

## Mayhem 351

### Chapter 351 – Spiritual Sword Sanctuary (2)

Moyong Hak, the eldest son of the Moyong family, sighed as if frustrated and whispered to Jeong Myeong Sa-tae of the Hangshan Sect.

“Huu. This is quite troublesome. To think we still haven’t met the most likely suspect.”

“Amitabha. Patron Moyong. There are many eyes and ears here. We should refrain from speaking.”

Jeong Myeong Sa-tae put her hands together and quietly advised.

They were currently on the path leading to the rear garden of the guest hall in Sword Dance Courtyard, at the heart of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary.

Besides the craftsmen of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, there were many guests from the martial world here.

Even just those strolling in the rear garden numbered nearly thirty.

They all wore swords at their waists or on their backs, as they were both swordsmen and sword experts.

The gazes of these people towards Moyong Hak and the Righteous Alliance warriors were not particularly friendly.

The reason was simple.

“These are people who respect Master Ou. Don’t provoke them with careless words.”

“Ahem. I understand.”

At the guest hall manager's answer, the two decided to go to the Sword Discussion Hall.

In fact, most of the guests at Spiritual Sword Sanctuary stayed at the Sword Discussion Hall rather than the guest hall of Sword Dance Courtyard, except during meal times.

It was a place where they could discuss swords and where Master Ou's tests took place.

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, at the same time.

Southwest side of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary's estate.

A couple was wandering around not far from the manor's entrance.

They were Mok Gyeong-un and Ye Song-ah, the granddaughter of the Holy Fire Priestess.

Unlike Mok Gyeong-un, who was walking casually and peacefully, Ye Song-ah's eyes were constantly moving, scanning their surroundings.

'Is this really okay?'

She was inwardly extremely anxious and nervous.

This was because they had essentially trespassed into this place without permission.

Mok Gyeong-un, with his keen sense of qi, had identified a position with almost no people and jumped over the wall while carrying her.

‘Ugh. What if we get caught?’

Mok Gyeong-un was certain that the one who subdued and took away Ou Yeonwoo, who could be considered her lover, was either his brother or from the same school.

If his guess was correct, they certainly needed to enter this place.

However, she didn’t expect him to choose to sneak in like this.

[Is it really okay to sneak in like this?]

[Would you prefer we tell them we’ve come to find something called a sacred orb and enter?]

That wasn’t possible.

From what she had heard from Ou Yeonwoo, his brothers and most people at Spiritual Sword Sanctuary disliked the Fire Faith Order, considering it a heretical cult that deceived people.

So while she expected they would enter with hidden identities, this was too bold.

What if they encountered the craftsmen or warriors of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary?

Since they didn’t enter officially, they wouldn’t even have an excuse, right?

-Step step!

“Have you been here before?”

“No.”

“I should have asked that first.”

“Why do you say that?”

“It would have been easier to move alone.”

“.....”

Mok Gyeong-un was the type not to mince words when saying something wasn’t helpful.

Though she felt a bit hurt, constantly being treated like luggage when she wanted to be acknowledged, she tried her best not to show it.

“To the right.”

Mok Gyeong-un moved his steps as she indicated.

The strange thing was that when they moved where Mok Gyeong-un directed, they didn’t encounter anyone.

However, no matter how much they tried to avoid others, since the manor wasn’t as large as the imperial palace or the Heaven and Earth Society, they eventually couldn’t avoid encountering someone.

Ye Song-ah, very tense, said as she heard footsteps approaching from the opposite direction:

“Shouldn’t we go the other way?”

“No. We’ll have to ask someone anyway, so this is good timing.”

“What? Ask?”

Just then, someone appeared from the opposite direction.

He looked like a craftsman of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, a man with dark, tanned skin covered in burn marks.

While she was tense and stiff, in contrast:

-Step step!

The man approached where they were without any particular reaction, intending to pass by with a light bow.

‘Huh? Could it be?’

Does he think they’re guests?

Otherwise, there’s no way he would try to pass by so nonchalantly.

But then Mok Gyeong-un called out to him.

“Excuse me.”

‘!?’

At this, the craftsman stopped and turned his head.

Mok Gyeong-un said to him:

“Where should we go to see Master Ou’s youngest son?”

“.....You mean Young Master Yeonwoo?”

“Yes.”

“Why do you want to see Young Master Yeonwoo?”

The craftsman, who had shown no particular reaction until now, asked with furrowed brows.

At that moment, Ye Song-ah hurriedly interjected.

“We heard that unlike the other young masters, he’s young and handsome, but we haven’t been able to see him at all.”

“My goodness.”

At her words, the craftsman reacted as if it was such a trivial reason.

At this, she glanced at Mok Gyeong-un with a look that said, ‘Wasn’t that at least somewhat helpful?’

Of course, Mok Gyeong-un didn’t seem to care at all and didn’t even look at her.

Then the craftsman shook his head and said:

“I don’t know how long you guests will be staying, but it will be difficult to see the youngest young master for a while. So don’t get your hopes up.”

“What? Why is that?”

“That’s an internal matter of our manor, so I can’t tell you guests.”

“Ah.....”

As he flatly refused, she didn’t know what to do.

From the craftsman’s reaction, it was clear that something had happened, but there was no way they would willingly tell them about it.

“Then I’ll be on my way.”

The craftsman was about to continue on his way.

At that moment, Mok Gyeong-un called out to him.

“Our conversation isn’t over yet.”

“Why are you doing this again?”

The craftsman turned his head with a somewhat annoyed expression.

Then Mok Gyeong-un suddenly stretched his hand towards him.

-Sseuk!

The craftsman asked, bewildered:

“What are you doing.....”

-Tak!

Before he could finish speaking, Mok Gyeong-un lightly flicked his finger, and the craftsman’s expression became blank before his eyes glazed over.

Mok Gyeong-un smiled at him and said:

“Please tell us where the youngest young master is.”

“The... youngest... young master is imprisoned in the underground cell of Jiyul Hall.....”

‘!?’

At this answer, Ye Song-ah looked at Mok Gyeong-un with wide eyes.

What on earth did he do to make him answer so obediently?

\*\*\*

Inside Young Master Ou Woong-hwang’s room.

Someone was searching for something there, suppressing their presence.

It was none other than Ou Yeonwoo.

Why was he, who should have been locked in the underground cell of Jiyul Hall, searching a room without its owner?

It was to find the sacred orb of the Fire Faith Order.

‘Where on earth is it?’

Thanks to the wire he had hidden, he had managed to undo his restraints and escape from the cell.

But when he came to Ou Woong-hwang’s room to find the orb, he couldn’t find it despite searching everywhere from the study to the desk and bed.

Ou Woong-hwang disliked carrying cumbersome things, so he didn’t even wear accessories, let alone carry unnecessary items.

So he thought it would naturally be in the room, but he was perplexed.

‘Could it be?’

If, contrary to expectations, he was carrying it around, there was no way to retrieve it.

He would be furious just knowing that he had escaped from the cell, so what could he do?

As he was contemplating this:

-Creeeak!

‘Oh?’

At that moment, the closed door opened.

There wasn't even a presence approaching the door, so he had no time to hide anywhere.

The person who appeared as the door opened was:

"Haa. I told you to reflect, yet you were here?"

It was Young Master Ou Woong-hwang.

Ou Yeonwoo's expression froze as their eyes met.

Usually at this time, he would be at the Sword Discussion Hall, so this was a completely unexpected situation.

Ou Woong-hwang approached the flustered Ou Yeonwoo and said:

"I came to check if you were eating properly, but to think you came out like a rat and headed to my room. Ha!"

He had been furious when he went to the cell and found Ou Yeonwoo missing.

Then, remembering how Ou Yeonwoo had been particularly obsessed with that orb, he came to his room suppressing his presence, just in case.

And sure enough, he was searching the room like this.

"This won't end with just locking you up."

"Brother....."

“Even though we’re half-brothers, I didn’t want to be too harsh because we share the same blood, but you’ve brought all this upon yourself.”

-Jjirit jjirit!

Under Ou Woong-hwang’s tremendous aura, Ou Yeonwoo’s skin stung.

Ou Woong-hwang was the greatest swordsman in Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, second only to their father, Master Ou Cheonmu.

Naturally, not only his sword skills but also his inner force was immensely profound, comparable to the elders of the Nine Sects and One Clan.

“I’ll have to break those two legs of yours so you won’t think of escaping again.”

-Step! Step!

As Ou Woong-hwang’s footsteps drew closer, Ou Yeonwoo felt suffocated.

He could now understand how much Ou Woong-hwang had been holding back when they desperately fought in the cave.

No, he hadn’t even used 30% of his skill against him.

‘Damn it..... I couldn’t even find the orb.’

If he was imprisoned again, he wouldn’t be able to face her.

But then,

-Flinch!

Ou Woong-hwang, who had been walking forward emitting a terrifying aura, suddenly stopped in his tracks.

There was still about nine steps distance between them.

But why did he stop?

As Ou Yeonwoo was wondering, Ou Woong-hwang furrowed his brows and spoke:

“.....Who might you be?”

‘You?’

Who on earth was he talking to?

Then, a shadow flickered at the entrance, and a figure appeared.

The moment that figure’s shadow covered the room, Ou Yeonwoo’s eyes shook wildly.

It was only for an instant, but it felt as if the entire room was being engulfed in darkness.

Ou Woong-hwang’s aura was already so strong that it was hard to breathe, but this made that seem laughable.

In an instant, his face was covered in cold sweat.

But it seemed he wasn’t the only one feeling this way.

-Drip!

At the sound that rang in his ears, he looked forward and saw a drop of water on the floor where Ou Woong-hwang was standing.

Naturally looking up, he saw that Ou Woong-hwang's face was also beaded with sweat.

His eyes, caught from behind, were filled with extreme tension.

'.....This can't be.'

He had never seen this before.

Had his brother ever shown such fear of someone, except for their father?

As he was marveling at this, a voice was heard:

"Quite wise. I advise you to stay still."

"....."

Though the words were spoken politely, the pressure and arrogance in that voice made Ou Woong-hwang's expression distort greatly, as if he felt deeply insulted.

However, seemingly not caring about this at all, the voice said:

"Is that person Ou Yeonwoo?"

“Yes, it is!”

At the familiar voice, Ou Yeonwoo’s eyes widened.

As he was thinking ‘could it be’, the face he had been longing for so much was approaching him.

‘Song-ah!’

It was Ye Song-ah, the granddaughter of the Holy Fire Priestess.

Chapter 352 – Spiritual Sword Sanctuary (3)

“Yeonwoo!”

The eyes of Ye Song-ah, the granddaughter of the Holy Fire Priestess, turned red.

She had been desperately missing Ou Yeonwoo during their time apart.

The same was true for Ou Yeonwoo.

“Song-ah!”

The moment he saw her, he felt a sting in his nose.

He had believed that the only way to hide and protect the sacred orb from the imperial palace and various enemies was within the domain of his family, Spiritual Sword Sanctuary.

However, as things had become complicated, he had been afraid of disappointing her, and now seeing her like this, all sorts of emotions arose simultaneously.

“Song-ah..... I.....”

-Kwaak!

As Ou Yeonwoo tried to say something, Ye Song-ah hugged him tightly.

Then she whispered soothingly:

“It’s okay. It’s alright, so you don’t need to blame yourself.”

“Song-ah.....”

Ou Yeonwoo’s voice choked up.

Where else could he find such a woman?

Apart from the Order, meeting her had been such a blessing for him.

As they were like this, someone’s voice interrupted their reunion.

“I understand you’re happy to see each other, but let’s ask if he’s found the sacred orb.”

The owner of the voice was none other than Mok Gyeong-un.

Seeing him, Ou Yeonwoo cautiously asked with a puzzled look:

“Song-ah. Who exactly is that person?”

At that question, Ye Song-ah whispered in his ear:

“It’s him.”

“Him?”

“The owner of the Holy Fire.”

‘!!!!!!’

At those words, Ou Yeonwoo’s eyes widened.

He had guessed from the tremendous pressure that this person was no ordinary individual, but he never imagined that this man could be the one from the prophecy.

But now that he knew his identity, his heart began to race madly.

Although he had joined the Fire Faith Order, he had inwardly been half-skeptical about his existence.

However, hearing the confident voice of Ye Song-ah, who could essentially be called the new Holy Fire Priestess, and directly experiencing this pressure, he couldn’t suppress the overwhelming feeling.

“Is, is it really true?”

“Yes. He’s the one we’ve been waiting for.”

“Ahhh.....”

“Huu.”

At that moment, hearing a shallow sigh from behind, Ye Song-ah startled and hurriedly asked him:

“Did you find the sacred orb?”

“No. My brother took it, but it’s not here.”

“It’s not here?”

“My brother will know where the sacred orb is.”

With those words, Ou Yeonwoo looked at Ou Woong-hwang, the eldest son and young master of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, who was slowly gathering his energy in a highly tense state.

At his gaze, Ou Woong-hwang parted his lips.

“.....Are they your companions?”

“Where is it?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Don’t play dumb. The sacred orb you took from me..... Where have you put it?”

At this question, Ou Woong-hwang’s eyes narrowed.

The strange orb with a brilliant light.

Yeonwoo had clearly called it a sacred orb, and every night he would leave the manor to bow before that orb, reciting some doctrine about a sacred fire or something.

Seeing that even such a formidable expert had appeared to search for it, it was clear that this object was undoubtedly important to the Fire Faith Order.

‘If I were to just hand over such an item, who knows how they might react. And this brat surely.....’

Ou Woong-hwang looked at Ou Yeonwoo’s face and suddenly remembered something.

Come to think of it, it was an incredible coincidence.

Wasn’t the Righteous Alliance already looking for the real culprit who massacred Namgoong Jin, the Skyward Swordless, and the elites of the Namgoong family?

The reason why his father, Master Ou Cheonmu, was included as a suspect despite not being a blade user was that he was the only one with the martial prowess capable of killing them all.

But the tremendous pressure felt from behind was at a level that could only be felt from his father.

At this, Ou Woong-hwang spoke with a confident voice:

“.....It was you. You were the one who killed the head of the Namgoong family and their elites.”

He was certain that the real culprit was the person behind him.

At his words, Ou Yeonwoo snorted as if exasperated and said:

“Don’t say such nonsense and tell us where the sacred orb is.”

“I cannot tell you.”

“What?”

“Do you think I would carelessly hand over such an important object after you’ve killed the head of the Namgoong family and their elites, putting our family in crisis?”

As he spoke, Young Master Ou Woong-hwang was thinking hard.

Just from the pressure felt from behind, he vaguely understood that this unknown person was a level above him in skill.

Naturally, if they were to fight, the chances of losing were extremely high.

However, if he were to fight with such a peerless expert, the repercussions would certainly be great, and many high-level experts within Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, including his father Master Ou Cheonmu, would notice.

No, he didn’t even need the other experts.

If just his father Ou Cheonmu noticed, the situation would be resolved.

‘I’m not the one at a disadvantage.’

Although it might be precarious right now, the longer he dragged this out, the more advantageous it would become for him.

At this, Ou Woong-hwang calmly said:

“I’ll speak to the esteemed one behind you. This is the domain of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary. Do you understand what that means?”

“I wonder. What does it mean?”

‘!?’

One of Young Master Ou Woong-hwang’s eyebrows raised.

Is this person deliberately acting this way?

“.....This is also the domain of Ou Cheonmu, the Supreme Spirit Sword Craftsman, one of the Six Heavens. I understand that you are a formidable expert, but you should know how different the Six Heavens are in terms of rank.”

‘I must make him aware first.’

This person must also be close to a grandmaster-level expert, so he should know.

How wide the qi sense of a peerless expert like his father is.

He must prevent any rash actions.

“Therefore, I advise you in return. It’s not too late even now.....”

Before his words could finish:

“If you want to test how many of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary’s members I can kill before your father moves, feel free to keep talking.”

‘What!?’

Ou Woong-hwang's eyes trembled.

The opponent responded even more strongly.

Normally, one would be conscious of the strongest opponent, but the person behind him was instead focused on his goal.

'Family members.....'

If this person were to make up their mind, surely close to half of the family members would be sacrificed before his father could intervene.

That's how dangerous this person was.

Even his instincts were warning him against fighting this person.

What should he do?

Should he push back even harder?

At that moment, Mok Gyeong-un shook his complex state of mind.

"The choice is simple. If you hand over the sacred orb and that person, Ou Yeonwoo, this will end quietly. If not, Spiritual Sword Sanctuary will see a lot of bloodshed, won't it?"

-Euddeuk!

Ou Woong-hwang gritted his teeth.

How did it come to this, that such people entered this place called the holy land of swordsmanship and even resorted to threats?

His anger was growing beyond reason.

There was a high probability that things would go as this person said, but if that happened, they would lose the real culprit who massacred the guests from the Namgoong family, and his father would continue to be under suspicion.

If that's the case, wouldn't it be resolved if he risked his life and held them off even for a moment with the determination to die together?

Having made up his mind, Ou Woong-hwang immediately raised his half-step energy with his highest level of inner force.

-Paaang!

Along with this, a sharp energy surged from his entire body with tremendous wind pressure.

Ou Woong-hwang's move was simple.

After responding to the opponent's position behind him with his half-step force,

-Seureung!

He would aim for the opponent's vital points with the swift sword of his quick-draw technique.

Ou Woong-hwang's sword, which left its scabbard, rushed towards the space between Mok Gyeong-un's eyebrows with lightning speed and exquisite precision.

It was a sword path that was only possible with thousands or tens of thousands of practice repetitions.

However,

-Chaeng! Puk!

His sword was deflected upwards, piercing the ceiling as if it were nothing, and Mok Gyeong-un's sword finger was at his nape, exuding a sharp aura.

Ou Woong-hwang's expression distorted.

'.....I was mistaken.'

He had thought that once his father arrived, the situation would be resolved.

But with this one exchange, he was certain.

This person was already a monster comparable to the Six Heavens, like his father.

What was even more surprising was,

'To think he's this young.....'

He didn't even seem to be of age yet, and with his beautiful appearance and features, it was a face he had never seen or heard of before.

Just what is his identity?

How could such a person be unknown in the martial world?

As he was bewildered, Mok Gyeong-un smiled at him and said:

“You’ve made a bad move. How unfortunate.”

With those words, Mok Gyeong-un’s left hand had already grasped his head.

-Pak!

Thinking it was the Golden Locking Hand technique, he hurriedly tried to strike the hand away, but

-Wudeuk!

‘Heuk!’

At that moment, along with the sound of cracking, he felt fingers digging into his skull, and Ou Woong-hwang was about to scream from the tremendous pain.

Of course, that scream turned into a cough as Mok Gyeong-un changed his sword finger to a knife hand and struck his Adam’s apple.

-Pak!

“Keok kek kek!”

Towards him, who was suffering, Mok Gyeong-un smiled coldly and whispered in his ear:

“If you had just given the sacred orb, this would have ended quietly, but since you escalated it, let’s test how firm your resolve is.”

-Ossak!

That whisper was like a devil opening the gates of hell.

\*\*\*

The Sword Discussion Hall of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary is a place where many swordsmen gather to discuss swords.

The swordsmen gathered here were all renowned in the martial world and had deep expertise in swords.

As it was a place where such outstanding swordsmen gathered to discuss swords, the level was beyond what ordinary swordsmen could approach.

Even Jeong Myeong Sa-tae of the Hangshan Sect, who was a peak transcendent expert with considerable skill in swords, couldn't help but be amazed listening to the debates they were having.

'Amitabha. If it weren't for the Righteous Alliance's business, I would like to stay here for a few months to discuss swords.'

Any swordsman who handles swords would have the same thought as her.

However, she had a job to do.

It was to find the culprit who massacred the head of the Namgoong family and their elites.

-Step step!

Jeong Myeong Sa-tae was walking through a cave passage along with Moyong Hak, the eldest son of the Moyong family, following Ou Woong-seong, the second son of Master Ou.

This was because Ji-oe and Gok-o were beyond this place, not in the Sword Discussion Hall building.

They had looked around most places in Spiritual Sword Sanctuary for the investigation, but this was their first time here.

This passage was located behind a small waterfall in the rear garden of the Sword Discussion Hall, in a spot that wasn't easily noticeable at first glance.

'.....They didn't tell us about this place even though we didn't ask.'

Moyong Hak clicked his tongue inwardly.

Master Ou's workspace was one thing, but shouldn't they have told us about a place like this?

Feeling slightly uncomfortable, he finally opened his mouth.

"I've just learned for the first time that Spiritual Sword Sanctuary has such a secret space, even after investigating for several days. If we had known earlier, it would have been good for a smooth investigation. Hahaha."

Unlike his hearty laughter, the content was pointing out this issue.

At these words, Ou Woong-seong, the second son of Master Ou, made a fist-palm salute and said:

"I apologize. Like the Sword Discussion Hall, this area behind it is a place that requires concentration for tests and training even for guests, so we couldn't inform you. Please understand."

As he answered so smoothly like a slippery eel, Moyong Hak inwardly clicked his tongue.

He was about to say something more when,

“In any.....”

“Amitabha. But what is behind here that requires such concentration from the guests?”

Jeong Myeong Sa-tae cut off his words.

It was her prescription, worried that the atmosphere would become uncomfortable if left unchecked.

“Ahem.”

Realizing her intention, Moyong Hak seemed to recognize his mistake and closed his mouth.

To this, Ou Woong-seong smiled and answered:

“It’s because there’s a test left by our father, I mean, the master.”

“What kind of test is it?”

“You’ll see when we get to Sword Valley.”

“Sword Valley?”

“Ah, yes. At some point, the guests started calling that place Sword Valley.”

“Sword Valley..... That sounds nice. Anyway, now that you’ve said that, I’m eager to see it quickly, aside from meeting the seniors.”

“It will be worth your expectations.”

Ou Woong-seong said with a voice full of pride.

Then Jeong Myeong Sa-tae furrowed her brow and asked:

“By the way, is that a night pearl in the pouch at your waist?”

“What? What do you mean?”

“Light is leaking from the pouch.”

At those words, Ou Woong-seong looked at his waist with confusion.

But as Jeong Myeong Sa-tae said, a faint light was indeed leaking from the pouch.

‘What’s this?’

Ou Woong-seong’s expression became strange.

He had received this pouch from his older brother, Ou Woong-hwang.

Inside the pouch was what Ou Yeonwoo had called a sacred orb.

[It’s because of this thing that the brat can’t come to his senses. I should melt it in the furnace right away.]

[You’re going to destroy it?]

[What else would I do with this?]

[Of course, that's right. It's best to get rid of it for the youngest's sake too. Then, may I examine it a bit before melting it?]

[You want to examine it?]

[Yes. It's peculiar, being neither jade nor iron, so I just want to take a look before melting it.]

[Hmm..... Alright. Take a look, but then get rid of it.]

[Understood.]

Of course, he had received it partly out of pure curiosity, but the real reason he took it from his brother was that he was confident it could be quite useful since it was something Ou Yeonwoo treasured.

But what on earth is this?

How is it emitting light when it's not even a night pearl?

It seems he really needs to examine it properly to see what it is.

Puzzled, he didn't show it on his face and smiled at Jeong Myeong Sa-tae, saying:

"Hahaha. You have a good eye. Yes, it's a night pearl."

"I see. Looking at the light coming out of the pouch, we won't need torches."

"Yes. I often use it for that purpose. Ah! We're outside the passage."

A bright light was visible where the passage curved.

Their attention shifted from the pouch to that spot.

As they exited the passage, a massive cliff unfolded before their eyes.

Jeong Myeong Sa-tae and Moyong Hak couldn't help but exclaim at the spectacular view of the cliff.

But soon, their gaze was drawn to something.

It was a large stone tablet about three zhang tall, standing right in front of the cliff and its precipice.

In front of the tablet, about twenty men could be seen sitting in meditation.

‘What's this?’

They were all staring intently at the large tablet, but it was unclear why they were doing so.

“What are they all doing over there?”

At Jeong Myeong Sa-tae's question, Ou Woong-seong shrugged and said:

“It's the master's test and they're trying to receive his teachings.”

“A test and teachings?”

They approached curiously.

As they drew closer, Moyong Hak's eyes caught something engraved on the tablet.

[劍道劍極]

It was the phrase “Sword Way Sword Extreme” written on it.

There was nothing else, but why were so many people sitting in meditation and staring intently at it?

Finding this strange, he was about to say something to Jeong Myeong Sa-tae when,

“Sa-tae.....!?”

Suddenly, Jeong Myeong Sa-tae had stopped, staring at the tablet’s inscription with a shocked expression.

“Sa-tae?”

He called out once more, but Jeong Myeong Sa-tae didn’t seem to hear him, not taking her eyes off the tablet for even a moment.

As he was about to call her again,

“Let her be.”

Ou Woong-seong discouraged him in a low voice.

“Let her be?”

“Elder Jeong Myeong Sa-tae is taking the master’s test.”

“What?”

This is a test?

What in the world is going on?

Chapter 353 – Spiritual Sword Sanctuary (4)

Jeong Myeong Sa-tae of the Hangshan Sect looked around with a surprised face.

‘Where am I?’

Everything around was pitch black, and nothing could be seen.

She was sure she had been looking at something just a moment ago, but what was happening?

As she was finding this strange:

-Seureung!

The sound of a sword being drawn was heard from somewhere.

She turned her head towards the source of the sound.

There stood an elderly man with a calm demeanor, dark skin, and burn marks visible here and there on his face, holding a sword.

Seeing this, Jeong Myeong Sa-tae’s eyes widened.

‘Amitabha. Could it be Master Ou..... Ah?’

No voice came out.

It felt like her thoughts were echoing in her head.

Soon, rather than questioning this, she had to focus on the elderly man before her.

This was because this old man was undoubtedly him.

It was Ou Cheonmu, the master of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary and one of the Six Heavens, called the pinnacle of the current martial world.

‘How?’

She was sure he hadn’t left his workshop yet.

So why was he in front of her eyes?

As she was wondering about this:

-Pat!

Suddenly, Ou Cheonmu swung his sword towards her.

This was just a light sword strike.

But the moment she saw the sword thrusting towards her, her mind became complex.

‘How can this be?’

Because in this single, simple move, she saw countless sword techniques.

For her, a swordswoman, this single strike was incredibly shocking.

However, her surprise was brief, and with the thought that she must block this sword aiming at her, she drew the sword at her waist.

-Seureung!

And to block this profound sword, she unleashed the fourth move of the Hangshan Sect’s Wall Origin Seven Sword Techniques, the Remaining Wish Stops Smoothly.

-Chwachwachwachwachwak!

Her sword gracefully traced an arc as it tried to block the incoming strike.

But,

-Chaeng!

Her five-move sword technique couldn’t withstand even this single strike and was deflected, and suddenly Ou Cheonmu’s sword thrust into the center of her chest.

-Puk!

“Kkeup!”

At that moment, she clutched her chest and staggered.

“Jeong Myeong Sa-tae!”

Someone supported her.

It was none other than Moyong Hak, the eldest son of the Moyong family.

“Pa-Patron Moyong?”

“Sa-tae. Are you alright?”

“What in the world.....”

Her eyes widened.

Suddenly, the surroundings had brightened, and Ou Cheonmu, who had stabbed her, had disappeared from in front of her.

As she was wondering what had happened,

-Wukssin!

Her chest ached, and an incredibly profound sword intent dominated her mind.

At that moment, she could realize.

What she had seen wasn't reality.

Jeong Myeong Sa-tae's gaze turned to the large stone tablet in front of the cliff's edge.

“Sa-tae?”

“Ahhh. Indeed..... Indeed.....”

She kept exclaiming in admiration.

At her reaction, Moyong Hak asked with an expression of incomprehension:

“Sa-tae, what’s going on?”

The one who answered this question wasn’t her.

Ou Woong-seong, the second son of Master Ou, answered with a face that seemed somewhat proud:

“She took the master’s test. Should I say that those who experience this receive his teachings in their mind’s eye?”

“Did you say mind’s eye?”

“Yes.”

Isn’t the mind’s eye literally the world of the mind that one enters when reaching a state of no-self?

Then, did Jeong Myeong Sa-tae enter the mind’s eye after seeing the inscription on that stone tablet?

At this, Moyong Hak stared intently at the words “Sword Way Sword Extreme” engraved on the stone tablet.

He felt a refreshing sensation in his chest as the majestic spirit emanating from the calligraphy was transmitted.

But that was all.

‘Why?’

Jeong Myeong Sa-tae said she had fallen into the mind’s eye after seeing that, so why was nothing happening to him?

As he was wondering, Ou Woong-seong smiled and said:

“Huhuhu. It doesn’t work just by staring at it intently.”

“What?”

“The master said that to receive the sword intent engraved on the tablet, one must have at least the minimum qualifications.”

“Minimum qualifications?”

“Yes, it’s difficult for me to express in words as my understanding is shallow, but it seems that to read the sword intent, one must have a high level of understanding of the sword as a swordsman.”

“.....”

-Euddeuk!

At these words from Ou Woong-seong, Moyong Hak gritted his teeth.

He was one of the Six Dragons, hailed as the best of the younger generation in the Righteous Alliance.

He couldn't help but feel his pride hurt at the implication that his understanding, which he prided himself on being unmatched among his peers, was not even enough to read the sword intent left on the tablet.

‘Not even qualified?’

As a blood descendant of a martial family that vied for supremacy in swordsmanship along with the Namgoong family among the Seven Great Families, he felt ashamed.

Seeing his reaction, Ou Woong-seong inwardly sneered.

In fact, despite talking about qualifications and such, Moyong Hak shouldn't feel ashamed.

To reach a level where one could fall into the mind's eye just by looking at those characters inscribed by his father, one needed to have reached a considerable realm in swordsmanship.

Although Moyong Hak was said to possess remarkable martial prowess worthy of being called one of the Six Dragons, it was impossible for him to have reached the realm of Jeong Myeong Sa-tae, who had attained the position of an elder in a sect.

‘Don't feel inferior. Even among those sitting here, not many have reached the mind's eye.’

It's probably less than half.

They too, like Moyong Hak, were sitting here with their pride shattered, hoping to gain even a fragment of insight.

Of course, only a very few would gain even that small hint of insight.

At that moment, Jeong Myeong Sa-tae spoke:

“Amitabha. Indeed, the reputation is well-deserved. I now truly understand why it’s said that Master Ou’s knowledge of swords is close to being the best in the world.”

“We are grateful for your words.”

“This humble monk has reached a realm I dare not approach.”

Jeong Myeong Sa-tae expressed her honest feelings.

Although she had enthusiasm for martial arts, as a Buddhist, she had no greed and thus no desire to challenge the sword intent, but through this, she had gained various insights.

Therefore, she could understand why so many people were clinging to that stone tablet.

‘What a pity. If that sword had been completed, it would have formed a sword intent equal to or greater than Master Ou’s.’

But that didn’t seem easy.

The fact that it stopped at just one stroke in the last character meant that there was still a gap.

-Jurileuk!

Blood trickled down the corner of Ji-oe’s mouth.

He thrust the sword he was holding into the ground as if frustrated.

-Puk!

“Damn it!”

As he spat out these rough words, Gok-o said:

“Brother Ji. You’re too hasty.”

“What do you mean by hasty?”

“How can you so rashly challenge Master Ou with an incomplete sword intent?”

“Ahem.”

At this rebuke, Ji-oe coughed awkwardly.

He had nothing to say because Ji-oe had such an impatient temperament that he couldn’t resist issuing a challenge whenever he gained even a small hint of insight.

“It won’t be long. By the time I complete my Ten Swords, I will surpass that sword intent.”

“Sigh. Isn’t it too careless to name them First Sword, Second Sword, Third Sword every time you complete a move?”

“What’s careless about it? The important thing is the sword intent. There’s no meaning in giving grand names to the moves.”

“But that way, the sword intent becomes monotonous.”

“Didn’t I say that complexity doesn’t mean it’s good?”

Before they knew it, the two were arguing about their respective sword philosophies.

The surrounding swordsmen seemed used to this, as they turned back to look at the tablet, trying to enter the mind's eye again.

Ou Woong-seong shrugged and said:

“This happens often. The two of them have been here for so long that they’re quite close.”

“Amitabha. It seems so. In any case, although it’s regrettable to the two seniors, we’ll have to interrupt to get their help.”

“Let’s do that.”

“Young master Moyong, please go.....”

-Flinch!

At that moment, Jeong Myeong Sa-tae furrowed her brow mid-sentence.

Puzzled by her attitude, Moyong Hak called out:

“Jeong Myeong Sa-tae?”

At his call, Jeong Myeong Sa-tae held out her hand, signaling him to wait, and then asked Ou Woong-seong:

“Patron Ou..... I apologize, but who is that person?”

“That person?”

Puzzled by her question, Ou Woong-seong turned his gaze in the direction she was looking.

She was looking at the area where the stone tablet was.

Ji-oe and Gok-o were loudly debating in front of it, but somehow, a stranger had approached their side.

‘Huh?’

Because of the back view, he couldn’t see the face, but the reason Ou Woong-seong found it strange was simple.

It was because the stranger was carrying a blade at his waist.

‘A blade?’

In other places, having a blade wouldn’t be strange.

But this was Sword Valley.

It was a place called the holy land of swords.

Only authorized swordsmen were allowed to enter here.

‘What? How did he get in?’

As he was wondering, Ji-oe and Gok-o, who had been arguing, stopped and naturally turned their heads to the side.

Their expressions became strange as they turned their heads.

‘No way?’

‘Who is this person?’

The reason for their expressions was that no one had noticed this person approaching.

Ji-oe and Gok-o were formidable swordsmen who prided themselves on being unmatched by anyone in Spiritual Sword Sanctuary except for the master.

From their perspective, it was naturally surprising.

Then, the unidentified person spoke:

“How dare mere swords discuss the extreme?”

At this incredibly arrogant tone, Ji-oe was dumbfounded.

Setting aside the fact that he approached without presence, who was this guy to spout such insolent words?

‘Huh? A blade?’

Then he noticed the blade at the stranger’s waist.

Who on earth is this guy?

How did he get in here with a blade?

Just as he was about to ask these questions:

“Hey.....”

-Flinch!

At that moment, Ji-oe and Gok-o simultaneously leaped backward, sensing a chillingly sharp killing intent.

Simultaneously,

-Chwak!

The sound of something being cut was heard.

The two swordsmen who had avoided the sharp energy turned their heads to the side.

Their eyes shook wildly.

-Jjeojeojeok! Kung!

Before their eyes, the stone tablet inscribed with “Sword Way Sword Extreme”, symbolizing the holy land of swords, was splitting in half and crumbling.

At this sight, all the swordsmen sitting in meditation in front of the tablet stood up, unable to hide their shock.

Their eyes, which were initially filled with shock, soon turned to anger.

This was the same for Ji-oe and Gok-o.

Gok-o, with a voice filled with anger, drew his sword and pointed it at him, saying:

-Shiing!

“Who are you? How dare you enter this place and commit such an act that will incur everyone’s wrath?”

“To call it everyone’s wrath for cutting a tablet inscribed with sword intent of just this level..... It’s laughable.”

“What?”

-Chaeng!

Before Gok-o could finish speaking.

With a flash of light, his sword was split in half and fell to the ground.

-Chaenggeulang!

Gok-o’s eyes shook wildly at this incredible single blade strike.

‘.....This can’t be.’

He hadn’t even seen the blade being swung.

Looking at him, a man with thick eyebrows and a strong appearance sneered and said:

“Only the blade can discuss the extreme.”

### Chapter 354 – Extreme Blade (1)

Meanwhile,

-Wudeuk!

“Kkeueueup.”

With five fingers digging into his skull, Ou Woong-hwang, the young master of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, was about to roll his eyes in pain.

Ye Song-ah startled and turned her head away at the ferocious intent to crush his skull and kill him.

At that moment, someone approached in front of Mok Gyeong-un, knelt down, and bowed his head.

-Kung!

It was none other than Ou Yeonwoo, the third son of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary.

Ye Song-ah couldn't hide her bewilderment at his sudden action.

Then Ou Yeonwoo hastily said:

“Please spare my brother's life!”

‘!?’

The eyes of Young Master Ou Woong-hwang, who was suffering in pain, shook.

Did this brat just ask to spare his life?

At Ou Yeonwoo’s plea, Mok Gyeong-un said with an expressionless face, as if surprised:

“I thought you were half-brothers and not on good terms.”

“Even so, we’re still brothers.”

“Are there brothers who take their younger brother’s possessions and lock him up?”

“……Although that’s true, my eldest brother did it hoping I would succeed father as a craftsman.”

“It was a good intention?”

“Yes. So please, I’ll persuade my brother to hand over the sacred orb, so please show mercy.”

‘You……’

At Ou Yeonwoo’s earnest voice, Ou Woong-hwang’s groans ceased.

Partly because the pressure from Mok Gyeong-un’s fingers eased, but also because for the first time, he understood the youngest’s true feelings.

He had thought the brat had gone astray because he hated them, partly due to the second brother’s bullying.

But seeing his sincere heart revealed in this urgent situation, he felt a pang in his heart.

Then,

“It’s touching and all, but I don’t have time to consider this and that. If you don’t want to die, you’ll end up talking anyway.”

“Pl-please, give me just one chance to persuade him.”

Ou Yeonwoo tried to crawl towards Mok Gyeong-un to plead.

“That’s enough.”

Mok Gyeong-un waved his hand.

At that moment, Ou Yeonwoo’s body was about to be pushed back by the powerful true qi.

It was then:

“Haa... haa... I’ll give it to you.”

At that moment, Young Master Ou Woong-hwang spoke with difficulty.

“Brother?”

Ou Yeonwoo’s eyes widened at these words.

Regardless, Young Master Ou Woong-hwang spoke as if it wasn’t because of that:

“The sacred orb is with my second brother. I’ll get it from him and give it to you, so please, just don’t touch our Spiritual Sword Sanctuary.”

At those words, Mok Gyeong-un snorted and said:

“How much better it would have been if you had come out like this from the start?”

“……Just please keep your promise.”

-Pak!

With that, Mok Gyeong-un released his grip.

Young Master Ou Woong-hwang, his face wet with flowing blood, slumped to the floor and tried to catch his breath.

After regulating his breathing, Ou Woong-hwang spoke without looking at Ou Yeonwoo:

“You leave with them too.”

“Brother?”

“It’s to protect our family, so don’t misunderstand.”

“……”

At these words, Ou Yeonwoo’s eyes reddened.

Although it was due to the situation, in the end, his eldest brother was letting him go, putting aside his stubbornness.

Therefore, he felt only gratitude mixed with apology.

Young Master Ou Woong-hwang staggered to his feet and said:

“If I don’t go, my second brother won’t hand over the item willingly, so I’ll go with you.”

“Let’s do that.”

Then Ou Yeonwoo hastily said:

“Please wait a moment.”

“Why?”

“If my brother goes out with this face, it might cause misunderstandings. Please allow me to do some first aid at least.”

At these words, Mok Gyeong-un looked at Ou Woong-hwang’s face.

His face was covered in blood.

Mok Gyeong-un nodded.

“Hurry up.”

With those words, Mok Gyeong-un left Ou Woong-hwang’s room.

As Mok Gyeong-un left, the gazes between Ou Woong-hwang and Ou Yeonwoo became strange.

\*\*\*

-Was that consideration, mortal?

At Cheong-ryeong's voice ringing in his ear, Mok Gyeong-un replied with a puzzled look:

-What do you mean?

-I mean leaving the room.

-That's.....

-Didn't you give them a chance to resolve some emotional resentment between the brothers?

-I wonder.

At her words, Mok Gyeong-un shrugged as if that wasn't the case at all.

Cheong-ryeong silently observed him.

He wasn't aware of it himself, but Mok Gyeong-un was gradually becoming more human.

Of course, he was still largely rational and cruel, but it was worlds apart from before.

This meant that he was beginning to understand others' emotions.

Cheong-ryeong felt strangely good about this change in him.

Although she still wanted to deny why she felt this way, for now, she didn't dislike this change.....

-Flinch!

At that moment, Mok Gyeong-un turned his head somewhere.

Cheong-ryeong asked:

-What's wrong?

-.....Blade aura..... I sense a very powerful blade aura.

-Blade aura? Here?

-Yes.

-That can't be. Didn't that Song-ah girl or whatever say that those who cultivated weapons other than swords were forbidden even from entering the manor?

-Yes. But I can sense it. And it's very strong.

-How strong are we talking about?

-.....At least beyond the wall of walls.

-What?

Cheong-ryeong couldn't hide her surprise at those words.

If it's beyond the wall of walls, wouldn't that be the realm of Profound, which could be called the domain of enlightened grandmasters?

But if it's blade aura,

-Could it be that Nam Jin-mu bastard has tracked us all the way here?

Gu Seong-baek, the Northern Blade King, one of the Six Heavens.

He's close to being the number one blade user in the current martial world.

-Nam Jin-mu? It could be.

-If it's really him, he's incredibly persistent.

-Indeed. It might be better to kill him now.

-What?

-I couldn't do it then, but I might be able to now.

-You're not saying you'll fight him, are you? Here of all places?

Cheong-ryeong asked in surprise.

Mok Gyeong-un nodded and was about to move in the direction where he sensed the blade aura.

He thought that if left alone, it would continue to be a nuisance.

But as he turned, Mok Gyeong-un's eyes narrowed.

‘What’s this?’

The feeling of the blade aura was different.

Although he wasn’t sure due to the distance, it was different from Gu Seong-baek from back then.

So what could it be?

It was at that moment.

“It’s not time yet, so it would be better for you to avoid it for now.”

At the voice coming from nearby,

-Seureuk!

Mok Gyeong-un’s form blurred and then he appeared behind the owner of the voice.

-Sseuk!

Mok Gyeong-un aimed his sword finger at the unidentified person’s head.

Exuding an aura as if he could pierce the head with sword energy at any moment, Mok Gyeong-un said to him:

“Who are you?”

The reason Mok Gyeong-un asked this was simple.

It was because this person’s aura was different from the warriors of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary.

The aura enveloping his entire body was something he had never felt before, and it was flowing in reverse of the normal flow.

Just what is his identity?

As he was wondering:

The man being targeted by the sword finger at his right temple spoke with a trembling voice:

“It’s an honor to meet you like this.”

‘!?’

Mok Gyeong-un’s eyes glinted with interest.

This was because, judging from this man’s voice, he seemed somewhat excited.

Why would a person he’s meeting for the first time react like this?

So Mok Gyeong-un asked:

“Do you know me?”

“How could I not know you?”

-Puk!

“Huh?”

As soon as those words ended, a sharp energy rose from Mok Gyeong-un’s sword finger and dug into the man’s forehead.

As the man flinched and looked bewildered, Mok Gyeong-un said:

“Are you a tracker from the Imperial Palace?”

“No, I’m not.”

“Then are you from the Heaven and Earth Society?”

“No. I have nothing to do with them.”

“Then why do you speak as if you know me? Don’t tell me.....”

Is it the Secret Society?

But then, completely unexpected words came out of the man’s mouth.

“I’ve come a long way to see you, Cheonma (Heavenly Demon).”

‘!!!!’

At those words, Mok Gyeong-un's eyes narrowed.

He thought the man might be related to the secret society, but he didn't expect his new alias to be mentioned.

What's going on? Has the name Cheonma spread faster than expected?

As he was wondering, the man said:

“You don't need to be wary. I've just come to tell you something important.”

“Something important? I don't know what you're talking about, but.....”

“I am... a kind of prophet.”

‘!?’

A prophet?

Mok Gyeong-un furrowed his brow at those words.

If he says prophet, it means someone who foresees upcoming events or the future.

But now this person introduced himself as a prophet.

“Huh? A prophet?”

“That's right.”

“I guess there are many similar types in this world.”

“What?”

The self-proclaimed prophet couldn't hide his bewilderment at Mok Gyeong-un's reaction.

He had expected some disbelief since he was talking about future events, which is why he called himself a prophet, but this reaction was even more distrustful.

The flustered self-proclaimed prophet hastily said:

“I don't have time right now. Whether you believe me or not, this is closely related to you, no, to your descendants and even the entire martial world.”

“Descendants?”

“Yes. Due to an immortal being, the vast organization you will create and your descendants, no, the entire martial world will be in danger.”

“……An immortal being?”

Immortal means unable to die?

Suddenly, a certain being flashed through Mok Gyeong-un's mind.

That being who seems to have existed for quite a long time.

“Yes. You may find it hard to believe, but……”

“Does this person happen to have a third eye?”

“A third eye? What do you mean by that?”

“Huu.”

At the man’s question, Mok Gyeong-un sighed, then grabbed the man’s shoulders and forcibly made him kneel.

-Kung!

“Keuk.”

After making him kneel, Mok Gyeong-un whispered in his ear:

“I don’t know where you heard the title Cheonma, but if you don’t tell me right now who sent you.....”

“Cheonma, this is related to your future generations.”

“That future generation talk again..... You’re an interesting person. Unless something special happens, I’m unlikely to have descendants. And future matters should be handled by future generations. Why are you telling me this?”

“What?”

The prophet’s back trembled at Mok Gyeong-un’s words.

‘Let future generations handle their own affairs?’

It was a completely different answer from what he had expected.

His mood sank.

The self-proclaimed prophet thought that things might not go as he wanted.

‘…….Maybe that’s too much. Then should I at least give a warning?’

So the prophet calmed his excitement and spoke calmly:

“Cheonma..... my words are not lies. That person is a peerless expert pursuing the extreme of the blade, and the fact that he has appeared now means he’s trying to kill you to cut off your future lineage.”

At those words, Mok Gyeong-un snorted.

“You’d be better suited as a storyteller than a prophet. Someone I’ve never even seen suddenly trying to kill me to cut off my future lineage.....”

“It’s true. That person’s goal is certain. And we must prevent him from becoming immortal to cut off the tragedy of future generations.....”

-Pak!

Before those words could finish, Mok Gyeong-un turned the man’s body.

He was getting tired of the nonsensical story continuing.

He didn’t know where this person had heard the title Cheonma, but it seemed he needed to find out for sure who had sent him.

But then,

‘!?’

Mok Gyeong-un's eyes glinted with interest.

This was because the man's attire was so bizarre.

It was a peculiar outfit he had never seen even in the imperial palace.

As he was looking at him quizzically for a moment, light flickered at the waist of this strange self-proclaimed prophet.

Then the space around him began to warp and shake.

‘What is this?’

At this strange phenomenon, Mok Gyeong-un hurriedly reached out to grab the self-proclaimed prophet.

The prophet also hastily said:

“Cheonma. Please, you must not let him obtain the true source of the spirit beasts.....”

-Woowoong!

Before he could finish speaking.

The body of the self-proclaimed prophet was sucked into the space and disappeared.

Thinking it might be some kind of lightness technique, he opened his qi sense to scan the surrounding area, but

‘He’s gone?’

No energy could be detected at all.

What was even more surprising was that when he opened the power of the Three Eyes in his right eye, there was no residual qi left at all.

It had completely disappeared as if it had never existed in the first place.

What on earth is going on?

-Mortal..... what was that guy just now?

-.....I’m not sure.

Could he really have been a prophet?

Chapter 355 – Extreme Blade (2)

At the same time.

Sword Valley of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary.

“Only the blade can discuss the extreme.”

At the arrogant man's words, Gok-o's expression hardened as his sword was cut.

Like most gathered in this place called the holy land of swords, he too had strong pride in swords.

But the quick-draw technique this person just displayed was the essence of swiftness, unlike anything he had ever seen before.

He was speechless at the single blade strike that had no unnecessary movements.

‘……Extraordinary.’

‘It wasn't even visible.’

This was also true for most of the swordsmen gathered in front of the split Sword Way Sword Extreme tablet.

They too were shocked by this unknown person's single blade strike.

Then someone shouted:

“You're the one who massacred the head of the Namgoong family and their elites!”

‘!!!!’

At that cry, everyone's gaze turned to the owner of the voice.

The owner of the voice was none other than Jeong Myeong Sa-tae, an elder of the Hangshan Sect and an investigator dispatched by the Righteous Alliance.

The moment she saw the man's incredible blade strike, she was certain.

‘It’s him!’

Among the blade marks left on the dead Namgoong family members, there were traces of a quick blade.

As she was also an outstanding expert, she could mentally trace some of the blade moves while examining the wounds, but

‘……Was this actually possible?’

Many of the blade marks left on the wounds were filled with strange blade moves that seemed impossible to embody with a human body.

Blade moves that surpassed the limits of muscles and joints.

It was judged that it would be impossible except for the Qi Blade Technique that handles the blade with qi.

But now someone appeared who could implement one of them.

This meant that the real culprit of the Namgoong family massacre had revealed himself.

“That guy killed…… the head of the Namgoong family?”

“Such a thing alone?”

The crowd stirred.

The guests in Sword Valley were those who had stayed here for at least a few months.

Therefore, they only knew that some incident had occurred outside Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, but didn't know exactly what had happened.

But when they learned of it due to Jeong Myeong Sa-tae's cry, they couldn't help but be shocked.

The head of the Namgoong family was one of the top martial artists in the world, with the title of one of the Eight Stars.

But this person alone massacred him and the elites of the Namgoong family?

‘……He's a monster.’

Truly, the human heart is fickle.

They had been angry because he entered Sword Valley, the holy land of swords, and cut Master Ou's tablet.

But now that they knew what this person had done, their anger subsided and they were instantly gripped by tension and fear.

However, someone broke this silence.

“You damn bastaaaard!!!!”

-Chwak!

Along with the shout, a sword light flashed as a sharp aura tried to behead the arrogant blade user.

It was a sword strike with tremendous momentum.

However, the opponent was a monster who had single-handedly massacred the head of the Namgoong family and their elites.

-Chaeng!

He deflected the sword too easily.

-Chwareureureuru!

The one who launched the strike was instead pushed back about six steps.

It was Ji-oe.

-Jurileuk! Sseuk!

Ji-oe wiped the blood flowing from the corner of his mouth with his sleeve.

While everyone felt overwhelmed by the opponent's strength and didn't know what to do, Ji-oe's eyes were blazing with anger, as if his rage had surged.

The blade user showed interest in his appearance.

“Have you raised your fighting spirit? Not bad.”

“Not bad? Don't say such ridiculous things. They say a hundred days for the blade, a thousand days for the spear, and ten thousand days for the sword. How dare you discuss the extreme with mere blades, not knowing the depth of swords.”

“Mere blades?”

The blade user's thick eyebrows raised.

Seeing this, Gok-o couldn't hide his embarrassment.

'How can you provoke that monster-like guy who has reached the extreme of blade pride in such a way?'

-Sseuk!

Then Gok-o's eyes caught the blade user changing his grip on the blade handle.

And the moment he changed his grip, the blade user was about to move.

The target was, of course, Ji-oe.

'Now!'

Not missing that instant, Gok-o raised his strong energy with his broken sword and aimed for the blade user's back.

-Woowoong! Chwak!

As he aimed for the opening, the blade user, who was about to launch his body towards Ji-oe, didn't even turn his gaze, but lightly twisted his body to avoid Gok-o's sword strike imbued with sword energy.

-Pak!

'Ah!'

Those watching were inwardly disappointed at how easily he avoided the sword, but Gok-o was a sword master comparable to the Eight Stars, so he calmly executed a change in technique.

-Chwachwachwak!

As Gok-o's sword trajectory bent with the change in technique, the blade user tilted his head back to avoid the first trajectory.

However, the following change in technique exquisitely aimed for the vital point in the middle of the blade user's collarbone, who had tilted his head back.

Everyone couldn't help but admire this exquisite move that aimed for the opponent's weak point.

But then,

-Chwak!

'!?'

At that moment, everyone's eyes widened.

The reason was simple.

The swordsmen thought it was impossible to avoid that change in technique with his waist and head tilted back simultaneously.

But in that very posture, he swung his blade and cut off Gok-o's wrist.

-Chaenggeulang!

“Kkeup!”

Gok-o, who lost his wrist, gritted his teeth and hurriedly leaped backward.

He was dumbfounded.

This was such an incredible monster that he was at a loss for words.

How strong must his waist muscles be to create such a blade trajectory at that angle in that posture?

Even if I were a high-level expert, if I had done that in that posture, my waist muscles would have ruptured.

‘How has such a monstrous guy not been known?’

His martial prowess is beyond imagination.

Perhaps he might be comparable to Master Ou Cheonmu, the master of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary and one of the Six Heavens, having reached the realm of grandmasters.

-Ossak!

But this wasn’t the end.

The blade user’s blade, who had suddenly caught up, was about to behead him.

The blade was so fast that there was no chance to avoid it.

However,

-Chaeaeng!

The guy's blade soared upward.

It was Ji-oe who deflected it.

Thanks to his perfectly timed block, he could avoid losing his head.....

-Chwak! Puseuk!

At that moment, Gok-o's head was separated from his body.

Gok-o's expression didn't change at all, not even realizing he had died.

‘Gok-o!’

At Gok-o's death, Ji-oe bit his lip hard enough to draw blood.

He thought it was fortunate to have blocked the blade exquisitely, but in that instant, the guy rotated his body like lightning and aimed a roundhouse kick at Gok-o's neck.

But due to the sharp energy generated at the tip of his foot, the neck was cut off.

‘This guy's entire body is the blade itself.’

Blade and Self as One

It was a realm where one could say he himself was the blade.

Ji-oe understood why the guy had discussed the extreme of the blade.

This guy truly seemed to have reached the extreme of the blade.

Although they had been bickering, when Gok-o, who could be called his only match in Sword Valley, met his death so easily, Ji-oe's fighting spirit wavered for a moment.

“I'll send you along too.”

The guy was about to catch up to him this time.

But at that moment,

-Chachachachachachangt!

Someone intervened, allowing Ji-oe to quickly regain his senses.

It was Jeong Myeong Sa-tae of the Hangshan Sect.

“Senior Ji-oe, let's attack together!”

At her cry, Ji-oe, who had come to his senses, leaped backward and then sent energy to his Yongcheon point, changing direction forward.

‘Eight Swords!’

His sword created a net-like web, trying to bind the blade user.

However, the blade user blocked Jeong Myeong Sa-tae's sword moves and Ji-oe's sword moves too easily.

-Chaechaechaechaeng!

Moreover, he was moving only his waist and right arm without taking a single step, but there seemed to be almost no limit to those movements.

In an instant, they exchanged about three moves, but in that brief moment, various parts of Jeong Myeong Sa-tae and Ji-oe were cut by the blade, and their wounds increased.

-Chwachwachwak!

‘It’s difficult to predict the blade’s trajectory.’

‘Damn it. What kind of muscles and bones does he have? How can he move at such angles?’

Even joint attacks were overwhelming.

At that moment, the swordsmen who had been just watching, feeling this wouldn’t do, drew their swords and stepped forward.

-Seureung! Seureung!

If the two people who could be called the strongest here were to be killed, even they might be in danger.

“Senior Ji-oe!”

“We’ll help too!”

-Papapar!

The swordsmen aimed for the blade user's openings, targeting his back and sides.

As the opponent was too strong to argue about the cowardice of joint attacks as righteous martial artists, no one hesitated.

But it was at that moment.

“Eight Immortals Blade Competition”

‘!?’

-Puk!

The blade user gripped his blade with both hands and struck it down towards the ground.

-Kwang!

-Chwachwachwachwachwak!

At that moment, a tyrannical blade energy rose from the ground, splitting into eight directions from where the blade was struck and soaring in all directions.

‘This is!’

‘What!’

At the explosive blade energy, Ji-oe and Jeong Myeong Sa-tae simultaneously raised their half-step strong energy and unleashed the best defensive techniques they could perform.

‘Four Swords!’

‘Remaining Wish Stops Smoothly!’

Jeong Myeong Sa-tae unleashed the fourth move of the Hangshan Sect’s Wall Origin Seven Sword Techniques, the Remaining Wish Stops Smoothly.

Her Remaining Wish Stops Smoothly, which had gained insight through the Sword Way Sword Extreme inscription, was much more solid than before.

However,

-Chaeaaaaeng!

The power of the blade energy spreading in eight directions was beyond imagination.

The explosive force was so great that her form, trying to block it, was thrown backward.

-Paang!”

“Aak!”

It was no different for Ji-oe.

He tried to fill the gaps as much as possible by rotating his sword energy, but he kept being pushed back by the strength of the blade energy.

-Chwareureureureuru!

‘Kkeuk! What kind of blade energy is this.....’

Ji-oe, who kept being pushed back, was only able to deflect it upward when the momentum of the blade energy weakened somewhat.

-Chaeaaang! Chwachwachwachwa!

The deflected blade energy had enough power to tear the air several times.

It was enough to make one's ears ring.

The dust from the aftermath of his blade energy obscured the view in front of them.

But there was a scent stimulating their noses.

Ji-oe's expression darkened.

As he was thinking 'surely not',

-Swaaaa!

As the wind cleared the dust, the corpses of the torn swordsmen were visible all around.

The scene in front of the cliff was terribly stained with their blood.

With just one ultimate move, eight swordsmen couldn't withstand it and lost their lives in an instant.

‘……Damnit.’

The swordsmen who had entered Sword Valley were each high-level experts who had reached the pinnacle-stage of Transcendent Realm.

To think such people were swept away by just one move like this.

-Jureuk!

Cold sweat flowed down Ji-oe's forehead.

There was no denying it.

This guy was undoubtedly a peerless expert of the grandmaster level who had reached the realm of the Six Heavens, which could be called the pinnacle of the martial world, not just comparable to it.

The only counterpart in Spiritual Sword Sanctuary who could face this monster was Master Ou Cheonmu alone.

With this level of energy, Master Ou might have sensed it, but should we buy more time?

-Gooooo!

‘……We might all die before that.’

Ji-oe searched for someone with a darkened expression.

It was Ou Woong-seong, the second son of Master Ou.

As far as he knew, Master Ou was currently in the final process of sword-making, refining the sword heart.

He knew that when refining the sword heart, one needed to concentrate so much that no one should disturb them, so there was a possibility that he might not sense the crisis because of that.

So Ji-oe tried to signal Ou Woong-seong with his eyes to bring his father, Master Ou.

But then,

‘No.’

As he was about to signal, he saw Ou Woong-seong doing something strange.

The guy was holding something and looked dazed, and that something was emitting a brilliant light.

‘That bastard, at a time like this.....’

It was then.

“So that was the strange energy I felt. Come.”

The blade user reached out his hand towards Ou Woong-seong and made a pulling gesture.

Then,

-Paak!

“Heuk!”

Ou Woong-seong, who was standing dazed holding something shining in his hand, suddenly lifted into the air and flew towards the blade user.

It was the technique of Void Object Grasping.

‘Oh no!’

Ji-oe’s expression distorted.

It was an incredible coincidence.

He was going to send the guy to call Master Ou, but what kind of variable is this?

-Pat!

Ji-oe launched his body and unleashed a sword technique along with drawing his sword towards the blade user.

‘I shouldn’t hold back.’

The sword he was unleashing was his own Sword Way Sword Extreme, the Fourteen Swords, which he had devised to break the Sword Way Sword Extreme inscription.

Although it was an incomplete sword, its principle was aimed at the sword extreme, so it could be called the most profound sword technique.

-Chwachwachwachwachwachwa!

The blade user’s eyes glinted with interest at Ji-oe’s sword technique.

The blade user then released the Void Object Grasping and turned his body to receive Ji-oe's sword technique.

-Chaechaechaechaeng!

The clash of sword and blade was so intense that blue sparks flew in all directions.

But it was around when he was about to unleash the sixth sword technique.

-Sseuk!

‘What?’

The blade entered through a gap that even Ji-oe himself, who had devised the sword technique, hadn't anticipated at all.

-Chaeaaang!

That single blade strike instantly broke through the Fourteen Swords, not even allowing the first half to be properly unleashed.

-Chwareureureuru!

As the sword technique was broken, Ji-oe's form, which took the full brunt of the aftermath, was pushed back about five steps.

-Kung!

Having suffered severe internal injuries, Ji-oe immediately knelt on one knee.

“Kkeuweok!”

Ji-oe spat blood on the ground.

‘This can’t be.’

Ji-oe was shocked when even his ultimate move, created to face Master Ou, was broken through so easily.

Is this person truly a monster?

To break through a technique he’s seeing for the first time as if knowing its weakness, before even the first half could be unleashed.

It was utterly despairing.

Then the blade user approached him, muttering incomprehensible words.

“I see. I thought the sword technique seemed familiar, so it’s the origin of that guy’s?”

“What?”

What nonsense is he spouting?

As Ji-oe was wondering, the blade user raised the corner of his mouth and said:

“So it’s the Sword Sect?”

‘!?’

Ji-oe's eyes shook at those words.

This was because his sect was a hidden single-heir martial arts family, almost unknown to the outside world.

But the name of his sect came out of the mouth of this person he was seeing for the first time.

“You..... Who exactly?”

“I’m lucky. Should I call this killing two birds with one stone?”

“What are you.....”

Before he could finish his question.

-Seureuk!

The approaching blade user's form blurred and disappeared.

Along with it, as if blowing wind with his mouth, a very faint breeze was felt, and in an instant, a chilling sharp aura was felt at his neck.

-Ossak!

‘I..... I.....’

He realized something was aiming for his neck, but it was already too late.

It wasn't something that could be blocked just because he knew about it.

-Seuseuseuseu!

He felt the cold blade digging into his neck.

Is this how I die?

Does death approach so emptily like this?

Like a fleeting dream, many things flashed through his mind in an instant as Ji-oe closed his eyes.

It was at that moment.

-Chaeaaaaang!

An intense metallic sound rang in his ears.

Along with it, he heard a short groan and the sound of something being pushed back.

“Keup.”

-Chwareureureureureuru!

What's going on?

Ji-oe, who had accepted his death in that instant, opened his eyes in surprise.

And before his eyes was an astonishing sight.

He saw that monstrous blade user, who hadn't moved a single step even when numerous swordsmen including himself had launched a joint attack, being pushed back nearly ten steps.

-Pareureureuru!

Moreover, the blade user was gripping his blade handle with both hands for the first time, and the blade that had looked solid was trembling madly.

‘Did Master Ou come..... Huh?’

Ji-oe's eyes widened.

He naturally thought Master Ou had arrived.

But standing in front of him was someone with a face he had never seen before.

It was a person with an incredibly beautiful face, a youth, no, he didn't even look of age yet.

‘Who on earth is this?’

As he was filled with questions, the blade user slowly lowered his trembling blade and revealed his face.

The blade user's face, which had been so relaxed as to be almost expressionless until now, was suddenly filled with tension and excitement.

The blade user opened his mouth with a highly elated expression.

“Cheonma (Heavenly Demon)!“

## Chapter 356 – Extreme Blade (3)

The blade user opened his mouth with a highly elated expression.

“Cheonma!”

At his voice, unable to contain his excitement, Mok Gyeong-un parted his lips with an interested look.

“I was going to kill him, but you blocked it?”

In the instant he was about to kill Ji-oe.

Mok Gyeong-un had aimed to pierce the guy’s neck by targeting the opening revealed in that moment.

But he stopped the force he was swinging in an instant, and then reversed it to block the sword strike with the blade.

Mok Gyeong-un’s gaze naturally went to his wrist and waist.

The incredibly developed muscles were noticeable enough to be seen through the contours of his clothes.

‘……The grain is different.’

The most developed muscles in Mok Gyeong-un’s memory were those of Yoo Moo-jin.

If Yoo Moo-jin’s muscles were developed in the most ideal form, this person’s muscles were quite different from normal people in their developed form.

Meanwhile, Ji-oe, whose life was saved thanks to Mok Gyeong-un, said:

“Who are you?”

“That’s not important, just step back.”

“.....”

Although he felt slightly displeased as if he was being ignored, he soon suppressed this emotion out of gratitude for having his life spared, and said:

“I don’t know who you are, but that person is not someone you can face alone. So don’t be prideful and let’s attack together.....”

-Paang!

At that moment, Ji-oe was thrown backward by the repelling force pushing him away.

“What are you doing.....”

-Chaeaaang!

At that moment, the blade user’s treasured blade and Mok Gyeong-un’s precious sword Evil Commandment Sword clashed.

Then, with the sound of air being torn, tremendous wind pressure arose around the two of them, and the ground of the cliff split.

Seeing this, Ji-oe unconsciously swallowed dry saliva.

-Kkulkkeok!

If he had been even a little late, he would have been caught up in that aftermath.

‘……Who is this person again?’

He had thought that the only counterpart who could face that monstrous blade user was Ou Cheonmu, one of the Six Heavens and the master of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary.

But looking at the single sword and blade strike that just clashed, it was almost evenly matched.

This meant that this unidentified young man was also a monster corresponding to him.

‘Where on earth did these monsters suddenly spring from?’

It was utterly baffling.

Similarly, the surviving swordsmen nearby and Jeong Myeong Sa-tae, the elder of the Hangshan Sect, couldn't hide their surprise at the appearance of this new peerless expert.

Just looking at his face, he didn't even seem to be of age, yet he didn't yield at all when clashing with that blade user.

-Pareureuru!

The blade user's blade and Mok Gyeong-un's Evil Commandment Sword trembled strongly as they clashed.

In that state, the blade user opened his mouth.

“Cheonma. It’s an honor to meet you like this.”

“……..What an interesting day. To meet another person calling me by that name.”

“Another?”

“How do you know me?”

At Mok Gyeong-un’s question, the blade user smiled and said:

“Who wouldn’t know you, the origin and legend?”

“Origin?”

One of Mok Gyeong-un’s eyebrows raised.

What is he talking about now?

Origin?

-Gooooo!

As Mok Gyeong-un was wondering, the blade user raised his energy and said:

“Your first appearance in the martial world was boldly at Shaolin, the holy land of Buddhism which could be called the antithesis of demons and the birthplace of Central Plains martial arts, the second was the Sichuan family, and the third is this place called the holy land of swords, Spiritual Sword Sanctuary……. It was worth the wait. Yes.”

-Kkiririririk!

As the blade user's energy continued to rise, blue sparks flew from Mok Gyeong-un's precious sword Evil Commandment Sword that was clashing with it, and it started to be pushed back.

Moreover, it wasn't just the sword that was being pushed back.

-Chwareureureuru!

Even the two feet supporting the ground were being pushed back.

Mok Gyeong-un's eyes glinted with interest.

Although he hadn't yet opened the power of the Three Eyes, from the point of opening the Ghost Eye, he couldn't feel any limit to this person's energy.

It was difficult to measure his true qi, feeling like a huge mass of energy.

Thinking he was ahead in inner force, the corner of the blade user's mouth rose.

“My inner force has surpassed human limits.”

“I see.”

“It's a shame. I aimed for now to make sure, but if I had known it would be like this, I should have aimed for when you had just taken your first steps.”

“You keep saying things that are hard to understand.”

“Huhuhu. Let it pass over you. It's not something you can understand anyway.”

-Chwareureureuru!

As the blade user's energy rose further, Mok Gyeong-un's form continued to be pushed back.

Confident in his superiority in inner force, the blade user intended to overwhelm Mok Gyeong-un with his overwhelming inner force.

But then,

-Kwadeuk!

At some point, Mok Gyeong-un's feet stopped as if planted in the ground and didn't move.

At this, the blade user's eyes narrowed.

He was clearly far superior in inner force, so what was this suddenly rising capacity?

It was at that very moment.

-Goooooooo!

-Heumchit!

Ferocious black energy flowed like a mirage from Mok Gyeong-un's entire body, and the blade of the precious sword Evil Commandment Sword that was clashing turned black.

Rather than the energy itself growing, it felt like the capacity had explosively increased and concentrated.

After being pushed back until just now, they were evenly matched again, but far from being bewildered, the blade user burst into laughter.

“Hahahahaha! Yes! This much is needed to be called a legend.”

“You’re noisy.”

-Pat!

At that moment, Mok Gyeong-un’s left hand aimed for the blade user’s eyes.

The blade user tilted his head to the side and released the force he was applying to the blade.

As this happened, Mok Gyeong-un’s form leaned in the direction he was swinging his sword.

Then,

-Pat!

The blade user let go of the blade he was holding and unleashed an extremely swift blade strike with his hand blade, as if to cut off Mok Gyeong-un’s wrist.

-Chaeang!

However, the blade strike failed to cut Mok Gyeong-un’s right arm.

This was because the precious sword Plundering-killing Sword at his waist had naturally come out and blocked the blade user’s hand blade.

‘To block the Extreme Swift Killing Blade like this, truly living up to the reputation. Then how about this?’

At that moment, the blade user also unleashed a blade technique with his left hand.

Like just before, it was the Extreme Swift Killing Blade, an extremely swift technique.

The blade technique unleashed with his left hand tried to split Mok Gyeong-un’s head in half in one breath.

However,

-Pat!

At that moment, Mok Gyeong-un narrowly avoided it and created distance behind him.

As it was a blade strike coming down from above, there was no way other than avoiding or blocking it, but by creating even a little distance like this,

-Chaechaechaechaeng!

He could counter the blade technique.

Mok Gyeong-un’s Evil Commandment Sword and the blade user’s hand blade imbued with sharp energy filled the space between them, and their speed was so fast that even Ji-oe and other experts who had surpassed the wall could hardly discern it with the naked eye.

Naturally, it was impossible for ordinary swordsmen or Jeong Myeong Sa-tae to see.

‘Too fast.’

‘M-monsters.’

The sword and blade unleashed by these two peerless experts were truly the essence of swiftness.

What was even more surprising was that the distance between them was only about three steps.

It was a distance where a fatal strike could fly if there was even a small mistake, but there was no disturbance in their offense and defense.

Watching their confrontation, an exclamation flowed from Ji-oe’s mouth.

“Haaa.....”

At this, Jeong Myeong Sa-tae asked in surprise:

“Amitabha. Senior, can you see that?”

“.....Do you think I can see it properly? At best, I can only see parts of it.”

“Then why are you exclaiming like that?”

“Their offense and defense are at too high a level.”

While the trajectory of the blade user’s extremely swift blade techniques flew in with strange trajectories that normally couldn’t be wielded, pressuring the opponent with ever-changing moves, that young swordsman was also unleashing extremely swift sword techniques, but surprisingly, he was using different techniques with both hands.

Because he was using different techniques with both hands, it was no different from two people launching a joint attack, so he could counter the strange trajectories of the incoming blades.

‘To witness such an incredible battle before my eyes.’

He couldn’t help but admire it.

-Chaechaechaechaelaeng!

It was after they had clashed for about twenty moves like that.

It seemed like the situation would continue indefinitely, but the blade user was the first to leap backward and create distance.

It wasn’t because he couldn’t withstand the offense and defense.

-Sseuk!

If he had been a little late, the precious sword Jeuksal, dyed with black strong energy, would have pierced him.

Watching the flying precious sword Jeuksal, the blade user inwardly clicked his tongue.

He hadn’t expected that while unleashing completely different techniques with both hands, he would even use the technique of Qi Sword Strong Energy in the midst of that.

Literally, he was doing the work of three people alone.

‘To think he’s already at this level.’

He had competed with numerous peerless experts to gain experience.

Therefore, he was confident that he was superior not only in inner force but also in experience and insight.

But that expectation was off.

‘……..I thought he would be a novice since this was just the period when he was making a name for himself.’

He's not a novice at all.

The corner of the blade user's mouth twisted subtly.

To have reached such a realm when he's not even of age..... As expected, this clan's talent was dangerously incomparable, enough to be envious.

‘Indeed, it's right to uproot them from the beginning.’

-Sseuk! Chaeang!

The blade user lightly deflected the incoming black qi sword strong energy with his left hand blade and then stretched out his right hand.

His treasured blade that had fallen to the ground was sucked into his hand.

Gripping the blade, the blade user then raised his energy even further.

“The warm-up is over, now let's do this properly.”

-Goooooooo!

The energy flowing from him was so strong that the faces of the swordsmen watching the battle turned pale.

As the energy became stronger and sharper, Mok Gyeong-un's gaze also became serious.

It seems that until now was just a probing battle.

Seeing that the guy was going to get serious, it seemed he too should raise his energy to his highest level without holding back.

So,

-Goooooooo!

He raised his demonic energy to ten-star level inner force.

Then, as a chilling and ferocious energy spread in all directions, the swordsmen who were already overwhelmed by the overwhelming inner force trembled and stepped back.

For them, these two peerless experts were already monsters beyond the realm of humans.

It seemed dangerous to stay any closer.

But then,

-Sseuk!

Mok Gyeong-un and the blade user, who were raising their energy to fight with full power, simultaneously looked somewhere.

It was none other than,

-Woowoong!

“W-what is this?”

The orb, no, the sacred orb shining brightly in the hand of Ou Woong-seong, the second son of Master Ou of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary.

Young Master Ou Woong-hwang, who was silently holding out his hand for him to hand over the sacred orb, and Ou Yeonwoo and Ye Song-ah, the granddaughter of the Holy Fire Priestess, who were right beside him, were equally surprised by this phenomenon.

-Woowoong!

The light coming from the sacred orb surpassed the level of a night pearl.

It was enough to brightly illuminate the entire surrounding area and more.

What was even more surprising was the tremendous energy flowing out of the sacred orb.

‘……..Could it be the true source?’

At the tremendous energy flowing out of the sacred orb, the blade user thought it might be the true source.

No, with this level of energy, it must be the true source.

At this, the blade user reached out his hand towards Ou Woong-seong and made a pulling gesture.

Then,

-Pak!

The sacred orb in Ou Woong-seong's hand tried to fly towards the blade user, drawn by his majestic energy.

“Huh?”

Flustered, Ou Woong-seong grasped it with both hands and tried not to let it be taken.

However, there was no way Ou Woong-seong's inner force could match the blade user's.

As he had already raised his inner force to near its peak, Ou Woong-seong too floated up and flew along with the sacred orb.

Surprised, Ou Woong-hwang hurriedly shouted:

“Let go of that!”

But Ou Woong-seong didn't let go of the sacred orb he was grasping.

Captivated by the strange demonic nature of the sacred orb, he couldn't hear the voice of his eldest brother Ou Woong-hwang.

His only thought was not to let this be taken away.

But then,

-Kung!

His body, which was flying, suddenly fell to the ground midway.

‘You interfere with true qi?’

The blade user furrowed his brow as he looked at Mok Gyeong-un.

He didn’t expect him to interfere with the energy sent for Void Object Grasping and disperse it.

Could it be that his understanding of qi is superior to his own?

Or has he learned some special technique?

-Pat!

The blade user immediately launched his body.

Whatever it was, it didn’t matter.

If that was the true source, he had to get his hands on it no matter what.

-Seureuk!

The blade user, who reached Ou Woong-seong’s front in an instant, then tried to cut off his arm holding the sacred orb.

However,

-Chaeng!

Mok Gyeong-un blocked his blade at the perfect moment.

After blocking like that, Mok Gyeong-un used true qi to perform the Void Object Grasping technique to push him away and try to send him flying.

However,

-Pareureureuru!

Ou Woong-seong's body only trembled but remained stopped in place without moving.

This was because the blade user had likewise used true qi to bind him so he couldn't escape.

The blade user used a change in technique to try to cut Ou Woong-seong's arm once again.

-Chaeng!

Of course, Mok Gyeong-un wasn't one to just watch this, so he likewise used a change in technique to block the blade user's blade.

-Chaechaechaechae!

As this was repeated five times in an instant, Ou Woong-seong's face and body became filled with wounds.

Although Mok Gyeong-un had blocked exquisitely, he had directly received the aftermath of the sword and blade aura from the two peerless experts, so it would be strange if he were unscathed.

-Jureureureuk!

Although he should be suffering from being covered in sword and blade wounds, Ou Woong-seong still grasped the sacred orb and didn't even think of letting it go.

At this, the blade user raised the corner of his mouth coldly.

Then,

-Chwak!

As if about to cut Ou Woong-seong's arm, he swung his blade, but then,

-Puk!

He thrust his blade into the ground.

At that moment, eight streams of blade energy arose from the blade and split the ground.

‘That is?’

Ji-oe recognized it.

This was one of the blade user's ultimate techniques, the Eight Immortals Blade Competition.

It was a technique with explosive capacity, but

‘!?’

Its power was incomparable to earlier.

The blade energy spurting from the ground was so strong that it shook the earth as if an earthquake had occurred.

-Kururururu! Jjeojeojeojeok! Jjeojeok!

At that moment, someone shouted.

“E-everyone retreat!”

“The cliff is about to collapse!”

Unable to withstand the blade energy of the strong qi, the cliff floor was not just splitting but about to collapse.

As the earth shook and tilted towards the precipice, Mok Gyeong-un quickly grabbed Ou Woong-seong's nape and leaped upwards.

-Pat!

Having soared to a height of almost four zhang, he was about to throw Ou Woong-seong.

At that moment,

“I've been waiting for this.”

The blade user, who had somehow leaped to a higher position than him, stretched out his left hand towards Mok Gyeong-un.

Then,

-Pachichichichichik!

Blue streaks of lightning spread like roots, covering the void.

The range was so wide that there was no room to avoid it.

-Chichichichichik!

Struck directly by the spreading lightning, the bodies of Mok Gyeong-un and Ou Woong-seong flashed with blue lightning.

Watching them being electrocuted, the blade user moved his body.

Having stepped on the void, he didn't miss this opportunity and tried to behead Mok Gyeong-un in one breath.

-Pat!

‘When struck by lightning, not only the muscles of the entire body but even the inner force becomes rigid. Cheonma, this must be your first experience of.....’

It was at that moment.

-Chaeng!

‘!?’

He had naturally thought that he wouldn't be able to move after being struck by lightning energy.

But despite Mok Gyeong-un's body still sparking with lightning flames, he moved his body as if nothing was wrong and blocked his blade strike.

‘How?’

It was utterly incomprehensible.

This wasn't energy that could be obtained through simple inner force techniques.

With the power obtained through the true source of the Dragon Turtle, even any inner force expert would have their inner force itself become rigid and lose strength momentarily when struck by lightning energy.

But how could he move?

Just as he was wondering about this,

-Pat!

Mok Gyeong-un, who had blocked his blade, immediately twisted his body in mid-air and, using the marvelous technique of Void Step, kicked upwards and launched his body downwards.

This was because Ou Woong-seong was falling towards the precipice.

Thanks to his experience with Dam Baek-hwa, the Blood Saint of the Nine Blood Sect, he had somehow endured the lightning energy in an instant to block the blade strike, but as part of his muscles became rigid, he had unintentionally let go of Ou Woong-seong.

-Shuuuuu!

It didn't matter if Ou Woong-seong fell to his death on the precipice, but he had to retrieve the sacred orb.

Chapter 357 – Extreme Blade (4)

The most important part in crafting any sword is the finishing touch.

That is the act of infusing the sword heart.

Whether the sword becomes a famous sword or a treasure sword, or remains just an ordinary killing weapon, is determined by whether the sword heart is properly set or not.

-Sseuk sseuk!

The eyes of the old man who was wholeheartedly honing and refining the blade were the sword itself.

He had poured his soul into making a sword that surpasses anything in his lifetime, and now the greatest sword was about to be born.

-Sseuk sseuk!

As he was focusing on infusing the sword heart, the old man's brow furrowed, creating wrinkles.

He was one who could neither hear nor see anything while concentrating.

Even to the point of completely abstaining from food and drink when in a state of deep concentration.

But then,

-Jjirit!

There was something that stimulated his qi sense.

The energy was so powerful that it broke him out of his deep concentration even at this most crucial moment.

The old man's brow furrowed even deeper.

Soon, the greatest sword, which had been his family's long-cherished wish, would be born from his hands.

‘This won’t do.’

The moment his concentration breaks, everything goes awry.

He needed to pour his soul into infusing the sword heart, but if he takes his hands off here, all his efforts so far would be in vain.

In a way, this might be a test.

A test from heaven for the family and himself trying to surpass it.

‘I mustn’t give in.’

The old man tried his best to gather his thoughts.

However, once his mind was disturbed, it couldn’t easily return to the state of deep concentration.

This was because this powerful energy wasn't just one, but two.

Both had surpassed the wall of walls.

‘.....’

The old man's composure gradually cracked.

What on earth was happening outside?

\*\*\*

-Sseuk!

Mok Gyeong-un launched his body towards Ou Woong-seong, the second son of Master Ou of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, who was falling towards the precipice below, and stretched out his hand while gaining speed.

To minimize the consumption of true qi, he unleashed the “Ritual of Binding” technique of the Thought-shattering Eight Techniques.

Ritual of Binding technique is a force that can pull anything.

-Swaaaa!

Thankfully, because he followed immediately after letting go, Ou Woong-seong's falling body stopped midway due to the Ritual of Binding.

‘Got it.’

As Mok Gyeong-un moved his sword finger,

-Puk!

The precious sword Plundering-killing Sword, which had been flying with qi sword energy, stuck into the cliff wall.

-Tak!

Standing on the blade of Plundering-killing Sword like this, Mok Gyeong-un pushed the Ritual of Binding even more strongly in earnest.

Then Ou Woong-seong's body soared upwards in the opposite direction.

It seemed he could catch Ou Woong-seong flying towards him and climb up to the cliff above the precipice.....

-Heumchit!

At that moment, Mok Gyeong-un slightly twisted his waist and swung the precious sword Evil Commandment Sword.

-Chaeng!

It was the blade user's treasured blade.

‘Qi-Controlled Blade?’

Due to the clashing force, Mok Gyeong-un's form was pushed back at an even faster speed.

At this, Mok Gyeong-un tried to avoid falling downwards by kicking the void and using the Void Step technique.

-Paang!

However, the blade flew in quickly, and he had to block it.

-Chaeng!

-Chwak!

“Aak!”

The moment he blocked it, a scream burst out from below at the same time.

Turning his gaze, he saw that Ou Woong-seong’s hand had been cut off by the blade user’s blade energy.

The blade user’s immediate goal was the sacred orb in Ou Woong-seong’s hand.

The corner of the blade user’s mouth rose coldly as he reached for the severed wrist.

‘To think I’d obtain a true source in a place like this.....’

-Paang!

At that moment, the severed wrist of Ou Woong-seong holding the sacred orb, which was flying towards him with Void Object Grasping, stopped in mid-air.

‘!?’

The wrist that stopped midway trembled in the air.

At this, the blade user looked up and glared at Mok Gyeong-un.

Mok Gyeong-un had also used Void Object Grasping with his other hand to prevent him from taking the wrist.

‘You’re saying you can’t give it up easily, is that it? Fine.’

-Sseuk! Pak!

The blade user retrieved his blade that had been using Qi-Controlled Blade,

-Paang!

He kicked the void with Void Object Grasping and stuck his blade into the cliff wall of the precipice, clinging to it.

Once his posture stabilized, the blade user also raised his true qi further.

This unintentionally turned into a contest of true qi.

-Pareureureuru!

The hand that had stopped trembling in the void was moving very slowly towards the blade user.

The blade user was confident in his inner force after absorbing true sources.

‘Aha?’

At this, Mok Gyeong-un was about to stop using the Thought-shattering Eight Techniques with his right hand.

Thinking about it, since the hand holding the sacred orb had been cut off, there was no reason to hold onto Ou Woong-seong to save him.

As he was withdrawing the force he had been using towards Ou Woong-seong,

-Paang!

At that moment, Ou Woong-seong’s body didn’t fall down but soared upwards.

‘It’s rising?’

-Heumchit!

Puzzled by this sight, Mok Gyeong-un and the blade user simultaneously looked up with interested eyes.

This was because they felt an extraordinary energy from above.

Near the top of the cliff, an old man holding a sword could be seen.

“Master Ou!”

“The master has come!”

“Waaaaah!!!”

From the cheers coming from above, Mok Gyeong-un instinctively knew that he was Master Ou Cheonmu, the owner of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary and one of the Six Heavens.

However, the face of Master Ou looking down was filled with rage that seemed about to burst.

-Pak!

“Keueu. F-father?”

Master Ou grabbed the clothes of his second son Ou Woong-seong, who was suffering while holding his cut arm, and threw him behind.

“Heuk!”

As soon as he threw his son onto the cliff top, what Master Ou did was none other than,

“Both guests must pay the price for disturbing my manor.”

-Gooooo!

He created a massive sword energy nearly 3 jang long and unleashed a sword technique towards them who were clinging to the cliff wall just below, engaged in a true qi battle.

-Chwachwachwachwachwachwachwas!

At the sword technique rushing in with countless trajectories in the form of Elastic Sword Energy, both Mok Gyeong-un and the blade user stopped their true qi battle using Void Object Grasping without hesitation.

It was a sword technique unleashed with full power by Master Ou Cheonmu, one of the Six Heavens called the pinnacle of the current martial world.

This wasn't something that could be blocked while clinging to a cliff and engaged in a true qi battle.

-Pak!

The blade user pulled out his treasured blade that he had stuck into the cliff and kicked off the cliff.

He launched his body towards the incoming Elastic Sword Energy technique, raising blade energy and unleashing a blade technique.

‘Second technique, Blade Extreme Form Control!’

Likewise, Mok Gyeong-un also used the elasticity of Plundering-killing Sword's blade that he had been using as a foothold to soar upwards and unleashed the first technique of the Demonic Sword Art.

-Chaechachaschachachachachaeng!

In an instant, a battle of ultimate techniques between three peerless experts unfolded at the position of falling towards the precipice of the cliff.

Normally, one could say that the person who secures the high ground has an advantage, but since both Mok Gyeong-un and the blade user were experts who had surpassed the wall of walls, position wasn't important.

The trajectories of their techniques created flashes like starlight every time they clashed.

-Chaechaechaechaeng!

The aftermath was so strong that the precipice cliff split, and fragments flew everywhere in chaos.

The clash of techniques between these Six Heavens level peerless experts,

-Paaaaaang!

Was evenly matched.

Unable to withstand the aftermath of unleashing techniques in mid-air without any footing, not even on the ground, they were thrown back in opposite directions from where they had unleashed their techniques.

Master Ou, who had unleashed his technique from above, fortunately bounced upwards and was able to land on the cliff top where people were.

-Tak!

“Master!”

The swordsmen called out to Master Ou.

But Master Ou held out his hand, gesturing them not to approach.

-Sseuk!

“Ah!”

After stopping them from coming, Master Ou immediately frowned.

-Jurureuk!

Then black blood flowed from the corner of his mouth.

He had suffered internal injuries from rashly unleashing a sword technique out of anger, trusting in the advantage of high ground, against opponents who would be difficult to determine a winner even in a one-on-one fight.

Not only was he interrupted in the work of setting the final sword heart, but seeing the numerous corpses strewn across Sword Valley and his second son's severed arm, he couldn't help but vent his anger.

But then,

‘Who on earth are these people?’

Although he took more pride as a craftsman, he was also a swordsman who stood at the pinnacle of the martial world.

Even he had never heard of or seen these people before.

It was just a single clash of techniques, but after colliding, he realized that both of these were peerless experts who were not at all inferior to himself.

-Pat!

Master Ou, who had momentarily controlled his internal injury with a breathing technique, launched his body and looked down the cliff.

Due to the enormous aftermath of their clashing techniques, they must have fallen downwards.

The problem was that while this would be no issue for them if it were an ordinary precipice,

‘The valley wind must be fierce.’

Whether due to geographical reasons or not, a tremendous valley wind blew here.

So if one falls here, it would be difficult to climb up easily even if a rope were lowered.

This gets worse the further one falls down the precipice.

Therefore, if they don’t hurry up, they might get caught in the fierce valley wind.

But then,

‘No?’

Master Ou frowned.

Instead of climbing up, they had fallen further down the precipice and were fighting while falling for some reason.

-Whiiiiing!

The fierce valley wind blowing through the precipice.

-Chaechaechaechaeng!

Mok Gyeong-un and the blade user, who had fallen at an even faster speed due to the aftermath of their clashing techniques, were fiercely competing in mid-air, clashing sword and blade.

Throughout their battle, their gazes never left a certain point.

It was Ou Woong-seong's severed hand holding the sacred orb.

-Chaechaechaeng!

The blade user stretched out his left hand, trying to retrieve the hand holding the sacred orb that was falling with them using Void Object Grasping.

Of course, there was no way Mok Gyeong-un would just let that happen.

-Pak!

He threw the precious sword Plundering-killing Sword that he had retrieved while falling and unleashed Qi-Controlled Sword.

-Puk!

The flying Qi-Controlled Sword pierced through the wrist and skewered it like a skewer, snatching it away.

Although the blade user's Void Object Grasping was also performed with profound true qi, it couldn't match the energy carried by the Qi-Controlled Sword.

The Qi-Controlled Sword flew off in another direction.

‘Cheonma, you troublesome!‘

-Chaaaang!

The blade user swung his blade strongly towards Mok Gyeong-un.

And when Mok Gyeong-un blocked it equally strongly, he used that force to launch his body.

Of course, the direction he launched towards was the precious sword Plundering-killing Sword that had skewered the wrist.

‘He’s quite greedy.’

-Sseuk!

Mok Gyeong-un moved his sword finger to make the precious sword Plundering-killing Sword move in another direction.

But then,

-Whiiiiing!

Due to the intense valley wind, the sword wavered and flew off in a completely unintended direction.

‘Think you’ll lose it?’

-Paang!

The blade user changed direction likewise by kicking the air with the Void Step technique.

Although it was difficult to maintain proper balance due to falling downwards and the severe valley wind, his form, which had gained momentum from the Void Step, was getting closer to the precious sword Plundering-killing Sword.

His hand was about to touch the hilt of the precious sword Plundering-killing Sword.

It was at that very moment.

-Heumchit!

The blade user hurriedly twisted his body.

-Pak!

-Chwak!

At that moment, a black line passed through the void, and the right forearm below the elbow, which couldn't escape the radius as he twisted his body, disappeared without a trace.

‘!!!!!!’

The blade user, who had lost his right arm, looked at where the black line had passed with a distorted face.

He saw that Mok Gyeong-un had even retrieved the precious sword Plundering-killing Sword.

‘What was that just now?’

For an instant, he felt capacity concentrating into a single point.

The power was so strong and swift that there was no room to avoid it at all.

Mok Gyeong-un, who had taken the blade user's right arm, smacked his lips.

He had been saving the single strike of concentrated capacity for such an exquisite moment, but unfortunately, he couldn't kill him.

‘Well, I took his right arm at least.’

The combat power of a guy with only his left arm would inevitably decrease.....

‘!?’

At that moment, Mok Gyeong-un’s eyes narrowed.

He saw bones slowly growing from the elbow of the disappeared right arm, with blood vessels and muscles intertwining.

It was an incredible regenerative power that couldn't be described merely as fast recovery.

For a disappeared part to simply regrow like that.

The blade user raised the corner of his mouth at Mok Gyeong-un’s reaction and said in a meaningful voice:

“I am a being close to immortality.”

‘Immortal?’

For an instant, the words spoken by the self-proclaimed prophet flashed through Mok Gyeong-un’s mind.

[Due to an immortal being, the vast organization you will create and your descendants, no, the entire martial world will be in danger.]

[That person is a peerless expert pursuing the extreme of the blade, and the fact that he has appeared now means he's trying to kill you to cut off your future lineage.]

Could this person be the one that prophet warned about?

Come to think of it, it was strange.

Even though he was seeing him for the first time, he acted as if he knew him.

As if he knew the future.....

-Woowoong!

It was at that moment.

The severed wrist stuck on the precious sword Plundering-killing Sword.

More precisely, the sacred orb that Ou Woong-seong's hand had been holding trembled strongly and emitted a dazzling light.

Chapter 358 – Extreme Blade (5)

-Woowoong!

The sacred orb shining much brighter than before.

Its light was so brilliant that it illuminated the dark precipice cliff.

‘Is that really the true source?’

The blade user suddenly had doubts.

Looking at the tremendous energy flowing out, he could only think it was the true source, the core of spirit beasts.

However, he had never seen a true source that emitted light like this among all the ones he had seen before.

As he was caught up in this doubt,

-Heumchit!

The blade user looked down the precipice.

The end of the seemingly endless precipice was becoming visible.

But the moment the light shone, a strange wild nature completely different from human presence was felt from below.

Yet it was difficult to consider it a spirit beast.

Something eerie and ominous could be felt, but

‘A monster?’

It seemed to be some kind of evil spirit or ghost.

Such natural places with little human presence and abundant natural energy were indeed good conditions for evil spirits or spirit beasts to inhabit.

Seeing things bulging here and there on the ground, could they be reacting to the light?

The blade user looked down, then raised his head again.

‘That’s not what’s important.’

What he was interested in wasn’t mere monsters, but spirit beasts.

And those were beings of high rank enough to be called the Five Spirits.

Such low-grade monsters were outside his realm of interest.

-Paang!

Despite the strong valley wind, the blade user kicked off the void and launched his body towards the Cheonma.

He could no longer be certain whether that was the true source or not, but seeing how the Cheonma was trying not to let it be taken, it was clearly something important.

But something was strange.

Despite him approaching, all of the Cheonma’s attention was focused on that thing.

Looking at his dazed eyes, it seemed as if he had entered a state of deep concentration.

\*\*\*

A space of nothingness, like a void.

‘Huh?’

Mok Gyeong-un looked around, unable to hide his bewilderment.

When did he enter this state of deep concentration?

This was clearly the world of the mind’s eye.

‘I’m sure..... I was looking at the sacred orb.’

The strange energy emanating from the sacred orb dyed in bright light.

Feeling a strangely familiar sensation from it, the moment he reached out to touch it, he entered this world of the mind’s eye like this.

‘.....What is this?’

As far as Mok Gyeong-un knew, this was an object that gave revelations, and only the chosen ones could receive those revelations.

But why did he fall into this mind’s eye the moment he touched it?

As he was wondering about this,

‘Ah.....’

Come to think of it, what he was thinking about at the end wasn't about this sacred orb.

Although he had touched the sacred orb, he was thinking about something else.

It was the warning-like prophecy spoken by the person who called himself a prophet.

[I am a being close to immortality.]

When he heard those words from the guy, the prophet's words came to mind.

[Due to an immortal being, the vast organization you will create and your descendants, no, the entire martial world will be in danger.]

‘.....’

Is this blade user the one the prophet warned about?

Just who on earth is this person?

He talked as if he knew a lot about him, and even knew his route from Shaolin.

[.....And the third is this place called the holy land of swords, Spiritual Sword Sanctuary..... It was worth the wait, indeed.]

Although Shaolin and the Tang family were already past events, the guy spoke as if he knew in advance that he would come here.

It's utterly incomprehensible.

It's not even a concept of predicting future events, nor does it feel like he heard a prophecy.

He speaks as if it's a past event.

Who on earth is that person to speak in such a way?

As questions kept piling up,

-Woowoong!

At that moment, the space of this world presumed to be the mind's eye began to waver, and something blurry started to appear in the surroundings.

Undergrowth grew, trees covered the area, and the space of nothingness transformed into some kind of place.

Then, a terrible scene appeared in this created world.

Numerous people had been slaughtered and turned into cold corpses, and in the center of it all, someone was leaning on a black treasure sword like a cane, holding it with difficulty.

Mok Gyeong-un's gaze became strange as he looked at that someone.

This was because, although he was seeing that person for the first time, the features of that face somewhat resembled his own.

Who on earth is that?

As he was wondering, someone's voice was heard.

[How disappointing. I had expectations since you were said to be an ancestor, but it's no comparison to him.]

‘!?’

At the familiar voice, Mok Gyeong-un looked in that direction.

There, he saw that blade user standing with a cold smile at the corner of his mouth.

Judging by his treasured blade and entire outfit being stained with blood, it was clear that all this was the blade user's doing.

What on earth happened here?

As he was thinking this, the injured man barely stood up and opened his mouth.

[Cough cough..... You..... Who..... are you?]

[Didn't I tell you? I am the one who will achieve the extreme through the blade.]

[How could someone like you be in this remote area of Xinjiang.....]

-Seureuk!

Before the man could finish speaking, the blade user's form blurred, and using a technique of shape-changing, he appeared behind the man and thrust his treasured blade into the middle of his back.

-Puk!

[Keok!]

[Why am I here, you ask? To personally annihilate you arrogant Heavenly Families with my own hands.]

‘Heavenly Families?’

-Seuseuseuseu!

As soon as those words ended, the surroundings shook again, and everything that was visible returned to nothingness.

Mok Gyeong-un couldn't understand what this phenomenon was.

Why was he seeing such things in the world of the mind's eye?

‘.....’

Then, the world of nothingness changed again and became some kind of place.

But this place seemed somehow familiar.

This is,

‘Mount Song?’

It was certainly Mount Song without a doubt.

Having been there before, he could be sure looking at the surrounding scenery.

However, it wasn't exactly the same.

Rather, everything seemed more mature than when he had seen it before, but it was difficult to understand why.

Then someone appeared.

It was an old monk.

The old monk, whose entire body was covered in wounds, looked at someone and spoke with difficulty.

[Amitabha, patron..... This humble monk has lost.]

Most of the old monk's wounds appeared to be from blade marks, and this too seemed familiar, so when Mok Gyeong-un turned his gaze to where the old monk was looking,

‘!?’

The blade user was standing there.

He had wondered, but what on earth is this?

As he was puzzled, the blade user approached the old monk and spoke.

[As expected of the Shaolin Divine Monk titled one of the Five Great Experts of the Central Plains. At least better than that Demon Sword Emperor I had anticipated.]

[Demon Sword Emperor? ..... Could it be that you are the one who appeared in Xinjiang.....]

-Seuseuseuseu!

Before the old monk could finish speaking, the surroundings wavered and became blurry again.

The space that returned to nothingness was already changing into another place and showing something else.

[Catch him!]

[We must kill him!]

Countless high-level experts could be seen, and they were chasing someone, and that someone was once again the blade user.

-Chwachwachwachwachwak!

[Foolish ones.]

The blade user leisurely swung his blade in front of these many high-level experts pursuing him, slaughtering numerous experts.

The visions kept changing like this, showing the blade user's path.

Those killed by the blade user were too many to count, and it was difficult to measure the end.

At first, Mok Gyeong-un thought these were things the blade user had done, but he suddenly realized.

‘Could it be.....’

Are these events that will happen in the future?

Come to think of it, after touching the sacred orb that reveals the future, he saw these scenes.

Does this mean the sacred orb is showing him future events as a revelation?

‘Why?’

He wasn’t the chosen Holy Fire Priestess.

So why is it showing him such things?

Could it be to let him know that this person is extremely dangerous?

Is it giving a revelation to stop him for that reason?

‘If I kill this person, will all the things I’ve just seen not happen?’

He wasn’t some kind of hero.

Nevertheless, showing this to him, is it because his future generations will suffer as that so-called prophet said?

‘……Will I have descendants?’

Mok Gyeong-un had only thought about revenge, so he had never considered children or descendants.

The only reality he saw was stained with blood.

It’s truly incomprehensible.

Descendants.....

He still wasn't sure if these scenes being shown were really revelations or future events.

Is there really no one else who can do anything about the blade user except himself?

Is that why a mere object is urging him to kill this being?

It was at that very moment.

-Woowoong!

Once again, the surroundings wavered and changed into some place.

This looked like a battlefield.

Countless high-level experts from various sects were divided into two factions, engaged in a life-and-death struggle.

‘Is this also an event that will happen in the distant future?’

Will I see the blade user’s slaughter again?

As he was wondering, this time he saw unexpected scenes.

It was not the blade user, but several high-level experts using the same martial arts as the blade user, slaughtering numerous people.

They seemed inferior compared to the blade user, but these were also considerable experts.

Seeing this, Mok Gyeong-un clicked his tongue.

Will there be so many high-level experts reaching this level in the distant future?

‘It looks dangerous.’

Whether these were descendants raised by the blade user or his subordinates, he wasn’t sure, but if such people were to overflow, it certainly seemed like the martial world would become chaotic.

Whatever it showed, it seemed the sacred orb was trying to make him aware in some way that the blade user was dangerous.

It was just as he was thinking this.

-Goooooooo!

At that moment, the surroundings stirred, and the gazes of the martial artists on the battlefield, whether allies or enemies, were seen turning towards someone.

It was in the middle of the battlefield in mid-air.

Someone wearing a black dragon robe could be seen floating in the air.

Could it be the highest realm of lightness technique called Transcending Void Path?

‘Who is that?’

Due to the viewing angle, only the side profile was barely visible, but it was a handsome man with an extremely pale white face and long flowing hair.

It's hard to see clearly, but this person also gives a strangely familiar feeling.

Then,

-Deureureureuru!

A strong vibration arose from the ground.

Then, weapons that had lost their owners and become corpses began to float into the air.

-Dungdungdung!

The sight of numerous weapons adorning the top of the castle was truly spectacular.

The eyes of the martial artists watching this from the ground were filled with astonishment.

‘.....’

It wasn't just them who couldn't help but be amazed.

Mok Gyeong-un too couldn't help but be amazed at the monstrous, incredible inner force of the man lifting so many weapons with Void Object Grasping? No, Qi-Controlled Sword.

In terms of inner force alone, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say he had reached the realm of the best in the world, no, the realm of gods.

But then, an even more astonishing thing happened.

-Woowoong!

‘!!!!!’

Just Qi-Controlled Sword Technique alone would be amazing, but when numerous swords and blades raised blue strong energy, it felt like stars twinkling in broad daylight were embroidering the sky.

While everyone was speechless with their mouths open seeing this, the being showing this incredible sight opened his mouth and said something.

[.....]

Along with this, Mok Gyeong-un’s eyes and the corners of his mouth twitched, filled with ecstasy at the incredible sight unfolding before his eyes.

As he was unable to take his eyes off that scene,

-Mortal!!!!!

‘!?’

At Cheong-ryeong’s piercing cry ringing in his ears, the world of the mind’s eye disappeared in an instant, and Mok Gyeong-un was able to return to reality.

‘Huh?’

Returning to reality, Mok Gyeong-un saw the blade user unleashing a blade technique towards him.

It was an incredible ultimate technique tracing numerous trajectories.

-Chwachwachwachwachwachwachwak!

Because it was so close, Mok Gyeong-un had no time to avoid and unleashed the third technique of the Demon Sword Art.

-Chaechaechaechaechaechaeng!

Between the precipice where valley winds raged, the sword techniques and blade techniques of the two clashed fiercely.

-Chwak chwak!

Although they were mere scratches, his arm and thigh were cut simultaneously as the guy pushed forward, disregarding the sword techniques aiming for his vital points.

Unlike before, the blade user's blade techniques had become extremely fierce.

'Could it be?'

Mok Gyeong-un's eyes narrowed.

Normally, one wouldn't want to miss a single move as each was so strong it could be fatal, but whether overconfident in his own regenerative ability or not, he pushed forward too recklessly.

'The outcome of our battle is already decided, you whose life would be in danger from a single blade cut, Cheonma!'

The blade user, certain of victory, unleashed his blade techniques even more recklessly.

As he was trying to decide the match before reaching the ground of the precipice, at that very moment.

A thunderous sound burst out from the end of the precipice.

-Kwakwakwakwakwakwakwakwakwakwang!

At the thunderous sound, both people simultaneously stopped their contest and created distance while looking down.

‘What on earth is that?’

A bizarre sight met their eyes.

It was because huge, elongated things that looked like earthworms in form had broken through the bottom of the precipice and sprung out.

Chapter 359 – Sacred Orb (1)

Bizarre monsters breaking through the bottom of the precipice.

They had a form reminiscent of earthworms, but what was different was that on the part that seemed to be the head, there were dozens of black eyes along with countless sharp teeth that were difficult to count, from the outside to the inside of a round mouth.

-Kwang! Kwakwakwakwang!

Although described as earthworm-like in form, their thickness was much thicker than a human’s torso, and their length appeared to be at least 6 to 8 jang.

Moreover, these monsters that suddenly sprang out were not single entities.

There seemed to be dozens of them.

‘What on earth are those?’

As Mok Gyeong-un frowned, Cheong-ryeong’s voice rang in his ears,

-They’re Earth Mole Dragons.

-Earth Mole Dragons?

Earth Mole Dragon is another name for earthworms.

Because he dealt with medicinal ingredients, his grandfather also called earthworms Earth Mole Dragons.

Of course, that wasn’t the important thing right now.

-They don’t seem to have strong spiritual power.

-Even so, they’re probably at the level of monstrous beasts. Although most evil spirits and monsters are like that, I’ve heard Earth Mole Dragons extremely dislike light and only live deep underground.

-A precipice this deep seems like a perfect place where light doesn’t enter well.

-That’s true. But the reason those things are rampaging like that is probably because of that, right? Huh?

-What do you mean?

At her words, Mok Gyeong-un looked at the sacred orb.

‘!?’

He could understand why Cheong-ryeong had such a reaction.

He saw that cracks were forming in the brightly shining sacred orb.

‘Cracks?’

Come to think of it, the light of the sacred orb had weakened considerably.

That’s why the cracked parts were clearly visible, but,

‘Ah.....’

He wondered why it had cracked, but he understood the reason.

There were very small blade marks on the sacred orb.

He had tried his best to keep the blade aura from touching the sacred orb while fighting with the blade user, but it seems some of that sharp energy had touched it after all.

Mok Gyeong-un looked at the sacred orb as if troubled.

If the sacred orb breaks and shatters, it would mean their efforts in coming here were in vain.

‘For now.....’

-Kuaaaaaaaa!

It was at that moment.

The Earth Mole Dragons that had broken through the ground and were thrashing about soared upwards with monstrous cries.

About a dozen stretched up simultaneously, and what they were aiming for was none other than,

‘Me?’

Two or three of the Earth Mole Dragons stretched towards the blade user, but most of these numerous creatures were stretching towards Mok Gyeong-un.

Judging by their roaring with monstrous cries, they seemed enraged.

‘Wasn’t disliking supposed to mean avoiding?’

They really hated light.

No, it was at the level of extreme hatred.

Perhaps because of this, they all aimed at him as if desperate to quickly eliminate the light of the sacred orb.

-Woowoong!

At this, Mok Gyeong-un raised his demonic energy and unleashed black sword energy.

Unlike in the past, now these evil spirits and monsters at the level of monstrous beasts were not something he couldn’t handle no matter how many there were.

After raising sword energy like this, he aimed his sword at the stretching Earth Mole Dragons, pulling it back.

It was at that moment.

-Hwareureureureuk!

Along with a heat so intense it felt scorching, a huge flame blazed up.

Puzzled by this, he looked in that direction and saw that the blade user's entire body was covered in a blazing huge flame.

‘His body is enveloped in flames?’

What kind of sorcery is this?

As he was wondering about this, the blade user shouted as if for Mok Gyeong-un to hear:

“Watch closely, Cheonma. This is my true power!”

With that shout, the blade user unleashed an ultimate technique made of flames towards the Earth Mole Dragons rushing towards him.

‘Fourth technique, Blade Extreme Wave Force – Fire!’

-Hwareureureuk! Chwachwachwachwachwachwacha!

Blade energy imbued with flames crashed down on the Earth Mole Dragons like a huge tidal wave.

For the Earth Mole Dragons, flames were truly their antithesis.

As the flaming blade energy mercilessly cut through the bodies of the Earth Mole Dragons, they screamed bizarre cries as they burned in the fire energy.

-Keukakakakakakakas!

The momentum of the blade technique imbued with fire energy was so strong that the Earth Mole Dragons were helplessly overwhelmed.

But then, a coincidental event occurred.

-Keuweoeoeoeo!

-Kwakwakwakwas!

The many Earth Mole Dragons that had been rushing towards Mok Gyeong-un because of the sacred orb's light all suddenly changed direction towards the blade user.

Not only that, but even the Earth Mole Dragons that had still been on the ground also soared upwards.

‘No!?’

This wasn't intentional.

However, coincidentally, the blazing flames emitted an even stronger light than the sacred orb, and this was enough to stimulate the Earth Mole Dragons.

He could easily handle two or three, but when this many Earth Mole Dragons entangled and surged like a wave, even the blade user would have trouble dealing with all of them.

-Papapapapapak!

‘Oh no!’

Individually, they weren’t evil spirits and monsters that were difficult to handle.

But not only were there many of them, their pushing force and momentum as they entangled and surged was tremendous.

As a result, the blade user, who had been wielding flaming blade energy, was unable to withstand their surging momentum and ended up being swept away by the group of Earth Mole Dragons.

-Pak!

Mok Gyeong-un, who was hanging by sticking his sword into the wall, smiled slightly as he watched this scene.

If he hadn’t raised fire energy saying he would use his full power, this wouldn’t have happened, should one say he’s unlucky?

It was truly a case of self-entrapment.

Mok Gyeong-un looked down.

He could see the ground at the end of the precipice.

Thinking he couldn’t keep hanging on the cliff wall forever, Mok Gyeong-un decided he should go down, so he pulled out his sword and launched his body downwards.

As it was only about twenty zhang, he slowly descended while controlling air resistance with true qi,

-Tak!

And landed on the ground.

After coming down to the ground like this, the ground wriggled and the few remaining Earth Mole Dragons revealed themselves.

Most of the individuals had rushed to the blade user, and the few remaining ones seemed to be young Earth Mole Dragons that hadn't fully grown yet.

At this, Mok Gyeong-un was about to raise strong energy to deal with them, but

-Kuaaaaa!

Even if they were not fully grown Earth Mole Dragons, they were still much larger and longer than humans, so they were equally threatening.

The Earth Mole Dragons rushed towards Mok Gyeong-un with monstrous cries.

But the Earth Mole Dragons approaching nearby suddenly started trembling.

Mok Gyeong-un's eyes glinted with interest as he was gauging the distance.

Why are they suddenly acting like this?

As he was wondering, the Earth Mole Dragons suddenly lowered their bodies and began to retreat, crawling on the ground.

‘What’s going on?’

-They're afraid.

“You say they’re afraid?”

-.....Don’t you know why?

At Cheong-ryeong’s words, Mok Gyeong-un suddenly pulled out an accessory he was wearing at his waist.

As he pulled this out, the Earth Mole Dragons that had been flinching and retreating gave up even being wary and completely turned their bodies, digging into the ground.

-Kwareureureureuru!

Seeing their behavior, Mok Gyeong-un looked at the accessory.

This was an accessory that the White-faced King, the Golden-furred Nine-tailed Fox, had made for him using the fur from its cut tail.

She had said that with this, he wouldn’t have to deal with most evil spirits and monsters, and it seems that wasn’t just empty talk.

Al-yu, the demonic beast trapped in Shaolin’s Demon Subduing Cave, perhaps because it was of high rank and possessed intelligence, tried to use the Golden-furred Nine-tailed Fox’s spiritual power while fearing it.

But the Earth Mole Dragons, perhaps because they were low-ranking monstrous beasts, seemed rather true to their instincts.

“It’s quite useful.”

-Well..... I suppose so.

Watching them escape into the ground, Mok Gyeong-un put his precious sword Evil Commandment Sword back into its scabbard.

-Chak!

Cheong-ryeong then said to him:

-But how did you enter that state of deep concentration earlier? Could it be because of that sacred orb?

At her question, Mok Gyeong-un pulled out Ou Woon-seong's severed hand that was stuck on Plundering-killing Sword.

The sacred orb that the severed hand was grasping had cracks in it.

It seemed like it might break at any moment if handled carelessly.

“I’m not sure. I suddenly entered the mind’s eye state.”

-Suddenly, you say?

“Yes.”

-That’s strange. I don’t understand how you entered that state of deep concentration when you’re not the chosen one that old woman or that girl mortal talked about. So what did you see?

“Yes.”

-What did you see?

“……A possible distant future.”

-A possible distant future? Then you say you saw revelations, no, future events?

“I don’t know. Since it’s a future that might happen.”

-If it’s the future, what happened?

She asked out of curiosity.

At this, Mok Gyeong-un shrugged and answered:

“I’m not sure. It doesn’t seem like I saw what I really wanted to see, and it seems to have shown too distant a future, so it seems useless.”

-You say it seems useless?

“Yes..... Well, not all of it.”

Mok Gyeong-un couldn’t forget that scene he saw at the end.

It brought a shock close to ecstasy.

Seeing that one thing alone was enough.

Then Cheong-ryeong said:

-I don't know how you came to see such things, but it seems you need that girl mortal's power to see what you really want.

“That's true, but.....”

The state of the sacred orb wasn't very good.

It had cracks and seemed like it might break if handled even slightly wrong.

Moreover, the energy flowing out of the sacred orb along with the bright light was gradually weakening.

Looking at its state, it seemed like it would soon lose its power as an object.

-For now, mortal, hide that. No, I'll manifest and take that up the cliff.

“You, Cheong-ryeong?”

-Yes. Look at where the Earth Mole Dragons are. How long do you think they can hold out?

-Kuguugugugu!

Red fire energy was flowing out from between the entangled monstrous Earth Mole Dragons.

Although he was swept away because there were so many, the blade user would soon break out of there.

-I don't know what that monster-like mortal's identity is, but it seems he has consumed the true sources of beings called spirit beasts.

“Spirit beasts?”

Suddenly, Mok Gyeong-un recalled what Dam Baek-hwa, the Blood Saint of the Nine Blood Sect, had said and what he had seen in the Book of Mountains and Seas Strange Beasts.

Unlike evil spirits and monsters born from the gathering of yin energy, spirit beasts were beings formed by the gathering of natural energy and pure spiritual power.

A typical example is the dragon, which has been called the most sacred being since ancient times.

“Ah!”

-Why do you say that?

“……It seems to be that person.”

-That person?

“The peerless expert who appeared on that day of great calamity and used strange blade techniques.”

Dam Baek-hwa, the Blood Saint of the Nine Blood Sect, had faced the rampaging spirit beast Dragon Turtle, and in the process, a blade expert of unknown identity appeared and finished off the weakened Dragon Turtle, taking its true source.

Dam Baek-hwa, who had consumed just a little of the spirit beast’s blood, didn’t age and gained lightning energy.

-I see. That guy could indeed be the one that woman from the Nine Blood Sect mentioned.

From lightning energy to incredible regenerative power.

These weren't abilities that an ordinary human could possess.

Surely, that person must have absorbed the Dragon Turtle's true source.

No, it might not be just one.

-Seeing that he handles fire energy in addition to lightning energy, he must have obtained the true source of another spirit beast as well. Probably the Fire Qilin.

Fire Qilin.

That too is a legendary spirit beast.

This being, said to have been born in hot lava, is also called the incarnation of flames.

Come to think of it, Ten-thousand men Commander So Ye-rin said that on the day of great calamity, a Fire Qilin appeared in the imperial capital of Kaifeng and turned the place into a wasteland.

'Just how many true sources has he eaten?'

Although he had seen the years he had lived and possible future events through the sacred orb, he was still a being full of questions.

-Kwajik! Hwareureureru!

At that moment, someone sprang up as flames soared from among the Earth Mole Dragons.

It was the blade user.

He thought he wouldn't last long, but he had managed to break out from there.

-Kwadeuk!

At that moment, Cheong-ryeong broke the wooden puppet and manifested.

She, who had come out after a long time, reached out her hand to Mok Gyeong-un.

-It's about time. If you fight with that, it will surely break. Hand it over to me.

“I suppose we should.”

Thinking her words were right, Mok Gyeong-un then carefully tried to open the fingers of the severed wrist stuck on the precious sword Plundering-killing Sword to take out the sacred orb.

It was the moment his hand touched the cracked sacred orb like this.

\*\*\*

‘!?’

Mok Gyeong-un frowned.

The world changed to a state of nothingness again.

In an instant, he had fallen into deep concentration again and entered the world of the mind's eye.

‘There's no time for this.’

Mok Gyeong-un focused his mind and tried to escape from the state of deep concentration.

But at that moment, a strange thing happened before his eyes.

-Hwareureureureuk!

Black flames began to blaze in the space where there had been nothing.

Why is this phenomenon of flames burning black, not reddish or scarlet?

As he was wondering about this strangeness,

The black flames suddenly began to swirl.

-Whiiiiii!

As it swirled like this, the flames gradually gathered in one place.

Then eventually, the gathered black flames began to take on a form, and it took on a human shape.

Mok Gyeong-un's eyes glinted with interest as he watched this.

This was because the appearance of the being that had taken on a human form was none other than himself.

‘……What is this now?’

Why is his own appearance suddenly visible?

As he was wondering, the being created from the gathered black flames that had taken on his appearance suddenly approached.

‘What’s going on?’

Is this just a simple illusion?

Unlike when he entered the mind’s eye earlier, this being born from black flames and having the same appearance as himself seemed to be aware of him.

Then this being opened its mouth.

-So that appearance is the result of your choice.

‘……Are you talking to me?’

-Yes. Who else do you think I’m talking to?

At these words from the being, Mok Gyeong-un’s eyes were instantly filled with wariness.

He had thought it was different from a simple illusion, and it really was recognizing him and speaking.

At this reaction from Mok Gyeong-un, the being with the same appearance as him smiled slightly and said:

-Interesting. Although the result can’t be helped, for something you desired so much, it’s quite an imperfect appearance. Or is it because you’ve become an imperfect being?

‘……What on earth are you talking about?’

-I'm talking about your choice, no, our choice.

‘Our?’

Mok Gyeong-un's mind became confused by this being's words.

He couldn't understand at all what it was saying.

-What do you mean by 'our'?

To that question, the being approached and said:

-Well. Isn't that a question you should ask your closed self?

‘My closed self?’

-Yes. The fact that you closed yourself is ultimately your own choice. It doesn't seem to be an area I should interfere with.

‘You've been talking about choice this and that, but what on earth are you saying? If you know something, can't you explain it properly?’

-Even if you closed yourself, you are also me. Of course, I could answer your questions, but there's no time for that.

‘What do you mean by that?’

-The cracks are spreading rapidly. The fragment will soon disappear.

‘!?’

By fragment, does it mean the sacred orb?

Then the being walked right up to him and said:

-Hurry. Already nearly half the energy has been lost due to the cracks.

‘What on earth.....’

-Tak!

At that moment, the being reached out its hand towards Mok Gyeong-un.

At this, Mok Gyeong-un tried to move his body to avoid it, but he couldn't move as if something was restraining him.

In the meantime, the being placed its palm in the center of Mok Gyeong-un's chest.

-Hwareureureuk!!

At that moment, the being resembling himself was enveloped in black flames.

What on earth is it trying to do?

As he was wondering, the being smiled and said in a meaningful voice:

-I am a fragment of the core. Just a piece of you.

Chapter 360 – Sacred Orb (2)

Mortal? Don't tell me it's you again?

Cheong-ryeong, who had been reaching out her hand asking for the cracked sacred orb, clicked her tongue in disbelief.

The moment he touched the sacred orb, his eyes glazed over.

He had clearly fallen into the mind's eye state.

She couldn't understand what mysterious power the sacred orb possessed for someone with not weak willpower to keep falling into a state of deep concentration like this.

Normally it wouldn't matter, but there was no time for this now.

Cheong-ryeong, having manifested to wake Mok Gyeong-un, was about to reach out her hand.....

'.....This expression is new again.'

It was a face rarely seen on him.

Cheong-ryeong, who had been staring at the dazed-eyed Mok Gyeong-un, shook her head and hurriedly tried to wake him.

But at that very moment.

-Hwareureuk!

Suddenly, flames flickered and blazed from Mok Gyeong-un's hand holding the sacred orb.

Seeing this, Cheong-ryeong's eyes widened.

It wasn't ordinary flames.

The flames were so black as to be reminiscent of an abyss.

Seeing this, her face was filled with shock.

'Black fire? This..... What on earth?'

-Hwareureureuk!

At that moment, the black flames that had blazed up from the hand holding the sacred orb tried to spread over his entire body.

But then the black flames that were about to spread suddenly subsided.

Then they disappeared as if they had never been there.

The flames had only appeared for a very brief moment.

'What?'

What on earth was this just now?

\*\*\*

-I am a fragment of the core. Just a piece of you.

‘A fragment of the core?’

What does this mean?

As he was wondering, the flames enveloping the being resembling himself began to transfer to his body through its two hands.

At this incredibly strange phenomenon, Mok Gyeong-un tried to move his body but couldn’t budge at all.

Rather, the moment the black flames touched him, he was caught in a strange sensation.

It felt like an endless abyss and darkness, and despite being flames, it wasn’t hot but terribly cold.

But what was even stranger was that this sensation didn’t feel like it was the first time.

The moment the flames spread over his body, he felt something vaguely familiar yet nostalgic.

-Hwareureuk!

As the black flames spread over his entire body like that, something welled up inside along with a sense of elation.

Just as he was about to fully savor these black flames.

-Sseuk!

Someone placed a hand on his shoulder.

-I’ll hold onto this for now.

‘!?’

-Hwareureuk!

Then the black flames that had been spreading over his entire body began to gather towards his shoulder.

Then the black flames disappeared as if completely burned away.

Wondering what on earth had happened, the being with the same appearance that had placed its hand on Mok Gyeong-un's shoulder furrowed its brow and spoke.

-You? Did you exist?

-I did.

A familiar voice.

No, rather than familiar, it was the same voice.

Mok Gyeong-un tried to somehow turn his head at the voice that was no different from the being resembling himself.

But he couldn't move as if his body was restrained.

Then,

-I'm sorry, but it's not time yet.

‘What?’

-No. Even without this, your potential surpasses mine.

‘What are you saying....’

-Everything depends on how you think about it. In the end, it’s up to your will to do it.

‘Who on earth are you?’

-Well..... You’ll know everything soon enough.

-Sseuk!

With those words, the being with the voice removed its hand from Mok Gyeong-un’s shoulder.

Then Mok Gyeong-un lost consciousness.

-Seureureureuru!

The unconscious Mok Gyeong-un’s form disappeared as if scattering.

As Mok Gyeong-un disappeared like that, the one beside him stepped forward, and its appearance was no different from Mok Gyeong-un.

No, it was him itself.

Watching this, the being that had called itself a fragment of the core spoke:

-An incomprehensible choice. Did you even separate your personality?

-Let's say that's the case.

-Isn't it an unnecessary choice?

-It was a necessary choice.

-Was it a choice made because you couldn't bear it?

-.....

-I see. But why did you stop him from taking the energy remaining in the fragment? Wasn't this a contingency plan for that very purpose?

To the being's question, the one with Mok Gyeong-un's appearance shook its head.

-The time hasn't come yet. It's too early to handle this yet.

-To say it's too early, he's become incredibly strong despite being an incomplete being.

-It's not enough. If he takes the fragment's energy and reveals that in an unprepared state, even those beyond will notice.

-!!!!

At those words, the eyes of the being calling itself a fragment of the core glinted with interest.

Then, as if finally understanding, it spoke.

-.....I see. So that's why you stopped it.

-Yes.

-But now I understand.

-What do you mean?

-I wondered why you were doing such unnecessary things, but it wasn't just a choice made because you couldn't bear it.

-.....

-It was all out of necessity.

As soon as those words ended, the body of the being calling itself a fragment of the core began to scatter.

To it, the one who was Mok Gyeong-un himself put his hands together and made a respectful fist-palm salute.

-What's that?

-This is how one shows respect here.

-Respect..... That's a good word. I feel light now that I've finished my task, and even my mood has improved. Is this what they call the meaning of existence?

With those words, the scattering being smiled.

And that smile disappeared into the scattering.

\*\*\*

-Paseuseuseuseu!

At that moment, the cracked sacred orb shattered and crumbled like sand.

“Huh?”

Mok Gyeong-un, coming to his senses, frowned at this sight.

He hadn't expected the sacred orb to completely crumble.

Mok Gyeong-un's mind became complicated as he watched this.

The events experienced in the mind's eye were even harder to define than what he had seen before.

What on earth was the fragment of the core, and who was that being that suddenly appeared?

[Who on earth are you?]

[Well..... You'll know everything soon enough.]

That tone.

Although it didn't show its face, he remembered.

It was certainly that being that had occupied his body.

He could be sure because he remembered exactly that sensation from then and that tone of speech.

Just what is that being inside me?

It certainly existed, but after briefly meeting it in the mind's eye, his mind became even more complicated.

Then,

-Mortal, you..... What was that just now?

Cheong-ryeong suddenly thrust her face close and asked.

At this, Mok Gyeong-un asked back, puzzled:

“What do you mean, what was that?”

-The black fire.

“Black fire?”

-Yes. That was certainly that.....

“That?”

-That..... Uuuu! No. No. That's definitely not it. What on earth are you? Mortal.

“If you ask like that, I don’t know how to answer you.”

-Just now, your body was covered in black flames. Of course, they went out instantly as soon as they appeared, but.

“You say they went out instantly?”

-Yes. What on earth happened?

“……If you’re asking about something because of black flames, I don’t know either. The things that happened in the mind’s eye have become even harder to explain than before.”

At these words from Mok Gyeong-un, Cheong-ryeong bit her lip hard.

Then she let out a long sigh.

To her, Mok Gyeong-un spoke with sharpened eyes:

“For now, it seems better to talk about the black flames later.”

At these words, Cheong-ryeong looked where Mok Gyeong-un was looking.

There, she saw the blade user, his entire body covered in the green blood of the Earth Mole Dragons, approaching with a terrifying momentum.

Mok Gyeong-un handed her the powder of the shattered sacred orb.

Although it had lost its form, it seemed they should still keep it for now.

-Can you handle him alone?

“I’ll have to try.”

-From the point of consuming more than two true sources, that guy can hardly be considered human anymore. Yes. He’s literally a being close to immortality.

“We’ll see. Let’s test it.”

-Test?

“How to kill him, that is.”

-Pat!

As soon as those words ended, Mok Gyeong-un also launched his body towards the blade user approaching him.

The morale and fighting spirit of the blade user who had massacred the monstrous Earth Mole Dragons had reached its peak.

That momentum had greatly increased, and

-Hwareureureuk!

His treasured blade rippled with flames, looking as if it would spew them out at any moment.

“Let’s end this here! Cheonma!”

-Chwachwachwachwachwachwa!

‘Third technique, Blade Extreme Net Purity!’

The blade user’s treasured blade, covered in flames, rushed towards Mok Gyeong-un, tracing strange trajectories that could never come from ordinary blade techniques.

Mok Gyeong-un calmly observed this, and

-Chwachwachwachwachwachak!

The blade technique then spread out, growing like a large net and densely filling the surroundings.

Its range was incredibly vast, reaching up to eight zhang.

It was literally a net of flaming blades, leaving no place to escape.

-Seureung!

Although he might have been slightly overwhelmed by the tremendous momentum of the blade technique, Mok Gyeong-un drew his precious sword Evil Commandment Sword without the slightest change in expression.

After drawing his sword like that, Mok Gyeong-un immediately traced the blade from bottom to top with his left sword finger.

Then,

-Swaaaaaaaa!

At that moment, the sword began to emit an extreme yin cold energy.

The cold energy that flowed out like that merged with demonic energy and turned into a black cold wave.

‘He handles cold energy?’

The blade user inwardly clicked his tongue at this sight.

It wouldn’t be an exaggeration to say that the fire energy obtained from consuming the Fire Qilin’s true source possessed the greatest destructive power among spirit beasts.

He had intended to gain the upper hand in one breath by imbuing this fire energy, but he hadn’t expected that guy, who hadn’t even consumed a true source, to be able to handle cold energy, which could be called its antithesis.

‘But that energy isn’t obtained from a true source, so it must be just a temporary power.’

-Hwareureureureuk!

In the end, when they clashed, it would be advantageous for him.

Like that, the flaming blade technique and the sword technique imbued with cold energy were about to clash.

-Chaechaechaechaechaechaechaeng!

The sword technique Mok Gyeong-un unleashed was the first technique of the Demonic Sword Art.

There was no need to block over a wide range.

Since the entire net made of blades wasn’t attacking him anyway, it was enough to just protect himself.

-Chaechaechaechaeng!

The fiercely clashing fire energy and cold energy soon created misty steam, as befitting energies of opposing natures.

As steam rose, the surrounding visibility was suddenly obscured.

The expression of the blade user clashing techniques became strange.

‘What’s going on?’

He was clearly pushing with an overwhelming offensive by drawing up even the power of the true source, but the other wasn’t being pushed back at all.

Rather, the energy seemed to have become stronger than before.

What on earth is this?

‘Has his inner force increased?’

No. That couldn’t be.

How could inner force increase this much in such a short time?

This was impossible.

-Chaechaechaeng!

The blade user's eyes narrowed as he clashed blades.

He wondered if he was mistaken because of the steam, but something like steam was also rising from Mok Gyeong-un's entire body.

Moreover, his face was flushed red.

-Shuuuuu!

Could it be that his techniques have gained more momentum because of this?

Whatever technique this was, temporarily raising energy like this would become disadvantageous as time passed.

And,

-Chaechaechaeng! Chaeng!

The blade user, who had been unleashing blade techniques, suddenly initiated a change in technique, twisting his waist and rotating his blade.

At that moment, a whirlwind of flames arose centered on him.

‘Sixth technique, Revolving Dragon Ascending to Heaven!’

It was an ultimate technique that created a whirlwind with blade energy to narrow in and pressure the opponent.

But at that instant,

-Tatak!

Mok Gyeong-un's form split into two.

He had divided his form using the Wind God Step.

Then, one of the divided forms of Mok Gyeong-un,

-Kung!

Stepped firmly and pulled his sword towards the whirlwind of flames created by the blade user, then thrust it forward.

Then,

-Chwachwachwachwachwachwachwachwa!

From the tip of the sword, a cold black whirlwind arose and surged towards the whirlwind created by the blade user.

This was none other than the Pursuing Swirling Sword.

-Chaechaechaechaeng!

The whirlwinds of flames and cold black energy created by the two peerless experts clashed fiercely.

Their power was indeed evenly matched.

But there was one human figure flying into the center of those whirlwinds.

It was the doppelganger of Mok Gyeong-un, divided using the Wind Shadow Two Forms technique of the Wind God Step.

-Heumchit!

The blade user instinctively realized what Mok Gyeong-un was trying to do.

It was certainly that.

That single sword strike that concentrated all power into one point.

At this, the blade user's gaze sharpened.

'That must be your ultimate strike. But even that sword isn't without weakness.'

When all power is concentrated into one point, the force becomes so strong that it cannot be stopped midway.

Anyone who has experienced or suffered from this even once would find this single weakness.

If one could change direction midway with this technique, that weakness could be compensated for, but no matter how you look at it, this is a strike that surpasses limits.

It's not something that can possibly be stopped.

If that's the case,

-Kwaak!

The blade user gripped his blade handle tightly while unleashing Revolving Dragon Ascending to Heaven.

-Chwak!

At that moment, a black line appeared in the center of the whirlwind.

It was at that very instant.

Thanks to the whirlwind, the target was gathered into just one point, so the blade user was certain that this concentration of power would aim for only one spot and moved exactly half a step.

-Pak!

And in that state of moving half a step to the side,

-Chwak!

He unleashed the fifth technique, Extreme Swift Killing Blade.

There's absolutely no way to avoid it.

You'll have to take the full brunt of that power concentrated into one point along with my blade strike.....

-Pagagagagak!

‘!?’

At that moment, the blade user's eyes shook.

That was because,

‘……He stopped?’

Mok Gyeong-un had stopped midway through unleashing his single strike with concentrated power.

Because of this, the ground split and fragments soared upwards.

But this wasn't the end.

When concentrating power like this, the force becomes so strong that only thrusting is possible, so if this single strike is forcibly stopped like this,

-Wudeuk wudeuk!

The only thing that had to withstand that aftermath was his own body.