

Mayhem 471

Chapter 471 – The Great Battle (4)

The anxiety born from time flowing so slowly it might as well have stopped led to increasingly deep contemplation, which eventually awakened something deeply dormant within.

As complex thoughts disappeared and thinking became simpler,

Whoosh!

Black flames entered Mok Gyeong-un's field of vision.

Though in the shape of flames, they contained a darkness like the abyss.

In the endless depths, along with ferocity, a pure demonic nature could be felt. Despite encountering it for the first time, it felt very familiar.

What on earth was this thing before him?

As he wondered, the black flames flickered and a voice was heard.

-Can you see?

'!?'

-You can see. Are we finally facing each other properly?

'You...'

-I thought it would take much longer for you to observe yourself, how truly surprising.

This voice.

It was certainly that.

That existence within himself.

Is this its form? What on earth is this?

As he wondered at its appearance, more alien than expected, the black flames flickered again and the voice resonated in his ears.

-There's no need to question the natural order that has come. Your encounter with me like this means your will has attained that level of caliber.

'Caliber?'

-Although you've lost the core, your caliber, born entirely of human will, cannot be equal to mine, who has lived for an unfathomably long time.

An unfathomably long time?

What on earth is this being?

He had learned many things on his journey of revenge that began to avenge his grandfather.

However, the more clues he discovered about himself, the more he found himself in a labyrinth.

This was especially true because of the Spirit Sword.

‘... What exactly are you? Do you know everything about me?’

-A straightforward question.

‘Answer what I’m asking.’

-A question about myself to myself. How truly novel.

‘What?’

What is it saying now?

A question about myself to myself? As if...

-Have you been thinking we were separate entities? But that’s not it. You must have sensed it clearly. That although our personalities and wills may differ, we are one.

‘.....’

Mok Gyeong-un, momentarily at a loss for words, soon denied this.

‘... Nonsense.’

-Why are you denying it? Do you think your life up to now could be negated?

‘.....’

The negation of life.

Questions about his own identity led him to make the worst assumptions about himself.

That the being inside him was actually the essence, and he was merely a derivative existence from that essence.

He became conscious of this when the black flame entity controlled his physical body.

As if his own will existed but his body wasn't his, he completely lost control.

That's why he could only watch.

-Interesting. It was my wish and choice, but I didn't expect such a strong will to form.

'What are you talking about?'

-Have you become attached to your own life?

The black flames flickered.

Though the caliber of will has increased, humans are certainly unstable beings.

Born of human will, despite the clearly short life, it seems many emotions have formed.

Was it still too early to fully accept after all?

As he thought this, Mok Gyeong-un raised his will.

'Attachment to life... Don't define me as you please.'

-Don't define?

'Even if the truth about me is not what I wished for, this life I've experienced until now and these emotions I currently have are entirely my own.'

-.....

The flames fell silent for a moment at Mok Gyeong-un's strong will.

Then they flickered again and the voice resonated.

-I had a high evaluation of human potential, but you certainly exceed my expectations.

'What are you trying to say?'

-It's exactly as I said. It's praise. Since you're also me, is it self-praise?

'... Is your constant reference to you and I being one an attempt to take control of this body?'

-I am merely an impurity.

'What?'

Mok Gyeong-un couldn't hide his bewilderment at these unexpected words.

What on earth was it saying?

-From the moment I lost everything precious to me, nothing remained for me.

‘.....’

-To put it in human terms, it would be correct to say I have no great lingering attachment to life.

‘No lingering attachment?’

-Didn’t I say? Even if not human, most intelligent life forms find their meaning in life fades when they lose what they hold dear. If the ability to think exists, that is.

At these words from the black flames, Mok Gyeong-un’s gaze became strange.

In his previous, more emotionless state, it would have been difficult to readily accept these words.

The anger and killing intent that came after losing his grandfather became the driving force that moved him, but within that lay a strong emptiness.

And trapped in the Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique, feeling anxious about possibly losing Cheong-ryeong, the moment he considered what if he lost her, he felt an emotion entirely different from anger or sadness.

Yes.

As it said, it was a moment of reflecting on the meaning of life.

‘By calling yourself an impurity, do you consider yourself already dead?’

-That too could be an answer. It might be somewhat difficult for you...

‘... No. I think I understand the feeling.’

The deep emotional line contained in Mok Gyeong-un's voice.

Reading this, the black flames felt something subtle.

-How truly strange. You've lived for just a fleeting moment, yet you feel such complex emotions as I did.

'It seems the issue isn't how long one has lived, but how one has lived.'

-Ha!

At that moment, the black flames flickered greatly.

The surging flames seemed to be greatly agitated.

Then a boisterous laugh rang out.

-Hahahahahahaha! Yes. Your words are correct. Whether long or short, how one has lived is what's important.

'.....'

-How truly coincidental. Is this what it feels like to see oneself through oneself?

'You keep saying only what you want to say. What exactly are you? You speak as if you're not human, are you really a divine being like the Fire Faith Order talks about, or rather a godlike existence?'

-A god... Believers with faith in fire do call me that.

'!!!!!!'

A god?

Then is this consciousness different from me, or rather within me, truly a divine being?

As he was astonished, the black flames flickered and answered.

-But that alone cannot define me. Those who fear me call me terror, those steeped in greed call me evil, and the pure call me immortal. Everything is like the two sides of a coin.

‘... You mean it differs depending on the perspective or viewpoint?’

-Yes. Everyone would define themselves, but anything will inevitably differ according to the subjectivity of those observing.

‘Then what exactly is your existence as defined by your own subjectivity, not that of other objects?’

-A definition of my existence... It’s been a very long time since I’ve talked about myself to someone. No, it would be more correct to say it’s the first time. Since I’m talking about myself to myself.

‘.....’

-I was born in darkness deeper than the abyss. I am the black flame that brings fear, terror, and chaos, the very essence of primordial demons. I was born with the destiny to rule and am a being who received the worship of followers.

-Whoosh!

Eventually, a form appeared within the burning black flames, one that Mok Gyeong-un had never imagined.

A majesty and pressure that seemed to encompass everything.

It was awe itself.

For a moment, even Mok Gyeong-un was captivated by reverence, and as the being that revealed itself this way approached Mok Gyeong-un, it spoke:

-I am the King. The Demon King who rules over all demons.

At the same time, in the Ten Thousand Great Mountains.

The former Heaven and Earth Society warriors under Mok Gyeong-un, who had secured the high ground of the mountain peaks that were like natural fortresses, grew grim as they watched the numerous cavalry approaching.

Thud thud thud thud thud thud!

At a glance, it was close to ten thousand in number.

Flags fluttered at the front of the rapidly advancing cavalry, revealing who they were.

(Evil Alliance)

First Alliance Lord, Unruly Evil Hegemon Emperor Hang Sim.

Third Alliance Lord, Red Demonic Alliance Lord[1] Im Mu-gun.

Seventh Alliance Lord, Light Killing King sa.

Ninth Alliance Lord, Gal Yun, Great Chief of the Thirty-Six Gangs of the Yangtze River.

Poison King Baek Saha furrowed his brow as he saw the flags symbolizing the Evil Alliance and its four Alliance Lords, then spoke in a serious voice:

“Huh. The situation we feared has come to pass.”

“... So it seems.”

The smile disappeared from Shadow Clan Master Ya-seon’s face, who had been showing some composure despite their numerical inferiority until just moments ago.

This was because the worst-case scenario they had envisioned had unfolded.

The alliance between the Righteous Alliance and the Evil Alliance was something they had anticipated to some extent based on reports from branch messengers.

However, because their starting points were different, their strategy was to use every means and method to decide the battle with the Righteous Alliance before the Evil Alliance arrived.

That’s why they didn’t hesitate to unleash poison attacks from the start, but the feared situation had occurred.

The Evil Alliance had arrived at the battlefield far exceeding expectations.

“Even with cavalry, this is too fast.”

“... We can only assume the Righteous Alliance provided relay stations for each sect and branch.”

Relay stations.

Places prepared with lodging, food, stables, and carriages, with the most important role being the ability to change horses.

No matter how well-trained, horses couldn't run for days without rest.

Therefore, by changing to horses with sufficient stamina reserves at these relay stations, they could move quickly and efficiently without needing to rest the horses.

“Sigh. Our chances have decreased further.”

Axe-Destroying King Ho Tae-gang, positioned on the highest mountain peak, also had a hardened expression.

Although they had repelled nearly two thousand of the Righteous Alliance's front line with poison attacks in the initial battle, they still faced a massive force of forty-four thousand.

Moreover, with the Evil Alliance's forces added, the situation had grown even darker.

What was worse,

‘Unruly Evil Hegemon Emperor Hang Sim.’

He was the First Alliance Lord of the Evil Alliance, called the Hegemon of the North, and one of the Seven Heavens at the pinnacle of the current martial arts world.

The other Alliance Lords of the Evil Alliance were also formidable supreme masters, but he was a peerless master of the Great Grandmaster level, ranking among the upper echelons of the Seven Heavens.

‘Of all times for our lord to be absent...’

They were the top figures of the Righteous Alliance and Evil Alliance.

Among the current top executives under Mok Gyeong-un, only Ou Cheon-mu, the master of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary and also one of the Seven Heavens, could face them one-on-one in direct combat.

‘Two of the Seven Heavens.’

It wasn’t a situation Ou Cheon-mu could handle alone.

The worst crisis had arrived.

‘There’s no way out. Is a defensive battle the only answer?’

The Ten Thousand Great Mountains were well-suited for defense, worthy of being called a natural fortress.

By occupying the high ground and making good use of the many ambush points, they could potentially hold off tens of thousands of enemies, so for now, this was the only way to deal with all of them.

The one fortunate thing was that, like the Sichuan Tang family, the Evil Alliance had no suitable group for using poisons, so they could use this to delay the enemy’s all-out offensive as much as possible and reduce their numbers and morale...

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

At that very moment.

Explosions erupted with loud booms from the mountain peaks at the front line.

‘No way?’

Sudden explosions.

The places where they occurred were none other than where the archers and warriors capable of using the Baek family's poison attacks were hiding in ambush.

Rumble rumble! Kwakwakwakwa!

The explosives used must have been numerous and powerful, as three mountain peaks collapsed, even causing landslides.

Watching this, the corners of Righteous Alliance Leader Jeong Hyeon-mun's mouth turned upward.

‘Huhuhu. You made your move, main body.’

Even with the poison-repelling beads, it would have been difficult to engage in an all-out battle without depleting or dealing with their arrows and poison.

But with the explosions that just occurred where the archers were hiding, a golden opportunity had arisen.

While the Righteous Alliance executives were bewildered by the sudden explosions, Jeong Hyeon-mun hurriedly raised his sect's unique weapon, the famous sword Il-hwi, and shouted loudly:

“The opportunity has come! Advance!”

Waaaaaaaah!!!!

As soon as his order fell, the Righteous Alliance warriors, starting with the front line holding torches burning poison-repelling beads, all rushed towards the Ten Thousand Great Mountains.

The same was true for the Evil Alliance forces that had arrived late.

“Hahaha! We can’t let those Righteous Alliance bastards steal the glory. Everyone, advance!”

Waaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!

Over eight thousand cavalry charged all at once, roaring at the command of Unruly Evil Hegemon Emperor Hang Sim, the First Alliance Lord of the Evil Alliance.

As the mountain peaks at the front line where the archers were positioned collapsed from the explosions, the top executives hurriedly shouted in the face of the tide-like all-out offensive of the Righteous Alliance and Evil Alliance:

“The enemy is coming! The enemy is coming!”

“Regroup the front lines!”

Despite losing about 70% of the archers to the sudden explosions and many being injured, they staggered to their feet, regrouping the battle lines while leaving their comrades’ bodies behind.

In the meantime, the Evil Alliance forces on the left and the Righteous Alliance forces on the right had approached to within three hundred paces.

Thus, the all-out war between the three major powers dividing the current martial arts world was about to begin.

‘Good. Their attention is diverted.’

‘Now let’s retrieve what belongs to him.’

Swish swish swish!

Just as they were about to clash, black shadows were stealthily approaching the rear mountain peak guarded by Corpse Blood Valley Master Lee Ji-yeom.

Chapter 472 – The Great Battle (5)

Strategically, the Corpse Blood Valley was nominally in charge of the rear.

However, beneath this, they were tasked with protecting Wi So-yeon.

Kwakwakwakwakwang!

Looking towards the front where the booming sounds came from, collapsing mountain peaks engulfed in black smoke were visible.

Corpse Blood Valley Master Lee Ji-yeom furrowed his brow as he watched this.

With the high ground of the Ten Thousand Great Mountains, called a natural fortress, and the advantage of poison, he thought it wouldn't be breached in a short time.

But what were those explosions on the mountain peaks?

‘Could there still be Secret Society spies remaining inside?’

It was hard to comprehend otherwise.

Lee Ji-yeom shouted towards the Corpse Blood Valley warriors positioned on the mountain peak:

“Something's happened at the front. An all-out offensive will likely follow soon, so be on guard.”

“Yes, sir!!!”

Rumble rumble rumble!

At Lee Ji-yeom's order, the Corpse Blood Valley warriors formed groups of twelve, setting up formations and taking defensive positions.

Lee Ji-yeom climbed atop a large boulder, surveying and guarding the surroundings.

There wasn't just one boulder on the peak.

With dozens present, it was difficult to discern which might conceal a secret passage.

Thud thud thud thud thud!

The sound of numerous people rushing through the mountain peaks echoed.

With the front line collapsing, it seemed the all-out offensive was indeed following.

As he watched the front, Corpse Blood Valley Master Lee Ji-yeom's gaze suddenly sharpened.

Flinch!

‘What's this?’

While focusing on the front, he hadn't noticed, but suddenly he felt unknown presences approaching the mountain peak.

Lee Ji-yeom shouted to the Corpse Blood Valley warriors:

“Enemies are climbing up! Don't let your guard down.”

“Yes, sir!”

At his command, the warriors guarding the edge of the peak looked down.

Just then, shouts were heard simultaneously from the southeast, south, and southwest areas.

“Enemy sighted!”

“Masked individuals are climbing up!”

“Stop them from coming up!”

Those with bows or long-range weapons immediately fired arrows and threw daggers or hidden weapons.

In response, the masked individuals who had been stealthily climbing up dodged the incoming projectiles with nimble movements, using their lightness skills to reach the top of the peak.

“Stop them!”

“The enemy has reached the top!”

“Trap them in formation!”

Rumble rumble rumble rumble!

As masked individuals climbed up the peak from various directions, the warriors who had already formed formations surrounded them.

The number of masked individuals wasn't as large as expected.

However, the sense of their qi revealed that each was no ordinary master.

Seeing them, Corpse Blood Valley Master Lee Ji-yeom also drew his sword from its scabbard.

Spring!

‘As expected.’

Lee Ji-yeom clicked his tongue.

It seemed they had sent in a small elite force of masters to create chaos at the front, leading to an all-out offensive, and use that opportunity to send people to kidnap Wi So-yeon.

Of course, that assumption was correct.

Neung Jin-sun, the Second-rank of Secret Society and leader of the masked individuals, raised the corner of his mouth in a cold smile as he looked at Lee Ji-yeom in the center of the mountain peak.

‘Did you think you could deceive him?’

The memory from earlier flashed quickly through Neung Jin-sun’s mind.

[“They aimed for the darkness under the lamp.”]

[“What do you mean by that?”]

[“She is here. Her soul and body.”]

[“Then you mean they brought her to the battlefield instead of Heaven and Earth Society headquarters to catch us off guard?”]

[“It’s not a bad judgment. But only in ordinary cases.”]

[“Huhuhu. Such foolish bastards. Not knowing there’s no way to escape Mok Gan’s eyes. Then, I’ll infiltrate the Ten Thousand Great Mountains and bring back the body when they clash in earnest.”]

["No. Move now."]

["What? But if we go now, with their vigilance and the time it'll take to find the body..."]

He had judged it better to wait for the opportunity during the full-scale battle.

Of course, this judgment wasn't wrong.

However,

["No. There's no need to wait for their flow. Use all the prepared explosives to hasten the chaos and full-scale battle."]

["The explosives already?"]

["Yes. And there's no need to search all the peaks. Find where the Corpse Blood Valley is."]

["How about the Corpse Blood Valley?"]

["Aware that the body is being targeted, they surely had their most trusted people guard it."]

Mok Gan's insight was accurate.

Although it was the rear, they had formed a formation centered in the middle of the peak, not in the direction from which the enemy was approaching.

This meant his prediction was correct.

Spring!

Neung Jin-sun, the Second-rank of Secret Society, drew the saber on his back.

Whoosh!

As he drew the saber, a blade so translucent it appeared to be made of ice was revealed, with cold energy swirling around it.

Sensing this, Corpse Blood Valley Master Lee Ji-yeom also raised his sword with vigilance, generating heat.

Whoosh!

“Huhuhu. That’s right, I’m your opponent.”

They were a fire sword and an ice saber, completely opposite to each other.

Although he couldn’t enter the First-rank because he couldn’t accept demon power, he had succeeded in absorbing some of the spirit power contained in the Great Great Peng’s blood. This allowed him to assist him closely, and in return, he was granted the Snow Origin Saber made from millennia-old ice by a northern craftsman.

Those cut by this saber, containing extreme cold energy, would have their wounds freeze and shatter.

“Shall we begin then?”

Pat!

Neung Jin-sun launched his body like lightning, unleashing a saber technique overflowing with cold energy towards Corpse Blood Valley Master Lee Ji-yeom.

In response, Lee Ji-yeom also raised flames, countering with a sword technique from the Fierce Flame Sword Method.

As the two clashed, the Corpse Blood Valley warriors also deployed their sword formations, attacking the masked individuals trying to break through.

Clang clang clang clang clang clang!

In an instant, the peak turned into a battlefield.

“What?”

“When did enemies reach the rear?”

Although they noticed the enemy infiltration from the sound of weapons clashing on nearby central peaks, the all-out offensive of the Righteous Alliance and Evil Alliance coalition had begun, leaving no resources to assist.

If they couldn’t stop the overwhelming numbers pushing in, it could lead to their annihilation before they could properly establish their new organization.

“Stop them!”

“We must delay them even a little!”

Chwachwachwachwachwa!

The surviving archers desperately tried to stop the advancing enemies by firing arrows filled with poison mist.

However, there was no way to delay the monster approaching at the very front.

It was,

“Kwahahahahahahaha!”

He burst through the purple poison mist with a wild laugh.

With sun-tanned skin and an appearance reminiscent of a ferocious beast, he was Unruly Evil Hegemon Emperor Hang Sim, one of the Seven Heavens and the First Alliance Lord of the Evil Alliance.

“Fire!”

Chwachwachwachwachwa!

“Hmph!”

Chwak! Whoosh!

As he casually swung his saber with a snort, the rain of arrows instantly vanished.

Pat!

His figure, having broken through even the arrow rain, suddenly soared into the sky, flying towards the ambush point where the archers were gathered.

Faced with his tremendous momentum like a meteor shower, the archers who had been shooting arrows tried to flee in panic and confusion.

At that very moment,

Clang!

Someone stepped forward to block Hang Sim, who was flying with enough force to cut through the mountain peak in an instant.

As sword and saber clashed, an enormous pressure wave swept out from the impact.

Unruly Evil Hegemon Emperor Hang Sim looked at the one who had blocked his saber, grinning to reveal his yellow teeth.

“Ou Cheon-mu!”

“Alliance Lord Hang Sim. It’s been a while.”

The one who blocked Hang Sim’s saber was none other than Ou Cheon-mu, the master of Spiritual Sword Sanctuary and also one of the Seven Heavens.

He had stepped forward without hesitation, being the only one who could stop the Unruly Evil Hegemon.

Unruly Evil Hegemon Emperor Hang Sim spoke with a seemingly delighted laugh:

“Kwahahahaha! It’s worth coming to the battlefield on the off chance. I’ve been wanting to settle that disappointment from back then, you know.”

At these words, Ou Cheon-mu briefly recalled a moment from long ago.

The image of Hang Sim coming alone to Spiritual Sword Sanctuary in the Sword Valley, stubbornly demanding a famous saber be made for his unique weapon.

At the time, he had shown displeasure at Ou Cheon-mu’s refusal to make any weapon other than swords, but had quietly left.

This was because, coincidentally, Righteous Alliance Leader Jeong Hyeon-mun had arrived to collect the newly completed famous sword Il-hwi that day.

Even for someone like him, it would have been difficult to handle two Profound Realm great grandmasters alone in enemy territory.

So he had left obediently, but,

“Is a weapon maker of use if they’re so biased? I’ll show you the excellence of the saber over the sword, Master Ou. Like this! Hyap!”

Clang!

Ou Cheon-mu’s body was pushed back by the rebound force from Hang Sim’s saber.

However, having somewhat anticipated this, Ou Cheon-mu had raised his internal energy and was able to stop at a distance of about six jang.

‘His momentum is too high.’

Pak pak!

As Ou Cheon-mu was clicking his tongue at his wildness,

Pat!

“This is just the beginning! Grip your sword properly!”

Clang clang clang clang clang clang clang!

But Hang Sim immediately followed up, unleashing a series of incredibly fierce saber techniques with tremendous momentum, pushing Ou Cheon-mu back.

Meanwhile, the forces of the Righteous Alliance and Evil Alliance finally broke through the poison mist and climbed the peaks of the Ten Thousand Great Mountains, and the full-scale battle began in earnest.

Meanwhile,

Inside the Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique.

-I am the King. The Demon King who rules over all the clans of the myriad demons.

‘The Demon King?’

-Yes. That is who I am. Though I suppose now I can only say I was the Demon King.

‘... You speak as if it’s a thing of the past.’

Huhuhu. That’s exactly right. If it weren’t so, we wouldn’t be meeting like this as separate consciousnesses.

The king of all existing demons.

Then, does that mean he’s the pinnacle of existence for the Imaemangnyang?

As he wondered, the being who had revealed himself as the Demon King lightly shook his head and said:

-I do not belong here.

‘What... do you mean?’

-It would be more correct to say a different world. It’s a world of endless conflict and collapse. Of course, saying this probably won’t be easy for you, a human consciousness, to understand.

Swish!

With those words, the Demon King drew even closer.

Unable to move due to the ancient forbidden technique of the Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique, Mok Gyeong-un couldn't help but feel wary at his sudden action.

‘What are you trying to do?’

-I had intended to contemplate until you attained the proper caliber.

‘Contemplate?’

-I didn't expect her to remain in such a pitiful spirit form.

‘... Her spirit form? Wait, what are you talking about? Don't tell me you...’

Swish!

The Demon King placed his index finger on the forehead of the immobilized Mok Gyeong-un.

Then, with a bitter yet sorrowful smile, he said:

-It's merely an impurity, a lingering attachment of mine.

‘Stop! I still...’

-There's no need to hear it in words. Once you accept me, you'll naturally come to know everything.

As soon as those words ended,

Whoosh!

The Demon King's body burst into black flames again, and they began to transfer to Mok Gyeong-un through his finger.

Chapter 473 – One (1)

Whoosh!

The black flames spread.

As they moved from his forehead across his entire body, Mok Gyeong-un's pupils shook at an incredible speed, almost imperceptible.

From the moment the flames touched him, a vast amount of memories flooded in, as if tearing through his mind.

Even the brief flow of memories easily surpassed the years Mok Gyeong-un had lived.

It was a process of birth.

Even the sight of it forming in darkness and chaos remained in the memories.

‘Stop...’

Mok Gyeong-un sent his will with difficulty.

The vast influx of memories wasn't just recollections.

Even that strange sensation from within the chaos was vividly transmitted.

That's why Mok Gyeong-un felt pain as if his brain might burst just from the flood of memories.

‘Enough... Stop it.’

-Endure the pain. This is why I waited until you attained the proper caliber.

The Demon King's will resonated in his ears.

Though his head felt like it might burst from the flood of vast memories, Mok Gyeong-un understood these words.

If his mind hadn't been properly awakened through enlightenment, he might have instantly gone mad, losing the ability to think due to these memories.

However, it was still dangerous nonetheless.

The flood of vast memories was gradually blurring Mok Gyeong-un's will, which had only lived for eighteen years.

At this rate, it was clear he would be devoured.

Was he transferring memories to engulf him like this?

'Urgh.'

As Mok Gyeong-un struggled, a voice resonated in his ears again.

-Even though you were reborn as a human, your latent potential is boundless. Didn't I say that the years lived are meaningless? I.

'.....'

Despite these words, Mok Gyeong-un's eyes gradually grew dim.

He was slowly being consumed by the memories.

Then the black flames spoke in a meaningful voice.

-Will you succumb here and lose another precious being?

‘.....!!!!!’

At that very moment,

Mok Gyeong-un’s trembling pupils gradually steadied, and an intense light shone in his eyes.

Seeing this, the black flames flickered more intensely.

Along with this, the memories that had been merely flowing into Mok Gyeong-un’s mind began to appear clearly.

A red sky, and three moons.

A strange world tinged entirely in brown, without a single cloud.

This was not the present world.

Countless beings, too numerous to count, looked up at him with reverence on the vast land of this strange world.

And numerous memories flashed by, all stained with blood and death.

Endless screams and death continuing for decades, centuries, millennia.

How many had died in that time?

Countless beings with pure white wings died by his hand, fearing and cursing him each moment.

The memories were filled with nothing but blood and endless war over a long period of time, gradually feeling emptiness in everything and growing weary.

Then a door opened, revealing a world beautiful with moonlight.

The moment he saw that place, vitality and new energy surged in himself and all those in his memories.

[There's no need to cling to that world where blood never ceases and everything crumbles.]

Let's make this beautiful place our new home.

If we cultivate this place a little, there's no need to fight with them.

With such an ideal, as they came to know this place, they realized that they too were interested in it, just like themselves.

Thus, they realized they couldn't approach carelessly.

Fortunately, this world had day and night, and the clan members found it difficult to endure during the day, while they found it hard to endure at night.

It seemed difficult to make this place a new home without eliminating the day.

What should be done?

As he pondered, looking down at this place from a mountain peak, an unforgettable being appeared in his memory.

[A female?]

[Yes, it seems so. La...]

[Enough. Kill her and dispose of the body.]

[I obey your command.]

It was a lowly human being native to this place.

Being female, she was quite beautiful, but such things held no meaning for him.

However,

[Female? You talk like shit. Fucking male.]

‘!?’

He was freshly shocked by the curse he had never heard before.

The beings of this world regarded him as a god, all the myriad demons looked up to him, and even those hostile to him feared him and saw him as an object of terror, so no one dared to speak carelessly.

Yet this mere lowly human spoke to him like that?

[How dare you!]

Taura, who assisted him, was greatly angered and tried to kill the woman.

But once his interest was piqued, it didn't easily subside, so he prevented Taura from killing her.

[Leave her be.]

[What?]

[I said leave her be.]

At that time, Taura showed a look of utter incomprehension.

This might have been a natural reaction, as he regarded humans as beings lower than livestock or even insects.

This was the moment that would break his long-standing destiny and change his fate.

But at that time, there were no regrets.

The more he met her, the more he realized that this decision was not wrong.

She was also like him, and we fell deeper for each other.

Although he could only meet her briefly, unable to leave his place for long due to the war with them, it was enough.

But she was merely human.

It was so regrettable that she lived such a short life.

However,

[Someone once told me that it's because it's short that it shines more brightly. Can't we live like that too?]

[Because it's short, it shines more brightly...]

Truly wise.

Though it would be just a fleeting moment, everything shines beautifully as she said.

He even thought that perhaps his destiny was born not for destruction and annihilation, but for these moments.

What if he had been born human, just like her?

Then he could have walked the same life path as her.

It was on one such day.

[What's the matter?]

[I apologize. Their leader is personally leading a great army to invade our main stronghold now.]

[... Talisha.]

The leader of those who call themselves the Heavenly Clan or the Clan of Gods.

They had waged war for an incredibly long time.

The war had been going on for so long that it was starting to feel like inertia, but now their leader was coming personally?

‘Perhaps it’s time to end this.’

They too are after this beautiful world.

Perhaps for her sake as well, he might need to end the war decisively.

In the end, he returned and engaged in an all-out war with them.

The war, in which even the leaders of both great clans participated, was incomparably more intense than any before.

And as the forces were evenly matched, the pattern and confrontation of the war dragged on.

Thump thump thump!

Then, his core pulsed unusually, and he was enveloped by a strangely ominous feeling.

Did that unease come true?

A clan member he had sent to investigate reported to him urgently.

[My King. It seems they have intervened there.]

[What?]

The Demon King, unable to believe it, finally opened a door and headed there.

Just in case, he had connected a door to the shrine in the Moon Vein.

‘Ah...’

The first thing that caught his eye as he passed through the door was her figure, wearing a red and beautiful bridal gown with a golden crown.

A sincere exclamation escaped him.

Momentarily entranced by that beauty, he soon launched his body without time to think, sensing ominous energies from somewhere.

And there, he witnessed a scene too shocking to bear.

It was the horrific sight of someone ripping out her heart and crushing it.

‘!!!!!!!!!’

At that moment, he lost his reason for the first time.

Regardless of the identity of the perpetrator, his mind was filled only with killing intent.

Crack!

“Aaaargh! Wh-who...”

“I’ll kill you.”

Kwakwakwakwakwang!

Not content with twisting and ripping off the arms of the one who tore out her heart, he grabbed the perpetrator’s legs and flung him around in all directions until his anger subsided.

Rumble rumble rumble rumble!

The ceiling of the great hall collapsed, and he ripped out and crushed the heart of the man whose face had been beaten to a pulp.

And not satisfied with even that, he ripped off his head before he could die.

Having instantly killed the man, he rushed to embrace her.

Her body temperature, with her heart ripped out, was rapidly cooling.

[So-wol...]

Is she breathing her last like this?

She said she would return, but is she leaving without waiting?

At that moment, she opened her eyes with difficulty.

Was it a momentary miracle?

[Urgh...]

Seeing her open her eyes, he sobbed.

The pain was so unbearable, as if his chest would be torn apart.

Drip!

A tear tinged with blood rolled down his cheek.

She placed her hand on his cheek and moved her lips with difficulty.

-If we meet again... I wanted... to be... your bride...

I feel the same.

You are my only bride.

He tightly held her hand, which was gradually losing strength, and said:

[You were beautiful... So beautiful, like a single red peony.]

At his words, a smile played on her lips, and then her eyelids closed.

[Uwaaaaaaaah!]

Seeing her breathe her last in his arms, he wailed and roared.

It was too painful, his heart shattering, to have the only love he had found in such a long time lose her life so meaninglessly.

As he grieved like this, the sky darkened and space rippled, then a huge door opened.

A red sky appeared, and hundreds of beings with white fluttering wings were visible.

He looked up.

Grind!

So you were involved in this?

Did you truly want to go this far?

Groooooar!

Seeing the figure emitting five-colored splendid light with larger and more magnificent white wings than the others visible in the red sky, he stretched out his hand.

Whoosh!

Then the black bracelet wrapped around his wrist transformed into a black sword.

[The price... is death alone.]

Pat!

Then he launched his body towards the red sky.

It was a battle lasting dozens of days.

The result was almost a mutual destruction.

Most of the clan members who followed him came due to the prolonged fight, but the result was so fierce that hardly any survived.

‘I should have killed him.’

It was regrettable that he couldn’t kill him for certain, but he succeeded in inflicting a fatal wound enough to burst his core.

Of course, he had to pay an equal sacrifice for it.

It was when he returned to the castle, wounded.

Since the war with them wasn’t over yet, all his subordinates had gone to the battlefield, and only a few assistants were guarding this place.

It was while he was recovering from his injuries.

[You can’t. he is still recovering his body.]

[Step aside. If you don’t want to die.]

[However...]

[I have something urgent to report to him.]

The voice heard from outside was that of his assistant, Taura.

Though they desperately tried to stop him from outside, they were no match for the strong Taura.

Taura killed them all and forcibly opened the door of the audience hall to enter.

[I'm sure I told everyone not to let anyone in.]

[You did. But if not now, there won't be another chance.]

At this moment, the killing intent in Taura's voice and eyes became clear.

Then Taura put something down, and it emitted light, creating a door of rippling space.

Woong

[What are you doing now?]

[I'm trying to understand your true intentions one last time.]

[What do you mean?]

[Give me the order right now. Tell me to enter here and deal with all the insects in that world.]

What is he saying all of a sudden in this situation?

If not for his injuries, he would have punished him, but now he couldn't.

[I'm sure I told you I wouldn't rule that place.]

[Ha... The you I know is not like this. Shouldn't you only be for the clan? Showing mercy to insects because of a mere human woman?]

[Taura. I will not forgive any further disrespect.]

At these words, Taura suddenly laughed madly.

[Kwahahahahaha! So it's true that your core was pierced by the Heavenly Clan King's divine sword.]

[.....]

[I'll go there right now and remove everything that has weakened you, returning you to your original state. Please understand my loyal intentions.]

[Taura!]

[First, I'll kill that woman and send you her head.]

She had already lost her life.

However, with his grief and anger not yet subsided, he couldn't bear this.

Finally, unable to contain his anger, the Demon King stopped his recovery and launched his body at Taura.

However,

[Is this... all you can do? You've truly become weak.]

Having suffered serious injuries, he couldn't exert his power properly.

Taura grabbed his head and chest.

[You know what ability I have, don't you?]

[Taura...]

[It seems impossible for you to lead our clan any longer in your weakened state. And that weakened heart of yours too.]

[Cough cough. You've become twisted, Taura.]

[Hmph!]

Shuuuu!

Taura began to absorb his remaining demonic energy.

‘Haah...’

Although weakened, he wasn't completely drained of power and could have resisted this, but he soon stopped.

What meaning was there in living when she was no longer in this world?

He no longer had any lingering attachment to this world of killing and being killed.

As Taura absorbed almost all of his demonic energy over a long time, he sneered with a voice full of confidence.

[How disappointing. The greatest warrior and incarnation of the black flame not even resisting.]

To such a Taura, he, having lost his strength and become haggard, said:

[End it with me alone.]

[... What are you saying now?]

[I'll allow you to lead the clan, so don't pay any more attention to that place.]

Grind!

At these words, Taura sneered as if disappointed.

Then he lifted his body up.

Grab!

[What are you trying to do?]

[Until the end, only that human woman matters to you.]

[She's not everything. Not like you think...]

[Enough. I understand well how you think of the clan. If you like that place so much, rot there for the rest of your life.]

[Taura!]

To him, Taura whispered with a cold smile:

[Ah! I forgot this. Come to think of it, how do you think they knew about your woman?]

His pupils shook madly.

[You... Don't tell me...]

[Huhuhu. They will come looking for you. Try to survive while running away desperately. If you can survive in that state, that is.]

Pat!

With that, he threw him into the door.

The place where the door opened was none other than high in the sky.

If he hadn't known the truth, he might have thought it better to die like this.

But now he couldn't do that.

Knowing he couldn't endure falling like this in his current body, he drew out the residual demonic energy within him.

Whoosh!

His body was enveloped in black flames.

In that state, he fell towards the ground at tremendous speed.

Thud!

Though he protected his body with the demonic energy of the black flames, he couldn't avoid the pain of his insides being shaken.

As he was about to collapse, someone appeared in his vision.

There, he saw an old man bowing down to him with tears in his eyes.

Is this a human who worships him?

Thud!

As the flames dissipated due to the loss of energy, he collapsed.

The old man ran to him, supported him, and checked his pulse.

[O Divine One. I am a servant who serves you. Please allow me to save your life.]

[Do as you wish.]

The man, who identified himself as Jang Mun-no, the Guardian of Fire Faith Order, carried the Demon King on his back and headed towards a large village where he could procure medicinal ingredients.

The village they headed to was Longmen in Guangdong Province.

Jang Mun-no sat him down in a deserted alley corner and said:

[I will find medicinal ingredients, so please wait here for a moment. I'll be back soon.]

[... Do so.]

After Jang Mun-no left, the Demon King, leaning against the wall, touched his core.

Not only was his core pierced, but he had been nearly drained of all his energy, so it was no exaggeration to say he was facing death.

Is this how he would disappear?

Grind!

It was truly unbearable.

Should he have killed that bastard then, even at the cost of his own life?

His great mistake was simply giving up, feeling resentful for not choosing the clan and having no lingering attachment to life.

Having lost all his power, even if he survived, there was no hope left.

But right at that moment,

Flinch!

He sensed their energy from somewhere.

It was clearly the energy of the Heavenly Clan.

Were they searching for him, as that bastard Taura had said?

Swish swish swish!

They were approaching.

Though he had lost almost all of his demonic energy, he seemed to have immediately noticed due to his ability to sense the unique energy of the demon clan and detect cores.

Grip!

Clutching his chest, he moved his body.

He couldn't die like this yet.

Pat!

He climbed onto the roof and launched his body in the opposite direction of the approaching energies.

Throb throb!

However, not only had he lost almost all his energy, but his core was also pierced, so he couldn't move his body freely.

As he was crossing the roofs, he soon fell, unable to endure the sharp pain.

[Ugh!]

Bang!

Coincidentally, the place he fell was none other than a carriage.

He fell through the carriage into it, where a woman who had collided with him lay unconscious, and he saw a baby she was cradling with her body.

[Waaah waaah!]

A crying baby.

It's so small, as if it was born not long ago.

After staring at it for a while, his eyes grew bitter.

If she had lived, would they have had a baby like this too?

But now, longing for that was just a vain attachment.

After all, since he wasn't human, she couldn't have given birth to a...

[Ah...]

Human...

He had wanted to become human, wanting to walk the same life path as her.

He had wished for it so desperately in his mind, but he couldn't do it, having to abandon the clan he led.

But now there was no reason to give up.

After staring at the baby for a long time, he finally reached out his hand to it.

Swish swish swish!

The energy, presumably theirs, was getting closer and closer.

At this point, if he gave up his core and became human, he could also escape their eyes.

But if he exhausted all his remaining power to become human, his consciousness or self might disappear as it was.

He had become that weak.

But there was no other choice left.

‘Yes.’

If he became human like her, perhaps that would be a shining ending in its own way.

The Demon King, stroking the baby, finally muttered softly:

[So-wol... I miss you.]

Whoosh!

Then his body was enveloped in black flames, and his form slowly began to shrink.

And within those flames, there was another baby that looked exactly like the crying baby.

Chapter 474 – One (2)

A baby born in black flames.

After the last intense memory, Mok Gyeong-un's eyes slowly reddened as time flowed infinitely slow in the space around him.

-Whoosh!

The black flames that had been burning larger than his body moments ago had now subsided to about the size of a fist.

Mok Gyeong-un looked at him and sent a thought.

‘Why do you entrust this to me, a mere human consciousness?’

-.....

‘Couldn't you take back everything yourself?’

At the point when he regained all his memories, Mok Gyeong-un was identical to him, albeit with a different personality.

However, the fact that he had become a human consciousness remained unchanged.

Regardless of status, he could easily devour his own consciousness that had lived such a short life.

Yet he did not.

Mok Gyeong-un couldn't help but wonder at this entirely irrational decision.

Then the black flame flickered.

-It's not mere.

‘.....’

-Isn't it shining even brighter?

‘You.....’

[Someone once said. Because it's short, it shines even brighter. That's how we should live too, right?]

The image of her smiling brightly flashed by.

Was that your everything?

Born as the King of Demons, nearly immortal, you longed for a human life – fleeting yet shining brighter than anyone else's.

-Hiss!

The black flame was growing smaller and smaller.

It was dying out.

-It was... truly... long.

‘Stop. There’s no need to completely dissolve your will into me like this. No, why are you trying to disappear?’

-I’m not disappearing.

‘You!’

-There’s no need... to think... that way. I am... you. You are... me. In the end... we are one.

As the black flame shrank to about the size of a finger, even the voice grew fainter.

Mok Gyeong-un tried to prevent him from seeping into himself.

But he did not stop it.

‘Enough! Stop. Didn’t you want to meet her? Didn’t you want to speak to her every moment you were awake?’

He could understand because all the memories had been assimilated.

In those few moments of wakefulness, he had repeated the same words dozens, hundreds, thousands of times in his mind.

[I missed you so much. My one and only bride.]

Yet he never uttered these words aloud.

He knew well why he had done this.

It was to leave no lingering attachments.

If even a hair's breadth of attachment remained, he might be tempted to give up on assimilating with his human consciousness.

That's why he never spoke to her in the end.

Even if it was just once, Mok Gyeong-un wanted him to say this while still maintaining his own personality.

However,

-Hiss!

As the flame burned out, only red embers flickered.

His faint voice echoed in Mok Gyeong-un's ear.

-So...wol.....and my.....beautiful.....shining.....story.....ended.....then. Now.....it's the story.....of Cheong-ryeong.....and you.

The dying embers.

In that instant, he pictured his meeting with her.

And he recalled his bride, who was so beautiful, for the last time.

-You were beautiful.....so beautiful, like a single red peony.

-Whoosh!

The embers extinguished like that and scattered like heat haze.

As his final will settled in his mind, a single tear rolled down Mok Gyeong-un's reddened cheek as their consciousnesses merged completely into one.

-Drip!

At that moment, a crack appeared in the infinitely slow flow of time.

-Crack!

-Crack!

As the Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique cracked, the three eyes of Mok Gan's avatar trembled.

‘How?’

The Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique, known as the ancient gold technique.

This was an absolute technique created to capture beings trying to transcend the natural order, those approaching the realm of gods.

Unlike before, it had been perfectly executed, so no one but himself should have been able to break it.

But what on earth was happening?

-Crack, crack, crack!

The crack that had appeared once was gradually spreading in all directions.

At this, Mok Gan's avatar's gaze quickly turned to Mok Gyeong-un at the center of the Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique.

-Thump!

Just then, he heard a heartbeat.

In the infinitely slow flow of time, it should have been impossible to hear a heartbeat, but the bastard's heart was gradually beating fast enough to be audible.

-Thump! Thump! Thump!

It wasn't an illusion.

The heartbeat had returned to normal.

Mok Gan's avatar immediately spread his arms wide.

Then, looking at where Mok Gyeong-un was, he brought his arms together, making a gesture of enclosing with both hands.

Then,

-Whoosh!

The widely spread Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique shrank, and the light around Mok Gyeong-un grew more intense.

It gradually transformed into a spherical shape.

He was trying to make the technique stronger by reducing the range of the main force of the wide-area Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique.

“Cough, cough.”

Blood spilled from Mok Gan’s avatar’s mouth as he coughed.

It was because he had forcibly moved the main force in an already weakened state.

But he had no confidence in stopping this anomaly without doing this.

Although it might be too late, if that bastard managed to escape from the perfect Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique.....

-Crack, crack, crack!

‘!?’

At that moment, the brightly shining sphere began to split.

‘No. I must stop this somehow.....’

“Puh!”

Just then, black blood gushed out of Mok Gan’s avatar’s mouth like a fountain, and the sphere shattered, scattering the concentrated light in all directions.

-Whoosh!

From within the flowing light, a black shadow quickly stretched out and grabbed Mok Gan’s avatar’s neck.

-Grip!

“Kuh!”

It was Mok Gyeong-un.

The pupils of Mok Gan’s avatar, whose neck was grabbed, trembled violently.

The overwhelming pressure was beyond imagination, making it difficult to even meet his eyes.

It felt like facing an absolute being.

Although it wasn’t in this current body, he had felt this once before.

“Kuh....kuh.....you.....”

“Disappear.”

“Wh-what.....”

It was at that very moment.

A sharp aura enveloping his entire body.

As soon as he sensed it,

-Splash!

Mok Gan's avatar's body simply exploded.

Despite the body exploding right in front of him and blood splattering everywhere, not a single drop stained Mok Gyeong-un's body.

After killing him like that, Mok Gyeong-un looked towards the far south.

“Is it there?”

-Whoosh!

At that moment, a circular wave-like ripple spread out, the space trembled, and Mok Gyeong-un's form vanished into a point.

-Throb!

The man in the bamboo hat standing in the shadows winced at a sudden headache.

Seeing this, a man with long hair and red lips who was guarding nearby approached and asked.

“Mok Gan. Are you alright?”

Mok Gan, as the man in the bamboo hat was called, held out his hand as if to tell him not to come closer.

At this, the man hastily stopped.

Mok Gan then opened his mouth.

“.....It seems he has broken free.”

“What? By ‘he’, do you mean that avatar?”

“Who else would I be talking about?”

“M-my apologies. However, Mok Gan. No one has ever escaped from the Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique, the ancient gold technique, by their own power.”

The Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique had even captured the Six Demons, who were said to be close to divine beings.

Even if one had reached the realm of Life and Death, considered the highest level among martial artists, it still fell short of the Six Demons.

But,

“Are you saying this one has misunderstood?”

At the sharp voice, the red-lipped man quickly knelt down and pressed his forehead to the ground in apology.

-Thud! Thud! Thud!

“Pl-please forgive me. How could this lowly one have such disrespectful thoughts?”

“Stand back.”

At Mok Gan’s command, the red-lipped man’s form blurred and disappeared.

Once he was out of sight, Mok Gan slightly raised his hand and then lowered it.

For a moment, he almost lost control of his madness and anger.

‘What is this?’

It wouldn’t be an exaggeration to say that his souls were connected with his avatars.

Therefore, he could share their thoughts and see what they were seeing.

But the last thing he saw was the Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique cracking.

At this, his avatar was compressing the main force of the Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique into a sphere, but from that moment on, the avatar's consciousness turned black and then was suddenly cut off.

Judging by the impact on his soul, the avatar had certainly died.

But why couldn't he see the final moment?

‘Did someone intervene?’

Mok Gan, who had been lost in thought for a moment, shook his head.

It didn't matter anyway.

Even if someone had helped the avatar and he had somehow broken free from the Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique by some stroke of luck, it was already too late.

It was too far from there to here.

By the time he arrived here, everything would already be over.

All he would see was death.

-Sneer!

Mok Gan, with a sinister smile curling his lips, sent a thought to his avatar in the Ten Thousand Great Mountains.

‘Seventh Form of the Crimson Flame Sword Technique, Surpassing Fire Form!’

-Whoosh!

The sword of Lee Ji-yeom, the Corpse Blood Valley Master, created an incredibly intricate trajectory of flames, overwhelming the frost-based sword technique.

-Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!

‘Damn it!’

-Crack!

The Snow Field Sword of Neung Jin-soon, the second-tier of the Secret Society, which was blocking the flaming sword technique with all its might, couldn’t withstand the heat and cracked, then,

-Clang!

It split in half and flew away.

Not missing that instant, the flaming sword cut from Neung Jin-soon’s right shoulder through his heart and down to his waist.

“It’s... your victory.”

Acknowledging his defeat, Neung Jin-soon used his last strength to utter those words.

Then his split upper body fell backward.

-Thud!

Due to the heat, the cut area was cauterized, preventing blood from gushing out.

Lee Ji-yeom, who had barely defeated him, knelt on one knee and exhaled rough breaths.

“Huff.... huff..... huff.....”

He was truly a formidable opponent.

Having reached the Transformation Realm and perfected his divine technique, Lee Ji-yeom thought he could defeat him easily, but this man was an supreme master comparable to the Eight Stars.

If he hadn't sacrificed one arm with the determination of “returning to the same destination,” he wouldn't have won the battle.

His left arm, more than half severed, was dangling.

It was essentially a lost arm.

-Swish!

Lee Ji-yeom then cut off his dangling arm.

It should have been painful, but he didn't make a sound of pain as he cut off his arm, instead pressing the blood-stopping point to stem the bleeding.

Just then, he heard someone clapping.

-Clap, clap, clap!

Lee Ji-yeom's expression hardened at the sound coming from behind.

Despite being injured, he hadn't lowered his guard, yet he hadn't sensed anyone approaching from behind at all.

'He deceived my qi sense?'

He was now comparable to the Eight Stars, considered the highest level in the martial arts world.

If someone could deceive his senses at this level.....

-Swish!

Lee Ji-yeom's complexion darkened instantly as he turned his head.

He saw Jeong Hyeon-mun, the leader of the Righteous Alliance, clapping in front of him.

".....Jeong Hyeon-mun."

"Impressive. I thought you were too obsessed with useless solar energy to achieve great things, but it seems I was wrong."

'!?'

Lee Ji-yeom furrowed his brow and opened his mouth.

".....What are you talking about?"

Having never left the Corpse Blood Valley, he had no particular conflict with the Righteous Alliance.

Therefore, even the leader of the Righteous Alliance shouldn't know anything about him.

So how does he know that his Crimson Flame Sword Technique is based on solar energy?

As he was puzzled,

-Shing!

Jeong Hyeon-mun approached, drawing his unique weapon, the famous sword Il-hwi.

“It's a pity. To meet such a fate of death just as your talent has blossomed.”

-Whoosh!

Just by drawing his sword, the overwhelming aura made Lee Ji-yeom's hand holding his sword tremble.

Even if he hadn't been injured, this wasn't an opponent he could defeat.

How many forms of the Seven Heavens, considered the pinnacle of the current martial arts world, could he block?

Could he even block a single form?

Lee Ji-yeom, who had been glaring at the approaching man, took a deep breath.

‘It's meaningless.’

Winning wasn't the goal.

What he was trying to do was to protect.

-Rip!

Lee Ji-yeom tore a strip from his clothing, then bit the cloth with his teeth and used his sword and hand to wrap it.

It was a resolution to never let go of his sword, even in death.

“Impressive. But it’s a futile act. If you step back, you might be able to preserve your life a little longer.”

“Cut off my head and pass.”

“Pft.”

Jeong Hyeon-mun, the leader of the Righteous Alliance, snorted at Lee Ji-yeom’s resolve, then was about to step forward.

It was at that moment.

-Slither!

Suddenly, drops of blood spilled by the dead on the mountain peak began to rise one by one.

Jeong Hyeon-mun’s lips curled into a sinister smile at this strange sight.

‘He’s here.’

Chapter 475 – Great Calamity (1)

Blood from the corpses of those killed.

Those droplets of blood stirred and then slowly began to rise.

-Slither!

Lee Ji-yeom, the Corpse Blood Valley Master, who had been unaware of the floating blood droplets due to facing Jeong Hyeon-mun, the leader of the Righteous Alliance and one of the Seven Heavens at the pinnacle of the current martial world, only noticed as the world gradually turned red.

‘What is this?’

The mountain peak’s floor was so soaked in blood it was soggy, and the floating blood droplets made the world seem dyed in blood.

Just then, Jeong Hyeon-mun, the Righteous Alliance leader, scanned the surroundings and spoke.

“Show yourself if you’ve come, So-wol.”

‘So-wol?’

A strange light flickered in Lee Ji-yeom’s eyes.

Has she returned?

At that moment,

-Poof!

Though he hadn't taken his eyes off him, Jeong Hyeon-mun's form suddenly blurred and appeared right in front of him.

Without time to think, he leaned back and tried to create distance by flying away, but,

-Swish!

Suddenly, his sword was trying to cut his neck.

Even if he wanted to avoid it, it happened in such a split second that his body couldn't react to the speed.

‘Can't even block a single strike?’

Aside from injuries, was the gap between the Eight Stars and the Seven Heavens truly unbridgeable?

As he stared intently at the unavoidable sword, at that very moment.

-Clang!

Just before the blade touched his neck,

Despite it being a situation where interference seemed impossible, something that surged from the blood on the ground blocked the blade of the famous sword Il-hwi that was about to cut his neck.

Simultaneously,

-Whoosh!

“Huh!”

Lee Ji-yeom’s form was thrown backward by an eerie and sinister energy.

Knowing it wasn’t meant to injure but to throw him back, Lee Ji-yeom didn’t use his inner energy to resist the force.

As he was pushed back, his eyes caught a glimpse of a being wearing a crown.

She was Ryu So-wol Cheong-ryeong, the last head of the Moon Vein clan whom they had served for generations.

“Even as a vengeful spirit, you’re still weak. Swayed by sentiment, you throw away the perfect opportunity to cut this neck and save a descendant of that house.”

In response to Jeong Hyeon-mun’s sneering words, Cheong-ryeong glared at him fiercely and spoke.

-What would you know, who only understands taking?

“So, isn’t that why you’ve come to take back again? My.....”

-Clang!

Before he could finish speaking, Jeong Hyeon-mun’s famous sword Il-hwi was deflected upward by Cheong-ryeong’s long pipe.

-Shut up!

Jeong Hyeon-mun’s lips curled up at her explosive spiritual energy.

‘Has she transcended the limits of a vengeful spirit?’

This was spiritual energy beyond purple spirit, no, even surpassing that.

Even with the art of solitude, it was impossible to create such a powerful vengeful spirit even with time and effort.

It showed just how extreme her resentment had become.

However,

-Swish!

The moment his sword was deflected, Jeong Hyeon-mun’s sword energy struck at Cheong-ryeong’s forehead like lightning.

Cheong-ryeong quickly sank into the blood on the ground, but in an instant, the crown she was wearing shattered and flew off.

-Slide!

Having thus avoided Jeong Hyeon-mun’s strike, her form rose from the blood about ten steps away.

Looking at her, Jeong Hyeon-mun smiled and said,

“Shall we duel with swords like in the old days?”

-Do you think I’ll be swept along by your wishes?

She had no intention of doing what her enemy wanted.

Now that she had drawn him into her world, she intended to slash him to pieces and kill him for certain.

-Swish!

As she swung her long pipe, the countless blood droplets floating in the air began to tremble.

At first glance, it looked like the droplets were vibrating, but,

‘They’re rotating.’

Lee Ji-yeom, watching from a distance, could see that this was a phenomenon caused by the blood droplets spinning at high speed.

-Whirl!

Though hard to see due to their small size, the blood droplets were spreading thinly and rotating rapidly, increasing their sharpness and power.

Was she controlling all these countless blood droplets?

It was jaw-dropping.

‘Indeed.’

The smile disappeared from Jeong Hyeon-mun’s face as he became quite serious.

That’s how ominous Cheong-ryeong’s current actions were.

At this,

-Crack!

His forehead split open and a third eye opened.

Lee Ji-yeom's eyes widened at the sight.

‘Could that be?’

It was similar to what he had seen from Na Yul-ryang, the Eldest Young Master, in the inner palace of the Heaven and Earth Society.

Then does this mean that Jeong Hyeon-mun, the Righteous Alliance leader, is also connected to that Secret Society?

Just how formidable is this Secret Society that even Jeong Hyeon-mun, one of the Seven Heavens at the pinnacle of the current martial world, is involved?

Lee Ji-yeom was inwardly concerned.

How many others might be hidden, he wondered.

Just then,

-Die.

-Swish!

As Cheong-ryeong extended her long pipe, the rapidly rotating blood droplets all rushed towards Jeong Hyeon-mun at once.

-Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Each rotating blood droplet had enough power to blow away an entire body part if it penetrated.

She thought that even Mok Gan couldn't avoid this technique she had carefully developed over a long time.

But she saw Jeong Hyeon-mun's lips curl up, when she expected him to be flustered.

-Flinch!

What on earth does that mean?

As she wondered, Jeong Hyeon-mun stabbed his famous sword Il-hwi into the ground and spread his arms wide.

Is he really going to take this head-on?

At that moment,

-Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop!

The fiercely rotating blood droplets flying towards him slid away to other directions before even touching his body.

Cheong-ryeong's expression hardened at this sight.

‘The Ritual of Repulsion.’

That technique of deflecting incoming strong forces as if sliding them away was one of the Eight Thought-Shattering Techniques, the Ritual of Repulsion.

He had reached the highest level in the forms of the Eight Thought-Shattering Techniques that had attained enlightenment.

-Pop, pop, pop, pop!

The deflected blood droplets flew towards the surviving Corpse Blood Valley warriors.

“Dodge!”

Lee Ji-yeom shouted hurriedly, but it was already too late.

Exhausted from fending off enemies, they had no strength left to avoid this.

-Bang!

Just as casualties were about to occur, Cheong-ryeong slammed her palm down towards the ground.

Then,

-Whoosh!

The pooled blood surged upwards, creating a wall surrounding the area.

Thanks to this, the blood droplets deflected by the Ritual of Repulsion were absorbed into the blood wall, preventing the damage they might have inflicted in reverse.

-Huff..... huff.....

Though she tried not to show it, Cheong-ryeong's complexion was not good.

In fact, she had not yet fully recovered her spiritual energy.

Amidst this, driven by the sole determination to thwart Mok Gan's scheme, she had raced here tirelessly day and night.

Hence, she had aimed to settle the match with Jeong Hyeon-mun, who could be considered Mok Gan's avatar, in a short time, but that was no longer feasible.

If she used another large technique that consumed spiritual energy, she might put herself in more danger.

So,

-Swish!

With a wave of her hand, the Demonic Intent Domain Blood Realm that had dyed the peak's floor and surroundings blood-red was withdrawn as if it had never existed.

As everyone looked bewildered, Jeong Hyeon-mun spoke as if he had expected this.

“That's about all you can do with an incomplete body, right? Any further resistance is meaningless.”

-Resistance? You're mistaken about something. This is revenge.

“Revenge..... Huh huh huh. That also requires strength. What you’re trying to do is merely struggling. So-wol.”

Cheong-ryeong snorted at those words.

-Fine. Then I’ll struggle to my heart’s content. Until my kicks crush your skull.

-Swish!

With those words, Cheong-ryeong took the initial stance of the Moon Vein sword technique.

At this, Lee Ji-yeom shouted.

“My Lord! Take this!”

With those words, Lee Ji-yeom threw the scabbard he had been carrying on his back to her.

-Catch!

Without even looking at the flying scabbard, she reached back and caught it, then immediately drew the sword from the scabbard.

-Ching!

With a clear sword cry, a pure white sword revealed itself.

It was the famous sword Sun-yeon, a unique weapon made exclusively for her by Gu Moon-hyuk, a descendant of the great craftsman Gu Ya-ja.

The moment she grasped the sword, Sun-yeon trembled with sword light and a strong resonance flowed out.

-Woong!

Sun-yeon, held in its master's hand after a hundred years, was crying.

‘You’ve waited a long time too, Sun-yeon.’

Truly a famous sword.

It recognized its master even though she was grasping it in spirit form, not with a physical body.

At that moment, an unknown energy flowed in from Sun-yeon.

-Whoosh!

‘This is?’

It was the emotion that had accumulated in the famous sword Sun-yeon over a hundred years.

The hundred years of emotion had become a highly pure energy, and as it entered her, her severely depleted spiritual energy began to gradually recover.

Cheong-ryeong's eyes flickered with a strange light.

Though it was a famous sword, it wasn't a demonic sword, so how did it have such an ability?

‘Was this your provision, Gu Moon-hyuk? Or did a hundred years of time make you like this?’

The master craftsman Gu Moon-hyuk, who made and brought her the sword.

He seemed to have made the best sword for her.

Tightly gripping the famous sword Sun-yeon, Cheong-ryeong returned to a swordsman's mindset after a long time and took the initial stance.

-Whoosh!

The moment she took the initial stance, a sharp sword energy flowed out in all directions.

Seeing her changed aura, Jeong Hyeon-mun, the Righteous Alliance leader, pulled out his famous sword Il-hwi that had been stuck in the ground.

Meanwhile, she sent her thoughts to Lee Ji-yeom, the Corpse Blood Valley Master, so that only he could hear.

-Leave this one to me and go tell the leaders right now that they must stop the fight with the Righteous Alliance and the Evil Alliance.

‘Why?’

As Lee Ji-yeom showed a puzzled look,

-This is his scheme. He's not just aiming for my soul, Wi So-yeon, or the Heaven and Earth Society. What he's really targeting is to gather the majority of martial artists in one place.....

Before she could finish speaking,

Jeong Hyeon-mun, who had suddenly closed the distance, unleashed the Heaven sword technique towards her.

In response, she hurriedly countered with the Moon sword technique using Sun-yeon.

-Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!

As the famous swords Il-hwi and Sun-yeon clashed, blue sparks flew and the sound of space being torn echoed in all directions.

Unlike before, Jeong Hyeon-mun's gaze became strange the moment their swords crossed.

It was the first time in a hundred years that they had crossed swords.

However, this was only for a moment, and soon he began to push her back with dazzlingly intricate sword techniques.

-Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!

‘To think I'd sense his color in the Moon sword technique.’

The sword Cheong-ryeong was wielding was not the Moon sword technique he had known before.

Rather, it had become similar to his sword technique.

This was enough to twist his mind.

-Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!

As the sword clash intensified, perhaps finding it difficult to send thoughts separately while focusing on the fight, Cheong-ryeong shouted at Lee Ji-yeom.

-Hurry and stop them!

Lee Ji-yeom hesitated for a moment at her cry.

This was because he had to momentarily abandon his duty to protect Wi So-yeon, who could be considered Cheong-ryeong's reincarnation.

However, unable to disobey her order, he soon flew off.

-Poof!

As Lee Ji-yeom descended from the peak, Jeong Hyeon-mun, who had been exchanging sword techniques, sneered.

"It's already too late."

-No. I won't let things go as you wish.

"How pitiful. So-wol, you can't stop anything. Now, let's forget everything and be together again."

-Shut up! Even if this is the last and I perish, I will never be with you!

-Clang!

Cheong-ryeong deflected the sword upward and wrapped blood-colored spiritual energy around her sword.

Then she tried to pierce Jeong Hyeon-mun's face by rotating the blood-colored spiritual energy.

Jeong Hyeon-mun gave a meaningful smile, then,

-Sneer!

-Clang!

‘He's blocking this?’

But that wasn't the end.

-Crack!

Not only did he block her blood-colored spiritual energy-infused sword strike, but he also deflected it upward using the Pear Blossom Grafting technique, infusing it with his own inner energy.

-Whoosh!

The force was so strong that Cheong-ryeong's spirit body was sent soaring upwards.

She was suddenly propelled nearly thirty jang upwards and could only stop herself by wrapping spiritual energy around herself.

As she stopped like that, Jeong Hyeon-mun had already caught up to her.

Cheong-ryeong tried to attack him as she regained her balance, but,

-Flinch!

She had to stop as she saw the scene before her eyes.

This was because she could see something rushing towards this place, blackening the ground beyond the horizon that wasn't visible even from the peak of the Ten Thousand Great Mountains.

Though hard to see clearly due to the distance, it was undoubtedly.

‘Evil spirits and monsters.’

They were grotesque beings that could be called evil spirits and monsters.

An incalculable number of these grotesque beings were swarming towards the Ten Thousand Great Mountains.

Judging by their speed, they would arrive here before long.

With his back to them, Jeong Hyeon-mun, the Righteous Alliance leader, opened his mouth.

“I told you. It's already too late. Huh huh huh.”

Chapter 476 – Great Calamity (2)

Countless evil spirits and monsters filling the horizon beyond.

Although she had guessed that he was trying to cause another great calamity like before, Cheong-ryeong was left speechless at the sight of so many evil spirits and monsters.

Even if a large army of humans were to push down like that, it would be enough to fall into despair, but this was enough to take the breath away even from her, a spirit.

Looking at her like this, Jeong Hyeon-mun, the Righteous Alliance leader, with his back to the evil spirits and monsters, spoke with a face full of madness while tapping his forehead:

“In a game of chess, one must not look just one move ahead. Look at those below.”

The entrance to the Ten Thousand Great Mountains.

That place was literally a battlefield of hell.

They were killing each other over the ideological conflict between righteousness and evil.

Looking at them, Jeong Hyeon-mun sneered.

“The more experience, the better. I learned through many errors. There’s no need to suppress the human race with greater force.”

-You.....

“Mere beasts harm other beings to survive day by day. But humans are different. They harm each other just because their thoughts differ.”

-.....

“Yes, Ryu So-wol. You can’t refute it either. That’s human nature. They try to destroy each other over trivial ideological conflicts.”

-.....Shut up. Isn’t this your scheme?

“Scheme? Huh huh huh. Isn’t it more ridiculous that this happens with just one scheme? It’s human nature to try to harm each other. They’re so eager to devour each other that they don’t even notice the flames rising to their chins when just a small spark is thrown.”

Cheong-ryeong alternately looked at the evil spirits and monsters rushing in from beyond the horizon and the three major factions waging war.

If they continue fighting like this, it will truly lead to mutual destruction.

Although it was still the early stages and both sides maintained over 70% of their forces, by the time those arrive, their numbers will have significantly decreased and they’ll already be exhausted.

If that happens, they’ll be swept up in the great calamity without a chance to react.

‘I must stop this.’

She couldn’t let things go as he wished.

Only by stopping the war now and joining forces could they respond to those evil spirits and monsters.

‘I need to spread the Demonic Intent Domain to divert their attention.’

As someone whose vengeful spirit had already surpassed the purple spirit level, she could spread the Demonic Intent Domain over a vast area.

Although the sun was still up, it would be possible for a very brief moment.

The one in front of her wasn’t important right now.

After all, he wasn’t even the real body.

Cheong-ryeong moved her fingers slightly.

Then,

-Whoosh!

Blood poured down from the air like a waterfall, engulfing Jeong Hyeon-mun, the Righteous Alliance leader.

Knowing that this alone wasn't enough, she made a gesture of clenching her hand towards the pouring blood waterfall.

-Grip!

Along with this, the blood gathered and condensed.

As the blood compressed more and more into a spherical shape, she extended her index finger towards it.

Then,

-Boom!

At that moment, the surrounding space seemed to compress, converging into a single point, and the blood sphere was sucked into the center.

It was the Void Suppression, one of the Eight Thought-Shattering Techniques.

This should be enough to bind him for a moment...

-Flinch!

At that instant, Cheong-ryeong hurriedly twisted her body.

As she turned, the famous sword Il-hwi, imbued with blue sword energy, barely grazed her.

At this, she spun her body and unleashed the Full Moon technique with the famous sword Sun-yeon.

The sword energy spreading out in a wide circle was split by someone's sword energy unleashed through fingertips.

-Swish!

The one who split it was Jeong Hyeon-mun, the Righteous Alliance leader.

Jeong Hyeon-mun spoke to Cheong-ryeong with eyes that had turned coldly:

“I didn't expect this. To think you'd choose to save those vermin over revenge.”

-I said I wouldn't let things go as you wish.

“Even if it's the obsession of revenge, your mind should be full of me alone, not enough room for anything else.”

-Ha!

At Jeong Hyeon-mun's words, Cheong-ryeong's gaze turned icy cold.

She hadn't understood until now.

She had only thought that his madness exploded because he couldn't have her.

But these words now were utterly shocking.

She couldn't understand why he, who claimed to want her, was trying to take away everything from her, and it gave her goosebumps.

Even if it was desire, did he want her to think only of him?

-You're..... truly the worst.

Can obsession, when it turns to madness, become this ugly?

Despite her disappointment, Jeong Hyeon-mun didn't care.

He rather smiled at Cheong-ryeong.

“Yes. Your mind should be filled only with me.”

-.....Get lost.

-Poof!

With those words, Cheong-ryeong flew backwards, avoiding the sword energy flying towards her.

-Swish!

‘She dodged?’

A strange light flickered in Jeong Hyeon-mun’s eyes.

He had thought she wouldn’t be able to dodge this due to her mind being scattered by anger.

However, contrary to his judgment, her concentration was now at its peak.

After dodging the sword energy, Cheong-ryeong waved her hand, creating hundreds of arrows made of blood and shot them towards Jeong Hyeon-mun.

-Bang!

Along with this, she flew towards the Ten Thousand Great Mountains.

There was no more time to waste with him.

However,

-Woong!

At that moment, numerous pillars appeared around her.

‘This is?’

It resembled the pillars of the Four Peaks Linking Technique that Mok Gyeong-un used, but the number was different.

There were thirty-six pillars.

As these pillars surrounded her, layers of surfaces made of spell power were instantly created, and she was trapped inside.

At this, Cheong-ryeong swung Sun-yeon wrapped in spiritual energy to break through, but,

-Clang!

Far from breaking, the wall of spell power didn't even get a scratch.

It was a sealing technique even more intricate than the Four Peaks Linking Technique.

Cheong-ryeong turned her head to glare at Jeong Hyeon-mun.

Jeong Hyeon-mun, forming a hand seal with his left hand, raised the corner of his mouth and shrugged.

“Even without martial arts, with just magic arts and techniques, I have reached the pinnacle of this world. There is no way for you to escape from here, So-wol.”

-Bang! Bang!

Ignoring his words, Cheong-ryeong tried to destroy the sealing technique made of spell power.

She didn't want to listen to anything he said anymore.

Jeong Hyeon-mun sneered at her behavior.

“Wait here. I'll soon bring the vessel containing your soul.”

-Swish!

As soon as those words ended, Jeong Hyeon-mun's body blurred and disappeared.

Seeing this, Cheong-ryeong gritted her teeth and swung her sword infused with blood-colored spiritual energy towards the wall of the sealing technique.

-Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!

As she swung her sword like this, she soon changed her mind.

This wasn't something that could be broken in this way.

In her mind, she recalled the single sword strike that Mok Gyeong-un used to concentrate all his power into one point.

She had watched this countless times from closer than anyone else.

‘Power..... If a mortal could do it, there's no reason I can't.’

She then began to concentrate all her spiritual energy on the tip of the famous sword Sun-yeon.

Lee Ji-yeom, the Corpse Blood Valley Master, looked around with bewildered eyes.

He wanted to announce that this was a scheme of the Secret Society and that the war should be stopped, as ordered by his lord Cheong-ryeong, but it was already too late for that.

The warriors of the former Heaven and Earth Society, the Righteous Alliance, and the Evil Alliance were all mixed up, killing each other, and in this situation, could they really stop?

Moreover, the highest-ranking officials were fighting against the leaders of the enemies, so there was nothing that could be done.

Even if they stopped on this side, it was questionable whether the Righteous Alliance or the Evil Alliance would stop.

‘What on earth should I do?’

As Ji-yeom was pondering, someone suddenly caught his eye.

“Stop! I am from the righteous faction! I am not an enemy!”

It was none other than Mok Yu-cheon.

He had been taken as a hostage of the righteous faction along with Mok Gyeong-un, but had become a disciple of Bright Blade King Son Yun.

Having become a disciple of Son Yun and with his brother Mok Gyeong-un becoming the leader of this huge organization, Ji-yeom thought he would no longer cling to the righteous faction, but what was he doing now?

“Damn it!”

Mok Yu-cheon was pleading to the righteous faction warriors that he was one of them.

However, there was no way this would reach the ears of these low-ranking warriors in the midst of war.

They ignored this and attacked Mok Yu-cheon.

“Nonsense!”

“Die!”

-Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!

“Kuk!”

Mok Yu-cheon was frustrated but tried his best not to kill them, yet he was being driven into a corner as even the high-level experts of the Righteous Alliance began to appear.

At this,

-Poof!

“Stop!”

-Whoosh!

Lee Ji-yeom swung a fiery energy to help Mok Yu-cheon who was driven into a corner.

Although dozens of peak and first-class experts were jointly attacking Mok Yu-cheon, the situation changed when Lee Ji-yeom, a master of the Transformation Realm, intervened.

“Damn it!”

“Retreat! Retreat!”

Those who judged they couldn't handle Lee Ji-yeom hurriedly turned away.

‘Why!’

Although he had struggled to survive somehow, Mok Yu-cheon had never abandoned his roots as a righteous path practitioner until the end.

But the Righteous Alliance warriors, whom he considered allies, didn't believe him despite his cries that were almost screams, and it was actually an executive of the Heaven and Earth Society who saved him.

-Bang! Bang! Bang!

Mok Yu-cheon repeatedly struck the ground with complicated feelings.

Now he didn't know what was right and wrong anymore.

Everything was incomprehensible, from joining hands with the Evil Alliance, their mortal enemy, to attack just one Heaven and Earth Society.

‘Isn't this no different from the evil faction?’

In the end, how is this different from moving based on practical benefits rather than judging right and wrong?

Mok Yu-cheon was utterly disappointed in everything.

“Why..... why like this.....”

“Why are you so despondent? Disciple of Bright Blade King. Do you still think you're the same as them?”

“Shut up! I..... I.....”

Mok Yu-cheon couldn't finish his words.

The concept of righteousness and evil had long been shattered in his once firm mind.

To him, Lee Ji-yeom, the Corpse Blood Valley Master, said:

“You can judge for yourself what is right and wrong. There is no right or wrong in righteousness and evil to begin with. It's just that everyone aims for different things.”

“.....”

“But before that, you need to help me a bit.”

“What?”

“This war is a scheme created behind the scenes by those called the Secret Society. The Righteous Alliance and the Evil Alliance are now moving after falling for their machinations.”

“If it's the Secret Society, could it be that.....”

“Yes. It's because they moved that the Righteous Alliance and the Evil Alliance joined hands to attack us. There's no time to explain further. You should immediately find your master, Bright Blade King, and deliver this.....”

Before he could finish speaking,

Mok Yu-cheon shook his head and put his hand in his bosom, saying:

“No. If that’s true, I should find the head of the Hwangbo Clan, not Bright Blade King.”

“The head of the Hwangbo Clan? Do you mean Hwangbo Seong?”

“Yes. The head of the Hwangbo Clan is the leader of the Silent Strides.”

“Silent Strides? So he was the one in charge of moving the spies? But what does that matter now? None of the Righteous Alliance members will believe you now.....”

“No. The head of the Hwangbo Clan will believe me.”

-Swish!

With those words, Mok Yu-cheon pulled out a token from his bosom.

It was the token that Ma-sang, an agent of the Silent Strides, the Righteous Alliance’s spy group, had passed to Mok Yu-cheon before being captured for spy detection in the Corpse Blood Valley.

Although ordinary Righteous Alliance warriors might not recognize this token, it was different for Hwangbo Seong, the head of the Hwangbo Clan and the leader of Silent Strides.

“Block him! We must block him!”

The Corpse Blood Valley warriors desperately launched joint attacks to try to stop Jeong Hyeon-mun, the Righteous Alliance leader.

However, the title of being at the pinnacle of the current martial world wasn’t for nothing.

“Foolish ones. Huh huh huh.”

-Swish!

Every time he gestured with his sword energy-imbued fingers,

-Swish! Swish, swish, swish, swish!

“Kuh!”

“Argh!”

Sharp sword energy tore them apart, and they only lost their lives.

All sword formations and defense lines were broken, and only eight remained.

Looking at those who were desperately trying to block him while backing against the rock with the secret passage, Jeong Hyeon-mun sneered.

“That’s right. Squirm to your best like the insects you are.”

Jeong Hyeon-mun was about to move his hand to kill the remaining ones.

But as he was about to do so, suddenly, as if something was blocking the sunlight, he saw a shadow being cast.

“Wh-what is this?”

“What’s going on?”

At that moment, the Corpse Blood Valley warriors guarding the rock looked up, unable to hide their bewilderment.

-Flinch!

‘What is this?’

These complex energies?

This was clearly ghost energy.

Jeong Hyeon-mun raised one eyebrow.

It was impossible for Ryu So-wol to have escaped from the Thirty-Six Stopping and Sealing Techniques that he had specially made just for her, and there was too much ghost energy for that.

-Whoosh!

As the puzzled Jeong Hyeon-mun lifted his head, he saw a large ship covered with numerous vengeful spirits falling at an incredible speed over the peak above his head.

‘!!!!!!!’

Chapter 477 – Great Calamity (3)

Just moments ago.

High in the sky, the Demonic Beast Heumwon was flapping its wings vigorously.

However, unlike usual, its wing motions seemed quite awkward and strained.

This was because something was clinging to and replacing Heumwon's wings, and that something was none other than hundreds of vengeful spirits.

Originally, it should have gone through a recovery period for the wounded areas along with its demon power, but thanks to the vengeful spirits clinging and each one acting as a feather, it had barely managed to fly this far.

However,

-Flap, flap!

Now it seemed to be at its limit.

Both the clinging vengeful spirits and the Demonic Beast Heumwon were struggling to keep flapping.

The one fortunate thing was,

“There it is!”

“Dammit! Is the war already underway?”

Seop Chun, looking down at the Ten Thousand Great Mountains below the ship, clicked his tongue.

He knew something was happening, but he didn't expect the war to be in full swing already.

To him, Ja Geum-jeong, the fallen monk Subduing-Demon, said:

“Hey, Seop Chun. That’s all well and good, but we should probably decide where to land soon.”

-Groan.

The Demonic Beast Heumwon’s wing flaps were very unstable.

It was evident from how the ship was gradually tilting.

Mong Mu-yak, who had somewhat recovered from his internal injuries during the journey and regained his complexion, looked down.

‘It’s difficult anywhere.’

But since the war was already well underway, the various factions were all mixed up, making it hard to determine where to land.

Just then, the vengeful spirit Ha Yoon at the bow of the ship pointed somewhere.

-Woosh!

A heightened killing intent could be felt.

At this, Guyang Sa-oh, the Eight Poison Snake Master, approached while leaning on his snake-headed cane and asked.

“What’s wrong?”

-It’s him. That’s definitely him.

The place the vengeful spirit Ha Yoon pointed to was a mountain peak in the rear of where the war was taking place.

Being so high up, it wasn't possible to see who was who.

However, Guyang Sa-oh could guess one thing from the killing intent he felt from him.

“Could he be there?”

-If you really fight the one with the third eye, you'll know for sure. I still remember that time.

At these words from the vengeful spirit Ha Yoon, Guyang Sa-oh recalled when he had received his help not long ago.

At first, he thought it was truly strange to receive help from a vengeful spirit.

But soon he learned that the vengeful spirit Ha Yoon had connections with Mok Gyeong-un, Seop Chun, Mong Mu-yak, and others.

When Seop Chun explained their situation at that time, the vengeful spirit Ha Yoon couldn't contain his anger.

-You said there's a being with a third eye on its forehead?

After that, he didn't give any detailed explanations, but it was clear that the vengeful spirit Ha Yoon had some terrible grudge against Mok Gan, the leader of the Secret Society.

Just then, the vengeful spirit Ha Yoon shouted to Mok Gyeong-un's subordinates on the ship.

-The ship will land soon. Hold on tight to the deck or anywhere you can.

Land?

Where on earth does he intend to do that?

As they were puzzled, the vengeful spirit Ha Yoon shouted to the Demonic Beast Heumwon, who was holding the ship with its huge claws.

-Heumwon, land the ship towards that peak over there. No, throw the ship there.

‘!?’

“A ship? How is a ship...?”

“It’s falling here! R-Run away!”

The Corpse Blood Valley warriors guarding the rock entrance to the secret passage were so shocked at the sight of a large ship falling towards the peak that they scattered in panic.

However, Jeong Hyeon-mun, the Righteous Alliance leader, had no intention of avoiding it.

“Hmph!”

Rather, he sneered at the falling ship and then swung his famous sword Il-hwi upwards.

-Swoosh!

The moment Jeong Hyeon-mun swung his sword, a massive sword energy nearly ten jang long surged from the famous sword Il-hwi, splitting the falling ship in half.

The ship, split in two, continued to fall, and the impact shook the peak as if an earthquake had struck.

-Boom!

It was chaos as shattered peak fragments flew in all directions.

In the midst of this, Jeong Hyeon-mun, who had protected himself with his reverse force technique, deflected the fragments and dust with his sword energy as he headed towards the rock entrance.

‘Did you think you could stop me with something like this?’

It was quite novel, but in the end, it was just a falling object.

But as he walked forward, a fist attack flew towards him.

-Bang!

-Clang!

Jeong Hyeon-mun deflected the fist attack, which had power beyond his expectations, with his famous sword Il-hwi imbued with sword energy.

After deflecting the fist attack, he looked ahead and saw five figures in front of him.

Recognizing them, Jeong Hyeon-mun shook his head.

They were Mok Gyeong-un’s loyal subordinates.

Led by Ja Geum-jeong, the fallen monk Subduing-Demon, who was taking the stance of the Hundred Step Divine Fist, there was Ma Ra-hyeon with his face covered by a black cloth, Guyang Sa-oh, the Eight Poison Snake Master, holding his cane and exuding poison energy, and Seop Chun and Mong Mu-yak, all taking battle stances and blocking his path.

Jeong Hyeon-mun sneered at them and said:

“You vermin have long lifespans.”

“Keke, who are you calling vermin? You eye parasite!”

Ja Geum-jeong shouted, not at all intimidated by his aura.

Jeong Hyeon-mun’s eyes filled with displeasure at his outcry.

Just because they were lucky enough to barely survive and return doesn’t mean they can be his opponents, yet these vermin dare to stand on the same level as him.

“I’ll have to make you feel how insignificant you are.....”

-Rumble!

It was at that moment.

Suddenly, dark clouds began to gather over the mountain peak where they were.

Then the dark clouds flashed, and thunder and lightning struck.

Jeong Hyeon-mun’s eyes narrowed.

‘A Demonic Intent Domain?’

As dark clouds formed where there had been not a single cloud before, Jeong Hyeon-mun immediately realized that this was not a natural phenomenon, but a Demonic Intent Domain created by a high-level vengeful spirit.

-Slither!

But that wasn't the end of it.

Numerous vengeful spirits began to appear all around.

An incredible number of vengeful spirits, too many to count, filled the entire peak, and as ghost energy spread in all directions, those nearby got goosebumps without knowing why.

In the midst of these vengeful spirits, an extraordinary vengeful spirit holding dual swords in both hands appeared.

‘A high level. On par with Cheong-ryeong... no, even beyond that?’

The aura felt now seemed to be at the level of indigo spirit, not just on par with Cheong-ryeong.

And yet, that vengeful spirit's appearance was strangely familiar.

However, Jeong Hyeon-mun didn't care about this.

Rather,

“These vermin are annoying me.”

Those blocking his path were merely a nuisance.

But unlike before, there were two masters of the Transformation Realm, one with strange power comparable to them, two at the peak of the Transcendent Realm, and on top of that, a vengeful spirit close to the indigo spirit level.

Even for a body at the pinnacle, this couldn't be easily overcome, so he could no longer afford to hold back his strength.

-Crack!

Jeong Hyeon-mun's forehead split open, revealing his third eye.

As the eye opened, the tremendous energy that spread out caused Mok Gyeong-un's subordinates blocking his path to tense up with wariness.

On the other hand,

-The Three Eyes!

-Whoosh!

The vengeful spirit Ha Yoon's resentment exploded even more upon confirming the third eye.

His resentment was so deep that regardless of Jeong Hyeon-mun's energy after opening the third eye, the vengeful spirit Ha Yoon flew towards him without any hesitation.

-Today, I will wash away the disloyalty of not being able to protect him that day!

At the same time.

Cheong-ryeong, trapped in the Thirty-Six Stopping and Sealing Techniques, was concentrating all her power on the tip of the famous sword Sun-yeon to break it.

Power wasn't simply gathering spiritual energy into the sword.

It literally meant imbuing it with the insights and form intent she had gained about the sword over time.

In life, she had reached the Transformation Realm, transcending walls.

Normally, it would be far from enough to concentrate power into a single point.

However, for her who had become a vengeful spirit, human realms were meaningless.

Rather, as a vengeful spirit, she had surpassed even the limit of purple spirit, considered the peak of their ranks.

-Hiss!

The tip of Sun-yeon, the pure white sword, was dyed in deep blood color.

Her confused mind became blank, focusing on only one thing.

‘Mortal.’

It was the image of Mok Gyeong-un when he concentrated all his power into one.

As she projected this image onto herself, it became one with her mind.

-Swish!

At that moment, a red line was drawn in the air.

-Crack!

With that, the layered walls made of the main force of the Thirty-Six Stopping and Sealing Techniques, which had seemed unbreakable, split in an instant.

‘I did it!’

As she momentarily reached the realm of Sword Extreme that she couldn’t attain in life, Cheong-ryeong’s eyes filled with joy.

All those experiences shared with Mortal had accumulated to become her enlightenment.

But this elation was short-lived.

Her spirit body staggered as it escaped from the Thirty-Six Stopping and Sealing Techniques.

‘To think spiritual energy would be consumed to this extent?’

She had expected it to some degree since she concentrated all her spiritual energy into one point, but she didn’t know it would impact her spirit body this much.

As she staggered, she soon drew up her remaining spiritual energy.

There was no time to waste like this.

She had to go down immediately and warn about the approaching great calamity.

Even if she exhausted all her remaining spiritual energy and her spirit body was on the verge of disappearing, she had to stop this.

Until Mortal arrived, she was the only one who could do this...

-Swish!

It was at that very moment.

A sharp sword energy grazed past, cutting off Cheong-ryeong's arm that was holding the famous sword Sun-yeon.

A scream burst from her lips as her spirit body was cut.

-Ah!

-Hiss!

Her severed arm, being a spirit body, scattered and dissipated.

However, the famous sword Sun-yeon, being a physical object, was about to fall.

She hurriedly tried to endure the pain and pull the famous sword Sun-yeon back with her spiritual energy.

‘No.’

But since her right arm's spirit body, which had been concentrating spiritual energy, was cut off, she couldn't pull it back. She flew downwards to catch the falling Sun-yeon.

She was falling to catch the sword.

-Whoosh! Grab!

At that moment, the falling famous sword Sun-yeon was caught by someone's hand.

‘!?’

It was a middle-aged man with a rough appearance, thick eyebrows, and wearing a tiger skin.

Though it was a face she was seeing for the first time, the chilling pressure she felt upon seeing him made Cheong-ryeong stop her flight and distance herself.

After creating distance, she spoke with a darkened expression.

-What exactly is that body?

“As expected, you recognize it at a glance.”

-Crack!

With those words, the middle-aged man's forehead split open, revealing a third eye.

As expected, it was Mok Gan's avatar.

But while her spirit body had weakened, the pressure was on a different dimension from the avatars she had seen so far.

The sharp energy flowing out felt like it could tear her apart at any moment.

“It’s the body I cherish the most. I put quite a lot of effort into it.”

-.....How many avatars have you created?

“Isn’t it more foolish to think I only made a few avatars over countless years? So-wol. Of course, creating an avatar is like splitting a healthy soul, so it’s not infinite. Regrettably, these are the last avatars.”

-Swish! Swish!

As soon as his words ended, two more men appeared around her.

Pointing at them with his eyes, Mok Gan’s avatar said with a sneer:

“Leaving some in reserve is also a strategy.”

-.....

Cheong-ryeong’s expression darkened at his words.

While not as much as the avatar wearing the tiger skin in front of her, these were no ordinary beings either.

No, from the moment Mok Gan possessed the body, they could be called peerless masters since they shared his enlightenment.

‘Fighting is impossible.’

-Poof!

After quickly scanning them, Cheong-ryeong flew her form downwards.

However, Mok Gan’s avatar wearing the tiger skin blocked her path.

-Swish! Grab!

Appearing with a shape-shifting technique, he roughly grabbed Cheong-ryeong’s weakened left arm.

Then, raising the famous sword Sun-yeon, he said:

“Even if your spirit body is damaged a bit more, it won’t affect becoming one with your soul, so I’ll leave just the head and torso.”

-You!

“That anger will soon turn into affection.”

Mok Gan’s avatar wearing the tiger skin swung down the famous sword Sun-yeon towards Cheong-ryeong’s left arm with a mad smile.

-Swish!

Even though she had become a vengeful spirit, at the moment her arm was about to be cut off, she unconsciously flinched and couldn’t help but close her eyes.

But,

-Twitch!

Why do I still have sensation when my arm should have been cut off?

Puzzled, she opened her eyes, and,

“Kuuugh!”

In front of her eyes, Mok Gan’s avatar wearing the tiger skin had not only created a considerable distance but was also clutching his severed right wrist in pain.

What on earth is going on?

As she wondered, Mok Gan’s two avatars suddenly shouted in anger and flew towards her.

-Poof!

“You bastaaaard!”

“How dare youuuu!”

It was at that very moment.

-Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

Between the two avatars rushing at incredible speed, black lines drew trajectories in all directions like meteors in the night sky.

Then their approaching bodies were split into dozens, hundreds of pieces.

Amidst the spraying blood in the air, the appearance of someone long-awaited.

At this, Cheong-ryeong murmured with reddened eyes.

-Mortal.....

It was none other than Mok Gyeong-un.

Chapter 478 – Descent of the Heavenly Demon (1)

Swish!

‘!?’

What on earth is going on?

Mok Gan’s avatar wearing the tiger skin couldn’t hide his bewilderment.

This body was arguably the finest among all the avatars.

Hyuk Young-je, known as the First Sword of the Wanderers, the pinnacle of the previous generation’s martial world.

He was known to have no rival with the sword in the North, but one day he suddenly disappeared, a peerless master.

It was no exaggeration to say he was the best except for the main body, but to not only be unable to approach but to only realize after being cut with such an avatar's body.

‘How..... How already?’

What was even more incredible was his appearance.

It was a distance that would take at least fifteen days riding a horse without rest, so how could he appear here already?

It was an incomprehensible speed.

-Kill him.

The avatar Hyuk Young-je sent his thoughts to the other two avatars.

Whatever happened, they had to kill him here.

“You bastaaaard!”

“How dare youuuu!”

As soon as the avatar Hyuk Young-je's thoughts fell, the two Mok Gan avatars simultaneously flew their forms like lightning.

However,

-Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

Between the two avatars rushing at incredible speed, black lines drew trajectories in all directions like meteors in the night sky.

Then their approaching bodies were split into dozens, hundreds of pieces.

‘Ah.....’

The three eyes of the avatar Hyuk Young-je trembled.

To think he would instantly cut down two avatars whose realms could only be raised to the Profound Realm due to the limits of their physical bodies’ qualities?

This guy had become much stronger than at the Ruined Castle’s Death Forest.

“Cheong-ryeong.”

Mok Gyeong-un, who had instantly cut the two Mok Gan avatars into pieces of meat, embraced the staggering Cheong-ryeong.

-Mortal! Jungsaanaeng!

Cheong-ryeong hugged Mok Gyeong-un and cried.

She had come this far trusting him, but her mind had been constantly filled with worry for him.

But when she saw his face, the tears she had been holding back poured out.

Being a vengeful spirit, blood tears flowed, and Mok Gyeong-un wiped her tears with a gentle smile and showed her something.

It was Sun-yeon, her unique weapon.

-Sun-yeon.

“This.....”

Before he could finish speaking,

The avatar Hyuk Young-je with his arm cut off was seen forming a hand seal towards Mok Gyeong-un and chanting something.

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

Then,

-Splash!

“Kuh!”

Black blood gushed from Hyuk Young-je's mouth as he was forming the hand seal.

Hyuk Young-je, who had spurted blood like a fountain, clutched his chest where his heart was with shocked eyes.

A sharp sword piercing his chest.

Though invisible, the sword had torn his heart to shreds.

The pain was indescribable, and looking at him, Mok Gyeong-un spoke with cold eyes.

“The Supreme Void Sealing Reversal Technique no longer works.”

“Kuh..... kuh..... You.....”

“The price for making her shed tears. It’s death.”

“You bastaaaard!”

“Disappear.”

Mok Gyeong-un lightly moved his sword energy-imbued fingers towards the avatar.

Then sharp sword energy enveloped Hyuk Young-je’s body as he was forming the hand seal, and then,

-Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

His body simply exploded.

It was the price for being cut more finely than the other avatars.

As the avatar who prided himself as the strongest turned to dust and died, Mok Gyeong-un was about to say something to Cheong-ryeong as if he had been waiting.

“I.....”

However,

-Swish!

Mok Gyeong-un gently stroked her head as she lost consciousness due to extreme spiritual energy loss.

She had come all this way without rest and endured with the utmost determination to stop Mok Gan, but it seemed her tension had eased with Mok Gyeong-un's appearance.

While holding her and stroking her head, Mok Gyeong-un looked down at the Ten Thousand Great Mountains.

Then,

-Poof!

He flew his form somewhere.

It was the peak where Jeong Hyeon-mun, the Righteous Alliance leader, and his subordinates were battling.

Jeong Hyeon-mun, who had opened his Three Eyes and exerted power comparable to the Life and Death Realm beyond the Profound Realm, was truly invincible.

-Thud! Boom, boom, boom, boom!

“Kuugh.....”

Seop Chun, who had been knocked back by a single strike, spat blood and looked at Jeong Hyeon-mun with blurry eyes.

It was an unbelievable result despite the joint attack of two supreme masters of the Transformation Realm, one supreme master with matchless great ability comparable to them, vengeful spirits, and themselves.

The vengeful spirit Ha Yoon was on the verge of disappearing with his spirit limbs torn off, and Guyang Sa-oh, the master of poison techniques, had his abdomen pierced and was dying after just ten moves, seemingly considered the most troublesome from the start.

Even Ja Geum-jeong and Ma Ra-hyeon, who were barely holding on, were not much different.

“Huff..... huff.....”

“Cough, cough. Damn bastard.”

Covered in blood, they were barely standing while staggering, in a state where it wouldn't be strange if they collapsed at any moment.

What was more shocking was that despite being prepared to die together with the enemy, they had only managed to inflict a few scratches.

This was a monster that couldn't be dealt with in any way.

Even if he was one of the Seven Heavens at the pinnacle of the current martial world, wasn't this too much?

-Step, step!

“Annoying things. Did you vermin really think you could stop me? I'll tear all your limbs.....”

-Flinch!

It was at that moment.

Jeong Hyeon-mun, who had been approaching them, suddenly stopped and looked up.

As they were wondering why he was acting like that,

Jeong Hyeon-mun suddenly uttered incomprehensible words with a deeply furrowed expression.

“How are you already.....”

-Boom!

Before he could finish speaking,

Something fell from the sky onto where Jeong Hyeon-mun was, and with it, the ground split, debris flew up, and the view was obscured by a cloud of dust.

“Wh-what’s going on?”

As they were all bewildered by this sudden event,

-Hiss!

Then the dust that had been obscuring the view dispersed on its own, revealing someone.

The moment they saw that someone holding the blurry spirit body of Cheong-ryeong, Seop Chun shouted at the top of his lungs with reddened eyes.

“My Loooord!”

It was none other than Mok Gyeong-un.

At the appearance of their long-awaited lord, all the subordinates, including Seop Chun, brightened up.

“Ah!”

But as the dust completely cleared, their joyful eyes widened.

This was because there was a large hole where Mok Gyeong-un was standing, and at his feet, Jeong Hyeon-mun's head and body were completely crushed.

It was as if his body had been flattened by tremendous pressure.

‘Ah.....’

Ma Ra-hyeon showed even dejection as if he was dumbfounded.

He couldn't believe that an opponent who had barely been scratched even when they fought with their lives in a joint attack had ended up like this with just one strike.

It felt embarrassing to even call him a monster anymore.

He was truly a god of martial arts descended to the mortal world.

-Whoosh! Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!

A faintly green staff and a sword imbued with flames clashed about ten times in an instant.

The green staff that didn't even get a scratch despite clashing with the flame-imbued sword was the Dog Beating Staff, the sacred object of the Beggar's Sect.

Hong Won-seok, the leader of the Beggar's Sect, and Lee Ji-yeom, the Corpse Blood Valley Master, were exchanging techniques without giving an inch, leaving no openings, to the extent that no one around could approach.

Every time these two supreme masters clashed, exclamations of admiration flowed from all around.

"Is this a battle between Transformation Realm masters?"

"It's incredible."

"I heard that Leader Hong is comparable to the Eight Stars, the highest in the current martial world, but who on earth is that one-armed swordsman?"

"To hold out like that against the Corpse Blood Valley Master. That old beggar is no pushover either."

The Righteous Alliance and former Heaven and Earth Society warriors surrounded them in a circle, watching as if observing a duel.

The balance of the battle, which seemed like it would continue for a long time, began to shift slightly due to the Beggar's Sect leader's change in technique.

'Dog Beating Staff Technique, Ninth Form: Press Down the Dog's Head!'

As the Dog Beating Staff moved dazzlingly, aiming for his neck, Lee Ji-yeom tried to deflect it using the Pear Blossom Grafting technique.

But at that moment,

‘Subduing Dragon Eighteen Palms, Second Form: Dragon Battle in the Wild!’

The Dog Beating Staff technique was a feint.

The moment he deflected the staff with his sword, Hong Won-seok’s powerful left palm strike aimed for Lee Ji-yeom’s left shoulder.

Normally, he would have raised his left arm to block this, but having lost his left arm in the battle with the Secret Society executive, he couldn’t do so.

-Bang!

‘Kuk!’

It was his unfamiliarity with having lost his left arm that allowed this opening.

Lee Ji-yeom’s form was pushed back about five steps after being hit on the left shoulder by the palm technique.

Thanks to taking a direct hit, his body momentarily froze due to the palm force.

Not missing this moment, Hong Won-seok let go of the Dog Beating Staff, jumped high, and tried to fly his form towards him.

‘Subduing Dragon Eighteen Palms, First Form: Flying Dragon in the Sky!’

With a momentum like a powerful dragon flying in, Lee Ji-yeom tried to block it without fully dissipating the palm force in his shoulder.

It was at that moment that someone intervened.

It was Hwangbo Seong, the head of the Hwangbo Clan.

‘Oh no!’

Flustered by the sudden intervention as he was about to finish the fight, Hong Won-seok, the Beggar’s Sect leader, hurriedly directed both palms towards the ground to dissipate the palm force.

-Boom!

The ground caved in due to his palm force, creating a large hole.

Hong Won-seok, who rose from the hole, shouted with an angry voice:

“What is the meaning of this? Are you trying to protect the enemy now?”

“Didn’t I ask you to pause the battle for a moment?”

“Pause the battle? Don’t tell me you’re going to believe what that guy is saying?”

The person Hong Won-seok pointed at was none other than Mok Yu-cheon.

He was kneeling with both knees on the ground and his hands behind his back, as if showing no intention to fight.

“He is a person from the Yeon Mok Sword Sect.”

“Huh! How can you be so naive? Have you forgotten that he appeared together with a master from the Heaven and Earth Society? This is clearly a trap.”

“To call it a trap, didn’t you also find it strange, Leader? Even with information and justification, this war was carried out too one-sidedly.”

“War is bound to be one-sided in some way. How can the leader of the Silent Strides so easily believe the words of a traitor?”

“Then how do you explain the token and the secret message tube?”

At Hwangbo Seong’s outcry, Hong Won-seok, the Beggar’s Sect leader, snorted and said:

“Even if he had the Silent Strides token, how do you know they didn’t take it from him when they caught the spy? Why are you acting like this?”

At these words, Hwangbo Seong clicked his tongue.

It seemed no matter what he said, it wouldn’t get through.

The war was already well underway, and the situation was favorable, so he probably wouldn’t listen to a word he said, worried about morale dropping.

Just then, Mok Yu-cheon shouted:

“I have not betrayed the righteous faction. I just struggled to survive. It was also I who sent the information about the internal rebellion in the Heaven and Earth Society, and later informed about a third organization intervening in that rebellion. How can you be so swayed by them?”

“What! Who’s being swayed by what?”

“This is clearly a setup created by a third organization. Don’t you find it too strange? No matter how strong the Heaven and Earth Society is, why suddenly form an alliance with the Evil Alliance and attack? Do you really not know? They want the Righteous Alliance, the Evil Alliance, and the Heaven and Earth Society to fight each other to mutual destruction!”

-Murmur, murmur!

At Mok Yu-cheon's outcry, there was a stir here and there.

This was because, although they had followed the decisions of their sect leaders, they too had found it strange how hastily the war was progressing, and despite overwhelming the enemy numerically and in strength, they suddenly formed an alliance with the Evil Alliance.

-Poof!

"You bastard! You're trying to lower our troops' morale with this ridiculous scheme!"

Just then, Gu Cheol-ja, the sect leader of the Huashan Sect who was nearby, appeared and seemed to decide he couldn't let this continue after hearing Mok Yu-cheon's outcry.

-Flinch!

But as Gu Cheol-ja was about to fly his form towards him, he stopped and looked at his sword with a bewildered expression.

'What's this?'

-Woong!

The Huashan Sect's famous sword, the Purple Sky Sword, that he was holding was trembling and resonating.

It wasn't just his sword.

-Tremble, tremble!

“What’s going on?”

“Why are the swords suddenly...?”

The swords held by the swordsmen around were trembling as if they were alive.

Then something unbelievable happened before their eyes.

‘!!!!!!!!!!’

The swords held by swordsmen who died during the war or swords that had lost their masters suddenly began to float in the air.

Chapter 479 – Descent of the Heavenly Demon (2)

“Ja Geum-jeong.”

At Mok Gyeong-un’s call, Ja Geum-jeong, the fallen monk Subduing-Demon, approached bewildered.

He didn’t understand why he was suddenly being called.

As he was puzzled, Mok Gyeong-un handed over Cheong-ryeong, whom he had been holding, and said:

“Take care of her.”

“Cough, cough. Asking this damn monk who used to beat up wandering spirits to take care of a vengeful spirit.....”

“I trust you. So protect her.”

At Mok Gyeong-un’s short but weighty order, Ja Geum-jeong hesitated for a moment, then respectfully extended both arms and answered:

“I receive your command.”

Usually, even when hearing Mok Gyeong-un’s orders, he would have answered without hesitation.

Always saying “master, master” but never showing proper respect.

Seeing him show proper respect for the first time, Seop Chun’s eyes widened.

“Is the sun rising from the west? Did he just say he receives the command?”

At Seop Chun’s sneer, the fallen monk Ja Geum-jeong smacked his lips and said:

“You..... Can’t you feel it?”

“What do you mean?”

“.....Never mind.”

“No, if you asked something, shouldn’t you give a proper answer?”

Leaving the frustrated Seop Chun behind, Ja Geum-jeong looked at Mok Gyeong-un.

The last time he saw him was in the bamboo forest of the ruined old castle.

Even then, unlike when they first met, he was gradually developing the qualities of a leader, moving from an unrestrained and emotionless feeling.

But now, Mok Gyeong-un was different.

An indescribable dignity as an absolute being enveloped him.

Because of this, although deep in his heart he had not been able to acknowledge him, thinking his fate was tied to something dirty, now he had no choice but to recognize him as his true lord.

‘Is this what it means to be a true vessel to lead all people?’

It even evoked a strange emotion to have witnessed this change up close.

Meanwhile, Mok Gyeong-un approached Guyang Sa-oh, the Eight Poison Snake Master, who had collapsed with his abdomen pierced.

He placed his hand on Guyang Sa-oh’s abdomen and formed a hand seal.

-Thud! Thud! Thud!

Then Guyang Sa-oh’s body trembled, the color returned to his pale face, and soon his breathing became regular.

“Ah!”

Mok Gyeong-un’s subordinates, who had thought there was no hope due to the severity of the injury, couldn’t hide their surprise.

Regardless, Mok Gyeong-un next approached the vengeful spirit Ha Yoon, who was close to disappearing with his limbs cut off, and said:

“I owe you a debt.”

At those words, the vengeful spirit Ha Yoon smiled painfully and replied:

-Your Excellency's judgment was correct.

“.....”

-This body was inadequate, and even as a vengeful spirit, I couldn't repay the resentment of failing to protect my lord. Could you perhaps ease that resentment?

“If that's enough.”

-It will be enough. I heard you too must settle accounts with that person.

-.....I see.

So he too was entangled with Mok Gan by a bad relationship.

It was truly an extraordinary coincidence.

Mok Gyeong-un then lightly patted the vengeful spirit Ha Yoon's shoulder and turned around.

Then he said to his subordinates:

“You've worked hard. Leave the rest to me and guard this place until I finish things up.”

‘!?’

An order close to a request.

Hearing this, a strange light flickered in the eyes of Seop Chun, Ja Geum-jeong, and Ma Ra-hyeon.

They felt something stirring deep in their hearts.

At this, the three people simultaneously knelt on one knee and raised their clasped hands towards Mok Gyeong-un in a respectful gesture.

“Loyalty!”

Mok Gyeong-un looked at them with a faint smile, then erased it and slowly began to float.

The three people watched this scene with puzzlement.

The three major factions – the former Heaven and Earth Society, the Righteous Alliance, and the Evil Alliance – were already intertwined and killing each other, so what could he do in this situation?

Even though Mok Gyeong-un had become stronger, it was a difficult situation to do something alone.

Of course, just his appearance would boost the morale of their allies, but that alone was not enough to stop this war.

It was then.

-Rattle, rattle, rattle!

The sound of something shaking strongly was heard.

Ma Ra-hyeon's eyes saw swords that had lost their owners trembling.

It wasn't happening to just one sword.

All the sword handles on the ground, even the weapons, trembled as if resonating with something, and then,

-Float!

The swords began to float in the air.

As dozens of swords on the peak floated up simultaneously, not just one, Seop Chun's mouth fell open.

"Are..... are you going to use sword energy with all these swords?"

At his exclamation, Ja Geum-jeong, holding Cheong-ryeong, snorted and said:

"Are your eyes knotholes?"

"What?"

"What does that look like to you?"

"That..... Th-this is....."

Seop Chun was at a loss for words at the scene unfolding before his eyes.

It wasn't happening just on the peak where they were.

Weapons like swords and sabers that had lost their owners or belonged to warriors were slowly rising from the peaks and mountainsides all over the Ten Thousand Great Mountains where the war was taking place.

It was truly a spectacular sight.

"The swords..... no, the weapons are floating."

"Wh-what on earth is going on?"

Bewildered voices erupted from here and there on the peak.

The warriors of the three major factions who had been fiercely confronting and fighting each other could only stare blankly at the rising weapons.

It was no different for the leaders and executives leading the three major factions.

They too had their attention momentarily captured by the weapons rising in all directions.

-Float!

Not understanding what was happening, it was nothing short of a strange phenomenon.

Hong Won-seok, the Beggar's Sect leader, clicked his tongue and spoke:

"Huh. Weapons floating on their own, what on earth is this strange occurrence?"

"Primordial Heavenly Lord. Even this poor Taoist has never seen such a sight before."

Jin Sok-ja, the sect leader of the Qingcheng Sect, said this while looking at his own violently shaking sword.

It felt as if the sword wanted to break free from his hand.

-Tremble, tremble!

“Sect Leader Jin. The swords are responding to something. This is like.....”

Gu Cheol-ja, the sect leader of the Huashan Sect, swallowed dry saliva as he looked at the trembling Purple Sky Sword.

Instinctively, he felt it.

The swords were being drawn to the matchless power leading all swords.

It was enough to shake even the hearts of the swordsmen. Meanwhile,

There were two peerless masters engaged in an incredible battle, crossing back and forth over the peaks.

“Kuhahahahaha! They said your real combat experience had declined, but that’s not entirely true!”

-Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!

They were Hang Sim, the Unruly Evil Hegemon and one of the Evil Alliance leaders, and Ou Cheon-mu, the Extreme Sword Master and leader of the Spiritual Sword Sanctuary, both among the Seven Heavens at the pinnacle of the current martial world.

Thanks to Mok Gyeong-un, Ou Cheon-mu, who had honed his Sword Way and Sword Extreme through more real combat experience, was engaging in close combat with Hang Sim without giving an inch.

-Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!

-Boom, boom, boom, boom!

Every time these two grand master-level peerless experts clashed swords, the surroundings were shattered by the aftershocks, and some even died from the wind pressure of their sword energy.

A single mistake could cost one's life in a battle between grand masters.

That's why all the nerves of the two masters were focused solely on their opponent.

‘Strong. Truly strong.’

‘Kuhahahat! Yes. This is the kind of battle I've been longing for.’

The higher one's martial arts reach, the harder it is to find a worthy opponent.

Although they met as enemies, they couldn't help but become increasingly immersed in this battle, having found an opponent to match their skills.

However, their battle, which seemed unstoppable, came to a sudden halt.

-Flinch!

The two peerless masters, who had been clashing their sword and saber with full force, stopped their techniques without exception, creating distance and turning their gaze somewhere.

They were looking at the same place.

It was towards the top of a peak in the Ten Thousand Great Mountains, where someone could be seen floating, perhaps using the Void Walking technique.

Ou Cheon-mu recognized that someone at once.

“My Lord?”

It was none other than Mok Gyeong-un.

The Shadow Clan Master Hwan Ya-seon had said there was no reply even when he sent a messenger, but had he returned just in time, albeit a bit late?

But more than that, what on earth is this?

Ou Cheon-mu felt goosebumps all over his body.

‘Sword?’

It felt as if Mok Gyeong-un’s very existence had become a sword, and an unimaginable matchless power was encompassing everything, resonating with the swords and drawing them in.

-Tremble, tremble!

If even his own sword, which had completely assimilated with his sword heart after reaching the Sword Way and Sword Extreme, was trembling in his hand, does this mean he had transcended realms once again?

“Huh?”

He wasn't the only one surprised.

Hang Sim, the Unruly Evil Hegemon, felt a shudder at the matchless power that could cover all directions.

-Drip, drip!

Even his forehead, which hadn't sweated a drop while dueling with Ou Cheon-mu, was now dripping with cold sweat.

What on earth is that?

Did such a monster exist in this world?

The numerous swords rising due to the matchless power were truly a spectacular sight, and it was awe-inspiring that he could resonate with and move all these swords.

-Grip!

Hang Sim, the Unruly Evil Hegemon, tightly gripped his trembling right hand with his left.

Then he dug his nails in to calm his excitement.

It's hard to find a worthy opponent.

But it's even harder to encounter an absolute being beyond that.

“Kuhahahahahahat!”

As if trying to drive away the awe that had entered deep into his heart, Hang Sim burst into a thunderous laugh.

Then he kicked off the air, using the Void Stepping Technique to fly towards Mok Gyeong-un who was floating in the air.

“Hang Sim!”

Ou Cheon-mu shouted, but he was no longer the object of Hang Sim’s interest.

With such a delicious prey before his eyes, one he might never see again in his lifetime, how could he hesitate?

Hang Sim tried to unleash his ultimate technique, gathering all his power towards Mok Gyeong-un.

However,

-Swish!

Mok Gyeong-un, who had indifferently glanced at the approaching Hang Sim once, lightly waved his hand, and,

-Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

‘!?’

Hang Sim’s pupils trembled as he was using the Void Stepping Technique.

This was because about a hundred of the numerous swords that had been floating in the air all flew towards him at once.

‘He’s handling this many swords simultaneously?’

Is this even possible in reality?

His shock was short-lived,

“Haap!”

Hang Sim unleashed a tyrannical saber technique to counter this.

His saber, emitting saber energy equivalent to five jang, fiercely displayed saber techniques to respond to the incoming swords, but,

-Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!

‘Damn it.’

The energy carried by the swords exceeded his expectations.

Despite gritting his teeth and unleashing his saber techniques, he couldn’t withstand the momentum of the sword energy swords that endlessly circulated and crashed like waves, and was swept away.

-Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

“Kuuugh!”

‘!!!!!!’

The warriors of the three major factions watching this scene were so shocked they lost their words.

‘This can’t be.....’

‘Th-the Unruly Evil Hegemon Hang Sim?’

Hang Sim, the strongest of the Evil Alliance and one of the Seven Heavens, was swept away by the wave of swords in an instant without even being able to approach.

What on earth is the identity of that monster?

The attention of everyone who had been fighting so fiercely naturally turned to the being at the center of the thousands of swords covering the sky.

-Woosh!

Mok Gyeong-un, who had been scanning them with indifferent eyes, then opened his mouth.

“I am the Heavenly Demon. The brilliant flame that leads all demons and guides everything into darkness.”

Chapter 480 – Descent of the Heavenly Demon (3)

Thousands of swords and weapons covering the sky of the Ten Thousand Great Mountains.

The warriors of the three major factions, who until just moments ago had been focused solely on killing their opponents, couldn’t take their eyes off the sky, awed by this tremendous display.

Even a single sword moving on its own would be considered a marvel of sword energy control technique, but this scene was beyond imagination.

Then a voice echoed in their ears like a reverberation.

“I am the Heavenly Demon. The brilliant flame that leads all demons and guides everything into darkness.”

‘!!!!!!!’

Heavenly Demon?

Did he just say Heavenly Demon?

There was a stir throughout the Ten Thousand Great Mountains.

The name that had shaken the martial world most recently was precisely the Heavenly Demon.

The Domineering Steps that collapsed the Shaolin Temple’s One Hundred and Eight Arhat Formation in his first appearance.

The Fortress that single-handedly brought down and sealed off the Sichuan Tang Family, notorious for their poisons and assassination techniques throughout both the righteous and evil factions of the martial world.

The submission of the Spiritual Sword Sanctuary and its leader Ou Cheon-mu, one of the current pinnacles of the martial world, considered the best among neutral forces not belonging to either the righteous or evil factions.

With these achievements alone, he had gained the title of Heaven, referring to the pinnacle of the martial world, in the shortest time in martial arts history.

This alone would be considered remarkable, but,

His groundbreaking actions didn't end there.

‘Heaven and Earth Society.’

He had brought down the Heaven and Earth Society, one of the martial organizations called the three major powers that had maintained a delicate balance, and even made them his subordinates.

This became the decisive turning point.

Although there was justification that there had been friction with the two forces belonging to the Righteous Alliance from the beginning, his actions were relentless.

Watching this progress, like an unstoppable charge, made them anxious that his blade might be at their throats at any moment.

All of this became the real catalyst that moved them.

“What on earth is he made of?”

“A monster..... a real monster.”

“Does his inner energy spring forth infinitely or something?”

Profound inner energy that could control thousands of weapons with energy while still communicating his will to them.

It was truly beyond imagination.

Because of their positions as righteous or evil, they wanted to deny it somehow, but inwardly they had to acknowledge it.

That being was the true pinnacle of the current martial world.

Having already seen the Unruly Evil Hegemon Hang Sim, one of the Seven Heavens, defeated before their eyes, this being's martial arts were on a completely different level.

-Woosh!

There's a saying that one rider is worth a thousand.

It means one person can handle a thousand cavalry, but this guy seemed poised to take on all these martial artists alone, surpassing even that.

How on earth can we stop this?

While the enemies were so fearful of his presence, the former Heaven and Earth Society warriors under Mok Gyeong-un were different.

Their morale had been falling as they fought against the overwhelming enemy forces, but the moment they saw the overwhelming majesty of their lord, their fighting spirit soared and cheers erupted.

-Waaaaaaaah!!!!

The thunderous cries of the warriors echoed throughout the Ten Thousand Great Mountains.

This made the blood of all allies boil.

-Thud!

Ho Tae-gang, the King of Destruction, put down his axe on the ground, unable to contain his excitement.

‘I’ve been waiting for this moment.’

The appearance of an absolute being in whom he could believe and follow completely.

Until now, the Heaven and Earth Society had been one of the three major powers, but they had always had to suppress this boiling blood while maintaining that balance.

‘Ah.....’

It wasn’t just him.

Bright Blade King Son Yun’s complexion also gradually deepened as if responding to Mok Gyeong-un’s majesty and the rising morale of their allies.

‘He was just a young boy we brought to continue the Moon Vein lineage.’

That boy had become an absolute being who made everyone fear him and feel awe.

He was trembling with excitement.

-Woosh!

The Holy Fire Priestess, her granddaughter Ye Song-ah, and her lover Ou Yeon-woo, who had climbed to a mountain peak at the rear of the battlefield leading the elderly, couldn’t help but shudder.

-Thud!

“Grandmother!”

When the Holy Fire Priestess suddenly knelt down, Ye Song-ah, who was supporting her, was bewildered and tried to help her up again.

“No. No.”

But she refused, saying she was fine.

Then, with reddened eyes, she looked at Mok Gyeong-un in the sky, clasped her hands to her chest, and opened her mouth.

“Ah! The brilliant flame that guides into darkness has descended upon the world. he is truly a god.”

Then she closed her eyes and recited reverently.

“This body burns in the sacred fire, with no attachment to life or death. On the path I wish to go, I illuminate the light, leaving joy and sorrow as mere dust. How pitiful are the many troubled mortals.”

‘A scripture!’

It was a scripture of the Fire Faith Order.

As she recited this, Ye Song-ah and Ou Yeon-woo beside her also knelt down.

And like the Holy Fire Priestess, they crossed their hands on their chests and reverently recited the scripture towards Mok Gyeong-un, who was spreading thousands of weapons like wings.

“This body burns in the sacred fire, with no attachment to life or death. On the path I wish to go, I illuminate the light, leaving joy and sorrow as mere dust. How pitiful are the many troubled mortals.”

It wasn't just the two of them reciting.

As hundreds of cult members gathered in the Heaven and Earth Society recited the scripture, it spread reverently.

Along with this, black flames began to flicker and burn from the numerous weapons around Mok Gyeong-un.

-Whoosh!

Thousands of weapons flickering with black flames.

It was a sight incomparable to when the swords had merely floated.

-Shudder!

‘How... how can this be.’

Like others, Sa-tae of the Hengshan Sect, who had been looking up with eyes full of fear, darkened her face and sat down in meditation.

Then she put her palms together and chanted a sutra.

“Amitabha Buddha.”

As the black flames soared, the demonic energy spreading from the sky shook her righteous thoughts.

She had no choice but to chant sutras to hold onto them.

She wasn't the only one affected like this.

The Taoist sects also chanted the Primordial Heavenly Lord, gathering their thoughts as they were pressed down by the demonic energy that was close to darkness itself.

“Damn it..... What should we do?”

“Why are you asking me that?”

“Even the Alliance Leader ended up like that, how can we fight such a monster?”

Those black flames.

They seemed to be hard energy.

And not just simple hard energy, but containing demonic energy.

That wasn't human.

How could a human body imbue thousands of weapons with hard energy?

It was so overwhelming that they couldn't help but be gripped by fear.

Lim Mu-gun, the Red Evil Alliance Leader of the Evil Alliance, clicked his tongue with a distorted expression.

‘This is wrong. That's not a being that humans can handle.’

With just that one being, the concept of military strength had already become meaningless.

Pressed down by this transcendent power, he no longer even wanted to continue the war.

Just then, Mok Gyeong-un's voice echoed again.

“Those who have invaded my domain, swayed by foolish machinations.”

“Kuk!”

People here and there covered their ears at the voice that resonated like a lion's roar.

Is it possible to have this much余力 in one's inner energy after displaying such mastery of sword energy control and even raising hard energy?

Lim Mu-gun was truly afraid of that being.

This was the case not just for him, but for most gathered here.

As everyone was tense, Mok Gyeong-un's voice continued to flow.

“The price for this should rightfully be death, but as it was done out of fear towards the absolute being leading all demons and out of ignorance due to petty machinations, I shall bestow a sliver of mercy.”

‘Mercy?’

Did he just say he would bestow mercy?

At these words ringing in their ears, the faces of the Righteous Alliance executives and the Evil Alliance leaders and masters twisted with humiliation.

They were not waging a defensive battle.

They had gathered to annihilate these people under the pretext of upholding justice and eliminating a seed that would pose a danger to the martial world in the future.

But now he's saying he'll bestow mercy on them who had invaded?

It was utterly insulting.

However, not a single person could refute these words.

This was the same for the elders, senior members, and top masters of each sect.

-Grip!

‘How... could... this... be.....’

‘This is close to a great disaster. To submit to the momentum of just one person.’

‘This cannot be. We can't... retreat. If we retreat here, future generations will laugh at us.’

‘We should fight even if it leads to the worst outcome.’

No one could carelessly open their lips.

They couldn't irresponsibly bring about the terrible consequences they imagined in their minds.

-Grind!

Though he tried not to show it, Mok Yu-cheon bit his lip hard at the sight of the Righteous Alliance warriors and pillars filled with terror and fear.

The war he had tried so hard to prevent, even at the cost of sacrificing himself to persuade the higher-ups of the Righteous Alliance, was now being ended by that guy with power alone.

‘You... what on earth.....’

Mok Yu-cheon slumped to the ground, dejected.

Any competitive spirit or desire to surpass him had disappeared.

Even during the internal conflict of the Heaven and Earth Society, he thought he had reached an unreachable realm, but now he had become like a star in the sky.

“Haa.....”

He didn’t know anymore.

Perhaps now he should just be satisfied that the three major powers didn’t clash.

It was at that moment.

“Hahahahahahahahaha!”

Suddenly, a burst of laughter erupted from somewhere.

At this sudden laughter, the attention of those looking at Mok Gyeong-un turned towards it.

There, they saw someone else floating in the sky.

While those from the Evil Alliance couldn't recognize who he was, it was different for the Righteous Alliance side.

"Clan Head Danmok?"

It was Danmok In-ho, the head of the Danmok clan.

The Righteous Alliance elders and executives couldn't hide their surprise at his appearance as he displayed the Void Walking technique.

This was because, although he was the head of a clan, his martial arts weren't that high.

Everyone was puzzled to see him displaying the Void Walking technique, considered the extreme of lightness skills, when they had known him to be just a mature supreme expert.

But seemingly unconcerned with their gazes,

-Thud, thud, thud!

Soon, a third eye opened on Danmok In-ho's forehead.

"What on earth is that on his forehead?"

"An eye?"

There was a stir here and there at his appearance.

Regardless, Danmok In-ho snorted and then opened his mouth.

“I was going to enjoy watching foolish humans harm each other and approach destruction, but you just had to ruin that fun.”

What on earth is he saying?

Why is the head of the Danmok clan saying such things?

-Rumble!

As everyone was puzzled, those on the forward mountain peaks noticed something strange.

The ground was shaking even though the war had temporarily stopped due to Mok Gyeong-un's appearance.

Why is the earth suddenly shaking?

Among those wondering, someone's eyes widened to the point of tearing as they shouted.

“Look over there!”

“Wh-what on earth is that?”

At someone's shout, all eyes in the vicinity turned in that direction.

Black somethings marching forward, filling the horizon in front of the Ten Thousand Great Mountains.

The eyes of those looking at them trembled.

They weren't human.

Those things, too grotesque to be called beasts, were undoubtedly monsters.

“How... can there be... so many.....”

-Rumble!

The shaking of the earth intensified, and the sound grew louder.

Faced with the enormous number of monsters endlessly pouring in, filling the horizon, the warriors of the three major factions entangled at the front all took steps back with hardened expressions.

How could so many monsters be surging to a place like this?

Fear and terror are contagious.

The overwhelmingly vast number of evil spirits and monsters soon became visible even from most of the peaks in the Ten Thousand Great Mountains.

The resulting confusion and commotion was no less than that caused by Mok Gyeong-un's appearance.

“..... This can't be.”

“What kind of strange phenomenon is this?”

How could these strange beings, or rather evil spirits and monsters, that one might see once in a lifetime if at all, be surging forward in such a large group?

Everyone was dumbfounded, overwhelmed by their enormous numbers.

Seeing their expressions, Danmok In-ho raised the corner of his mouth with a face full of madness.

‘Yes. That’s the face you insignificant beings should make.’

He had wanted to see them fight each other more and self-destruct, but it didn’t matter now.

Given this situation, he could first erase the martial world with a calamity incomparable to the previous one, then wipe out the human seed.

“This is what despair looks like.”

-Swish!

Danmok In-ho turned his head to glare at Mok Gyeong-un.

Although the guy’s power far exceeded his expectations, those thousands of sword energy blades were just for show, mere bluster.

No matter how much mastery over space, resonance with swords, and matchless capability one had, it was virtually impossible to handle so many swords simultaneously...

-Swish, swish, swish, swish, swish, swish, swish, swish, swish!

It was at that moment.

The thousands of swords filling the sky, aimed at the base of the Ten Thousand Great Mountains, changed their formation and then turned towards the evil spirits and monsters surging towards the front of the Ten Thousand Great Mountains.

Seeing this, Danmok In-ho furrowed his brow and shouted at Mok Gyeong-un.

“What on earth are you trying to do? Even for you, this is reckless. It’s absolutely.....”

“Nothing I can’t do.”

“What?”

“Heavenly Void Bright Light, Eight Immortals’ Sword Competition.”

No sooner had those words ended.

From the tips of the thousands of weapons burning with demonic energy, sword energy bursts became black light streams and exploded forth.

But that wasn’t the end.

-Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

The light streams that burst forth split into eight branches again in mid-air, and in an instant, the sky was covered with black light streams, no, a black meteor shower.

‘!!!!!!!!!!’

The eyes of the evil spirits and monsters, marching forward filled with some unknown will, shook madly at the numerous black lights flying towards them, filling their front view.