

Mayhem 411

Chapter 411 – Encounter (3)

Mok Gyeong-un's lips curled upwards.

At a glance, his smile seemed bright, but it was so full of malice that it sent chills down the spine of anyone who saw it.

This was something only one who had committed slaughter, pandemonium, blood, and pain..... all of those things, could possess.

Seeing this, Na Yul-ryang was quickly seized by doubt.

If the being inside was a vengeful spirit, he could understand such intense negative emotions, but something felt off.

'Has it risen in rank as a vengeful spirit?'

Even if it had been sealed and its resentment had deepened, by now it should have reached the rank of Blue Spirit.

Certainly, at the rank of Blue Spirit, it could give a sense of pressure or caution.

But what is this sensation?

Should I call it alien?

Even if a hundred years had deepened its resentment, could the Ryu So-wol he knew really make such a face?

However, no matter what, it couldn't be enough to threaten even his own senses.

"You....."

-Swish!

It was before he could say anything.

Mok Gyeong-un's demonic sword Evil Commandment Sword, which he had drawn without notice, came swinging to behead Na Yul-ryang.

However, Na Yul-ryang avoided the sword by lightly tilting his head back, and Mok Gyeong-un changed direction mid-swing to aim for his neck again.

Then,

-Swish!

-Pang!

Mok Gyeong-un's sword bent smoothly and was deflected.

-Chwaruru!

Mok Gyeong-un's body was pushed back about three steps.

It seemed like he would be pushed back further, but his feet stopped as if planted in the ground midway, and the ground cracked around his feet.

-Jjeojjeojjeok!

Sharp sword energy flowed out from the cracked ground.

“To channel energy to your Yongcheon point in that instant. Not bad.”

At Na Yul-ryang’s praise, Mok Gyeong-un opened his mouth with narrowed eyes.

“.....The Ritual of Repulsion.”

Mok Gyeong-un immediately recognized that this strange technique that deflected his sword energy was the Ritual of Repulsion, one of the Eight Thought-Shattering Techniques.

-Is this the Ritual of Repulsion?

-Yes.

It was certain.

The Eight Thought-Shattering Techniques were an incredibly strange ultimate skill that could be unleashed without any precursors.

Even Cheong-ryeong couldn’t help but be surprised at this.

Both she and Mok Gyeong-un knew the Ritual of Repulsion as a method of channeling energy away in an instant before it could even touch.

She knew that the profundity of the Eight Thought-Shattering Techniques deepened the more one practiced them, but to think it had reached even this level.

-Disciple. If he has mastered the Ritual of Repulsion.....

-.....He could be the one who took Cheong-ryeong's heart.

After the day of the great calamity, only three people in the world had learned the Eight Thought-Shattering Techniques.

Cheong-ryeong, Mok Gyeong-un, and Bi Yeong-hon of the Heaven Vein.

At that moment, Na Yul-ryang smiled faintly and opened his mouth.

"That's a relief. I was worried for a moment, but it seems that's not the case. Yes, it's the Ritual of Repulsion. Only you and I in this world can recognize this."

-So he did learn it. Yes. Of course. There's no way he wouldn't have learned it.

A voice boiling with anger along with trembling.

As he became more and more certain that he was Bi Yeong-hon, Cheong-ryeong tried to break the wooden doll and come out right away.

-Jjeojjeojjeojjeok!

-Cheong-ryeong. Wait.....

-If he's really Mok-gan and that Bi Yeong-hon, what is there to hesitate about? He is the enemy of you and this one.

Cheong-ryeong could no longer hold back.

At her sky-piercing resentment and killing intent, Mok Gyeong-un finally nodded.

He still didn't know how this guy could be both Three-Eyes, the leader of the Secret Society, and Bi Yeong-hon, Cheong-ryeong's enemy, but if he was truly the source of all this, there was no reason to hesitate anymore, as she said.

-Kwadeuk!

The wooden doll shattered.

At that moment, Na Yul-ryang, who had been smiling and about to step forward, paused.

-Gooooooooo!

He sensed the immense spirit power that engulfed the surroundings the moment the seal was broken.

Na Yul-ryang's eye on his forehead glinted strangely.

This was because feeling spirit power meant revealing the spirit body as a vengeful spirit.

At this, Na Yul-ryang put his hands behind his back and said leisurely,

"No matter how high your rank, revealing your spirit body is a futile act. I don't know how you trained that body to such a degree, but maintaining that state....."

-Shwaaaaa!

It was at that moment.

Suddenly, the sky turned blood red.

At this strange phenomenon, everyone in the plaza looked up.

This was the same even for the strange people with eyes protruding from their eyes.

-Murmur murmur!

“Look over there!”

“The sky is turning red.”

“What is this?”

It wasn't just the sky that was turning red.

-Shu! Shu shu shu!

Blood suddenly began to spring up like fountains from the plaza floor.

Even if they rubbed their eyes thinking they were seeing things, the blood filling the floor was still there, and they could even smell the unique stench of blood.

-Sss sss sss sss!

The blood that filled the floor then shot up into the sky, forming a reverse rain.

Everyone was dumbfounded by this bizarre phenomenon that made them doubt their eyes, but not Na Yul-ryang.

“Ghost Intent Domain..... To be able to unfold it even when the sun is at its zenith, your resentment seems to be deeper than this one expected.”

This wasn't possible with just the rank of Blue Spirit.

It had to be beyond that.

It needed to reach at least the rank of Indigo Spirit), but seeing that it covered the entire main building plaza.....

".....Violet Spirit?"

Na Yul-ryang's expression became subtle.

Violet Spirit was a rank that could only be reached with immeasurable spirit power and resentment as a vengeful spirit.

Even he, who was well-versed in sorcery to the point of being knowledgeable about alchemy to artificially create high-ranking vengeful spirits, couldn't understand.

Soyeol couldn't have reached the rank of Violet Spirit in just a hundred years.

What on earth happened?

Even if Bi Jung-seon had stolen the secret manual made from her heart that day, he had thought it would eventually return to his side, so he had waited with leisure.

But what did he do?

It was then.

-Chwa chwa chwa chwa chwa chwa chwa chwa!

The blood pooled around him turned into sharp thorns and stabbed towards him.

Na Yul-ryang lightly waved his hand at this.

The thorns melted away as if oxidizing before they could even touch him.

-Seu ru ru ru ru!

“This won’t work. Since you’ve manifested anyway, show your face after a long.....”

-Chwa ru ru ru ru!

Before his words could finish, the blood on the floor began to rotate around him and then shot up in the form of a whirlwind.

The blood in the whirlwind became countless, hundreds, thousands of sword blades trying to grind Na Yul-ryang’s flesh.

-Chwa chwa chwa chwa chwa chwa!

“My, my goodness.....”

“How can blood...!”

The tremendous majesty of the blood whirlwind rising to the sky was so shocking that everyone around retreated as far back as they could.

‘Die!’

Cheong-ryeong was giving her all, raising her resentment and spirit power to the extreme to kill just one person.

Since it also contained the Moon Vein's sword techniques, the inside could be seen as an absolute sword formation made of blood.

She absolutely did not let her guard down.

If he had realized the Eight Thought-Shattering Techniques to the point of deflecting even Mok Gyeong-un's sword energy, this guy must have become incomparably stronger than the Bi Yeong-hon she knew in the past.

Then she must face him with determination to die.

With her current self, having reached the domain of Violet Spirit, she could face even a master of the Profound Realm, considered the highest.

'Let's end everything here. Bi Yeong-hon.'

If she can kill him, it doesn't matter if her spirit body is destroyed.

Even if she faces spirit annihilation here, as long as she can kill this guy.....

-Pa cha cha cha cha chang!

'!?'

What is this?

In an instant, the blood whirlwind she had created burst due to the tremendous energy being released from inside.

'This is..... Demonic power?'

If it wasn't a mistake, it was closer to the demonic power of two-tailed demons rather than internal energy.

It was at that moment.

Na Yul-ryang walked out with his hands behind his back, without a single drop of blood on him, and smirked.

"I told you it's useless. And it seems like you want to play hide-and-seek, so I'll find you directly."

-Whirik!

No sooner had those words ended than the eye on Na Yul-ryang's forehead moved.

The pupil scanned the surroundings in an instant.

"You were inside."

With those words, Na Yul-ryang muttered something and raised one hand to strike down at the blood-filled floor.

-Paaaaang! Chwaaaaa!

The moment his palm struck down, the blood rose like waves in all directions.

Then someone bounced out of the blood and shot upwards.

It was Cheong-ryeong, wearing a crown and holding a long pipe.

“Found you!”

Seeing her, Na Yul-ryang curled his lips and flew his body.

He was so fast that his body reached right in front of Cheong-ryeong in an instant, but at that very moment,

-Chaaaaang!

The sound of swords clashing spread in all directions, and the rain of blood that had been rising around them scattered with a gust of wind, creating a vacuum in the space between.

“You?”

Na Yul-ryang’s eyes widened as he crossed swords.

This was because the one who blocked him was an unexpected figure.

It was Mok Gyeong-un.

“How can you?”

Hadn’t he ended the possession and manifested?

But how is he moving?

Behind Mok Gyeong-un who was blocking him, Ryu So-wol was clearly visible.

'This..... What on earth?'

Of course, there are cases where one regains consciousness immediately after being freed from possession, but if a body has been dominated for a long time, it's difficult for the soul to normalize at once.

Moreover, a vengeful spirit of the rank of Violet Spirit, which could be called the peak as a vengeful spirit, had possessed him.

No matter how strong that body is.....

'!!!!!!'

At that moment, the eye on Na Yul-ryang's forehead trembled severely.

That eye could see clearly.

The red thread connecting Mok Gyeong-un and Cheong-ryeong.

That is,

'Affinity?'

In an instant, Na Yul-ryang's mind became complicated.

He had been puzzled by how strong the martial prowess of the possessed body was, but since there were cases where one could become strong even in a possessed state, he had thought this was such a case.

But affinity?

Isn't this something that should only occur when dominating low-ranking two-tailed demons as spirit servants?

A vengeful spirit is the soul of a human, a being born with all the possibilities of the myriad things, and because its negativity is so strong in one direction, it's different from two-tailed demons, so it's not suitable as a spirit servant and doesn't form connections.

But how is that connected?

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

As he was puzzling over this, Mok Gyeong-un's left hand holding the demonic sword Plundering-killing Sword flew towards his neck.

-Chwak!

Seeing this, Na Yul-ryang raised his hand,

-Woong!

He tried to deflect the sword energy again with the Ritual of Repulsion.

But at that moment, Mok Gyeong-un's sword ignored the Ritual of Repulsion.

'This is?'

A strong adhesive force was felt from the hand connected to the sword.

‘The Ritual of Binding?’

As the two opposing forces conflicted, they ended up canceling each other out.

At this,

-Chang!

Na Yul-ryang applied more force to the clashing sword, pushing it away and flying his body backwards.

As Mok Gyeong-un was about to fly his body, not wanting to let him escape,

-Swish!

“Get lost.”

Na Yul-ryang extended his finger towards Mok Gyeong-un.

Then,

-Paaaaaaaak!

At that moment, the surrounding space seemed to compress, converging to a single point, and Mok Gyeong-un’s body was sucked into the center.

‘The Void Suppression[1]!’

This was another technique of the Eight Thought-Shattering Techniques.

It was a technique that instantly pressed about four jang (about 12 meters) of space in any desired direction, and was one of the techniques that consumed the most mental and energy power among the Eight Thought-Shattering Techniques.

-Dribble!

Blood tears flowed from Na Yul-ryang's three pupils.

'It's certainly overwhelming for this new body.'

However, if caught in this technique, one would be thrown to an unknown place along with the folded space, so it's impossible to know where they would appear.

Of course, he thought Mok Gyeong-un would end up like that too, but,

-Chwa ru ru ru ruk!

At that moment, the unfolding Void Suppression was sucked into another Void Suppression that suddenly appeared as if overlapping.

'!?'

Seeing this, Na Yul-ryang's expression hardened terribly.

This was because he saw Cheong-ryeong extending her finger just like himself.

Cheong-ryeong also looked at her own finger with surprised eyes.

-.....How is this?

After becoming a vengeful spirit, she had lost all the power she had when she had a physical body.

But in the moment she thought Mok Gyeong-un was in danger, the formula for the Eight Thought-Shattering Techniques came to her mind without her realizing it, and she extended her finger.

However,

-Heuik.

She felt an enormous amount of spirit power being consumed in an instant.

Along with this, the Ghost Intent Domain blood boundary she had been maintaining began to crack and scatter as if breaking apart.

-Pa sss sss sss!

Through the fragments of the breaking blood world, the blood boundary, Mok Gyeong-un and Na Yul-ryang clashed once again in mid-air.

-Chaaaaang!

-Kwaaaang! Pa chi chi chik!

As their swords clashed, gusts of wind and blue streaks like lightning spread out in all directions like roots.

Clashing in that state, Na Yul-ryang shouted with bloodshot eyes.

“What on earth is your true identity?”

To his question, Mok Gyeong-un answered in a low voice.

“Jeong, Mok Gyeong-un, Heavenly Demon..... It doesn’t matter if you forget all of that.”

“What?”

“I am the one who will kill you.”

-Cha cha cha cha cha cha cha cha!

No sooner had those words ended, dozens of swords rose around them as they crossed swords, aiming their tips.

Chapter 412 – Encounter (4)

The main plaza of the Heaven and Earth Society, which had faced new chaos due to the unexpected appearance of third-party enemies with eyes within their eyes, temporarily entered a lull as it was dyed red with blood everywhere.

Amidst this, a sudden tremendous battle broke out.

Due to this clash between beings with overwhelming power, everyone temporarily stopped fighting and inevitably had their attention drawn to it.

“Wh-What on earth is that?”

“How can blood form a whirlwind?”

Everyone couldn’t hide their surprise at the sudden strange phenomena occurring one after another within the blood boundary.

It was no different for the executives of the Heaven and Earth Society.

What on earth was happening?

Although it was difficult to guess, one thing was certain: those two men were at the center of this massive battle.

-Cha cha cha cha cha cha cha cha!

Dozens of swords rose around Mok Gyeong-un and Na Yul-ryang as they crossed swords, aiming their tips at them.

‘Sword Riding Technique?’

To handle so many Sword Riding Technique swords?

Even if one learned the Wudang Sect’s techniques, one of the cores of the Nine Sects, or mastered the strange Dual Mind Technique of the extinct Chongyang Sect that divides the mind in two, controlling all of these would be impossible.

Na Yul-ryang slightly squinted his left eye.

Along with this, countless visions flashed through his mind in an instant.

They were fragments of memories.

Although he had just taken over the body and gained control over it, he hadn’t accepted things like the body’s memories or habits.

But the moment he accepted some of the memories,

‘Heavenly Demon?’

[Jeong, Mok Gyeong-un, Heavenly Demon..... It doesn’t matter if you forget all of that.]

This guy called himself the Heavenly Demon.

Does that mean this guy is the one who received the title of one of the Seven Heavens?

His reputation was so high that it had even reached his ears.

No, it couldn’t help but reach them.

He destroyed the Shaolin’s One Hundred and Eight Arhat Formation in one step and sealed off the Tang Family of Sichuan.

If nothing else, isn’t the Tang Family of Sichuan protected by that monstrous clan generation after generation?

But when he heard that someone had appeared who single-handedly subjugated the Tang Family of Sichuan, even he couldn’t help but be surprised.

Here, he had put forward two hypotheses.

Either the blood of that clan had thinned compared to the past, making them much weaker than before, or that being called the Heavenly Demon was an unimaginable monster.

However, he had thought the former was more likely, but if this guy is the Heavenly Demon.....

‘This strength is certainly.....’

In Na Yul-ryang’s memory, Mok Gyeong-un’s starting point was the Transcendent Realm.

But in such a short time, he became a new Heaven, standing shoulder to shoulder with the Six Heavens, the current peak of the martial arts world?

It was an incredible rate of progress, hard to believe for a human.

‘Could it be?’

It was at that moment.

-Woooong!

Black sword energy formed on the Sword Riding Technique swords surrounding them.

The moment he felt the vicious and destructive energy contained in the black sword energy, which was different from ordinary sword energy, the pupil of the eye embedded in Na Yul-ryang’s forehead turned pure white.

It was a strange change.

[Is it him?]

[It’s not certain.]

[What do you mean?]

[The energy is different, though at a glance it resembles humans in being yin and vicious. Although I've completely lost my power, I once ruled. But the being before us is a complete human.]

[What? A complete human?]

[Yes. It's certain. My eyes can find their core. However, this one has no core. And while its energy is quite similar to theirs, its nature itself is completely different.]

The voice echoing in his mind denied Na Yul-ryang's conjecture.

That can't be.

How could a mere human, no matter how exceptional their martial talent, become this strong so quickly?

As he was struggling to understand, the voice echoed in his mind.

[More importantly, we should hurry, this body still has difficulty enduring us.]

-Flutter!

Na Yul-ryang glanced at his faintly trembling fingers.

Can't it withstand even this level of vessel now?

If that guy hadn't stubbornly insisted on the truth or whatever, there would have been no need to go around like this, but now it's just become a headache.

-Clench!

Na Yul-ryang's pupils, clenching his fist, turned towards Mok Gyeong-un.

If he's certainly human, then what on earth is this guy's identity?

How did he make Ryu So-wol his spirit servant?

Is this a new variable created by fate, karma, heaven, or whatever to prevent her and himself from connecting again?

-Euddeuk!

If that's the case, it can never be forgiven.

Even if everything stands in his way, he will seize it this time, even if he has to destroy everything.

After organizing everything in his mind in an instant, Na Yul-ryang opened his mouth.

"Fine. As you said, I don't care what your identity is. You're just a variable anyway. I'll make you beg to cut off So-wol's affinity with you and kill....."

-Chwak!

It was before those words could finish.

As Mok Gyeong-un's left hand holding the demonic sword Plundering-killing Sword tried to pierce his brow, Na Yul-ryang tilted his head to the side to avoid it, then grabbed the blade of Plundering-killing Sword with two fingers.

-Chak!

“Did you think I would create distance if you thrust?”

“.....”

“If you don’t separate at close range, all these many Sword Riding Ejected Sword Energies are ultimately meaningless.”

Na Yul-ryang sneered.

As long as they were crossing swords, Mok Gyeong-un absolutely couldn’t fire the Sword Riding Ejected Sword Energies.

This was because he was too close and could put himself in danger.

It was just a waste of energy.

This was inefficient.....

-Chwa chwa chwa chwa chwa chwa chwa chwak!

At that moment, Na Yul-ryang’s eyes widened.

This was because the sword energies loaded on dozens of sword hilts around them all rushed towards them at once.

Does this guy not care about injuring himself?

‘Huh?’

It seems he’s really far from being related to that being he remembered.

There's a strong feeling of something raw and unrefined.

It feels vicious and even mad.

-Swish!

Na Yul-ryang immediately unfolded the Ritual of Repulsion to try and deflect the dozens of Sword Riding Ejected Sword Energies flying towards him.

However,

-Woooong!

Mok Gyeong-un simultaneously unfolded the Ritual of Binding, canceling it out.

"Annoying bastard!"

If you want to go into such a chaotic melee, fine, I'll oblige.

Let's do this.

-Chang!

Na Yul-ryang struck away Mok Gyeong-un's sword that was crossing with his and unfolded a peerless sword technique.

It was none other than the Heaven Vein sword technique, but the trajectory of the sword was far more complex and profound than what the Society Leader displayed.

Mok Gyeong-un faced this sword technique of his with the 2nd form of the Demonic Sword Technique.

-Cha cha cha cha cha cha chang!

As their sword techniques clashed fiercely, blue sparks flew around them.

Meanwhile, dozens of black streaks of Sword Riding Ejected Sword Energies flew towards them.

-Cha cha cha cha cha cha chang!

-Pa pa pa pa pa pang!

An amazing sight unfolded here.

While fiercely clashing sword techniques, Mok Gyeong-un struck down the Sword Riding Ejected Sword Energies flying towards him with the demonic sword Plundering-killing Sword in his other hand, changing their trajectory to instead fly towards Na Yul-ryang.

The same was true for Na Yul-ryang.

As he extended his left hand and gently unfolded a palm technique, the trajectory of the Ejected Sword Energies changed and rushed towards Mok Gyeong-un.

-Pa cha cha cha cha cha chang!

The Sword Riding Ejected Sword Energies, whose trajectories they had twisted towards each other, clashed and created another canceling aftermath.

Gray powder scattered and covered their surroundings.

The masters under Mok Gyeong-un, who had been dealing with the strange people with eyes protruding from their eyes, couldn't help but admire this sight.

'Is this a feast of ultimate techniques?'

'Ha! I've never seen such a high-level battle before.'

'It's a battle between monsters.'

Everyone couldn't help but feel a thrill at the sight of these two using Sword Riding Ejected Sword Energies while clashing peerless sword techniques, and using flower grafting techniques to attack each other.

This was truly worthy of being called a battle between peerless masters at the level of great masters.

However, there were two things that all those watching couldn't help but find strange.

One was that Young Master Na Yul-ryang's martial prowess had suddenly skyrocketed as if he had become a different person, and the other was.....

"No. Why isn't he using the Invisible Sword?"

Go Chan, possessing the body of Jang Neung-ak, the second disciple of the Society Leader, wondered.

It seemed that if Mok Gyeong-un, who had reached the Life and Death Realm, used the Invisible Sword, he could dominate the situation more, but it looked like he wasn't using his full power.

Someone answered his question.

-Kung!

“Keu keu. It’s not that he’s not using it, but that he can’t use it.”

“Huh? Y-You startled me.”

It was Ja Geum-jeong, the fallen monk and Evil Suppressing Fist Master.

Startled by the sudden appearance of Ja Geum-jeong with his fierce expression, Go Chan inwardly sighed in relief.

Regardless, Ja Geum-jeong continued what he was saying.

“His internal energy consumption was great from the previous battles.”

“Ah!”

Come to think of it, Mok Gyeong-un had continuously displayed ultimate techniques that consumed a lot of internal energy even before facing the changed Young Master Na Yul-ryang.

So much so that one might wonder if his internal energy was infinite.

But to be able to fight like that without using the Invisible Sword, it seems his internal energy consumption was really great.

“How simple-minded. Keu keu.”

Ja Geum-jeong opened the cork of a gourd bottle with his blood-soaked hand and gulped down alcohol.

Seeing this, Go Chan frowned and said,

“Wait. Hey. What are you? I get that you’re a new subordinate received by the Master, but your manner of speech at first meeting.....”

“Shut up and this is our chance.”

“What?”

“Even those damn eye freaks are having their attention drawn by the battle between those monsters. We should reorganize our battle lines and strike them now.”

“.....”

At these words, Go Chan, who was about to get angry at his rudeness, closed his mouth.

Indeed, due to the guys with protruding eyeballs, it had become a chaotic melee where it was hard to tell who was an ally.

It was time to reorganize the battle lines.

But there was one problem here.

It wouldn’t be difficult for him to move these people thanks to the body of the second young master Jang Neung-ak, which gave him some influence, but if he tried to align the allies’ battle lines, those guys would also hear his shout and try to interfere by following.

Should they risk even that?

“If those guys get mixed in, battle lines won’t mean anything.”

“Take this.”

The fallen monk Ja Geum-jeong took off the ragged kasa he was wearing and handed it over.

“What am I supposed to do with this?”

“Turn it inside out and you’ll see.”

“Turn it inside out?”

At this, Go Chan turned over the kasa he had received with a dubious expression.

Then, on the inside, there were densely packed red letters engraved.

The moment it was revealed,

“Kiek!”

“Kak!”

The strange people with eyes protruding from their eyes who were nearby frowned and retreated with strange cries.

They seemed to be avoiding it.

“Wh-What is this that’s making them act like that?”

“Although it’s worn out, it’s a kasa with the Sutra of True Words for Subduing-Demon engraved on it. It’s perfect for driving away two-tailed demons or minor ghosts. Keu keu.”

“Sutra of True Words for Subduing-Demon? But this one alone doesn’t seem nearly enough. Don’t you have more?”

“One is enough.”

“What?”

“Stay still. Heave-ho!”

“Whoa?”

With those words, Ja Geum-jeong lifted Go Chan’s legs and put him on his shoulders.

For a moment, Go Chan was flustered, wondering what he was doing, but thanks to being lifted by the fairly large Ja Geum-jeong, his field of vision was secured by being elevated.

“When you see fire, tell them to jump behind you and align the battle lines.”

“Fire?”

“Shut up and hurry!”

Urged by Ja Geum-jeong, Go Chan immediately shouted, infusing his voice with internal energy.

“Everyone listen! Those with eyes protruding from their eye sockets are no longer allies! When you see fire, align behind this young master and form battle lines!”

At Go Chan’s shout, everyone nearby looked at him puzzled.

What does he mean by aligning behind him and forming battle lines when they see fire?

It was at that very moment.

-Clap!

Ja Geum-jeong put his palms together in prayer and began to chant a Buddhist mantra.

Then,

-Whooosh!

The kasa with the Sutra of True Words for Subduing-Demon engraved on it that Go Chan was holding began to burn.

“Wh-What?”

So this is what he meant by fire?

But at some point, the flames burning the kasa began to turn blue.

The blue flames were so bright they were close to radiance.

-Chiiik!

“Kkeup!”

“M-My eyes!”

Then the strange people with eyes protruding from their eyes covered their eyes as if in pain upon seeing the blue flames.

Seeing their reaction, the Society members shouted, thinking this was their chance, and flew their bodies.

“Now’s our chance! Align behind Young Master Jang Neung-ak!”

“Waaaaaaah!!!!”

-Pa pa pa pa pa pak!

Thanks to the blue flames emitted by the burning kasa with the Sutra of True Words for Subduing-Demon, which temporarily stopped the movement of the strange people, the Society members quickly aligned their battle lines.

“Keu keu, how about that? Thanks to this monk..... Huh?”

At that moment, Ja Geum-jeong frowned.

-Chiiii!

This was because Jang Neung-ak’s hands and arms holding the burning kasa were burning dark red, and his two pupils were rolled back, with a face as if his soul had left his body.

No, it really had left.

Above Jang Neung-ak’s head, Go Chan’s vengeful spirit was rising with a majestic light as if about to attain Buddhahood.

“.....What? You were a wandering ghost?”

Chapter 413 – Battle of Numbers (1)

I should have realized it when I flipped over that damned kasa.

The strange sense of déjà vu and the nauseating feeling in my gut.

I should have recognized these as omens that I was becoming my own poison.

I thought nothing major would happen since Mok Gyeong-un had inscribed protective spells against the diviners' techniques, but...

-Whoosh!

The moment the kasa inscribed with the Sutra of Subduing Demons burst into flames from the chanting,

“Keuggagagak!”

It was Guard Go Chan who took the full brunt of the sutra's power with both hands.

-Hiss!

Go Chan, who had been holding the burning kasa, was flung away from Jang Neung-ak's body, on the verge of attaining Buddhahood by the majestic power of the Sutra of Subduing Demons.

-Ah...

For some unknown reason, it felt warm.

It was as if he was being sucked into some inexplicable place.

Was this the moment of finding peace from everything?

Right at that moment.

-Pak!

Someone hastily grabbed hold of his soul.

It was none other than the expelled monk, the Demon-Subduing Fist Master, Ja Geum-jeong.

"I thought something was off about you from the start, but you were just a lowly ghost. As always, there's barely anyone normal around that master of yours. Hehehe."

-Let go. I want to find peace now.

"Oh ho. Really? Are you trying to attain Buddhahood while you're at it?"

-Buddhahood?

"Yes, you fool. If you go on like this, attaining Buddhahood means a one-way ticket to the afterlife."

'!?'

In that instant, Go Chan snapped back to his senses.

When he was enveloped by the energy of the Sutra of Subduing Demons, he had been overwhelmed by a warm and ecstatic feeling, but all of that had been the process of departing from this world.

-Ugh! Da-damn monk. Hold onto me tight.

"I am holding on. But where does a lowly ghost like you get off calling me a damn monk?"

-You damn monk, this mess happened because of you, didn't it?

"...Well, that may be true, but I still don't appreciate being called a damn monk by a lowly ghost like you."

-What have you done right!

-Pa-pa-pat!

Amidst their bickering, the executives under Mok Gyeong-un who were regrouping and leading the society members appeared nearby.

They were Hwan Ya-seon, the Shadow Clan Master, Ho Tae-gang, the Axe-Destroying King, and Baek Sa-ha, the Annihilating Poison King.

Hwan Ya-seon, who had come closer, said with a smile.

"Oh ho ho. Well done, Young Master Jang. Thanks to you, we were able to regroup easily before more casualties occurred... Huh? Young Master Jang?"

Hwan Ya-seon couldn't hide his bewilderment as he saw Jang Neung-ak's body with arms charred black, eyes rolled back, and tongue sticking out.

"Ahem."

At this, the expelled monk Ja Geum-jeong gestured hurriedly for Go Chan to possess the body.

Go Chan also tried to quickly enter Jang Neung-ak's body, but...

-Chiiiiik!

-Eugyagyak!

Due to the remaining energy of the Sutra of Subduing Demons in Jang Neung-ak's body, the moment he tried to enter, he felt as if he had been struck by lightning and was flung out again.

Once again, as he was about to attain Buddhahood with a majestic light, Ja Geum-jeong hastily grabbed him, licking his lips.

"Tsk. Seems it won't work."

-Aaaargh! You damn monk! What are we going to do about this?

It was the best body he had managed to obtain after much struggle.

He thought he could finally live in luxury as the second-in-command by Mok Gyeong-un's side, but now it had become a body he could never enter again.

"There are bodies lying all around, just enter any of them."

-Are you seriously saying that right now! You...

Go Chan spewed every curse he could think of at Ja Geum-jeong's insensitive words.

The bodies lying around were all either critically wounded or cold corpses.

While they were squabbling, Ho Tae-gang, the Axe-Destroying King, raised his giant axe, his sect's unique weapon, and shouted.

"Those in front of us are no longer our allies! Sweep away all those strange beings!"

"Waaaaaah!"

At his cry, the society members under Ho Tae-gang, who had regrouped, charged towards the strange beings whose eyes were still not fully open due to the aftermath of the Sutra of Subduing Demons, shouting with high morale.

Not to be outdone, Baek Sa-ha, the Annihilating Poison King, also shouted at the warriors of the Baek family.

"Show them the poison qi of the Baek family!"

"Waaaaaah!"

The Baek family warriors also charged towards the enemies, shouting at the top of their lungs at their leader's call.

'This is where new history is being written. To uphold my disciple's prestige, I must demonstrate the dignity of the Baek family by achieving greater military exploits than anyone else.'

Amidst this, Baek Sa-ha, the Annihilating Poison King, noticed that the warriors of Corpse Blood Valley were being led by subordinate officers without their leader.

Where was Lee Ji-yeom, the Corpse Blood Valley Master?

'What?'

Lee Ji-yeom had somehow already approached the vicinity where Mok Gyeong-un and Na Yul-ryang were fighting.

The fight between these monsters, who could be considered the pinnacle of the current martial arts world, had such a great impact that neither allies nor enemies dared to approach. So why did he go there?

Could he be trying to help Gyeong-un?

Baek Sa-ha's speculation was wrong.

The reason Lee Ji-yeom had rushed there, risking danger, was for one reason only:

For her, whom his family had considered their true lord for generations.

"My Lord!"

-Whoosh!

The sparks emitted from Lee Ji-yeom's sword cleared the path ahead, cutting down the strange beings with unstoppable force.

The majesty of the flaming sword energy imbued with fire qi and Lee Ji-yeom's tremendous momentum were so overwhelming that the strange beings, momentarily intimidated, found it difficult to approach easily.

After breaking through the strange beings, Lee Ji-yeom's figure reached the front of Cheong-ryeong, who had landed on the ground due to the excessive consumption of spirit power while using the Void Suppression of the Eight Thought-Shattering Techniques.

'This guy?'

When Lee Ji-yeom, the grandson of Lee Hwa-mun, the leader of the Lee family who used to follow her, appeared, Cheong-ryeong's eyes flashed with interest.

As it was, she was already struggling to deal with the strange beings rushing at her before she could recover even a little of her depleted spirit power.

-Whoosh!

-Chwak!

"Kek!"

Lee Ji-yeom, wearing the evil spirit mask, instantly bisected a strange being of clan master level that was rushing towards him. He then stood blocking Cheong-ryeong's front and shouted in a thunderous voice.

"Whoever targets my lord will be burned to death by this Lee Ji-yeom's sword!"

-Flinch! Flinch!

His aura was comparable to that of Jang Ik-deok, who alone guarded the front of Changban Bridge against hundreds of cavalry.

Perhaps because of this, the strange beings who had been aiming to target the weakened Cheong-ryeong unknowingly took steps back, shrinking from Lee Ji-yeom's tiger-like valor.

Seeing Lee Ji-yeom's back, Cheong-ryeong was reminded of the young Lee Hwa-mun.

[I, Lee Hwa-mun, will guard my lord's back.]

As even that voice, which had faded over a hundred years, came to mind, Cheong-ryeong's eyes reddened.

'This Lee family brat...'

Loyalty preserved across generations.

It moved even the heartstrings of her, who had become a vengeful spirit.

Mok Gyeong-un, who had been watching their figures from the air in between fighting with Na Yul-ryang, felt reassured.

He had been planning to deal with the strange beings targeting Cheong-ryeong, whose spirit power was greatly depleted, using the Sword Energy of Overcoming Demons, but with Lee Ji-yeom there, it seemed that wouldn't be necessary.

[No matter how strong you become, you can't do everything alone. You too, Mortal, should have people you can trust by your side. They will support your back.]

He hadn't fully grasped the meaning of those words before.

But now, he felt he understood.

'I see.'

Because his subordinates were each playing their roles, he didn't need to pay attention elsewhere.

He could focus solely on the enemy before him, which made things easier.

'I'll kill you with peace of mind.'

-Cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-chang!

He gradually sharpened his sword energy, which had been clashing fiercely in a fierce battle.

As the precision of his sword techniques and moves increased, Na Yul-ryang sneered at Mok Gyeong-un's momentum and opened his mouth.

"Your concentration has improved. Is it because of your subordinates that you can now focus entirely on me? I didn't think you were the type to keep anyone close, as you seemed too sharp to approach, but it seems you have quite a following."

Though his words sounded like praise, his tone was closer to sarcasm.

Of course, Mok Gyeong-un paid no attention to this at all.

He was using all his concentration to find flaws in the sword techniques the other was displaying.

-Cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-chang!

However, Na Yul-ryang's, or more accurately, the Mok-gan, Three Eyes, who had possessed that body, had sword skills that could be called the best among all beings he had encountered so far.

It was sword skills close to perfection, to the extent that even Ou Cheon-mu, the Supreme Spiritual Sword Craftsman who was the master of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary and one of the Seven Heavens, who prided himself on having reached the pinnacle of swordsmanship, would be considered far inferior.

"Even if you sharpen your sword energy by increasing your concentration, you can't bridge the gap between you and me in an instant. My sword, built up fiercely through countless moments of despair, no longer loses to anyone. And do you think this is all I've prepared?"

"What?"

“Hell begins now.”

-Du-du-du-du-du-du!

No sooner had those words ended.

At that moment, a large group of about three thousand in number could be seen rushing at high speed towards the inner castle on the southeast side of the main building.

When Mok Gyeong-un concentrated his eye power, they appeared as if they were close by.

But they were,

‘Those are?’

Not ordinary humans.

With pale faces adorned with talismans and sharp nails, they looked like moving corpses.

Having read all sorts of spell books and ancient texts, Mok Gyeong-un immediately recognized what they were.

‘Jiangshi?’

Jiangshi.

It originated from a spell technique devised by Taoist priests to send the bodies of those who died in war back to their hometowns. It’s a spell that makes the dead stand up.

When a dead body whose soul has left is forcibly awakened, it becomes like a bird of prey, and if left alone, it develops a habit of targeting living things as yin energy seeps in.

That's why Taoist priests controlled them with talisman techniques like that.

'...So that's it.'

Mok Gyeong-un had read all the books and records that the Primal Killing Pavilion Master possessed.

Therefore, he knew that what he was doing in Corpse Blood Valley was not just about the loneliness of vengeful spirits.

Among the later-generation disciples and young talents who entered Corpse Blood Valley, countless had died without passing through the gate.

The diviners of Primal Killing Pavilion had been constantly collecting the relatively intact bodies among those corpses.

These Jiangshi were what they had created from those collected bodies.

For ordinary people or righteous sects, this would be something to scoffed at or be shocked and criticized as a deed straying from the right path, but Mok Gyeong-un's thinking was far from ordinary.

He thought it was quite rational to use dead talents like this, and had planned to utilize this after taking over Primal Killing Pavilion.

But,

'I've been beaten to it.'

It was a shame, as he had intended to use them.

Or perhaps Three Eyes had prepared this for a long time through Primal Killing Pavilion, a group of diviners, for a moment like this.

So that he could swallow up the Heaven and Earth Society into his hand at any time.

The society members who were keeping watch and observing the battle situation from the top of the pavilion and high ground seemed to have spotted this, as they shouted in surprise.

“Mo-more unknown strange beings are rushing in from the southeast direction!”

“There are too many enemies!”

At their cries, one of the executives leading the society members under Mok Gyeong-un shouted a question.

“How many?”

“It looks to be easily two or three thousand!”

‘!!!!!!’

‘This is...’

At those words, the executives’ faces darkened.

They had just managed to regroup and fight after escaping the chaotic situation, and they were still able to maintain high morale because they had the upper hand both in numbers and in the number of experts.

But now, if enemies rush in from the southeast, they would be trapped between the enemies.

However, this wasn't the end.

-Bang! Chwa-chwa-chwak!

"Kek!"

"Kwaak!"

Suddenly, a being appeared in the midst of the society members with lightning speed from somewhere and began a massacre, attacking them relentlessly.

This being was so strong that no one could properly face it, and because of this, numerous society members lost their lives as their bodies were torn apart and burst.

Mok Gyeong-un, being in a high position in the air, could see the appearance of this being, and...

'A woman?'

The being was a peerlessly beautiful woman with seductive looks, her hair half white and half black.

The woman's martial prowess was beyond imagination. Every time she made a hand gesture, warriors would burst apart, turning the scene into a living hell.

Seeing her killing their allies as if massacring them, Ho Tae-gang, the Axe-Destroying King, and Ja Geum-jeong, the expelled monk who had sensed danger from the ominous energy the moment she appeared, simultaneously launched their attacks, thinking this couldn't go on.

-Pa-pat!

The two experts, who had unintentionally arrived almost at the same time, unleashed their ultimate techniques towards her, but...

-Pa-cha-cha-cha-cha-chang!

-Pa-pa-pa-pa-pak!

Surprisingly, the half-white-haired peerless beauty blocked the attacks of Ho Tae-gang, an expert of the Transformation Realm, and Ja Geum-jeong, whose internal energy was almost on par with the Transformation Realm after cultivating the Peerless Great Ability, with remarkable ease.

Not only that, she even managed to break through their techniques and land a strike, forcing them to retreat.

-Chwa-reu-reu-reuk!

-Ku-dang-tang!

Ho Tae-gang and Ja Geum-jeong, who were pushed back and bounced off to roll on the ground, turned pale.

Although they had only exchanged moves for about one technique, they instinctively knew.

That this peerlessly beautiful woman before them was a monster approaching or equal to the Profound Realm.

“Where did such an unheard-of being come from? Cough... cough.”

“That damn succubus is unbelievably strong.”

They had managed to stand up, but they had suffered internal injuries from just one hit.

With the appearance of a supreme expert overwhelming their side's strongest, the morale of the society members around them began to rapidly decline.

The half-white-haired peerless beauty, or rather, Chunchu of the First Realm of the Secret Society, waved her blood-stained hand towards Mok Gyeong-un with a seductive smile.

"I missed you then, but now I get to see you like this. Heavenly Demon."

Seeing her, Mok Gyeong-un's eyes narrowed.

With all his eye power unleashed, Mok Gyeong-un could see her dangerous and vast energy, which was closer to demonic power than true qi.

At this level, among those present here now, only Mok Gyeong-un himself could face her alone.

"Huhuhu, do you understand now? You cannot defeat me in either force or numbers."

"....."

"By the time you die at my hands, all those who follow you will have become cold corpses as well."

Chunchu of the First Realm possessed power equal to the Supreme Masters of the Seven Heavens, the pinnacle of the current martial arts world.

With her appearance and the jiangshi, the tide of battle had already been reversed.

Na Yul-ryang, or rather, Three-Eyes who possessed that body, smiled with satisfaction.

However,

‘He’s smiling?’

Even though the situation had changed, Mok Gyeong-un was smiling.

“You fool, do you understand the current situation.....”

“It’s amusing that you think you’re the only one fighting a battle of numbers.”

“What?”

It was at that moment of retort.

Three Eyes’s eye on the forehead reacted to a strange spell power felt from somewhere, and his gaze turned towards it.

It was in front of the main building.

There, a cute-looking girl with short hair could be seen standing with a large brush in her hand.

Considerable spell power could be felt from the brush, which seemed to be a ritual tool for spellcasting.

She was Yeo Su-rin, a disciple of the Harmonious Immortal Pavilion Master.

“Open!”

Mok Gyeong-un shouted towards her.

Then, as if she had been waiting for this, Yeo Su-rin raised her brush and drew a large circular shape.

At that moment, a vermilion cloud arose and the space began to ripple.

-Woooong!

Along with it, one being and numerous groups of swordsmen emerged from that rippling space.

As an extraordinary-looking old man standing at the front revealed himself, the society members nearby exclaimed in shock.

“Ou, Ou Cheon-mu?”

He was Ou Cheon-mu, the Supreme Spiritual Sword Craftsman, one of the Seven Heavens considered the pinnacle of the current martial arts world and the master of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary.

Chapter 414 – Battle of Numbers (2)

Yeo Su-rin, a disciple of the Harmonious Immortal Pavilion, known as the most mysterious among the 64 Diviner Pavilions, drew a circular shape with her large brush-shaped ritual tool.

At that moment, a vermilion cloud arose and the space began to ripple.

-Woooong!

Beyond the rippling space, one being and numerous groups of swordsmen revealed themselves.

As an extraordinary-looking old man standing at the front appeared, the eyes of the society members, who had been wondering what was happening, widened in surprise.

And for good reason,

“Ou, Ou Cheon-mu?”

The old man was Ou Cheon-mu, the Supreme Spiritual Sword Craftsman, one of the Seven Heavens considered the pinnacle of the current martial arts world and the master of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary.

Then, were the swordsmen behind him the warriors of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary and the renowned sword experts staying at the sacred land of swordsmanship as guests?

What on earth was happening?

Three , who possessed the body of Young Master Na Yul-ryang, also looked at Ou Cheon-mu with a bewildered expression at the appearance of this completely unexpected being, before glaring sharply at Mok Gyeong-un.

“You, what exactly?”

In response to his reaction, Mok Gyeong-un spoke as if it was nothing unusual.

“I told you. You’re not the only one fighting a battle of numbers.”

Shortly before returning to the Heaven and Earth Society.

Seop Chun, who wanted to become Mok Gyeong-un’s right-hand man and was the third guard captain of the Heaven and Earth Society’s main building, asked in confusion:

[You’re saying we should have Master Ou and the Spiritual Sword Sanctuary warriors on standby? But my lord, if Master Ou enters with us, we could gain the upper hand from the start.]

Seop Chun couldn't understand Mok Gyeong-un's decision.

This was a tremendous achievement.

If the Heaven and Earth Society members learned that Mok Gyeong-un's true identity was the Heavenly Demon, the seventh heaven that had caused such a stir in the world, and that Ou Cheon-mu, another of the Seven Heavens, was under his command, many would succumb to their prestige.

Then, they could gain momentum from the start and accelerate the conquest of the Heaven and Earth Society smoothly.

[My lord...]

[Do you only know one thing and not two?]

At that moment, Mong Mu-yak, the son of the Heaven and Earth Society's vice leader who had his arms folded, clicked his tongue and chided him.

Seop Chun frowned and asked:

[Not knowing two? What are you trying to say?]

[It's not about momentum. If we bring Master Ou Cheon-mu before we've even entered the sect or completed our mission, we'll face opposition from all factions from the moment we enter. Even the faction following the ill Society Leader would be the same.]

[No, but isn't that treating the prestige of one of the pinnacles of the current martial arts world too lightly? Just Master Ou Cheon-mu coming under our lord's command...]

[It's because it's not light that we're doing this.]

[To minimize damage and take over the sect intact, we need to gain control from within, but bringing in a massive presence like Master Ou Cheon-mu might increase resistance. Think about why our lord isn't revealing his identity as the Heavenly Demon right away.]

[Ahem.]

Seop Chun closed his mouth, seemingly understanding now.

As Mong Mu-yak said, the moment they brought Ou Cheon-mu and Mok Gyeong-un's reputation as the Heavenly Demon was revealed, all the Heaven and Earth Society members might unite in wariness and antipathy.

If that happened, the plan to crumble the sect from within might become difficult.

After convincing Seop Chun, Mong Mu-yak carefully said:

[But my lord... Is it necessary to station Master Ou and all of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary out of the society's sight? Couldn't we at least have Master Ou enter naturally, disguised with a human skin mask?]

Seop Chun agreed with Mong Mu-yak's words.

[Oh! My lord, that seems like a good method. If Master Ou suppresses his energy, hardly anyone except the ill Society Leader would be able to notice...]

At that moment, Mok Gyeong-un shook his head.

[No. We won't bring in Master Ou.]

[What?]

[It seems we should keep Master Ou and Spiritual Sword Sanctuary as a hidden card. So that there's not even the slightest chance of them being discovered.]

[How?]

[Because they probably have hidden cards too.]

[My lord, no matter what, a trump card strong enough to counter Master Ou and Spiritual Sword Sanctuary within the society...]

[It's not just the society, I think.]

[Not just the society?]

[Yes.]

What does this mean?

If we're dealing with the society, but it's not just the society, does that mean there's something else inside?

Mong Mu-yak, who had been puzzled, eventually spoke as if he had no choice:

[...Since you say so, my lord, it seems you have some foresight that you've deeply considered. However, if we don't bring them in this time, Master Ou and Spiritual Sword Sanctuary will have to break through all the defenses in the society's territory to enter. You must take that into account...]

[There's no rule saying we have to enter through an existing gate.]

[What? What do you mean?]

At this point, even his allies, including Ou Cheon-mu, the master of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, couldn't understand what Mok Gyeong-un was saying.

However,

-Woooong!

The vermilion smoke gate that opened before their eyes crossed space and created an entrance through which the Spiritual Sword Sanctuary warriors and the renowned sword experts staying as guests in the Spiritual Sword Sanctuary could pass.

'Huh? Was this it? My lord, you really are...'

Mong Mu-yak, who was watching this through a window of the main building, stuck out his tongue.

He had been wondering how on earth they were going to mobilize Spiritual Sword Sanctuary as a hidden card, and he couldn't help but be amazed by this unexpected, extraordinary, and mysterious method.

-Rumble rumble!

Led by Ou Cheon-mu at the front, the Spiritual Sword Sanctuary and Spiritual Sword Sanctuary guests passed through the vermilion smoke gate and entered the main square of the Heaven and Earth Society.

Although they were only a few hundred in number, each of them was a sword master.

And their leader, Ou Cheon-mu, was one of the pinnacles of the current martial arts world, so his intimidating presence overwhelmed the surroundings.

“How did Master Ou...?”

“Isn’t Spiritual Sword Sanctuary’s stand supposed to be neutral?”

Aside from the mysterious smoke-created gate, what really caught everyone in doubt was, of course, the presence of Ou Cheon-mu.

Ou Cheon-mu, one of the Seven Heavens, nodded as if following someone’s instructions, and then,

-Sreung!

Drawing his treasured sword, he shouted:

“Swordsmen, draw your swords!”

-Cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-chang!

As soon as his words ended, hundreds of swordsmen simultaneously drew their swords.

When the swordsmen drew their swords at the same time, for an instant, a sharp sword energy enveloped the entire square, revealing their might.

Ou Cheon-mu stepped forward and shouted:

“It’s the order of our lord, the Heavenly Demon. Cut down the real monsters wearing human skin.”

“We obey the order!”

‘!!!!!!’

The society members couldn't hide their surprise at the resounding voices of the swordsmen.

They were shocked by the appearance of Ou Cheon-mu, one of the Seven Heavens, but they had been wondering why he and Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, who were supposed to be neutral and more faithful to their role as craftsmen, had appeared here.

But when Ou Cheon-mu called Mok Gyeong-un his lord, not only the society members under Mok Gyeong-un but all society members were instantly gripped by a shudder.

"My goodness..."

"Di-did the Supreme Spiritual Sword Craftsman Ou Cheon-mu just call him, lord?"

"...Impossible."

"What? Does this mean he subjugated one of the pinnacles of the current martial arts world?"

It would have been shocking even if he had recruited the Eight Stars, who could be called the best in the martial arts world, but to have Ou Cheon-mu, one of the current pinnacles of the martial arts world, as a subordinate was hard to believe even though the person himself said it.

"Ahhh. Indeed, he's not a man to be taken lightly."

Chunchu of the First Realm of the Secret Society raised the corner of her mouth wryly as she looked at Mok Gyeong-un.

She had wanted to see that monster-like human in trouble, but instead, it seemed she was witnessing the Mok-gan becoming uncomfortable.

Until just a moment ago, the atmosphere of the battle situation that had died with her appearance was coming back to life.

Indeed, the power of the reputation of the Six Heavens, no, the Seven Heavens, couldn't be ignored.

'I thought it would end easily, but the opponent has been decided.'

Chunchu moved, licking her lips and savoring the taste.

'Is it that woman? The aura she exudes is not ordinary.'

Thanks to Mok Gyeong-un's mental communication, Ou Cheon-mu, who had been watching her, also raised his true qi and prepared to face her, who would be his only match.

-Cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-chang!

Three Eyes's expression was not good as he continued to clash swords fiercely in the air without a moment's gap.

He had intended to completely crush hope with Chunchu of the First Realm and the jiangshi, and dominate the battle situation.

But to think that this guy had a hidden card too.

However, it didn't matter.

The reason why jiangshi made from those who had learned martial arts were scary was not only because they were much stronger than ordinary jiangshi, but also because they didn't fear death, making it possible for them to fight to the death.

With that number, they could achieve several times more military exploits.

'If I hurry to subdue this guy and command them, I can overwhelmingly turn the tide of battle...'

-Flinch!

At that moment, the eyeball on Three Eyes's forehead moved and focused somewhere.

It was the southeastern direction where the jiangshi were gathering.

But in that southeastern direction, about two hundred martial artists could be seen, and they were Seop Chun and the Third Guard of the main building that he led.

'Those guys?'

Why is part of the main building's guard, which exists to protect the Society Leader, over there?

And that wasn't the end of it.

-Clap clap! Clap clap!

From somewhere, a massive creature with a dragon's head, red fur all over its body, and a body that looked like a mix between a dog and a cow, the size of a house, could be seen charging towards the jiangshi.

That being was none other than the demonic beast Alyu.

-Kwa-kwa-kwa-kwa-kwa-kwang!

As Alyu, who charged with tremendous momentum like a wild boar, collided, the bodies of the jiangshi flew in all directions as if they were straw dolls.

The power was so strong that the jiangshi's bodies breaking or shattering was just a bonus.

The demonic beast was not called a demonic beast for nothing.

-Kiriririk!

These things that aren't even alive are fun to break.

The demonic beast Alyu rampaged among the jiangshi, trampling and sending them flying, hindering their advance.

-Pa-pa-pak!

Of course, it wasn't as if the jiangshi were helplessly taking the hits.

At some point, they tried to cling to Alyu's legs and body to prevent it from rampaging.

However,

-Whiriririk!

"Since they're dead, they won't blame this old man for using plenty of poison energy. Ho ho ho."

Riding on the back of the demonic beast Alyu was Guyang Sa-oh with his Eight Poison Snake Staff. As he swung his snake-shaped staff and sprayed a terrible poison energy, it was so strong that the bodies of the jiangshi melted from the poison energy wherever it touched.

The eyeball on Three Eyes's forehead sharpened terrifyingly.

'Where did those things pop out from?'

Even with variables, he thought he could turn the tide of battle anytime because the Heaven and Earth Society had been in the palm of his hand for a long time.

But how many hidden cards does this guy have?

It was completely beyond his prediction range.

As the battle situation didn't change at all contrary to his plan, Three Eyes's composure disappeared and he revealed his uncomfortable mood.

"You're making things troublesome for me. Do you think this will change the result?"

"Weren't you the one who said we should fight a battle of numbers?"

"....."

At Mok Gyeong-un's words, all three of Three Eyes's eyeballs focused on Mok Gyeong-un and turned cold.

In response to his reaction, Mok Gyeong-un sneered and mocked:

"Whether it's Bi Yong-heon or the leader of the Secret Society, you're all just talk."

-Grind!

At that moment, Three Eyes's eyes turned fierce.

Normally, he wouldn't have fallen for an enemy's provocation like this.

However, he couldn't contain his anger for a moment at the sight of a mere mortal who wouldn't even live a hundred years daring to provoke him, on top of appearing out of nowhere and ruining the picture he had been painting until now.

He had been avoiding fatal techniques because he had to resolve this due to his connection with Ryu So-wol.

But his mind had changed.

Just barely keeping him alive...

It was at that very moment.

-Flinch!

He had been thick with martial arts accumulated over a long time, as if showing off, and hadn't shown even a slight gap with the coldness of the years.

However, for a moment, a tiny gap appeared for the first time in Three Eyes's sword, which was engulfed in anger at Mok Gyeong-un's provocation.

The gap was so small that it was difficult even to detect, but,

'!!!!'

Mok Gyeong-un, who was concentrating all his nerves on this fight, didn't miss it.

-Chwak!

At that moment, Mok Gyeong-un's figure blurred and a black line appeared in the air.

The sword speed of the single strike that concentrated all his power into one point was so fast that even a master would have difficulty perceiving it with the naked eye.

However,

-Chaaaaaang!

Three Eyes blocked the single strike that dug into that momentary gap.

But because he was in a position opposite to the direction of the sword swing, he should have been in a position where he couldn't block it originally, yet he managed it by ignoring the pain of his muscles and joints breaking.

"You missed your only chance."

Three Eyes sneered.

Mok Gyeong-un's gaze was directed at his twisted muscles and protruding elbow bone.

But what about this?

Being a being that transcended humans, he could instantly recover his body with demonic power even with a body like this.

-Whiriririk!

Look, already the protruding bone is recovering...

-Shuk!

It was at that moment.

Mok Gyeong-un let go of the demonic sword Evil Commandment Sword and stabbed at the eye on his forehead with his left hand's sword finger like lightning.

'It's useless!'

He was most wary of the third eye being attacked more than any other part.

He tried to snatch and grab Mok Gyeong-un's left wrist holding the sword finger like lightning and break it.

However,

-Kwadeuk!

At that moment, in the fleeting situation where their swords and hands were firmly stuck together, Mok Gyeong-un bit and tore off Three Eyes's Adam's apple.

'!?'

Chapter 415 – Battle of Numbers (3)

-Pa-pa-pa-pa-pak!

-Cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-chang!

Ou Cheon-mu, one of the Seven Heavens and the master of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, inwardly stuck out his tongue.

Although he had been cautious from the start due to her extraordinary aura, he had never experienced such a technique in his entire life.

Chunchu of the First Realm appropriately mixed swift palm techniques with claw techniques, but that wasn't all.

She used a strange technique, which was,

-Kwang!

Instead of her palm force forming a strong energy, it caused invisible explosions.

The energy compressed in the air and then exploded, and the condensed energy was so strong that before he could grasp it, his left shoulder was hit, and he almost lost his arm.

-Chwak!

In response, Ou Cheon-mu split the area with his sword energy whenever he saw signs of energy concentrating.

This way, the palm force would be cut before it could condense, significantly reducing the explosive power.

-Pa-pa-pa-pak! Cha-cha-chang!

Chunchu lightly blocked Ou Cheon-mu's sword and opened her mouth.

"Not bad, old man. To adapt to the Hidden Shadow Explosive Palm so quickly."

“Hidden Shadow Explosive Palm? A fitting name.”

It was a bizarre technique that would have been difficult to counter if he hadn't reached the Profound Realm, considered supreme in handling energy.

Her technique was suitable for indiscriminate slaughter.

“I heard rumors that among the Seven Heavens, you have the least actual combat experience and only adopted others' sword techniques, strong in theory but lacking in skill.”

“I won't deny it.”

Though she said it to provoke him, Ou Cheon-mu calmly accepted it.

‘It's not working.’

Chunchu licked her lips.

She might not know, but Ou Cheon-mu, who had decided to serve Mok Gyeong-un as his lord, had quite a few practice matches that were close to real combat on his way here.

This was for Mok Gyeong-un to adapt to his rapidly increasing martial prowess in a short period, but Ou Cheon-mu also significantly increased his combat experience by competing with masters of the Life and Death Realm.

-Cha-cha-cha-cha-chang!

‘Not being flustered even by the Hidden Shadow Explosive Palm, as expected of the pinnacle of the current martial arts world.’

Chunchu, who had been inwardly sticking out her tongue, soon grinned and unleashed her secret technique.

As she took a stance to strike down with her palm from above,

‘Hidden Shadow Overlapping Strike!’

-Goooooooo!

‘Above?’

Ou Cheon-mu tried to cut the energy gathering above with his sword energy.

But that wasn’t all.

He felt another energy gathering above the energy, and it wasn’t just one or two.

Even just the energy he could feel was three, no, four, no, even more than that.

Which means,

‘Is she overlapping invisible energy?’

It seemed that even condensing it once would require considerable concentration, but overlapping it repeatedly could probably be called a secret technique.

In response, Ou Cheon-mu made a gesture of pulling with his left hand’s sword finger while swinging his sword energy.

Then, four swords flew up from the ground and created strong energy.

It was the Sword Energy Controlled by Qi.

-Woooong!

Ou Cheon-mu rotated his left hand holding the sword finger widely in that state.

Then, the four Sword Energy Controlled by Qi rotated like windmills, creating a shield made of strong energy.

Simultaneously,

-Kwang! Kwang! Kwang!

The condensed energies exploded above the shield.

'Tsk.'

As tremendous explosions occurred one after another, Ou Cheon-mu inwardly clicked his tongue.

On the surface, she looked like a peerlessly beautiful woman in her early twenties.

However, it was no exaggeration to say that the power she possessed was on par with the Seven Heavens, considered the pinnacle of the current martial arts world.

How could such a monster appear in the martial arts world without anyone knowing?

-Kwang! Kwang! Kwang!

-Jeo-jeo-jeo-jeok! Pa-chang-chang-chang!

The continuing explosions overlapped, increasing their power.

As a result, three out of the four swords that had been rotating like windmills to block the explosions with Sword Energy Controlled by Qi couldn't withstand the force and shattered in an instant.

-Flinch!

'Not yet?'

The energy was overlapping one more time.

It was the seventh time, and he couldn't even imagine how strong the explosive power would be when all of this condensed.

However, Ou Cheon-mu calmly,

-Chwa-reuk!

Added energy to the fragments of the broken sword hilts and added them to the rotation of the remaining Sword Energy Controlled by Qi.

The rotation of the Sword Energy Controlled by Qi, now with added metal fragments imbued with strong energy, became even more dense and intricate.

-Kwa-ang!

As the explosion burst, the remaining Sword Energy Controlled by Qi tried to block the force of the explosion but eventually couldn't withstand the heat and shattered, even vaporizing into smoke.

'If I'm going to strike at a weak point, it's now.'

In that instant, Ou Cheon-mu threw his body towards the subsiding explosion.

Thus, Ou Cheon-mu, who had become a sword himself with the subtleties of the Extreme Sword, split the explosion and broke through it.

-Chwak!

Seeing Ou Cheon-mu emerge after breaking through the overlapped explosions, Chunchu of the First Realm hurriedly threw her body backward while unleashing palm force.

-Pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pak!

However, Ou Cheon-mu's figure, having gained momentum, was truly unstoppable.

Ou Cheon-mu's sword finger, which had split the palm forces in an instant, aimed for the center of her chest.

In response, she stretched out her hand to block Ou Cheon-mu's sword finger.

-Puk!

Ou Cheon-mu's sharp sword finger pierced through Chunchu's hand, but she also put all her strength into it, planting both feet firmly on the ground, so,

-Pa-a-a-a-ang!

Ou Cheon-mu's exquisite single strike couldn't reach her chest.

However, due to the impact of the two supreme experts colliding, the surrounding area was almost devastated by the wind pressure of energy.

‘This woman is really strong.’

Ou Cheon-mu had gained many insights that had been blocked while competing with Mok Gyeong-un.

Nevertheless, he couldn’t find a decisive gap.

It was a strength that could only be admired.

This was the same for Chunchu of the First Realm.

[Don’t underestimate humans.]

She stuck out her tongue, remembering the warning given by Kang Yeom, who was also of the First Realm.

Although they had reached the pinnacle of martial artists, she thought they would inevitably be lacking compared to beings like herself who had lived for a long time.

However, after competing like this, her thoughts changed.

Seeing beings who couldn’t even live a hundred years become this strong, the potential of humans was beyond that of the Two Eyebrows and Four Eyes beings.

-Pa-reu-reu-reu!

The two, having entered a contest of internal energy, maintained that state and exerted force towards each other.

Whoever yielded here would suffer a fatal injury.

But then, the corner of Ou Cheon-mu's mouth rose.

Puzzled by this, Chunchu asked.

"Why are you smiling?"

"It seems the lords we each serve are about to be decided."

"Decided?"

At this, she looked up.

In the air, she could see Mok Gyeong-un biting and tearing at Three Eyes (Three Eyes)'s throat, just as they were facing off.

'Biting the throat?'

Chunchu was dumbfounded at the sight.

How could he think of biting his opponent's throat in that situation?

Although she didn't fully understand humans despite observing them for a long time, they were beings who mainly used their hands and maintained a certain level of dignity, unlike the Two Eyebrows and Four Eyes beings or beasts.

Therefore, even in a life-or-death battle, they didn't fight like beasts in that way, but the sight of biting off the Mok-gan's throat was like that of a ferocious beast.

She became flushed, as if excited, at the sight of him biting off the Adam's apple and then chewing it.

Ou Cheon-mu frowned at this sight.

"I can't understand how you can be like that when your master is being defeated."

"Defeated?"

"The match is decided."

With his throat's Adam's apple torn off, he was as good as dead.

However, at Ou Cheon-mu's words that the match was decided, Chunchu instead sneered as if it was absurd and said.

"That might be true for an ordinary human."

At her meaningful words, Ou Cheon-mu felt an ominous feeling.

It was at that very moment.

Three Eyes, who had possessed Na Yul-ryang's body whose throat's Adam's apple had been torn off, instead of suffering in that state, broke Mok Gyeong-un's wrist that was holding him with a smiling face.

-Wudeuk!

Mok Gyeong-un's broken wrist bone soon pierced through the flesh and protruded outwards.

‘What?’

Ou Cheon-mu’s eyes widened at this sight.

With his throat’s Adam’s apple torn off, there should have been no possibility of survival, yet he was smiling and acting like that in that situation.

It could be called madness no less than Mok Gyeong-un’s ferocity.

But then, Mok Gyeong-un, with his wrist broken, headbutted Three Eyes’s forehead in that state.

Three Eyes, who tried to avoid his third eye being hit as much as possible, threw his head back with all his might, but because their bodies were fixed in that situation,

-Kwang!

Three Eyes’s left eye socket was crushed, and his eyeball was smashed.

This time, unable to withstand the pain, Three Eyes tried to separate his body by removing the sword that was pressed against Mok Gyeong-un.

However, there was no way Mok Gyeong-un would let him go.

With his left arm, whose wrist bone was protruding and seemed impossible to grip properly, he grabbed Three Eyes’s wrist and let go of the demonic sword Evil Commandment Sword, aiming for the third eye on his forehead.

-Shuk!

As Mok Gyeong-un's sword finger aimed, suddenly a bright light poured out from Three Eyes's third eye.

The immense light that suddenly poured out was so bright that it was radiance itself, causing Mok Gyeong-un to close his eyes due to the burning pain.

-Chi-i-ik!

-Pa-pa-pa-pa-pak!

In that instant, Three Eyes repeatedly kicked Mok Gyeong-un and finally managed to create distance.

The eye on his forehead that had emitted radiance suddenly became dull, and the color of its pupil lost its light like the eyes of a dead person.

-Chwa-reu-reuk!

However, thanks to creating distance, Three Eyes, who could circulate demonic energy, rapidly began to recover his torn Adam's apple, the broken bones around his left eye socket, and his left eyeball.

He could fully recover this in less than ten counts...

-Chwak!

At that moment, Mok Gyeong-un's Evil Commandment Sword flew towards his shoulder and dug in.

It was Sword Energy Controlled by Qi, dyed with black strong energy.

With his only open right eye with its golden pupil, he could see Mok Gyeong-un extending his sword finger towards him with his eyes closed.

'Huh?'

The massive amount of light emitted all at once from the third eye's demonic power would have caused his corneas to burn and be damaged.

When one of the five senses suddenly disappears, the other senses are also affected and become unstable.

But he revived those other senses in an instant?

This guy really isn't human-like.

'Damn it.'

Partly because of the connection of spirit servant with Ryu So-wol, he had been avoiding inflicting fatal injuries, and also because this new body couldn't fully exert his power yet, but it had been a very long time since an opponent had pushed him this far.

Then a voice echoed in his head.

-There's a better way than cutting the connection.

-A better way?

-Yes. Let's take over his body.

-His body?

At this thought, Three Eyes's eyes, except for the eye on his forehead, narrowed.

Come to think of it, there was no need to cut the connection.

This guy possessed a body far superior to Na Yul-ryang's.

He had been angry, thinking that this guy had interfered with his grand plan and blocked his connection, but thinking about it coldly, it might have turned out well.

'For So-wol, whose resentment was strong enough to become a spirit servant, to become his spirit servant, she must have trusted him considerably.'

If he could take over such a guy's body...

Soon, the corners of Three Eyes's mouth rose slyly.

He had quickly come to a conclusion.

But at that very moment,

-Seu-reu-reu-reuk!

As Mok Gyeong-un repeatedly stepped on the air, his figure suddenly began to split into three with the wind.

Seeing this sight, Three Eyes frowned.

'Is this possibly?'

He had numerous memories.

Among them were a few memories of those who had troubled him when he thought he had become absolute.

This body-splitting technique that Mok Gyeong-un was displaying was one of them.

Although it didn't seem perfect, this body-splitting technique was clearly the secret technique of the vanished Matchless City.

But that wasn't the end.

-Wu-deuk! Wu-deuk!

As the three split Mok Gyeong-uns regulated their breathing, the surrounding energy gathered and circulated throughout their bodies, then their muscles swelled up more firmly, their bodies turned red, and steam flowed out.

-Shu-u-u-u-u!

Seeing this, Three Eyes was reminded of that monstrous clan guarding the Tang family and the Forbidden Land.

What exactly is this guy?

How is he simultaneously mastering the secret techniques of the few beings that had troubled him over his long years?

Chapter 416 – Battle of Numbers (4)

Three-Eyes was not an immortal being, but had achieved longevity by moving through numerous bodies.

This being, known to be different from other Imaemangnyang and considered extremely ominous, was not inherently strong from the beginning.

At the moment of its birth, it was infinitely weak.

However, by moving through numerous bodies and absorbing the power, memories, and experiences of its hosts, it grew stronger day by day at a rapid pace.

After a long time passed this way, Three Eyes became comparable to demonic beasts, which could be considered quite high-ranking among the Imaemangnyang, and began to take pride in its own power.

Three Eyes had strong desires because it had absorbed human memories and emotions.

Therefore, it wanted everything and desired to rule.

But no matter how strong it became, it couldn't do everything alone.

What caught Three Eyes's eye were humans, who had been serving as hosts.

Humans were beings that could accept all energies in the myriad things of the universe and had the most outstanding potential talents, but their short lifespan made their limitations clear.

Despite having intelligence and dignity, there were no beings as easy to rule as them.

If it could use these short-lived beings, it thought it could rule the world as it wished.

However, Three Eyes's grand ambition had to be put aside for a long time due to one shock.

-How could this be...

Even though it had developed ambition, Three Eyes knew there was a line it should never cross.

That line was the Six Demons, infinitely close to divine beasts and called the six kings of the Imaemangnyang.

They were literally transcendent beings, so Three Eyes thought it was an unreachable realm no matter how many beings' powers it absorbed.

But it saw it.

It saw a human fighting bare-handed against one of the Six Demons, considered the strongest in power among those in the absolutely unreachable realm.

Their fight was enough to shatter mountains, flood rivers, and change the terrain.

It was truly a battle of gods.

-!!!!

The sight was utterly terrifying.

It was the first time in its life it had seen such a strong human, a monster beyond imagination.

After seeing this, Three Eyes lost its will to fight, or rather its ambition, for the first time in its life.

How much time had passed?

Three Eyes later learned.

That terrifying and even frightening monstrous human was a being born from the gathering of heaven and earth's energy and by chance.

Such a being that deviated from the natural order could not stay in the world for long.

As Three Eyes had predicted, that monstrous human soon disappeared, and Three Eyes reawakened its suppressed ambition.

More time passed, and Three Eyes grew even stronger. As planned, it drew many humans under its wing and made them worship it.

At this rate, it seemed it could achieve its ambition soon.

However, before long, it encountered another new wall.

It wasn't human.

It was the Six Demons.

Most of the Six Demons were so strong that they had no interest in humans, but among these Six Demons, a being particularly emotional about humans appeared.

It was originally not a Imaemangnyang being, but a being born from the gathering of five nature spirits called the Five Spirits.

However, one of those Five Spirits, which had become a dragon, failed to achieve the enlightenment and fell into corruption.

Thus, that being took one of the Six Demons' positions, and the Imaemangnyang called this corrupted dragon, the Jiao-Dragon Demon King[1].

The Jiao-Dragon Demon King, who had been sealed by a sage for a long time, tried to destroy the world by moving numerous Imaemangnyang once released from its seal.

It seemed the world would end at the hands of the Jiao-Dragon Demon King, as the sages who could have stopped such a being had left the human world.

But it was incredibly coincidental.

What stood against this Jiao-Dragon Demon King was none other than a human.

It wasn't a being born from the gathering of heaven and earth's energy and by chance, but one who had grown strong by drawing out potential through numerous hardships.

-Kuaaaaaah!

Watching the Jiao-Dragon Demon King being annihilated by a human, Three Eyes fell into deep contemplation.

Although they were extremely rare, humans' potential was truly limitless.

Seeing monsters born among beings who couldn't even live long, at a level that deviated from the natural order, its thoughts changed somewhat.

'Rule?'

The very possibility of humans felt dangerous.

Could it smoothly rule over them?

Wouldn't it be better to exclude humans?

But if a being that could become its nemesis appeared during the process of exclusion, it would follow the same path as the two demons.

So Three Eyes decided to watch humans more while building its power.

As it watched, Three Eyes realized one thing.

‘I see.’

Those two beings who had faced the Six Demons were truly special cases that didn’t arise easily.

Such humans are not born easily.

Therefore, Three Eyes thought that if it excluded only those beings who might develop even a little potential, it could sufficiently rule over humans and, if necessary, easily destroy them.

The humans with noticeable potential to develop were primarily those who inherited the blood of those beings.

Mok Gyeong-un’s figure split into three with a wind-like movement.

The moment Three-Eyes saw this, it could instinctively realize.

That was undoubtedly the secret technique of the Peerless Fortress[2].

‘How did he...?’

The Peerless Fortress had disappeared on the day of the great calamity.

It thought it had dried up all the seeds related to it, so how did he learn that technique?

But this wasn't the end.

-Wu-deuk! Wu-deuk!

As the three split Mok Gyeong-uns regulated their breathing, the surrounding energy gathered and circulated, then their muscles swelled up more firmly, their bodies turned red, and steam flowed out.

-Shu-u-u-u-u!

Seeing this, Three Eyes was reminded of that monstrous clan guarding the Tang family and the Forbidden Land.

[I am Yoo Mu-jeok. As you can see, I eat and sleep here, guarding this place. But you... You're not human, are you? How did you get in here?]

Although it thought the descendants would have weakened even if they inherited that being's blood, they were still a clan with monstrous power.

Even though it wasn't at full strength, it had made Three Eyes retreat.

But what was important now wasn't the past.

How was he mastering the secret techniques of the few beings that had checked Three Eyes over its long years?

-Eu-deuk!

This guy was truly irritating.

But getting excited here would ruin everything.

If it could take over his body, it would be able to use the connection with Ryu So-wol, and naturally learn how he had mastered their techniques.

-Seuk!

As Three Eyes threw its body backward and stretched out its right hand, one of the swords it had dropped floated up and was sucked into its hand.

In that state, as Three Eyes made a gesture of swinging its sword finger upward,

-Pa-reu-reu-reu-reu!

The weapons of the casualties on the square's floor, such as swords and sabers, began to tremble and float upward.

The swords that had risen this way shot up all at once as if they were arrows.

Although they weren't imbued with strong energy, they were filled with power from demonic energy, making their momentum tremendous.

-Pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pak!

The soaring swords rushed all at once towards Mok Gyeong-un, whose figure had split into three.

Numerous swords flew like waves, and as one of Mok Gyeong-un's split bodies waved its sword finger,

-Pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pang!

The swords stopped midway as if they had hit something.

Then the swords began to fall to the ground as they were.

Seeing this, Three Eyes clicked its tongue.

‘To cut off the control of the swords I was handling with demonic energy in a flash-like manner. This guy’s application skills are not ordinary.’

But it thought he would easily block this anyway.

It was just to create some distance for a moment.

To use this technique, it needed some distance, so it just needed to keep him in that spot.

-Seuk!

-Chak! Chak!

With that level of spell technique skill, one wouldn’t need hand seals or would only need simplified ones, but for this technique alone, it had no choice but to form proper hand seals.

The moment it formed the hand seals,

-Flinch!

Mok Gyeong-un's eyes sharpened.

This was because Three Eyes's demonic energy had risen incomparably higher than before.

It felt like it was drawing out all its demonic energy without thinking about the consequences.

Was it trying to settle things?

-Pa-reu-reu-reu!

Meanwhile, Three Eyes's arms, forming the hand seals, shook violently and its blood vessels bulged out.

This was because, as Mok Gyeong-un had expected, Three Eyes was drawing out all its demonic energy, ignoring the body's overload.

For a fleeting moment, a voice echoed in Three Eyes's mind.

-Will you discard it?

-Didn't you agree?

-What a waste. It's hard to find a body of this caliber.

-It's not as good as that one.

-True. Accommodating your stubbornness is coming to an end. Once you get what you want, you'll need to focus on the grand plan.

-I'll keep my promise.

-Good.

The original goal was Young Master Na Yul-ryang's body.

Although he didn't inherit the blood of the Heaven Vein, his talent could be said to be even greater than the current Society Leader of this generation.

If it could take over his body, it could not only carry out the grand plan but also reconnect with her.

Because they would be sword siblings rather than rivals, they could become even closer.

That's why it wanted this body, but not anymore.

'This is even better.'

Although it didn't know how they had formed a spirit servant connection, those two had formed an alliance for revenge and must have overcome hardships together for this purpose.

There was no need to build an alliance by taking over Na Yul-ryang's body.

With that body alone, it could naturally win So-wol's heart even without tampering with the memories.

The corners of Three Eyes's mouth stretched to its ears in an eerie smile, showing madness.

That concerned look of hers, recovering depleted spirit power below the square, would now be directed towards itself.

The role of this body was set.

It just needed to show wretchedness to make him stand out more.

-Pu-seuk! Pu-seuk!

As it drew out all the demonic energy in its body, Na Yul-ryang's body, unable to withstand it, had its energy channels bursting and breaking in various places.

However, Three Eyes didn't care about this.

Although it was a shame, it had no attachment to a body it would use once and discard anyway.

-Pa-ang!

At that moment, Mok Gyeong-un's three split figures simultaneously tried to fly towards it.

Then Three Eyes opened its palms and clapped.

-Jjak!

At that instant, all the demonic energy that had spread around gathered at once and began to press on the space around Mok Gyeong-un.

-Go-o-o-o-o-o-o!

'This is?'

The demonic energy pressing on the entire space was so strong that Mok Gyeong-un's movements slowed down significantly, as if he had fallen into water.

It even gave the feeling that time was slowing down.

‘Great Void Sealing Technique!’

This technique is an ancient forbidden technique that a practitioner who has reached a certain high level uses by staking their life.

Because its conditions are so demanding and it requires staking one’s life, it’s practically a technique that even the most outstanding diviners can’t use, but not for Three Eyes.

It could just change to a new body if the dead one was discarded.

‘Even the arrogant Assassin King of the Sea fell to this technique. Although it’s only a half-complete technique, you, a human, can absolutely not escape it.’

If one more condition is added here, the technique would be complete.

However, its purpose was not to really trap Mok Gyeong-un.

It was to buy time to move to his body.

-Pat!

As Three Eyes waved its hand, a hazy mist arose around, obscuring the view in all directions.

As the view suddenly became obscured, Cheong-ryeong, who had been focusing on their battle while recovering spirit power, rose from her seat in surprise.

-Mortal!

Thus, in the obscured mist,

Three Eyes leisurely entered this space and flew towards Mok Gyeong-un.

Whether he split his form into three or used whatever technique, as long as it had deployed the Great Void Sealing Technique by staking the practitioner's life, he couldn't easily escape this space.

By now, two of Mok Gyeong-un's forms had disappeared, and only one body remained.

Three Eyes approached Mok Gyeong-un like this.

Since he couldn't move, trapped by the technique, it could just change bodies right away.

-Ssi-i-i-ik!

Three Eyes smiled eerily and said.

"I'll take that body."

As it brought its left hand to Mok Gyeong-un's head and its right hand to the eyeball embedded in its forehead,

-Seuk!

It was the moment its left hand touched Mok Gyeong-un's head.

That's when it happened.

-Kwak!

“Kek!”

Mok Gyeong-un’s hand, which Three Eyes thought absolutely couldn’t move as desired due to the technique, grabbed Three Eyes’s neck like lightning.

Three Eyes hastily tried to break free.

But no matter how much it tried to remove Mok Gyeong-un’s hand gripping its neck, it was immovable.

How could he move while the technique was being deployed?

It was at this moment of puzzlement.

“You lowly creature, still coveting what belongs to others.”

‘!?’

The moment it heard the voice, the eyeball on Three Eyes’s forehead began to tremble madly.

Chapter 417 – Battle of Numbers (5)

“You lowly creature, still coveting what belongs to others.”

‘!?’

The voice coming from Mok Gyeong-un had a different atmosphere.

The moment it heard this, the eyeball on Three Eyes’s forehead trembled violently.

In a fleeting moment, the third eyeball, turning reddish-black, spoke into his mind with a voice full of bewilderment.

-...This can't be.

-What's going on? Didn't you say it definitely wasn't?

It wasn't a long exchange.

But Three Eyes had never forgotten this unique atmosphere.

It was darkness itself, like an abyss of unfathomable depth, and close to chaos that evoked destruction.

Above all, the absolute intimidation that overwhelmed all beings instilled in him a fear he had never felt even from the Six Demons.

-It's him. It must be him.

-No. No. This is strange. There's clearly no core.

-Core or not...

-The core is their foundation. The absence of a core means death for them, the annihilation of existence.

-Then what is this guy in front of us? Are you saying he's become a ghost?

-A ghost, such a thing...

At that very moment,

-Tsu-tsu-tsu!

“Heuup!”

The blood vessels in Three Eyes’s neck, held by Mok Gyeong-un’s hand, turned black and some kind of erosion occurred.

Three Eyes raised demonic energy to push back the invading erosion, but once the energy pushed in, it was unstoppable.

‘This energy... It’s certain.’

It wasn’t just similar, it was that energy from back then.

Then a voice echoed in Three Eyes’s mind.

-Were you sharing consciousness?

-You?

-You?

Three Eyes’s three eyeballs shook simultaneously.

He realized something was eroding, but didn’t know it would invade their connected consciousness.

At Mok Gyeong-un’s voice, Three Eyes spoke with an angry tone.

-So it was you after all?

It was a question loaded with many implications.

To this question, Mok Gyeong-un's voice with its changed atmosphere continued, seemingly unconcerned:

-How foolish. Not realizing your own greed is being exploited.

-Greed? Did you just say greed? Hahahahahahaha!

Three Eyes burst into mad laughter.

Then, stopping abruptly and calming his excitement, he spoke in a cold voice.

-Yes, the emotion of desperately wanting something can also be called greed. But how dare you, who arbitrarily took what belongs to me, speak to me about greed?

-How novel.

-What?

-You're showing well how foolish attachment to something you can't have can destroy oneself. Of course, that's why your eyes and consciousness could be connected.

-You dare!

-Dare?

-Kek!

Three Eyes's three eyeballs shook violently.

The ominous energy that was eroding was spreading throughout his entire body, and as his body stiffened, he felt pain as if each nerve was being stabbed with a needle.

-Don't be mistaken that we're on the same level just because I'm exchanging words with you.

-Kuuu.

He had let his guard down.

Thinking that he wouldn't be able to move, caught in the ancient secret technique of the Great Void Sealing Technique that had even sealed the Assassin King of the Sea, had worsened the situation.

Another consciousness in Three Eyes's mind urged:

-Don't be swayed by him. We must somehow detach him to prevent the erosion from progressing further. I'll block the nerve pain...

-Pa-pak! Pa-pak!

At that moment, black capillaries sprouted from the eyeball on Three Eyes's forehead and burst.

The consciousness of the third eye cried out in agony:

-Kuuu... You... How...

-I don't know why you still maintained human consciousness, but did you think I'd just deal with the host and move on like before?

-...What exactly are you? Ugh... How, without a core...

-I am merely a remnant.

-A remnant?

-You don't need to know. You just need to disappear...

At that moment, Mok Gyeong-un's eyes narrowed.

Then, one of his eyebrows raised.

The reason was that he realized something while trying to eliminate these two parasitic consciousnesses occupying Na Yul-ryang's body.

-...It's not the real consciousness.

-Ssiik!

Three Eyes, who had been showing a pained face and complaining of pain, began to raise the corners of his mouth slyly.

Then, stopping his groans of pain, he burst into laughter.

"Kukuk... Kuhuhuhuu... Kuhahahahahahaha!"

It looked as if he was letting out a laugh of triumph.

Was the appearance of suffering from erosion just an act?

Mok Gyeong-un, who had been staring intently at Three Eyes's forehead, spoke not in consciousness but aloud.

"Did you transfer the separated consciousness as it was? ...No, did you implement an almost identical eye to connect the consciousness?"

"You're quick. As expected, you're impressive. To notice this already, even though I've eroded you."

"Huh?"

Mok Gyeong-un looked at him with an expression of disbelief.

He had seen many types of people, but this was the first time he'd encountered such a being.

It looked real, but this wasn't real.

The beings called Three-Eyes parasitize others, so their main body is the eye, which can be called the center of demonic energy.

But this eye was not the main body, but rather implemented – that is, replicated – the demonic energy, consciousness, and memories in an identical form.

However, Mok Gyeong-un's burst of laughter wasn't just because he sent a replicated consciousness pretending to be the main body.

"Was implementing even the separated consciousness to definitely deceive that it wasn't the main body?"

"Huhuhuu. That could be one reason, but it has many uses."

“Uses?”

“Humans are greatly influenced by these things called emotions. Especially the more extreme the emotion. For instance, things like greed, anger, sadness – these are great driving forces even for me.”

-Ku-deuk! Ku-deuk!

Three Eyes’s eroding eyeball returned to its original state.

‘Pushing back?’

-Go-o-o-o-o!

The energy that had spread throughout the upper body also returned to normal, and Three Eyes’s demonic energy was rising rapidly.

The demonic energy was circulating in reverse, not forward, and increasing twofold.

This was the reverse meridian circulation technique.

Three Eyes spoke with a mad smile.

“From the moment I felt your energy, I thought we’d meet soon. How much do you think I’ve prepared for that moment?”

“You’ve made good use of the time given, I see.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment. You wingless king. I don’t know how you’ve come to dwell in a mere human body, but since you called yourself a remnant, I’ll take all that remaining power for myself.”

“So that was your goal.”

“It was our goal. I’ll fulfill my companion’s long-cherished wish and lessen your interference as well.”

“You...”

So it was him after all?

It was a choice tantamount to annihilation, but he didn’t believe it easily.

Mok Gyeong-un shook his head.

Then,

“Do you think it will end with just interference by doing something to me?”

“Of course not. I’ll pull you down with my own hands.”

“Pull me down?”

“Kuhuhuhuu. Did you think we’d be dragged along by the likes of you who try to reign by playing god? This world is mine.”

Absolute greed.

For a long time, Three-Eyes had wanted everything.

But knowing it wasn't the time, he had simply bided his time, building up the power to easily break through the walls whenever he encountered them.

Now all preparations were complete.

There would be no more biding time.

"When the grand plan is realized, everyone will realize that the day of great calamity was merely the beginning."

"It must be quite the preparation to call it a grand plan. I look forward to it."

"It is worth looking forward to. It's just a shame. I wanted to show you too, the world that's about to change."

-Seu-seu-seu-seu!

As the erosion was almost completely undone,

-Pak!

Three Eyes firmly grasped Mok Gyeong-un's wrist.

Then, a thread made of red light flowed from the wrist, instantly binding his body starting from the wrist.

-Whiriririk! Kkwak!

"Still, I'll put your body to good use."

-Seuk!

Three Eyes brought his hand to his forehead.

Then he casually pulled out the third eyeball on his forehead.

-Ssugek!

After pulling out the eye like that, he tried to bring it to Mok Gyeong-un's forehead.

But then,

"I wanted to find out where the main body is, but since you've divided your consciousness into several places, that'll be difficult."

'!?'

At those words, the focus of the eyeball Three Eyes was holding wavered.

At that very moment,

-Pa-ang!

The thread made of red light binding Mok Gyeong-un's entire body broke so easily it was almost pathetic.

Realizing something had gone wrong, Three Eyes tried to pull his body back, but,

-Pak!

Mok Gyeong-un's hand grabbed his face once again.

From that grasping hand, an incredibly ominous black energy flowed out again and began to dig into his entire face.

Three Eyes spoke in a bewildered voice.

"You, could it be?"

"Did you think you could do something with just a replicated consciousness that's not even real and some squeezed-out power?"

-Tsu-tsu-tsu-tsu!

The energy's erosion spread throughout his body at a speed incomparable to just moments ago.

The speed was so fast that even the demonic energy he had explosively increased through the reverse meridian circulation technique couldn't block it.

Three Eyes spoke with a chilled face.

"...You deceived me."

"It's not my way. It's another me's way."

"What?"

"Your arrogant appearance was irritating, but thanks to it, I learned what you were thinking and where the real consciousness might be, even if scattered. So it wasn't a bad choice."

“.....”

-Tsu-tsu-tsu-tsu!

Already about 70% of his body had been eroded.

Soon, when his entire body was eroded, the consciousness controlling the body would be annihilated, and it would be him who would have his remaining energy stolen.

He thought he could repay the grudge from back then with a consciousness that was no different from a separate body, but even having lost all power, he was still befitting of a being that once stood at the pinnacle of those monstrous creatures.

-Pisik!

Three Eyes sneered and raised the corners of his mouth as he spoke.

“Right. If it had ended so easily, I would have been quite disappointed.”

“That disappointment too will soon disappear.”

“Don’t get cocky. Do you think this is the end? At most, this is just a body I’ve transferred my consciousness into.”

“You have a long tongue.”

-Seu-seu-seu-seu!

Nearly 90% of his body had been eroded.

Three Eyes spoke with difficulty, his body trembling.

“You... will... desperately... seek... me...”

-Pa-reu-reu-reu!

Before he could finish speaking, the blood vessels in the third eyeball Three Eyes was holding bulged out grotesquely.

Realizing what Three Eyes was trying to do, Mok Gyeong-un grabbed the eyeball.

Strong heat could be felt from the eyeball.

Even if it was an eye with replicated consciousness, wouldn't he rather self-destruct and be annihilated rather than suffer more humiliation?

The heated eyeball burst as it was.

-Pak!

Since he had already concentrated all his energy to protect his hand, there was no big explosion.

Mok Gyeong-un opened his hand and scattered the black ashes.

He couldn't absorb the energy contained in the eyeball at the end as it self-destructed, but he had absorbed the power remaining inside as he had eroded the entire body, and annihilated the separated consciousness.

“Haa... Haa...”

But breathing sounds could be heard from the body.

‘He’s lucky.’

It was Na Yul-ryang, who had managed to cling to life even though his body had been taken.

However, because the body had been pushed far beyond its limits and lost all internal energy, it was now no different from a body that could no longer use martial arts.

Mok Gyeong-un stared at Na Yul-ryang, who was barely breathing, then lightly waved his hand.

The mist filling the surroundings disappeared.

Mok Gyeong-un muttered softly.

“I leave the rest to you now.”

As soon as those words ended, Mok Gyeong-un’s pupils trembled slightly, and then his gaze and atmosphere changed.

Chapter 418 – Battle of Numbers (6)

-Jureureuk!

In a dark hall.

Blood trickled down the corner of the mouth of a shadowy figure seated on a stone throne.

Eventually, the being opened its eyes.

Not just two eyes, but also the third eye on its forehead.

-Kwa-deureuk!

The sturdy stone armrest of the throne crumbled helplessly in the being's grip.

The being's three eyeballs were tinged with anger.

Because it had connected half of its consciousness through an almost identically constructed eyeball, it fully felt the aftermath of the self-destruction.

The feeling of instantaneous annihilation.

It wasn't a pleasant feeling even for a being that had lived for ages and gone through countless experiences.

'To lose power like this, even if it's just a part...'

At a glance, replicating consciousness seemed like creating a completely separate object, but that wasn't exactly the case.

It should be seen as connecting and sharing consciousness with the main body.

Therefore, part of the power had to be contained, and because it lost the replicated consciousness's eye, it had to lose the power infused there as well.

-You said it was a perfect move, but the result is not at all.

One of the consciousnesses clicked its tongue and spoke.

Then the eyeball on the forehead squirmed, and another consciousness expressed its opinion.

-You know there was a big variable since you watched together.

-You're the one who said no variable would be a problem.

-If it could have been killed easily, we could have resolved it back then, a hundred years ago.

-What?

-Kwang!

The being, filled with anger, stomped on the floor.

The floor not only cracked, but the entire dark hall shook violently as if an earthquake had occurred.

-Kureureureureu!

As the vibrations of the shaking hall finally stopped, one of the consciousnesses spoke as if to soothe:

-Calm down, companion.

-Calm down? Not only have we lost part of our power, but So-wol has fallen into his hands again. And you can say such things?

-It's not completely lost.

-What are you trying to say?

To that question, one of the consciousnesses spoke in a meaningful voice.

-Didn't I tell you? He will desperately seek us out.

"I leave the rest to you now."

As soon as those words ended, Mok Gyeong-un's pupils, which had been full of absolute majesty, trembled slightly, and then his gaze and atmosphere changed.

Mok Gyeong-un, now back to his normal self, looked at his palm covered in burnt ashes from Three Eyes's burst eyeball.

'...What is this?'

Mok Gyeong-un was seized by a strange feeling.

Last time, he felt completely controlled by that being inside him.

But this time was different.

It felt more like being assimilated.

It felt like their wills were in harmony, almost as if it were another self.

He had even communicated intentions to it, hadn't he?

[Deceive him.]

Indeed, the being inside him had accepted that intention and deceived him.

And it willingly returned control of the body.

What exactly was the purpose of this being inside him?

As his mind was becoming confused, a tremendous cheer erupted from the direction of the square.

“Waaaaaah!!!”

It was the cheering of the society members under Mok Gyeong-un.

They had been worriedly watching the sky even while fighting enemies, thinking Mok Gyeong-un was in danger.

But when the mist cleared and they saw Three Eyes, or rather Young Master Na Yul-ryang, limp as if dead, they were convinced Mok Gyeong-un had won.

That’s why they were shouting these cheers of victory.

“Huh?”

Amidst such cheers, Chunchu of the First Realm of the Secret Society, who had been facing off against Ou Cheon-mu, one of the Seven Heavens and the master of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, stuck out her tongue with a somewhat surprised look.

‘Even if it wasn’t the main body, that Mok-gan lost even after using the Great Void Sealing Technique?’

The Great Void Sealing Technique was an ancient secret technique that had even sealed the Assassin King of the Sea, one of the Six Demons infinitely close to divine beasts.

Naturally, she who had predicted Mok-gan would win couldn't help but be surprised.

How could a mere human be this strong?

Her gaze towards Mok Gyeong-un became strange.

-Seuk!

At that moment, Ou Cheon-mu pointed his sword at her and said:

"It didn't go as you predicted. The tide of battle has turned. Of course, I think you'll continue to fight, but with my lord joining..."

Before he could finish his words,

"I surrender."

Chunchu of the First Realm withdrew her energy and then raised both hands as if she had no intention to fight, saying:

"I surrender."

At this, Ou Cheon-mu frowned, unable to hide his bewilderment.

Even though their leader had been defeated, he hadn't expected her to surrender so easily.

At the very least, he thought she would act in an unexpected direction or fight desperately, being one who led non-human beings.

“What kind of trick is this?”

“The leader has lost, so I’m surrendering gracefully. What’s tricky about that?”

“.....”

It’s still suspicious.

I should block her energy channels and thoroughly subdue her first to prevent any tricks.

-Mortal!

-Pat!

At that moment, Cheong-ryeong, who had recovered some of her spirit power, flew up and approached Mok Gyeong-un’s side.

She too must have been very worried, as she showed signs of relief upon seeing Mok Gyeong-un safe.

“Cheong-ryeong.”

-You really...

Cheong-ryeong, with slightly reddened eyes, was about to say something but then closed her mouth.

Then, as if nothing had happened, her eyes filled with resentment again as she looked at Na Yul-ryang, whose face was held in Mok Gyeong-un’s hand, and asked:

-Did you kill him?

"No. He's not dead."

-...Don't tell me you're leaving the finishing blow to me to give me a chance to resolve my grudge?

Cheong-ryeong asked in a tone that suggested she was slightly moved, thinking Mok Gyeong-un had considered her feelings.

However, Mok Gyeong-un shook his head and answered:

"I wish that were the case, but not this one."

-What do you mean, not this one? Mortal, didn't you also acknowledge that this guy is Bi Yong-heon and that Three Eyes?

"I did, but to be precise, it's not the real consciousness."

At this, Cheong-ryeong asked with an expression of incomprehension:

-Not the real consciousness? What do you mean? If it's not real, are you saying it's fake?

"Rather than fake, I should say he constructed his consciousness identically?"

-Constructed his consciousness identically?

"I'm not sure how he did it, but it seems he can transfer his consciousness and power through the third eye."

-The third eye... Are you saying he's not just a Imaemangnyang being capable of simple parasitism?

"Yes, it seems so."

Mok Gyeong-un had observed the conversation between the being inside him and him.

Thanks to that, he learned a bit about Three Eyes, but also had some questions.

The conversation was so abstract that it was difficult to understand, but it seemed as if the being inside him knew this Three Eyes.

Moreover, even this Three Eyes knew the being inside him enough to spew out anger.

[So this was the reason for that strange sense of dissonance, as if I had killed him but hadn't.]

[Yes, the emotion of desperately wanting something can also be called greed. But how dare you, who arbitrarily took what belongs to me, speak to me about greed?]

The moment he heard this, strangely enough, what Cheong-ryeong had said came to mind.

The man Cheong-ryeong had loved in her past life as Ryu So-wol.

For some reason, their conversation made him feel as if Cheong-ryeong's past story was continuing.

'...Could it be.'

Mok Gyeong-un's eyes narrowed.

At that moment, he heard someone calling out to him from somewhere.

“Y-Young Master Mok! Please help!”

Mok Gyeong-un looked down in puzzlement at where the cry was coming from.

There was a woman covered in wounds, and she was Gi Ok-ryeon, the eldest daughter of Sun Rock Valley Master Gi Hae, who was the most loyal follower and long-time friend of Wi So-yeon, the youngest disciple of the Heaven and Earth Society Leader.

What’s going on?

Come to think of it, Wi So-yeon and most of the factions following her hadn’t been seen.

But why has Gi Ok-ryeon appeared in such a state?

As he was wondering, Cheong-ryeong said:

-Hand him over to me and go.

“Na Yul-ryang?”

-Yes. Since his body was controlled by him, he might remember something.

Cheong-ryeong believed that he must know something about him, as Three-Eyes had dwelled in him, even though she didn’t disbelieve Mok Gyeong-un’s words.

At this, Mok Gyeong-un nodded and handed the unconscious Na Yul-ryang over to her.

And then,

-Tak!

He landed lightly on the ground where Gi Ok-ryeon was.

Gi Ok-ryeon, with tears welling up in her eyes, spoke in a pleading voice:

“Young Master. Please help. Lady Wi So-yeon has been kidnapped by unknown individuals.”

“Kidnapped?”

“Yes, the Bright Blade King and my father, the Sun Rock Valley Master, faced them but... Sob...”

She couldn’t continue speaking properly as she shed tears.

This was because most of the blood on her clothes was her father’s.

He, who had desperately tried to protect Wi So-yeon, lost his life with his body cut in half by the enemy’s hands.

As she recalled her father’s last moments, her grief intensified, making it difficult for her to speak properly. Mok Gyeong-un asked her:

“What happened to the Sword Demon?”

This was why Mok Gyeong-un was puzzled.

Although Wi So-yeon had her own faction following her, just in case, he had sent the best swordsman, Sword Demon Ji-oe, whom he had recruited as a subordinate from the Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, the sacred land of swordsmanship.

“Sword Demon?”

“Ji-oe.”

She understood when he mentioned Ji-oe.

Although Ji-oe called himself the Sword Demon, he was more renowned in the world as the Mad Swordsman obsessed with swords.

“He, he sent me to you, Young Master.”

“Ji-oe sent you?”

“Sob... Yes, Master Ji-oe joined and fought together with the Bright Blade King against that enormously large man, but he’s too strong.”

The Bright Blade King Son Yun was quite large, but this man was even bigger than him.

She had thought they would surely subdue him somehow, as one of the Five Kings and her father, an executive, and supreme experts at the level of great hall masters had stepped up, but he was a tremendous monster who far overwhelmed them.

That’s why Ji-oe, who had joined belatedly to help them, hastily sent her to Mok Gyeong-un.

‘Why?’

For a moment, Mok Gyeong-un became suspicious.

If they were desperately targeting Cheong-ryeong, it could be understood because Three-Eyes was also Bi Yong-heon.

But even though Wi So-yeon was Cheong-ryeong's twin sister and looked exactly like her enough to believe it, she was strictly a different person.

So why did they kidnap her?

Moreover, Ji-oe was a master of the Transformation Realm, and the Bright Blade King Son Yun was also a warrior approaching that level.

They didn't deploy forces here that could overwhelm even these individuals fighting together, but used them just to kidnap Wi So-yeon?

'...There's something.'

Mok Gyeong-un instinctively felt there was a reason why the Secret Society targeted Wi So-yeon.

There's no such thing as perfect coincidence in all matters.

He had always wondered why she looked so much like Cheong-ryeong, and it might be related to that secret.

So,

"Where?"

"I, I'll guide..."

-Pak!

"Ah?"

“Tell me.”

Mok Gyeong-un wrapped his arm around her waist, carried her at his side, and flew up using the Treading Void technique.

-Pa-ang!

Thus, stepping on the air, Mok Gyeong-un flew towards Wi So-yeon’s estate.

Someone staggered out from a broken wall of the main building and watched this scene.

It was none other than the Heaven and Earth Society Leader.

“Cough, cough... So they’ve finally laid hands on that child Wi So-yeon?”

Chapter 419 – First Realm (1)

“Cough, cough... So they’ve finally laid hands on that child Wi So-yeon?”

The Heaven and Earth Society Leader tried to launch his body to follow Mok Gyeong-un, who was flying using the Treading Void technique, but staggered and clutched the wall.

Although Mok Gyeong-un had blocked it with a mysterious spell technique during the prohibition, his internal injuries were severe.

-Jureureuk!

Dead blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

Wiping it away, the Heaven and Earth Society Leader slumped against the wall and sat down heavily.

“Despite all my preparations.”

In the end, was he in a position where he had to rely on someone other than himself?

The Heaven and Earth Society Leader watched Mok Gyeong-un growing more distant.

He had thought him just a ghost of the Moon Vein, but that wasn’t all.

What exactly was his identity?

Even with Ryu So-wol of the Moon Vein attached to him, could someone who wasn’t even the person herself do this much?

[I greet you as a disciple, Master. I am Wi So-yeon of the Heroic Spear Wi family.]

The Heaven and Earth Society Leader recalled when he first saw her.

A child who looked just like that portrait in the shrine, though still young.

As she grew, she became more and more like the portrait.

[If you continue to have her take this along with the spirit medicines, within ten years, there will no longer be any more outbursts of the extreme cold energy of the Heavenly Yin Severed Meridians.]

[You’re saying the Heavenly Yin Severed Meridians won’t flare up anymore?]

[Yes.]

[...Then you knew it was the Heavenly Yin Severed Meridians from the beginning?]

[That doesn't seem to be something for the Society Leader to be involved in.]

[...What exactly does that person really want?]

[That person doesn't want much. They just gave one instruction.]

[What did they convey?]

[Just teach those children you've accepted as disciples well so they can build bonds with each other.]

[Teach them well to build bonds?]

-Eu-deuk!

The Heaven and Earth Society Leader gritted his teeth.

Knowing what that person was trying to do, he immediately understood what it meant.

That's why he thought he should stop it even now.

If he openly revealed his will right away, that guy would surely try to exclude him, even ignoring that person's wishes.

'Little by little... Just need to make it go awry little by little.'

He would never let things go as they wanted.

Even if that person truly wished it of their own will, that was already a distant past long gone.

The past should be left buried as it was.

It wasn't something that needed to be achieved by going against all providence.

And she didn't want it.

[I'm sorry.]

The Heaven and Earth Society Leader secretly replaced and burned all the medicine Wi So-yeon was supposed to take.

If things went according to that person's will, her life wouldn't be much of a life anyway.

Rather than that, it was right to follow the predetermined fate.

However, as long as she was alive, he would support her to do everything she wanted.

Even if it turned out to be futile struggling.

But even this plan of his had been twisted by that guy.

[It seems Lady Wi So-yeon's Heavenly Yin Severed Meridians has not only improved but been completely cured.]

[What?]

[Her complexion has returned, and her energy has stabilized.]

When he received this news, the Heaven and Earth Society Leader was lost in many thoughts.

No matter how much he tried to change things, would it ultimately turn out as that guy wanted?

Is this what they call fate?

The Heaven and Earth Society Leader watched Mok Gyeong-un's back, stretching out his fingertips and muttering.

"...If you are truly the one Ryu So-wol chose, don't ever let that child be taken away."

In the northeast direction, quite far from Wi So-yeon's residence estate.

The buildings there were almost all destroyed, to the point where it was hard to find any intact ones, and the surroundings were devastated.

Numerous corpses were strewn about in this devastated area.

These were the society members who followed Wi So-yeon.

Although they were said to have the smallest force among the factions, that was only relative; those who followed her numbered up to 2,000.

Of course, due to the Society Leader's emergency summons, those here were only half of that half.

Still, they numbered nearly five hundred, but...

“Haa... Haa...”

The Bright Blade King Son Yun exhaled rough breaths as he surveyed his surroundings.

Those still standing were just one great hall master and three warriors who looked like clan leaders.

On the other hand, there were still more than twenty masked enemies.

‘They definitely weren’t outsiders.’

These must have been spies who had been infiltrating the Heaven and Earth Society for a long time.

They were familiar with their tactics and formations, and knew the society’s warriors well enough to exploit their weaknesses.

Moreover,

‘To end up like this with five times the force...’

Each one of them was an incredible force.

Their numbers had only been about a hundred.

But each one was at least a supreme expert, and they didn’t even fear death, which ultimately led to this result.

-Cha-cha-cha-cha-chang!

At that moment, the sound of fierce metal clashing rang out, and wind pressure swept in all directions.

It was the sound of the Sword Demon Ji-oe clashing with that large man, even bigger than himself, who was considered one of the largest in the society.

-Kwang!

Ji-oe, who had been unleashing sword techniques with all his might, was flung back, crashing through a wall and rolling on the ground.

“Kuuuuu.”

Ji-oe’s face was covered in bruises as he rolled on the ground.

It must have hurt too much, as he arched his back and stood up while still rolling.

“Tut. Huu... Huu... What kind of guy shows no sign of fatigue?”

Ji-oe spat blood and stuck out his tongue.

Seeing him like this, the Bright Blade King Son Yun once again gripped his sect’s unique weapon, the great sword Mak-hyeon.

If the Mad Swordsman of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, Ji-oe, hadn’t appeared, he and everyone else would have already lost their lives.

He had heard that his swordsmanship skills were strong enough to be counted among the top ten throughout the righteous path, but he didn’t know it would be to this extent.

Thanks to his joining, they had barely managed to engage in combined attacks and hold the guy off.

But now it seemed they were almost at their limit.

That large man with short orange hair showed no signs of fatigue, but they were almost out of stamina, to the point where their breathing was rough.

“Huu... Huu... How long do you plan to rest?”

Ji-oe called out, and Son Yun replied.

“I’ve rested enough and was about to join you.”

At this, Son Yun took the seventh stance of the Bright Sun Sword Technique, the Ki-su stance, with his great sword Mak-hyeon.

Likewise, the Sword Demon Ji-oe also raised his sword energy and prepared to launch his body towards the guy.

On the other hand, the large man with orange hair, or rather, the monster-like being who had identified himself as Kang Yeom, didn’t take any stance or posture.

He merely raised the scorched, crude sword he was holding.

‘This is strange.’

Looking at him like this, Son Yun had been feeling this way for a while, but his doubts were growing stronger.

It was strange that someone this strong wasn’t known by name, but it felt like he wasn’t using his full strength even while facing their combined attack.

To be honest, it seemed like he was only exerting his skills just enough to be one step ahead.

What exactly is his intention?

Son Yun's gaze fell on Wi So-yeon, who was lying unconscious some distance away, and the two masked individuals surrounding and guarding her.

'Even though we're blocking their retreat and doing our utmost to stop them, we've been almost annihilated on this side, so why aren't they fleeing? If Wi So-yeon is their ultimate goal, they could easily escape.'

Because of this, he had the strange feeling that they were stalling for time.

It didn't feel like they were waiting for their leader, this Kang Yeom, to escape the Heaven and Earth Society.

Although he couldn't understand their intentions, for now, they had to play along as well.

'If reinforcements arrive, we might be able to turn the situation around.'

Until then, they had to somehow keep these people tied down.

The Bright Blade King Son Yun gathered all his true qi and unleashed the seventh stance of the Bright Sun Sword Technique, the Final Breaking Destruction Link.

-Chwa-chwa-chwa-chwa-chwa-chwak!

As he swung his sword, blue sword energy rose like rough waves and rushed towards Kang Yeom.

It looked like a simple sword technique, but it had an overwhelming aura.

Similarly, Ji-oe also launched his body into the air and, to prevent that Kang Yeom from dodging,

‘Eight Swords!’

He tried to bind his movements by creating a sword net made of sword energy like a mesh.

As supreme sword and blade techniques swept in from front and back simultaneously, Kang Yeom didn’t move a bit.

Instead, he raised his crude sword upwards and,

-Chwa-a-a-a-ak!

He swung it to catch the sword net of sword energy flying towards his back, then used a technique to redirect it towards Son Yun’s Final Breaking Destruction Link.

‘What?’

‘He’s redirecting a sword technique made of strong energy?’

Ji-oe was dumbfounded and tried to stop and retrieve his technique.

However, part of the already launched sword net,

-Cha-cha-cha-cha-cha-chang!

Collided with the blade energy of the Final Breaking Destruction Link and canceled each other out.

In terms of power, the Final Breaking Destruction Link seemed stronger due to its overwhelming nature, but because Ji-oe's sword was ahead in realm and internal energy, it was difficult to withstand the aftermath.

-Pa-cha-cha-cha-chang!

"Kuk."

Although he blocked the aftermath by swinging his sword, Son Yun's body was pushed far back.

As soon as he stopped after being pushed back like that, Son Yun coughed up a handful of blood.

"Uuk."

Son Yun's complexion turned pale after coughing up blood.

'...As expected.'

Son Yun glared at Kang Yeom.

Even though there was an opening for him, Kang Yeom just stood there staring.

When more people were attacking together, it might have been to watch out for blind spots from attacks flying in from all directions, but not now.

As expected, he was conserving his strength and stalling for time.

At this, Son Yun planted his sword in the ground to barely support his body and shouted.

"What kind of trick are you playing?"

Kang Yeom answered with an expressionless face, holding his crude sword behind his back:

“Trick?”

“If this isn’t a trick, then what is it? This is the great Heaven and Earth Society. No matter how strong you are, the longer you drag this out, the more disadvantageous it will be for you. What exactly is your...”

“Hut.”

Before he could finish speaking, Kang Yeom sneered.

What does that laugh mean?

As he was wondering, Kang Yeom slowly walked towards him and said:

“It seems I’ve shown too much.”

“What?”

“I guess it’s okay to kill one more now.”

“You...”

-Kwang!

As Kang Yeom stomped on the ground, debris shot up and his figure suddenly reached five steps in front of the Bright Blade King Son Yun.

Son Yun, who had been supporting his body with his sword planted in the ground, hastily pulled out his sword to try and block it, but,

-Chang-kang!

Kang Yeom's crude sword cut Son Yun's treasured sword Mak-hyeon in half and tried to cut even that.

However, at that moment, Ji-oe, who had flown in behind him, tried to stab Kang Yeom's back and neck with his sword.

At this, Kang Yeom instantly rotated his body and,

-Puk!

Kicked Ji-oe's right ribs with a leg technique.

-Wu-deuk!

"Kek!"

The Sword Demon Ji-oe's body was flung away after being kicked in the ribs.

However, thanks to Ji-oe, not only did he save his life, but as an opening was created, Son Yun, who couldn't miss this opportunity, stabbed Kang Yeom's back with his broken sword.

-Cha-ang!

'What?'

Son Yun's eyes widened.

This was because even though it was a broken blade, not only did it fail to pierce his back, but the tip of the broken sword completely shattered as if it had hit something solid.

-Seuk!

Kang Yeom slowly turned his head and muttered:

“You’re quite good, but we are different from you.”

“What?”

At that moment, Kang Yeom’s crude sword pierced straight through the Bright Blade King Son Yun’s abdomen.

-Puk!

“Kek!”

“That’s enough. Now rest. Human.”

-Pak!

At that moment, Son Yun staggered and firmly grasped the sword blade and wrist that had pierced his body.

Seeing him like this, Kang Yeom snorted and said:

“This won’t change anything. If I just twist the blade upwards...”

“Do as you please. Cough cough... It doesn’t matter how I die.”

“What?”

-Ssiik!

The Bright Blade King Son Yun revealed his blood-stained teeth in a bright smile and said:

“It’s just futile struggling.”

At that moment,

Ji-oe, who had been sent flying by Kang Yeom’s kick, was suddenly launching his body towards him again.

At this, the corners of Kang Yeom’s mouth slightly rose.

“Impressive. However...”

-Kwa-deuk!

“Keuup!”

Kang Yeom ignored Son Yun’s desperate grip on his sword blade and wrist and twisted his wrist in the direction of the sword blade.

He was trying to raise the sword blade upwards to cut Son Yun’s upper body and head in half.

Sensing his impending death, Son Yun smiled bitterly.

‘What a shame.’

He had wanted to take down at least one arm even if he was a monster, but it seems this is the end.

But then,

-Flinch!

Kang Yeom, who was about to raise his sword upwards, lifted his head and,

-Pat!

He even let go of the sword blade he was holding and threw his body backwards with all his might.

-Puk!

At that moment, a sword pierced through the ground where he had just moved away from.

The moment he saw the sword hilt, the Bright Blade King Son Yun’s pupils shook.

That sword was none other than the demonic sword Evil Commandment Sword.

“Evil... Commandement? Cough cough...”

The owner of Evil Commandment Sword was undoubtedly...

-Tak!

At that moment, someone landed lightly in front of him with a nimble movement.

Carrying a woman at his waist.

-Kung!

“Ugh!”

As he let go of his hand, the woman fell on her bottom.

The woman was Gi Ok-ryeon, the daughter of Sun Rock Valley Master Gi Hae, whom he had sent earlier to ask for help.

Come to think of it, the Mad Swordsman Ji-oe had mentioned someone with an odd name, and at the time, he thought he had misheard because they were in the middle of fighting.

But was it really this guy?

“You...”

“What a mess.”

“How did you...”

-Tak!

At that moment, Ji-oe, who had been flying towards them, stopped in front of Mok Gyeong-un and staggered, then knelt on one knee and paid his respects, saying:

“Haa... Haa... I apologize, my lord. This subordinate’s skills were not enough against that person.”

‘My lord?’

Did the Mad Swordsman Ji-oe, a peerless expert who had reached the Transformation Realm, just call this guy ‘my lord’?

Chapter 420 – First Realm (2)

“I apologize, my lord. This subordinate’s skills were not enough against that person.”

‘My lord?’

The Bright Blade King Son Yun’s eyes widened.

Did he just say ‘my lord’?

For a moment, he doubted his own ears.

Although they had been fighting a monster-like enemy that required combined attacks, Ji-oe was a peerless expert called the Mad Swordsman, obsessed with swords.

‘...That can’t be.’

Most martial artists are said to be obsessed with martial arts, but they were nothing compared to Ji-oe.

Ji-oe spent nearly half his life as a guest in Spiritual Sword Sanctuary to defeat Ou Cheon-mu, the master of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, who was one of the Six Heavens, no, now called the Seven Heavens, considered the pinnacle of the current martial arts world.

How could someone who would dedicate his life to breaking someone's sword enter under another person?

But then,

-Pak!

Mok Gyeong-un pulled out the demonic sword Evil Commandment Sword that was stuck in the ground and said:

"Sword Demon."

At Mok Gyeong-un's call, a glint appeared in the eyes of the Sword Demon Ji-oe, who was paying his respects.

Not only the way he was called, but somehow the atmosphere had changed quite a bit.

Mok Gyeong-un had always spoken respectfully to everyone, whether he meant it or not, but now he was exuding the aura of a great master.

'...Now that he's brought down the Heaven and Earth Society, talking about subjugation and such, is he really going to walk the path of reign?'

Well, there was nothing wrong with that.

He was, after all, this Ji-oe's lord.

It would be better for him too if he climbed to a place where no one else could easily reach.

Ji-oe clasped his hands and answered:

“Yes, my lord.”

“Rescue that woman over there.”

Where Mok Gyeong-un’s gaze fell.

There lay Wi So-yeon, the youngest disciple of the Heaven and Earth Society Leader, unconscious as if dead.

The Sword Demon Ji-oe slightly bowed his head and answered:

“I accept the order.”

Just as he was about to take a step,

“Wait!”

The Bright Blade King Son Yun hastily called out, trying to stop him.

At this, the Sword Demon Ji-oe looked at him with a puzzled expression.

Son Yun looked back and forth between Gi Ok-ryeon, the daughter of Sun Rock Valley Master Gi Hae who had fallen on her bottom, and the Sword Demon Ji-oe with an incomprehensible expression and said:

“Haa... Haa... Where are the other reinforcements?”

To this question, Gi Ok-ryeon answered as if embarrassed:

“The reinforcements...”

Sent immediately by the Sword Demon Ji-oe after witnessing her father’s death up close, she had been unable to do anything except think about bringing Mok Gyeong-un.

Moreover, when she went to the main square, it was in even more chaos than here, so it was even more so.

“Bright Blade King. That place didn’t have the capacity to call for reinforcements...”

“How can you say that now... Cough, cough...”

Having received a serious injury with his abdomen pierced through, Son Yun couldn’t properly maintain his posture.

-Kung!

Finally kneeling on one knee, he looked at Ji-oe and said:

“Rescuing the young miss is important, but if we don’t deal with that monster-like person, everything will be for naught.”

To this, Ji-oe shrugged his shoulders and said:

“Look here. You seem to be misunderstanding something, but do you think there are reinforcements beyond this?”

“Haa... What are you saying right now?”

The Bright Blade King Son Yun seemed frustrated and expressed irritation even in the midst of his pain.

He knew that Mok Gyeong-un had rapidly grown stronger through the Corpse Blood Valley closing ceremony, and had even heard about it through his disciples.

However, the large man before his eyes, Kang Yeom, was literally a monster.

Honestly, it seemed impossible to subdue him one-on-one without the Society Leader, one of the Seven Heavens, stepping in.

Yet did they think Mok Gyeong-un alone would be of great help?

The Bright Blade King Son Yun said to Gi Ok-ryeon:

“Go back and request reinforcements. And you, Mok Gyeong-un, join Master Ji-oe in a combined attack against that person. I will soon... Keuuk...”

Son Yun tried to rise but staggered.

The wound had opened further due to Kang Yeom twisting the sword, causing severe bleeding.

It was at that moment.

-Ta-ta-ta-ta-tak!

Mok Gyeong-un struck his acupoints, sealing the bleeding points.

Along with this, Mok Gyeong-un pulled out Kang Yeom’s crude sword that was stuck in his abdomen.

-Puk!

“Keup!”

The Bright Blade King Son Yun couldn’t hide his bewilderment for a moment.

In a situation where the wound couldn’t be treated, suddenly pulling out the sword would leave no way to stop the bleeding.

“Kuuu... You!”

Could this guy be trying to kill him?

But then Mok Gyeong-un placed his palm on his wound area, and with his other hand formed a hand seal.

Then,

-Chi-i-i-i!

The wound area became hot.

“Keuuup!”

Although Son Yun was someone who could easily endure considerable pain, this seemed hard to bear as he twisted his body, grabbed Mok Gyeong-un’s shoulder, and let out a groan.

But soon, Mok Gyeong-un pushed him away.

-Pak!

Son Yun staggered and sat down on the ground ungracefully.

Mok Gyeong-un looked down at him with an expressionless gaze and said nonchalantly:

“Thanks to you, I was able to come here, so I’ll let you keep your life.”

“What?”

Son Yun, sitting on the ground, looked at his abdomen.

It seemed like he had cauterized the wound area with an energy similar to the Hot Yang Energy, but with just that level of simple treatment...

“This is?”

Son Yun’s eyes widened.

This was because the wound area had already healed.

What exactly did he do?

As he was marveling at this strange phenomenon, he saw the Sword Demon Ji-oe smirk and then launch his body towards the masked individuals guarding Wi So-yeon.

“Ji-Ji-oe...”

We shouldn’t disperse our forces, how...

It was then.

Mok Gyeong-un stomped on the ground.

-Kwang!

At that moment, the ground split and a wave-like ripple spread through the air, and then about 80% of the twenty or so masked individuals surrounding them clutched their chests and coughed up blood.

“Keuwaek!”

“Kek!”

The masked individuals who were coughing up blood and suffering in agony collapsed to the ground.

The Bright Blade King Son Yun’s pupils shook at this sight.

For a moment, something flashed through his mind.

[The Heavenly Demon’s Domineering Steps?]

[Yes, they say it’s called that because it brought down the Shaolin’s Hundred and Eight Arhat Formation in a single step.]

[A single step...]

It was an anecdote that was hard to believe even after hearing it.

He was someone who remembered the Society Leader’s prime, even though he was now suffering from illness.

Could even that Society Leader bring down the Hundred and Eight Arhat Formation, said to be one of Shaolin's strongest forces, with a single step?

No, no matter how he thought about it, it seemed impossible.

But seeing supreme experts with power beyond the peak falling while clutching their chests from a single stomp right before his eyes, he couldn't help but be amazed.

"You..."

It was at that moment.

-Seureuk!

Mok Gyeong-un's figure, which had been right in front of him, blurred and then disappeared.

Where had he disappeared to? Suddenly, Mok Gyeong-un had approached right in front of Kang Yeom, who had spread his body backwards.

This monster hadn't moved more than two or three steps despite all their combined attacks.

But then,

-Chwak!

The moment Mok Gyeong-un swung the demonic sword Evil Commandment Sword, Kang Yeom moved his large body, using a body-lightening technique to try and create distance backwards.

How could such a monster be trying to avoid what seemed to be a simple sword swing?

As he was wondering,

-Chwa-chwa-chwa-chwa-chwak!

The air split in the direction Mok Gyeong-un had swung his sword, and then the walls and building debris behind were cut in a straight line.

The sword energy continued to split, making it impossible to tell how far it reached.

Gi Ok-ryeon, the daughter of Sun Rock Valley Master Gi Hae, was also gaping at this sight.

[That person will become even stronger.]

[Even now, he's surpassing the level of the Five Tigers, who could be called the pinnacle of the society's later-generation disciples. How much stronger can he become beyond this?]

[Well, I really can't gauge it.]

[Is it to that extent?]

[That's right. That's why I've been thinking this lately.]

[What is it?]

[...I think that person is a vessel that neither I, nor anyone else, can contain.]

[Surely you don't mean to include the Society Leader?]

[With apologies to Master, to be honest... Yes, I do.]

At that time, she had just replied, “Wow, really?” to humor her, but deep down in a corner of her heart, she had thought that even though he had defeated brother Woo whom she liked, he was still just a hostage of the righteous path, so he would soon lose his life to the growing number of enemies.

However, seeing this sight, she simply couldn’t close her mouth.

This was a monster who hadn’t allowed even a few steps of movement despite the combined attacks of her father Sun Rock Valley Master Gi Hae, the Mad Swordsman Ji-oe, the Bright Blade King Son Yun, and martial artists at the level of great hall masters.

To overwhelm such a monster?

Just how strong does one have to become to reach that level?

-Chwak!

‘This guy...’

Kang Yeom’s expression wasn’t good as he avoided Mok Gyeong-un’s sword.

Although it looked like he was swinging lightly, to his eyes, the sword energy carried on Mok Gyeong-un’s sword was at a level that could cut even a small mountain.

That’s why he was properly using his body-lightening technique for the first time in a while to avoid the sword.

What exactly is this guy’s identity?

Surely, according to that person’s words, the only one who could face him here was the Heaven and Earth Society Leader, who had inherited that person’s blood in terms of physical body.

But what is this strength?

Is this a variable that even that person couldn't have predicted?

-Pat!

-Chwak!

At that moment, a sharp sword energy grazed his cheek and passed by.

As the skin on his cheek split, not red blood but a sticky blue blood flowed out.

Seeing this, Mok Gyeong-un's eyes narrowed.

"...As expected, you're not human."

Even the Bright Blade King Son Yun, who had been watching this scene in surprise, frowned.

He had only thought that he was so strong that he had surpassed even the wall of walls, but had never considered him to be a non-human being.

But blue blood? What exactly is that?

-Seuk!

Kang Yeom of the First Realm wiped the blue blood flowing on his cheek with his sleeve.

Then his wound mark had already disappeared.

“Huu. You’ve only just managed to make a scratch, and you’re making such a fuss.”

“A fuss?”

“Still, you’re quite good. I thought I could avoid it, but... Indeed, human potential is beyond imagination.”

“Have you decided to stop pretending to wear a human skin?”

“I never said I was human from the start. I just fought at your level.”

-Kkwak!

At Kang Yeom’s words, the Bright Blade King Son Yun’s hand clenched.

He had noticed that this guy was stalling for time while keeping some strength in reserve, but hearing it from his own mouth like this, he couldn’t help but feel shame as a martial artist.

But amidst all this, what was even more surprising was Mok Gyeong-un’s martial prowess.

He was the very person who had brought this guy directly to the Heaven and Earth Society.

But back then, it would be no exaggeration to say he had barely learned any martial arts.

‘...Is this guy really the real monster?’

Nevertheless, in just half a year, he had reached an unbelievable realm.

It was unprecedented in the history of the martial arts world.

At that moment, Mok Gyeong-un pointed the tip of his sword at Kang Yeom, who was creating distance, and said:

“You’re like that half-white-haired woman. Circulating demonic energy and handling it like internal energy. Did you learn it from Three Eyes?”

‘!?’

At those words, Kang Yeom showed a change in expression for the first time.

‘What is this guy?’

Surely, the half-white-haired woman this person was referring to must be Chunchu of the First Realm like himself, and that Three Eyes must definitely be the Mok-gan.

The fact that he knows this means that that person’s small plan is progressing as planned, but how did someone with that level of martial prowess come here...

“It would be better not to wait.”

“What?”

“Ah. I guess you haven’t received instructions from your master yet?”

“What are you talking about...”

“Well, I suppose there wasn’t time to instruct the remaining subordinates to flee after attempting self-destruction, having just taken over a body.”

-Go-o-o-o-o-o-o!

As soon as Mok Gyeong-un's words ended, an enormous killing intent erupted from Kang Yeom's body along with heat energy.

The energy, on a completely different level from before, was enough to make everyone around momentarily look up in surprise.

Regardless, Kang Yeom glared fiercely at Mok Gyeong-un and said:

"It's you. You were the one the Mok-gan talked about."

-Wu-deuk! Wu-deuk!

As Kang Yeom's shoulder muscles bulged, sharp scale-like things began to sprout from his skin...

-Chwak!

"Kek!"

-Seureuk! Tak!

At that moment, a black line appeared, and Mok Gyeong-un's figure hazily appeared behind him and stopped, then sheathed the demonic sword Evil Commandment Sword, dyed with black strong energy, in the scabbard at his waist.

-Chak!

Mok Gyeong-un, turning only his head, sneered at Kang Yeom, who was staggering with a hole pierced in the middle of his chest, and said:

“Surely you didn’t expect me to wait, did you?”