

# MYST, MIGHT, MAYHEM

## Chapter 2: Opportunity (2)

The intruder couldn't hide his bewilderment.

Even those who had trained their internal energy would fall into a deep sleep when caught off guard by the sleeping incense.

Let alone ordinary people who hadn't learned martial arts; just a whiff of this sleeping incense would make them suddenly fall asleep.

However, something unexpected had happened.

While everyone in the government office's prison had fallen asleep, this fellow was wide awake.

'Who the hell is this kid?'

Just to be sure, the intruder placed his hand on the boy's abdomen.

And he tried injecting his internal energy.

If the boy had even the slightest amount of internal energy, there would be a rebound.

However,

'There's no rebound.'

The boy hadn't learned any internal energy at all.

Then, as he had heard from the government official during the day, he was indeed an ordinary person.

But why wasn't the sleeping incense working on the kid?

'...This fellow?'

Moreover, he wasn't afraid of this situation.

It was one thing to resist the sleeping incense, but a stranger had infiltrated the prison and immobilized him with acupuncture.

Yet, he was staring at the intruder with unwavering eyes.

As if observing him.

'He's different.'

He had heard that the boy was a death row inmate, but he was somehow different from other ordinary boys his age.

How should he put it? The boy gave off an unsettling feeling.

The intruder found himself pondering for a moment.

'I guess...'

Just then, someone's voice came from behind.

"Haven't you found him yet?"

Someone had walked into the prison from the back.

They were also wearing a mask, but their build wasn't very large.

No, their slender and slightly short stature indicated that they weren't a fully grown adult.

The intruder quietly spoke.

"Young Master, I asked you to wait outside and keep watch..."

"Is that him?"

Before the intruder could finish speaking, the masked youngster pointed with his finger and asked.

It was the disheveled prisoner boy immobilized by acupuncture.

The intruder nodded.

“Yes, it is.”

“I can’t see his face clearly. Guard Gam, lift his hair.”

It seemed he wanted to check the boy’s face.

At those words, the intruder hesitated briefly before lifting the hair of the immobilized prisoner boy.

Then, a gasp escaped the masked youngster’s mouth.

“Ah...”

The masked youngster couldn’t hide his genuine astonishment.

The disheveled prisoner boy couldn’t understand why they were reacting this way.

Why were they showing such a reaction, including the intruder who had immobilized him like this?

At that moment, the masked youngster removed his mask.

'!?'

The boy's eyes trembled.

The face of the youngster behind the mask.

It was as if he was looking into a mirror; the face resembled his own.

He was astounded to the point of disbelief at the resemblance, as if they were twins.

From the way their hair was styled to the subtle differences in their faces, if they were dressed similarly, even those who had known them for a long time might have trouble distinguishing between them.

"Do we look alike?"

"...Almost identical."

"Truly... amazing."

“I was also shocked when I first saw this fellow.”

“I can see why.”

What were the chances of a complete stranger having such a similar face?

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say it was nearly impossible.

However, the prisoner boy and the unmasked youngster had nearly the same face.

After marveling at the resemblance for a while, the unmasked youngster approached the prisoner boy and said,

“You. You're a death row inmate, right?”

“...”

With even his mute acupoint sealed, there was no way he could answer.

The youngster gave the intruder a look.

Then, the intruder struck the prisoner boy's chest with his fingers.

Tap tap tap tap tap!

After finishing the acupuncture, the youngster said,

“Now you can answer. You’re a death row inmate, right?”

At that question, the prisoner boy remained still for a moment before replying,

“...That’s right.”

The youngster raised the corners of his mouth at the polite response.

“You seem to be well aware of your situation.”

After all, no matter how much of a death row inmate he was, he was just an ordinary person.

In front of martial artists, he was no different from a cat in front of a tiger. It would be strange if he didn’t act politely.

The youngster crossed his arms and spoke in an arrogant voice.

“I heard your execution is scheduled for the day after tomorrow, right?”

“That’s correct.”

“What would you do if you had a chance to live a little longer?”

“...I want to live.”

“Heh heh heh. Of course you would.”

The youngster couldn't hide his satisfaction.

A death row inmate with no other options wouldn't hesitate to grab onto his pants if offered a chance to live.

The youngster grinned and said,

“Such an opportunity doesn't come easily. You're quite a lucky fellow for a death row inmate.”

“...Are you giving me an opportunity?”

“That's right. A very big opportunity.”

“What is it?”

“Even if it's only for five days, it's not often that a bastard like you gets to live as Mok Gyeong-un, the third young master of the great Yeon Mok Sword Manor[1].”

'Yeon Mok Sword Manor?'

He had never heard of it before.

From what he heard, it seemed to be some large estate.

The boy didn't know much, but the Yeon Mok Sword Manor was an old and prestigious martial arts clan located in the northern part of Anhui Province.

There was no way for him to know this, but one thing was certain.

"You want me to be a stand-in?"

At the prisoner boy's question, the corners of Mok Gyeong-un's mouth curled up.

"You're not stupid. That's right. Why would I need a death row inmate like you? What I need is that face of yours."

There was only one reason he had sought out someone with the same face.

It was to have him act as a substitute.

"...Do I just need to be a stand-in?"

“It’s only for five days. Were you expecting some grand task? All you have to do is stay confined in the clan’s villa and pretend to be the real young master.”

“I see.”

“You get to enjoy life as the young master of a prestigious clan for five days, and in return, you get to keep your life. What a great opportunity, isn’t it?”

It was certainly true.

It made sense, but the boy wasn’t foolish.

In the first place, being a substitute meant taking on risks in place of the real person.

There must be hidden dangers lurking for sure.

‘A stand-in...’

However, he didn’t have any other opportunities.

He had been pondering how to escape the government office’s prison in the first place.

If he stayed put, he would be subjected to the cruel punishment of dismemberment.

There was no need to think twice.

“Please give me the opportunity.”

“Heh.”

Mok Gyeong-un chuckled and gestured.

Then, the masked intruder took out a small pouch from his bosom.

The boy, puzzled by this, asked,

“What is that?”

“Eat it.”

“...?”

He wondered what he meant, but the intruder took out a black pill from the pouch.

A foul smell wafted out, and anyone could tell it had nothing to do with medicine.

The intruder brought the pill to the boy's mouth.

The boy looked at it and asked,

"...Is it poison?"

At this, Mok Gyeong-un scoffed and said,

"Did you think I would trust a mere death row inmate like you just like that?"

"..."

"If you complete the substitution without any issues, I'll give you the antidote. Heh heh heh."

It meant he was going to eliminate any chance of the boy doing anything reckless from the very beginning.

The intruder pressed the poison pill against his lips and said,

"Open your mouth."

There was no choice.

Looking at the grinning Mok Gyeong-un, the boy slowly opened his mouth and accepted the poison pill.

As he watched the boy chew the pill, the intruder's eyes flickered with interest.

Normally, if someone knew it was poison, they would make a distressed face and show signs of suffering, but the boy was chewing and swallowing it without any reaction.

He wasn't just swallowing it whole either.

'He's indeed different.'

Although he had the same face as the young master, he was a vicious one.

That must be why he became a death row inmate after killing many people without even learning martial arts.

'It was a good decision to prepare the poison pill in advance.'

Now that he had made him take it, if the boy wanted to live, he wouldn't be able to do anything reckless like trying to escape.

The boy stopped chewing and opened his mouth wide.

"I swallowed it, Young Master."

It was confirmed that there was nothing left in his mouth.

The size of the poison pill was too large to hide inside his mouth if he had pretended to swallow it.

Once it was confirmed, Mok Gyeong-un ordered,

“Untie him now.”

“Understood.”

The intruder found the key from the key ring he had prepared and unlocked the wooden restraints binding the boy’s hands and feet.

‘Phew.’

As his limbs were freed, the boy felt like he could live.

The wooden restraints were actually made of metal on the inside, pressing down on his wrists and making them incredibly heavy.

The intruder approached the entrance of the prison and quietly said,

“I will lead the way. You, follow behind me. Young Master, please follow behind him.”

“Alright.”

Since the boy had taken the poison pill, he wouldn't be able to escape, but it was a precautionary measure.

If the intruder led the way and the young master watched from behind, how could the fellow escape?

Even if he was a death row inmate, he was no different from a child compared to those who had learned martial arts.

"Follow me."

Just as he was about to open the prison door and leave,

"You! Ugh!"

Thud! Thump!

Startled by the sound from behind, the intruder turned his head.

However, an unbelievable scene unfolded before his eyes.

Mok Gyeong-un was lying on the floor with a shocked expression, his neck completely twisted and turned around.

'!!!'

It had happened so suddenly that the intruder was momentarily at a loss for words.

To him, the boy nonchalantly said,

“What should we do about this? The death row inmate who was supposed to be the stand-in is dead.”