreme Yang Qi was emitted through my Bubbling Spring acupoint.

Then.

Chiii-ik-

The cliff began to melt.

Then, a cave began to appear.

"Did the Extreme Yang Qi melt the formation surrounded by Extreme Yin Qi?"

This was why it hadn't been discovered.

Even if one possessed Extreme Yin Qi.

If they couldn't break through the formation, they wouldn't have been able to discover this place.

Ta-ak.

Upon arriving at the cave.

I could see the frozen cave shining brightly.

I had a strong feeling that the Martial God's legacy was here.

"Is anyone there?"

The voice that had called out to me stopped abruptly.

As I approached the entrance to enter the cave.

[No Entry]

A sign stating that entry was forbidden was written there.

Smirk.

A smile formed on my lips without me realizing it.

Isn't it human nature to want to do something more when told not to?

In my past life, I had entered many restricted areas for the sake of research.

And,

"I always came out having made everything inside mine."

Here would be the same.

Flames began to soar from my entire body.

The fire started to melt the ice.

Drip.

The ice wall where "No Entry" was written melted down completely.

Hwa-aak!

An immense energy burst out from the cave.

"Even if they found this cave, it seems they couldn't have entered if they couldn't melt that wall just now."

I carefully entered the cave.

There were a total of four Martial Gods of the North Sea.

It was because I hadn't yet figured out which one's tomb this was.

-...Child.

Just then, the sorrowful voice began to be heard again.

"Were you annoyed because you wanted to come out but no one came?"

Hwaruruk!

I conjured fire to illuminate the surroundings.

Then.

-We finally met.

Light flashed from an ice statue located near what seemed to be the center of the cave.

"Are you the Martial God?"

-Tsk tsk, it seems about three hundred years have passed, are they revering me as a Martial God outside?

The ghost revealed its form.

The figure of an old man with fluttering white hair was visible.

"Yes, that is correct. I am Hyeokryeon Yeom. I am curious about the Martial God's name."

-Baek Un-han.

"Snow Wind Sword Venerable!"

-Tsk tsk, to think there is still someone who remembers me. I am grateful.

Perhaps satisfied with my reaction, the Martial God from three hundred years ago, Snow Wind Sword Venerable Baek Un-han, smiled.

"The North Sea Ice Palace's live-in son-in-law, Hyeokryeon Yeom, offers his greetings."

-Live-in son-in-law?

Baek Un-han's expression stiffened rapidly.

-To think someone who isn't a direct descendant heard my voice and came here. How can that be!

Baek Un-han quickly began to circle around me.

Baek Un-han, who was examining here and there as if taking my pulse, spoke.

-Ho-oh. Where did you get this Extreme Yin Qi?

It seemed Baek Un-han had detected the very small amount of yin qi circulating through my body.

"It is the yin qi of the person who will be my spouse."

-To handle an Extreme Yang Body, ordinary yin qi wouldn't suffice... Don't tell me, was she born with the Nine Yin Severed Meridians?

With just a few pieces of information, Baek Un-han quickly deduced Seol Ye-rin's situation.

I explained to Baek Un-han how I came to the Ice Palace and why I possessed Extreme Yin Qi despite having an Extreme Yang Body.

-To accept a bastard from the Demonic Cult as a live-in son-in-law, my descendant must be crazy too.

"Didn't I tell you earlier? I'm a guy from the Demonic Cult, but now I'm a guy from the Ice Palace."

I slowly approached the ice statue.

Inside the ice statue, a frozen skeleton existed.

"By the way, how did the Martial God end up in this state?"

I was curious why he ended up like this without being able to pass down his martial arts and legacy to his descendants at all.

-Tsk tsk, it is because of the Ice Crystal.

"If it's because of the Ice Crystal..."

-Well, if you want to hear my story, prove that you are from the Ice Palace.

"Proof, how should I prove it?"

-Let's make a pact. Then I will hand over my legacy, including the reason I became like this.

"What is it?"

-Revenge.

At the word revenge, I asked with a puzzled expression.

"Does the Martial God of the North Sea still have a target for revenge left?"

-Yes.

"Who is it?"

-The Demonic Cult.

At the Sword Venerable's single word, the corners of my eyes began to tremble slightly.

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"Cult Leader. I have a question."

"What is it, Strategist?"

"Why was it the Ice Palace?"

There was the Potala Palace in the West, the Poison Palace in the South and the Great Thunder Temple in India.

He was asking why he sent Hyeokryeon Yeom to the North Sea Ice Palace.

"Why, you ask. Shouldn't I send him to the strongest place in the Outer Region Murim so that Yeom becomes stronger too?"

"So you thought the Ice Palace was the strongest among the Outer Region Murim."

"Why? Does the Strategist think otherwise?"

The Strategist, Sa Ma-ui, shook his head.

It was recorded in the archives as well.

The past patriarchs had always spoken of the Martial Gods of the Ice Palace as their most formidable enemies.

"I do not think otherwise. I asked to see if you were also aware of the stories about the Martial Gods of the North Sea."

"Ah, of course I know."

"Ah, that's right. The past Cult Leaders visited the Outer Region Murim whenever there was a Cult Leader inauguration ceremony, didn't they?"

"Correct, quite some time has passed already. But the Ice Palace Head felt very lacking to be called a Martial God."

Sa Ma-ui nodded.

"The archives state that the Martial Gods of the North Sea appear once every hundred years. Since the last Martial God appeared about eighty years ago, there is a high probability that a Martial God will appear right about this time."

"If Yeom cures the Young Palace Head, there is a high probability that the next Martial God of the North Sea will be the Young Palace Head of the Ice Palace."

The Cult Leader, Hyeokryeon Hwi, spoke decisively.

"Is that so? Then the Third Young Master might live under her thumb."

"You think so?"

"It seems key will be what kind of relationship he forms with the Ice Palace Head. The archives contain information that the past Cult Leaders completely smashed the Martial Gods of the North Sea, will that be alright?"

The question was raised whether the two families could become in-laws.

"That happened a hundred years ago. Surely, they wouldn't be that petty?"

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-It is something I have dreamed of for three hundred years!

The Snow Wind Sword Venerable was a Martial God who held a grudge for a very long time.

"Revenge. Are you saying it was a past Cult Leader who made you like this?"

Flinch.

At my question, Baek Un-han made a troubled expression.

'Probably not.'

Among the past Cult Leaders of the Demonic Cult, there was no Cult Leader who used Ice Arts.

Maybe Fire Arts.

Becoming an ice statue in a cave where no one lived clearly had a different cause.

-Ahem, this is indeed because of the Ice Crystal.

"The Ice Crystal... you say?"

-Yes. Future descendants might not know, but the Ice Crystal makes its power go rampant every hundred years. While trying to handle the Ice Crystal's power...

Wait.

"If the cycle of the Ice Crystal exploding is one hundred years..."

There were four Martial Gods in history.

The fact that stories of the Martial God from a hundred years ago are circulating means that a hundred years have passed from the current point in time.

'It feels like there's one more reason for Seol Ye-rin to die besides the Extreme Yin Body.'

"Is there no way to stop it?"

-Unfortunately, I didn't have one, but you do.

"What is it?"

-Extreme Yang Body. Your constitution.

As I raised the flames, the ice statue began to melt.

"Then I should try my best."

Drip.

When the ice of the ice statue melted completely, the figure of the skeletonized Snow Wind Sword Venerable, Baek Un-han, was revealed.

-Tsk tsk, seeing that you found me like this, it seems it's already time for the Ice Crystal to start going rampant again.

"I need your help, Elder."

-Make the pact. Can you achieve my revenge?

"Of course."

I planned to take revenge on Hyeokryeon Geuk anyway.

To do that, I intended to build my strength in the North Sea.

The Snow Wind Sword Venerable looked into my eyes.

-You are sincere. Good. I don't know how much of my legacy you, with your Extreme Yang Qi, can accept, but try learning it!

Flash!

The Snow Wind Sword Venerable's skeleton spewed out blue light.

Hwa-aak-

"This place is..."

An endlessly stretching snowy field.

Even though I emitted Yang Qi, the snow did not melt.

"You are keeping your mind clear. Impressive child."

When did he appear?

The white-haired old man on the snowy field, Snow Wind Sword Venerable Baek Un-han, was holding a sword.

"Did you create a mental world?"

"You know of such things?"

"I created them a lot in the past."

Meditation was one of the things I did a lot in my immediate past life.

Since I couldn't use magic, training within the mental image drawn out by meditation was a necessary condition for survival.

This was similar to the image training I did in my first life.

However.

'The only difference is that this feels more realistic.'

Snow Wind Sword Venerable Baek Un-han smiled.

"Then I can transmit it more quickly."

"Transmit what?"

"Didn't you say you wanted my legacy?"

Seureureuk.

Baek Un-han's sword rose, drawing an afterimage.

The pure white sword flux blooming from the sword spewed out immense cold.

Then.

The wind began to blow.

"I will let you know why this old man was called the Snow Wind Sword Venerable."

Chiii-ik-

If my body hadn't been wrapped in Extreme Yang Qi, I would have frozen long ago.

"I would be very happy if you could teach me the sword arts of the North Sea."

I had to weigh whether that sword was truly stronger than the martial arts I had learned.

Hwaruruk-

Flames began to soar from my sword as well.

"Flames, truly like a bastard from the Demonic Cult. But you won't be able to keep up with this old man's experience."

A fierce wind rushed towards me.

Baek Un-han opened his mouth.

-This sword form is called Snow Wind."

Not only the cold wind of the north, but all the wind and cold air circling the surroundings were swirling into Baek Un-han's sword.

-Martial artists called this Perishing Snow. Come.

The legacy left by the Snow Wind Sword Venerable.

Three hundred years ago.

Baek Un-han's unique sword method, revered as the Martial God.

I rushed towards the Snow Wind Sword.

Chapter 13 : Chapter 13

Chapter 013 : Disciple

Snow Wind Sword Venerable, Baek Un-han stared at me with an intrigued expression.

‘It is the first time a guy counters the Snow Wind Sword like this in the North Sea.’

I blocked Baek Un-han's Snow Wind Sword by creating flames.

The snow storm was melting away against the endlessly soaring flames.

-Quite impressive. But just how long can you hold out?

This is the North Sea.

The North Sea is a place full of Yin energy and cold energy, and among them, the cavern beneath the Heavenly Ceiling Cliff is a place where Yin energy and cold energy are even denser.

Whether I would consume all the Extreme Yang Qi first, or Baek Un-han's snow storm would stop first.

The answer was determined.

“To think it is a martial art that even handles nature.”

The more I blocked Baek Un-han's sword strikes, the more my momentum visibly decreased.

The speed at which the Extreme Yang Qi was being depleted was too fast.

At this rate, I would become exhausted in no time.

I had to settle the outcome with a swift battle before that.

My eyes began to analyze Baek Un-han.

‘Your eyes have become better.’

It would have been better if a direct descendant of the Ice Palace had come here.

But just the fact that I possessed the Extreme Yin Body made Baek Un-han like me.

He received the promise.

He already felt that I was a man who would not go back on his word.

Therefore.

-Look, this sword is the blizzard to which this old man dedicated his entire life.

The sword that allowed the Snow Wind Sword Venerable to be revered as a Martial God, the Sword Venerable wished for me to feel the Snow Wind Sword entirely.

Whirrr-

The blizzard became a squall and began to wrap around me.

Every single snow crystal is a sharp blade.

The moment I get cut by those crystals, my whole body will be torn apart.

‘I have to find it.’

Didn't they say one lives even if bitten by a tiger as long as one stays alert?

Whoosh.

Flames bloomed again and fought against the blizzard.

The moment the Extreme Yin Qi and the Extreme Cold Qi collided.

Why did the Yin-Yang Unification with Seol Ye-rin come to mind?

‘Severe cold is eventually the same as severe heat.’

If the Snow Wind Sword Venerable did it, I can do it too.

I watched the trajectory of the sword unfolded by the Snow Wind Sword and copied it exactly.

Baek Un-han's sword forms and sword techniques caught in my vision were being recreated in my hands.

If there was something different, it was that it was a Flame Wind, not a Snow Wind.

“Fire Art Sword Second Form, Flame Wind.”

The wind of flames crushed in toward the blizzard.

Boom!

Rumble!

The cavern began to vibrate at the collision of the Snow Wind and the Flame Wind.

-You... copied that?

The Sword Venerable muttered, trying his best not to show his surprise.

The moment the blizzard was about to fade away due to the massive storm of flames.

-Quite impressive.

Flash-

As if the blizzard had never existed from the start, it vanished.

The Sword Venerable had made the Snow Wind disappear in an instant.

“Phew... Did I pass?”

-Kulkul, I did not know you would copy the Snow Wind.

“Thanks to you, I learned something good.”

It was then.

Twinkle-

As the skeleton trapped in the ice block melted down.

The spiritual sword stuck behind it revealed its appearance.

“That is...”

-It is Extreme Snow.

Divine Sword.

Just by looking at it, the brilliantly shining figure looked like a divine object.

“This is...”

-Looking at it, you do not seem to have a proper sword, so carry it around. Since it is a sword from over three hundred years ago, there will be no one who recognizes it.

That... I'm sorry, but its appearance is exceptional.

I could not say that.

Because I coveted it.

‘I was just in need of a good sword to rival Hyeokryeon Geuk's Heavenly Demon Sword.’

It worked out well.

I grabbed the sword stuck in the ground according to the Sword Venerable's words.

“I will use it well.”

-There is no need to be so thankful. Since we will be traveling together from now on.

“Yes?”

Whoosh!

-The seal of the Ice Crystal has been released after three hundred years. I must get some fresh air.

I made a troubled expression.

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“One hour has passed... there is no contact.”

“Shouldn't we go down and check?”

At Wi Ji-yeong and Baek Mu-yong's words, Eun Bin made a serious expression.

“Let's wait a little longer. You guys are the ones who know best that he is not someone who would die so easily.”

“That is true, but...”

“If something goes wrong with the Captain, the Young Palace Head is in danger.”

Baek Mu-yong was aware of the seriousness of the situation best.

The reason they brought me was to save the North Sea Ice Palace's Young Palace Head, Seol Ye-rin.

And that choice hit the mark properly.

As Seol Ye-rin recovered her vitality, vigor began to circulate in the Ice Palace as well.

In this situation, if something happened to me.

“The Ice Palace will freeze over again.”

“Ugh.”

Eun Bin looked down the Heavenly Ceiling Cliff.

No matter how confident one was in movement arts, it is impossible to go down such a cliff with movement arts.

...Maybe if there was a rope.

“If you are that worried, go get a rope or something.”

His inner thoughts popped out of his mouth.

“I will go get it!”

Seeing Wi Ji-yeong disappear in a hurry, Eun Bin frowned.

“Where in the world is a Captain who makes his subordinates worry like this.”

“Is that a compliment or an insult?”

“Captain?! Lady Wi Ji! Please return!”

Baek Mu-yong heard my voice first and shouted at the top of his lungs.

It seemed it was to convey this news to Wi Ji-yeong.

“You're loud, Squad Leader Baek. You can just call Ji-yeong back yourself.”

“Understood!”

I came back up the cliff through movement arts.

“Why that expression?”

Eun Bin was looking at me with a very disapproving expression.

“...Nothing. More than that, was there a harvest down below?”

A harvest.

“Would there be, or wouldn't there be?”

-Kulkul, who is this bald head?

I sighed seeing the Sword Venerable floating next to Eun Bin.

As it turned out, the Sword Venerable was not trapped in the ice block.

Before reaching death, he had pushed his spirit into the sword.

In other words, carrying the Extreme Snow meant I could take the Sword Venerable around in normal times too.

“Young Master!”

While I was sharing a reunion with Eun Bin, Baek Mu-yong brought Wi Ji-yeong back.

“Why do you worry about people like this!”

“You worried?”

“Of course!”

Wi Ji-yeong was almost on the verge of tears.

“If I get separated from the Young Master in this remote North Sea, I don't know what I should live for in the future...”

“You didn't worry about what to do if you can't receive the monthly salary I give you?”

“Ah, was I caught?”

Wi Ji-yeong, who grinned, pointed at my waist as if asking where her worry from just now went.

“It is a sword I haven't seen before!”

As expected, Wi Ji-yeong had a sharp eye.

“I picked it up from below.”

“The wind was soaring tremendously above the cliff, did something happen below?”

I thought about telling the Small Snow Squad the story of what happened below the Heavenly Ceiling Cliff, but I glanced at the Snow Wind Sword Venerable.

Would they believe it if I said a Martial God from three hundred years ago is hovering beside you right now?

“It took a long time to go down to the very bottom. It was a waste of time. There was nothing like a Martial God's tomb.”

“Is that so?”

“Yeah, let's go back for now. A lot of time has passed, right?”

“One hour has elapsed.”

At Baek Mu-yong's words, I nodded.

“Since the Young Palace Head told me to return quickly, I should return as quickly as possible.”

Today, the search for the Martial God's tomb ended with this.

However.

-Hoho, the energy of the Ice Crystal is felt from the east, west, and south.

At the Sword Venerable's words, I came to think that I could find the other Martial Gods of the North Sea soon as well.

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Upon returning to the Ice Palace, Seol Ye-rin came to find me.

Pause.

Seol Ye-rin entered my room and looked around.

“...Why is Yin energy felt here?”

Seol Ye-rin was sharp.

At that gaze, I held out the Extreme Snow.

“It is because of this.”

-Oh, this child is your partner!

The Sword Venerable, who popped out through the Extreme Snow, examined Seol Ye-rin's appearance with an interesting expression.

-She is a beauty capable of toppling a nation.

“This sword is...”

“It is the sword of the Snow Wind Sword Venerable, who was a Martial God of the North Sea three hundred years ago.”

“Yes?”

“The Martial God's tomb actually existed.”

Seol Ye-rin looked at me with a flustered expression.

It is a story that has been dismissed as only a legend until now.

It was difficult for Seol Ye-rin to easily believe my words that I found the legacy of the North Sea Martial Gods which even the direct bloodline of the Ice Palace could not find.

However.

Voom-

The chill felt from the sword was telling the story.

“Extreme Yin Qi...”

If it were a normal person, they would have frozen the instant they touched this sword.

Because I possess the Extreme Yang Qi, I can touch this sword.

The moment Seol Ye-rin caressed the Extreme Snow.

-Descendant, nice to meet you.

Startle.

Even in Seol Ye-rin's eyes, the Snow Wind Sword Venerable, Baek Un-han, began to appear.

“G-Ghost...”

Seol Ye-rin's eyes rolled back.

“Lady Seol!”

I held the collapsing Seol Ye-rin.

Watching that sight, Baek Un-han muttered with a troubled expression.

-Ahem, I only said hello.

To think Seol Ye-rin would be afraid of ghosts.

Even I did not anticipate this.

“What is going on!”

It seems the sound of me calling Seol Ye-rin was heard outside too.

With a bang, the door opened.

A person I saw for the first time, dressed in a blue martial arts uniform, entered the room.

“Elder, you cannot do this.”

At the words of Baek Mu-yong who was guarding outside the room.

“Are you blocking my path right now? This Gwak Tae-san?”

The Elder from the Snow Tiger Squad, Gwak Tae-san, expressed his anger.

“It is fine.”

When Baek Mu-yong stepped back at my words, the appearance inside the room was revealed.

The collapsed Seol Ye-rin, and the appearance of me holding such Seol Ye-rin.

“How dare you! What are you doing to the Young Palace Head in broad daylight!”

-Kulkul, he is a crazy guy.

At the Sword Venerable's words, I sighed.

I know it is a scene that can be misunderstood, but the opponent was picking a fight from the moment he first entered this room.

The problem was the word ‘Elder’ I heard from Baek Mu-yong just a moment ago.

-Who is this person?

-He is the former Captain of the Snow Tiger Squad, Elder Gwak Tae-san.

I, having confirmed the opponent's identity by sending telepathy to Baek Mu-yong, laid Seol Ye-rin on the bed carefully and then clasped my hands.

“I am Hyeokryeon Yeom. I greet Elder Gwak Tae-san.”

As the live-in son-in-law of the North Sea Ice Palace.

As the person who would become Seol Ye-rin's partner.

Because I thought there was a need to show a polite appearance to the superiors of the Ice Palace.

“What freezing clasped hands greeting is that. I clearly saw everything you were trying to do to the Young Palace Head just now. I will tell the Palace Lord, so follow me out right now!”

At the sight of Elder Gwak Tae-san shouting at our first meeting.

-What is the relationship between Elder Gwak Tae-san and Lady Seol?

I threw a question to Baek Mu-yong again.

-They have never met. It seems he came upon the news that the Young Palace Head recovered.

Ah, is that so?

Then the story changes.

“Elder, have you not heard from my father-in-law yet? We are in a relationship promising the future. The scene you saw just now is clearly a misunderstanding, but even if I tried to have intercourse with Lady Seol in broad daylight, that is not a crime, is it?”

“W-What!”

“If not that, did you come to pick a fight because you, Elder, like other North Sea people, do not like me who appeared suddenly?”

“L-Look at the way he talks to an adult!”

An adult must act like an adult to be an adult.

“I clearly told you just a moment ago? I am the person who will marry Lady Seol. May I ask why you are interfering in the matters of us two like this?”

Elder Gwak Tae-san looked at me with a dumbfounded expression.

“What? Interfering?”

“Do I have to receive permission from you, Elder, even to share marital affection?”

Ugh.

When it seemed he could not win against me with words.

“Look at the attitude of a young fellow talking to an adult.”

“Elder. I am the person who will marry Lady Seol.”

If I become the Ice Palace Lord's live-in son-in-law, it is the same as rising to a higher position than an Elder.

“What? Are you threatening me now?”

It was not Gwak Tae-san who would not notice the meaning contained in my words.

“I only informed you of my position once again.”

“Isn't that a threat?”

“Hmm, it seems the Elder wants to talk to me without considering status or rank... In this case, there is a method frequently used in my main family.”

“What is that?”

“Stripping off ranks and having a bout, then obeying the winner's words.”

My eyes narrowed.

“How about it, will you accept?”

It seemed even the Elders of the North Sea Ice Palace were stepping forward to sanction me.

I was not the type of personality to just sit and watch that.

Chapter 14 : Chapter 14

Chapter 014 : Assignment

Elder Gwak Tae-san stared at me, the scoundrel of the Demonic Cult scheduled to become the live-in son-in-law of the North Sea Ice Palace.

'Talking back like a true scoundrel.'

To think a mere scoundrel dared to throw down a gauntlet to him.

Even if I had the Extreme Yang Body, I was a guy who had barely reached the age of twenty.

With what confidence was such a guy challenging him?

He thought he needed to show me the bitter taste of the North Sea.

"I don't know what you're trusting to blabber like that, but come at me. Let's remove our ranks and have a go!"

"You definitely agreed to remove ranks?"

A thick smile hung on my lips.

-Hoho, the descendants have grown up without manners.

If it were before meeting the Sword Venerable, I wouldn't have thrown such a gamble.

No matter how outstanding my martial arts were.

They wouldn't be superior to an Elder of the Ice Palace.

However.

'It's a different story with the Sword Venerable.'

I drew the Extreme Snow.

-Do you remember the sword forms of the Snow Wind Sword?

The soul of the Sword Venerable asked while floating in the air.

As long as I was with the Extreme Snow, the Sword Venerable was always with me too.

'I can't show the Sword Venerable's sword here.'

Whoosh!

Flames soared up.

The Fire Art Sword flew toward Gwak Tae-san.

"I already know you use fire!"

Gwak Tae-san pulled out short spears from his waist.

Soon, several short spears combined to become a long spear.

"Snow Wind Spear Art Second Form, Strong Wind Snow Explosion."

Whirrr!

As Elder Gwak Tae-san spun the spear, a tremendous snow wind arose.

The flames were blocked by the snow wind.

"Is a senior not even going to yield three moves to a junior?"

"Where is the senior and junior when we removed ranks!"

A smile was hanging on the lips of Gwak Tae-san who shouted that before anyone knew it.

I raised the Extreme Yang Qi again to counter him and swung the sword.

Flame wind began to blow against the snow wind.

'He was an Elder who liked dueling.'

At first, he seemed to have come to establish discipline, but the more we exchanged moves, the more visible it was that Elder Gwak Tae-san was enjoying himself.

It was like the feeling of unfolding martial arts after a long time.

-It's the distance. If you can pierce through that long spear and dig inside, it is your victory.

I knew even without the Sword Venerable telling me.

Thinking about it now, I possess various talents.

The batting eye and patience cultivated while playing baseball in my first life.

A batter needs the patience to wait until the ball enters the strike zone.

The prediction ability I could obtain because I always conducted research through imagination as I couldn't handle mana in my second life.

The observational skill to observe how the opponent would move was also one of the talents I possessed.

The spear shoots forward.

'Wait.'

Not yet, not yet.

Swish!

Having dodged Elder Gwak Tae-san's spear strike by a hair's breadth, I dug into Elder Gwak Tae-san's embrace following the retrieving spear shaft.

"How dare you!"

Elder Gwak Tae-san is not someone who wouldn't have predicted this.

Clang!

In an instant, the long spear separated and the short spears wrapped around me like chains.

'I predicted it.'

From the moment he made a long spear with short spears at first, I predicted he might operate the spear in this manner.

-I will borrow this for a bit.

I put Extreme Yang Qi into the sword form of the Snow Wind Sword Venerable, Baek Un-han.

"Flame Wind Explosive Flash."

The flames that bloomed from the Extreme Snow soared into the sky like a storm.

"What?!"

The moment the short spears soared into the sky!

Swish!

The Extreme Snow stopped right at Elder Gwak Tae-san's Adam's apple.

"If this was Our Cult... you would be dead, Elder."

***

Gulp-

Elder Gwak Tae-san couldn't move.

It was because it felt like that blazing red sword would pounce on him if he moved even a little.

It was then.

"Third Young Master?"

The voice of the Ice Palace's Young Palace Head, Seol Ye-rin, was heard.

I retrieved the sword.

"With this, I hope you won't interfere in the matters of us two, Elder Gwak Tae-San. I would appreciate it if you conveyed my thoughts to the Council of Elders as well."

Since I won in a bout where we removed ranks, Gwak Tae-san had no choice but to listen to my words.

"...What is this situation right now? Did the Elder persecute the Third Young Master?"

Flinch-

A cold chill began to cover Gwak Tae-san.

It might be different for others, but the weight of the Young Palace Head's single word was different.

Because there was no one in the Ice Palace who didn't know the Palace Lord was a daughter-fool.

"He just came to find me because he was curious. Since he said he would convey good stories about me to the Council of Elders, you don't have to worry too much."

"Ah, is that so? Then the duel just now..."

"The Elder gave me a teaching."

"Ah, yes, that is correct."

At my words, the chill disappeared as if washed away.

Gwak Tae-san looked back for a moment at me, who made the Young Palace Head smile with a single word, then turned around and disappeared.

"Did you use honorifics because it was in front of the Elder?"

As soon as Elder Gwak Tae-san disappeared, Seol Ye-rin asked as if fascinated.

"Well, yes. Since I need to care about my reputation here and there to be acknowledged as a live-in son-in-law."

"Hmm, that's unexpected."

"What is?"

"I thought the Third Young Master wouldn't care about such things."

I looked back at Seol Ye-rin.

There was something that had been bothering me since earlier.

"You called me Gaga confidently in front of my father-in-law, but have you decided to call me Third Young Master again?"

"T-That is!"

At the sight of Seol Ye-rin's face turning red, I smirked.

"Well, we can improve the title gradually, but are you okay right now?"

It was about the Sword Venerable.

At my words, Seol Ye-rin asked me carefully.

"I-Is he still nearby?"

-Kukuku, to be afraid of me while possessing such energy in her body. A descendant with a weak gall.

I couldn't possibly say that the Sword Venerable was chattering right next to Seol Ye-rin.

I grabbed Seol Ye-rin's wrist to deliberately change the topic.

"Ah!"

"In that time, it seems a lot of Yang energy has been depleted again."

"Eh?"

"Since I have to go outside the Ice Palace to sweep the horse bandits, I think there is a need to replenish some Yang energy before that?"

At my remark, Seol Ye-rin began to panic, flustering about.

"I-I think it is still sufficient!"

Clatter clatter!

Watching Seol Ye-rin dash back to her room, I turned around.

It was because Baek Mu-yong, who was waiting in front of the accommodation as if monitoring me, was staring at me with eyes saying he saw an unbelievable scene.

"Don't look like that and tell the Vice Captain and Ji-yeong to prepare to go out tomorrow too."

"Where do you intend to go again?"

"I have to handle the horse bandits who attacked the Ice Palace and return."

I hadn't solved the assignment the Palace Lord gave me yet.

Since I confirmed the horse bandits had the guts to attack the Ice Palace.

It was my turn to return the favor this time.

"...Just the four of us?"

"It's enough."

To the horse bandits living in the grasslands, I would be no different from a disaster.

"I just have to burn them all."

***

"General Manager."

North Sea Ice Palace, General Manager's Office.

General Manager Seol Su-hyeok looked back at the subordinate who visited late at night.

"What is the matter?"

"Just a while ago, it is said that Elder Gwak Tae-san of the Council of Elders and Young Master Hyeokryeon had a duel at the Young Palace Head's Hall."

"A duel? Who won?"

He was thinking the Elders would step up, but they moved faster than expected.

If it's Elder Gwak Tae-san, he is a martial artist who achieved complete mastery with the spear in the North Sea.

If such a person moved, no matter if it's Hyeokryeon Yeom...

"They say Young Master Hyeokryeon won."

"What?"

When he heard he subdued Eun Bin, he thought he was quite capable, but.

He didn't know he was Elder-class.

"Did he have an enlightenment or something while treating the Young Palace Head?"

He did feel that something seemed to have changed after Hyeokryeon Yeom, who was full of hot Yang energy all over his body, treated the Young Palace Head.

If the two people complemented each other the more they were together.

'The Palace Lord's choice might have been excellent.'

Seol Su-hyeok asked the subordinate.

"The condition of Elder Gwak?"

"They say both were not injured."

"Really?"

It is a strange thing.

Considering Elder Gwak's martial arts handling the spear, the duel should have ended only when someone was definitely injured.

"And after that?"

"Perhaps because the Young Palace Head mediated, Elder Gwak Tae-san returned to the Council of Elders, and Young Master Hyeokryeon seems to intend to go outside the Ice Palace again tomorrow."

"He said he went to the north today, right?"

"Yes, that is correct."

It is a mystery why he went to the north when sweeping horse bandits.

"I wonder when he intends to do the horse bandit sweep?"

"For now, the personnel of the Small Snow Squad is only four including the maid Young Master Hyeokryeon brought."

He wouldn't be able to move to sweep horse bandits with only four.

"Should I replenish more personnel?"

The Ice Palace Lord didn't say it, but he viewed Hyeokryeon Yeom, who treated the Young Palace Head, very favorably.

Perhaps, even if he didn't know for sure, the order to sweep the horse bandits was likely an order given in anticipation that his position in the North Sea would rise if Hyeokryeon Yeom really swept the horse bandits.

'Since he needs some achievements to be acknowledged as a live-in son-in-law.'

There were still many forces in the North Sea just watching Hyeokryeon Yeom's movements.

"I hope friction doesn't arise with the Snow Tiger Squad due to this matter."

"Um... General Manager. How about this method?"

"What method?"

"Sending the problem children of the Snow Tiger Squad to Young Master Hyeokryeon."

The Snow Tiger Squad was a squad with many problems.

The Captain, Danmok Ho, only took care of his own people and ostracized those unnecessary to the group.

People called those guys ostracized like that, the problem children of the Snow Tiger Squad.

"Do you think Hyeokryeon Yeom can bring those guys to heel?"

"I do not know. But if he does bring them to heel, we solve the Snow Tiger Squad's problem, and replenish the Small Snow Squad's manpower, so wouldn't it be killing two birds with one stone? And Vice Captain Eun Bin or Squad Leader Baek of the Small Snow Squad also need guys to command, don't they?"

Certainly, the subordinate's words were right.

"Tomorrow morning. Before Young Master Hyeokryeon leaves, convey this story to Captain Danmok and Young Master Hyeokryeon."

"Yes, General Manager!"

Watching the adjutant running out hurriedly, General Manager Seol Su-hyeok realized once again the necessity of a capable adjutant who would become his hands and feet.

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The next day.

Baek Mu-yong looked back at me, the Captain of the Snow Tiger Squad, Danmok Ho, and Elder Gwak Tae-san with an expression of not knowing what the situation was.

"Squad Leader Baek. Just what happened yesterday?"

Beside him, Eun Bin was also asking Baek Mu-yong as if it was difficult to understand this situation.

"Weren't we departing early in the morning?"

Even Wi Ji-yeong, who packed a bundle full as if she even packed meals, added a word.

Furthermore,

"What is this situation right now?"

A situation where even the Young Palace Head, Seol Ye-rin, appeared with an expression that she would definitely follow along today.

In the midst of confusion.

"So, you mean the members of the Snow Tiger Squad were transferred to the Small Snow Squad from above?"

"It is the General Manager's order."

Danmok Ho spoke while looking at Gwak Tae-san's reaction.

Showing an attitude different from usual seemed to be because of Gwak Tae-san.

"Captain Danmok is a concerned party so let's leave it at that, but for what matter did the Elder come?"

"Whether an old man in the back room goes somewhere or not is my freedom."

"...It sounds like you mean to follow me right now?"

"Why is that not allowed?"

Did this old man eat something wrong?

-Kuhaha! I remembered. That guy is a descendant of the Gwak clan.

At that moment, the Sword Venerable's laughter was heard.

'Who is the Gwak clan?'

-A guy who kept acting up saying the spear is superior to the sword. So I smashed him once, and he was a guy who chased me around acting annoyingly after that and he looks just like that guy.

No, you are a person from three hundred years ago, aren't you?

I looked at Gwak Tae-san again.

If he survived in the Ice Palace with just a spear for three hundred years, that was impressive in its own way.

"It seems we keep sidetracking. So are you going to accept it or not?"

"What happens if I don't accept?"

"Well, since they were stripped of their Snow Tiger Squad status, they would be kicked out of the Ice Palace."

In a situation where his own subordinates might be kicked out of the Ice Palace, I felt strange at Danmok Ho's nonchalant appearance.

"It seems Captain Danmok doesn't care much?"

"Words like that won't come out when you meet those guys."

"...?"

Replenishing troops was something to welcome from my standpoint.

"Vice Captain, Squad Leader Baek. What do you think?"

Eun Bin and Baek Mu-yong contemplated for a moment at my question.

The two people roughly guessed who the members to be assigned from the Snow Tiger Squad to the Small Snow Squad were.

For a moment, the two people's gazes entangled with each other.

"I approve!!"

It's decided.

"They say so. Where are they, those people?"

The accommodation of the Snow Tiger Squad arrived under Danmok Ho's guidance.

"Assignment... has been issued?"

I could meet a dangerous-looking man holding a kitchen knife.

Chapter 15 : Chapter 15

Chapter 015 : Tae Un-seo

The name of the dangerous-looking man holding a kitchen knife was Tae Un-seo.

"Nice to meet you. I am the Small Snow Squad Captain, Hyeokryeon Yeom."

Tae Un-seo glanced sideways at me.

"You do not seem to be a martial artist of the North Sea."

"Correct. I entered the Ice Palace from the Demonic Cult a while ago."

"Do they accept guys from the Demonic Cult these days too?"

"Ahem! If I may speak about Young Master Hyeokryeon, he is the person who will become the spouse of the Young Palace Head!"

Wi Ji-yeong stepped forward.

"...He had a backer."

He was ignored right away.

"Tae Un-seo."

"Did the Captain abandon me too?"

"....."

Abandoned?

I tilted my head, seeing Danmok Ho not answering Tae Un-seo's words.

It was unlike the Captain of the Snow Tiger Squad.

"I am not abandoning you."

"Yes, yes. If the higher-ups issue an assignment, I must go."

Saying that, Tae Un-seo's gaze turned toward me.

"But you see, I don't want to take just anyone as my Captain."

Tae Un-seo picked up his knife.

The problem was.

"A kitchen knife?"

The knife Tae Un-seo held was a kitchen knife.

"None of your business what weapon I hold. If you're a Captain, let's settle this with a blade like a Captain."

"You mean show an appearance worthy of a Captain?"

"Something like that."

"But you see. I also don't just pick anyone as a squad member, you see?"

I also placed my hand on my sword hilt.

I don't need weak guys no matter how short-handed I am.

To sweep horse bandits and move as a detached unit, I needed martial artists who could match a hundred.

"You said you're from the Demonic Cult; I like that you're hot-tempered."

Swish!

Tae Un-seo swung his sword without hesitation.

Before anyone could stop him, Tae Un-seo rushed at me.

Flare!

"Ugh!"

However, the guy's knife strike couldn't pierce the flames protecting me.

"Flames against a kitchen knife; you would be better suited to cooking than slicing people."

I swung the Fire Art Sword.

As flames soared, the fire transferred onto Tae Un-seo's kitchen knife.

Drip!

And the kitchen knife that caught fire melted down just like that.

"What!"

"If a swordsman loses his sword."

Thwack-!

Defeat was a direct result.

Bang!

As I struck his face with the flat of the sword and sent him flying, Tae Un-seo crashed into the wall far away.

"...That was harsh."

"Consider yourself lucky I didn't kill you."

Even while saying that to the Captain of the Snow Tiger Squad, Danmok Ho.

'He's quite good.'

At the last moment, he minimized the impact by jerking his head to the side.

At a glance, it looked like he was hit properly and flew away, but.

He flew away himself through the recoil of the force.

"So, the decision?"

"I will take him."

Just by taking the strike a moment ago with recoil, Tae Un-seo was a guy worth raising.

"Since he is from the Snow Tiger Squad, please take care of him."

Elder Gwak Tae-san was picking up Tae Un-seo and handing him to me with a pleased expression.

"Squad Leader Baek. Carry him."

Seeing Baek Mu-yong piggybacking on Tae Un-seo who had his eyes closed, I turned my back without lingering attachment.

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Seol Ye-rin opened her eyes quietly.

She could feel the Yin energy starting to spread slowly.

No matter how much she thought about it, she couldn't just stay still here like this.

"As expected, I want to go out."

Because she is the Young Palace Head of the Ice Palace, she might become a target for the horse bandits?

She didn't care about such things.

If she couldn't feel Hyeokryeon Yeom's warmth right now, Seol Ye-rin was in a situation where she would return to how she was before.

'I don't want to go back to that time again.'

The Palace Lord would understand too.

Once she made up her mind, the action followed immediately.

Just as she was about to move to go find Hyeokryeon Yeom.

"So you were in a place like this."

"Third Young Master?"

"Let's go."

"Pardon?"

"I think I will need the Young Palace Head's help."

I held Seol Ye-rin's hand and started to move.

"W-Where are we going?"

"We will move to sweep the horse bandits."

Coming outside, we could see Wi Ji-yeong, Eun Bin and Baek Mu-yong carrying someone on his shoulder.

"This person is..."

"I know you're awake, so come down."

"Pardon?"

The moment Baek Mu-yong turned to the side to look at Tae Un-seo's face.

Hop!

Tae Un-seo jumped down lightly from Baek Mu-yong's shoulder.

"I was caught. Since when did you know?"

"From the beginning."

"If only you didn't make my knife unusable, you're a Captain with quite quick wits."

"I can get you plenty of kitchen knives like that."

"...Will you let me cook too?"

At the word cooking, Wi Ji-yeong's ears perked up.

"Warrior Tae, do you know how to cook too?!"

"Who are you?"

"I am Young Master Hyeokryeon Yeom's maid, Wi Ji-yeong. Shall I pack ingredients?"

When Tae Un-seo looked back at me with an expression asking why a maid was here,

"Ji-yeong is your senior so you should listen well to her words."

"Senior?"

"Ingredients, shall I pack them or not!"

"Are we going outside the Palace? If so, it would be good if you packed them."

"Understood! Young Master, I will go pack some ingredients!"

Since we were moving to sweep horse bandits, we might have to go quite far.

Since we might have to camp out, it seemed Wi Ji-yeong intended to prepare in advance.

"Tae Un-seo. Go with her."

"...Is that allowed?"

"If you have greed for cooking, you should choose the ingredients yourself."

Tae Un-seo followed behind Wi Ji-yeong silently.

"Who is he?"

"He is a new member."

The answer flowed out from Eun Bin.

"If you have information you know about Tae Un-seo, will you tell me?"

At my question, Eun Bin opened his mouth.

"That guy, even if he looks like that, is a former chef."

"Chef?"

"Why is the Snow Tiger Squad keeping a chef?"

"...Since the Captain melted the kitchen knife, you couldn't see it, but that guy. He uses the knife really well."

When I made an expression asking if it wasn't natural for a chef to use a knife well,

Baek Mu-yong added.

"Cooking... it would be better not to expect anything. He is a guy assigned to the Snow Tiger Squad because he is better at slicing people."

"He slices people better than ingredients?"

"Yes."

I became curious anew about what taste Tae Un-seo's cooking would have.

"By the way, is the Young Palace Head also joining this expedition?"

Eun Bin glanced at Seol Ye-rin.

"We plan to move together."

"Permission from the Palace Lord..."

"It's better than the Young Palace Head freezing up again because I left on an expedition, so it will be fine."

Pause.

Eun Bin nodded at my words.

Eun Bin couldn't bear the Young Palace Head going wrong.

"Does the talk about sweeping horse bandits mean you intend to go down to the south this time?"

Baek Mu-yong asked.

"Do horse bandit groups exist in the west or east too?"

"That is not the case."

"Then we have to go to the south."

-Horse bandit groups, you say?

The Sword Venerable, who had been staying still until now, opened his mouth.

'In the present, three hundred years later, there are really many people coveting the Ice Palace.'

It's not just the horse bandits.

Later, the Demonic Cult will aim for the Ice Palace and invade.

Although the Ice Palace exists in the North Sea known to be barren, just as they survived in this harsh North Sea, there were quite a lot of people aiming for the Ice Palace eyeing for an opportunity.

-Kukuku, the descendants must have become very weak. To dare covet the North Sea.

He was speaking with a laugh, but the Sword Venerable's face was full of wrath.

"Third Young Master."

When Yin energy was felt from the direction where the Sword Venerable was, Seol Ye-rin approached me.

Because it was warm near me.

Then, I held Seol Ye-rin's hand.

Coldness was felt.

As I transferred Yang energy through the held hands, Seol Ye-rin's hand began to become warm.

"Are you okay?"

"Ah, yes. Thank you."

'Don't be too angry. I will handle the horse bandits.'

Why?

Because I need to receive acknowledgement from the Ice Palace Lord.

And because I need to survive.

"Young Master!"

Just when I was strengthening my resolve.

Wi Ji-yeong returned with Tae Un-seo.

Strangely, Tae Un-seo's complexion seemed to have brightened.

"Ji-yeong, did something happen?"

"Ah! They say even the Ten Thousand Great Mountains are best viewed after a meal! He said let's cook and eat on the spot before leaving, so Warrior Tae said he would cook himself!"

At those words, we all stared at Tae Un-seo who was holding a kitchen knife and making something like a smile.

"Okay... try making it."

Seeing Tae Un-seo's face looking that happy.

We couldn't possibly spit out the words telling him not to cook.

***

Chop chop chop chop.

Tae Un-seo's movements starting to slice ingredients on the cutting board were not the skills of someone who encountered cooking just once or twice.

"His knife skills are like that but he can't cook?"

The kitchen knife's movements were consistent, and the ingredients began to be sliced consistently.

Wondering what on earth was the problem, I checked.

Splash!

'...Crazy.'

Just looking at it, a tremendous amount of salt is being poured in.

"What dish are you making?"

"In the North Sea, we usually eat Tanggaeng and dumplings for breakfast."

Tanggaeng.

So, it's soup.

In other words, the fact is Tae Un-seo cannot even cook something as simple as boiling soup.

It means he was put in the Snow Tiger Squad to slice people since he is that bad at cooking.

The problem was the guy's slightly raised corners of the mouth were telling a story.

Tae Un-seo was enjoying cooking.

"Here, it is served!"

Tanggaeng and dumplings were placed in six bowls.

The size of the dumplings was very consistent.

However.

"...It's hard."

"Munch munch. The dumplings are not much different from usual though?"

At Baek Mu-yong's words, I realized that all dumplings in the North Sea were hard like this.

"Oh my."

This was quite problematic.

Woom-

Since I discovered a problem, it is human nature to solve it.

Extreme Yang energy begins to warm the dumplings.

As the Yang energy began to rush into the point of burning the inside of the hard dumplings.

Sizzle-

The delicious smell of dumplings began to spread fragrantly.

"This smell..."

Seeing the dumplings emitting steaming vapor, Tae Un-seo hesitated.

I pulled off a piece of dumpling.

Seeing the piece falling off softly.

"H-How..."

"Originally, food tastes best when eaten warm."

Munch munch.

Whether the dumpling was heated well, it became easier to eat than a moment ago.

Now next is the turn to eat the Tanggaeng Tae Un-seo made.

I scooped the Tanggaeng with a spoon, and was about to put it in my mouth but hesitated.

"This wasn't boiled?"

"It was boiled."

Generally, soup tastes best when eaten warm.

It seems even boiled food cools down quickly because of the cold chill of the North Sea.

Hard dumplings in cold soup?

There was no way it could be delicious.

Woom-

Warmth begins to warm the bowl again.

Seeing the bubbling Tanggaeng, Tae Un-seo's eyes twinkled.

Slurp-

If eaten warm like this.

No matter how bad it tastes.

'Ugh-'

I almost vomited.

'Just what did he put in?'

Did he intend to poison me?

But poison isn't felt.

It just really tastes damn bad.

I mean the food.

I almost spit it out instantly.

Twinkle- Twinkle-

However, looking at those twinkling eyes of Tae Un-seo, I simply couldn't spit it out.

'Phew.'

Gulp-

Eventually, I swallowed the Tanggaeng down my esophagus.

I quickly put a dumpling in my mouth and started chewing.

"How is... the taste?"

At Seol Ye-rin's question, I handed the Tanggaeng and heated dumplings to Seol Ye-rin thinking I couldn't be the only one to suffer.

"It's delicious, Miss Seol should try it too."

Grin.

Thinking I couldn't die alone, I recommended the Tanggaeng to Seol Ye-rin.

At those words, Baek Mu-yong and Eun Bin opened their mouths wide.

Pretending not to know that appearance, I watched Seol Ye-rin dipping the dumpling in the Tanggaeng and putting it in her mouth.

I was curious about Seol Ye-rin's reaction after tasting the Tanggaeng.

"Oh! It's my first time eating such soft dumplings! The Tanggaeng is also decent?!”

'……?'

It's not the reaction I thought of?

The moment I thought that.

"T-Thank you. The two of you are the first people to say my cooking is delicious!! I will cook with my best for the two of you in the future! No, I will pledge my loyalty!"

Tae Un-seo began to shed tears with a moved expression.