

# THE KING OF THE BATTLEFIELD

BOOK 02

Onhu

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# *The King of the Battlefield*

**(전장의 화신)**

*by*

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**(온후)**

# *Synopsis*

Amidst the war between 72 Demon Gods, humanity was defeated.

Muyoung steps into the past to fix their mistakes.

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# Chapter 101: On A Different Level (6)

“Oom……?”

However, Swell didn’t scold Tacan but spoke of Muyoung’s identity.

As if there was something that was bugging him.

“What’s wrong?”

“Are you Asura’s champion?”

At the same time, Swell looked at Muyoung with piercing eyes.

He still had a serious face.

Muyoung could only be more serious.

Oom and Asura’s champion were completely different positions. But, he connected the two and was almost certain.

‘Someone had informed him.’

It was appropriate to think this.

If it wasn’t true, how could he connect Oom and Asura’s champion?

Even if he was to deny it, Swell was already half certain. Muyoung was able to know it.

“You’re right.”

So, he coolly acknowledged.

If he was to deny it, it might lead to more suspicion.

Of course, it might be different if Swell was a champion of another Deva Guardian, but Asura said ‘he would know if he sees him’.

Muyoung wasn’t able to feel any hint of the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism.

“Long ago, a bitch known as the Garura’s champion visited. She

said that when the Oom appeared, he would be the Asura's champion."

"That... when was it?"

Muyoung's voice got heavier.

Garura's champion?!

Garura made a name for himself as a bird that consumed a dragon.

Like Asura, he was one of the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism and if she's his champion, of course, Muyoung was like an arch rival.

Up until now, he hadn't found one person, but in an unexpected place, he found a clue.

Even more, she was also aware that Oom was going to visit him, like a foresight of the future. It was an extraordinary event.

"To be exact, 15 years and 38 days ago."

As if it was nothing, Swell spoke of her as he looked through his stuff.

"And that bitch told me to give this to Asura's champion if he appeared. Because I lost the bet, I was waiting for you for 15 years. Since she was also the same bitch who give me my first defeat."

And he gave Muyoung a small talisman.

'Seek life, instant death.'

Those who seek life shall die.

On the talisman, that was written.

Muyoung knitted his brows.

Seek death, instant life. Seek life, instant death.

Muyoung also remembered the words left by Yi Sunshin, "those who seek death shall live and those who seek life shall die".

Yi Sunshin – Admiral Yi Sunshin is very famous in Korea for his victories during the Imjin war against Japanese navy. His quotes such as the one in the novel are well-known in Korea.

However, the first part was missing and it was written that he was just going to die.

As if she was predicting what was going to happen in the future.

“Do you know exactly who she was?”

Bitch. It felt like it was implied that the champion of Garura was a woman.

And it didn’t seem like Swell was fond of her much.

However, he couldn’t help but ask and Swell spoke as he ground his teeth.

“A very white bitch. Whiter than snow. Even I wasn’t sure what kind of species she was. Just, she had wings of both, an angel and a devil.”

At the same time, Muyoung’s whole body was filled with faint quivers.

‘Snow…!’

It was impossible for some woman to have the wings of an angel and a devil besides her.

In the future, she was active as a saint, and as a woman who destroyed a Demon King’s Army, every human knew of her achievement.

However, there wasn’t much known about Snow.

Where she came from, what type of species she was, and what she was thinking.

Just, she suddenly appeared one day and helped humans.

Even when humans gave her the title of saint, she acted the same.

In the end, she died because of another Demon King but Snow

was one of the few people who might have been able to change the battle.

‘Snow is Garura’s champion.’

Muyoung couldn’t help but grin.

Muyoung was able to face one of those truths about Snow that were hidden.

Seek life, instant death.

It was even written in Chinese characters that could only be recognized by humans.

He gained greater curiosity.

“After the bet, where did the Garura’s champion go?”

“She said she was going to the ‘altar’. She said that the Asura’s champion would understand. Whew!”

Swell let out a sigh.

He had a face that showed he was finally able to finish the 15 years of waiting.

The altar.

There was an image that instantly popped in Muyoung’s head.

‘Diablos’ altar.’

You were able to earn the Diablos once you collected all three rings and conducted a ceremony.

And to do this, there was an altar that clearly existed.

“I never that you would come visit me. You did seem to have some insight but even that bitch didn’t have the expression of complete certainty. At most, it was a fifty-fifty chance.”

“Were you able to read her expression?”

Muyoung was quite surprised.

In the past, it wasn’t like Muyoung had never seen Snow.

When she died, Muyoung was nearby.

But, he wasn't able to read any emotion in Snow's expression.

Even the mighty Muyoung had no clue what she was thinking.

It was hard to say she wasn't a truly colourless and odorless woman but Swell said he could read her emotions.

"She had the expression as though she was about to cry. So that was why I was more angry with her. She won the bet but acted so naïve!"

For a moment, he thought it might not be Snow but in the end shook his head.

There was no way another being would have the wings of an angel and a devil.

"Either way, I don't want to mention any more about her. Since you have also won the bet, take the item as I have promised. However."

"However?"

"Oris's Enlightenment isn't here. It is written on the world tree."

"Then I need to find the world tree."

Even though Muyoung knew already, he still asked.

If Swell was to know that he came after knowing everything, there was a possibility that he might feel antipathy.

"There is no need to find it. I'm the gatekeeper for the world tree."

"Amazing."

"Are you surprised? Huehuehue! It seems like you haven't heard this from other elves."

Swell was happy as if he had finally landed a blow.

It was the effect of moderately pleasing Swell.

Swell continued to talk.

“Everything that says the world tree is a tree, is wrong. The world tree is no greater than a pathway to cross. Everything is inside it and also not. Finding the enlightenment that Oris left behind is purely your role.”

Tap!

Beads of blood fell down.

Swell slashed his own forefinger and the blood fell and wetted the floor.

Then, at the same time, the surroundings shook and a ‘line’ was created.

The line was made up of light and like an aurora, it moved like a curtain and expressed unrecognizable magical powers.

“In reality, it will only be for a moment of time, but you will be stuck there for a long time. Still, if you are okay with it, cross the line.”

Muyoung stood there as he looked at the line.

And moved without delay.

‘This is…’

He looked around.

Once he crossed the line, the world changed.

The place was a path with numerous information.

Everything around it fell into pieces and only the line was enlarged and made an endless path.

However, as there was an extensive amount of information, Muyoung’s sense was pressed down as it is.

‘Information, on the other hand, the storage of memory.’

And Muyoung was able to realize.

The true appearance of the being called the world tree.

The world tree wasn't a tree but a storage where the world's information and memories were stored.

That it was formed by using great existences as its soil.

He was also able to understand why these things were needed.

'The Underworld is a world like a sand castle.'

It seemed like these systems were built in order to sustain the sand castle-like Underworld.

So even if they said 'it supports the world', the meaning wasn't greatly different.

There were six like this.

Just one among them, Muyoung only had a small taste of it but already he felt confused.

However, he also realized a way to find what he wanted.

'Oris. I will find his enlightenment.'

It was like the 'Eye of the Sky' skill. He thought of the thing he wanted and followed the exact path.

This place was a huge information gathering place that was a few hundred times bigger than the Sky Library.

However, Muyoung didn't wander around and went straight forward.

Shortly, a wall appeared and he found the sword trace written on it.

The sword trace. The trace of a sword.

The thing that was truly written by Oris was written very shortly on the wall.

The trace looked like it was just scribbled with a sword but that one short sword trace left Oris's enlightenment just as it was.

However, just as a high-level artwork could be seen as a scribble to an observer, depending on who looked at Oris's sword trace, they might receive it completely differently.

Huu! Huuuu!

Muyoung breathed heavily.

From the trace, he was able to feel something overpowering.

It felt like the weight would press down on him.

He approached with difficulty and stretched his hands out and touched the sword trace.

He felt like he could feel Oris's joys and sorrows.

'It's not about thinking with his head.'

This sword, this trace, Oris had compressed his life and placed it here.

How could he think with his head and engrave such a thing?

Muyoung took a step back.

Swoosh!

He took out Anguish.

Afterwards, he closed his eyes and followed the sword trace by swinging Anguish.

However, he wasn't able to leave a trace like him.

Just... he followed the way the sword moved.

He had never done this before.

Swords were tools. Tools that were supposed to move depending on the user's consciousness.

He thought the same when he earned the Immortal King's Breastplate.

However, even those tools stored their user's memory.

They stored their user’s movements.

They stored everything about the user.

Muyoung didn’t know this.

He just looked at them as tools that were merely swung and broke.

He had never thought of the things that were stored inside.

Now, he thought he could understand a bit.

Even why this was called Anguish.

Ziiing.

The sword fell. To him, the sound seemed like a mournful woman’s cry.

‘Gremory.’

This sword contained Gremory’s memory. It was called Anguish since it contained her anguish.

Do Demon God’s also cry?

Did Demon God’s also have sad emotions?

He felt he would burst. Anguish shook Muyoung.

If Gremory was in front of him, he wanted to rub her back and tell her to stop crying.

That she was doing well, and he wanted to compliment her.

These emotions were new to him, something he had never felt before.

If it was the usual Muyoung, he wouldn’t even have those thoughts.

‘Did you hear the sound of the sword?’

‘That’s not all of his traces.’

‘Now, listen to the sound of the world.’

He was able to hear a different voice.

He knew who it was right away.

The black shadow.

The existence in his dreams whispered to him.

He was even able to realize what his identity was.

A Master of Darkness!

One among the eleven beings, he was King Slayer.

King Slayer was scolding him that he shouldn't be just listening to the sound of the sword through Oris's trace.

He was mocking him as if Muyoung shouldn't be satisfied with just that much.

Muyoung stopped the sword. He looked at the trace once more.

'Ah...!'

If the black shadow didn't speak to him, he would have just passed by it.

He wouldn't have realized that a more important meaning was in the sword trace.

However, when he looked at it again, Muyoung's whole body couldn't be help but quiver.

It was because he realized that the identity of the huge oppressive feeling was the world.

The world tree.

The place where a world's memories are stored.

And those traces of the world were left by Oris.

Everything merged and forced Muyoung into shock.

It was completely different from the time he heard the sound of Anguish.

‘Do not forget the memories of this place. Think once more about the sound of the world. If you do, I will….’

Like a voice in his dreams, it tickled his ears faintly.

Nothing could enter his head anymore.

His mind became weaker and all his rationality had died.

The sound of the world was that massive.

Muyoung hardened like a statue and just looked at the sword trace.

However, the volume was too big and it was impossible to store everything.

The struggle to store even one more!

You could truly call it a struggle.

# Chapter 102: On A Different Level (End)

Sword Bone Trio.

They were ones who were mad about swords and called themselves as ‘Swords’.

The three were brothers who didn’t share the same blood but were tied together by a bond much stronger.

Depending on their skills, they arranged themselves as Sword One, Sword Two, and Sword Three, and among them Sword One had the powerful fighting power to be one of the top 10 humans.

It was obvious that spirits couldn’t flee from the Sword Bone Trio.

“It’s strange.”

Sword One spoke with a completely expressionless face.

It had been a few hours since he searched and followed the strange energy of a spirit.

The answer was found when he thought about the movements and the location.

“Someone is purposely luring us.”

“Hyungnim, is that true?”

“There shouldn’t be anyone who knows we are here, right?”

Sword Two and Sword Three replied one after the other.

To think that they were being lured.

There was no group bold enough to lure the great Sword Bone Trio.

Sword One shook his head and spoke.

“It’s not a person. This energy… I wasn’t sure if I was right but it resembles the monsters we saw in the ice wall.”

Slap!

Sword Two slapped his forehead and Sword Three nodded his.

If Sword One said so then it was so. Sword One never made a mistake.

His abilities, his pursuit, and in all other areas, Sword One exceeded the two.

There were three monsters they saw at the ice wall.

A dokkaebi, a death knight, and Cerberus.

Sword Two and Sword Three couldn't help but grin.

Although it was an alarming combination, they were no match for the Sword Bone Trio.

"Hyungnim, are those monsters after us?"

"It doesn't seem like they lured us into a trap."

"Then?"

"They are trying to make us stay as far away as possible. Those spirits are moving without a destination."

The movements of the spirits were indeed all over the place.

Without a special destination, their goals seemed to be to get them to move as far away as possible.

At first, he thought there was some sort of purpose but he now could be certain.

Sword Two and Sword Three suddenly grimaced.

If they weren't after them and were just trying to get them just far away as possible, it was important to know why they would do such a thing.

"The world tree... Hyungnim, do you think the monsters had something to do with the world tree?"

As Sword Three asked, Sword One answered in the affirmative.

“Didn’t I mention it? The monsters probably understood it.”

Sword One did say that they needed to find the world tree first in front of the ice wall.

It was certain that they listened to him and tried to lure them away.

There were only a few monsters that lived in this harsh land.

As he went around, he was able to understand.

There were much fewer monsters that were in the top rank.

It meant that it wasn’t a coincidence that they met in front of the ice wall.

“Ha! These bastards. I let them live and this?”

As Sword Two ground his teeth, Sword One hastily spoke.

“We don’t have time to waste. Sword Two and Sword Three, sort the spirits. When we trace back the energy, there will be the source. We will track them inversely.”

Even if they found the energy, it wasn’t easy to trace it.

If they took some sort of measure or special body odor, it might have been easier but there were only a few who could find a certain individual in this vast northern land with just energy.

And Sword One was one of the few people who could.

After two days, they found a cave.

A place where he could feel not just spirits but a more underlying ‘strength’.

‘It’s this place.’

Sword One was certain.

And his certainty was right.

When he entered the place, an elf popped out.

“This isn’t a place you guys can enter without permission. Get

lost.”

Half dragon type species, Swell!

He had shown himself.

However, a strong energy that even stung his skin popped out from the Sword Bone Trio.

They didn’t hide it. It meant that they were that much confident in their abilities.

“Elf Swell. The gatekeeper of the world tree. Correct?”

As Sword One spoke as if he was reading from a book, Swell raged.

“Even if you know it, you emit such a threatening energy? In front of me, Swell, who has the blood of a high elf and an ancient dragon?”

Thump!

The cave shook.

A huge compelling power was activated.

Dragon’s Words.

Although he might be only half dragon, an ancient dragon’s words were heavy.

“Gaaaaaallll!”

Huuuwaaaa!!

As Sword One screamed, the energy of the Dragon’s Words instantly reduced to half.

It was Buddhist preaching known as the Lion’s Roar.

The voice contained the strength of a wave that could instantly drive out bad energy.

Thanks to it, the three didn’t even budge an inch.

“Hyungnim, if he is this strong, he would probably be one of the

strongest dragons we have hunted.”

“…Not a transcendental species.”

“Don’t kill it.”

The trio wasn’t nervous at all.

It was because this wasn’t the first time they faced a dragon.

Dragon Hunters.

They all accomplished that achievement.

And he learned Mental Fortitude Discipline, a way to build inner energy, and was able to resist strongly against Dragon’s Words.

As the Lion’s Roar was also added, Swell’s existence was endlessly lowered.

That had attainedSwell’s wrath.

“You guys will not die so peacefully. As humans, you guys dare to talk about ‘hunting’ in front of a noble existence?”

Around Swell’s body, fire and ice soared like small dragon waves.

Then, the two became a spear and a shield.

A Sword of Fire and an Ice Shield.

The fire boiled like hellish flames that would burn everything, and the ice was completely hard as if it could freeze and stop anything.

Then, numerous ice spirits gathered around Swell.

With Swell in the middle, a large radiance quickly froze and melted repeatedly.

Shiishiishiick!

The Sword Bone Trio quickly spread apart.

They occupied three different directions and at the same time, they fixed their swords on the ground.

Then, with a zinnng sound, the three swords started to resonate.

“Commence hunting.”

Then, at the moment Sword One began to talk.

The three pressured Swell like a fierce storm unlike anything else.

Clang!

*

<The rank of the skill ‘Swordmaster’ has increased. E -> C> <You have learned to understand a sword’s mood and how to assimilate it.> <Skill ‘Sentiment Du Fer Critical (None)’ has been created!> <A special strength of ‘Anguish’, ‘’Greed’ has been opened.> <From now on, Anguish can absorb other swords and make their strength its own. However, Anguish only absorbs the swords which it feels worthy.> <’Greed’ has been activated. ‘Wicked God’s Sword’ has been absorbed.>

Name: Anguish

Rank: A++

Classification: Equippable type

Durability: 117,888 (Unrepairable)

Effect: Sword with Gremory’s anguish. Currently, the special condition has been opened.

* Ability to steal blood from the opponent and recover the stamina of the user.

* Greed (Sword absorption. From the absorbed sword, it brings everything over including its durability.) * Strength +15

* Fighting Aura +30

* Cry of Battle

* Ogre's Cruelty.

Muyoung went back.

He was able to hear the sound of the sword and the sound of the world but once he turned around, he couldn't remember anything.

However, it was crystal clear that he had to return and pass the line.

'If I was to continue staying here, I would be swallowed up."

The world tree was normally a storage for information and memories.

There was a massive amount of information that Muyoung couldn't contain.

If he was to continue to stay there, he would be eaten up by that information.

Muyoung himself would become an information wanderer inside the world tree.

Before all his reason collapsed, he needed to find the line.

Like a homing instinct, Muyoung returned the way he came.

And the moment he passed the line, he was able to see the cave half collapsed.

'There was a battle.'

A battle that could destroy half of a huge cave.

It wasn't a normal battle.

It was obvious that an opponent strong enough for Swell to act had appeared.

'The Sword Bone Trio.'

Muyoung woke his mind.

He quickly looked around and followed the remains of the battle.

And outside of the cave, he was able to find Swell with his blood spread all over the place.

“Maybe it’s because he’s mixed blood, but it’s quite difficult to fight. Brother, rest for a bit.”

“If it wasn’t for Brother Sword Two, I would have died.”

The Sword Bone Trio were at the location where Swell had fallen.

Among them, one was quite seriously injured, his arm and leg like rags.

However, the other two were comparably fine.

At that moment, Sword One found Muyoung and spoke.

“It’s the guy who lured us.”

Muyoung held Anguish tightly.

He instinctively realized that it would be hard to win.

However, it wasn’t avoidable.

‘What a waste of time.’

His mind wasn’t organized yet.

He heard the sound of the sword but he wasn’t able to remember the sound of the world.

However, the opponent didn’t seem like he was going to give him time.

The Sword Bone Trio. Especially Sword One, he tried his best even at killing a weakling.

They had the same kind of scent.

However, it was hard to anticipate someone’s help.

Tacan was half destroyed and was lying near Swell and even if he had the Hellhorse’s help, his chance of victory would be very small.

It wouldn't be easy to even escape.

However…. his mind was blank.

He tried to wake his mind up but it continued to be in a vacant state.

'The sound of the world.'

It was the words that rang in his mind.

He needed to remember it again.

If he did, he felt like he could overcome this situation.

"Sword One hyungnim, I'll kill him. Just stay and rest."

"Sword Two, it will be difficult to face him after spending all your stamina. You will go with me."

"Welp, as expected, I can't hide anything from you."

Sword Two shrugged his shoulders and took out his sword.

At the same time, Sword One made a jump towards Muyoung first.

Swoosh swoosh!

Clang!

Although Muyoung managed to block him, he bit his lips.

Truly top 10 humans. From just one contact, he could understand the difference.

However, he didn't have any time to rest.

Sword One, who figured out their difference in one stroke, started to swing his sword indiscriminatingly.

Clang! Claaank!

Cough!

On top, Muyoung's body wasn't normal.

The world tree. Maybe because he crossed the sea of information,

but his body was in a vulnerable condition to external attacks.

'The sound of the world. What in the world was that?'

Nevertheless, what was this strange tone that rings in his head?

He needed to remember.

Oris, who divided the world. What was Muyoung trying to do with the trace Oris left behind?

"Tuu! He wasn't a big deal."

Sword Two spat out.

As Muyoung didn't even fight back, his excitement cooled down.

Moment by moment, Muyoung was cornered by his opponents.

Even if Muyoung was to only focus on blocking, he would soon reach his limit.

However, Muyoung didn't care.

He even forgot that he was focusing on blocking.

'Ahhh...!'

He had remembered.

The true meaning behind the trace Oris left behind.

The sound of the world!

But, it was too late.

Sword One's sword specifically focused on Muyoung's middle of his forehead and headed for it.

That sword, Muyoung knew that he couldn't stop it.

Sword One's swordsmanship was one level higher than Muyoung's.

He was certainly a man who was mad about swords. How could Muyoung stop the sword that was headed towards him?

Then, at that moment, the unexpected occurred.

With a dull sound, Sword One and Sword Two bounced off.

“Kaahh!”

“….ugh.”

It was such a strong attack that Sword One and Sword Two, both who were now embedded in the wall, vomited blood.

With just one hit, they received an internal injury.

Sword Two even lost consciousness.

It wasn’t possible.

With just one contact, to make the two bounce off and cause internal damage.

Sword One always wrapped his body with a Strong Energy Shield.

The Strong Energy Shield meant an armor made of energy which made swords useless.

Any rank or lower magic had no effect.

But with just one contact, it pierced the Strong Energy Shield.

Also, Sword One was able to understand as he placed all his strength on his attack.

How strong the attack was that made him bounce off.

A master.

His whole body trembled.

However, this attack didn’t come from the dokkaebi, Muyoung.

Sword One raised his head.

Suuu!

Haaaa!

“It’s the first time I feel the air of the Underworld.”

And there was one existence.

Formless. Uncounterable.

Truly a man who was well fitted with the word impossible.

A monster on another level.

He whose silver armor, silver helmet, and a single sword were his life!

Muyoung was able to figure who he was as soon as he saw him.

‘King Slayer…!’

An existence of the darkness had arrived in the Underworld.

# Chapter 103: Disordered Terror (1)

But how?

‘Two different worlds were connected.’

It was because of Muyoung.

It was because Muyoung himself had heard the sound of the world itself that King Slayer was able to come to the Underworld.

King Slayer looked at Muyoung.

And slowly raised his sword.

“Look carefully. This is a ‘sword’.”

Claaang!

Sword One ran towards him. It was in an instant.

With movements like flashes of lightning, he aimed for King Slayer’s throat.

But, he wasn’t holding a sword. In his hand, a condensed energy soared up like a sword.

Sword Stars!

A formless sword made by condensed energy.

A move that is known to be sharper than any sword.

It was a skill, beyond unique, that only a select few among the Five Great Clans could use.

Whatever touched the Sword Stars, no matter if it was steel, it was sliced like tofu.

At least from Muyoung’s understanding, it was so.

However…

Craaack!

It was blocked.

That wasn't all.

The Sword Stars were cut off.

"H...ow...?"

Sword One murmured as he looked at his hand, unable to believe that it was sliced off through the Sword Stars.

It was impossible.

On top of that, the sword King Slayer used wasn't even special.

It was a long greatsword but he couldn't feel any type of energy.

It wasn't even covered by King Slayer's power.

It just sliced.

And his hand was sliced off.

"Grains exist in all the things in the world. Seek slowness and look at the grains. Then, there won't be anything you can't slice."

King Slayer posed for the next movement.

"I will show you. The strength of those who you need to face."

In front of the top 10 humans, Muyoung was no different than a young child.

Right away, Muyoung realized what King Slayer was talking about.

Demon God.

King Slayer was trying to teach him the true power the 72 Demon Gods had.

It was to show him that the opponent he needed to face wasn't the humans who were in front of him.

"My entire life has beenabout swords. 56 years! I will not acknowledge you!"

Sword One ground his teeth.

He seared his wound and with the other hand, he once again extracted Sword Stars!

Sword Bone. Those who were crazy about swords.

It was obvious his pride about handling swords would rend the skies.

That pride, that title as one of the top 10 humans, were being toyed with.

Heat shimmers started to form on Sword One's whole body.

He was using his life and turning it into his strength.

It was a desperate determination to kill his opponent and himself.

'He's fast.'

Sword One accelerated at a speed which Muyoung couldn't catch with his vision.

It looked like he had one sword. But within it, there were dozens of sword strikes.

However, King Slayer didn't move a step.

Like child's play, he blocked all of Sword One's sword strikes and attacked the weak points of all the Sword Star's attacks.

All of his attacks weren't just blocked, they were destroyed.

"It isn't possible, this isn't possible!!"

What was Sword Stars?

It was a move he gathered to be perfect and simplified.

The one swordsmanship he completed by being the experimental subject of numerous martial experts for many years.

He had mastered it better than anyone else so there shouldn't be a gap.

But, there was.

As if there was nothing perfect in this world, he pierced it.

On top of it all, it wasn't even swordsmanship.

There was no structure. It ignored all pathways of basic swordsmanship.

He couldn't accept it.

For someone who doesn't follow the structure of swordsmanship to exist.

However, on the other hand, Sword One couldn't stop King Slayer's attacks.

Slow sword.

Sword One also couldn't stop the sword that attacked Muyoung numerous times.

Burrrr!

Muyoung shuddered.

King Slayer. It felt like he could also modify time.

His own world and a completely different time.

It wasn't even destructive.

Normally, attacks from strong people tend to destroy everything in their surroundings.

However, King Slayer focused everything to a single point.

With pure swordsmanship, he overturned reason and truth.

Just calmly stab and destroy the opponent.

A sky above a sky.

This was what a sky above a sky would be like.

Even if Muyoung was at his prime state, he wouldn't be his opponent.

Even if it was Muyoung, he couldn't cut the sky.

And King Slayer was currently showing Muyoung who he needed to face in the future.

To cut the sky.

To kill gods.

Slash!

Not long after, Sword One's head soared away into the sky.

This was an unusual scene but Muyoung found enlightenment every time King Slayer moved.

> <The rank of skill 'Swordmaster' has increased. C ->B> <All stats greatly increased.>

His body shivers died down.

Muyoung sat down and closed his eyes.

He reviewed King Slayer's movements and tried to bear a similarity to his slowness.

Eventually, a change occurred to Muyoung's body.

Above his head, a red snake like haze rose.

The red snake circled around Muyoung before it penetrated his head.

It was the Gem of the Sage.

It reacted to the dragon's heart and changed into that a similar form.

Also, the red snake was the world which Muyoung saw. It was a form based on the sound he heard from the place and King Slayer's movements.

However, it was dangerous.

Muyoung knitted his brows.

If he was to overstrain himself and try to accept everything, he could lose it all as a consequence.

King Slayer approached Muyoung.

Then, he placed his hand on Muyoung's forehead.

Then, slowly Muyoung's expression brightened.

"Congratulations."

King Slayer spoke briefly.

The red snake became a red dragon and slowly went around Muyoung.

Once again, his body started to reconstruct.

When Muyoung opened his eyes, he was inside a cave.

He felt like he had just dreamt a long dream.

The destroyed cave was restored and Swell was looking at someone was a very nervous face.

"You're up."

King Slayer!

It wasn't a dream. With his silver colored helmet and armor on, he greeted Muyoung.

Neeeeeeeeeeeeeeigh!

Right beside him, the Hellhorse was also with them.

It was nagging at its owner who it hadn't met in a while.

Muyoung tried to get up but placed his hand on the floor.

His entire body had no strength.

"Don't push yourself. You have overcome a great wall. You will need to recuperate a few more days."

King Slayer advised him.

A great wall. Muyoung nodded his head. He faintly remembered

how he overcame another wall.

“I saw a red dragon.”

“Swordmaster’s wall starts with you being able to see that snake. If what you saw wasn’t a snake but a dragon, you could become a much stronger being than the Swordmaster.”

“How did it appear?”

It was a short question, but it contained a lot more connotation.

King Slayer got up and clasped his hands behind his back.

“I’m the main body but not the main body. To be exact, you could say that I’m a part of a memory from the world tree. Didn’t you call me?”

“I did…?”

Muyoung knitted his brows.

He instinctively called King Slayer after listening to the sound of the world?

King Slayer spoke.

“I can’t stay long in this current world. For the next 7 days, I will show you my sword. Your task is to absorb it all.”

It was an announcement.

For Muyoung to just watch and take in.

King Slayer spoke as if it couldn’t be helped that Muyoung wouldn’t be able to discern it all.

Muyoung heavily nodded.

Then, he looked at Swell.

Swell was strangely keeping in check with King Slayer.

“My master said that the Masters of Darkness couldn’t come out. If they did, a grave catastrophe would occur. But, as you came out to the Underworld, what are you going to do from now on? Did

you come to the Underworld, just to teach that dokkaebi?”

Surprisingly, Swell knew about the Masters of the Darkness.

Swell who was full of pride spoke politely.

“Merlin, that half devil?”

“Do not speak of him that way. Master hates evil more than anyone else.”

“I don’t care what happens to the world.”

King Slayer shrugged his shoulders.

His sword didn’t have any trace of hatred or revenge.

He had already risen above it all.

This might not be true for other Masters of the Darkness, but it was true for King Slayer.

Instead, he just wanted to see the future of Muyoung.

Muyoung said that he would not break. Truly, up until now, he showed no sign of wavering. That was why he was more interested.

“Then?”

“Do you know that Merlin tried to make the person in front of you his disciple?”

“Is that true?”

Swell widened his eyes.

He made a look as if he couldn’t believe it even if he looked at Muyoung.

“Merlin hated evil. I’m not fond of evil either. However, different from Merlin, I don’t care which path he takes.”

Swell’s eyes were blurred with conflict.

If a person taught by King Slayer was to follow a truly evil path, it would indeed be nothing different than a catastrophe.

He started to think about if he needed to stop them from potentially becoming master and pupil.

Of course, he wasn't certain if King Slayer would remain a spectator.

At least he couldn't just stand and watch evil rage before his eyes.

Then, Muyoung raised his head.

There was something else that bothered him more than the relationship between Swell and Merlin.

"Why were they after the world tree?"

The past had changed.

There was no reason for the Sword Bone Trio to look for the world tree now.

If Muyoung didn't come looking for it, the world tree would have been robbed.

The owner of Oris's Throne would have also changed.

Swell answered as he clicked his tongue.

"They were after the spirits of the world tree. There is no way humans would have known about the spirits of the world tree, so they probably awoke the ancient darkness spirits. They had the similar scent as them."

"The ancient darkness spirits?"

"The darkness spirits were even forbidden in ancient times. And if the ancient darkness spirits were to eat up the spirits of the world tree, they would obtain a power of a half god. However, ancient darkness spirits should all be sealed up… for mere humans to wake them, it isn't easily believable."

As if he couldn't understand, Swell shook his head as his expression hardened.

Even from his position, something unusual had occurred.

*

“Keyaaaaaackk!”

From a dark secret room, a man screamed out loud.

His hair turned white and from his mouth saliva drooled out.

His whole body was tied up by chains and behind his back, a huge black heart was throbbing.

“Keyaaaaaaaaaaaack!”

Every time the heart pumped, he let out a scream.

As the heart throbbed, dark powers crazily flooded out.

Everything in the surroundings encroached with darkness as it showed traces of a curse.

A man without both of his arms.

From his body, from all of his holes, black tentacles stretched out.

Moment by moment, it swallowed up living things and as it did, the black heart moved more rapidly.

“’Disordered Terror’. Quite a name for a spirit.”

There was a man who looked at it from afar.

The head of the Lawless Clan, Lawless Jin!

Few thousands of warriors, among them, the man on top. He was looking at it with interest.

“Will the Sword Bone Trio really be able to bring the spirits of the world tree?”

And behind Lawless Jin, a man who wore a white coat spoke.

Lawless Jin answered.

“If it’s the three, they can even face a transcendental being. If they are able to bring the spirits of the world tree, we gain a weapon that has the power of a half god.”

A tip of Lawless Jin's lip went up.

If they were able to control the power of a half god, they would have a very strong secret weapon.

"But the host wouldn't be able to withstand for long."

"Do everything to keep him alive. Out of a thousand candidates, he was the only one who stayed alive. It would be hard to find a host who is more fit for the 'Disordered Terror'."

"I am trying my best."

"Alright. You must try your best. If we want to become the only clan and not the Five Great Clans."

Lawless Jin clenched his fist.

The Disordered Terror will be the cornerstone for them to become the only clan.

It was no different than a nuclear bomb, a weapon none would have an answer to.

Now, it didn't seem like that place was far.

"Gwaaaaaaaaaack!"

The man without both arms screamed more desperately.

He was Bae Suzy's father.

# Chapter 104: Disordered Terror (2)

“Mister, are you really gonna leave?”

Kim Taehwan.

The young man with a bright future, the one who has the Shield of Eradication and the unique class the Guardian of Eradication.

Most people thought of him that way.

He was at the Blue Temple with Muyoung and accomplished quite a significant number of things following him.

In reality, Kim Taehwan’s results were surprising among the ‘rookies’.

“I must go. I can’t just leave my daughter be.”

Bae Suzy’s father, Bae Sungmin spoke.

Likewise, he was also from the same temple as Muyoung, the Blue Temple, but he lost his both arms and barely survived until now through the support of his daughter, Bae Suzy.

However, his daughter Bae Suzy was kidnapped by the ‘Fighting King’. Right in front of his eyes.

He couldn’t imagine a life without Bae Suzy.

In this world, Bae Suzy was Bae Sungmin’s only family member.

A treasure worth more than anything else!

The apple of his eye?

It wasn’t even at that level.

Just by looking at her, he felt alive.

After Bae Suzy was kidnapped, he felt like the sky fell down.

Even now, he could clearly see the situation at that time when he closed his eyes.

When he dreamt, Suzy reproached him for not being able to save

her.

It was a continuation of days of wanting to die.

But, he couldn't.

At least...Suzy must be saved.

That was why, like Muyoung suggested, he went up the Sky Library and mastered the Study of the Darkness Spirit.

"Are you really alright?"

"I know what you're worried about. However, I am able to protect my own body. Although I don't have both arms, I can substitute them."

As Bae Sungmin smiled, haze appeared on both sides of his empty arms.

"It's amazing every time I see it. How it's a darkness spirit but it produces a shining feeling..."

Kim Taehwan glanced at the haze with wonder.

Certainly, the darkness spirits didn't fit the name.

However, that was because of Bae Suzy's 'Lineage of Light' skill she learned.

Lineage was something passed on by blood.

Even to Suzy's father, a similar effect would have been left.

Since he was her only family, that effect would have appeared more strongly.

As the two didn't know of this truth, they couldn't help but find it odd.

"By the way, are you really thinking of entering that guild?"

"Yes, I'm going to enter the 'Glow Guild'."

Like the Sun Guild, the Glow Guild was also one of the 9 Great Guilds.

At that place, they proposed a deal to Taehwan and Taehwan accepted it.

At first, he was planning to start a guild himself but as Muyoung and all other key members left, it was a decision that couldn't be helped.

Taehwan's face hardened as he continued to talk.

"I'm going to go in… and change it. From the inside. I'm going to stop the few guilds and clans from dominating and change this selfish humankind. I will make a world where it is no longer strange to combine strength. Didn't we also accomplish it?"

"True, if it's you, it can be done. I trust you."

"Watch me. The current association is too chauvinistic, and so became rotten. Though it wasn't a long time since we've arrived, I understand. That if we go on like this that we will eventually be destroyed. But, within it, there should surely be people with the same thought as me. I will work my way up… and change it."

It was his promise to himself.

Sungmin nodded his head.

"When we meet again, I hope it does happen."

"Mister… please come back in good health."

Their eyes met.

That was how the two promised to meet again in the future before they parted ways.

Sungmin roamed about aimlessly.

As he followed the Fighting King's footsteps, his skills also improved.

The weak died in this world. Only the strong could achieve what they want.

It was one of Muyoung's sayings which he heard enough about.

Then, coincidently he entered the City of Elves.

The elves were amazingly kind.

If they were normal darkness spirits, they would have excluded Sungmin, but Sungmin dealt with light type spirits.

Elves welcomed Sungmin, a spirit master who managed that sort of spirits.

And through the help of the elves, Sungmin's skills improved each day.

It could be said that it was a steep rise.

Since he was able to instantly make both arms and was able to attack and block.

However, he couldn't just continue to stay with the elves.

With a lot of stories, Sungmin left... and was caught by the Lawless Clan.

He was forced to become the host of the forbidden ancient darkness spirit, 'Disordered Terror'.

Afterwards, he had no memory.

Just pain and hate.

"Kyaaaack!"

"Are the Sword Bone Trio not here yet?!"

Lawless Jin angrily yelled.

It had been already 3 months since the Sword Bone Trio left the Lawless Clan.

They should have already entered the Demon God's Territory and achieved their goal.

However, there was no news of them.

Nothing.

A man beside him wearing a white coat started to speak as he was

taken back.

“W-well, we can’t get in touch. It has already been a week.”

“How does that make sense?! Are you saying that something happened to the Sword Bone Trio?!”

“That…”

It didn’t make sense.

The trio was quite capable of even facing a transcendental being.

Of course, since it was the Demon God’s Territory, no one could be assured of the place, and a transcendental being like monster could be common.

Lawless Jin tapped his chin.

“If the ‘Disordered Terror’ goes wild, the damage would grow out of control. Do you know of this?”

“There…there is a way.”

“There is a way?”

As Lawless Jin looked at him with doubtful eyes, the man with the white coat swallowed his saliva.

“We didn’t just cultivate the Disordered Terror.”

“The host wouldn’t withstand it.”

“That host has a strength to resist the Disordered Terror. If we feed him a spirit that weakens the strength of the Disordered Terror, we could suppress it temporarily.”

“Suppress it. Suppress it…”

Lawless Jin pondered for a moment before he nodded his head.

There were many spirits they were cultivating. Among them, the Disordered Terror was the most superior, but there was something quite useful among the spirits of opposite tendency.

“Give him the ‘Armful’s Cradle’.”

“Isn’t it a spirit that isn’t fully cultivated?”

“Either way, there isn’t another spirit that could suppress the strength of the Disordered Terror. Since it has both Armful and Cradle in its name, it probably could suppress the strength of the Disordered Terror.”

First, weaken its strength before making a new plan.

They needed to first take care of this most urgent problem.

“…I understand.”

The man with the white coat heavily nodded.

The two spirits were too great of an existence for a person totake in.

But, he said to mix the two spirits at once.

No one could predict what would happen next.

King Slayer’s movements were infinitely slowed.

Each move, one by one, Muyoung just watched as if he was dissecting them.

A week had passed.

His sense of time had become weird. Slowly, the world became slower.

It was a slightly different feeling than when he used ‘acceleration’.

He couldn’t explain it in words but it felt like the world that King Slayer saw.

Slowly, more slowly, and more perfectly.

‘At most 128 times.’

King Slayer was able to move in a world at most 128 times slower.

It was the conclusion he made after watching him for a full week.

His eyes couldn’t help but to widen.

Even for acceleration, 2 times was the limit. And even that was usually only available in equipment over A rank.

However, King Slayer ruled over an area.

Within a specific area, he could manage time freely.

Everything was placed below his hands.

The thing that made it possible for him to read the grains of area and time.

And in the center... there was a sword.

<Skill 'Swordmaster' rank has increased. B -> A> <You have learned the main point of 'Sentiment Du Fer Critical (None)'.> <Being one with a sword and having the sword's trajectory become the area of your mind. It's the strength in managing and ruling over a sword.> <You can awaken a sealed sword.>

<You can become the owner of all swords.> <You can see and feel 'grains'.>

He started to see in full detail.

He was understanding King Slayer's movements.

Why he needed to move slowly.

It was to look at the 'grains' of all things in the world.

With only this strength, he didn't overlook the world.

He tried to kill all the kings and create a new world.

'I just stepped into the world of swords.'

He was embarrassed of himself for being confident in his swordsmanship.

It was like Muyoung just stepped into the world of swords.

However, he was satisfied with being able to just seethe

potential.

He couldn't see it all but it was important that he could see bits.

It was a small enlightenment.

This also led to changes in Muyoung's body.

<'Gem of the Sage' has melted further into your body.> <All pure stats greatly increased.>

<Achievement, 'Dragon Hunter' effect has been affected.> <Achievement, 'Gremory's Anguish' effect has been affected.>

Muyoung grasped his shaking arm.

His heart beat rapidly and produced strength.

Moment by moment, it was a continuation of development for Muyoung.

That had occurred for a week already.

To check what had changed, he turned to his status viewer.

Achievement Effect –>

Dragon Hunter (A+++, Dragon's Enemy)

Gremory's Anguish (A+, +5 to all abilities) Stats ->

Strength 255(147+108) Agility 232(143+89) Stamina 266(136+130) Intelligence 230(141+89) Wisdom 211(142+69) Fighting Aura 202(102+100) Magic Resistance 250(90+160) Spirit Ability 150(90+60) Besides Spirit Ability, all stats were above 200.

Due to the heart of the Dark Dragon Barca, his pure stats had greatly increased.

If it was like this, he basically had the strength of an elite in a

huge guild.

‘I need to get stronger.’

However, Muyoung couldn’t be satisfied.

He faced enemies on the level of King Slayer, a super strong being, how could he be pleased with just this much?

But, he couldn’t hurry.

Following the grains, slowly moving to become the absolute of all things in the world!

“You can now see ‘grains’.”

King Slayer spoke as if he was quite surprised.

It seemed like he wasn’t even certain if Muyoung could learn to see the grains in just a week.

Swoosh!

Muyoung slowly took out Anguish.

“Ha! If a person sees the grains for the first time, they would be oppressed by the grand and vast strength. Up for a fight?”

King Slayer willingly started the last fight.

After taking out his greatsword, he continued to talk.

“The sword that you hold. Its strength isn’t fully obtained.”

“You mean there are other functions?”

“Did you find the Star of David?”

As Muyoung nodded, King Slayer continued to talk.

“The Star of David was a place created when the demon gods were born. What that means is that the sword isn’t small. If it was a sword in the place of the core, depending on what you do with it, it could even be a sword that could cut through a demon god.”

Muyoung looked at Anguish.

For it to be able to cut through a demon god.

However, it was now an A+ rank sword.

If it absorbs other swords, it might be possible someday but currently, it was a long way to go.

‘There is that much underlying strength?’

Of course, he couldn’t easily believe it.

Although it could absorb swords, every weapon has its own limit and class.

If it could cut through gods, it must be above S rank.

If it’s an EX rank sword, which was not seen by any human but was used by Demon God Baal who held the 1st seat, it could easily cut through any and all demon gods. But Muyoung was skeptical whether or not Anguish could develop that much.”

However, there was no reason for King Slayer to lie either.

He was truly a master of swords.

He was able to figure out strengths which Muyoung could not see.

And it was at that moment when Muyoung was finding a new aspect of Anguish.

<Bae Sungmin has died.>

<From the authority of the Death Lord, ‘Contract of Death’ has been activated.> <The ancient darkness spirit ‘Disordered Terror’ goes wild.> <The activation of ‘Contract of Death’ has been restricted.>

# Chapter 105: Disordered Terror (3)

Bae Sungmin. Contract of Death?

Muyoung momentarily knitted his brows.

There was a video that passed by his head.

A video of a huge ‘lump of flesh’ that recklessly massacred a city as it became loose.

It was plastered with eyeballs and from its huge mouth, there was an endless division of light.

So, people were unable to easily approach it.

It was truly like a bomb, and if they were to approach it, there was a highly likely chance that it would disappear with the city.

Soon, the lump of flesh spurted feathers of a bird and then flew off far away.

However, for some reason, it was a familiar figure.

‘Bae Suzy’s father.’

Ah.

Muyoung nodded his head.

If it was Bae Sungmin, there was a time when he made a Contract of Death with Muyoung.

He didn’t want to become Suzy’s baggage and so asked Muyoung to find a way to become stronger.

As in exchange, Muyoung had told him about a skill he could earn from the Sky Library.

But, for him to turn into that form, it felt strange.

‘He probably became a victim of an experiment.’

He probably turned into that form due to reckless experiments performed by eccentrics.

As there were quite a few people who performed cruel experiments with the grounds that it was for a great cause.

However, if he became an undead through the Contract of Death, it would be in an enhanced form.

Originally, he was supposed to become a normal undead but it seemed like its madness and division was preventing it.

‘Lich…’

However, Muyoung knew what that lump of flesh’s original form was.

The Contract of Death was still fully activated.

Just that although it was activated, due to a lot of things being jumbled up, something weird came.

At the roots of that lump of flesh, there was a ‘lich’.

As a top rank monster, it wasn’t weird at all to call it a one-man army.

But, he couldn’t say it was a normal lich.

Light and darkness coexisted and it was divided infinitely.

It was to a degree where it was understandable for it to pop at any time.

‘Where was it headed?’

The lump of flesh.

The Disordered Terror spread its long wings.

And started to head towards a certain place.

It flew by jumping from space to space.

Even the strong men who followed it didn’t risk it.

It wasn’t in their interest to tragically die with it.

‘Nest. It’s trying to make a nest.’

Muyoung anticipated the Disordered Terror's next move.

Even if it was mixed, it didn't seem like the Lich's trait disappeared.

A lich was a monster that was known as an army unto itself.

If it was to start being active, it would produce numerous problems.

"Can we start now?"

King Slayer asked.

After noticing Muyoung's change, he had just stood there.

However, he also wasn't relaxed.

Today was the last day. Afterwards, he had to leave Muyoung to do the things he needed to.

Swoosh.

Muyoung took the initiative.

He moved his feet, and following the grains of the wind, he went in towards King Slayer's chest slowly but accurately.

The time Muyoung had now was more important than anything else.

He was growing every minute, every second.

Muyoung also knew this very well.

It was okay to think about the Disordered Terror afterwards.

King Slayer was surprised. He couldn't be helped but be surprised.

The speed in which Muyoung learned was beyond one's imaginations.

Even if you started from scratch, it would still be slower than this.

After realizing his own problems, he had been growing day by

day.

He tossed his original swordsmanship and was taking a step forward.

‘Just by watching.’

He could see the grains, feel them, and correctly figure them out.

Was this really possible in a week?

It wasn’t normal.

Even himself, a Master of Darkness, felt this way.

If he was to fight against the Demon Gods, this speed was a must, but, it was a development speed that even freaked out King Slayer.

‘It’s too bad.’

King Slayer smacked his lips.

It wasn’t important to him if Muyoung was evil or good.

What he wished to see was whether or not Muyoung would break after gaining his strength.

However, after teaching him for a week, he felt a bit sad.

It was because if he had a bit more time, he would have shown him more of the skills he had.

It didn’t seem like a bad idea to watch Muyoung quickly learn and get stronger.

‘A master and pupil relationship… am I trying to become a teacher?’

He laughed quietly.

Although it was only one week, that was enough to make his heart flutter for a while.

As if he remembered a memory which he forgot for a very long time, it made him smile.

If he had a pupil like Muyoung, it would be a pain but wouldn’t it

be great as it is?

But that would only be possible if he was to overcome the difference in time and world.

It seemed he needed to be satisfied with just the one week.

Neeeeighhh!

Late at night.

A day where the moonlight was in the middle of the sky.

The Hellhorse came down and mournfully cried.

He rubbed his face against King Slayer, as if begging King Slayer to take him with him.

However, King Slayer was determined.

“Don’t avoid a fight with him.”

King Slayer was understanding of the relationship between Muyoung and the Hellhorse.

Even what Muyoung was after.

Before his last favor, he was going to overpower the Hellhorse.

And to be at that level, he wasn’t that far.

King Slayer looked up at the sky.

“I need to find out. what this twist will bring. Demon Gods... whatever Baal is planning,here is something that the Masters of Darkness are unaware of.”

It was unusual.

For now, everything seemed to be nothing more than a flap of butterfly wings, but he couldn’t know of what that would lead to in the future.

So before they really start, he needed to know about them.

He couldn’t just stay not knowing anything and get caught off guard.

“It is this world’s, Solomon’s law, that the Masters of Darkness can’t interfere. Have you forgotten?”

That moment, Swell approached with only common courtesy.

Swell was full of pride about his blood line, but a Master of Darkness? His existence alone was sufficient enough to be treated well.

“I know.”

“If you really think about it, it was against the law to teach him yourself for a week. I don’t know why everyone else let that pass but if you go any further it will be dangerous.”

The other Masters of Darkness remained idle at King Slayer’s actions.

It shouldn’t be possible, but it was, as it involved King Slayer.

The noblest one.

Since even the Masters of Darkness respected him.

Swell might not be aware of this but either way, doing more than this was dangerous.

If the laws of the world get tangled, there was a possibility that his existence itself could disappear.

“Oris spoke to me.”

“…!”

“To be exact, as I traced back the memories of the world tree, there was a message left by him. ‘The world will be twisted once, and that twists will produce illness. Stop the prevalence of illness.’ He must have seen something we didn’t.”

Oris.

The leading role that led the Twilight Era, when the elves were most powerful.

It was told that he was a strong being who almost reached the

level of a half god.

On top, he had the insight to read the stars and see the future.

If he said illness it would mean evil. And only the Demon Gods were pure evil.

It might be linked to the Demon Gods' movements which King Slayer felt strange about.

"So are you saying you will ignore the law?"

Swell's hostility towards him was beyond description.

Masters of Darkness needed to be examples, role models of Solomon's Law.

However, currently, that existence was trying to break the law.

Once again, King Slayer looked towards Muyoung.

After an intense fight, Muyoung passed out. He purposely made him pass out.

It was to quietly leave him.

He spoke quietly.

"Don't I need to buy time for you to bloom?"

Wouldn't he need to leave behind hope after the epidemic?

*

Twilight village existed on the outskirts of the Great City.

As a small village with a population of about 3,000 people, it was located at the edge of a cliff.

Like all villages and cities, their main source of income was hunting and farming.

They had a bit more affection than the Great City and also strong people frequently visited the Twilight Village to lay low.

"The mountain is dried up."

“Shit. The Great City will also be chaotic.”

“What should we do? We would die if we stay here like this. There is a limit with just us.”

And to enter the Twilight Village, you needed to pass over a small mountain range.

The problem was the that the entire mountain range was full of monsters.

And it was a problem since they weren’t just normal monsters but undead.

So, everyone gathered in the center of the village and continued to have a furious debate.

“Help from other cities?”

“They are all passive. I think it happened near the Great City… but no one knows of the details.”

“Meaning the shit they made blocked that mountain range.”

Twilight Village was in a remote place.

The mountain range was dangerous and it was an awkward place to enter with mass military forces.

On top, there were no groups that actively tried to get rid of the unknown cause of the undead.

It was because if they weren’t careful and were to bother a lich, they wouldn’t get the chance to regret their actions.

“So? Are we going to stay here and get attacked?”

“If we get their help, it might be possible to break through and leave this place.”

“But, what of our honor?”

“Don’t. First, let’s try to take care of it on our own.”

The people they talked about were the strong people who were

laying low.

However, the strong people who laid low were a help to the city just by staying.

The reason why the Twilight Village could exist without being reliant on another place was all thanks to them.

Even more, like a rite of passage, they spent loads of their wealth while they stayed in the village.

“I was wondering why it was so loud in here, seems like you need some help?”

Unexpectedly, a big figure appeared in the debate room.

“Aman!”

“Aman? Aman of Blood and Iron?”

Those who saw him widened their eyes.

Aman of Blood and Iron was a very prideful soldier. A man who was strong enough to be considered as one of the strong people.

He also was laying low in this place.

“I was actually observing the problem in the mountain range. We probably need to do something before the area of undead broadens. A few people, including myself, should be able to handle them.”

Aman was confident.

In reality, there were a few strong people who were willing to help him.

If they were to work together with the village people, it didn’t seem like a bunch of undead would be a problem.

“Ahh, if you would step up for us, there is no more reason to be concerned. However, would it be okay? There wouldn’t be much we could give as payment.”

“I don’t need it. I just want to live a quiet life.”

Aman placed his greatsword over his shoulder.

And his appearance exuded the aura of someone dependable.

“50 strong and quick men. And prepare a week’s worth of food and water. It’s been awhile since I hunted undead.”

Aman smiled.

The next day.

About 60 men left the village.

And they didn’t come back.

A month.

The village was isolated.

Most men who left the village to hunt the undead never came back.

No, there were times when they did come back.

They came back as undead and attacked the village.

It seemed certain that they would be defeated. The once lively village was now full of cries of the dead.

There were times when other villages said they would help but they weren’t able to break through the mountain range.

For Twilight Village,there was... no hope.

It was tough enough to just to stop the undead that attacked every day.

When they hit the walls, they were splintered further,infinitely repeating itself. However, it didn’t seem like it would withstand for long.

Ding-Ding—

The bell rung.

It meant that someone was close to the wall.

Late at night, everyone rubbed their eyes as they got up from their spot.

Since they lacked men, even women had to be on guard at night.

Those who were protecting the wall were all tensed up.

Undead invaded every 2 to 3 days.

Every time they invaded, they ranged from a few dozen to a few hundred..

But, not this time.

There was only one undead that invaded.

However, something was odd.

The undead wore a robe that covered his whole body and brought along a wagon, and it was full of faces of undead.

And they were all faces they were well aware of.

“Aman! It’s Aman’s face!”

“Haas! My son, Hass has....ahhhh!”

Everyone wailed as they focused their arrows towards the undead.

Then, the undead took off his robe.

“Undead?”

“It looks like a person. You can feel the liveliness from the face.”

“He went over... the mountain range?”

“Wait, isn’t that a fairy?”

As if they couldn’t believe what they were seeing, they looked at the man.

It was amazing for the man to come over the mountain range but he even had a fairy that flew around him.

“Open it.”

The ultimate expressionless face!

The man spoke with a tone that made them feel chills.

# Chapter 106: Disordered Terror (4)

He learned to see the grains.

And as he saw the grains, he was able to catch a small glimpse of the world.

Muyoung's movements slowed down further, and in the midst of it, he found himself able to see his own 'grains'.

It was a indescribable beauty.

Two of them were wound together like thick threads of rope; one as a human, and the other as a dokkaebi with the power of Asura.

And the moment Muyoung saw them, he was able to take it step further and was able to affect space and time.

'Another horn grew.'

A change in form.

However, horns weren't the only thing that changed.

'The world...'

Muyoung looked around.

Everything moved in slow motion.

Was this the world King Slayer usually saw?

With his two horns, he stayed in a world that was 4 times slower.

He was leagues behind King Slayer's ability.

'With my current body, 1 minute is the limit.'

However, he couldn't permanently be in that state of space and time, nor could he decelerate the world to King Slayer's level.

At most about a minute. It was due to his magic powers being drained so severely.

So Muyoung touched the other side of the grains.

Precisely his grains as a human.

Surprisingly, when he chose it, the horns retracted.

His skin color changed and he changed into a familiar form.

Human.

He had regained his human form.

From then on, Muyoung was able to choose his own form.

‘Was it because I awakened the grains of the dokkaebi form? When the horns sprout, time and space automatically slowed down.’

He was able to change forms freely but the problem was, that if he was to change into the form of a dokkaebi, his magical powers and mental strength would drain in the blink of an eye.

Although it wasn’t clear, it became necessary to distinguish between human and dokkaebi forms.

So, if it wasn’t for a special reason, he decided to stay in human form.

‘The top of my head feels empty.’

Since Muyoung was originally a human being, it shouldn’t feel awkward but for some reason, his head felt a bit empty when the horns disappeared.

“Blargh!”

And when exactly 1 minute passed, he was forced into his human form as all his gastric fluids reversed.

He dropped to the floor and shook his body like a leper.

Even for Muyoung, it was unbearable, so that explained everything.

Every time he experienced a slower world, severe panic overcame him.

And to get used to it, he needed time.

When two weeks had passed, Muyoung left the Demon God's Territory.

'Twilight Village.'

A place well known for seclusion.

There weren't people who were that strong but right behind it there was an endless cliff and due to that peculiar beauty, quite a lot of people stayed there.

Disordered Terror was heading towards an unnamed mountain range nearby.

Muyoung's goal was to find the Disordered Terror.

It was doubtful whether or not it would follow him but if Muyoung was to stop his madness, there was still a possibility for the Authority of Death to be properly activated and for it to become his subject.

'If it was the same case as Baltan, it would have considerable power.'

Baltan, who could be considered weak, was able to gain infinite potential through the Authority of Death.

The Guardian of a Territory!

He had already seen a case like this, so how could he give up?

Once he knew that the source was a lich, he couldn't pass it up.

Above all, there was a chance that the lich was not a normal lich.

A monster considered to be a one man army!

Many said that one lich had the power of a small city.

If it was to follow Muyoung, it would play a big part in enduring the "Devil's Long Night'.

And as he entered the mountain range, a message popped up.

<Stop the ‘Disordered Terror’ from going mad.> <The ‘Disordered Terror’ eats up all living creatures and retaliate against those who attack it.> <Kill all undead and eliminate the five ‘tumors’ first. If the sequence is incorrect, the tumors can go mad and explode.> <The reward for this achievement is solely entitled to Muyoung, the activator of ‘Authority of Death’. >

Indeed.

It kindly informed him of the Disordered Terror’s goal and a strategy to defeat it.

It was probably the influence of the Authority of Death.

However, the method was tricky.

‘I need to get rid of the undead and the tumors at the same time.’

The number of tumors was fixed to five, but the undead were different.

If there were living creatures around it, undead could be created infinitely.

This meant that he’d have to remove the undead and tumors first, then attack the main body.

So, if he wanted to stop the undead from being created, he’d have to stop by Twilight village first.

If Muyoung’s memory served him right, Twilight village was quite formidable.

It would not have been attacked already.

‘I need to join the townspeople.’

Muyoung thought simply.

That it would just be an extension of the war between the dwarves and Dark Dragon Barca.

It would go a bit differently, but the dwarves were changed to humans, and Dark Dragon Barca was the Disordered Terror, that was all.

*

Everyone looked at Muyoung warily.

That was to be expected.

In these conditions, who would welcome a stranger who suddenly arrived?

It was to an extent that even though they needed help, no one had reached this place.

Powerful guilds and clans?

They were silent from the get-go.

The dangerousness of the Disordered Terror. It was because they were especially well aware of the risk of a sudden death.

They were rather wanting it to explode here.

“Where are you from? I need to know why you came all the way here.”

“You are scared.”

In a small log cabin, Muyoung sat comfortably in a chair.

The chair and the entire house were sprinkled with holy water.

If Muyoung was an undead, his entire body would have burned or would suffer pain.

The atmosphere was akin to that of an interrogation, but he didn’t care.

Thump!

The man that asked him the question, the veins of his neck bulged.

“Are you an informant of a large guild? They want us to die with

the enemy. I already know everything. If you're trying to use us to do something..."

"I came to warn you."

Muyoung cut him off.

They were isolated for more than a month.

It was obvious for their distrust to grow in a period where their comrades became undead and attacked them, and powerful guilds stayed silent.

However, even that had nothing to do with Muyoung.

From the beginning, Muyoung didn't come here to help them.

"Just keep quiet and stay put."

"What?"

The man's eye twitched.

Muyoung spoke as he looked towards the mountain range.

"That's my prey."

The Disordered Terror.

Only Muyoung could take down it.

Muyoung came to this place so that they wouldn't act recklessly.

It was to stop the unnecessary increase of undead.

'All the living creatures inside the mountain would probably be eaten by now. Just this place is left.'

On his way here, there were only undead.

The last target of the Disordered Terror was just this Twilight village.

So, it was best for him to move alone.

If there was something different this time than the Castle War, it was this.

It was good to fight together but if the number of enemies was to increase due to this, wouldn't it be useless?

At the same time, the crowd that looked at Muyoung started to murmur.

"Does it mean he came to hunt the Disordered Terror?"

"Who is he? A soldier?"

"He doesn't seem like he's from a guild or a clan..."

But Muyoung didn't care, he just clearly expressed his will.

"Don't leave the village without a reason. If you do, the number of enemies will just increase. You guys are of no help."

Each word was like an arrow to their hearts.

But, it was the truth.

Those who seemed strong had died already.

Currently, there were about 1,500 people left in the village.

When you think about the 3,000 people who were originally here, it was reduced by half.

Even more, within that half, most men from the village were included.

Even the aces who were staying low.

All he did was take a quick look around, but he was still able to see.

That the man in front of him was an ace among those who were left.

"Haa, you are speaking nonsense. I don't want to hear such words from an outsider. We have survived over a month against their attack. On top of that,"

Grind!

The man ground his teeth.

“Without the certainty that you can take down that monster, we can’t stop our activities just because an outsider says so. All the village supplies ran out. Are you telling us to just stay here and starve to death?”

They believed it was better to die fighting than to die starving.

However, Muyoung shook his head.

From the corpse which Muyoung brought, it seemed like half died from trying to leave the village.

A reckless death. Nothing more or nothing less.

Things might have been different if the whole village tried their best to escape, but at this rate, there would never be a solution.

That was why he said they were scared.

‘Terror.’

Disordered Terror.

Like the name, it seemed like it had influenced them.

Muyoung took out a talisman from his Infinity Pouch.

When he shook the talisman once, strips of jerky began to endlessly pour onto the ground.

“I will give you food to live off for a month. What you need to do is to make the wall thicker and protect the village. Also, you need to hand over the information you have about the ‘Disordered Terror’. There should be stacks of records you have kept until now, right?”

The man gulped his saliva as he looked at the jerkies that were piled on the ground.

Everyone was starving.

If they gained that food, the current situation of the village would get better right away.

If this situation continued any further, there was also a

possibility that it would lead to cannibalism.

The man looked at Muyoung.

“I will see your skills, to see if you really can hunt the Disordered Terror. If you can’t... you will need to leave all your food and get out of here.”

Eyes glistening with greed.

They were words they wouldn’t speak of if they knew how Muyoung went over the mountain range.

It was because their hunger had even paralyzed their reason.

Muyoung nodded his head without hesitation.

Instead, it was what he wanted.

When there was a spot prepared for him to go wild, Muyoung wasn’t the type to stay still.

Blaze!

A red dragon wrapped itself around Muyoung’s whole body.

‘The soul of Dark Dragon Barca.’

At first, he didn’t know what this dragon was, but after understanding grains, he was able to figure out what dragon entered his body.

Barca. Its physical body had all disappeared but its soul left behind and entered its heart.

As Muyoung fully absorbed the heart, the dragon’s soul had also became his subordinate.

As long as he had magical powers, it was quite useful as it automatically blocked and attacked once.

“Dragon?”

“It’s probably just a skill.”

“Reupeune wouldn’t lose.”

The last hope of the village.

It was the man who questioned Muyoung.

Everyone thought that the man wouldn't lose.

'Strange.'

Muyoung rubbed his chin as he looked at the weapon the man took out.

He was holding an unusual looking pudao[1].

The blade had become rusty and it had been overused, to the point that it resembled a club more than a sword.

It looked like it was specialized for close combat.

"I only know how to fight dirty. I don't know how to hold myself back. Don't blame me even if you die."

Reupeune, the man started to talk.

A dirty fight. It was the type of fight he practically had no experience in.

Like the word itself, it was basically a dogfight.

Muyoung enjoyed fighting using restrained attacks and blocks.

A dogfight was far from his preference.

However, it was also the first time he had seen a person who specialized in dirty fights.

He also seemed like he spent quite a long time in the Underworld.

No less than 20 years. Muyoung thought he might have arrived at a point when the humans were starting to protect their territory.

No matter how starved he was, his eyes shifted to find Muyoung's weakness.

It was certain that he was an expert.

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders.

“I learned a few things here and there. I won’t kill you.”

He spoke as if it was not a big deal.

He wasn’t going to kill him.

Since he needed a person to control the village.

Swoosh.

Muyoung took out Anguish.

From binging, the strengthened Anguish sparkled as it was reflected by light.

‘I probably need to take an eye.’

Of course, Muyoung had no intentions of letting him slide.

The eyes that glistened with greed.

Muyoung was planning to take one of his eyes as compensation.

# Chapter 107: Disordered Terror (End)

Reupeune held the posao in a reverse grip and flew towards him.

He had the confidence that he could never lose in close combat.

Muyoung held Anguish at a diagonal slant.

Bang!

When Anguish's blade touched the posao, an explosion occurred with a thick cloud of smoke.

It was a sword destruction skill.

However, Anguish was completely fine as the smoke lifted.

Not a single mark was created.

Swish!

Reupeune placed a hand on the ground, twisted his body, and tried to attack at an angle that wasn't expected at all.

'One of the top 1%.'

Reupeune had the skills to be one of the top 1%.

Even more, since the element of dirty fighting was added, it was quite difficult.

However, that was before Muyoung could see the 'grains'.

Was this what they called 'all flows become one'?

His will to attack was also the same.

No matter what attack it was.

And it was hard to say that the top 1% was truly worth being called the strong.

There were too many in number and there was a much greater gap compared to those who were at a higher level.

Muyoung raised his left arm.

‘Asura King’s Left Arm.’

Up until now, he refrained from using it to control his strength but now, this wasn’t necessary.

The corner’s of Reupeune’s mouth went up as he approached Muyoung from all around by stepping on the ground as if he was dancing.

He was certain of his victory.

In Reupeune’s eyes, Muyoung seemed to be having difficulty just trying to block his attacks.

However, when Muyoung raised his left arm, that illusion instantly died down.

Clang!

Muyoung’s left arm accurately punched Reupeune’s abdomen.

He barely blocked it using the posao but that was all, he couldn’t defend against the strength of the blow.

Like a spring, his body bounced off and Reupeune was slammed into the building’s wall.

Having a strength of 300 was the standard for the top rank. A fist with that much strength struck with maximum efficiency. It was obvious for a result like this to happen.

“Cough!”

Reupeune coughed up blood.

Within the rubble of a collapsed building, he looked as if he couldn’t believe what had happened.

Just one strike.

It was bulky and truly a powerful blow.

‘I still have a long way to go.’

There was no way he would just let go of a prey he caught.

Muyoung only knew how to kill his enemies.

And after realizing and becoming acquainted with grains, Reupeune was a quite decent opponent he had encountered.

To just end it like this, it seemed a bit dull.

“Haa! Haa!”

Reupeune came out of the rubbles as he felt self-conscious.

Due to the pieces of wood being stuck in his skin, blood poured out.

Reupeune shivered his body as he felt Muyoung’s excitement pouring out.

‘Lion… No, he’s a dragon.’

A dragon was currently trying to eat him up with it’s mouth open in hunger.

With an exchange of one blow, he could feel their difference.

Muyoung was just watching Reupeune’s cute tricks.

Swack!

But, he didn’t even have time to continue his thoughts.

Muyoung instantly moved and Reupeune blocked another attack of Muyoung’s as he clenched his teeth, but like last time, that was all he could do, as Muyoung’s power crashed down on him..

Clang!

The posao shattered.

Like a mirror, it created a crack before it shattered into pieces.

Reupeune’s eyes greatly widened but the next part was the problem.

It was impossible to fight against Muyoung without a weapon and just bare hands.

“S…”

Although he was trying to scream stop, Muyoung was one step faster.

Stab!

“Gaaaaaaahhh!”

It pierced his eye.

As Muyoung took out Anguish, his eye came out as well.

Muyoung didn’t care if Reupeune screamed, he held his eye with his left hand.

“Does anyone else want to test me?”

Pop!

As he placed his strength, the eyeball was crushed hopelessly.

As if he was provoking others, he looked at each and every person.

“This time it ended with just one eye, but from now on, I will take the person’s life.”

The silence continued.

It couldn’t be helped.

Reupeune was the strongest person among those who were left.

And the fight ended without allowing him to oppose Muyoung even once.

It seemed like he was doing well at first but that was nothing more than an illusion.

What was scarier was Muyoung’s composure.

The composure that can only be felt from the strong!

Although Twilight village was at the outer edge of the Great City, you needed to have some degree of fighting power to come to this place.

Everyone who went there had lived in the Underworld for at

least 3 to 5 years.

Of course, this gave them a form of ‘insight’ on these kind of people.

It was one of the basics expected from an adventurer.

Even in their eyes, Muyoung didn’t show his full strength.

If he did, there would be no way to explain his composure.

As Muyoung felt all the eyes looking at him, he laughed quietly.

“The house I’m staying in and the information about the ‘Disordered Terror’. Give me those two things. Also, it is best to not forget about my advice.”

Advice?

Was he talking about the advice to not leave the village?

Or was he talking about the warning he gave with his actions?

Either way, this person was dangerous.

The villagers all made that tentative conclusion.

However, they couldn’t turn on him either.

Literally, you could say they were scared into submission.

Over a thousand people just looked at Muyoung without a sound.

A small cabin at the end of the village.

It was the residence given to Muyoung.

‘Not bad.’

He thought a few would resist and complain but it seemed like they decided to compromise with reality, as they quietly gave him this place.

If there were to be more victims, they would instantly make a path for the undead.

It was definitely crude but effective.

If he was to try and persuade them through conversation, it would have taken a long time.

This method was perfect for Muyoung.

“My name is Yang May.”

In addition, there was a woman assigned to Muyoung.

A young, pretty woman with a heart full of malice.

She appeared with her long hair tied up and wearing a bracelet and a necklace.

Her actions were well mannered, but her hidden intentions were better kept than expected.

But to Muyoung, her intentions were obvious. Using tricks like her beauty to get rid of him when he becomes dangerous.

However, Muyoung wasn’t the type to be swayed by a woman.

As Muyoung looked at her with an expressionless face, Yang May spoke.

“I will give you the information about ‘Disordered Terror’. What are you curious about?”

“How many were attacked?”

“A bit over 1,500 people.”

1,500...

It was a smaller number than he expected.

It meant that they didn’t just thoughtlessly waste lives.

The undead Muyoung took care of on his way here, were less than 50.

Within the mountain range, there were still a lot of undead left.

‘On them, the Authority of Death doesn’t work.’

Since they weren’t undead made by him, the Death Lord’s skill also didn’t work on them.

It had it's own personal undead related skill and was using it, preventing Muyoung from converting them to his side..

Muyoung continued to talk as he felt a bit sad about being unable to take control over them.

"How much do you know about the 'tumors'?"

"The Disordered Terror has a total of five tumors which it uses as its subordinates."

"Be more specific"

"The tumors are like a huge assembly of strength that came out of the Disordered Terror's body. So, that's how the five tumors were produced and all five tumors had shown different characteristics and movements."

May closed her eyes gently.

It was a very coquettish behavior and it seemed very natural.

It didn't seem like she made calculated moves.

In Muyoung's eyes, May fundamentally had the tendency of a well.

A well.

It meant it would be hard to come out of loving her once men fell in love.

It would have been her nature and she might have come to this secluded place, the Twilight village, as it became too tiring for her.

While looking at Muyoung who wasn't swayed at all by her, May made a look as if it was unexpected.

Then, she got very serious and spoke.

"Three tumors are offensive. They endlessly coughed up a lump of flesh and produced dust explosions(?). The other two are called Malignant Tumor and Defensive Tumor. The Defensive Tumor protected the parent, the Disordered Terror and the Malignant

Tumor controlls the three offensive tumors.”

Did it mean they weren’t simple tumors?

The information May gave him was extensive.

“You know more detail than I expected.”

“They were all discovered by risking lives. On top of that... we also have connections to a few guilds.”

May spoke sadly.

These few guilds actually went on an expedition into the mountain range.

However, they couldn’t even properly attack one offensive tumor.

But, there was a good reason.

“The problem is the malignant tumor. It spurts out spore like things which contain poison and can limit the magical powers of others. People with low resistance couldn’t even closely approach it. However, if you can get rid of the malignant tumor, the rest of the offensive tumors should beeasy. In reality, the malignant tumor basically takes on the role of its parent.”

It seemed like it would be more difficult to manage them.

For a mere spirit, the Disordered Terror, to have this much fighting power...

‘It’s beyond my expectation.’

As it became harder, Muyoung got more excited.

If he ripped off the madness from Bae Sungmin, it would become entirely his.

It was plain as the nose on his face that it would become a great help.

However, there was something that was bothering him.

‘All of the guilds have given up. Was this really true?’

If the Twilight villagers knew this much information, other huge groups or those who are interested in this would already know everything.

And the Malignant Tumor was quite an attractive monster.

Would there really be no way to use it instead of just getting rid of it?

‘There is.’

Muyoung remembered the path he walked.

Numerous traces were mixed but that doesn’t mean it could escape Muyoung’s eyes.

There was clearly one.

People who escaped everyone’s eyes and used all kinds of traces as a shield.

‘At least three places.’

They were never trying to help Twilight Village.

They all moved for their own gain.

‘They are probably after the parent or the malignant tumor.’

Muyoung nodded his head and made a tentative conclusion.

There were at least three places and they were poking around Muyoung’s prey.

‘It’s my prey.’

Muyoung had no plans of getting it stolen.

“Was there any sign before this happened? It should have started from the Great City but why is it here?”

And information was power.

He would have a rough idea as to which specific group was after the Disordered Terror the more he listened to May’s information.

Even May tried to explain it to him the best as she could.

It was because she realized that Muyoung's true intentions were about the Disordered Terror.

'He will die either way.'

But, she didn't have the slightest bit of expectation that Muyoung could solve this problem.

For May, it was like passing time.

Or else, she would worry and have her heart in her mouth, wondering when the undead would attack them next.

At least, she could remove those thoughts when she explains things to Muyoung.

Crunch!

Those who painted blood on their faces like a tattoo were moving as they stepped on tree branches.

They all wore lion skin and grew long nails.

The Beast Clan.

Like the name itself, a place where beasts were gathered.

Even among the clan, they were the ones who acted only when they were given a secret order from the head of the clan.

Stomp!

As one flew up after stepping on a tree branch, a dagger instantly flew towards him from afar.

The man who was struck by the dagger dropped down to the ground and died.

He had died instantly.

The man who was in the lead looked towards the direction where the dagger flew in.

"A dagger faster than the wind. It's an ambush of a special

assassin.’

Swoosh!

The nails had gotten longer.

Swing!

Swing!

A group of ten men quickly headed towards a location as they dodged the daggers that were continuously flying towards them.

However, within the bush, there was no one.

“Where did he go?”

“Argh!”

Before he could finish his thought, a man let out a death cry.

‘A dokkaebi?’

He quickly turned his head to check his opponent.

However, that wasn’t all.

The dokkaebi with two horns moved slowly.

No, it seemed like he was moving slowly.

However, before he was aware of it, the dokkaebi was pushing a sword towards his collar.

Puuuushh!

Blood gushed out like a fountain.

The dokkaebi with two horns was, of course, Muyoung.

After getting rid of the ten people, Muyoung returned to his original form.

Gasp!

Haaaa!

Muyoung breathed heavily.

He felt completely deprived and his stamina disappeared.

Although he got rid of the ten people at once, it seemed like this was his limit.

‘Secret Beast Squad.’

After noticing their identity, Muyoung smiled.

‘Those who only moved from the orders of the head of their clan came here. With this, three from the Five Great Clans.’

The Beast Clan was one of the Five Great Clans.

Muyoung believed that there were at least three clans from the Five Great Clans.

‘Lawless, Beast, and Reign Clan… The culprit is among them.”

He thought that the culprit that kidnapped Bae Sungmin and made him into the Disordered Terror was among these three clans.

It was quite interesting.

Was this work that worthwhile for three of the Five Great Clans to act secretly?

It seemed like there was something more which Muyoung didn’t know about.

However, he could act rashly to show off his identity.

He would approach them more quietly than anyone else.

So that they couldn’t do anything by the time they sense him.

‘Art of Death.’

From the tips of Muyoung’s hand, a dark energy stretched out.

Afterwards, it permeated into the ten corpses and the corpses got up and became undead.

It wasn’t just the Disordered Terror that could make and control undead.

Muyoung as well, rather you could say Muyoung was his senior

in this field.

‘Let’s see if you are a step above me.’

Undead vs. undead.

Either way, the Lawless, Beast, and Reign Clan would only be Muyoung’s prey.

In the end, you could say that the fight is between Muyoung and the Disordered Terror.

It was quite an interesting composition.

# Chapter 108: Undead vs. Undead (1)

<A beastial energy is strongly detected.>

<As if the strength of a lion and the agility of a leopard were put together, they are highly trained.> <Art score is 76.>

<Name: Human Beasts

Level: 250

Type: Beast Ghoul

Strength 211 Agility 299 Stamina 208

Intelligence 101 Wisdom 195

Magic Resistance 222

3 Sexagenary cycles of Qi>

+ The Beast's Summit Cultivation Technique

+ Tracking expert

+ Enhanced senses

+ Fast Movement

Then, the finished undead of ten slyly and quietly walked towards Muyoung.

Like masters from a clan, they all had polished their cultivation techniques.

Most people, including Muyoung, used magical power. These people, however, learned cultivation techniques to harness qi, and use it as a substitute for magical powers.

If it was 3 Sexagenary cycles, it meant they had a total of 180 years of cultivated qi and were at the level of superior masters.

Even with these powerhouses, they couldn't be all of it.

Muyoung summoned the rest of the undead at once.

Soon, around a 100 undead appeared behind Muyoung.

'I should be able to balance the strength with this much undead.

The warriors from the clans might consider them as the same undead, but he had to see if the Disordered Terror would see them as its own.

Unlike the Disordered Terror that revived whatever it consumes, Muyoung's undead had class.

Muyoung didn't create undead out of anything.

Because no matter how good the material was, if the art score was low, it had low efficiency, therefore he always needed some sort of standard.

On the other hand, the Disordered Terror made undead every time it made a corpse.

It was a fight between quality and quantity.

'Sword Bone Trio.'

And although they weren't among the undead he summoned, he had the existence of the three that would increase his 'quality'.

Those who were killed by King Slayer.

Among them, Sword One was one of the top 10 humans.

As King Slayer knew of Muyoung's powers, he didn't greatly damage the dead body.

Instead, as if it was his parting gift, he left it in front of Muyoung before he disappeared.

'The problem is that it's too strong.'

The Sword Bone Trio. Especially Sword One was strong.

It was the most exceptional undead out of all his creations and

this was wrong in terms of fairness.

After making Sword One into an undead, Muyoung realized the limits of ‘Art of Death’ skill for the first time.

<The material is too superior.>

<Fate that started from a single sword.>

<Sword One was a man who wanted to be a sword itself.> <He is among the top 10 humans, and recognized as undefeatable in his swordsmanship.> <The trio doesn’t break up even after their death.> <Art score is 93!>

<Name: Sword One

Level: 470

Type: Sword Devil

Strength 463 Agility 477 Stamina 451

Intelligence 380 Wisdom 366

Magic Resistance 332

10 Sexagenary cycles of Qi>

+ Martial Emperor Cultivation Technique that has reached the realm of sword masters.

+ Shunpo, Resonance of a Sword, Swordsmanship of the Martial Emperor, and Revert skill are usable.

+ The one that sees the extremes of Swords.

<A devil of a sword has been created.>

<There is a level difference of over 200 between the user and

the undead. Whenever you summon it, the user's pure stat is randomly decreased by 20 and a weapon A+ rank is used as a sacrifice.>

Devil.

Muyoung had created a devil.

It was the first time he realized that the Art of Death skill can make other species.

He also realized its limit but this was due to a great difference in their strength.

To summon Sword One, he needed to give up his stat and a sacrifice.

Of course, he was worth more than the things Muyoung needed to give up, strong beyond measure.

He could even face a decent dragon.

However, it was irrational to give them up right now.

'Pure stats' and 'A rank equipment' were both too good to give away.

'Like it says, I might only be able to summon him.'

He needed to be suspicious and careful.

There was a possibility that he would only just be able to summon it, but to make him move, he might need something else.

So, Sword One was his last bastion.

Something that could turn whatever situation around.

"Wipe out everything in our surroundings."

The undead moved.

Muyoung released his undead and hid on the other side of the forest.

He wasn’t interested in weaklings.

Muyoung was only determined to hunt the ‘real’ thing.

<Win the fight against the Disordered Terror.> <Show the dignity of undead and bring the Disordered Terror into submission.> <Depending on your contribution, a reward will be given.>

*

Claaaang!

The Disordered Terror writhed.

The mountain shook greatly and the resulting echoes reverberated.

However, the things stuck ‘inside’ were constantly tormenting the Disordered Terror.

In the end, the Disordered Terror gave all of its authority to the malignant tumor, as it could only focus on controlling the things inside.

There were a total of two things stuck inside it.

The mind of the body’s real owner was still alive.

However, the bigger problem was the thing that the humans placed inside the owner’s heart.

But, the Disordered Terror resisted.

The intense collision generated a power of great chaos.

During the struggle, five tumors were generated and yet still the power of great chaos hadn’t been controlled.

The Disordered Terror devoted and focused all its power on trying to correct itself.

It was the existence that gave terror.

The ancient spirit that ate a world tree and exhibited powers of a half god.

An item that humans placed cannot suppress it.

Brrrrrr!

Then, the malignant tumor reacted.

The malignant tumor was the lump of flesh that was entrusted with all authority from the Disordered Terror.

It became a ‘tower’, the size of a mountain, and looked down on everything.

But, the malignant tumor reacted to the appearance of a new enemy and was asking the Disordered Terror on its opinion.

It seemed like it didn’t know what to do as a similar undead appeared.

As the malignant tumor was just born, it was weak in making decisions.

Inevitably, the Disordered Terror gave a few absolute guidelines.

Annihilate all enemies.

Use all the enemies as food.

Evolve endlessly.

And in doing so… become a world tree.

*

Muyoung, who had released his undead and spoke of the chaos, was also moving busily.

First, Muyoung hindered the Lawless, Beast, and Reign clans’.

Other groups were indolent and didn’t act.

Only the clans’ secretly entered and were looking for something.

Muyoung was very curious about what that ‘something’ was.

Since it was top secret, inside information, it was highly unlikely for those who came here knowing of the exact circumstance but they would at least know what they are after.

‘A job that the elites of the Five Great Clans need to act on.’

All the people who were gathered on this mountain were elites.

Top elites who wouldn’t act unless it was a top priority concern.

The elites who receive special privileges and only follow the orders of the head, the master of the clan.

Quite a few of these teams were sent by each clan.

The ten people from the Beast clan were the lowest in rank and didn’t even know what they were looking for, so he needed to distinguish the real gem from the fakes.

Of course, he believed the cause of it all to be the Lawless clan, who sent the Sword Bone Trio to find a world tree but he first needed to find out what the other clans’ were trying to achieve for their own gain.

From the shadows, spying on a new group, Muyoung looked at them from the front one by one.

“Hm?”

“What’s wrong?”

“I can feel someone’s gaze.”

About twenty people wearing blue hemp clothing.

Among them, the man in front stopped walking.

Then, all twenty-people held their breath and even slowed their heart beat.

There was only silence and when Muyoung recognized them, he knitted his brows.

The shoulder part of the hemp clothing had three blue dragons overlapped like a mapae[1].

‘The Reign’s Invincible Force.’

The three groups that were the best of the Reign clan were gathered.

The Reign’s Invincible Force was among these three.

‘I never expected for them to even send the Reign’s Invincible Force…’

They even had the authority to use force on their own clansmen in case of an emergency.

If they didn’t think it was right, they even had a strong authority to ignore the head of the clan’s orders. Why would they appear at this place?

‘Were they not concerned about the possible explosion of the Disordered Terror?’

Through Muyoung’s mind, like a scene that flickered, he felt a strong vibe that the strong men were reluctant to face the Disordered Terror.

It was because the Disordered Terror was dividing in real time and they didn’t know when it would explode.

If it was to explode, a land the size of the Great City would be annihilated. Unless they were near the top 10 humans, they would be no way for them to survive the blast.

So, they drove the Disordered Terror to this place and waited for it to self-explode.

From Yang May’s explanation, he knew it as so.

“It’s strange.”

“Should we search the surroundings?”

“No. That ‘tower’ could be the cause. Since that unpleasant tower is watching us.”

A man called the Big Master looked at the tower of flesh from

afar.

The lump of flesh that continued to grow was the malignant tumor.

Few thousands of undead surrounded it, and the three offensive tumors were also blocking the path to it.

“It is us, the Reign clan, who must take care of this situation. Before other guilds notice…. we need to continuously move.”

The Reign’s Invincible Force started to move again, without a sound.

Muyoung followed their trail.

‘It’s impossible to face them at once.’

And he objectively judged their fighting power.

9:1.

It was his chance of winning if he was to fight them all at once.

Of course, the 1 was him.

It was irrational to face the 20 people altogether.

If he was to face 10 people, the ratio would decrease to 6:4.

To increase Muyoung’s win rate to 9, 3 was the appropriate number of people.

That was how great their levels were compared to the 10 people from the Beast clan.

‘Divide and conquer.’

But among these scenarios, the best way was, of course, 1 vs. 1.

If it wasn’t for the Big Master, he had a 100% win rate in a 1 vs. 1 fight.

Muyoung liked challenges but he liked victories that were certain that much more.

After calculating all possible scenarios, Muyoung nodded his

head.

After one person disappears, their level of alertness will instantly steep.

The Reign's Invincible Force would instantly gather and be cautious of their surroundings and it would be that much difficult to get a second chance.

However, he needed one person for now.

Also, even if they were alert, if he had time, he would be able to go between the gap and get a chance.

Muyoung hid within the darkness and continued to track their trail.

Puuuushh!

Blood gushed out.

He covered his lips and stabbed the back.

After following them for 30 hours, the Reign's Invincible Force separated and went to complete their tasks. Muyoung was after that chance.

Muyoung then dragged the man to a secluded place and used his Art of Death skill.

'Living corpse.'

Before the man died, Muyoung made him into a living corpse.

As he left his vocal organs alive, it was also possible for him to talk.

'He should at least know some basic information.'

The Reign's Invincible Force.

The Big Master would know of all the information but the members at this place were all people of virtue.

They wouldn't have participated in something this big without

any information.

“Why is the Reign clan after the Disordered Terror?”

The man that became a living corpse slowly opened his mouth.

“Ta….lis……man….”

Muyoung moved his eyebrows once more.

Talisman!

An item that is necessary to perform a true miracle.

It was an item used to produce divine energy..

‘To think that they were after a Talisman.’

He thought he heard him wrong.

The Talisman was an item that didn’t lack anything to be called legendary.

The man spoke of it.

From his Infinity Pouch, Muyoung took out an item that was the shape of a small cloud.

The Little Wish.

He still had a small wish left.

If a Talisman was added to the Little Wish, it might be possible for him to receive a true ‘Wish’.

A Talisman had that much worth.

‘It’s understandable for the clans to send their elites.’

After grasping the before and after of the situation, Muyoung couldn’t help but chuckle.

For it to be a Talisman.

If it was known, not just the Five Great Clans but the Nine Guilds and the 100,000 priests of the Holy City Mulalan would all participate.

Since all of the priests in the Holy City wouldn't want them to create a true Wish.

That Talisman was currently in the Disordered Terror.

Muyoung clenched his fists tightly.

'Another reason why I need to capture it at all cost.'

# Chapter 109: Undead vs. Undead (2)

The Talisman was at the place where the Disordered Terror was created.

The Disordered Terror took the Talisman and escaped.

And when the other clans became aware of this truth, they sent their forces in secret.

As three clans have already arrived at this place, it meant that there was a chance for many more strong people to come to this place as time passed.

At least, the results were certain through this process.

‘However, a Talisman’s power is a power that cleanses evil.’

That was something he couldn’t understand.

Undead have some relation to darkness, the Disordered Terror’s an embodiment of the element, but darkness is the complete opposite of the Talisman’s powers.

How was it able to solve this problem and exhibit its true strength?

‘Division.’

The tumors.

By coughing up five tumors, it emptied its main body.

It was to completely focus on suppressing the Talisman’s strength.

After reaching this thought, Muyoung couldn’t help but the knit his brows.

‘If the Disordered Terror was to really suppress the Talisman’s powers…’

It might truly gain the power of a demigod.

This might become the starting place of the Great Calamity that only existed in literature.

On top, it would also be impossible for Muyoung to claim Bae Sungmin.

“Follow me.”

“I, understand.”

One living corpse of the Reign’s Invincible Force was now on Muyoung’s side.

By now, they would have realized that one of their members had disappeared and would have strengthened their guard.

Muyoung turned around and walked.

Muyoung’s widened eyes sunk deeply.

The malignant tumor followed the orders it received from the main body, its ‘mother’.

To kill all enemies and to evolve using them as food.

However, for the first time, the malignant tumor felt curious.

It was born with all the powers of darkness.

It created undead out of those it killed and ordered them around as it expanded its territory.

But… a new type of undead appeared.

He didn’t know where they came from.

They just suddenly appeared and indiscriminately destroyed the undead it created and moved forward.

Suddenly it became curious.

Who would be stronger?

The undead at the outer edges were all weak.

But, in the inner parts where the malignant tumor was located, the level of undead greatly steeped.

Even in number, it had dozens more undead.

Out of a hundred undead, it might not find any of them strong enough for the position..

However, evolution is about giving up quantity and seeking quality.

The malignant tumor wanted to check which undead were stronger with the same condition.

And if the newly appeared undead were stronger, it wanted to absorb their advantages and make them its own strength.

Keeeeeeeeyooooooo!

The malignant tumor spurted out spores.

Numerous spores reached the ground and ordered the undead.

Stop them.

Only the undead with a ‘number’ go and face them.

The offensive tumors are to eliminate humans.

Muyoung could also feel that the tides of the war were slowly changing.

Numerous undead were slowly backing away.

If he didn’t continuously check the battle, it wouldn’t have been noticeable but all of the enemy undead were acting in a similar manner.

‘Their orders have changed.’

Muyoung rubbed his chin.

It was hard to estimate what the Disordered Terror’s intentions were.

However, it wasn’t like they completely backed off.

It was because new undead appeared to replace them.

Even the number of undead were similar to how many undead

Muyoung had sent.

It took back its weaklings and brought new undead.

He wasn't sure of its true intentions but he understood what it was trying to say.

In short...

'So you want to fight?'

Muyoung chuckled.

Not a child but for a monster from the Underworld to act this way, it was not expected at all.

All humans and monsters acted only to win.

In it's situation, the best way was for it to use numerous undead, attack them at once, and end it.

However, it wanted an equal fight.

'Quite a funny one.'

It challenged Muyoung with the same number of undead.

Challenged Muyoung, who had succeeded to become the Death Lord, a Lord Class.

It seemed like the Disordered Terror couldn't resist the challenge to its necromantic ability.

As long as Muyoung used the strength of his Death Lord class, there was no way for them to have an 'equal' fight.

Even so, it wanted a fight.

It was so obvious that he was suspicious for a moment but it didn't seem like a high-level strategy or tactic.

Not just that but the three huge lump of flesh that were the offensive tumors were moving and attacking the humans.

But this place.

But the place where only Muyoung was located, it didn't attack.

It was for a fight between the undead.

‘I can’t turn down the fight.’

If it provided him with these conditions, how could he not accept?

At last, from the opposite side, a skeleton styled as a king popped out and stirred up the battlefield.

“I’m the skeleton king! I’m the fifth strongest undead. Where is my opponent!”

Its ability to speak was also excellent.

A skeleton at least 5m tall with a ragged but sharp horn like bone on its head was dual wielding swords made of its bone.

“A king mutant.”

As Muyoung took out and shook a talisman, a huge mutant appeared.

An undead that still had traces of stitches all over its body and shaggy hair on its face.

A thing that was blazing in flames and had a rare ‘king’ title.

A king mutant.

When he faced the Dark Dragon Barca, most of the flame mutants died or were greatly damaged.

He gathered their leftovers and created this thing.

Stomp!

“Give me your command.”

A foreign and completely shady voice hit his eardrums.

It was a voice that naturally gave people goose bumps but Muyoung didn’t pay attention.

“Face their skeleton king.”

“I will execute your order.”

They both held the title of king.

Typically, they both would have equal strength but the authority of the Death Lord wasn't ordinary at all.

Thomp! Thomp!

The king mutant approached.

'Fifth it says.'

It meant there were four stronger than it.

Muyoung looked at all his cards.

The king mutant, Heidegger, the Evil Spirit Predator, Sword Two, and Sword Three.

He couldn't recklessly use Sword One due to his restrictions, so the number was a perfect fit.

"Single combat! This is quite interesting."

The Evil Spirit Predator Tacan who stood beside him laughed.

"You might have to fight so get ready."

"Wouldn't it be easier if you sent me out first? I can destroy that bonehead in a slice."

"It seems as though you've forgotten your recent death and subsequent revival."

"..."

Tacan shut his mouth.

It was because he still remembered how he was destroyed by Sword One.

If it wasn't for Muyoung, he would have just died.

It was truly a humiliating event, and was why he couldn't say anything about what had happened.

"Ehem! Either way, if you sent me out, things would be easier. That thing's barely worthy to be called an undead can't be me, the

Evil Spirit Predator's, opponent."

Even though he almost got destroyed, he still talked big.

At that moment, Woohee twirled and went on top of Muyoung's shoulder.

"Woohee saw. It had its arms and legs sliced off and had just its eyes opened~ No. Were they closed? Well, it was that shabby anyhow, wooheehee!"

"Shut up, you noisy fairy."

"Did you forget how Woohee found and brought you your arms and legs? I was going to leave them to be buried in the snow but since you seemed so pitiful, Woohee generously found them for you. Right, husband?"

"Quiet."

"Yes..."

Muyoung silenced everyone around him and at the same time watched the battle.

The fight between the skeleton king and the king mutant had started.

'The king mutant, assembled from all of the avengers."

Past relationships that had originated with Wung Chunglin, he had gathered all of their strength.

Honestly, this was the first time Muyoung had truly used the king mutant.

He wondered what sort of fight it would show off.

He was quite eager.

Behind the king mutant, a huge shadow appeared.

The shadow created smaller versions of itself.

"They are still fake! It isn't enough to face me, a skeleton king!"

The skeleton king went wild.

It's two huge swords sliced a shadow every time it moved.

The ten imitations suddenly disappeared and the king skeleton smirked.

"With just imitations, this would be the limit. Is this all you got?"

It was clear that it was disregarding and looking down on its opponent.

However, the king mutant didn't reply.

Instead, it once again created more versions of itself.

"Hmph, imitations again? It's useless."

The skeleton king swung his two swords again.

Whirrrrrr!

The two swords twirled and eliminated the imitations one by one.

When it did, the king mutant created more versions of itself once again.

It continued to maintain ten imitations.

It was to the point where it was questionable as to why it kept creating imitations that didn't work.

But...

'It's strange.'

The skeleton king couldn't help but become cautious as he continued to eliminate its imitations.

It didn't seem like it had any effect even if he removed it's imitations.

So, skeleton king averted his gaze from the shadows, and looked passed them.

The main body.

If it was to eliminate the main body, the imitations would also become useless.

Zzzzing!

Sparks flew up from the skeleton king's sword.

With fiery flames, it charged towards the king mutant and sliced at its neck.

Slash!

The king mutant's body fell.

"It really sucks."

It had some expectations but the king mutant's skills were awful.

It was enough to make it feel embarrassed for sharing the 'king' title.

But...

Afterwards, something surprising happened.

Stomp!

The king mutant stood back up with it's head reattached before the skeleton king knew it.

"Revival?"

The skeleton king felt it was odd.

It was sure the king mutant died, but it still came back to life.

Graaaaaaar!

The king mutant let out a horrible shriek as it ran towards the skeleton king.

Thump! Clang!

'It became stronger.'

After it's revival, it became stronger.

There was also something else that was odd.

The ten shadows became nine.

The edges of Muyoung's lips subtly went up.

The king mutant had the will of avengers.

To avenge, its prerequisite was to die.

And the king mutant grew stronger as it resurrected from death.

By the exact number of shadows, at most, it could resurrect 10 times.

It wasn't making shadows of itself but was showing the number of lives of the main body. A type of bait.

'It seems like for the skeleton king, it's limit was the fifth resurrection."

The king mutant revived after dying for the fifth time.

"Are you immortal? This is impossible!!"

The skeleton king was appalled.

But, that was the end.

With an overwhelming difference in strength, the king mutant dismantled the skeleton king's bones.

Kwaaaaaaaaaaaaaahh!

The king mutant cried out.

It was a cry of great victory that echoed through the entire mountain range.

The malignant tumor's mind was completely focused on Muyoung's undead, having lost interest in the late skeleton king side.

An undead with the authority of an immortal.

Was that even possible?

It didn't simply recover. It really did 'revive' itself.

A power strong enough to reverse time happened due it's creation as an undead.

Afterwards, the malignant tumor noticed that the ten shadows were reduced by half.

Ahh...

It then realized.

Each of those ten shadows reflected the king mutant in a different time.

It divided the time and fixated it.

If it died, it just needed to return to a different time of another shadow.

However, was that possible?

Just by making it into an undead, was it able to perform that way?

It was beyond its imaginations.

The malignant tumor became confused.

It was impossible with the strength of darkness it had.

The strength of darkness that the ancient darkness spirit had was beyond one's imaginations, but...

It didn't even know how to take in this information.

It needed a bit more information.

As the malignant tumor became confused, a nearby undead got up from its spot.

"Now it's my turn."

A vampire knight.

A knight of blood walked up as it wore a blood-red cape and helmet.

# Chapter 110: Undead vs. Undead (End)

The king mutant had strength to spare.

However, Muyoung didn't allow it to compete in the 2nd fight.

Just because it had the fighting power, it wasn't everything.

Instead, you could realize the true difference in level by it not having anything left to show.

"A vampire knight! A guy that was born after drinking the blood of a thousand men. Now is the time to send me, no?"

Tacan was excited.

He enjoyed fights with strong opponents.

Although he had a weakness, that he threw caution to the wind, you couldn't just look at his aggressive attitude as a bad thing.

He turned his head and looked at the appearance of a new enemy.

A vampire knight.

The thing that had a blood-red helmet stood idly in the middle of the battlefield.

It was unexpected to see a vampire type monster.

'Can it make anything into an undead?'

A vampire is considered an undead but undoubtedly it was a citizen of the night.

A corpse revived by blood.

But, it was classified as an elegant and detached species.

As they were small in number, there wasn't much known about them.

In the past, the person who had the necromancer class couldn't make a vampire.

One fortunate thing was...

‘It isn’t a jinzo.’

That it wasn’t a jinzo which was known as the first blood line.

A jinzo was able to lead a group.

Also, a jinzo vampire had strength similar to a dragon.

If it isn’t a jinzo, it was worth facing.

“Sword Three.”

Clank!

A knight wearing black armor with its head held by one of it’s hands appeared.

Sword Three. He had changed into a dullahan.

It was a perfect match against the vampire knight.

“Tsk, tsk, you’re just asking for trouble. If I go out, it would have been easy.”

Tacan smack his lips as if he felt a bit sad.

It seemed like his hands itched to fight.

However, to make it realize the difference in their level, Sword Three was the best.

It was a bit weaker than Tacan but Sword Three had something special to fill in the gap.

Muyoung once again looked at Sword Three.

“Show it what you got.”

Clank!

Sword Three held his greatsword upright.

And slowly walked up and fought against the vampire knight.

The vampire’s blood summoned lesser creatures of the night.

The vampire knight cut its own wrist and called out red monsters.

Afterwards, it solidified its blood to make it as sharp as a sword.

It showed movements of swift and sharp penetration.

On the other hand, Sword Three's movements were bulky.

Thump!

Every time it moved, the ground was dug up.

"Show me more. My master wanted to gain more from this."

Afterwards, vampire knight's blood made a shroud and wrapped it around Sword Three.

Sword Three couldn't move for a short while.

However, shortly, a small wavelength flowed out of Sword Three's body.

The wavelength created resonance and stole the initiative of the blood.

"…!"

The shroud of blood visibly collapsed and the vampire knight's eyes widened.

Blood was the symbol of a vampire.

And that initiative was momentarily taken from it.

It wasn't possible.

Clank!

Thud!

Sword Three moved.

The blood that flew in like a whip and the blood that made a shroud, all aimed for the vampire knight.

On top of that, even the summoned creatures that attacked Sword Three lost focus in their eyes and attacked the vampire knight.

“Resonance! You bastard, can you resonate with everything you touch?”

The vampire knight was shocked as it realized his move.

Although its speed was awful, it had an amazing defensive power.

If it could resonate with everything it touched and control it, you could say it was a hard counter against the vampire.

Everything it brought out became its enemy.

Slash!

Not long after, the vampire knight’s head flew up in the air.

An overwhelming victory!

Sword Three came back quietly like the time he first entered and made himself known.

The Malignant Tumor shivered its whole body.

Numerous meaningless spores spurted out and spread all over the place.

It didn’t take long for it to realize that this feeling, this emotion, was excitement.

Sword Three... the dullahan left quite an impression.

Compared to the king mutant, it wasn’t as miraculous a being but for an undead to resonate..

Resonating could only be done by living things.

You couldn’t resonate with a dead body.

If it was possible, the Malignant Tumor wouldn’t have to use the spores to order around its undead.

A major step forward.

You could say that it was a result of the necromancer’s skill.

No, could you even say that those undead were just undead?

The Malignant Tumor felt a new possibility as it watched the king mutant and the dullahan.

The possibility that it could evolve!

It couldn’t just back away like this.

This couldn’t be all.

It wanted to see even more.

It was trying to see numerous changes and absorb it as its own.

However, it couldn’t send out another candidate.

Humans.

Among them, humans that were considered quite strong had trespassed its territory.

Keeeeeeeee!!!

The Malignant Tumor called out to the offensive tumors.

Esen the Big Master of the Reign’s Invincible Force was watching every move of each tumor.

And he instinctively knew that this was the best time to attack the Malignant Tumor.

Normally, the offensive tumors thoroughly protected the Malignant Tumor so it was impossible to approach it, however, now the way to it was completely empty.

Like the wind, he quickly ran through the middle.

It was a light body technique that reached the peak.

‘Undead are fighting each other?’

Afterwards, Esen noticed a fight among the undead.

He had no idea why the undead were fighting each other.

However, more surprising was the man that stood behind them.

‘…there is a person.’

Did that man bring a different type of undead?

However, there was more than one undead surrounding him.

They didn't seem like a corpse that a normal corpse sorcerer could control.

'Necromancer.'

Besides liches, there were no necromancers among humans.

Within the past 50 years, no one appeared with a necromancer class.

However, no matter how he looked at it, it was impossible to explain the situation unless he was a necromancer or something similar to it.

Eventually, Esen and the man's eye touched.

His deep and empty eyes were stuck deep inside Esen's mind.

'Right now, the Malignant Tumor is more important.'

Esen made an effort to ignore the man's gaze.

He had no time to face him.

There were many things he was curious about but it wasn't as important as the Malignant Tumor.

Since he couldn't be certain of his victory if the offensive tumors were to attack.

"Spread out for Great Sky Sword Display."

After hearing the orders of Esen, the twenty members quickly divided and lined up in a wave like a form.

And instantly as they reached the tower that was the Malignant Tumor, they pushed like a typhoon.

Muyoung looked at the third party that suddenly cut in.

'The Reign's Invincible Force.'

They managed to squeeze in through the gap.

And it seemed like their success rate was also quite high.

They were the best elites of the Reign's Invincible Force and they were quite smooth at attacking like this.

It seemed like they were successful quite a few times fighting against strong opponents.

Muyoung rubbed his chin.

'What should I do.'

He didn't expect the Reign's Invincible Force to barge in at a time like this.

It seemed like they were was successful in escaping the area of the offensive tumors.

However, there were more defenses besides the three offensive tumors that protected the Malignant Tumor.

Other types of undead which fought against Muyoung not too long ago.

There were still three more undead that were stronger than the vampire knight.

If they were to take too long, they would be exterminated by the offensive tumors.

This was a decided future and the sequence.

However... if he was to use this chance wisely, he thought he could make the optimum breakthrough.

'Wasn't there a saying that an enemy of an enemy is your ally?'

Either way, if he didn't get rid of all the undead and tumors, there was no way to solve the situation with the Disordered Terror.

From what he heard, the Disordered Terror was close to invincible as long as its creations existed.

If so, he needed to stop the offensive tumors.

It was hard to tell if the Reign's Invincible Force would be able to eliminate the Malignant Tumor but if Muyoung was to help them out a bit, their chances would greatly increase.

Kurrrrrrrrr!

The three lumps of flesh approached as they swept the ground like snakes.

"I'll change my target."

Muyoung spoke slowly.

Tacan smiled wickedly as he took out his sword.

"It seems like my turn has come."

"Stop the offensive tumors."

"Not the undead?"

Tacan led out a deep sigh.

He wanted to face a new undead and see who was stronger but things didn't go as he hoped.

Swoosh!

Muyoung took out Anguish.

The lumps of flesh that were the offensive tumors moved quickly and raided their opponents.

Their attacks were completely telegraphed but what if the sizes were a few hundred meters?

It becomes the most effective way to annihilate its opponents.

Even more, their bodies quickly recovered no matter how many times they were cut.

'Is he helping us?'

While Esen was facing the Malignant Tumor, he turned his head as he heard a loud noise.

And the man he just saw was fighting against the offensive

tumors.

Amazingly, the man and his undead were stopping the three offensive tumors.

Against the three which even the mighty Reign's Invincible Force faced crisis to a certain degree.

However, he kept knitting his brows as if there was something that he didn't like about it.

Afterwards, the man left the undead to face the offensive tumors and approached the Malignant Tumor where the Reign's Invincible Force was at as if he could fly.

An uncertain situation where he wasn't sure if the man was a foe or an ally.

If they had to face the Malignant Tumor and the man, their chances of winning would greatly decrease.

Then, the man spoke.

"Try to stay alive on your own."

After leaving a questionable declaration, the man stretched out his fist.

'It seems like I need to get rid of the Malignant Tumor for them to die."

No matter how many times he sliced and cut off their parts, the offensive tumors regenerated once again.

It seemed like the offensive tumors would infinitely regenerate if they didn't get rid of the Malignant Tumor.

However, it wasn't impossible to face them.

If it wasn't killing but delaying time, didn't he also do it against a dragon?

However, there was no end.

It didn't seem like the Reign's Invincible Force was producing

any actual result against the Malignant Tumor.

It didn't seem like they faced an inhuman opponent like the Malignant Tumor before.

Even though they were helping, they weren't as great as he expected and not a partner he liked.

'If it goes on like this, it will just be a waste of time.'

With no other option, Muyoung left the undead to take care of the offensive tumors and turned around.

He got close to the Reign's Invincible Force and spoke quietly.

"Try to stay alive on your own."

After, he stretched out his left fist and activated the 'Asura King's Breath'.

Claaaaaaaaaaaang!

A huge gust of wind stretched out of his fist.

The Malignant Tumor staggered once and the Reign's Invincible Force quickly made way.

However, this wasn't all.

The Asura King's Breath did little damage to the Malignant Tumor, it was hard to expect more.

Muyoung's intention was focused on a completely different goal.

As the malignant tumor lost its balance, Muyoung swept its base.

He couldn't just waste time like this.

Up until now, he never used it once, but it didn't seem like he should keep saving in a situation like this.

As Muyoung opened his mouth, lightning struck down and black clouds swarmed in from the surroundings.

<The spirit of destruction, Baron is summoned.> <Your

intelligence is 230. Baron gets double (460) for all its stats.> <Avoid it! Baron is destruction itself and burns everything!>

‘Baron.’

The spirit of destruction, Baron!

It was the gift given by the Masters of Darkness when he killed the Dark Dragon Barca.

Although there was a high chance for it to attack the user, there were lots of prey surrounding him.

If the Reign’s Invincible Force was to fight well against the malignant tumor, he might not have had to use it but he realized that there was no answer if things just continued like this.

Soon, a huge sphere of blue light floated in midair.

The sphere had well over a few thousand eyes and could look down on everything on the ground.

You could say that its existence alone was overwhelming enough.

As if the malignant tumor was also curious, in the middle of its tower of flesh, an eye was created.

Ping!

Claaaaang!!

Then, the few thousand eyes of Baron poured out laser like attacks.

“Avoid them!”

As if he just realized what he meant by ‘try to stay alive on your own’, Esen, the Big Master of the Reign’s Invincible Force, let out an urgent cry.

Yes.

Baron.

Muyoung had released the vicious being that destroys everything.

# *Chapter 111: Those Who Seek Death Shall Live (1)*

Gasp! Haa!

Muyoung took a big breath in and out.

His stamina and mental power were being used rapidly.

However, he couldn't just stand there and be absent-minded.

If he received few thousand streams of lasers on his bare body, an attack that could be called a natural disaster, his whole body wouldn't survive.

Above all...

A shape that seemed like a scaled down planet, the few thousands of eyes on the shape looked for Muyoung.

Baron was supposed to find the summoner first.

Keeeeyooooooo!

However, an attack from close up. There would no way for the attack to not reach the Malignant Tumor.

Although it recovered, as if it was extremely mad, the malignant tumor spurted out red spores.

The red spores flew towards Baron and stuck to it.

Claaaaank!

They exploded instantly as they stuck to it.

Baron, that was looking for Muyoung, couldn't help but hesitate.

Although it looked for the summoner first, it couldn't just ignore being attacked.

Soon, all the undead made by the Malignant Tumor and the three offensive tumors, all started to move to annihilate Baron.

Even though it was only attacked once, the Malignant Tumor realized that the most dangerous being at this place was Baron.

All of Baron's eyes also focused on the Malignant Tumor.

Clang! Crash! Craaaaaank!

Even if it was so, since the area of attack was quite large, it was hard to just spectate.

As if meteors had fallen, numerous craters were created all around.

'It's a relief.'

Either way, it meant that the summoning of Baron was the right choice.

He seemed to understand why it was forbidden.

Even if it was the first time he saw it, he realized he needed to use it more carefully.

"Make way. Get back!"

From every direction, undead gathered and the Reign's Invincible Force started to quickly leave their position.

With Esen's order, they resisted the wave of undead.

While reducing his presence as most he could, Muyoung quietly followed the path that they opened.

But, Esen didn't just avoid the undead.

To use this opportunity, Esen used his head.

'I'm better off with this situation.'

The Malignant Tumor and the unknown monster's fight.

Within that time, the main body, the Disordered Terror was defenseless.

Of course, there was one defensive tumor.

The thing that protects the Disordered Terror with its huge

mountain like form.

It had the immunity effect on almost every attack.

Not just that but the Malignant Tumor continuously kept a close eye on the main body.

That was why there was a need to get rid of the Malignant Tumor first.

However, due to the fight with the malignant tumor and the monster, the main body was now defenseless.

The defensive tumor was like the name itself for defense.

'If it's me, I can get through it.'

Esen specialized in breaking through barriers or seals.

He thought that he could get rid of the defensive tumor while the Malignant Tumor was occupied.

Esen took out a talisman.

"Our target is the Disordered Terror. From now on, we will resume our plan."

Rrrrip!

As he ripped the talisman, a fog like substance appeared on every member's body.

The fog slowly removed their existence.

Afterwards, no one could find them as they completely disappeared into their surroundings.

Except for one person.

After finding out the movements of the Reign's Invincible Force, the corners of Muyoung's mouth rose.

He quickly found out where they were headed.

'They are planning to attack the Disordered Terror during this time.'

It wasn't a bad decision.

Since they would know more information about the Disordered Terror than him, they were going to freely take the Disordered Terror while the Malignant Tumor fought the Baron.

But, would that really go their way?

"Tacan, it's now your turn."

After stopping for a moment, he called over all the undead that survived.

Tacan raised his sword. His turn had finally come.

"What do I need to do?"

"Hunt all the humans hiding in the surrounding mountain."

The soldiers of the Five Great Clans who were hiding within the mountain range.

If they were to be left alive, they would become variables.

He refused to worry about that afterwards.

And to assign this work, Tacan was the right choice.

Since he had the highest intelligence among the undead and could use numerous evil spirits.

"Human hunting..."

He didn't seem to like it very much but it wasn't completely unacceptable either.

Since he had mostly been watching until now, his body was itching.

"Take Sword Three and the king mutant. You will need to move as effectively as possible."

"It's sufficient for me to go alone."

"I'm not doubting your skills. But, there are a larger number of people hiding. Tacan, what I mean is for you to give orders and

strike the locations where the humans might be hiding at once.”

“You mean for me to use both strategy and tactics? Well, for an intellectual king like myself, the two are both indispensable things.”

Tacan had a grand goal, to raise his own empire in this world.

This was also the reason why he called himself ‘king’ and was stuck up.

In reality, Tacan was strong.

Muyoung knew that he had become much stronger than when he was fighting against the Sword Bone Trio.

And Tacan didn’t really hide it either.

‘When it comes to secret weapons, he is one.’

As if he now had some interest, Tacan nodded his head.

“Wait for me. I will hunt down every last one of the humans hiding in the mountains.”

Within that ‘human’ range, Muyoung was also included but, Tacan didn’t think Muyoung was a human.

He thought that the reason why the horns disappeared was a type of side effect.

Soon, Tacan quickly moved with the king mutant and Sword Three.

“Heidegger and… Sword Two. You two follow me.”

Heidegger and Sword Two also faced a lot of changes.

‘A Talisman. The key item needed to make a miracle, an item that can also produce divine energy.’

At first, he thought it was odd for the soldiers of the Five Great Clans to show up at this mountain.

Even after knowing that the Disordered Terror was like a bomb

that could explode at any minute, they sent their elites and searched for the thing that they were after.

He realized that their goal was a 'Talisman'.

If it was a Talisman, it was totally worth the trouble.

Rather, if this information was to spread, worst men would come to this mountain.

Muyoung was most worried about the actions of the Holy City Mulalan.

Even Muyoung didn't know the specifics about Mulalan and their 100,000 priests.

They barely involved themselves in foreign relations and only those who had permission could enter Mulalan.

It was a territory of non-aggression and a holy place so there was no way for Muyoung, an assassin, to request or enter the place.

'Everything's mine.'

Either way, the Disordered Terror had a Talisman.

Since the Disordered Terror's parent was naturally Muyoung's, you could say the Disordered Terror and the Talisman were both his.

And with Heidegger and Sword Two, it should be enough for Muyoung to attack the Reign's Invincible Force from behind.

Bang! Bang! Rumble!

The fight between the Malignant Tumor and Baron devastated everything in their surroundings.

The top ranks of monsters were categorized into five stages and among them, they were both monsters that would be considered to be in the very last one, the fifth stage.

As these two monsters, monsters they could not be a match against unless they were among the top 10 strongest humans,

fought each other, the very first to act were the humans within the mountains.

The Lawless, Reign, and Beast clans!

“This is our golden opportunity. We will take back the spirit of the Armful’s Cradle.”

The elites of the Lawless clan came here just to take back the spirit.

Of course, not the ancient darkness spirit, the Disordered Terror.

To suppress the Disordered Terror, they gave it the spirit of the Armful’s Cradle.

From the beginning, the Lawless clan produced the Disordered Terror but they were also cultivating other spirits.

Among them, the Disordered Terror and the Armful’s Cradle were two that produced the most results.

However, the spirit of the Armful’s Cradle wasn’t fully cultivated. In the end, it wasn’t able to fully suppress the Disordered Terror.

They needed to regain it. The spirit of the Armful’s Cradle… To be exact, a Talisman.

“Shade?”

As they were quickly moving, there was a shadow that suddenly swarmed in from their surroundings.

At first, they thought it was a shade, a shadow form monster, but it felt strange.

It felt darker and close to evil.

They were evil spirits.

And the evil spirits gathered to create a black circle and a death knight appeared as he was created from above the circle.

A knight that had a sword and thin black armor.

“A Death knight!”

“Did the Malignant Tumor even make a death knight?!”

“It’s just one monster. Get him!”

The elites of the Lawless class started to attack the death knight, Tacan.

Swoosh!

Tacan took out his sword.

Then, the sword resonated.

It was similar to Sword Three’s resonation but slightly different.

Tacan was resonating with the world.

It was to try and minimize all his movements.

What was considered totally impossible as an undead being, he had done it himself.

Not just that.

The wind flowed beneath Tacan’s feet.

Tacan stepped on the wind. He assimilated with the wind.

This was the skill Sword Two used to run, a light body technique.

Clang! Clank!

Tacan’s sword moved fluently, like a flowing stream.

He showed perfect sword-play as if he was going to destroy everything.

He moved without the slightest error and ignored the attacks of his enemies.

It was an example of Sword One’s self-controlled swordsmanship.

Also…

Tacan’s sword instantly slowed down before it sped up.

‘This is still a bit hard.’

He was able to replicate everything else except Muyoung’s ability to manipulate time. That, he couldn’t copy.

A method where you seemed to be moving slowly yet overpowering the enemy in an instant.

It was marvelous the more he looked at it.

Although the source was from King Slayer, King Slayer’s movements were harder to get the feel of than Muyoung’s.

Either way, if he was to learn this, he felt like he could understand a bit of the king mutant’s ‘way of storing time’, but it seemed like he needed more time to achieve understanding.

As he smacked his lips as if he felt sad, before he was aware of it, dead bodies piled up.

“I, Tacan, wasn’t defeated. I am just paving the road to become much stronger.”

Then, Tacan turned around and looked at the king mutant and Sword Three.

Tacan was the king of evil spirits. A king who preyed upon evil spirits and ruled over them.

You couldn’t call someone a king if they stagnated.

You also couldn’t say that being in deep despair because of defeat was a quality of a king.

Tacan was getting stronger even in this moment.

Like Muyoung’s speed, steeply.

He had no qualms about getting rid of the old and accepting new things.

Since it was Tacan’s goal to become a much stronger and much firmer king.

If the king faltered or was ignorant, the country would also

breakdown.

Although it hadn't been long since he was defeated fighting in vain against the Sword Bone Trio, compared to back then, Tacan was definitely much different now.

It felt like the screams echoed in the mountain range.

Muyoung soon dismissed his concerns.

If it was Tacan, he would surely complete Muyoung's orders.

'Tacan is somewhat like me.'

That he tries to become stronger.

That he doesn't disregard any means of gaining strength.

Muyoung left him alone. After learning from the Sword Bone Trio, Tacan even tried to steal his way of controlling 'grains', but it wasn't something that could be copied even if he saw it.

Instead, Tacan became anxious and couldn't help but to follow Muyoung.

Perhaps, he might continue to be a faithful slave for a longer time than Muyoung expected.

Anyways...

Muyoung turned his head.

Kyyyaaaaaaaaaaahhh!

The defensive tumor, rivaling the size of an entire mountain, screamed out.

The defensive shield was broken through.

The Reign's Invincible Force had succeeded.

Although they had exhausted close to half of their stamina, they were uplifted.

Soon, the main body of the Disordered Terror appeared.

The middle was shining.

It was a trace of the Talisman.

“Let’s go.”

Swoosh!

Muyoung took out Anguish.

Although they freely aimed for the Disordered Terror as Muyoung summoned the Baron, they ignored the fact that behind them, there was Muyoung.

Even if they did know of Muyoung’s presence, it didn’t seem like they thought any further, that Muyoung was after the Talisman and their backs.

They were in a hurry and Muyoung was laid-back.

This difference would make an irreversible result.

# Chapter 112: Those Who Seek Death Shall Live (2)

The Disordered Terror was truly grotesque.

A giant creature over 10 meters tall was curled up, and as if it had received burns, its entire skin was peeled off. A spear full of light was stuck in it.

Although its eyes were both closed, blood continuously flowed down.

A form that resembled more of a mummy than a monster.

However, the wings on its back caught more of his attention.

'Was it a hybrid?'

There were wings, one black and the other white.

A form that reminded him of a mixed race of an angel and a devil.

However, it was the first time Muyoung saw wings like these besides Saint Snow.

But, the Disordered Terror was helpless.

After removing the defensive tumor, there was only a weak monster that was continuously in pain.

The shining light spear near the heart would probably be the Talisman.

As Muyoung approached, the very first to notice was Esen, the Big Master of the Reign's Invincible Force.

"You are...!"

Esen's eyes widened.

The man who had fought the malignant tumor and released the strange spirit was in front of him.

Why?

Were their goals the same?

Although he looked similar to a human, Esen didn't think he was one.

It was because humans were unable to control undead freely like him.

He also gave off a strange vibe.

Even if the man was human, Esen thought that the man would try to get rid of the malignant tumor first, but that didn't seem to be true either.

"What is the Reign clan trying to do with it?"

As Muyoung asked while pointing towards the defenseless Disordered Terror, Esen knitted his brows.

"You seem to know about us?"

"I know everyone who hides like some rat. It seems like the Disordered Terror was made in collaboration of the three clans. No?"

Muyoung spoke of his hypothesis.

However, he believed it was highly likely.

The Reign, Lawless, and Beast clan weren't hostile towards each other.

On top of that, for one clan to cultivate spirits and to find hosts, they would have to endure lots of blood loss and sacrifices.

Unless they truly did find Bae Sungmin by good fortune, at least few hundreds to some few thousands of people would have died.

An act that would eventually be discovered by others.

Once discovered, it would become a reason for them to be attacked by all the other groups.

Would one clan be able to bear that alone and resolve it?

‘Impossible.’

Muyoung inwardly shook his head.

No matter if it was a clan from the Great Five Clans, if they didn’t have the cooperation of the other clans, it would be impossible.

Even more…

Within that mummy-like monster, there were three things.

The Disordered Terror, the light type spirit, and Bae Sungmin!

The three didn’t blend in together and continuously produced division.

Either way, there was no way for the Lawless clan to find and cultivate the Disordered Terror and the equally strong spirit of light alone.

At least Muyoung knew better than anyone else that they didn’t have the structure to do so.

‘Joint work of the three clans. However, they failed and all three took a different route.’

This was most reasonable.

Even the fact that only members of these three clans out of the Five Great Clans appeared and that there was no other military strength around was all circumstantial evidence.

“You bastard, who sent you?”

Esen’s voice got quieter.

His reaction was enough.

He was skilled at hiding his emotions but he couldn’t be better than Muyoung.

An extremely subtle tremor was found in his breath.

Muyoung didn’t seem to be incorrect at least.

“The composition of power would be interesting from now on.”

And due to Esen's reaction, Muyoung couldn't help but chuckle.

The three clans tried but they all failed.

However, they would continuously be suspicious of one another.

They might even start a war.

It was possible that they would send military forces to investigate the situation, and in doing so there was a probability that they could find out about Muyoung's existence. But, as they were deeply suspicious of the other clans, they would fight to find out 'who's clan he belonged to'.

Of course, even their alliance would disappear.

If coincidently related information was to be released, they would be busy trying to point each other out as suspects.

If the Holy City Mulalan was to also act, at least one out of three clans would definitely be destroyed.

The same thing might happen even if other guilds were to be aware, but there was a possibility for a transition of power to occur.

Humanity was dormant.

They resided in their territory and were busy seeking their own profit.

Although they had produced many of great strength, this strength was gradually left to rot.

If Muyoung's predictions were correct and the bloodbath was to happen, then this wasted strength would be refocused on other things, opening up the possibility of a new wave.

'Out of all the big groups, one would disappear. If that happened, the competition would become fierce.'

And to fill in the gap of that group, a countless number of groups would rise.

Of course, it wasn't just optimism.

In the worst case, a large group would come to an agreement but that possibility was extremely low.

Since there would be more than one group that would want to show off the strength that they've reserved for decades.

"This would be interesting?"

Esen was puzzled.

He spoke as if he was a third party who didn't care at all.

In reality, it didn't really matter, Esen had no doubt in his mind that Muyoung belonged to either the Lawless or Beast clan.

Muyoung held Anguish.

"Heidegger, Sword Two. Besides that man, get rid of the rest."

"I understand."

"I will execute your order."

Heidegger was the man who kidnapped people and kept them as slaves in the territory Muyoung was currently ruling.

However, he became an undead because of Muyoung and was faithfully following him.

He was able to switch his heart and depending on the heart used, he was able to use a different ability.

And currently, Heidegger was using the twin head ogre's heart.

Compared to other undead, it was slightly lacking but Heidegger was fully able to complete one man's worth of workload.

The rest of the lacking parts would be fulfilled by Sword Two.

"I'll take care of that man."

Anguish pointed towards Esen.

At the remark that seemed to disregard him, Esen's eyes trembled.

“Since I have a lot of things I’m curious about, I won’t kill you.”

So, Esen reacted to his remark.

He held a long black spear and pointed the shaft towards Muyoung.

Swift!

The two instantly disappeared.

Esen’s spear was sharp.

His skills had been polished over a good 20 years.

Not everyone could become the Big Master of the most elite troops.

One throw of the spear was so exact that it could even take someone’s life away.

Clang!

The sword and spear clashed.

Sparks flew and their positions changed.

They exchanged attacks ten times.

‘He’s strong.’

They were basically poking around.

Also, Muyoung was trying to figure out about how much of his current skills would work against him.

Esen was a big shot who could definitely be in the top 500 humans.

However, Muyoung blocked Esen’s attack every time.

‘I can see.’

Muyoung was able to see the grains.

Simply by stats, Esen would be superior but Muyoung had the eyes that could see grains.

The grains were arranged in a certain direction.

Everything had their own unique grains.

Esen's attack also showed a certain wave.

As his attack continuously got blocked, Esen withdrew his spear.

"I acknowledge that you have quite a decent skill. But, not enough."

And changed his spear.

As he stretched his hand, a crack was created in midair and a brown spear came down.

"There was no one who I couldn't beat with the 'Life-Eating Spear'. If you don't want to become pierced by this spear like a skewer, it's best for you to surrender even now."

A spear that gave off a completely ominous feeling.

Truly, it felt like it wasn't going to be an easy fight if he used that spear.

However, it wasn't like Muyoung also didn't have any cards up his sleeve.

Muyoung was able to see grains.

He accelerated grains.

Soon, the whole world started to become slower.

Grrrrrrr!

His body changed and two horns appeared.

Like a beast, a growling sound naturally popped out of his mouth.

"A dokkaebi...?"

Esen's eyes widened.

He wondered if it was a transformation related skill but, his presence alone had changed.

He was similar to a dokkaebi but he was incomparable.

A duaxini? It felt the same.

He had no idea what that appearance was supposed to mean.

Tap!

As if he stopped, he stood there with Anguish in his hand.

And after that moment, Muyoung was near Esen in no time.

“…!”

Bang!

As Anguish and the spear met each other, it created an explosion.

Esen’s body also shook.

‘He’s fast.’

Esen felt a big impact.

The opponent he thought had stopped was attacking him before he knew.

Esen fixed his eyes on Muyoung.

And once again, Muyoung disappeared.

Bang! Bang!

Although he was barely successful in blocking Muyoung’s attacks, his hand had become crushed.

Esen ground his teeth.

“You bastard!”

Slash!

They missed each other once.

Esen wasn’t naïve enough to be attacked with the same attack continuously.

Esen’s spear pierced Muyoung’s chest.

“You are too absorbed in attacking. Aren’t you too negligent in blocking?”

Esen mocked as he smiled.

Cough!

Muyoung coughed up blood.

However, Muyoung’s spirit didn’t die off at all.

“He doesn’t even know he had already died.”

“What?”

Slaaash!

Both of his arms were cut off, and his body started to fall apart into dozens of sliced pieces.

Blood poured out from his whole body, drenching his surroundings.

Afterwards, Esen’s body that had turned into mere slices of meat fell to the ground.

’55 seconds.’

If he took 5 more seconds, he might have been too late.

In a world that was 4 times faster, he doubled the time for a short while by using his Hermes’s Boots.

It didn’t multiply by 2 but the world became a total of 5 times faster, however, this was enough to win against Esen.

Swook!

Muyoung took out the spear that was in his chest after looking at the corpse.

Clank!

And after tossing the spear on the ground, he used his Cry of Fire skill to cauterize his wound.

He felt a grievous pain but he endured it.

Instead, he turned his head and looked at his surroundings.

Sword Two and Heidegger were performing very well. They were almost finished.

Once again, as he returned to human form and retracted his horns, symptoms of severe dehydration followed.

All his muscles quickly constricted.

But, he didn't pass out.

'Then…'

Stomp!

Muyoung walked properly.

The Disordered Terror plodded.

And it was at that moment when he faced the Disordered Terror.

Swooooooooosh!

The darkness imprinted within the heart of the Disordered Terror became intense.

The darkness ate up the light and as if it was going to encroached the world, it extended its scope and afterwards even engulfed Muyoung.

*

"I'm now complete. I have eaten up the Talisman and the spirit of light, and became an existence with the strength of a demigod!"

There was nothing besides darkness in his surroundings.

In the middle of it, the Disordered Terror cried out loud.

A huge shadow that looked like it touched the sky.

A black whirlpool of emotions that didn't feel anything else besides evil.

"Offer your body to me. The body that fits me most in this place!"

The shadow stretched its feet.

Crash!

Muyoung quickly moved back.

He lifted his left arm and breathed out the Asura King's Breath.

Pop!

However, the Asura King's Breath didn't produce a big blow.

"Useless. I'm already an existence of a demigod! I won't be harmed by an attack produced by a mere human."

This black space seemed to be similar to a distinct barrier.

Inside it, the Disordered Terror was basically undefeatable.

Muyoung bit his lips.

He had already used most of his strength in facing Esen.

He thought that the Disordered Terror would become completely defenseless but he never expected that it would absorb more strength in the meantime.

Once again, he summoned all his undead.

However, as the Disordered Terror stretched out its hand, all the souls of the undead were all swept away.

The Hellhorse was stuck outside the barrier that it was unable to enter.

'This will be difficult.'

There was no answer like this.

It didn't seem like he could fight.

If he was to lose like this, the Disordered Terror would steal his body like it said.

It was when he just realized his defeat.

Swoosh!

From Muyoung’s bosom, a talisman shined.

‘This is?’

Muyoung took out the talisman.

There were four letters written on the talisman.

Seek life, instant death.

Those who seek death shall live.

After looking at it, Muyoung raised a shudder for a moment.

It was the talisman Saint Snow gave to Muyoung.

Or rather, the gatekeeper of a world tree, Swell, gave it to him instead.

Could it have been left to be used at this moment?

‘Those who seek death shall live.’

Muyoung nodded his head.

It was better to fight with his life on the line than to give up his body.

He had never admitted his defeat.

It seemed like he was out of his mind for a moment due to the unknown terror the Disordered Terror released.

The moment he realized, his shoulders became lighter.

Fighting fiercely.

Wasn’t that Muyoung’s usual way?

# Chapter 113: Those Who Seek Death Shall Live (End)

Muyoung took a deep breath and calmed himself down.

Hisssss!

And struck with Anguish.

He wasn't trying to kill the Disordered Terror.

He slit his own wrist to overcome the terror that appeared due to the Disordered Terror.

Blood spattered on his cheek and his mind cleared.

His stamina and energy were lost but he became much more cool-headed.

In time, Muyoung's eyes started to read the 'grains' of the Disordered Terror.

The grains are like traces. The passing of time branded on everything. It was like a stamp that was imprinted on their souls.

"Even if you do that it's nothing more than squirming! Just give in and give up your body!"

"You're in a hurry."

Muyoung's eyes shined.

It had become very clear why the Disordered Terror made the barrier, showed up inside it, and was after his body.

The Disordered Terror wanted Muyoung to give up.

It waited for Muyoung to destroy himself and give it his body.

Because within that overwhelming size, the hidden content inside it was extremely lousy.

"A worm. Although the exterior is strong, the inside is no different than a bug."

While holding his right wrist, he couldn’t help but smile.

The Disordered Terror’s true form was like a worm.

It couldn’t trick Muyoung’s eyes as well.

The truth was hidden within the huge shadow.

If he hadn’t got back to his senses, Muyoung would have also been blinded by its outer appearance.

Graaaaaaawwwwl!

The Disordered Terror didn’t speak with words.

It let him know by showing that it was mad.

Muyoung barely avoided it but his expression was much more relaxed.

“This place isn’t really reality. It’s inside your dream.”

A demigod!

An individual stronger than the Demon King.

However, Muyoung remembered.

How the Disordered Terror looked after the defensive tumor disappeared.

Wasn’t it just curled up and unable to do anything?

It wasn’t able to absorb the world tree.

How can that form be called a demigod?

So, what Muyoung saw right now was all an illusion that the Disordered Terror wanted.

It hoped to become a true demigod and go wild.

“It’s like you said. However, if you die here, you will truly die.”

Even if the Disordered Terror was found out, it still spoke oppressively.

Muyoung shrugged his shoulder.

As it admitted, it wasn't like there was no way for Muyoung to win.

"It isn't like you're the only one that dreams."

'I will face a dream with a dream.'

This was a world of an illusion.

Even if it was the Disordered Terror's dream, there was still room to fight.

As if it realized what he was thinking, it spoke as if it was ridiculous.

"Do you think you can win against my wish? My mass that I have built for thousands of years?! There is no way for a human, who has lived only a few years, to be able to!"

An ancient darkness spirit.

Like the name, it was a spirit that existed since ancient times.

With only one desire of becoming a demigod.

'I can't remember the last time I had a dream.'

Dreams were basically imaginations.

To Muyoung, he lacked this part in being imaginative.

It was possible for him to sincerely make plans and act on them but to draw things in his mind about things he hadn't experienced, it was difficult.

It could only be that way.

Since Muyoung's time had basically stopped since 40 years ago.

He lived by doing things he was told to do.

He only thought of what was the best action for a given situation.

Although he had returned in time, not much time had passed.

It meant that it was hard to move the clock again which had basically stopped 40 years ago.

But, he was clearly aware of one picture.

An image he believed was his future although he didn't experience it.

Muyoung closed his eyes.

He slowly lowered Anguish to his waist and in an instant, he stretched his sword out as if it bounced away.

"I'm the absolute."

He released the light of the Star of Absolute.

The red light encroached the surroundings and in time, it fell on Muyoung.

Swoosh!

The wind blew.

The sword energy had been released.

A single attack that assembled all the grains.

However, it was an absolute blow that was made by the absolute.

The sword energy that stretched out from the sword split space.

The energy split the Disordered Terror's body and broke the barrier.

Although it was only once, once was good enough.

A feeling as if all his energy had been lost.

The absolute's sword, the sword energy, was something like that.

Muyoung was able to succeed with one demonstration as he truly put his fighting power within that one blow.

Those who seek death shall live?

However, Muyoung was able to capture everything as he truly threw all his strength towards death.

Clank!

Soon, the barrier started to fall down.

The part of the Disordered Terror's body that was cut off fell down in pieces.

Between them, there was a worm that squirmed.

Squish!

Muyoug approached it and stepped on it without any hesitation.

The worm's body popped and announced the end of the barrier.

*

<All the tumors and undead are destroyed.> <You have stopped the madness of the 'Disordered Terror'.> <'Elimination of the terror' has been added to your history.> <The Masters of Darkness started to evaluate.> <To you who accomplished the impossible! You have been given a chance to receive a special reward> <The Star of 12 Zodiacs has chosen the user.> <He has gifted the 'Belt of Aries'.>

An endless sound that rang in his mind continued.

<The 2nd metamorphosis has started.>

<Although it was only for a moment, you have seen the Wall of the Absolute.> <The rank of the 'Star of Purity' has increased by half a level.> <The Deluge of Heavenly Flowers – golden lotus's blessing has been received.> <Pure stats of strength has been increased by 40, and intelligence and wisdom by 30.> <The rank of normal skills has been set to be above 'B'.> <Everything has been emptied out and newly created once again.> <The body has been fully recovered.>

Burrrrr!

Muyoung's body shivered.

He had collapsed after spilling out all his strength but as if it didn't happen, he became conscious again.

Afterwards, when Muyoung slowly opened his eyes, he noticed someone with a black cope.

Cope: A cope is a long, loose cloak worn by a priest or bishop on ceremonial occasions.

'Who is he?'

A slouched body, and helmet that soared up like a horn.

Both sections of his arms were loose and the lich wore a necklace with a gem.

Light and dark lines that resembled a haze went around him and he had a pair of small wings, with a mix of white and black feathers.

Muyoung turned his head.

He was still on the mountain.

'My arm... has regenerated.'

Then, he looked at his body once again.

Through the 2nd metamorphosis, his body has fully recovered.

The Asura King's Left Arm laid on the ground all by itself.

He felt he was born again.

He sought death but was newly birthed.

"Who are you?"

"I'm your faithful servant."

The lich went down on one knee.

Then Muyoung realized that the lich in front of him was Bae Sungmin.

As the Disordered Terror's madness ended, he had returned to his original form.

As he just got up, he was hazy and because he wore a helmet, Muyoung was unable to recognize him.

However, Bae Sungmin had died and the Contract of Death had activated.

Now, he was just an undead.

Bae Sungmin had memories of when he was human but had lost all emotions.

As he took a closer look, information about him followed.

<Name: Bae Sungmin

Level: 380

Type: Arc Lich

Strength 200 Agility 200 Stamina 300

Intelligence 400 Wisdom 400 Magic Resistance 450 Chaos 450> + Strength of Great Chaos (Immunity against light and darkness) + Able to use all Necromancer skills (A rank) + Due to 'Lineage of Light', Saint skills are useable (B rank) + Necklace 'Talisman (Intelligence & Wisdom +80)' Useable + Coexistence of light and darkness. Infinite Strengthening Potential

An arc lich!

It was hard to imagine a lich immune to light.

It was rare for an undead to have 'arc' within its name.

On top, for it to be 'saint'.

Although it was only a B rank, a saint was recognized as very high-level even among priests.

You could say there was one among ten thousand.

But, he was able to use both necromancer and saint skills at once.

‘That necklace is the Talisman.’

Muyoung motionlessly looked at the necklace Bae Sungmin was wearing.

The gem in the middle of the necklace seemed to be the Talisman.

It emitted bright light and as it joined the necklace, a strong synergy was produced.

Bae Sungmin became a lich on a different level as his intelligence and wisdom increased by 80.

‘For now, I can let him keep it.’

Muyoung could use the Talisman when the time comes.

Instead of leaving it to waste until then, it was better to have Bae Sungmin wear it and be of use.

By looking at it, it seems like the necklace was effective only for Bae Sungmin.

“Take it.”

Muyoung passed the Asura King’s Left Arm to him.

Bae Sungmin still didn’t have arms.

Bae Sungmin slowly got up and put on the Asura King’s Left Arm.

Soon, tentacles stretched out from the arm and united with Bae Sungmin, as if it was part of his body.

“Thank you.”

“But, the Lineage of Light should be Bae Suzy’s skill, no?”

There were things he was curious about.

The Lineage of Light was the name of the skill Bae Suzy learned from the Sky Library.

“It seems like it’s a characteristic that is transferred by blood-

relations.”

“That why it’s called a ‘lineage’.”

He nodded slightly.

Muyoung never thought that the lineage skill would allow Sungmin to use even saint skills but there was nothing bad about it.

After recognizing Bae Sungmin’s existence, Muyoung straightened his arm.

‘I’ve become stronger.’

Muyoung could feel the aftermath of the metamorphosis through his skin.

You could say it was just the 2nd metamorphosis, but it was different from a normal 2nd metamorphosis.

‘I didn’t think it was time for a 2nd metamorphosis yet.’

What was most surprising was that his pure stats were quite from what was needed for the 2nd metamorphosis.

It seemed like he was forced into the 2nd metamorphosis when he saw the Wall of the Absolute.

‘The Belt of Aries?’

Afterwards, Muyoung tilted his head after seeing how his belt had changed.

Soon, after realizing that it was a present from the ‘Masters of the Darkness’, he took a closer look.

Name: Belt of Aries

Rank: A+++

Classification: Equippable type

Endurance: 50,000

Effect: One of the 12 Zodiac Stars. A belt placed on Aries.

* Magic Resistance +40

* Spirit Ability +40

* It ignores skills below B rank (excluding some) * Ability to fly

** When you collect 3 out of the 12 Zodiac Stars, all stats +30

** When you collect 6 out of the 12 Zodiac Stars, it ignores skills below A rank ** When you collect 12 out of the 12 Zodiac Stars, achievement effect, ‘King of 12 Zodiacs’.

Ha!

He couldn’t help but be inwardly surprised.

Although he might disregard other things, he couldn’t disregard the skill immunity and related options that were added.

Let alone, it was a set equipment and even had the potential possibility of being immune to skills below A rank.

‘It is very rare to find equipment with skill immunity.’

Not to mention skills below B rank.

From Muyoung’s memories, among the existing equipment, the highest immunity was B+.

Also, it was used by Wung Chunglin.

Muyoung’s half a level lower than his but the potential possibility was higher.

His heart raced fast.

Soon after, Muyoung turned on his Status Viewer.

He wanted to check the changes with his own eyes.

Achievement Effect –>

Star of Purity (S+, All stats +30, the Wall of the Absolute)

Stats ->

Strength 305(187+118) Agility 242(143+99) Stamina 276(136+140) Intelligence 266(171+95) Wisdom 247(172+75) Fighting Aura 212(102+110) Magic Resistance 300(90+210) Spirit Ability 200(90+110)

A '+' was added to the Star of Purity.

All stats increased by 10 and through the effects of metamorphosis, his strength, intelligence, and wisdom greatly increased.

'Since I've completed the 2nd metamorphosis, the pure stats will rise more quickly.'

He wanted to move at once and train but he didn't have time to spare.

He needed to return to his territory and prepare for the 'Devil's Long Night'.

Boing.

While that went on, a lump of light flew near Muyoung.

The lump of light gently went on top of Muyoung's head.

'The Armful's Cradle spirit.'

The lump of light whispered its name.

However, that was it.

It didn't tell him anything else besides that.

"What is the Armful's Cradle spirit?"

"It was the existence that was mixed inside me. It was cultivated to keep the Disordered Terror in check. It isn't fully developed so

no one knows of the specifics. They said they found it by chance at the ‘Temple of Light’.”

A spirit placed inside to keep the Disordered Terror in check?

As no information popped up when he looked at it carefully, it meant that it was an unknown spirit that even the Sky Library had no information of.

Since it didn’t seem like it would cause any evil, he left it alone.

Boing. Boing.

The lump of light continuously moved as if it was playing on top of Muyoung’s head.

‘It’s time for me to return.’

As if he couldn’t care less, Muyoung turned his body.

He quickly ended the current situation and it was now time for him to return.

# Chapter 114: The Devil's Long Night (1)

Tacan dusted off his sword.

The human hunt was over. It had been a good opportunity to check his skills.

It was the result of devouring everything to live up to the name of Evil Spirit Predator.

If he was stagnant, it wouldn't have ended this way.

"From what Woohee' sees, 30 points out of 100."

"What?"

Tacan's skeletal frame shook.

Before he knew it, Woohee had come to sightsee and was closely watching Tacan's fight.

Then she evaluated his overall score and began grading.

Even though he didn't ask for her opinion.

He thought she was a fairy with nothing to do, but he couldn't help but be offended by the incredibly bad score.

Woohee flew round and round in the sky while saying, "There's no intensity. There's nothing to see! It's boring. Aren't you too self-absorbed?"

"I see there's nothing you can't say. Do you want to die?"

"Try to be half as good as Husband. That liveliness! His transcendence that is difficult to express in words! Besides, he's cool. In many ways you're different from him, child. Hihihi."

Tacan shivered.

He wanted to split that wicked fairy in half with a single stroke if he could, but it wasn't easy.

Because this was the fairy that followed Muyoung around?

That also played a part, but there was another reason.

‘I don’t know why the Fairy King and the Demon God’s Blessings are given to such a fairy.’

Others could be deceived, but his eyes couldn’t be fooled.

Evil spirits. In other words, there were some things that were visible only to Tacan, who managed many souls.

Even Muyoung would not have noticed.

Many of the blessings bestowed on Woohee were clearly contrasted with the other fairies.

If he messed with her in the wrong way… the result was unknown.

All the blessings were equal to a small miracle.

It was horrible just thinking about what effects would result from activating that many blessings.

But the one he understood the least was the Demon God’s Blessing.

‘Weren’t the fairies helping Solomon?’

He only knew there was such a contract. But, even by taking only that into consideration, it was still strange.

So it isn’t the 72 Demon Gods. Maybe there is something similar in the Fairy World.

After taking a closer look, the result felt a little different from the 72 Demon Gods.

Well, those guys were true evil that couldn’t pass down blessings and the like.

They were the 72 Demon Gods that were born and raised in evil.

It must have been another entity in the Fairy World that placed blessings on Woohee.

Fairies originally didn't match well with 'evil', but by seeing how she followed Muyoung, who was so close to evil, it seemed to have some sort of influence on her.

If it was some other fairy, they would be terrified of Muyoung.

"Wooheeheehee. Husband, not there~."

Woohee wiped the side of her mouth while drooling.

She seemed to be imagining Muyoung again.

For a stupid fairy like her to be so greatly blessed.....

One would use the words 'pearls around a pig's neck' in times like these.

Korean term similar to 'To cast pearls before swine.'

To give valuables to those who don't see their worth.

Tacan sighed deeply.

"Tacan."

From a place not too far away, Muyoung approached.

Muyoung and someone else.

'An arc lich.'

Tacan instinctively grasped his sword.

Not simply because he was an arc lich.

He was powerful.

Also, the mysterious energy of the light surrounding the lich aroused Tacan's aggression.

"This lich is not an enemy. From now on, he will be with us."

"Was he the bastard mixed up with the Disordered Terror?"

"His name is Bae Sungmin."

"Muyoung, let me give you one piece of advice. You can't carelessly believe a lich. Also, this lich is giving off a strange aura."

Muyoung grinned.

Although Tacan's advice was unexpected, it meant that Bae Sungmin's energy threatened Tacan that much.

You could say it was a good thing for someone who was usually so thick-skinned about most things to have this much alertness about the lich.

"Don't worry. The lich is under my control."

"Did you make it? ..... Hmmm. It's my first time seeing a lich with energy of light that strong. If the light's effect was a little greater, he might have been born as something other than a lich. Something more transcendental."

Something else could be born?

Tacan's words were quite profound.

Bae Sungmin's energy was that strong because of the 'Lineage of Light' and the necklace with the 'Talisman' embedded in it.

If Bae Suzy, the descendant of the Lineage of Light, was to be involved, what form would it have taken?

"Anyway, can't I fight him once?" Tacan asked while pointing his sword.

Besides his doubts, it seemed like he had a great heart to win.

Muyoung shook his head.

"We have to go back. It seems like it has been cleaned up."

"These worthless beings are no match for me," Tacan said as he sadly put away his sword.

At that moment, there was a noise that strongly pierced his ears.

"H-h-husband!"

Woohee, who had seemed to have been frozen like ice, immediately came flying over.

Then she wailed as she pointed towards the top of Muyoung's head.

"This, this, is this an affair? What is this wicked bitch? That's Woohee's place!"

The spirit of Armful's Cradle still didn't have a form yet.

It was merely a mass of light that stayed above Muyoung's head.

Seeing that, Woohee became quite agitated.

However, there was no response from Armful's Cradle.

It was obvious. To Muyoung the spirit of Armful's Cradle was not dissimilar to a baby.

Since it wasn't fully grown, it was poor at expressing emotions.

When words didn't work, Woohee began to use force.

She spoke as she poked the Armful's Cradle's side.

The more she poked, the more the Armful's Cradle helplessly shook.

If one was to see an 'abusive sister-in-law', it would look like this.

"Get lost. You're not moving? Will you leave once you taste bitterness from Woohee?"

"Stop."

Muyoung was forced to interrupt.

Woohee's wings drooped..

"Hmph~. Husband, but....."

Muyoung closed his mouth and turned around.

He was obviously ignoring her.

Realizing that, Woohee stared at the Armful's Cradle's spirit and shrieked, "Aiishi, anyway, Woohee is the wife. You're a concubine!!"

*

The Lawless, Reign and Beast clans were caught in a state of emergency.

They had lost contact with the elites who went to find the Talisman.

Everything happened at the same time and it was a totally unexpected scenario.

The leaders were taken aback. Who the hell was it?

They'd immediately dispatched an investigation team, but all that remained were corpses.

Decaying corpses and broken undead.

And all that could be seen was a skin that seemed to be the remainder of the Disordered Terror and its reeking tumors.

"Who is it? Who did this?"

Veins stood up in the neck of the Lawless clan leader, Lawless Jin.

He angrily gasped for breath.

During the investigation, he confirmed the badge of the Reign and Beast clans.

They had also suffered. However, something felt off.

'They were robbed of the Talisman. The only ones who know of it are the Reign and Beast clans. There is nothing strange if those sly foxes were to put on a show.'

Creak!

Blood flowed from his tightly clenched fist.

If there was one strange thing, it would be the outsider from Twilight Village they found out about through their investigation.

'The outsider. Muyoung or something.'

He didn’t know what sort of person he was.

However, he was also suspicious.

In order to do such a thing, he would have to rank amongst the top 10 humans.

Also, all the huge groups knew of those strong men; their names, descriptions and movements.

Among them, the name ‘Muyoung’ didn’t exist.

Also, there was a high possibility that this Muyoung was planted by another clan for the sake of confusion.

“Beast…… Reign…….”

Lawless Jin ground out the names of the two clans.

What kind of thing was the Talisman?

It was a sacred power that could even create holy spirits.

Its value was beyond description. Even several castles could be bought with it.

If the culprit was from one of those two groups, he’d never let it slide.

“Contact the operatives infiltrating the two clans. Let’s take a closer look at their movements! If there is anything odd, report it immediately!”

It wasn’t like there was no way.

Lawless Jin had planted operatives in all the clans and guilds long ago.

In other words, spies.

Other guilds and groups did the same, but when it came to this, no one could compare to him.

“Yes, sir.”

A man wearing a white gown nodded his head and immediately

left Lawless Jin's room.

And Lawless Jin opened his lips slightly.

"Ataraxia, I have some work for you."

Slither.

Hundreds of snakes began coming down throughout the room.

However, Lawless Jin looked at them emotionlessly as if he was familiar with them already.

Soon, the tail of the largest of the snakes could be seen when Lawless Jin said, "Look into the person called 'Muyoung'. If you can capture him alive, do so. Ah, also...

After pausing for a moment, Lawless Jin continued.

"I entrust you with looking into the Fighting King. Recently he's been accompanied by a girl? As if he plans to raise her as his student, it seems he treasures her quite a lot. You must use whatever means necessary and get the Fighting King on our side. Technically, aren't we from the same faction?"

Hisssssss!

The snakes responded by hissing simultaneously.

Then they disappeared once again.

'I'll find out everything. If they're associated, I will get rid of them and take it all back.'

Lawless Jin was not used to being caught off guard in this way.

Lawless Jin was the type of human that caused suffering rather than suffered.

And the one at the center of all this.

If only he could catch and confront this 'Muyoung', he could uncover so much of the truth.

Ataraxia was a swift tracker.

No matter how those bastards hid, he didn't believe she would fail.

They'd escaped Twilight Village and the mountain range 9 days ago.

Tacan couldn't resist asking Muyoung, "When are you planning on cutting off the tail following us?"

Scraape. Scraape.

Muyoung was cleaning his sword.

As they hunted for something to eat, Anguish had become dirty.

He removed the dirt and washed the blood off it.

Even Tacan was dumbfounded by this.

For him to use a weapon like Anguish to catch wild boar.

He thought Muyoung was a man with no great love for the sword, but seeing his behaviour, it didn't seem like that was necessarily the case.

"If you don't get involved, I will. It's quite nerve racking."

"You still have nerves?"

Tacan clucked as Muyoung looked at him unexpectedly.

Since there was only bone there was no way nerves could be left, but there was no need to point that out.

"I'm just saying."

"Bring it back alive."

Tacan moved immediately after receiving Muyoung's permission.

Soon, with a resounding 'BOOM', Tacan returned with a person over his shoulder.

It was a woman Muyoung was familiar with.

Yang Mei.

The woman who had explained the Disordered Terror in detail.

“Why were you following us?”

“Pl… Please take me with you.”

Yang Mei seemed quite desperate.

However Muyoung merely wrinkled his brow.

“I can’t think why.”

“Aren’t you the ‘Star Who Eats Stars’?”

“Star Who Eats Stars?”

Thump.

Tacan threw Yang Mei to the ground.

Yang Mei knelt modestly after straightening her clothes.

“I saw your activities. The Disordered Terror is… I still can’t believe it, but I saw something at the end. The Red Star. The Star-Eating Star!”

It seemed she was talking about the Star of the Absolute.

At the removal of the Disordered Terror the star helped in the final moments.

Yang Mei saw it and seemed certain.

That Muyoung was definitely able to rob other stars using Starlight.

Yang Mei closed her eyes and spoke as if she was reciting a poem aloud.

“If the ‘Star-Eating Star’ appears all Stars are attracted and fight. Thus, at the end of chaos the Star of the Beginning will be born. Once again, the logic of the world would be created.”

“Is it poetry?”

“It’s a legend that is passed down in our tribe. I am one of many Starkeepers but…… Please take me with you. I will be of help in

finding other stars.”

Yang Mei lifted the edge of her clothing.

Then, a large number of star tattoos appeared on her shoulder.

“This is the Starkeeper’s Token. My tribe’s mission is to deliver stars and create the Star of the Beginning! I didn’t expect to meet the Star-Eating Star, the one that begins everything, but surely this must be fate.”

Muyoung continued to stare at Yang Mei’s tattoo.

It was odd but he couldn’t take his eyes off of the small picture carved into her shoulder.

Hair as white as snow.

It was a small carving of the woman with wings of a devil and an angel.

“Who is this?”

With a little smile, Yang Mei pointed with her hand.

“This is my Savior. She’s as cold as snow and as untraceable as the wind. I kept her alive in a tattoo. It was also my Savior that told me to stay at Twilight Village for my role.”

“Snow.....”

It was most definitely Snow.

The features were only engraved and the face was unknown, but the characteristics were enough.

‘Who the hell are you?’

Muyoung’s expression hardened.

It seemed like Snow was telling him that if he followed the Stars he would meet her.

# Chapter 115: The Devil's Long Night (2)

The Three Pickaxe Alliance was working towards a massive reorganization.

After the dragon died, they had been busy as they started military training and recovering the damaged buildings in the place where its energy dwelled.

In reality, after the death of the Dark Dragon Barca, the signs of dragons died down.

The dwarves made it known to the whole world that they were no longer slaves who could be exploited.

Their lord, Bartas, looked at the guests that suddenly appeared with a surprised look on his face.

"Your horns...? Were dokkaebis able to retract their horns?"

Muyoung, who Bartas obviously believed was a dokkaebi, horns had disappeared from his head.

From Bartas's perspective, it was something that made his eyes widen.

Even so, it wasn't enough for Bartas to not recognize Muyoung but it was true that it made him look completely different.

'This will be troublesome.'

Muyoung inwardly clicked his tongue.

If Bartas was to react this way, the reaction of people in the territory was obvious.

Inevitably, Muyoung, who shook his head, momentarily looked at grains.

A world where it became 4 times slower.

Muyoung felt a bit disappointed as he was able to watch even the movements of the facial muscles.

‘For time reduction, the pure stats are important.’

He had slight hopes that he would be able to stay in the slower world for a bit longer as he completed his 2nd metamorphosis, but as there was nothing free in the world, it was all dependent on his basic condition.

That is, his pure stats.

The standard was Muyoung’s strength, without adding anything to it, but just as it is.

It appeared that this occurred as the ‘grain’ itself was about the essence, the purity.

But, through the 2nd metamorphosis, it was going to be easy for him to increase his pure stats to at least 200.

It basically meant that time was the problem.

As his two horns appeared, Bartas’s eyes grew bigger.

“Ha, for you to have two horns. As expected, you are ‘Oom’. Worthy to be the master of the dokkaebis.”

Swoosh.

However, the duration was short.

After showing for about 10 seconds, Muyoung returned to normal.

But, the important part was that Bartas recognized him.

Muyoung coldly spoke.

“Keep your promise.”

He had finished verifying himself.

The rest was for Bartas to keep his promise.

As a condition when he helped the dwarves be free from the Dark Dragon Barca, Muyoung was planning to borrow their strength.

With a friendly relationship, he was planning to reserve strength

for him to at least survive the ‘Devil’s Long Night’.

Fortunately, Bartas willingly nodded his head.

“If it’s a promise, I must keep it. We, dwarves, never forget a favor. I will lend 1,000 dwarves for 3 years. It is what they want as well.”

3 years!

Muyoung couldn’t help but be slightly surprised by this incredible offer.

At most, he thought it would be around 1 year.

Even though this place was a small kingdom for the dwarves, it had to be a tremendous loss for them to share 1,000 dwarves.

It was more of a loss since they had just received damage from the Dark Dragon Barca.

Although they were unsure how long it would take for them to recover and strengthen this place, they gladly assigned 1,000 dwarves to him.

For Muyoung, who had been thinking of alternatives if they didn’t keep their promise, it was truly a relief.

Soon, a familiar dwarf face came to him with a group.

“I’m glad to see you again, master.”

Kalmooh.

With the start of their relationship since the underground arena, he had become Muyoung’s faithful slave after Muyoung had avenged for his son.

Although he was old, it meant he had many years of experience.

His role was to increase his skills at this place while Muyoung took care of Bae Sungmin.

As Muyoung came back, he showed himself to join him.

Kalmooh kneeled.

“Kehem!”

Bartas cleared his throat.

In all honesty, it wouldn’t have been a great sight for Kalmooh to obey Muyoung in front of him, a lord.

It was ill-mannered and rude but he couldn’t scold him.

Muyoung was their hero, a savior!

On the other hand, Bartas was a king who continuously made mistakes.

He tried to run away and most dwarves saw this.

It was okay until then.

Since Bartas was their one and only king.

However, after fighting against the dark dragon, the dwarves also gained their own will.

Bartas was in a state where his position would become dangerous if he was to bother their hero.

Kalmooh turned around and looked at the dwarves he brought as he spoke.

“They are all young and skilled companions. There are even kids I kept my eyes on. They should be of great help.”

Muyoung nodded his head.

Kalmooh didn’t stay here to play around.

Nominally, it was to raise his skills but it seemed like he devoted himself in ‘looking for talented dwarves’.

1,000 promising dwarves!

It was enough to newly reorganize his entire territory.

‘3 years is enough.’

Although they said 3 years, no one knows what would happen after those 3 years.

Among the 1,000 dwarves, how many would return?

Since Bartas said he would ‘lend’ the dwarves, it seemed like he was confident that they would return.

However, Muyoung wasn’t the type to easily return things he had earned.

It was a continuation of surprises.

Yang Mei thought to herself.

That he was someone that she couldn’t keep track of.

However, a Starkeeper was a person who provided guidance.

She tried her best to not show her emotion.

‘The Three Pickaxe Alliance is a top-secret alliance of the dwarves. Is the Star-Eating Star the savior of these dwarves?’

But still, she couldn’t just remove her inner feelings.

Yang Mei was a woman who knew how to use information in her own way.

This was a secretive place that was only known to those who knew of the Three Pickaxe Alliance.

She was certain they existed, but no one else knew the truth about the existence of the Three Pickaxe Alliance.

At most, only catching glimpses of their shadows?

But, she had confirmed the truth.

On top of that, it seemed Muyoung was their savior and hero.

It was odd why he went to the Demon God’s Territory but her doubts about him were removed.

The dwarves’ eyes were full of trust as they looked at Muyoung.

‘But what is an Oom?’

Everything that was said by the lord of dwarves, Bartas, was surprising but she couldn't understand the title Muyoung was called by.

A ruler of the dokkaebis.

In reality, all Yang Mei knew about Muyoung was that he was the 'Star-Eating Star', and nothing else.

However, it didn't take long for her to understand the meaning of the word 'Oom'.

A stretch of land.

A huge territory that existed within the Demon God's Territory!

Yang Mei felt a shiver after seeing a number far greater than ten thousand dokkaebis gathered at that place.

It was a place where dokkaebis and humans coexisted and there was even a fire tar.

If you even add the small number of other species, there was no end.

On top, the dwarves had joined.

It truly was an odd combination of groups but they were mixed and blended together.

'This all was the strength of the Star-Eating Star. His potential.'

It was the first time she had seen something like this.

There were many times where monsters followed humans but if that number goes beyond ten thousand, the story changes.

This was the start and if he could acquire a vaster area, his power would be just as good as other groups.

Gulp!

Yang Mei wiped her brow.

Sweat ran down like rain.

The Star-Eating Star. The more she knew about him, his achievements approached her more sincerely.

A Star of Beginning was born when all the stars were eaten.

And so, within a new law, the world will be restructured.

Perhaps she might be facing the waking phase of the legend to be.

“Greetings, Lord.”

“Greetings, Oom!”

Baltan and Seohan kneeled at the same time.

Muyoung was worried about the fact that they might not recognize him but it was just utter groundless.

Baltan was an undead and Seohan recognized Oom instinctively.

Also, Baltan, as the Guardian of the Territory, and Seohan, as the director of dokkaebis, they each had different roles.

However, compared to the past, there was a big difference in the tension in the air.

Their body position and the powers that could be felt from them became much keener.

They had brushed up on their skills as they looked forward to the day they were to fight against each other.

It was obvious that they would become a bigger problem if Muyoung was to leave them alone.

“Hold a festival. Like I’ve promised, we will start arranging ranks.”

Muyoung also didn’t plan on standing by.

Before the Devil’s Long Night started, he needed to tie up loose ends.

If they didn’t prepare as one, the territory would be destroyed from the inside.

He wasn't simply trying to endure it.

He also had devil hunt in mind.

'To open the book, Call of the Devil, a high ranked devil is needed.'

The last reward of the underground Arena.

It was an item that a devil tried many times to earn.

He was unsure as to why the devil wanted it, but he would know of the reason if he was to capture a high ranked devil and open it.

"…!"

After hearing Muyoung's statement, Baltan bowed his head more deeply.

Seohan grinned and showed respect.

<702 dwarves joined.>

<The potential of the territory steeply increased!> <500 Lord points has been added.>

A festival had started.

*

They danced and sang together as they drank.

Although it was considered a festival, there wasn't much that was different.

Muyoung sat on the throne they had made and watched them.

An arena that was created last minute by borrowing the help of the dwarves.

Although it was just a fenced space with marble flooring, the formality wasn't that big of a deal.

For a day, as a mean for turning over a new leaf, everyone had

fun.

The dwarves were luckily able to mingle with the people.

And on the second day.

“It is a place for each of you to show your skills to distinguish the strongest. Fight and win. I will promise that you will be rewarded a position and a reward right for you.”

The territory was getting bigger.

Muyoung couldn’t always be the one to rule over the land.

He needed to give people positions that were right for them and handle matters transparently.

However, most species left out weaklings.

It was sad that fighting power was the only way to simply compare their skills, but that was also the reality of the Underworld.

After Muyoung’s short announcement, everyone’s attitude changed.

In total, about 2,000 people signed up to participate in this fight known as a playoff.

Dokkaebis, humans, and other different species were all mixed in.

They each held their own weapon and stood with their blade facing up.

The fun and laughter from yesterday had disappeared.

As if it never happened, the mood was as if they were about to go into battle.

“Muyoung, they have looked forward for you to come back. Every day was survival and was time they used to brush up on their skills.’

And as an observer, Ogar participated.

His expression showed how he was also quite interested.

As he stood beside Muyoung, he started small talk with Muyoung.

“Is that so?”

As Muyoung answered without much thought, Ogar clicked his tongue.

“You are a king to them. Not simply a lord. Do you not understand the difference?”

Ogar said something very significant.

A giant like figure, the vice-chieftain of the fire tars.

He was truly a strange fire tar but was also one of Muyoung’s closest people.

At least, he wasn’t the type to lie.

He was truly asking Muyoung.

‘The difference between a lord and a king, he says.’

It was the same how they ruled over their lands.

Kings took care of a few lords to cultivate a much wider land.

The numbers were different and their positions were different.

They even made rules and started broad events.

But, strictly speaking, this also wasn’t greatly different from what lords had to do.

Muyoung was unsure what other differences there were besides this.

From the beginning, Muyoung didn’t have much experience leading others.

It was an obvious thing.

Unless it was Wung Chunglin, Muyoung always moved alone.

Managed everything by himself.

It was very new for him to lead others and to rule over them.

He just acted on the standards of what he had heard and saw over someone else's shoulder.

"Watch. They will fight with their life on the line. Not just Baltan and Seohan but new talents will appear. A group is maintained like this."

Ogar rubbed his chin.

He had the expression of a child with a fun toy in front of him.

Muyoung was still puzzled as he watched the fight.

All he wanted to do was awaken the atmosphere and make them unite as one.

But, there was something that even he was unaware of?

# Chapter 116: The Devil's Long Night (3)

It was the emergence of new talent.

'Indeed.....'

Honestly, Muyoung didn't have high hopes.

He firmly believed that apart from the undead he had created, those in his territory were just an assortment of people.

The speed of their growth was slow compared to Muyoung's and if this continued, he felt certain that they wouldn't be a big help.

However, he brought many citizens in order to increase his Lord's skill ranking and to rule over them a bit easier.

'Anguish's patron, Gremory, the Demon King of the 27th Legion.

In order to get a glimpse of the two secrets, he needed to do so.

The path for Muyoung to become a Demon King himself!

In order to become a powerful 'thorn', he needed to expand his territory.

That was all. As a matter of fact, it wasn't an exaggeration that Muyoung had no hope in them. However....

"I am Arand. Lord! I will show you my skills!

"I am Garwon. My Lord. I will surprise you!"

Before fighting, everyone greeted Muyoung.

Their eyes were filled with vigor.

In addition to the 500 dokkaebis and 20 humans, 300 others who had lived as slaves in the Arena volunteered.

A total of about 800 participants that were overflowing with fighting spirit.

Did they enjoy fighting?

However, that didn't seem right.

Maybe not for the dokkaebis, but the majority of the slaves were weak. They gave their will to the dogs.

However, that image was completely different now.

The will to fight!

Their fighting spirit shone in their eyes.

They were merely hoping that Muyoung would look at them.

‘Do they want compensation or status?’

Surely they had something to gain from fighting.

Since Muyoung had promised, they would be treated well for getting good results.

Expanding his territory, increasing the population….

In order to deal with them effectively, leaders were needed.

However, that didn’t seem to be the only thing.

‘I suppose if I watch I’ll know.’

It may have been because of Ogar’s words, but in any case, he wanted to watch them more.

Even though he wasn’t knowledgeable, he was able to understand.

That their lord, Muyoung, didn’t simply put them together.

He wasn’t a good guy and he was far from having a kind or caring personality.

However, there was one thing.

There was one thing that was imprinted in everyone.

His movements swept through everything.

He was like a typhoon.

In addition, there was something unusual about those gathered around him.

Muyoung just moved, but they all naturally followed him.

Why was that?

‘Because he is a leader.’

That was it. He was gifted with the fate of a great leader.

Great leaders were born with the power to rule.

And he didn’t think this would end at just this simple territory.

Even if he didn’t wish for it, he would soon be crowned as king.

Although the situation ended up this way, it wasn’t easy for other species to live together in harmony.

No one was willing and it was considered taboo.

This was because the lifestyles and behavior of the tribes were not all the same.

However, Muyoung accomplished it.

His overwhelming charisma made it possible.

If he really became king..... They might experience a world that they had never seen before.

His heart raced.

His rule was something that the dokkaebis wished for, and the two thousand arena slaves held no hostility towards his rule.

In this situation which was unseen and unheard of, the humans were in a state of half doubt.

However, they had to fight and prove themselves to survive.

It was a situation where there was no other way but to fight to avoid being swept away in the fierce wave and endure the struggle.

‘My sword is exclusively for the sake of the king.’

Of course, for Baltan the Territory Guardian, Muyoung was already the king.

And in order to receive the qualification as the King's Knight, he had to win at any cost.

Haaaa!

Seohan stifled a growing smile.

An ice dokkaebi with an evolved dokkaebi's form, a duaxini.

Although he managed almost 20,000 dokkaebis, he still participated in this match.

This was because he had to finish things with Baltan.

However, that aside, he couldn't hold himself back because his body itched to do this.

'Ah, it's fun. It's really fun!'

His mouth itched. If he could, he wanted to laugh out loud.

Muyoung.

Their Oom had gotten so much stronger after going outside for a while.

Seohan the duaxini was able to tell.

Now he couldn't be a match for him.

'There's no way of knowing how much stronger he will get.'

His steep growth rate was not normal.

But if he was Oom, then, of course, he should be so.

He must lead the goblins by accomplishing what could not be done by anyone and by showing them.

That was why he was Oom and their master.

However, what of the dwarves?

Dwarves were famous for being a stubborn race.

They didn't really follow others. They didn't trust or get give their affection easily.

However, he came leading hundreds of them.

The image of Oom in their eyes dared them to think of a hero.

For them to worship and naturally follow him was indeed due to Oom's presence.

'Dear Oom, are you trying to become king? I will give my life to help you.'

If Oom became a king, this territory would become a kingdom.

However, Oom was greedy and trying to put together all the species.

In order to always aid Oom in the front lines, he needed to gather the scattered dokkaebis and show their strength.

"Oom has proved his qualifications. Now it's our turn!" Seohan cried out.

"A-Oom! A-Hoom! A-Oom! A-Hoom!"

"A-Oom! A-Hoom! A-Oom! A-Hoom!"

The 500 dokkaebis that were participating in the tournament shouted in excitement.

They also knew Seohan's sincerity. They'd become aware of what he saw and felt.

That they couldn't lose.

They'd risk their lives for this fight.

It was intense.

No, calling it intense was not enough.

The feeling of meeting a lifelong enemy.

Also, the shape of that fight somehow resembled Muyoung.

"Isn't this fun? It hasn't been all that long but already they follow you."

Muyoung was silent.

Honestly, he still didn't understand.

In the end, what they wanted to resemble was Muyoung himself.

There really wasn't much shown by him. The times when he was absent were more often.

"Spending a lot of time together isn't everything. All they needed was just a little hope."

"Are you saying I gave them hope?"

"Although this place is on the outskirts, strictly speaking, it's a place where the Demon Gods rule. The dokkaebis and the other species are bound to feel uneasy every day."

"The fire tars too?"

The Fire Tars were top predators.

Were they afraid of the demons and devils too?

Ogar nodded affirmatively.

"It will soon become the onset of the Devil's Long Night. In those days, even the Fire Tars act carefully. If even we are like that, how do you think it would be for the weaker ones?"

"So, you're saying I'm hope?"

"Exactly. You're changing daily. Just by looking at what you show, they can be comforted and have hope."

"I don't really understand…"

He was getting stronger, but others saw that and had hope.

In another word, vicarious satisfaction.

Well, Muyoung was growing at an unbelievable pace.

Even when he thought of the past, there was no one who grew like he did.

But to see that and have hope?

Was it not a greater pleasure to cultivate one's own strength and

get what one wanted?

Muyoung couldn't understand their mentality.

But somehow it was obvious.

The assassin Muyoung, who was created to just follow orders from Wung Chunglin, was never satisfied by just looking at someone.

Even when he just returned, he wanted to strengthen himself and didn't think of anyone else.

On the other hand, they were following Muyoung's example.

If their master, Lord Muyoung, got stronger quickly, they hoped that they too would be able to get stronger.

It was only a tiny spark, but in this place, even that spark was hard to find.

Just by Muyoung's existence, it lit a fire.

Muyoung had no idea what an amazing thing that was.

And this made Ogar smile and think, 'Now I too will have a hard time with my opponent.'

The simple feeling of the atmosphere changed.

He didn't know what had happened in a little over 100 days, but he dared say the difference was like heaven and earth.

If time continued to flow in this way.....

He could not even imagine.

The unknown was terrifying, but sometimes it inspired motivation.

'All this while, I've been careless with my training. I too should begin moving.'

Since it had even influenced Ogar, there was nothing more to say.

New talent.

As a matter of fact, there were appearances of those with potential.

Muyoung didn't pay much attention, but they were the ones that were buried in opposition.

Through this opportunity, they spread their existence.

Arand was one of these.

A young Dark Elf. He was a male that had been defeated in the arena and turned into a slave.

He'd been living in confinement in the arena for a good 5 years.

Of course, he had no will, and in a spirit of defeatism had thought of himself as a slave.

The rank at that place was determined from the time of entry.

In reality, everyone was afraid of the challenges.

They'd been satisfied with the place they were staying in and refused to move to the next level.

How was he different from a pig inside a cage?

'I'm trash that isn't even a pig.'

At that moment, a dokkaebi appeared.

At first, nobody noticed the dokkaebi.

His fights were always intense, yet he never fell.

However, Arand had been watching.

From the beginning to the end.

The actions of the dokkaebi that oddly drew his attention fascinated Arand.

The dokkaebi moved along.

Without hesitation, he had no worries as he challenged.

He gave the impression that he was just doing what he was supposed to.

5th floor, 4th floor, 3rd floor.

The more he advanced, the more his fame rose.

At first, they didn't know who he was, but as time passed, there was no one that didn't know the dokkaebi's name.

Muyoung! Muyoung! Muyoung!

Everyone shouted. They were enthusiastic about the appearance of a dokkaebi fighting.

In other words, he had become a celebrity.

Every time he fought, he gained strength and won.

Arand closely watched him from the beginning.

He was truly an aloof warrior that didn't suit this hog pen.

Arand cheered.

That night, for the first time in over 5 years, he cheered.

He even shed tears. He didn't know why.

It was just that the dokkaebi's victory moved Arand.

Aah! That was it. To Arand, the dokkaebi was an idol.

And now.

That idol was before his eyes.

In a place where it seemed he could touch him if he only reached out.

"It, it can't be……"

"Seohan?"

"Unbelievable!"

The dokkaebis were astounded.

Seohan. The one responsible for 20,000 dokkaebis had fallen.

The great warrior, the victor of countless battlefields, had fallen to the floor, spewing blood.

Then, Arand recovered two sacks of daggers he freely moved.

Arand had not sustained even one injury.

He had perfectly dominated Seohan.

When he was a slave at the arena, it was something he could not even think of doing.

But as flowers blossomed, Arand changed as he left the arena. He'd gotten stronger.

And he sent Muyoung a provocative look.

"My Lord! If I win, can I ask you one favor?"

Arand was no longer a pig in a pen.

He wasn't trash.

"What is it?", Muyoung asked.

And Arand answered.

"Please fight me."

Now Arand was a warrior.

A blood-hungry warrior!

At that moment, Muyoung's lips lifted.

He now understood Ogar's words.

# Chapter 117: The Devil's Long Night (4)

He was disregarding them.

He had no expectations about their strength.

He wanted to use the dwarves' powers to prepare for the Long Devil's Night.

However, as the matchups, the fights, continued, Muyoung realized that his thoughts were wrong.

'Seeds were sown.'

Just expanding the territory and becoming a demon king wasn't all.

There were seeds.

Seeds he didn't know what they would turn into!

Muyoung sowed those seeds, and now he needed to cultivate and harvest them.

'Interesting.'

Would a farmer feel this way?

It wasn't expected at all.

That was why he was looking forward to it more.

"I don't know how to fight half-heartedly."

"If I may be so bold, please fight with me so that there isn't one bit of regret."

Arand lowered his head slightly.

It was a motion that allowed Muyoung to feel a unique edge of the dark elf.

However, the dagger hidden within it was really something.

It was far from vigor a mere slave could express.

‘Were my perceptions really wrong?’

They were living creatures. Living creatures are able to bear potential anytime.

Even more, they were the seeds that grew as they watched Muyoung. They couldn’t be puppets.

Muyoung turned his head.

Ogar was looking at him.

He spoke with his eyes.

For him to ‘enjoy the festival’.

“I allow it.”

Muyoung accepted.

Swoosh!

At the same time, he took out Anguish.

The twenty thousand people that filled the audience watched Muyoung.

“If you want to fight me, win. I will only ‘acknowledge’ the winner.”

Muyoung was the lord who ruled over this place.

If he just accepted any challenge, his rank would be reduced.

Only the one who had won all the fights could gain that qualification.

‘I like those who fight.’

All the past heroes were like that.

They broke through all different kinds of harsh conditions to be called a hero.

And from the bottom of his heart, he yearned for those heroes.

If heroes weren’t born but were created, he wanted to see proof.

Until now, Muyoung didn't give them any proper attention.

He believed he needed to move alone and do everything by himself.

Even now, his thoughts didn't greatly change but what if they were also Muyoung's own strength?

He was planning to find out if they could be of use to him or not.

He didn't care if it was Arand or someone else.

But, Muyoung was going to acknowledge the last one standing.

That one would be of leadership material who would provide him strength!

Muyoung would greet them into his army, formed from both living and undead.

This way Muyoung could be in the center of everything, among the dead and the living.

"Don't forget your word."

Arand's body shivered imperceptibly.

Arand was excited.

Muyoung was his idol and his goal.

At the place where he was downgrading himself as trash and thought he was a pig in a cage, Muyoung was the only one who shined.

He dreamed while he watched Muyoung fight in the arena.

That he wanted to fight in the same place as him!

"Never... forget it."

Acknowledgement.

That was all.

It was a funny thing.

But it still felt good.

On the other hand, that was enough.

Arand turned his body.

The arena was filled with silence.

However, at this moment, his attitude towards the simple fight changed. It altered.

This was a battlefield.

A place where they cut bones and chewed on skin!

A holy battle?

A fight that produced glory as it followed the law?

There was nothing of the sort.

Winning was everything. Muyoung didn't mention any condition besides it.

Win. Survive until the end!

'I'm no longer a slave inside a cage.'

Arand lived for this day.

He pledged that he would live for victories and not for losses.

Plump!

Muyoung sat on his seat.

"Continue."

Their master spoke.

Baltan, the Guardian of a Territory.

Originally, it was Seohan and his fight but the opponent changed.

Arand had risen to become a new match.

"We weren't original citizens of this land."

An old man started to talk.

In silence, about twenty people gathered.

They all lost.

Now just one, only Baltan was left.

“If it’s now, it wouldn’t be impossible to escape the Demon God’s Territory. But… I’m scared.”

The old man was a muscular warrior but his appearance seemed very intimidated.

It wasn’t due to his loss.

He was afraid of leaving the Demon God’s Territory.

“Due to Heidegger, we were all kidnapped.

It was Muyoung who ended Heidegger’s tyranny.

He had accepted them as his citizens. The violence in the past had also disappeared.

“And quite some time had passed since then. We grew stronger and it shouldn’t be hard to escape the Demon God’s Territory if we decide to.”

To escape the Demon God’s Territory.

They could return to the crowd of people.

However, was that all?

“I’ll be honest. I am afraid of people, of humans.”

A deep regret was within the old man’s words.

“All of you probably think the same as me.”

Others nodded as the old man spoke.

They were normally weaklings.

Ones that wouldn’t be missed were kidnapped by Heidegger, with no one to save them.

These people who were gathered here at this place were the ones who were thoroughly neglected by modern society.

Muyoung might not be aware or might not have put any thoughts into it but... the sorrows of a weakling were beyond one's imagination.

What would have been the reason for them to naturally accept Heidegger's tyranny?!

It was because it was no different compared to when they were within the crowd of people from the beginning.

Heidegger intelligently kidnapped those who he believed were unneeded.

"For the first time, we realized each other's importance by coming to this place. We learned what it was to live by helping each other."

After coming to the Underworld, their existing knowledge became useless.

A zone of the strong.

A structure where only the strong could eat up everything.

The weak would only crawl on the ground. The violence of the strong was no different than the tyranny of Heidegger.

They had to live each day by studying other people's faces.

They had to go through a narrow path making small strides to even make ends meet.

Don't they just need to get stronger?

'We weren't even given a chance to get stronger.'

The vested interests that were developed for decades.

They used their fixed resources only for themselves.

Occasionally, they chose those fine children who seemed to have potential to become a fine man and place them under their

command.

The rest were abandoned. Small chances weren't even given easily.

The weak competed against each other to go through a place that was thinner than a needle's eye.

A hell's path was created to earn even a crumb that was dropped from the strong.

However, this place was different.

At least in this place where Muyoung ruled, there were opportunities.

What they thought at that moment was the dungeon.

The dungeon was a place that flowed with honey.

A path where they could become strong, fast and easily.

Muyoung didn't place any restrictions for them to enter that place.

They were able to earn rewards by finishing the dungeon by combining their strength.

After coming to this place, they had realized that they could survive if they combined their strength after a long time.

For them to not chip each other away and gnaw each other to death.

They could build their own house and have their own land.

In the Great City, even that was impossible without authorization.

Although it wasn't safe, there were numerous groups in this place.

They were able to receive at least minimum safety.

"Will you return?"

The old man talked.

Would you return and give up this opportunity?

“I don’t want to.”

The old man answered alone.

It was better to die than return.

Rather than return to that filthy cesspool, he was willing to die fighting at this place.

“I also don’t want to. I’m sick and tired of it.”

“I want to stop crying by holding on to a rotten rope.”

“But could we remain at this place?”

Everyone was skeptical about it.

Numerous dokkaebis and other species.

There were at most a dozen humans.

They were behind in number.

Although Muyoung remained neutral, it was impossible to know when he would change his mind.

The old man clenched his fist.

“That’s why we need to win. Baltan, you are our hope. If you win, we would be able to gather much more weak people. If there was a small hope among the weak, we could let them know that they could infinitely get stronger.”

If Muyoung’s plan was to really encompass everyone.

The old man dreamt of a far future.

A dream where those weak who were condemned like himself gathered and developed their strength.

It was the last bet he placed his life on.

At the same time, everyone’s attention focused on Baltan.

Baltan, the Guardian of the Territory.

People thought he had changed from before.

It wasn't normal for him to suddenly became stronger and become a guardian.

But, nevertheless, Baltan was the only one who stood by their side.

Since the fact that Baltan accepted Muyoung's deal and became an undead was solely to protect Irene and them.

The old man lowered his head further.

"See you soon."

Swoosh!

Baltan took out his sword.

His white armor shined more than usual.

Plod!

He moved towards the battlefield.

The finals had come.

He needed to win against his last opponent, Arand.

"Please."

"Win for us!"

"For recognition!"

"...for hope."

Everyone spoke of their small wish.

As Baltan walked towards the battlefield, his footsteps were immeasurably heavy.

A dark horse, Arand.

The Guardian of the Territory, Baltan.

Their final round strongly focused everyone's attention.

Muyoung wasn't an exception.

"They all have their own goals. They all moved with their own ideas. And you are the one who rules over their goals and ideas."

Don't think lightly.

Never think lightly of that weight.

Ogar was speaking of it.

It seemed likely for him to secretly know how Muyoung thought of them.

Muyoung's shoulders became heavier.

However, this weight was enough for Muyoung to fully endure.

Ogar scratched his cheek.

"I watched them closely. How they grew stronger each day. But, honestly, I'm not sure. Even if they had goals, I'm not sure what made them change that rapidly."

However, even Ogar didn't know everything.

He wasn't a wise man but just an unusual fire tar.

Muyoung thought he knew a bit about this part.

"It's the most basic of emotions."

"Most basic?"

"Desire."

Achieving goals and desire were subtly different.

Even more, hidden desire had spurted.

It was the same for Muyoung.

The 40 years of suppressed desire had spurted and he earned the driving force to continuously get stronger.

Ogar made a surprised face.

"Desire...desire you say. Will you be able to control that desire?"

“Desire shouldn’t be controlled.”

“Then?”

“It’s about spurting, colliding, and raging.”

“In other words, you are saying you are going to release it since it’s bothersome to control.”

Kehaha!

Ogar laughed out loud.

He felt like he got punched hard.

It was so.

Muyoung currently set his own rules and principles.

That he was going to leave them be if they were to run wild as they break from their mold.

That he was going to measure which desire was bigger between his and theirs.

This also was another unpredicted fight.

‘Show me your desires.’

A strength that spurted and raged would produce a strong strength in the end.

If he was after the Demon King’s position, shouldn’t he at least endure this with a smile?

A Demon King was also a king.

Even if he had no experience, he couldn’t just postpone it.

Even Muyoung acknowledged that his thoughts had been too small.

He was disregarding the strength of a group.

He just belittled the strength of mankind.

If there were no heroes, he just needed to create them.

He realized that simple logic.

Wham!

Just in time, the fight for desire between Baltan, the Guardian of the Territory and the dark horse, Arand had started.

A thick sandblast scattered like falling starlight.

# *Chapter 118: The Devil's Long Night (End)*

Baltan and Arand's fight didn't seem like it was going to end easily.

They both showed ideal development beyond what Muyoung had expected and he was now seeing the results with his own two eyes.

'Amazing.'

Baltan was an undead and Arand was a dark elf.

They were both beings that were far from human but their growth speed was monstrous.

He thought only humans had infinite potential due to Solomon.

However, this wasn't true.

Other species also had the same, perhaps even more, driving force.

Claaang!

Arand's attacks were swift and sharp.

Baltan had sturdiness as his weapon.

Currently, Baltan seemed to have the upper hand.

It was a common belief for it to be difficult for lightness to win against heaviness.

However, the expectation was once again knocked down.

Whooosh!

The greatsword flew up high in the air.

And in time, was pierced on to the ground like a sealed sword.

"I won."

Arand made a smile.

Although his body was cut and bruised, he didn't hide his joy at

his victory.

He looked at his two hands that pierced through Baltan.

A warrior with no weapon couldn't be an opponent against Arand.

"..."

Arand's victory wasn't expected from anyone.

The audience became silent.

Not a dokkaebi or a human but a dark elf.

It was a result that not one person welcomed but Arand didn't care.

Thud!

As if he wanted Muyoung to quickly keep his promise, Arand straightened up in front of Muyoung before he kneeled one knee.

'Certainly, Baltan was superior. Just that Arand's ability to see his opponent's openings was beyond what I imagined.'

Baltan who was weaker than Seohan had achieved surprising development that surpassed Seohan in no time.

Just by this, it was a complete surprise but a figure who he had no thought of had appeared.

In a Lord's point of view, this was absolutely not a bad situation.

And rather, it might have been better for Arand to win instead of Baltan.

Arand was the representative of the slaves of the arena and they were looked down on quite a bit from both the humans and dokkaebis of the entire territory.

Through this event, somewhat of a balance would be made.

"To the winner Arand, I will give him the position of 'Banneret Knight'. He can perform duties of a Commander and has the

authority to lead up to 50 people. While I'm away, he will perform as lord deputy with Baltan."

After he finished speaking, he looked at Arand's eyes.

As if he didn't have any interest in that sort of position.

As if they were burning, Arand's eyes glared.

Muyoung inwardly thought it was 'fun'.

As Ogar said, would he be able to enjoy the festival?

"Heal Arand. As final entertainment, I will allow you to face me and my sword."

Swoosh!

Anguish cried in excitement.

Bae Sungmin went up and cured Arand's injuries.

Although Bae Sungmin was a lich, he also had the ability to use saint skills.

Saints were rare, to where there was only one saint among ten thousand priests.

Saints were valuable talents that even in the Holy City Mulalan, there were only a few dozen saints.

Truly, saints only lived in Mulalan.

It was practically impossible to see them besides a specific period when the saints made their rounds.

And so, having a saint meant that the group didn't yield against any guild or otherwise, and had an advantage.

Beeeeam!

Light surged all over Arand's body.

With an incredible speed of recovery, the wounds were completely healed.

Skills or techniques weren't needed. Just showering holy power

was enough.

Strut!

Muyoung slowly walked up.

Arand got up as he made a dignified smile on his face.

No words were needed.

‘He has no plans on losing.’

Muyoung chuckled.

Arand had no intention of losing the fight against Muyoung.

Classical eyes of a warrior!

Muyoung felt his blood pumping in a long time.

Muyoung never did anything roughly.

Even when he tried to catch a rabbit, Muyoung was the type to try his best.

Even more, Arand was a warrior. It was discourteous for him to fight by restricting himself.

And it was necessary to surely teach him who was at the bottom and the top.

‘Overwhelming.’

That was needed.

Keeeeyaaaah!

A blazing dragon went around and around Muyoung’s entire body.

The audience who saw this were astonished.

It wasn’t made up of a simple form.

Although it was weak, there was truly a ‘dragon fear’ effect.

They could feel the soul of the dragon through their skin.

This strength didn’t exist before he left the territory.

“Did Oom… even conquer a dragon?!”

Seohan’s eyes widened as much they could.

His entire body shivered as he was deeply moved.

Only a few months. It was clear that he had dominated a dragon and had its soul in his hand.

Ogar was also surprised.

Dragons were much higher ranking species compared to fire tars.

It might have been possible if the opponent was a chieftain of the fire tars.

He never thought Muyoung would even gain that level of strength.

‘It seemed like only yesterday when he cured the Poom tree.’

Ogar inwardly led out a sigh of relief.

At this speed, it was certain he would soon surpass the chieftain.

If at that time, they mistreated Muyoung, it was unknown how far the aftermath would have been.

Even if he did solve the chronic problem about the Poom tree, the stubborn elders were hesitant to give Muyoung a reward because he was a dokkaebi.

Even more, they certainly would have had thoughts of removing him by finding some fault in him.

Imagining a Muyoung who survives, develops his strength, and one day points a sword at him, made his fiery spine chill.

‘It would become a matter of the greatest regret.’

He would have nothing to say if he annihilates everyone because they returned a kindness with ingratitude.

However, luckily, Ogar did everything he could to reward his efforts.

He used all kinds of precious herbs for Muyoung to go into metamorphosis.

“A dragon’s strength… it’s amazing.”

Haaa!

Arand let out a strange sound.

It gave him chills.

All Muyoung did was show him his strength but he didn’t feel like he was going to win.

“If you don’t want to disappoint me, you will need to try even harder.”

Muyoung spoke indifferently.

If what Arand had shown so far was all he had, he would have been disappointed.

Swoosh!

Tang!

Afterwards, Arand came right in front of him after leaving an afterimage.

He moved his daggers freely and approached to pressure Muyoung.

Clang!

Crash!

Arand was able to use powers of thunder and lighting.

He was truly as fast as lightning.

The dragon’s strength that allowed him to automatically attack and block wasn’t able to keep up with his speed.

Even so, Arand’s expression was gradually getting impatient.

‘None of my attacks are working.’

He thought he would at least be a worthy opponent.

Although he saw the dragon's strength, he didn't believe he would greatly fall behind.

In reality, since he had subdued Seohan and Baltan who were under Muyoung, his level of confidence was so high that it could pierce through the sky.

However, after fighting him firsthand, he was able to understand.

Muyoung's greatness.

Muyoung didn't move a step from his original position.

On the other hand, Arand felt like he was going to get beaten if he was to reduce his speed even a bit, and so he couldn't help but to restlessly move.

This also didn't last long.

Muyoung raised Anguish.

Then, very slowly stretched out his sword.

'A slow sword?'

Compared to Arand's lightning speed, it was too slow.

It seemed like a piece of cake to avoid it.

However, was it because it was out of the recognition range?

At some point, Anguish broke Arand's dagger, pierced through his chest, and crushed his bones.

Puuaaah!

And with the retraction of Anguish, blood gushed out from Arand's chest at the same time.

Just one strike of a sword.

However, it was a method he couldn't understand at all.

"H...ow...?"

“It’s my best sword. Endlessly think about it and fight fiercely. If there was something you learned, you will become much stronger than now.”

Muyoung turned his body.

He didn’t use acceleration.

Just, he gathered all the enlightenment he learned so far and expressed it in a single strike of a sword.

This was Muyoung’s own way of ‘acknowledgment’ to the winner, Arand.

<Citizen’s Level of Harmony increases.> <Rank of skill ‘Lord’ increases. B->A> <You have earned 500 Lord points.>

<From now on, you will be able to figure out a general state of your territory and your citizens.> <State of your citizens:

-They respect their lord. As long as a strong Lord exists, they will not have a different heart.

-The level of Harmony is B. A decent level of harmony has been made with all the species.

-The level of Development is A. They have a strong desire to become stronger. If you provide them with a condition, they would grow faster than anyone else.

-The level of Satisfaction is B-. There are a lot of problems with cleanliness and residence. There is a need to fix the territory overall.> <You have attained the rank of a true lord. You may rule over a much larger land.> <Rulers of large territories have started to slowly pay attention to the user.>

*

The moment the festival ended, Muyoung implemented actions to strengthen the overall territory.

By combining the 1,000 dwarves and all the territory's manpower, they built walls and hard buildings.

On top, by using about 1,000 lord points, Muyoung made a small temple.

Normally, you needed 2,000 Lord points to build a temple but you could add the general effects of a temple with just 1,000 points.

'There is nothing bad about having a temple for the Devil's Long Night.'

The temple Muyoung built was a place where the god of dokkaebis, 'Asura' was served.

Although its size was small, Asura was an existence who was concerned with Muyoung and influenced him.

If anything, it would be beneficial and not harmful.

As expected, as he built the temple, additional effects existed.

<'Asura's Small Temple' has been completed.> <While citizens are within the territory, their stamina and fighting power increases by 5.> <Unless a much greater 'evil' appears, citizens will receive resistance from mind control.> <The development speed of all different kinds of monsters increases.> <Achievement effect 'Asura's Vassal' has been changed to 'Asuras's Spokesperson'.> <Asura wants a much bigger following and many more temples. Increase the number of Asura believers and expand. As you do this, the effects of the blessing will get stronger.>

The temple was truly worth the price.

As Asura's Vassal changed to Asura's Spokesperson, its rank also increased.

It seemed enough to prepare for the devils.

As the other species quickly developed and gained strength to resist, it created a situation where it would be worth his while to fight most devils.

On top of that, there was a chance for Asura's blessing to continuously be added.

If that happened, he would need to increase the number of temples but this also would be solved at the same time as the Devil's Long Night begins.

"Lord has built a temple for Hoom!"

"A-Oom! A-Hoom!"

"Aaaahh!"

The moment the temple was built, the dokkeabis cheered.

They sang and danced as they trembled.

They were able to serve both Oom and Hoom at one place.

Also, there was another extra effect.

"I have heard the sound of Hoom's voice. Please accept us, the earth dokkeabis."

"Are you the Oom? Hoom told us to follow you."

After the temple was built, dokkaebis from all around swarmed in.

The numbers weren't that many but it seemed like the effects of the temple spread quite far.

Most came by saying that they had come to this place by hearing the voice of Hoom.

Like the time when they gathered for the Oom's ceremony, it seemed like there was some sort of a special signal.

Could 'being on a roll' be more of a fitting phrase than now?

Thanks to this, they could accelerate the development of the

territory.

All other species quickly developed and became stronger day by day.

And as more time passed, additional information popped up.

> <The ‘Devil’s Long Night’ has started.> <Devils that are stained with all kinds of devilishness are wandering around the path. Be careful.> <During this period, if you hunt devils, you could earn additional rewards.> <But, be cautious. Among those devils who wander, there could also be nobles with titles.>

# Chapter 119: The Duke, Bastro (1)

The Devil's Long Night.

A period when the moon turned red and souls cried.

During this time, the devils were especially vulnerable.

No one knew as to why.

It occurred approximately once every 5 years and lasted for 3 months, during which numerous devils roamed about.

Apart from those with a rank of demon king and above, all devils did this.

'The devils aren't perfect……'

It was the conclusion humanity formed after fighting with the devils for decades.

The reason why devils weren't very active outside of the Demon God's Territory was also thought to be connected to this 'Devil's Long Night'.

It was because no matter how much they went berserk, they didn't tend to leave this territory.

Of course, there were times when a devil with the rank of Duke or higher would occasionally break free of the territory leading a large army to attack humans, but generally that was a rarity.

Even though it was only once every 5 years, the fact that they had periods like this was a sign that the devil itself was an incomplete creature.

However, it was also humans who couldn't do anything about those incomplete beings.

'I can't say that the monsters are also unaffected.'

Muyoung looked up at the sky.

A red moon.

The full moon lit up the ground.

While looking up at the moon even Muyoung had a strange feeling.

The monsters would definitely face changes, however, different monsters would have different changes.

Nevertheless, if it was here, thanks to the psychological effect of ‘Asura’s Small Temple’ they were able to maintain some calmness.

‘I did everything I could.’

He built up a wall. It was designed not to shake against all but the strongest magic.

He created siege weapons and directed training.

The population which had begun with 20,000 people had increased to 30,000.

This was also due to Asura’s Temple being built which caused dokkaebis from many places to flood in.

And so, Muyoung did everything he could.

He didn’t know how long they could hold out against the devils’ attack, but it was definitely not going to collapse easily.

“Arand, I’ll give you my first order.”

At the top of the castle, the Lord’s room.

At the softly spoken words there was a response from the other side of the door.

“What is it?”

Tchk!

Arand straightened up.

Arand, who had become a Bannered Knight, still wanted to defeat Muyoung, but since their duel he loyally followed Muyoung more than ever.

It seemed the effect of seeing the ‘slow sword’ once worked properly.

“Gather those with agile bodies and start doing reconnaissance of the surroundings.”

“I will follow your command. Also……”

It was an important duty.

There was no way Arand couldn’t have known about it.

However, he continued to speak as if there was something else he wanted more.

“When this task has been completed could you show me that sword again?”

Muyoung gave a small smile.

Arand.

He was truly an interesting fellow, wasn’t he?

Even though he was on the other side of the door he could naturally feel his fighting spirit.

It felt like he wasn’t following him because he was the Lord but because he wanted to win against him.

‘If there is only one, it should be okay.’

Arand was quickly getting stronger at a pace that even Muyoung found surprising.

Even more so, he was an aspirant who always dreamed of fighting with Muyoung whenever he had a chance.

There seemed to be no harm in having someone like this next to him.

As it could help him stay alert at all times.

His ambition could be the greatest enemy of complacency.

“It’s not a sword you can see with just those skills.”

“Ah……! Of course it would be like that. Then, I will ask you after I gain more merits.”

It wasn’t like Arand had no sense of shame.

Instead, he was going to build up more merits so Muyoung would not be able to refuse.

Muyoung acquiesced to his obvious intentions.

Finally Arand began to move from the door.

‘I don’t know what kind of devils will appear. I can’t move from this place. This is the biggest problem.’

In enduring the Devil’s Long Night, Muyoung found the most important thing was reconnaissance.

If he could understand them ahead of time it was possible to establish countermeasures.

The possibility of stopping it that way was higher than through helplessness.

However, Muyoung himself was at a level where he could win against most devils.

‘But on the contrary, they would need to know that they could be hunted by me.’

He had no intention of becoming prey.

Muyoung was a hunter.

More skilled than anyone!

He adjusted Anguish at his waist and looked up at the red moon.

Fighting spirit surged through him and he was filled with the desire to fight right away.

Was it because he was ‘Oom’? Or was there another reason?

His heart wouldn’t settle down easily.

Ta-tap.

Ta-tap.

A large man reminiscent of a death god sat on a throne made of unicorn horns, drumming his fingers against his seat while immersed in thought.

The rare, mysterious figure surrounded by black cloaks and numerous bones was none other than ‘Hauress’, the 64th seat Demon God.

Hauress held the power to lead 21 Demon Kings, and to burn everything he considered an enemy.

“The timing is bad…”

Ta-tap.

Ta-tap.

The sound of his fingers tapping against the throne reverberated throughout the wide, gruesome interior of the castle.

However, before him, tens of thousands of devils were bowing before him.

“Before the appearance of the red moon, I should have purged the opposition. I miscalculated.”

At that moment, one of the demon kings carefully raised his head and said, “Lord Hauress, if you give the order now, we will go into battle again.”

Hauress stroked his jaw as he replied.

“How many feudal lords were affected?”

“Exactly seventy-six feudal lords were affected by the moon and ran out.”

Feudal Lord. That is to say, the aristocracy.

He said the number was 76.

It was more than he thought.

If he thought of the subordinates beneath them, it was tens of thousands.

“Withdraw those guys’ territory. Any fellow that is shaken from the red moon doesn’t deserve to be under my command.”

“However, Lord Hauress. Among them... Duke Bastro is included.”

“Bastro is?”

Hauress frowned.

If it was Duke Bastro, he was one of the most influential of the feudal lords’ who had married one of Hauress’s daughters, a king’s son-in-law.

Hauress thought he had suffered great injuries during the fight between the Demon God’s factions and was recuperating, but Hauress didn’t think he would be influenced by the moon and run away.

Hauress, who had been concerned briefly, spoke again.

“Withdraw. Things will have to be stricter.”

The regulations had to be strict. If they made exceptions, things would start to fall apart piece by piece.

Things were like that, especially at a time like this.

The Demon Gods were divided between those in favor and those opposed, and the two sides fought violently.

The events that led to the great calamity became a controversy.

Although the party in favor was much greater in number, each and every one of the Demon Gods were overwhelming beings.

The usual formula of 1=1 did not work at all.

Hauress himself had strength enough to defeat each Demon God beneath his seat, but this imbalance of power held true for those above him as well, and the combined might of the lesser Demon

Gods wasn't something to disregard.

And so, if he moved hastily, there was the possibility of being hit with a counterattack.

That's why even if he was a king's son-in-law, there was a need to establish discipline by using stricter standards.

'Gremory... Most likely her operatives are still around. I weeded them out to such an extent, but....'

Hauress's eyes quickly sunk.

He had no plans of showing weakness at a time like this.

In any case, time was on their side.

Since all that their opposition could do was block and run away.

Crash!

Hauress rose from his seat.

Hwiiinngg!

Depending on his movements, intense winds blew in every direction.

During the time the red moon, organizing their internal structure would be a priority.

That seemed to be the best course of action.

"Execute it immediately."

At the same time as Hauress spoke, the devils became excited.

"We will follow the order of the Great Hauress."

"We will follow the order of the Great Hauress."

"The Great....."

A uniformed voice that struck from every direction spread.

Devils were not only inside the castle, but outside as well.

They numbered well in the scores of hundreds of thousands.

Before long, hundreds of thousands of devils began to move in unison.

Devils. Among them the nobles and their territories were in a very close relationship.

In the case of the noble devils, they claimed an area as their own territory and influenced it, but if the red moon made the nobles crazy, the devils they ruled were bound to be agitated.

Bastro was like that.

Bastro and the 50,000 devils under him were like that.

'Today, I want to see blood.'

Bastro took 50,000 devils, and slowly marched south.

In addition, together with the feudal lords that followed him, they were accompanied with an army of devils that was well over 100,000.

Although they ate up all the monsters that they caught while they marched, their thirst was not sated.

'We need a stronger enemy. These kind of small fries won't work.'

For quite some time during the southward march, there was a monster that caught Bastro's eyes.

A giant of fire.

A fire tar!

It was able to be called a top predator, and most importantly, they lived in groups.

It was a very large area, but the owner of this area seemed to be a fire tar.

Bastro's eyes glittered.

Muyoung, who had heard Arand's report, frowned.

‘100,000 devils…….’

The scale itself was different.

If a noble could move at that scale, he would have to be at least a count or higher.

From the start a boss level monster had appeared.

And at the moment Muyoung found out about the devil, a screen popped up.

<’Duke Bastro and 100,000 devil soldiers’ have appeared.>
<The configuration is as follows:>

The Duke Bastro

Count Archiope

Baron Alliman, Baron Arthur, Baron Alluna……

High rank devils – 43

Mid rank devils – 620

Low rank devils – 96,300

It was about the size of the enemy.

Most of them were low level devils, but there were well over 7 noble-level devils.

If it was a Duke, it was the rank directly below Demon King.

It was a strong person that one couldn’t and shouldn’t see easily.

Fortunately, they didn’t invade to seek out Muyoung’s territory.

‘He’s waging war with the fire tars.’

Duke Bastro’s objective was the fire tars.

Since Muyoung’s territory itself was a bit on the outskirts, there was a chance for him to overcome this crisis without being noticed.

But that didn't mean he was going to let it pass.

By 'helping' the fire tars, he would be able to thin the number of devils that approached his territory.

"Lord, the devils have invaded."

It was when Muyoung was calculating various moves.

Baltan the Territory Guardian had hurriedly come in and spoken.

Baron Alliman.

He led approximately 2,000 devil soldiers and attacked Muyoung's castle wall.

"Kuhaha! I'm in luck! I thought for sure I'd only end up scouting but while I was getting bored this turned out well!"

Clang! Claang!

The devil soldiers hurled huge rocks and used siege weapons to push the gates.

After one huge shock after another, it seemed the gates would soon gave way.

However no matter how much it was assaulted it only shook, and the walls were not destroyed.

"Mmm?"

Soon Alliman, who had been triumphant in the beginning, also lifted his head.

The gate and wall were both so firm.

"So it's designed with magic. It's been made by dwarves. No wonder……. What are the wizards doing? Quickly attack!"

Alliman, who identified the problem, shouted.

Then, the 100 devils behind Alliman executed the orders.

Kwaaaaang!

Soon, countless magical attacks descended and struck the walls.

This time it worked.

The wall gave a huge shudder and a part of the upper section was swept away.

“It’s fairly strong but I, Alliman, cannot be stopped by it! Ggrrrrr! I’ll kill you all!”

He couldn’t resist his excitement from just imagining the slaughter that would begin in a moment.

The moment when Alliman’s emotions were heightened.

Swiiiiik!

Thump!

Something fell from the sky.

The large monster, Cerberus, and the Evil Spirit Predator Tacan!

Of course, Bae Sungmin and Muyoung were also present.

Four people blocked behind them.

Crreeeeaaakkk.

Soon the door opened and tens of thousands of soldiers appeared.

In the lead were Baltan and Arand.

‘So it seems like I can’t avoid this.’

Swoong!

Muyoung smiled bitterly and took out Anguish.

‘I won’t spare even one.’

As if he never smiled to begin with, he erased his expression.

If during this there was a survivor, things would be complicated. He had to wipe them out in one go.

Muyoung himself soon became a slaughterer.

In any case, it seemed inevitable that he would bump into the devils.

It couldn’t be helped.

If he couldn’t avoid them, he had no choice but to kill them.

# Chapter 120: The Duke, Bastro (2)

A red light shined on Muyoung's surroundings.

As the Absolute's Territory was proclaimed, it started to influence even the devil.

Shi-shi-shikk!

However, the first to approach wasn't Muyoung.

Sword Two and Sword Three suddenly popped out from Muyoung's back.

"Kyehahaha! Fine! Let's have a fight!"

Baron Alliman laughed out loud.

He was currently drenched in the magical power of the red moon.

He wanted to see blood and he would only be satisfied after seeing it.

On top, he also had a boundless fighting spirit that couldn't be explained unless he was 'mad'.

The reason why humanity called devils a fighting species, the fragmentary example was in front of him.

Not only Baron Alliman but the two thousand devils in the surrounding were shuddering their bodies as they thought of the fight that would soon occur.

'The devils at this time are more like undead than undead.'

They fought until their last breath.

They didn't even bat an eye even if a part of their body was cut off.

Devils were a type of creature that forgot about pain when they were excited.

It was the reason why humanity avoided the ‘Devil’s Long Night’ even after the fight with the devils intensified.

Even if the number was only two thousand, they couldn’t be disregarded.

“It is a holy battle that Oom participates in! Hunt down every last one of the enemy!”

“A-Oom! A-Hoom!”

“A-Oom! A-Hoom!”

Swoosh!

Seohan smashed a devil soldier using his huge club.

With that as a start, a fierce fight began.

However, about four or five people were needed to face against one devil soldier.

If there was something that was fortunate, it was that the quality of equipment the different species including the dokkaebis were all wearing was greatly enhanced, incomparable to what they had before.

It was the result of all the dwarves hammering day and night.

“Kyahahahaha! This is the smell! The smell of blood spilled in battle is making me crazy!”

The thorns on Baron Alliman’s entire body rose.

The thorns stretched freely and pierced through those who he identified as ‘enemy’.

Alliman took the blood that ran down the thorns himself and drank it.

And as he drank more and more blood, Alliman’s wings throbbed like a heart.

His body was slowly getting bigger.

Even more, it seemed like a few thorns were released.

“Sword Two and Sword Three, aim for the ‘knights’. I’ll take care of Alliman.”

After watching the thorns, Muyoung gave them an order.

Even among the devil soldiers, there were two devils dressed as knights who were protecting Baron Alliman.

As long as the two were present, it was hard for Muyoung to face Alliman alone.

But, if it was Sword Two and Sword Three, they should easily be able to fight against high rank devils.

‘The fact that they have a noble position itself means they are top rank devils.’

It meant that they also had small authority.

Baron Alliman’s authority was precisely those thorns.

Numerous thorns acted as a spear and a shield at once as they protected his body and pierced his opponents.

Even more, as his body enlarged as he drank more blood, if Muyoung didn’t stop him quickly, unpredictable levels of damage would occur.

‘A noble’s true strength is because of their authority. If he could see through the authority and destroy it, he could be no more than a high rank devil.’

A noble, a Demon King, was like that.

A view that perhaps it would be the same for the Demon Gods was predominate.

A devil’s strength wasn’t simply due to the rank difference but due to their authority.

That means that if he could nullify their authority, he could definitely handle them.

“Tacan, clear the way.”

“Trust me. I have faced devils tons of times.”

The Evil Predator Tacan was normally a being living in the Asura Path.

It wasn’t odd at all for a devil to be there in the form of an evil spirit.

Swoo, swoosh!

Afterwards, Tacan moved quickly with his sword in hand and slew devils.

His swordsmanship and movement were very familiar.

‘In that short period of time, he made those his own.”

Sword Two and Sword Three’s specialty.

He was able to replicate some degree of their swordsmanship and the way they ran.

You could say that it was stealing but because Muyoung knew how crazy it was to learn simply by watching, even Muyoung couldn’t help but to accept it.

Following the path Tacan made, Muyoung ran straight.

And using the ‘fly’ ability of the Belt of Aries, he reduced the distance instantly.

Clank!

Anguish touched the skin of Baron Alliman.

However, all it did was scratch it slightly.

It was because the thorns interlaced his entire body like a form of armor.

“It tickles.”

Alliman laughed.

Afterwards, Alliman smirked.

“A prey approached to get himself killed. I don’t know why but you’re getting on my nerves, even amongst all the ones here, but it’s good that you’ve come.”

The one who was on Baron Alliman’s nerves was Muyoung.

From the moment Muyoung appeared, Muyoung was strangely on his nerves.

Instinctively, it was similar to a repulsion.

Alliman was planning to clear his surroundings and approach Muyoung himself but he just fell into his lap.

How could he not laugh at this situation?

‘It’s hard to read his grains.’

However, besides Alliman’s intentions, Muyoung endlessly was trying to figure out Alliman.

Everything has grains.

If he could just find the grains, he could destroy even the toughest things in the world.

But, because tens of hundreds of thorns were interlaced, it was quite difficult to read the grains on him.

It would be endless for him to remove them one by one.

There should be just one grain that could pierce through that entire armor.

Crank!

In an instant, thorns surged out and dispersed from Alliman’s body.

He barely blocked them but as the thorns bent, it destroyed Muyoung’s entire scope of movement.

Blaaaaze!

At the same time, he activated Dragon’s Soul.

Muyoung's whole body was blazing with fire and instantly burned the thorns.

After seeing this, Alliman let out an exclamation as if it was amusing.

"A dragon fire? Amazing. But, it's nothing compared to Hauress's flames."

Hauress!

The 64th seat Demon God.

It was unexpected to hear his name at a place like this.

'They are Hauress's devils. One of the most dangerous Demon Gods.'

There were images that passed through Muyoung's head.

That guy. Only hell was left in a place where Hauress passed by.

Hauress's fire burned every enemy. However, if Hauress wanted, he could stop an enemy from dying while they burned from the fire.

They could truly be burned forever and feel pain.

And he was also one of the Demon Gods who acted to break the walls of the Blue Temple and kill Merlin.

After the breakthrough, the Great City was swept by hellfire and burned away some few thousand lives.

'I'm steadily moving forward.'

Muyoung's lips made a slight curve.

Muyoung was truly moving forward for him to hear Hauress's name out loud.

He felt certain that the power of 72 Demon Gods was close to his reach.

Baron Alliman was just the stepping stone.

Clash! Clank!

Numerous attacks repeated.

Alliman's thorn armor didn't break.

"Are you only able to make ticklish attacks?! Kyahaha!"

He laughed in Muyoung's face.

The number of wounds on Muyoung's body was increasing.

A dragon's fire couldn't burn infinitely.

However, Muyoung's eyes were continuously scanning Alliman's whole body.

Just one grain.

He just needed to find just one grain that could pierce through those thorns.

Nothing else was important.

'...I see it.'

Muyoung eyes sparkled.

Muyoung clearly found a strange grain at the moment when the thorns were released and extended.

It was more close to a dot than a grain.

A dot that joined all thorns!

That was his weakness. It was the only flaw to Alliman's authority.

At the same time, two horns appeared and Muyoung's time slowed.

Although it only lasted for a minute in real time, for Muyoung, it felt closer to 4 minutes.

In a world where it was slowed down by 4 times, Alliman's attacks seemed very slow.

And by focusing on only that one dot, Muyoung ran.

Puuuusshh!

Anguish accurately pierced through the dot.

A strong repelling power was resisted but he didn't care.

"Youuu baaastard!"

As if Alliman also felt something strange, he withdrew all the thorns he released.

Soon, every thorn approached Muyoung aiming to kill him.

'Acceleration.'

An ability included in Hermes' Boots.

The world felt much slower.

Although it was only for 3 seconds, Muyoung's world played 5 times slower.

All the muscles in his arms screamed out loud. His veins bulged as if they were going to pop out of his skin.

Puuuuu!

Soon, the dot was pierced.

"How... my... armor?"

Alliman spoke as if he couldn't believe his eyes.

However, Alliman's whole body turned into ash before crumbling.

Normally, devils didn't leave their body behind when they died.

Like this, they became ashes and disappeared.

The thorns that flew towards Muyoung also turned to ashes and dropped to the ground.

'Devils are imperfect.'

As he watched the situation, Muyoung once again reminded

himself.

Unless they were at the level of a Demon God, he was able to place Demon Kings within the ‘devil’ category.

And devils were very unstable beings.

Devils were a species that seemed as if they went against the laws of the world.

As they weren’t even able to leave behind their body after they died.

<You have killed ‘Baron Alliman’.>

<You have earned 300 Lord points.>

<You have earned ‘Thorn Crystallization’.> <Achievement effect, ‘Devil Hunter’ has been added.> <’Anguish’ cries in excitement. Blows against devils are now much stronger.>

Thud! Thud! Thump!

Sounds of explosion continued all around.

Even if Alliman died, the devils continued to fight.

They wouldn’t stop until every devil was annihilated.

‘Ashes to ashes.’

But in Muyoung’s eyes, they were already no different than ashes.

*

He got rid of Alliman and his two thousand devil soldiers.

On the ground, only ashes were rampant.

Of course, it wasn’t like Muyoung didn’t suffer any damages.

‘Almost six thousand people.’

While suppressing the two thousand devil soldiers, almost six

thousand people died.

Although the fight didn't pay off, it was quite an excellent result for their first fight.

However, only about 24,000 were left.

With this number, he couldn't reach Duke Bastro.

There were even over 90,000 devils left that he led.

If they were to just fight like this, the results were obvious.

Muyoung's complete defeat.

'I must join forces with the fire tars.'

It seemed like it was time to make a decision.

Like how Alliman found the castle in the outer parts, there was still a chance for other devils to find this place.

In the end, he felt it was most effective to join forces with the fire tars to fight against the devils.

Of course, whether or not the fire tars will accept Muyoung's offer was a different matter. Still, it was the best move.

Even if Ogar was to come forward, there would be a limit and it seemed like regarding this matter he needed to think more about it.

Afterwards, Muyoung took out a black marble from his side.

It was the size of a fingernail but the size of power within it was quite remarkable.

'When a top rank devil dies, there is a small chance for a crystallization to appear.'

A crystallization was a marble condensed with a devil's power.

When someone swallows it, their stats increase. They could also be used as a material for a weapon or an armor.

But the best option was to eat it.

Gulp!

Without hesitation, he dropped the thorn crystallization inside his mouth.

At the same time, all his muscles jolted.

<The pure stats of strength, agility, and stamina rose by 5 each.> <The skill ‘Thorn Formation’ has been added.> <Due to the blessing earned by the user ‘Muyoung’, the Thorn Formation skill’s rank rose to ‘B’.>

Name: Thorn Formation

Effect: Covers the entire body with strong thorns.

* Physical resistance increased by 200.

* Magic resistance increased by 150.

* When used, agility greatly falls (-60%).

* It leeches a bit of the attacker’s health.

Pure stats and a skill were earned.

Thorn Formation.

Although it was a defensive skill, the skill itself was quite decent.

As it was a skill made by an authority, there was no way for it not to be good.

During emergencies, it seemed like it could be of good use.

Although there was a flaw that agility decreased when used, if there was a situation for Thorn Formation to be used, it would probably be in a situation where he couldn’t move too much.

# Chapter 121: The Duke, Bastro (3)

‘I didn’t have a proper defense skill so this is good.’

There were definitely things which he couldn’t take care of with just equipment.

On top, after Muyoung reached his 2nd metamorphosis, most of his skills were fixed to be above B rank.

He was talking about all other skills besides the ones given by the Masters of the Darkness.

You could definitely call that a blessing.

Just by learning them, they all became B rank skills unconditionally.

Even in the past, not many had this.

Unless they had crazily high intelligence like Queen of Frost Wind, Kim Hannah.

‘Intelligence is related to skill proficiency.’

Just because it was high, didn’t mean someone got smarter.

Instead, it became easier for someone to use their skills and it helped in raising their proficiency.

You could say that it allowed people to read the skill’s structure itself.

Occasionally, it allowed people to entirely remove the repelling power that skills had.

Fortunately, Muyoung’s intelligence wasn’t on the low side.

However, you couldn’t say that it was on the high side either.

A value that wasn’t even 300.

It was hard to say if he had the intelligence to maintain a skill higher than a B rank.

‘Through this opportunity, I might be able to learn a bunch of skills.’

Muyoung thought of it optimistically.

By killing devils with noble status’, he could earn crystallization.

By gaining all of their skills like this, he could be able to complement parts that he felt slightly lacking.

At least, there was nothing to lose by learning them.

Of course, by learning the skills once, you couldn’t get rid of them easily.

There was also a possibility for it to become a matter of eternal regret if he was to learn a wrong skill.

However, something like regret couldn’t be possible for Muyoung.

The numerous experience and information he piled up for 40 years.

It was because those times weren’t just wasted.

The present after returning from the future, there was no one else who spent as much time as Muyoung in this place, the Underworld.

Likewise…

Achievement Effect -> Devil Hunter (B++, The chance to earn a crystallization after hunting a devil increases.) Muyoung nodded his head.

When someone hunts, there should rightly be something left.

It was an effect worthy for a hunter.

“Are you going to join forces with the fire tars?”

Bae Sungmin asked.

Although he died and became a lich, like a lich, he also had some

of his intelligence left.

Every now and then, he made suggestions like this.

However, Muyoung shook his head.

“Joining them comes later.”

Even if he tried to join forces with the fire tars, it was doubtful whether they would accept Muyoung.

No, it was more likely for them to not accept it.

He couldn’t think all fire tars were like Ogar.

However, to fight against Duke Bastro and his close to 100,000 devil soldiers, the fire tars help was essential.

So, even if they didn’t want to, it was best to make them cooperate.

“We will cut the enemy’s supply route.”

Devils also needed to eat to survive.

Although he said supply route, it was just them hunting monsters and drinking water from a lake. What would happen if those disappeared?

Furthermore, the devils were currently excited as they were influenced by the red moon.

‘Even if this is to the extreme, it should be that much of an effective solution.”

This was one of the tactics he created to manage Devil’s Long Night.

Since cutting the supply route in a battle was the basic among basics, there were some parts that were in common.

On top, fire tars could live for a long period of time without eating.

Even the dokkaebis and other species could live off the food

supplies they stored for a few months.

‘The one who is more in a hurry loses the battle.”

Since there was no better or easier place to assassinate someone than during a battle, it should be very rare to find someone with more battle experience than Muyoung.

And after watching numerous battles, he made one conclusion.

The more of a hurry you are in, the more mistakes you will make.

A small error would greatly help to produce an irrevocable result.

So… Muyoung was planning to steadily suffocate his enemy.

Muyoung’s gaze deeply sunk.

The fire tars gathered in a place near a Poom tree.

The fire tars were a type of species that were unable to live without a Poom tree that gives them a sense of stability. It was an obvious reason.

If not, they would be eaten up by the flames they produced themselves.

And Bastro and devil soldiers were threatening the Poom tree.

Even the fire tars that were hostile towards each other joined forces for this occasion.

“Vice-chieftain Ogar, has the great chieftain not made a decision yet?”

And so, those fire tars that gathered were a surprising number of eight hundred.

The five fire tribes gathered.

Compared to the devils, the numbers were quite small but their strength could definitely not be ignored.

As they were all, one by one, a top predator.

And as a chieftain who ruled over one of the five tribes asked

Ogar, Ogar silently just shook his head.

“For our victory, the chieftain is still thinking.”

“Don’t we just need to crush the devils?!”

“That’s how the ‘Sharp-edged Feather Tribe’ was annihilated. Did you forget already?”

“A fire tar’s enemy is only a fire tar.”

They were in sharp disagreement.

The fire tars were strong. Even humans and devils tried to avoid the fire tars.

However, they didn’t just avoid them because they were afraid.

It was because nothing could be earned from meddling with the fire tars.

Basically, the fire tars only lived near a Poom tree and the Poom trees were normally apparent near the outskirts where the devils’ influences were low.

There was no reason for others to meddle with them if they could save so much more time by going around a bit.

Of course, you couldn’t say they weren’t scared at all of the fire tars’ counterattack...

‘There is no answer like this.’

Ogar inwardly let out a deep sigh.

Even when he looked at it, the fire tars were too arrogant.

Without wanting to advance, they were just stagnant.

A fire tar’s only enemy is a fire tar?

Ha, they could only be helpless at invasions because they say stuff like this.

They couldn’t properly face the reality as it was.

They didn’t know a thing about what was going on in their

surroundings.

How could they if they kept their eyes and ears shut themselves.

It was also the result of them living in one territory for a long time.

There weren't real enemies and so they stagnated.

'In that sense, Muyoung, was a better man.'

It was surprising how fast he was getting stronger each day.

He was also fearless in taking up challenges.

He seemed somewhat crude but his mentality itself was extremely great.

Because he had that sort of mentality, Ogar was drawn to Muyoung.

On the other hand... how were the fire tars?

"The devils are no match for us."

"We just need to bring one warrior for every hundred devil soldiers. Simple."

"It's obvious that the great chieftain gets easily scared in his old age. In the past, chieftain truly made everyone shudder by moving numerous territories."

They didn't know.

The great chieftain gained insight as he aged.

He realized that it wasn't everything to just thoughtlessly face a problem.

Among the fire tars, only the great chieftain knew how to win most effectively.

Thump!

Afterwards, everyone turned their eyes to the Poom tree.

As if he was bonding, the great chieftain who sat near the Poom

tree and was lost in his thoughts finally moved.

A physique that was 1.5 times bigger than other fire tars.

He had an x-mark scar on his forehead and hair that were burning furiously.

He slowly opened his mouth.

“We will leave the Poom tree.”

“...the Poom tree?”

“Nonsense!”

Of course, there was a strong resistance.

The Poom tree was like the fire tars’ mother.

For them, it was a sacred place.

Even if they were to leave it, it was hard to promise that they would find another Poom tree.

“If we were to get our hands tied to this place, we will lose.”

However, the great chieftain was firm in his opinion.

It was the conclusion he made after considering the enemy’s size and number.

If they were to fight in a limited area near the Poom tree, the fire tars could never win against the devils.

“Are you scared? Great chieftain!”

“I’m disappointed. For you to desert the Poom tree for mere devils!”

“Shut up.”

Blaaaze!

The blood that dripped from his clenched fist instantly burned in flames and evaporated.

Everyone tightly closed their lips.

Overwhelming.

He had the vigor to rule over everything in his surroundings.

They once again remembered the legend of how the great chieftain made everyone shudder by moving numerous territories.

“You guys don’t know the terror of the devils.”

He slowly rubbed the x-marked scar on his forehead.

It was the only scar on the great chieftain’s body.

“Hauress, he played with me as if I was a toy.”

He spoke the Demon God’s name.

He ground his teeth.

He also knew of the Bastro who invaded his territory right now.

And because of this, he made the critical decision to leave the Poom tree.

At the same time, everyone couldn’t help but be surprised.

The great chieftain was a living legend to them.

Their confidence level about their fire tar origin shot through the roof.

Secretly, the fire tars thought that they could face against Demon Kings and Demon Gods when they worked together.

But, for that scar to be from a Demon God.

It was the first time Ogar heard of this as well.

“If the current devil soldiers were led by Bastro, they are even a match for me. But, is there anyone here who can be a match for me?”

Only silence filled the surroundings.

Of course, there were no fire tars who could be a match for the great chieftain.

The great chieftain turned his body as everyone became quiet.

“If we get our hands tied here, it’s impossible to even win. However, we aren’t running away. We are going to move a bit wider and crush Bastro.”

The great chieftain showed strong will.

Unless a miracle happened, there was no way for them to win right now against them.

And he wasn’t that thickheaded to rely on a miracle.

Just, he waited for the opportunity.

The 800 fire tars were overwhelmed by just the great chieftain.

In the end, everyone started to move and leave the Poom tree.

To move two steps forward they moved back a step.

‘Muyoung…’

Ogar looked in the direction where Muyoung and his territory was located.

The fire tars left at once.

During that time, he didn’t know what the devils would do.

If Muyoung was caught by the devil soldiers, it would hard for him to fight against them with just the strength he had.

However, at this current situation, there was nothing Ogar could do to help.

Unless something changed the situation.

But, no matter how hard he thought about it, a plan to overcome this situation didn’t come to him.

*

They burned the forest.

They dried up the water and got rid of everything that could become a food source.

Five thousand soldiers were divided into 50 units and each acted uniformly.

They killed every monster and burned their flesh to ashes or buried them deep in the ground.

They were planning to remove everything the devil soldiers could eat up within their active radius.

“I think the devils have noticed.”

Arand spoke.

This also was within his predictions. He couldn’t avoid the eyes of 10,000 devil soldiers.

“It seemed like cutting off their food supply was effective but the devil soldiers are extremely agitated. If we don’t quickly evacuate, there won’t be anyone left from the 5,000 soldiers.”

Arand spoke as if he was in a hurry.

Muyoung gently closed his eyes.

There was an effect.

Now, the devil soldiers will move to defend themselves.

He was divided on if they should fight or not.

However, with their fighting power, they weren’t a match.

Still, if there was anything they were more exceptional than the devils at, it was their delivery of information.

The uniformed operation system which Muyoung personally made, operated, and built!

He needed to use it to the max.

It was basics to use favorable points to the max to face an unfavorable situation.

‘It’s the way for the weak to win against the strong.’

He wasn’t well versed in strategies and tactics but he had some

knowledge.

He witnessed numerous battles with his own two eyes and he also saw that many turnarounds.

There were even a few heroes who won a fight that was never winnable.

Muyoung thought of their moves.

‘Fighting them is the worse move.’

It was no different than suicide.

However, it wasn’t like there was no way for the weak to fight against a strong opponent.

First, with the finished system, he was going to delay as much as he could and start a speed match.

Fighting at a place he wanted and putting his enemy off their guard.

The main gist was making them feel as if they could win but not letting them.

An opportunity would definitely come if he made them as impatient as he could.

Muyoung opened his eyes.

“Don’t retreat and set up a stronghold. I will lure the enemy.”

# Chapter 122: The Duke, Bastro (4)

There were five nobles under Duke Bastro's command.

Baron Alliman, Baron Arthur, Baroness Alluna, Baron Swing, and Count Argon.

"Why isn't Alliman returning?"

As Alliman, who went to reconnaissance, didn't return even after a lot of time had passed, Bastro raised a question.

But, no one could answer him.

It was because no one had seen Alliman.

'Was he killed?'

Bastro felt strange.

Only the fire tars could be their match in this territory.

However, didn't the fire tars leave even the Poom tree and run away?

There would have been no time for them to get rid of Alliman.

And in reality, the place they were currently occupying was very close to the Poom tree.

Blaaze!

The Poom tree was burning.

The tree that was vital in maintaining their life and the one that the fire tars respected as their mother.

It was a story that had nothing to do with Bastro.

They just burned it as it was an eyesore.

"Arthur, take a look around the location where Alliman went to reconnaissance. If there is anything strange, report to me immediately."

"I'll leave immediately."

Baron Arthur went into battle leading five thousand soldiers.

Bastro's eyes shined as he watched him.

'I don't know who is disturbing us...'

The 3rd party Bastro missed.

He didn't know how big the size was or how strong they were but it was true that he was interested.

It seemed like they wanted the devils to wither away by burning the forest, burying the lake, and taking away all life around them but the uniformed movement was out of the ordinary.

It meant that the actions were through one system of command.

It meant that there was someone who reigned as a king in the fire tar's territory.

How could he not be interested?!

'I hope he isn't a coward like the fire tars.'

Honestly, he couldn't repress his disappointment for leaving the Poom tree and running away.

However, he hoped that the newly appeared enemy would be different.

Neeeeigh!

Bastro kicked the side of the horse he was riding on.

It looked similar to the hellhorse but was a horned white horse.

The unicorn cried softly.

Baron Arthur started to reconnaissance the area that Alliman disappeared around with his five thousand soldiers.

'It must be here.'

Not soon after, he found a castle in the outskirts.

And nearby it, the equipment of all kinds of devil soldiers weren't organized and were all over the place.

It seemed like this was the place where Alliman was killed.

‘Fool.’

Arthur clicked his tongue. Alliman was the type of guy who rushed headlong without thinking.

As he was influenced by the red moon, it seemed like his actions became more reckless.

‘I will get revenge for you still.’

Arthur was different. However, Arthur was also influenced by the red moon.

Under the pretext of revenge, he gave his order.

“Destroy the castle gate and the castle walls. I will drag out the guys inside.”

A huge 5m tall devil soldier was the first to act and ran his body into the gate.

Craaash!

The gate greatly shook.

A few devils spread their wings wide.

Woosh-!

Stab!

Dozens of arrows flew out from the inside of the castle.

The few devils who were in the sky were shot down by the arrows.

Stone flew from siege equipment towards the devil camp.

However, the numbers were small. It wasn’t greatly effective.

Afterwards, the devil soldiers with their wings spread wide flew over the wall with their spears ready.

Crash!

Soon, the gate also collapsed.

Arthur took out his sword. Soon, his authority, ‘Pain’s Perspiration’ was activated.

Clang!

A chill colder than frost circled his sword.

The sword became frozen and even the vapor that touched the sword instantly fell to the ground as ice, an unending drip of cold.

Truly, the ability to freeze everything it touched!

Arthur and his five thousand devil soldiers entered the castle without much resistance.

‘There is no enemy?’

Arthur tilted his head.

Even the enemies who shot the arrows disappeared without a trace.

Did they run off?

However, if he wasn’t influenced by the red moon, he would have thought something was strange.

It was definitely strange for those enemies who killed Alliman to give away their castle with resisting this much.

However, Arthur was excited.

They entered the castle without any suspicion and that produced an irrevocable mistake.

Claaang!

Puuush!

The explosions occurred from all around.

‘You are trying to bury the whole castle!’

Arthur’s eyes widened.

He then realized what he had done.

However, the devil soldiers and Arthur couldn't be threatened with just normal explosions.

However, the explosions that were currently happening were out of the ordinary.

Holy power that was extremely hazardous to devils was also included and it had the firepower that could even melt the skin of a dragon.

If they were a bit careful, they wouldn't have suffered but they were already a step too late.

"Everyone leave the castle!"

Arthur turned his head.

However, it wasn't easy to once again cross the castle gate.

'A barricade! Why was the barricade on the opposite side...?'

A barricade that was normally supposed to protect the castle wall was on the opposite side and was inside the castle walls.

For it to be free for them to come in but for it to be impossible for them to leave.

From the beginning, their enemy's goal was to lure them into the castle.

'Arrows and siege weapons flew out. That meant that they were inside!'

It wasn't hard to destroy that invisible barrier. But, in the current situation, it was hard for Arthur, requiring time the explosions weren't giving them.

Once again, he turned his direction.

By looking near the location where the arrows flew out, there must be at least one path that leads out.

Ting—

Swoosh!

This also betrayed Arthur's expectations.

There were crossbows and sieges that automatically shot out.

In the end, he wandered back and forth before he lost even his last chance.

Crash!

As if they waited for him, everything exploded in Arthur's surroundings.

*

<You have killed 'Baron Arthur'.>

<You have earned 350 lord points.>

<5,124 devils have been killed.>

<The rank of achievement effect 'Devil Hunter' has increased. B++ ->A> <The probability of earning a crystallization is greatly increased and from now on, when you hunt a top rank devil, you can take their title. However, only one title can be equipped.>

Muyoung watched the scene from afar.

Although the castle was buried, he had no signs of regret.

'Even though it was lacking compared to the original Demon Dragon Lethal Cannon, it's effective as it was mixed with holy power.'

They tried to recreate the cannonball of the Demon Dragon Lethal Cannon which killed the dark dragon in one shot, but the firepower itself was a bit lacking.

However, Bae Sungmin's holy power was added and used as an extreme counter to the devils.

Thanks to it, Muyoung was able to annihilate all five thousand devil soldiers.

“I can just build a new castle.”

Muyoung turned around and spoke to those who looked at the buried castle with sorrow in their eyes.

With the help of the dwarves, they could reconstruct the castle in a few months.

However, he needed to avoid being defeated.

Soon, Muyoung approached the buried castle.

As he looked around, a crystallization that shined brightly caught his eyes.

Unlike Alliman’s crystallization, it was filled with chills.

Although he just grabbed it with his hand, it felt like his fingers were going to freeze.

Gulp!

However, Muyoung gulped it without delay.

Then, his whole body shivered.

<Agility, Intelligence, and Wisdom’s stats increased by 5 each.> <Skill ‘Pain’s Perspiration’ has been added.> < The blessings of the user, ‘Muyoung’ will upgrade the rank of ‘Pain’s Perspiration’ skill to ‘B’.> Name: Pain’s Perspiration

Effect: An extreme chill is placed onto a weapon.

* It freezes everything touched by the weapon.

* Be careful, as it could even freeze you.

Creeeak!

Ice covered all around Anguish.

As he lightly shook, the moisture in its surrounding's froze.

After seeing ice powder fluttering like particles, Muyoung nodded his head.

'Nice.'

You might think it was just a freezing skill but it was on another level compared to the ice type skills used by wizards.

Would it be called an 'authority' for no reason?

With just this authority, Arthur gained the title of Baron.

Its strength didn't lack compared to top rank ice type skills like Blizzard or Ice Dragon's Breath.

'The crystallizations are appearing more frequently than I expected.'

Two crystallizations appeared after killing two Barons.

It was too lucky even considering the effects of the Devil Hunter title.

Since approximately with calculations, you needed to kill at least twenty nobles to earn just one crystallization.

"I'll return to the built stronghold."

After confirming that all of the devils became ashes, he turned his body.

He could only use this move once, not having a spare castle to booby trap..

However, it was certainly effective.

'The wind has changed.'

If there was no miracle, he was going to create it.

Muyoung thought of numerous ways to overcome the current situation.

Alliman and Arthur were dead.

When Bastro sent more soldiers after feeling strange, there was only a collapsed castle.

“They were killed.”

Indeed, as he lost two in a row, it didn’t feel all that good.

Through this, he was able to confirm that his enemy was formidable but it was the truth that he looked down on his enemy.

“If I was to refuse a provoked fight, I, Bastro, cannot be considered a warrior.”

About 100,000 soldiers were reduced to 90,000 already.

You could say it was only 1/10 of his army, but he gave it up too easily.

“Alluna! Swing! I’ll give you guys 20,000 soldiers each. Find them and kill them cruelly!”

Even if two thousand or five thousand didn’t work, it would be hard with ten thousand.

However, with 40,000 devil soldiers, they could destroy even the huge castle of humans.

He didn’t believe the current apparent enemy could also face 40,000 devil soldiers as well.

***

Looking at the appearance of the monsters that were part of the fight, they were very lousy.

‘Dokkaebis, dwarves, and elves… they are all insignificant creatures.’

The ones who have a limit from birth.

Unless they were extremely rare species like the high elves or rune dwarves, they couldn’t have dared to fight with the devils.

If they were to lose now, it would also be a humiliation.

He couldn’t suffer that sort of humiliation.

“I will present you the enemy’s head.”

“For Bastro’s glory!”

Then, the rest of the two Barons left with 40,000 soldiers.

Baroness Alluna and Baron Swing also didn’t think they would ever lose.

Muyoung chose guerrilla.

With speed battle as his lead, he killed off his enemies little by little.

He used the advantage of the topography, made detours, and encamped as he followed ‘the ways for the weak to win against the strong’ like a textbook.

Here, Bae Sungmin made a big impact.

As an arc lich, he was able to use magic and holy powers at the same time and even if it was a lich it was still extremely dangerous to a devil, therefore there were lots of use for him.

“This rat like bastard!”

Those were her last words.

Swoosh!

Baroness Alluna’s body was frozen solid.

It was because Muyoung’s sword penetrated Alluna’s center.

<You have defeated ‘Baroness Alluna’.>

<You have earned 5000 lord points.>

<You have earned ‘Harmony’s Crystallization’.>

Three in a row.

As he killed nobles, he continuously earned crystallizations.

Of course, it wasn't bad to earn them. The crystallization was the devil's strength itself. As he ate more and more, he got stronger.

Clang! Claaang!

As Alluna was killed, the offshore devil soldiers made a frantic last-ditch effort.

Muyoung also used all his military strength.

The progress of the battle was a tie.

The situation couldn't be helped. As one low level devil soldier was a match to three dokkaebis.

They were fighting well thanks to them draining the devil soldiers' strength in advance.

Even if they were to win, they wouldn't be able to avoid a great loss.

Thump! Thump!

It was at that moment.

From afar, giants of fire approached them.

"Muyoung!"

It was Ogar and about a hundred fire tars.

As Ogar was glad to see him, he called Muyoung's name as he threw devil soldiers aside.

No matter if they were devil soldiers, unless they were nobles, they couldn't easily be an opponent to Ogar.

But, he wasn't the only one.

A big fire tar, the great chieftain stood out among them.

Even the excited devil soldiers couldn't approach him easily.

It felt like there was an invisible wall that was activated around him.

'They finally came.'

After looking at them, a small arc was drawn with Muyoung's lips.

# Chapter 123: The Duke, Bastro (End)

The great chieftain, Ogar, and a hundred other fire tars!

It was a smaller number than he had expected but it was enough to overcome this current situation.

“Haha! You are truly one heck of a guy! I never expected you to make it this far!”

Ogar continued to swing his huge spear with a smiling face.

It was a smile that didn’t fit at all on a battlefield where blood and pieces of flesh were splashed across the ground, but it was proof that he was so happy that he couldn’t contain it.

Since even what he was ‘unsure’ about had become reality.

A few hundred fire tars abandoned and left the Poom tree.

A plan to fall back.

Although he comforted himself that he took a step back to move two steps forward, in the end, it was no different than fleeing to avoid the devils.

He looked for an opening and an opportunity to attack but no one knew how long they would need to retreat.

But…

‘The tables have turned.’

Muyoung had turned the tables.

Those devils that were known as nobles were continuously hunted.

It was a move no one had expected.

No one had anticipated for Muyoung.

It was an obvious thing if they thought about the first time Muyoung had appeared.

Even though he did solve the problem regarding the Poom tree, Muyoung's strength itself was lacking a lot compared to the fire tars.

But now.

Swoosh!

Baroness Alluna fluttered as she became ashes.

He killed off devils with noble titles all on his own.

Not just that.

"Oom has killed the leader of the enemy!"

"Push more!"

He also made it possible for the few ten thousand soldiers to follow him.

This all happened in just 1 year.

'Even the great chieftain changed his mind because of this. Although, I haven't seen him yield before.'

If Muyoung didn't send the arc lich, Bae Sungmin, they wouldn't have known about the fact that they were struggling.

However, not everyone easily believed him and in the end, only the great chieftain, vice chieftain Ogar, and their tribe members arrived at this place.

But, if he was to obtain the desired results, he believed it could change everyone's mind.

It wasn't like they could just leave the devils who burned the Poom tree be.

Even the great chieftain would have allowed them to help Muyoung after seeing how they 'had a chance'.

In reality, the great chieftain's eyes constantly looked at Muyoung.

‘He is an amazing person. Please look at his face until you’re satisfied.’

Because Ogar felt that the person he acknowledged was also being acknowledged by the great chieftain, a strange palpitation occurred in his heart.

Someone who wasn’t acknowledged by anyone was acknowledged by the great chieftain.

And Muyoung was worthy to be acknowledged.

Someone who might even surpass the great chieftain before long!

Maybe someone who could change this world like he did right now… that sort of person.

“You’re late.”

It was what Muyoung said as Ogar made his way through numerous devil soldiers and reached the place Muyoung was at.

Ogar smirked.

“You’re cold as always.”

“Let’s talk after we end this fight.”

Muyoung’s face showed how tired he was.

Although they said it was a guerrilla operation, they fought for a total of 14 days endlessly.

They were days when he couldn’t sleep properly as he needed to look over every situation and give orders as a lord, and a commander.

If it wasn’t for his superhuman mentality, he would have already passed out.

This sort of rigorous schedule was possible because the person at the center of all this was Muyoung.

Ogar inwardly clicked his tongue but he still understood.

It was better than being sent away.

It wasn't as easy by looking at the current situation.

"Okay, I'll run wild."

Slash!

Ogar's spear slit the ground.

*

Harmony's Crystallization.

It was the item he earned by killing Baroness Alluna.

After the fight ended, Muyoung quickly swallowed it.

< 'Harmony's Crystallization' has been ingested.> <Intelligence and Wisdom's stats increased by 7 each.> <Skill 'Total Combination' has been added.> <The blessings of the user, 'Muyoung' will upgrade the rank of 'Total Combination' skill to 'B'.>

A combination skill!

Muyoung nodded his head.

If he used a skill related to combination well, it could produce a much greater effect than it states.

Of course, if not used properly, it could also produce no real results but as he didn't have any skills related to this, it was that much closer to being an advantage to him.

"Aren't you afraid of turning into a devil?"

The great chieftain who was watching him from a close range spoke.

The great chieftain. It was also the first time Muyoung had seen him this close.

However, unlike before, there was no shiver.

Before when he watched the great chieftain from afar, he instinctively shivered because he felt the difference in their ‘level’.

However, now there was only a small distance between them, he didn’t feel a difference between their level.

It meant that he caught up.

“Even if you take a devil’s strength, you don’t become one.”

Muyoung answered calmly.

In the past, it was a rumor that went around before Muyoung returned in time.

That you might become a devil yourself if you continuously ingest the crystallization you earned by killing devils with a noble title.

There was a story of such.

It wasn’t a conclusion.

It was something the ‘Devil Killer’, the one who killed the most devils and ingested 50 crystallizations, declared.

Of course, 50 crystallizations might not be enough but it was like a miracle itself to collect 50 crystallization.

“You will become something more devilish than a devil. In the past, there was that sort of guy.”

As Muyoung glanced quizzically at the great chieftain, the great chieftain shook his head.

“Anyways, I have watched your active part in this battle. Within this much military power, you successfully fought back against the devils.”

“A battle isn’t simply a fight of strength.”

A battle can be fought by a hundred or a thousand men.

Besides the times when there is overpowering power, the point is tactics and strategies.

How well you manage the colliding strength of numerous troops.

Fortunately, Muyoung didn't seem like he didn't have any talent.

"You're right, strength isn't everything. However, there are five noble devils that came with Bastro. How many did you fight alone?"

"Two."

"Two? Amazing."

However, even the great chieftain wasn't able to fully grasp the current situation of their battle.

If Muyoung killed two and tens of thousands of soldiers, it was truly possible.

You could say just by that, he did all his work.

However, Muyoung shook his head and stretched two fingers.

"Two are left. Baraon Swing and Count Argon."

"...I can see why Bastro is in a hurry."

Regarding this, even the great chieftain seemed a bit surprised.

It couldn't be helped. Muyoung's troops that currently surrounded him, the setup itself was shabby, totally beyond description.

With these troops, how could he kill 3 noble devils?

It wasn't an easy task for anyone.

"Is this all of the fire tars? I thought at least 500 would gather."

Muyoung spoke as he knitted his brows.

An extremely rude manner in front of the great chieftain.

In reality, other fire tars tried to backlash but the great chieftain stopped them as he stretched out his hand.

“Since we figured out the noble devils were continuously killed, everyone would gather.”

“Then it would be fine to continue the battle.”

“Mine and your soldiers need to rest.”

“If not now, it would be many times harder to kill Baron Swing. This is the right time.”

Muyoung urged with perseverance.

Baroness Alluna and Baron Swing had left for battle with 20,000 soldiers each.

Although he had killed Baroness Alluna, guerilla warfare was also applied to Swing as well.

If not now when the devil soldiers were weak, it was possible for all the devils to gather.

The fight would become several times harder.

Muyoung’s eyes faced the great chieftain.

A look without an inch of hesitation.

It might have seemed defiant but you couldn’t say this wasn’t the eyes of a warrior either.

Rather this look actually pleased the great chieftain.

“Good. Our tribe will help.”

“Thanks.”

Muyoung expressed his gratitude shortly before he quickly started to move.

100 fire tars including the great chieftain and Ogar, it wasn’t impossible to kill 20,000 devil soldiers that lost their strength.

Count Argon spoke to Bastro.

“Bastro, Lady Alluna and Lord Swing aren’t returning.”

Among 40,000 soldiers, not one came to bring any news.

Even if they were in a hurry to reconnoiter, they should have chosen an informant and sent word.

If not, it was normal for them to use magic to communicate.

But, there was nothing.

There was only one reason for this sort of case.

"...annihilation?"

"They said the fire tars have reappeared. Maybe it has something to do with them?"

Grrrit!

Bastro ground his teeth.

In total, about half of his troops disappeared without properly fighting.

He couldn't just watch any longer.

Neiggghhh!

Bastro kicked the side of the unicorn.

"I need to see it with my own eyes who the hell he is."

Afterwards, with a big frown on his face, Bastro spoke.

"All troops, head to war."

***

Muyoung was also reading the movements of the devils that left the Poom tree.

"Muyoung, what are you going to do?"

Ogar asked.

By even getting rid of Swing, Muyoung had become a commander who could be trusted on.

Muyoung turned his head and looked around.

In total, well over 700 fire tars and the 10,000 troops Muyoung

had were gathered.

Normally, it was normal to watch the situation but he had a chance for total victory.

‘Spirit’ was something you should never look down on.

Just by being absorbed in the happiness of their successes and charging towards their final victory could produce great strength.

If they were to hold back for a moment, it was possible to lose that spirit.

“Do or die.”

“What does that mean?”

“Stake everything on one fight, since the devils will no longer be fooled by our tactics.”

Bastro would have felt strange.

On top, judging by the path of his movement, it was extremely cautious.

It might seem as Muyoung was at an advantage if he was to battle against time, but that wasn’t really true.

Burning the forest and removing their food supply was no more than to induce Bastro to be impatient so that he would make mistakes.

If they were to go for a protracted war, Muyoung and the troops wouldn’t survive.

So, it was Sydney or the bush.

Just, Muyoung had the authority to choose the terrain.

“Ogar, I need your help.”

“Speak, whatever you need. If it is something I can do, I will do it all.”

Ogar was born in this territory.

He should be well aware of the surrounding topography.

On the other hand, there should be a limit with Bastro.

It was the difference between a native and a foreigner who just arrived.

‘I will definitely win.’

Although he said Sydney or the bush, Muyoung wasn’t planning to lose.

Bastro and 50,0000 devil soldiers approached a location where both sides were cliffs.

It was because they found out that the troops of their enemy were gathered somewhere around this place.

‘Needless to say, it probably is a trap.’

He had a strong feeling that he was being induced.

Bastro sent out scouts to look around the place.

And he went back to make a detour towards a path that wasn’t between cliffs.

It was because he had no reason to fight in a terrain where he was at a disadvantage.

However, Muyoung also knew that Bastro would avoid the location.

He turned around. But, he was one step behind.

Crank! Crash!

A rift was created on the ground.

Dwarves had dug up the ground and placed explosives in the path where they had to head back.

Fuuuaaak!

At the same place where the explosion occurred, water gushed.

They had disturbed the groundwater.

‘He got me.’

Bastro frowned deeply.

Even though it hadn’t affected his life, his movements were restricted as the ground was dug up.

As if they were waiting for this moment, fire tars and 10,000 soldiers were approaching from afar.

“You bastard! Do you think you can stop me with this shallow move?!”

Bastro soared up into the air as he rode the unicorn.

Numerous devils also spread their wings.

In reality, only a few devil soldiers died.

However, Muyoung simply made a smile.

“It seems like they can’t see their wings corroding.”

Sizzle!

The widely-spread wings slowly burned.

The effects were minimal but it was enough to affect their flight.

And Bae Sungmin, the arc lich, was continuously repeating spells beside Muyoung, ‘Although it isn’t holy water, it is water affected by holy powers. It’s quite effective against low level devils.’

It wasn’t easy to add holy power to the groundwater.

It was only effective against low level devils.

It was also only effective to the weak part of their skin, the wings.

However, considering how most of the devil soldiers were low level devils, he felt that it would produce a result much greater than he expected.

“Baaaastard!!”

Bastro screamed out loud with his neck veins bulging.

# Chapter 124: Gremory (1)

Instinctively, he recognized Muyoung as the main culprit behind all this.

The main culprit whose enormous influence was behind the elimination of the four nobles under his command and the massacre of over 50,000 devil soldiers!

As if that wasn't enough, Bastro was caught in a trap.

Now that he was under the influence of the red moon, Bastro's rage was reaching the extreme.

Rip! Riiipp!

The muscles of his body expanded and increased in size.

A mist similar to a heat shimmer formed around him.

After a while, the fog merged together and reproduced Bastro's figure.

A clone!

A total of six clones were created.

Soon after, the completed clones began to move and rampaged through the surroundings.

However, only their physical features were identical, but their equipment varied.

For example, the person presumed to be the main body was riding a unicorn, while the remaining six weren't mounted.

Their weapons and armor were different.

'So that's his authority.'

Each of the clones had as much power as the main body.

Muyoung's soldiers could not even resist.

That literally meant they had to deal with the 7 Bastros.

If these were regular clones, one might think he would just need to kill the main body mounted on the unicorn but…….

‘All seven are both a clone and the real Bastro.’

Muyoung read the grains of all seven of them.

And the grains were all the same.

If the main body was to die one of the remaining clones would become the main body again.

Its authority was as such.

Indeed, the authority of someone who’d become more or less a duke wasn’t ordinary.

“I’ll handle Bastro. You and Ogar deal with the rest.”

The great chieftain of the fire tars butted in.

He was someone revered by 700 fire tars.

If you thought about the fire tars’ ecology, that was a tremendous thing.

He was capable of sufficiently dealing with Bastro.

Also, if the great chieftain handled Bastro, after that there was only one person that could be considered an obstacle.

Count Argong!

Considering that all four nobles eliminated by Muyoung were barons, if it was a count, his existence was a much greater obstacle.

He didn’t carry a weapon. Instead, he was carrying a single bead.

Shwaaaaak!

Every time he stroked the bead, black gusts of wind projected outwards.

The devil soldiers also leaped from the remnants of the groundwater that burst forth.

It wasn’t an entirely good situation.

“Muyoung, do you know why the fire tars are called unrivaled predators?”

Ogar spoke with a calm expression.

“Isn’t it because they’re inherently strong?”

“That is also true, however... We have acquired the habit of fighting. Even if we aren’t given orders, we know what needs to be done on our own.”

Muyoung looked around their surroundings.

Paaaang!

Bastro and the great chieftain were in a fierce battle.

Suddenly, he moved closer and reached out his fist, and through the force of wind alone, it was enough to shake the ground.

The other fire tars cleared the area for the great chieftain’s battle.

They were tying up the feet of the high ranking devil soldiers and strongly fighting back.

“Although we also had a cutthroat competition regarding the Poom tree, we were able to peacefully progress our work thanks to you, Muyoung, as you solved the chronic problem.”

It was like a butterfly effect.

What if Muyoung hadn’t been able to solve the chronic problem of the Poom tree?

The fire tars would not have been able to easily unite.

They competed for the Poom trees because Poom trees had short lifespans and once the problem was solved they were able to fully share them with each other.

However, just when they were about to live harmoniously, Duke Bastro burned down the Poom tree.

It was this occasion that led to 700 fire tar comrades that had

aligning interests with Muyoung.

“Ogar, Tacan. Open the way. I will put that typhoon to sleep.”

“Is there a way?”

The area of the typhoon was spread wide with Count Argong at its center.

The blades of wind that did not discriminate between foe or ally.

Muyoung nodded his head.

“It seems we can offset it.”

It would have been impossible before, but there were some skills that were obtained from ingesting the crystallization of the devils.

Although complete destruction was impossible, if utilized properly it might be possible to offset the typhoon adequately.

‘So far I’ve earned 4 skills.’

He’d killed 4 barons and earned 4 skills.

Thorn Formation, Pain’s Perspiration, Total Combination, and Underwater Explosion!

Among those Muyoung had made a new skill from combining Pain’s Perspiration and Underwater Explosion.

‘The skill acquired from combining the two, Zero Explosion.’

Muyoung stretched out his hand.

At that moment, numerous ice crystals began to form around his palm.

As a crystal the size of a fist was made, Muyoung tossed it.

Kwang!

The ice crystal that flew directly towards the typhoon exploded and caused the creation of countless ice formations.

Eventually, to his surprise, the typhoon was frozen.

However, once was not enough.

Muyoung ran out and continued to use Zero Explosion.

“Where did you learn to use that kind of skill?”

Tacan’s bones rattled as he asked.

For some reason, he seemed envious, but Muyoung merely shrugged his shoulders.

When they exploded the groundwater, the surrounding area became humid from the heated water spread throughout the air.

It was natural that the typhoon itself seemed to freeze because it had sucked up all the moisture when it was being created.

Shwaaak!

However, the authority of a duke wouldn’t merely summon a single typhoon.

Several gusts of wind lashed at their surroundings.

Dozens of powerful gusts of wind similar to black holes were created, and it felt like you could be sucked in just by being close to them.

Swoong!

Anguish gave a small cry.

Ogar and Tacan were faithful shields. They were blocking the gusts with their bodies and cut through the wind as they opened the way.

‘It’s not difficult.’

Two horns sprouted from Muyoung’s head.

Acceleration!

The world slowed to quarter speed.

However, there wasn’t much opportunity for dueling the Count.

To even continue the fight, he needed to end it with a single

stroke.

Paaaaaak!

With Ogar and Tacan shielding, Muyoung flew up.

Bae Sungmin. He was an arc lich.

He had the ability of a Saint and a Necromancer.

Even though he was a lich, his existence was incompatible with the devils.

It was possible for Bae Sungmin to inflict a fatal blow just by injecting a devil with holy power and then exploding it.

Of course, he was the priority target for the devil soldiers for this reason .

However, it wasn't easy for the low level devils to even approach Bae Sungmin.

Hwaaaang!

The necklace Bae Sungmin wore, the Talisman, spewed out light.

The Talisman was the material that makes up the holy sphere.

It was a necessity for the manifestation of a Wish and was desired by over 100,000 priests, popes, and saints.

Just by its existence, it had the ingrained power to repel evil.

However, there was a lot of devil soldiers.

3 high level devil soldiers surrounded Bae Sungmin in no time.

"You have an incompatible object."

"Hand it over to us. We'll dye it with evil."

"What can a single lich do? Give it up!"

The devils spoke in a tone akin to whispering.

It was similar to some kind of temptation, but Bae Sungmin answered calmly.

“I too have no idea what I am capable of.”

He had memories, but they weren’t accurate.

Even if he conjured up his memories they would only be boring.

That was because he had lost all emotions as he had become a lich.

The memories Bae Sungmin had when he was alive didn’t move him in any way.

He wasn’t certain of what or how much he could do.

However, it was strange.

Only one doubt continuously showed its face in his head.

‘What am I searching for? What do I have to find?”

The one buried memory he had.

However, he didn’t know what it was.

Bae Sungmin thought he would have to search for that ‘something’ forever.

“But one sure thing is that you can’t stop me.”

Thump!

Bae Sungmin clasped his hands.

He placed a divine blessing on him.

Shalalalala~

An increasing sound of singing from somewhere.

As if they were bewitched, the high level devils lost their focus and drooled.

After a while, a light formed above Bae Sungmin’s head.

The light gathered and formed into a circular disk shaped like an egg, and encircled him.

The power of a Saint.

Swoooooosh.

Splash!

Soon,the particles of light brightened til they exploded outward.

Although the radius was not wide, the devils within it were instantly reduced to ashes.

Seeeuuuupp!

Bae Sungmin opened his mouth wide.

Then, the ashes of the devils got sucked into his mouth.

‘These Devil’s memories. Whoever they killed and fought. As expected of devils, they were evil.’

Bae Sungmin was an undead that could grow infinitely from light and darkness.

Also, now that he’d inhaled the ashes of the devils, he gained their memories and power.

Although it was completely insignificant compared to eating crystallization .....

“It’s not what I wanted.”

They weren’t the memories and power Bae Sungmin wanted.

‘Will I be able to know if I covet more evil?’

As if he was put on a spell, Bae Sungmin moved and began to hunt the devils.

Thud!

Count Argong fell.

His entire body was frozen solid and within the ice, he had turned to ashes.

<Count Argong has been taken care of.> <’Wind Crystallization’ has been acquired.>

Five consecutive times.

He'd gained a crystallization everytime he killed nobles.

Muyoung immediately picked up the crystallization and swallowed it.

Then, his whole body wriggled and changed once again.

<'Wind Crystallization' has been ingested.> <Pure Agility has been increased by 20.> <'Squall's Cruelty' skill has been acquired.> <The blessings of the user will upgrade the rank of 'Squall's Cruelty' skill to 'B'.>

This wasn't bad either.

However, it was hard to be happy for long.

Thump!

In the distance, the time had stopped.

The battle between the great chieftain and Bastro was at the level of a miracle, but like Muyoung's disposal of Count Argong, an outcome was produced.

And the winner was the great chieftain.

"Bastro, you're Hauress's breed. Do you think Hauress will protect you?"

Hauress was a Demon God's name.

And the last remaining body was the main body.

The great chieftain seized its neck.

However, Bastro didn't lose his smile.

"He is evil itself. It's not a name someone like you could even speak of."

"You may not remember me, but I remember you. The one who

married Hauress's daughter, the king's son-in-law, Bastro."

The great chieftain pointed to his own forehead.

The only wound left on him.

He was the fire tar's living legend, but somehow only that wound was still visible.

"I was a performer caught by Hauress. My entire body was mutilated and I crawled like a dog. Blame yourself for following him."

Bastro did not respond.

Instead, he only gave a creepy smile.

Then, the great chieftain took him by the head and legs and tore him apart.

Paaak!

Bastro's entire body stretched like rubber and his internal organs poured out as he died.

After a while, little by little, the intestines that had been scattered on the ground began to turn into ashes.

"....."

The great chieftain, who confirmed that they had become ashes, turned his body.

He had also suffered numerous injuries while dealing with Bastro.

One ear was cut off and his skin was scratched to such a degree that his right cheekbone was visible.

But the great chieftain was the victor.

"The great chieftain killed the enemy's leader!"

"Bastro died!"

The great chieftain raised one hand.

It was a sign of victory.

Puuhhk!

It was that moment.

The great chieftain frowned.

Then he bent his head and saw the stab wound that had penetrated his heart.

“Wasn’t it the virtue of the fire tars to remain vigilant until the end? Haruka the Clown.”

Bastro was not dead.

It wasn’t only that he hadn’t died, his appearance had changed again.

A gigantic bizarre creature with four legs and six tails!

It had no fur. Instead, it was as large as a fire tar and covered in blazing black flames.

“Why do you think I was chosen as the king’s son-in-law? I who isn’t even a demon king!”

Puu-sh!

Bastro’s tail slipped out of great chieftain Haruka’s body.

“You bastard……”

The great chieftain Haruka’s eyes drooped.

But he couldn’t speak anymore.

Thump!

As he collapsed, all the movements on the battlefield stopped.

As if it were agreed upon.

Even Muyoung, who was watching from a distance, frowned.

However, the change in Bastro’s appearance was extremely ominous.

That was the real main body which appeared when the seven bodies were crushed.

The seven grains were all gathered in one place.

‘If it’s like this, I can’t win.’

However, it wasn’t that there was no way at all.

Muyoung took out one talisman.

Chwaaak!

As he tore the talisman, a phrase appeared.

<The sword devil ‘Sword One’ has been summoned.> <The level difference is greater than 150. The ‘Agility’ pure skill will drop by 15 and an equipment that exceeds B-rank will be sacrificed.’

<The ’Lunatic Sovereign’s Cape’ has disappeared.>

Bastro. That jerk wasn’t the only devil.

Sword One had also become a devil.

He who was among the top 10 humans, he stared at Muyoung as soon as he appeared.

Muyoung drew Anguish and said briefly.

“You will have to take the lead, Sword One.”

# Chapter 125: Gremory (2)

At that moment, Sword One's sword was covered with black colored energy.

Although Muyoung lost some agility and lost the effect of the Lunatic Sovereign's Set's effect of an increase in all stats by 5, the use of Sword One was greater than he expected.

The energy that could be felt by Bastro, who stood right in front of him, exceeded that of the great chieftain's.

Bastro also didn't lack compared to Sword One.

If he could just hunt him, Muyoung was certain to receive a reward greater than what he sacrificed.

The work of killing tens of thousands of devils and getting rid of all the nobles, including Bastro.

It wouldn't be just a half decent reward.

"I will kill you all!"

Bastro was truly going berserk.

As if all restrictions had been released, he didn't differentiate between friend or foe.

For someone who wasn't even a Demon King to marry a Demon God's daughter.

He felt like he could understand the reason why.

'Incomplete strength.'

Although it was a form created by combining all 7 clones into a main body, it was incomplete.

For some reason, his form was extremely unstable. It was because the seven grains didn't combine properly.

Even so, he was exhibiting that much Herculean strength.

An authority even the Demon Kings and Demon Gods would have their eyes on.

However, no one could stop that obstinacy.

Other fire tars were also in chaos.

Especially Ogar...

He stood still like a hardened statue.

“Is my opponent that monster?”

Sword One spoke as he raised his sword and pointed towards Bastro.

Maybe because he had the tendency of a ‘devil’ unlike normal undead, his way of talking was extremely cold.

It was definitely a different tendency compared to other undead.

Sword Two and Sword Three approached near Sword One, one after the other.

These three people were labeled by the name ‘Sword’.

When the three were gathered, an additional effect was received.

The three swords resonated and spread out in a triangular form.

Sword One stood at the front and looked at Muyoung.

Muyoung spoke slowly.

“Work together with the other Sword Bones and kill him.”

“I understood. If it isn’t the ‘sword’s source’, I will not lose.”

The sword’s source...

It seemed like he was talking about King Slayer.

Although Sword One became a devil, he remembered his fight against King Slayer.

Even how greatly he lost.

Since it was sad to even call it a fight.

Maybe because of this reason, Sword One treated King Slayer as the ‘sword’s source’.

However, that was because King Slayer was such an unconventional being.

The Masters of the Darkness. Although he didn’t know them well, didn’t even the Great Magician Merlin think highly of them?

So, unless it was that sort of unconventional being, Sword One wouldn’t be easily defeated.

When people say top 10 strongest humans, they are talking about the ones who can fight equally against even a Demon King.

‘There are quite a few who could be within the top 10 humans. But, they can’t all fight against a Demon King.’

Demon King. The end of all Authorities.

Only those who could face them had ‘strongest’ added to their title.

Now, the meaning slightly changed and was now called ‘the top 10 humans’, but in reality, the original meaning was the ’10 heroes who could face against a Demon King’.

Either way, it meant that the top 10 humans were that much of a master at figuring out the Demon King’s authorities.

All those who were among the top 10 humans got stronger by having pure skills as their foundation.

Even if the meaning had changed, only those who passed the minimum requirements were called the top 10.

‘Purity is used as the base for true strength to figure out authority.’

And Sword One only got stronger by practicing his ‘sword’.

That’s why he was the best opponent for Bastro.

If the great chieftain had fallen, in reality only Sword One could

face Bastro.

But, Muyoung wasn't planning to just sit aside.

"Bae Sungmin."

Swook.

A black circle appeared on the floor and out of it, Bae Sungmin soared up.

Bae Sungmin lowered his head as he popped a devil's heart he was holding with his hand.

"Did you call?"

"Place a Saint's Blessing on me."

"It will harm your body. I don't recommend it."

A Saint's Blessing was a strong light type skill.

On the other hand, Muyoung was filled with powers of the darkness.

Oom and Asura, and Gremory's Anguish...

There was not one thing that would make you think of light.

If he was to receive a blessing, it was definitely possible to expect for the power to reject Muyoung, possibly harming him.

'But, I still need to.'

The progress of the battle had turned once again.

It was because all the fire tars were swept with shock with the great chieftain's fall.

If the tide didn't change soon, a loss was crystal clear.

It would be the same if Sword One killed Bastro.

Since, during the time of their fight, other allies would drop like flies.

Muyoung spoke again.

“10 minutes is enough. I can withstand that much.”

Bae Sungmin closed his eyes.

If it was some other undead, he would have acted without question but Bae Sungmin was reborn as a lich through ‘Authority of Death’.

For instance, the Guardian of the Territory, Baltan, was all about protecting the humans. Unlike other undead, they had inherent goals.

Muyoung thought the reason why he asked for Muyoung’s opinion might be because of these ‘distinct characteristics’.

A moment later, Bae Sungmin, who opened his eyes, nodded his head.

“I understand.”

At the same time, he held Muyoung’s hand.

And then from Bae Sungmin’s hand, a sentence of light was written and started to place an energy of blessing.

Blaze!

<’Saint’s Blessing’ has been placed.>

<Resistance against evil has increased.>

<Anguish’s blade has become sharper. Anguish’s attacks against devils have become much stronger.> <All stats increased by 30 for 10 minutes.> <When the blessing ends, all stats decrease by 30 each for 24 hours.>

10 minutes was enough.

10 minutes for Muyoung was longer than for others.

Muyoung started to move not long after the Sword Bone Trio left.

His horns sprouted and the world started to become slower.

Ogar couldn't believe the scene in front of his eyes.

The great chieftain. He had fallen.

He might have even died.

The living legend of the fire tars and Ogar's idol.

Ogar was who he was now all thanks to the great chieftain.

'Ah…'

Normally, the fire tars were stubborn.

They hated change and had strong tendency to be satisfied with their current situation.

On the other hand, Ogar didn't fear challenges.

Even if he failed, he just laughed it off.

That nature didn't just get created all of a sudden.

It was only possible because he grew under the great chieftain.

The great chieftain taught things about freedom and also stressed responsibilities and duties.

He continuously stressed for Ogar to not be prejudice and be on guard about becoming arrogant after taking power.

He fulfilled the role of a good father and a strict teacher at the same time.

But, he, who Ogar didn't think would ever fall, was currently lying down on the ground.

The world stopped and Ogar couldn't hear anything.

"Are you going to stop because of a tragedy? If you are, then I'm disappointed."

Muyoung spoke.

With just that message behind, he ran into battle.

Ogar wanted to stop fighting but Muyoung told him not to.

Afterwards, his eyes bulged he was so surprised by Muyoung's actions in this battle.

In a short time, he became the center of the battle as he received the gazes' from every devil soldier.

With the light's blessing, he showed overwhelming martial art skills.

It was unlike Muyoung but Ogar knew it was to 'show others'.

It was so.

He was showing them.

To the fire tars, and to Ogar.

As he didn't need to make a big deal like that.

"Oom is dominating the battle!"

"Don't yield to mere devils! We have the much greater Oom and Hoom!"

"A-Oom! A-Hoom!"

"We need to save the lord!"

"To the thick of the battle... shit, let's go!"

Small living creatures made a fuss over it.

Muyoung was using himself as bait to change the winds once more.

No one knew if it would become a headwind or tailwind.

At least to those small living creatures, it definitely worked to stir a strong typhoon.

'I need to move.'

The great chieftain had fallen.

The only one left was the vice chieftain, Ogar.

If Ogar stood stupidly, other fire tars would lose their direction.

Even the ‘weak’ creatures tried their best to fight, the fire tars couldn’t just stand by and watch.

‘From now on, I’m the great chieftain.’

Now, when he confirmed the great chieftain’s absence, Ogar needed to quickly rise to that position.

So, his role was to remove this chaos.

The great chieftain always wanted it.

The great chieftain raised Ogar with this free spirit for only one reason.

To make a fire tar kingdom and not merely a fire tar tribe.

Now, it was time to move on to pursue his wishes.

Sword One’s sword trapped space.

Sword One’s sword ruled over laws.

Bastro, who was chaos itself, was like a natural enemy.

“You who isn’t even a human or a devil! Do you think you can win against me?”

“A dog that’s losing a fight tends to be loud.”

The six tails attached to Bastro shook the land.

However, Sword One’s swordsmanship scuttled even the tail attacks.

Although he didn’t end it, with Sword One’s endlessly pure swordsmanship, he had cut the tails with authority.

Like a huge dominant mountain, Sword One moved forward with each step.

Bastro could only be in a hurry.

However, he couldn’t withdraw either.

He was confined in the area ruled by Sword One.

In this space, which was weaved together like a spider's web, all he could do was struggle, entrapped.

"How long are you planning to confine me?!"

The six tails stood up like a straight line.

Thump!

Like pillars, they struck the ground and produced a lot of black smoke.

Afterwards, tons of circular objects started to pour out from the tail.

Clash! Clash clash clash!

Everything touched by the circular objects exploded.

And nothing was left after the explosion.

As if something had taken a bite, it disappeared cleanly.

Due to the shockwaves, Sword One momentarily wobbled. The barrier created by Sword Two and Sword Three was broken.

"You are not a source."

However, it still was an unstable incomplete being.

Someone that wasn't even a source couldn't win against purity just because it pretended to be so.

Of course, Sword One also wasn't at that level but he wouldn't lose to someone that wasn't a source.

He wouldn't have been called one of the top 10 humans for no reason.

Sword One organized his energy as he held his sword.

At the same time, the sphere that flew from Bastro's tails clashed with his sword.

Bang!

With Ogar's awakening as the start, the battle turned around once again.

There was no other word besides awakening to describe it.

As if he never stopped, he moved his feet faster than anyone else.

He killed without fearing death itself.

And the fight ended.

The moment when the evil soldiers were dominated, Bastro and Sword One's fight had also ended.

Slaaash!

Sword One's sword sliced Bastro's body.

The six tails had already been severed.

As if the scene was showing how fierce the fight was, there was no land left in their surroundings.

Only a thick smoke that settled around their battleground, and within it, the two crazily fought each other.

Kyaaaaah!

A sound that rang people's ears.

It was the sound that alerted the end of the battle.

In time, Bastro started to turn into ashes and disappeared.

Afterwards, Sword One approached Muyoung with his one arm and one leg lost and wings ripped.

He moved using his sword as a cane instead of his leg.

"I have completed my contract."

Like the start, a completely emotionless expression.

That short message was all he said.

Sword Two, Sword Three, and Sword One's form slowly started to break down.

Then, they returned to their talisman form.

The content of the contract was to merely kill Bastro and since he had completed it, there was no reason for him to stay.

Also, to recover his damaged body, he needed to return to his talisman form.

Ting!

Rummmble....

A black marble dropped to the ground as Sword One disappeared.

He didn't need to think to know what it was.

'Bastro's Crystallization.'

With this, six.

All noble devils gave out crystallizations.

As if it was destiny.

# Chapter 126: Gremory (3)

What would be the probability to get crystallizations continuously from noble devils?

He was certain that it was extremely rare.

Truly, point tens of a millionth of a probability.

It was still theoretically possible, but from a common-sense point of view, it was hard to think it would occur.

However, in reality, it did occur and another crystallization was in Muyoung's hand.

<You have exterminated Duke 'Bastro'.>

<You have earned 'Black Soul's Crystallization.> <You have taken the title 'Darkness and Abyss'.> <Will you apply the title? More than two titles taken from devils cannot be used.>

It was an additional effect created after the achievement effect 'Devil Hunter' became an A rank.

It was to take away the title from the noble devil opponent after killing.

Even if Muyoung didn't kill them himself, if Muyoung's undead killed them, it seemed like the same effect was placed.

'I'll take it.'

There was no reason to reject it.

Soon, a grey haze appeared around Muyoung.

<You have used the title 'Darkness and Abyss'.> <All stats +10, 'Evil Tendency' stat has been created.> <The created stats continue to exist even if you remove the title.> <You become closer to evil as your Evil Tendency is higher.> <Due to the

effects of the title, people among darkness will have familiarity, while on the other hand, those among light will have wariness.>

An evil tendency stat…

Muyoung grinned.

Either way, he was far from light.

And after a bit later, the surroundings became loud.

“Euhahahaha! Devils, don’t even think about coming back here!”

“We give this victory to Oom!”

The dokkaebis became excited.

With Seohan at the front, they were tasting victory with their weapons raised.

It was so.

Victory.

They had suppressed all the devil soldiers and won.

The losses were big, but currently, the sweetness of their victory was much greater.

However, not everyone was tasting the sweetness of their victory.

The expression of the fire tars, especially Ogar, didn’t seem to get brighter even though they had won.

They just stood and prayed quietly in front of their great chieftain with their fists clenched.

‘The great chieftain has died.’

It seemed like in the end, he didn’t survive after being hit by Bastro’s final blow.

It was enough to make even the great Ogar be silent.

Muyoung didn't meet with the great chieftain that many times but he also didn't really know what sorrows were to lose someone special.

And so, he couldn't align with Ogar's sadness. It was impossible for him to empathize.

However, Ogar was the closest person to Muyoung among the people who were alive in the Underworld.

So, Muyoung made a proposal.

"I have the power to bring back people who are dead."

"To undead... you mean?"

Ogar reacted.

As Muyoung affirmed, Ogar shivered his body.

"Muyoung, I hope you're joking. Even the great chieftain, and even all the fire tars that died at this place, wouldn't want to live as undead."

He was totally serious.

If Muyoung wasn't the one who spoke of this, then he felt like Ogar would have thrown a spear right away to kill him.

'Sadness.'

Muyoung looked towards one side and saw the king mutant chewing on a devil soldier.

The King Mutant's main material was assassins.

The assassins of the Forest of Death raised by Wung Chunglin.

In the past, they were Muyoung's colleagues. That's why they were revived as avengers.

However, amongst them, there wasn't any kind of sadness or sentimentality.

If they were really that close, there would truly be feelings of

wanting to revive them.

Even if that means turning them into undead.

However, Muyoung took a step back.

He knew that his common sense and his ideas weren't normal.

How could they be normal if he lived 40 years as a puppet?

'Staying in the middle of the living and the dead. It would be hard but, this also would be a stepping stone in my development.'

So, he needed to develop his disjointed sense of balance.

If he could just balance them, he would become closer to becoming the 'absolute'.

<The battle has ended.>

<You have defeated the greatest enemy in the battle.> <In your history, 'A Fight with the Devil Duke' has been added.> <Results are calculated, it has been decided that it was 'impossible'.> <To you who has surpassed the limits and broken through the trial! The Masters of Darkness are very pleased by your valor.> <The Masters of Darkness have started to evaluate.>

Afterwards, a message popped up explaining that the battle had ended.

Muyoung just concentrated at the message.

Impossible achievement.

It was an achievement he received for when they found it 'impossible' for Muyoung to achieve in his current state.

And it was difficult for Muyoung to achieved a fight against six noble devils, including a duke.

It would be the same even if he had the help of the great chieftain

and the fire tars.

Did the situation get overturned a few times even during battle?

<The Star of 12 Zodiacs has chosen the user.> <He has gifted the ‘Helmet of Taurus’.>

<He has gifted the ‘Cape of Gemini’.>

Maybe because the achievement was that difficult but unlike the last time, the Star of 12 Zodiacs gave him two gifts.

Muyoung nodded his head and looked at the two things that appeared from mid air.

Name: Helmet of Taurus

Rank: A+++

Classification: Equippable type

Endurance: 100,000

Effect: One of the 12 Zodiac Stars. A helmet placed on Aries.

* Magic Resistance +100

* Taurus’s Good-naturedness (Symbol of Wealth. The rate of growth for the user’s territory greatly increases.) * Able to quickly rush

** When you collect 3 out of the 12 Zodiac Stars, all stats +30

** When you collect 6 out of the 12 Zodiac Stars, it ignores skills below A rank ** When you collect 12 out of the 12 Zodiac Stars, achievement effect, ‘King of 12 Zodiacs’.

The first one, the Helmet of Taurus.

It was the second set equipment after the Belt of Aries.

On top, the Helmet of Taurus was a territory equipment.

Normally, this type of equipment that gave a good advantage to the owned territory was used by the leaders of guilds or clans, and it was rare.

‘Very good.’

Since it would take a long time to recover from the damages received from this battle.

This territory equipment was something that could reduce that time greatly.

Next, he looked at the cape.

Name: Cape of Gemini

Rank: A+++

Classification: Equippable type

Endurance: 80,000

Effect: One of the 12 Zodiac Stars. A cape placed on Gemini.

* Agility +50

* Two antibodies (Immunity against poison and disease) * Two’s development (Choose one and greatly increase his developmental speed.) ** When you collect 3 out of the 12 Zodiac Stars, all stats +30

** When you collect 6 out of the 12 Zodiac Stars, it ignores skills below A rank ** When you collect 12 out of the 12 Zodiac Stars, achievement effect, ‘King of 12 Zodiacs’.

Immunity to poison and disease!

It was the perfect equipment to prepare for a curse.

With this, he was able to receive an additional effect as the 3 of the set equipment were added.

Even if he had lost the effect of Lunatic Sovereign’s set, it was a

much better effect.

He lost one and earned two.

‘Now, all that’s left is…’

Muyoung looked at the crystallization he held in his hand.

The devil’s strength gathered in one and became a crystallization.

If it was Duke Bastro’s crystallization, the strength which Muyoung had seen, it was great enough for anyone to desire it.

Before he had a taste of victory, he first gulped the crystal.

Brrrrrr!

At the same time, he shivered his whole body.

His veins bulged across his whole body.

His body rose into the air.

“Kyaaaaaaackkk!”

<You have swallowed the ‘Black Soul’s Crystallization’.> <All pure stats increased by 15.>

<You have learned the ‘Soul’s Tail’ skill.> <You have absorbed too much of the devil’s crystallization.> <Your Evil Tendency has increased by 300.>

<The ‘Call of the Devil’ reacts.>

Then, from Muyoung’s side, a black book appeared.

It was the item earned from the underground arena.

The item the mid level devil was desperately looking for!

The book that needed the strength of a top level devil to lift the spell was reacting to Muyoung!

Afterwards.

<You have connected to ‘Gremory’.>

*

A huge temple.

A woman was afloat in the middle of a lake.

The woman who wore a fluttering white dress showed extreme beauty that made everything else in the world dull.

Anyone in the world would fall in love with her at first sight.

She had the looks to even embrace gods but for some reason, she showed hurriedness in her face.

“The extinction of ‘Bafura’, the one who was with us in our goals, was confirmed.”

Around the lake, millions of devils were thrashing.

It was the same for the 26 Demon Kings.

“Are you speaking of the 60th seat, Bafura?”

“Oh, my goodness…”

“Are you saying that the War party is being active even though the red moon is going on?”

A Demon God had become extinct.

This was something that could never be ignored.

On top, if it was Bafura, he was the one who was leading the Peace party with her, Gremory.

The plan to destroy every living being besides devils in the Underworld.

Additionally, to flip and crush a planet’s principle of causality.

The Peace and War parties’ had sharp conflicts of opinions on this matter.

And although Bafura wasn't a combative Demon God, he still was a Demon God.

The strength of a Demon God couldn't be simply calculated generically.

However, his extinction was certain.

Gremory's eyes finely shook.

"We need to hurry. If we stay like this for any longer, the barrier of this temple could instantly collapse. There is a need to combine our strength,"

"What if we join forces with the Neutral party?"

"As long as Dantalion is with them, we cannot have that happen. That Genius of Lies... if we work with someone who we don't know what they will do behind our backs, our work might be greatly spoiled."

26 Demon Kings agreed at the same time.

Dantalion. The Genius of Lies.

The neutral party was with him.

He was the most dangerous one who they could never join forces with.

Gremory bit her lips as she continued to speak.

"We need to correct the collapsed fissure. For the Peace party to gain strength, this is the only way."

"Would that be possible? The agreeing party wouldn't leave us be and if we aren't careful, the location will be found out..."

"I need you guys to exert your powers. We need to gather the Fragments of the Fissure."

Gremory interrupted a Demon King's words and spoke.

The crossroad of a decision. Before the red moon ends, they were planning to move and act first.

Currently, all of the War party members were scattered.

Normally, the Demon Gods had their own designated territories and were unable to leave their area.

Besides one, Baal, the 1st seat Demon God.

Basically, they were able to exhibit their godly powers so long as they were in their designated territory.

To exhibit their powers outside of their designated territory, another step was needed, which was to turn on the fissure and to connect it to the area outside.

However, Baal had shaken this fissure and made it chaotic.

The fissures that connected to the Peace party were twisted and they couldn't help but fight on their own.

To fix this fissure, they needed the 'Fragments of the Fissure'.

And the fragments could only be found outside of their territory.

It was definitely possible for others to instantly find the Demon Kings' locations once they left this territory, but they had no other way.

'To gather the strength, we need to take risks.'

The Peace party was currently cornered.

If they were gathered in one place, the story would be different but since they were all scattered, they really had no choice in this situation.

If they were to fight on their own, they would lose or be absorbed by other Demon Gods.

If Baal didn't stand in their way, it would have been worth a fight.

Unfit for a Demon God, for the dignity of the 1st seat, Baal messed around with them.

Gremory knitted her brow.

At the same time, a huge goat's horn appeared.

The horn was the symbol of Gremory's power and a type of search device.

It was a search device that could sense danger in the surrounding and could read the nature of all things.

It was to open the gate at the safest place.

But, as the horns sprouted, Gremory's expression became more serious.

"...Who are you?"

# Chapter 127: Gremory (End)

“…… Who are you?”

A soft voice tickled Muyoung’s ear.

Even if it was just a simple ‘sound’, it had the peculiar power to attract the opposite sex.

If he was even a bit careless, he felt like he would be bewitched by the sound.

And now Muyoung was just listening in a dark space.

‘A mental world.’

The black space was Muyoung’s mind.

In other words, this conversation was akin to telepathy.

But he couldn’t be helped but be surprised when he thought how he came to be in this mental world.

The call of the devil.

Was it a book that allowed you to contact a particular devil?

‘Gremory.’

Soon Muyoung realized who he was connected to.

A message popped up which definitely said, ‘You have connected to Gremory’.

The 56th seat Demon God, who lead 26 Demon King legions!

It was unlikely for there to be another being who could sway his rationality just with their voice.

Also, Muyoung also had an inextricable relationship with her.

The qualifications to become the Demon King of the 27th Legion and the weapon, Anguish, were both related to Gremory.

However, he never thought that he could get in contact with her at this moment.

“I’m Muyoung. Are you really Gremory?”

He couldn’t help but ask.

Even though his voice was firm, internally Muyoung was taken aback.

He was just checking his rewards after the fight ended, when all of a sudden, a connection with Gremory had occurred...

After a moment of silence, Gremory replied.

“You’re right. But, it’s strange. I can’t see it but I can feel my blessings on you.”

It was an obvious thing.

From the moment he discovered the Star of David from the Blue Temple, Muyoung’s path was decided to a certain degree.

And the owner of the Star of David was Gremory.

There was nothing weird if Gremory had felt her blessings on Muyoung.

Swoosh!

Muyoung took out Anguish.

Then, the sword cried more loudly and announced its presence on its own.

“It seems like it’s because I have the qualifications of the Demon King to lead the 27th legion.”

“The 27th legion...? Ah!”

Gremory’s surprised voice filled the air.

She was a Demon God and it was very easy to distinguish the truth.

Riiiip!

Soon, the sword ripped the area.

While producing the sound of a leather ripping, few hands

popped out.

Gremory's mental world had pierced through and into Muyoung's.

Although they weren't meeting each other face to face and were very far away from each other, the mental landscape was influenced just by the exchange of a few words.

'I can't avoid it.'

However, it was fast.

Soon, numerous hands wrapped around Muyoung.

Crash!

But, none of the hands were able to touch Muyoung.

A barrier of light was raised and it warded off numerous hands.

Boing!

The Armful's Cradle spirit hopped madly on top of Muyoung's head.

Although its outer appearance was a mere lump of light, it was still an ancient spirit.

Even if it was just born, it was a great existence that could influence the Disordered Terror.

He wasn't sure why it was with him at this place but it seemed like he could exhibit his true strength in his mental world.

"What are you doing?"

"A prehistoric spirit... you have made a contract with it. I'm sorry. But, I need to be certain. If you really are the person I was waiting for."

In Gremory's voice, he could feel her desperation.

And Muyoung was surprised.

'For a Demon God to apologize.'

Never in his life had he heard it before.

The Demon Gods who invaded humanity were all pure evil and they invaded without a word.

Only ruins were left in the places where they passed.

Apology?

He hadn't heard anything similar to that.

But, how could he not be surprised when the 56th seat Demon God personally apologized.

Of course, even if it was so, it was true that she suddenly invaded his mental world.

He couldn't help but feel unpleasant.

"If you truly are the Demon King of the 27th Legion, I request that you won't reject my touch."

Muyoung pondered.

Muyoung thought about what the reason might be for a Demon God, like Gremory, to request from him as if she was in need.

If she wanted to, didn't she just needed to act?

Muyoung looked at the numerous hands that hung around on the other side of the light barrier.

'They said she was the only female Demon God but it seems like she is an aberration.'

There were stories that Gremory was the only woman out of the 72 Demon Gods and had a friendly attitude towards humans."

Although they said her beauty was so great that it could bewitch all the gods, by seeing how she expressed those many hands as her 'touch', this also seemed to be an exaggeration.

Either way, even if Armful's Cradle was stopping her, if Gremory exhibited her true strength, it would not have any chance of stopping her.

‘If it is a process he has to undergo then…’

Due to the Demon King of the 27th Legion skill, it was a process he had to undergo at least once.

Didn’t someone say, ‘the sooner it happens, the better’?

Boing! Boing!

Muyoung calmed the Armful’s Cradle that was still angry on top of his head.

As he placed his hand and roughly pet it, the guy that was hopping around madly slowly calmed down.

It seemed like the meaning had still gone across even if he didn’t say it.

Swoosh.

Soon, numerous hands wrapped around Muyoung.

The feeling wasn’t all that great but the touch was really soft.

Although it just passed by, it was enough to sway his mind.

If she was able to influence Muyoung this much, it was obvious how others would react without even looking at them.

‘Enchanting. But, Gremory isn’t human.’

In Muyoung’s head, Gremory already had an appearance which was far from human.

As he recalled she was a monster with numerous hands, he was able to escape a bit from being enchanted.

A moment later, as if the confirmation process had ended, her hands moved back.

“You truly are someone with my blessing.”

“Did you think it was a lie?”

“Honestly, yes. But, since I have confirmed you were not lying, please excuse my discourtesy.”

The Demon Gods are ‘evil’.

It was the truth everyone agreed on.

They were born from evil and were incarnations that were raised by eating evil.

However, the feeling Gremory gave off was definitely different.

“You are an odd Demon God.”

“I’m just hiding my ‘evil’. In reality, I’m more vile than anyone else. But... the thing I’m going to talk about is much more important than that.”

It seemed like she had something to say.

Muyoung quietly listened.

Then, Gremory continued to talk.

“Do you know of the items called ‘Fragments of the Fissure?”

“I have heard of it.”

In the past, it was an item that the Demon Gods used to invade.

He still clearly remembered when a fissure was suddenly created in the sky and the Great City and the Blue Temple were attacked.

The item used back then was the Fragments of the Fissure.

“Please find the Fragments of the Fissure. ‘Anguish’ which you are holding, will show you the way.”

“Anguish?”

“Yes, and if it’s within this space, no matter how far apart you are, you are able to send me the fragments. If you bring me the three fragments, I will acknowledge you as my demon king. I will even give you the authority myself.”

Her voice became quiet.

Even the hands in front of him returned to their original location.

And as if Gremory realized it, she quickly spoke.

“We don’t have time. If you are planning to protect humanity, please help me. We can’t let Baal follow through with his plans…”

Tap!

Soon, silence followed.

Like a blackout, it was a sudden occurrence.

However, he had heard everything he needed.

‘It seems like the situation isn’t all that good.’

He thought about Gremory’s words and painted a picture of the situation.

If the Demon King legions under her command acted, they should be able to find whatever they were looking for.

However, she started her search by ‘requesting’ Muyoung’s help, a person she met for the first time.

From a common-sense point of view, it wasn’t logical.

It meant that Gremory was forced into a corner.

‘My predictions were right; the Demon Gods were fighting over the fragments.’

Muyoung was certain.

The Demon Gods were currently unable to easily leave their territory due to their own reasons.

Two factions, or perhaps more, were divided and in conflict.

This fight would last for a few years from now and within those few years, a conclusion will be made.

And Gremory’s faction would be defeated.

That would be the reason for the Great Calamity to occur.’

This was the golden opportunity.

By entering their crowd, he could stall for time or eliminate his opponents.

And to do this, it was a must for him to find this Fragment of the Fissure.

He couldn't let Gremory's party be easily defeated.

Muyoung was the only existence who could change this past.

Boing. Boiiing.

Muyoung gently tickled Armful's Cradle.

Gremory called it a 'prehistoric spirit', not simply an ancient spirit.

At the same time, she was surprised and changed her attitude towards Muyoung.

Thanks to this, they were able to progress the conversation smoothly.

Not just that but Gremory knew right away that Muyoung was human.

Even though she knew he was human, she had acknowledged that he had the qualifications to become a demon king.

It was the hardest obstacle, but he overcame it well.

'I need to keep going without stopping.'

Since he had overcome the obstacle, now it was time to run.

He was pressed for time.

He now had about 9 years, at most.

Within that time, he needed to change the Demon Gods game or break it.

Whhiiing.

Not long soon after, with the sound of wind, Muyoung returned to reality as his mental world closed.

Gremory opened her eyes which had been closed.

Her deer like beautiful eyelids slightly shook as they went up.

Numerous devils were watching this scene.

That was right. They were just watching her.

No one was allowed to touch her, it was a taboo.

‘Facing those who absorbed the fragments. It would definitely be a brutal trial.’

From what she had confirmed, Muyoung’s skills weren’t at a level she was pleased with.

However, Gremory had hopes for what Muyoung held onto.

She wasn’t exactly sure who those beings were but she felt a few who were in a ‘level’ similar to Demon Kings or even higher than Demon Kings.

Meaning, she could say he had infinite potential to develop.

‘Muyoung, the one I blessed. I wish good luck for your future…’

Gremory wished sincerely.

However, it was nothing but a voiceless echo.

Numerous people pray to a god and wish for them to be answered but who could gods wish to and want from?

The hearts of all of the devils in her surrounding pumped as they watched her woeful figure.

That she was someone they must protect.

Tens of millions of devils were ready to protect Gremory with their lives.

As she was that much of a noble and beautiful being.

*

The battle was a complete victory.

But, in its aftermath, numerous corpses were left.

“I will allow you to bury them near the Poom tree.”

Ogar spoke.

It was a privilege to be buried near a Poom tree which only true warriors could earn.

He meant that he was going to grant everyone who participated in this battle that privilege.

The great chieftain was buried first, followed by the rest.

“Muyoung, what is a king?”

Late evening.

As they watched the moon up in the sky, Ogar suddenly spoke to Muyoung.

Muyoung didn’t reply.

Then, Ogar continued to talk.

As if he was making a promise to himself.

“I’m going to make a fire tar kingdom. The great chieftain taught me to always look at a much wider world.”

“You would be able to do it.”

Ogar definitely had the qualities.

The question of what a king is could be thought over when he became one.

Ogar stared at Muyoung.

And then talked.

“Would you share the Cup of Brother with me?”

The Cup of Brother.

It was something he never thought about.

However, there was nothing bad in befriending Ogar.

Ogar laughed out loud as Muyoung nodded his head.

“Haha! Good. From now on, Muyoung, you and I will be in a much stronger relationship than blood. In general, brothers need to help each other. Even if our positions change, this relationship will not be swayed.”

Was it because the great chieftain who Ogar thought was closer than his blood ties had died?

He was more emotional than usual.

Ogar clenched his fist.

Afterwards, he opened a lid of a bottle of liquor and squeezed out blood as if he was squeezing a lemon.

Muyoung also did the same.

“From now on, we are brothers.”

After exchanging the bottle of liquor, they drank it at once.

Then, Ogar smacked his lips as if it wasn’t enough to fulfill him.

It was because even if it was a bottle of liquor, it was not much compared to Ogar’s size.

Muyoung grinned.

A new relationship.

Brothers.

It didn’t sound bad.

# Chapter 128: Hellhorse (1)

The red moon was still dominating the sky.

Vibrant like blood.

And it even felt like it gave off the scent.

Muyoung reconstructed the castle with the help of the dwarves and waited for more devils.

‘We were lucky.’

In the case of Bastro, he could say they were lucky.

Because Bastro didn’t attack Muyoung abruptly, he had enough time to prepare.

However, he couldn’t continuously be lucky.

“Soul’s Tail.”

Just, Muyoung accomplished a big development as he got rid of Bastro.

He earned a few skills and even had a steep increase in his stats themselves.

One or two high level devils wouldn’t be able to win against Muyoung.

And Bastro’s Authority which was similar to replicating.

He was now able to imitate it.

The Soul’s Tail created a clone that was the same as Muyoung.

He wasn’t able to make and control six clones like Bastro, but the clone had about half of Muyoung’s strength.

‘With a B rank, there isn’t a chance. Or is there something that I’m lacking?’

He inwardly shook his head.

Then, he reviewed the explanation for the skill.

Name: Soul's Tail

Rank: B

Effect: It creates a clone exactly like the user. Depending on the condition of the clone, the user's strength can be placed.

* Only one clone can be summoned

* It imitates 63% of the user

* The duration is proportionate depending on the user's intelligence and wisdom (currently 7,850 seconds) ** When it reaches S rank, the 'Soul's Tail' evolves to 'Soul's Rehabilitation'.

** The special condition to exhibit abilities isn't met.

S rank and a special condition.

Both were a long way off.

Currently, A rank 'Swordmaster' was the highest rank among the skills Muyoung had.

As he couldn't say that the difference between A and S was really only one level, it probably would have been faster for Muyoung to find out what the special condition was.

"You are such a crossbreed. There are quite a lot of different smells coming from you."

A knight rank devil mocked him.

After Bastro had died, about every 7 days, one devil like this would wander in from the surrounding.

Most were lower than a high rank devil, but sometimes like this, a baronet or a baron noble devil would roam around on his own.

Muyoung visited those sort of devils one by one and tried to hunt them.

“That’s why you look tastier. It’s like you changed your body to become a great dish for us.”

The devil smacked his lips.

It seemed like he was telling himself that a mix breed was tastier than a pure breed.

Ping!

Sharp nails popped out as the devil pushed from the ground.

But, Muyoung left the fight to his clone while he crossed his arms.

From head to toe, the clone was wearing was wearing the same equipment, but the total of all those performances was only 63% of Muyoung.

‘It’s not a usual skill.’

It was even able to imitate S rank equipment, at only B rank.

Although there was a difference in performance and duration, it still was amazing.

It was similar to a miracle that could come true if it was a main skill offered by a secret class.

It meant that it was the authority that went beyond the norm…

“Huhu! You are hiding around like a mouse. Wait for me. My teeth will soon be nailed to your neck!”

A baronet. He seemed to be lacking in intelligence, maybe because he was a devil classified as a knight.

However, his movements were exceptional.

The clone which held Anguish was slowly being pushed back.

However, it didn’t easily get pushed back either.

It was because even if it was only 63%, it was similar to Muyoung before he fought with Bastro.

While controlling his clone, he turned on his Status Viewer.

Title ->

Darkness and Abyss (All stats +10)

Achievement effect ->

There are nine achievement effects.

Class Effect ->

Death Lord (Lord Class, Ruler of Death)

King Slayer (Lord Class, Slayer of Kings)

Stats ->

Strength 372 (229 + 143) Agility 393 (215 + 178) Stamina 350 (191 + 159) Intelligence 357 (223 + 134) Wisdom 328 (224 + 2104) Fighting Aura 291 (152 + 139) Magic Resistance 429 (90 + 339) Spirit Ability 259 (120 + 139) Evil Tendency 389 (300 + 89)

Total Level: 355

Special Note: Fighting Aura has been awakened. Completed the 3rd metamorphosis. You have accomplished Three Flowers Condensing onto the Head and Five Qi and have realized purity.

[Before and After Comparison]

Strength 305 Agility 242 Stamina 276 Intelligence 266 Wisdom 247

Fighting Aura 291 Magic Resistance 300 Spirit Ability 200

->

Strength 372 Agility 393 Stamina 350 Intelligence 357 Wisdom 328

Fighting Aura 291 Magic Resistance 429 Spirit Ability 259 Evil Tendency 389

Although there were small changes with the title, there was a great difference regarding the stats part which could even be called ‘revolutionary’.

Among them, agility and magic resistance showed the most changes.

Even if he had lost agility by summoning Sword One, as if the misfortune turned into a blessing, he gained much more in agility stats The one that gave the most influence in this was the equipment of the 12 Zodiac Stars.

Also, total level part caught his attention.

He remembered people saying how if you surpass a certain standard, you could check your level.

The total by adding the pure stats and the supporting stats.

‘A top rank monster’s standard was around 300.’

If it was 355, among the 5 levels of top rank, it could be around the 2nd level.

This was enough to fight against the Hellhorse and the Evil Spirit Predator Tacan.

Even if he wasn’t in the top 10 humans, current Muyoung was strong enough to be within the top 100 humans.

Truly, it meant that he was caught up to around the halfway mark towards becoming a top 10 human.

Considering how he reached this level within just one year, it was an unbelievably insane speed.

If he was to enter any group, he would have a role as an influential figure. He also would not be lacking to act as a leader of a group above a mid size.

Being among the top 100 meant that he had that much destructive power.

Of course, he was talking about it just simply by looking at the figures.

If he read grains and used acceleration, Muyoung was able to exhibit a strength greater than that.

And a total level of 500 was considered as the standard for transcendental beings, and even Dark Dragon Barca was far lacking when put to that standard.

At most, Barca was around the 3.5 level of top rank.

Either way, Muyoung ceased his idle thoughts.

It didn't seem like there was a change to the clone.

'A clone's possibility for growth. First, it wasn't by fighting.'

He already fought a few times using his clone.

But, the clone's condition didn't change at all.

"With just this mere clone, it would only allow you to kill time!"

'It seems like there is another special condition that affected its development.'

"I'm going to stop playing around! Kyahahaha! Be terror-stricken!"

'Come to think of it, Bastro's clones all had slight differences.'

"Just by thinking of ripping off your intestines, I feel extremely happy!"

"You're loud."

"…!"

It was in the blink of an eye.

In no time, Muyoung approached very close to the devil and delivered a kick.

The devil who flew with a 'pop' sound, rolled on the ground.

A while after he flew, the devil was able to barely become

conscious.

“Blink?”

The devil made a dumbfounded expression.

It was because he didn’t sense Muyoung approaching at all.

Before he knew it, three horns crowned Muyoung’s head.

It was so. He didn’t simply have an inner change.

His two horns increased to three and he was able to manage his slowed world much better.

By achieving the 3rd metamorphosis, his speed had also increased.

The speed was now 8 times.

Instead, the duration decreased to 30 seconds.

But, he was able to run 8 times slower with close to 400 agility.

It wasn’t possible to simply calculate but at the very least, you could say he was able to be close to or exceed a ‘transcendental being’ for 30 seconds.

Not just that but he also had devil wings.

Was it due to the influence of the evil tendency stat?

Now he was in an ambiguous form that was weird to call it a dokkaebi or a devil.

There was no way for the baronet devil to react.

There was nothing weird for him to mistake it for blink, the magic to instantly move short distances.

“There is a slight burden.”

Once again, he moved closer to the devil as he murmured to himself.

While he became faster, his body was unable to endure it.

‘I need to raise my stamina more.’

Stamina was deeply related to the body’s endurance.

In his current situation, if he used it for any longer than 30 seconds, his whole body would be torn into pieces.

Bang-!

Once again, the devil rolled on the ground.

He could have ended in one shot but he did it to learn a bit more about the limits of his body.

Cough!

As the devil got up, he spat blood and spoke as he was confused.

“I don’t see any signs of you using magic!”

But, as if he wasn’t a knight for no reason, he quickly pulled himself together and gathered both of his hands.

From his hand, blue poison started to spread.

It was a fog of poison.

The ground melted and the surrounding air was instantly contaminated.

It was truly worth being called a deadly poison.

“Even if you use a strange move, it’s useless. This poison fog melts everything it touches! If you misuse blink, you could fall straight into the poison…”

Baaaang!

Muyoung stretched out a fist with all his strength.

Even though that was all, the air violently bounced out.

A wind like a typhoon blew and it blew away the fog of poison.

Although he had immunity against poison thanks to the effects of the Cape of Gemini, he did it because his vision was disturbed.

The devil widened his eyes.

“This is nonsense... Ar-are you saying you are a Demon King level? B-but I didn’t hear that there was a Demon King like you!”

Zzzaaack!

The devil froze.

The devil’s whole body instantly became frozen.

Muyoung twisted the devil’s neck with his hand, the clear difference in power evident in the resultant snap.

Ting!

Rolllll.

Afterwards, a green crystal was dropped in the middle of the fluttering ashes of the devil.

Muyoung gulped the crystal without hesitation.

<You have swallowed the ‘Poison Crystallization’.> <Stamina increased by 1.>

<Your Evil Tendency has increased by 2.>

<The skill ‘Poison Fog’ has been imprinted.> <Due to the blessing earned by the user ‘Muyoung’, the ‘Poison Fog’ skill’s rank rises to ‘B’.>

As he ate more crystallizations, the lower grade ones had much lower effect in increasing stats However, it was still better than nothing.

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders and unsummoned his clone.

‘I need to find a different condition.’

There should be something else that is hidden in regards to Soul’s Tail.

Didn’t he almost see the final result of Duke Bastro’s authority?

Muyoung had no plans of giving that up.

However, he had other things to do.

‘Before then, I will fight against the Hellhorse.’

It was almost time.

The Hellhorse roamed around the lake.

Beside him, a unicorn elegantly raised her face.

It was originally the unicorn managed by Duke Bastro.

However, unicorn’s mind was being manipulated by Bastro and when Bastro died, it instantly returned to its original elegance.

Then, the Hellhorse clung to her as if he waited for this moment.

Neeeighh!

The hellhorse spread its wings wide and showed off its strength.

However, the unicorn didn’t even look at him.

The two had a completely different tendency and as a side effect of mind manipulation, she raised her guard against everything related to devils.

Nevertheless, the reason why she couldn’t leave was because she didn’t recover all her strength.

Because the Hellhorse knew that she was going to leave once she was nearly recovered, he was even more desperate.

Neeeiggghh!

The Hellhorse was under King Slayer for all his life.

Of course, there was no way for him to have a mate.

He didn’t know when an opportunity like this would come by.

He raised his voice powerfully and rubbed his body or secretly wagged his tail.

“In Woohee’s eyes, he’s just making a fool of himself.”

Then, unwelcoming visitors approached from the side.

Muyoung. And Fairy Woohee!

“You’re making a fool out of yourself.”

Muyoung supported her.

Then, the unicorn beside them became afraid.

It was because she saw how Bastro died with her own two eyes.

Also, Muyoung gave off a strong evil scent.

The Hellhorse came between them.

He acted to try and protect the unicorn but Muyoung just sneered at his actions.

The Hellhorse was still coercive but Muyoung didn’t think the Hellhorse had this sort of side to him.

“I will use my last favor. After a fight, the one who loses will obey the other. That is my last favor.”

The Hellhorse raised all of his furs.

This guy?

He looked at Muyoung with the sort of feeling that it was ridiculous.

Neeeigggh!

It was a sign of acceptance.

As if he was going to show off as much of his dashing figure in front of the unicorn, the Hellhorse took a step forward.

# Chapter 129: Hellhorse (End)

Muyoung lightly warmed up.

The fight with the Hellhorse had been expected from the beginning.

Since he was a present given to Muyoung by King Slayer and the one who didn't like being a present, the Hellhorse.

So, the Hellhorse declared that he would only grant Muyoung three wishes.

By judging him, he would keep any promise he makes.

It was Muyoung's part to stop him from making another move.

To make him obey, this was the only way.

Neeeigggh!

The Hellhorse blew from his mouth.

As if the meaning of this fight is to only show off to the unicorn, his movements were extremely light.

Carelessness, or arrogance.

The Hellhorse didn't know well of what was deeply at stake in this fight.

Since he didn't know that even Woohee sensed it, they said he was 'foolish'.

Swoosh!

Muyoung took out Anguish.

By listening to the sonorant, Muyoung finished his preparations.

First...

A horn sprouted out.

Muyoung was able to multiply time by 8 and each horn added a multiple of two.

When only one horn was sprouted, the time accelerated by 2 times.

Inversely, the duration was much longer. If he only sprouted one horn, he could maintain it for over 5 minutes.

Slash!

Neigh!

As if Muyoung had no chance against him, black spheres were created from the Hellhorse's wings.

Ziiing!

Swwaaack!

The black sphere flew towards Muyoung and restricted his movements.

Explosions didn't occur but it was an attack where the area itself was corroded.

It wasn't strange to call it a small black hole.

Instantly, the surrounding region was a mess.

It was disrupted with shapes that seemed as though a monster opened its mouth and took bites out of it.

Muyoung's horns increased to two.

He escaped the erupted zones quickly.

Although he grazed them a bit, because of his over 400 magic resistance, he didn't receive much damage.

If magic resistance was 400, those attacks could almost be nullified as long as he doesn't get hit directly.

There was also 'Belt of Aries' which ignored skills below B rank.

In short, his body became incompatible with the Hellhorse who used mostly magic skills.

Muyoung sliced the black sphere that flew right towards him into

two complete halves with Anguish.

As speed, strength, and resistance were added, he was able to simply slice the black hole attacks.

It was something unthinkable if it was him in the past.

“Compared to your sense of confidence, this is nothing.”

Blaaaze!

The Hellhorse’s entire body burned with hellfire.

He was furious and this was circumstantial evidence that he was that much taken back.

Normally, you couldn’t really feel the person improve if you see them every day and stay beside them.

When the Hellhorse first saw Muyoung, he was completely weak compared to him and the Hellhorse disregarded him as he thought Muyoung would always be below him even if he improved.

But that opponent had directly faced his attack.

How could he not be surprised?

Muyoung grinned.

‘As expected, he is strong.’

Unlike the Hellhorse, Muyoung observed his behavior closely from the very beginning.

Because he thought he would one day face him, he watched his every move.

Simply by looking at their fighting power, the Hellhorse slightly exceeded the 2nd level of the top rank but if he looked at his utilization, the Hellhorse was in a level where it was meaningless to even divide the levels.

‘However, he has a weakness.’

That he would spurt out stronger flames as he gets worked up.

That fire was the Hellhorse's source of life.

If Muyoung could just suppress that fire, it was like suppressing the Hellhorse.

Ziiipp!

Ice crystals formed on Anguish.

Then, on top of Anguish, a countless number of ice needles floated.

'Squall's Cruelty, Poison Fog, and Soul's Tail.'

At the same time, a powerful wind blew, ice needles were spewed, and poisonous fog appeared.

Then, as if he accepted the frontal confrontation, the Hellhorse started to dash towards Muyoung.

Neeighh!

The hellfire burned everything.

There was no way the Hellhorse would allow mere ice to touch him.

Unfit for the name Zero Explosion, it couldn't even explode.

Then, Muyoung who nodded his head had another horn sprout from his head.

With this, three horns now adorned his head.

'Eight times.'

The world slowed down even further.

A feeling as if only he was left on a stranded world by himself.

But, he was used to it.

The moment he lifted his feet into midair, Muyoung rushed recklessly.

He just looked straight ahead and ran as he felt the air's resistance.

They said everything had grains.

Because fire's nature was very tempered and fierce, he wasn't able to see the grains.

But, in the world where it was slowed down by 8 times, he was able to see them.

'I didn't expect fire to have grains as well.'

He didn't know when it was 4 times slower.

It was the truth he found out when the horns became three and he felt the world slowed by 8 times.

Perhaps, really perhaps, there might be 'grains' to things that aren't visible like air and the huge Underworld itself.

There might be a world which you couldn't see at a few hundred times slower.

Just by the thought of it, he felt a shudder.

King Slayer left Muyoung with something that didn't make sense.

The Hellhorse's immediate proximity.

First, the clone which was created by the 'Soul's Tail', jumped up from Muyoung's back.

Because he had skillfully blocked the Hellhorse's view, the Hellhorse didn't notice.

Clone. Of course, because it had a similar energy as him, it was hard to differentiate unless you checked with your eyes.

The clone had ice crystals all over its body.

Zero Explosion!

The clone became the Zero Explosion itself and approached the Hellhorse.

Crash!

Due to the explosion, the flames shook.

Within that time Muyoung's eyes quickly took notice of the flame.

'I can see it.'

The grains.

Even the hellfire had grains.

Although it wasn't visible because it was hidden underneath other flames but when the Hellhorse shook due to the Zero Explosion, Muyoung was definitely able to see them.

If that was so, he had no reason to hesitate.

The Hellhorse tried to revitalize the flames to cover his entire body again but he was one step behind.

Swoosh.

Without a single error, with unnatural grace, the Hellhorse and Muyoung passed by each other.

Afterwards, the two stood still.

Thud!

However, the first to collapse was the Hellhorse.

While Muyoung turned his body and looked at the Hellhorse, he removed his horns.

The Hellhorse's flames completely died out.

'To the Hellhorse, it is his source of life.'

He couldn't aim for anything else, but his very life. The Hellhorse was too strong for him to be relaxed.

However, it wasn't like there wasn't a way to heal him.

Muyoung turned his gaze.

Brrrr!

The unicorn that received Muyoung's gaze shivered...

"Can you treat him?"

The unicorn was a magical beast that was considered the best among light types.

Rather than calling it a monster, it was more fitting to call it a holy beast.

There was also Bae Sungmin who had the powers of a saint, but still, he was lacking compared to a unicorn.

However, the unicorn didn't move and just shivered her body.

"Woohee."

"Wooheehee, husband. Leave it to Woohee~"

Her voice was filled with confidence.

As if her turn had finally come, Wooheee flew across to the unicorn.

And after some dialogue, the unicorn moved as she showed her beauty.

It was a surprise.

Afterwards, the unicorn specifically approached the Hellhorse and smacked her lips to his cheek.

Then, the unicorn's horn showed vivid light and started to revive the Hellhorse's flames.

After that, things were being done swiftly.

After about 10 minutes later, the flames returned to their original state.

Neeeiggh?

The Hellhorse blinked his eyes.

He seemed like he didn't know what was going on.

Then, he jumped up after looking at the unicorn right next to

him.

The unicorn turned her body but she wasn't cold to him like before.

"Blacky, Whitey saved you. You should be good to her. Understand?"

As Woohee furtively gave him advice, the Hellhorse's eyes sparkled.

In other words, it meant that he still had a chance.

Once again, he started to hit on the unicorn.

"Hellhorse, I believe you will keep your promise."

The Hellhorse looked at Muyoung as he closed one of his eyes.

Muyoung wasn't the type to not know what that meant.

It seemed like it was more important for him to win her over than the fight.

"Yuck..."

Woohee grabbed her chest as if she wasn't feeling good by watching him.

The Hellhorse kept his promise.

He was quite trustworthy in that way.

Not soon after, the Devil's Long Night ended and at that same time, the castle's restoration was complete.

<The castle has been restored more firmly than before.> <Rank of the 'Lord' skill increases. A -> A+> <Overall satisfaction of the territory increased.> <The level of Loyalty is A+. They will obey their lord. They are ready to even run into the flames of hell for their lord.> <The level of Harmony is A+. Through the battle, they have learned comradeship. The wall of species has been collapsed.> <The level of Development is

A+. They are ready to do whatever it takes to increase their internal and external development.> <The level of Satisfaction is A. They are stable as they now have a home.> <There are 12,336 citizens. Compared to the size of the land, the number of citizens is very small. To increase the number of citizens, there is a need to encourage childbirth. Create facilities related to childbirth and accommodate them. You could also increase the number of citizens by conquering other lands.>

Childbirth support.

The losses were quite high.

But, they should be able to increase the population with the right facilities, having no worries about food.

Muyoung built associating facilities and stationed people.

He used a bit more strength towards the people's welfare.

"The Lord is working hard for our sake!"

"Ahh... thank you!"

"Indeed, he's our Oom. Oom has more wisdom than anyone else!"

"A-Oom! A-Hoom!"

It wasn't a big deal.

But, everyone was moved and idolized Muyoung even more.

He just did it to increase the birth rate and strengthen the power of the territory.

This sort of reaction wasn't expected.

'My little movements influence them greatly.'

It was a type of realization.

And Muyoung thought of the time before he returned to the past.

Wung Chunglin removed Muyoung's free will and just tried to rule over him.

But, that suppression would eventually be broken.

Muyoung promised that he wouldn't follow that path.

'I'm different from you, Wung Chunglin.'

The leader of the Forest of Death.

'Just a bit more. It won't be long until the day I break your neck.'

Cleeench!

Muyoung clenched his fist so hard that it could shatter into pieces.

There was no way he would forget the things he went through while he was in the Forest of Death.

He just tried hard not to think of it because he was busy moving forward.

However, now the picture was slowly being drawn.

Just a bit more. Only a few steps left.

He wanted to run now and clench Wung Chunglin's neck in his hands but to make sure of his fall, Muyoung needed to take a breath.

That's right. The process of taking a breath.

'Since the Devil's Long Night had ended, I probably need to act.'

Right away, Muyoung made his next plan.

There were things he needed to find first.

'Although Oris's Throne is just an accessory, if I can find the Hamel's Rune Ring I can earn the Diablos.'

The Hamel's Rune Ring!

The Lunatic Sovereign's Ring and the Oris's Throne Ring, all that was left was that ring.

If he could get the three rings, he could make an S rank weapon.

He wasn't sure of the exact rank but it could be an even greater weapon that could split skies and cleave the earth.

Its splendors would definitely be thrilling.

'But, Hamel's Rune Ring isn't in the Demon God's Territory.; Muyoung rubbed his chin.

That was the reason why Muyoung was trying to find the Hamel's Rune Ring last.

It wasn't in the Demon God's Territory, and he couldn't earn it from a trial.

The next destination was not in the Demon God's Territory but another place.

'The Sun Guild.'

One of the nine guilds and the organization where Alexandro Quintart was the leader.

He needed to break into that place and get the ring.

He was unsure who would be wearing the ring. As the owner constantly changed.

It was due to the division within the guild.

The Sun guild was the most turbulent guild and its strife has never ended.

It was amazing that Alexandro Quintart continued to seize power even among those times but either way, if Muyoung was to use their division and seize an opportunity, there might be a way.

Muyoung's heart raced even faster as it was a place which held many memories for Muyoung in variety of different ways.

# Chapter 130: Sun Guild (1)

The Great City.

The starting point for all survivors which was connected to the Blue Temple.

People endured one month at the Blue Temple then came to this place to check their aptitude.

It was also the place where people fell behind, were absorbed by different groups, clung to others, or died afterwards.

It was a completely huge castle where hundreds of thousands of people could live together.

That was the Great City.

“That crazy bastard, he starts again today.”

“Is he a mercenary or what? Why does he come here and do that?”

“Tsk, tsk, I wonder what Luminescent Guild is doing. That Luminescent Mark is a waste. He’s really tarnishing their reputation…”

In a corner of the Great City, a dark place that was dug up like an underground cave, a man stood among the mercenaries.

As the man appeared at that place, everyone clicked their tongues.

The man who wore light plate armor, boots, etc. Was Kim Taehwan.

He had the Luminescent Mark on his shoulder but the moment Kim Taehwan appeared, he sat down in the middle of the mercenaries after bringing a sign and a chair.

This place was the Mercenary’s Market.

It was a place where the mercenaries who couldn’t find work,

came to look for work personally.

At that place, Kim Taehwan crossed his arms and quietly closed his eyes.

[If you desperately need help, I will help you.]

All that was written on the sign was this.

There was no one who didn't know of him as the message was automatically translated if you wore the Status Viewer.

And the content itself was flawless.

So, truly there were people who asked Kim Taehwan for help in the beginning.

Among them, a few were rejected by Taehwan and the ones he accepted weren't much of a help.

In other words, sloppy!

To solve complex problems in the Underworld, Taehwan was short of experience.

Only a year.

Since it had not been long since he arrived in the Underworld, everything couldn't be solved just because he was strong.

However, Taehwan was highly enthusiastic.

At least, he didn't try to solve everything carelessly.

So, he was oddly quite popular.

Since there were a few requests even in a day.

On the other hand, the mercenaries thought Taehwan as a thorn on their side as he took away their jobs.

The Luminescent Guild was one of the nine biggest guilds.

Why would a new recruit of that great guild appear in the Mercenary's Market?

He was probably known as a queer one even within the

Luminescent Guild.

‘Let’s not be impatient. There isn’t anyone within the guild who has high hopes for me. Then, I need to thoroughly develop from the bottom.’

Kim Taehwan made a promise and stayed at his spot even today.

With the size of the Luminescent Guild, they had many talented individuals.

Taehwan was definitely a new recruit who stood out but still, there weren’t many people who had high hopes for him.

It was because the existing vested interests were controlling everything.

All they did was support to a point.

Besides that, everything was fierce. They needed to develop on their own.

Taehwan was planning to go up from the bottom thoroughly.

“Who the hell is he?”

“He’s fully armed. That’s how you die from suffocation.”

“From the looks of him, he probably is a wanderer. Here at the underground, fashion victims die, child.”

The mockeries of the mercenaries unexpectedly filled the surrounding.

The sound of keke, keke, which disturbed his ears was among them.

Taehwan furtively opened his eyes.

At the same time, someone who was definitely not suited for this place called the ‘underground’, came within his sight... in the darkest, dampest, and dirtiest of places, the Mercenary’s Market, where the untouchables lived.

Fully armored truly suited him.

From the head to toe, the combination of equipment.

Even if others used observation type skills, they were unable to identify them.

Muyoung had used a talisman to hide his stats and information about his equipment.

However, if someone was to be determined, it wasn't that hard to find it.

They were hard to find formally but Muyoung knew many mercenary's unofficial routes in this underground area.

Anyways, there weren't any mercenaries who came to the underground with that much armor.

Thud!

The man quietly leaned against the wall.

As if he didn't care about the gaze of surrounding mercenaries.

'That sword is...?'

But, Taehwan's gaze reached the man's sword.

For some reason, it was a sword he was familiar with. It's curve and form, he thought he saw it a lot somewhere.

"Ahh...!"

After pondering for a while, Taehwan was able to realize.

Anguish, it was Anguish.

It was Muyoung's sword.

In the past, Taehwan was with Muyoung in the Blue Temple and Muyoug had earned Anguish after finding the Star of David and finishing the trial there.

Taehwan also earned the Shield of Eradication there.

'It's a bit different.'

However, he then was disappointed.

The overall contour was similar but the detailed parts were different.

Taehwan had a good memory and things regarding Muyoung were especially difficult to easily forget.

There was no way for him to make a mistake.

‘You can’t last long like that.’

Then, Taehwan turned his attention away.

Here, the underground was truly wild.

If you drew attention, everyone attacked you together.

It was also the reason why Taehwan purposely went lightly equipped.

To survive, you needed to have a certain degree of ‘blending in’.

However, the man showed no signs of it.

He didn’t seem like he knew anything about the physiology of the underground.

If you stood out, there might be a lot of requests but you couldn’t complete all the work without the help of other mercenaries.

And if you were too greedy, they would kill you.

In the end, they would give up on their own or would leave after being harassed by mercenaries.

Either way, it was hard for it to end well.

“Ballet Guild has requested three swordsmanship and shieldsmanship instructors. They say you are a must. Will you go with me?”

Then a man who approached Taehwan from the side spoke to him.

Taehwan nodded his head.

“Sure.”

The owner of the Ballet Guild had two sons.

The two were now both at an age where they should slowly learn swordsmanship.

Since it wasn't a hard thing to do, it wasn't a bad idea to repay the debt of a fellow mercenary.

Taehwan heard that he was sloppy and made lots of mistakes but he was diligently making his own people.

For change within the guild, he needed 'his own people' and basically this place was the place where he could find people who could be his wingmen.

Before leaving the underground, Taehwan once again looked at the man who was fully armored before he turned around.

In any case, he wouldn't last long.

A quarter of a day.

After Taehwan finished his instructor duty at the Ballet guild and returned to the underground, the man was still there leaning against the wall.

However, the surrounding reactions were odd.

He felt a few mercenaries who didn't want to approach the man.

A strange silence and nervousness had settled.

It was a mood that didn't make sense in the underground.

"Hey, did something happen?"

Taehwan asked a mercenary who was still at the underground.

Then, the mercenary cautiously nodded his head.

"That son of a bitch, that bitch isn't human."

Mercenaries.

Among them, if they were an underground mercenary, they were well known as tough.

Being called inhuman was like a compliment to each other.

However, it seemed like the meaning behind the words ‘that bitch isn’t humansaid by this mercenary was slightly different than that.

“What the hell had happened here?”

Just a quarter of a day.

Within a day, their understanding of him changed.

He couldn’t help but be curious and the mercenary just gulped his saliva.

“A corpse sorcerer.”

“A corpse sorcerer?”

“Yeah. That bastard deals with corpses.”

Ahh.

Now he could understand why the mercenaries were so tensed up.

There was clearly a bias towards corpse sorcerers in a bad way.

All of the five clans were divided into the Lawless Clan, Beast Clan, Advanced Clan, Reign Clan, and Command Clan, but the only clan which was stated last had corpse sorcerers as their main members.

And Command Clan’s people were well known to be vicious.

It was a place that dealt with corpses and to obtain a high level corpse, they even ignored moral sense.

Because their power was so great, no one touched them.

This also was one of the rotten pus of the underworld.

“Then, he is a member of the Command Clan?”

“Probably. Shit, why are these bastards who had a place at the front coming here one by one these days?!”

The Command Clan was a group that wasn't located in the Great City.

They created a village and lived there which was a closed area about 50 days of travel by horse from the Great City.

But, these days, the corpse sorcerers were one by one coming out to the world.

All, one by one, powerful people.

It meant that that person was also the same case.

It was an enough reason for even the mercenaries of the underground to avoid 'So... a person had died.'

Taehwan nodded as he looked at the surrounding situation.

Someone fucked with him and the scuffle resulted in the person dying.

And the dead person started to move as a corpse.

The lifeless figure that was currently moping around the man seemed to be the one revived as an undead.

However, this place had a low sense of comradeship.

Revenge?

There was no way such a thing would happen.

There was no one who would interrogate another even if someone died.

These were the mercenaries of the underground.

Even more, since they found out that he was a corpse sorcerer, they would be busy trying to spare themselves.

"Maybe because the timing was wrong. Damn, I'll end it for today."

The mercenary left his spot.

Kim Taehwan had a good look at the man and rubbed his chin.

A corpse sorcerer.

‘There isn’t anything good in meddling with him.’

It’s even more so if he was a member of the Command Clan.

The man would not be of help to his great cause.

So, he decided not to be involved as much as he can.

The next day.

A man showed up at the underground.

He was a young man with the Sun guild mark on his shoulder.

“A new trial was created in the dungeon under Sun guild’s jurisdiction. To those who participate, we will give two C rank talismans.”

“What sort of trial is it?”

As a mercenary asked, the man put on a sour face as he replied.

“I don’t know much about it. It isn’t dangerous. Since it’s a trial in a low level dungeon. Let’s just say it is an exploration to figure out if the trial is dangerous or not.”

A trial exploration!

It was quite hit or miss.

However, if it was a trial that occurred in a low level dungeon, as he said, it was most likely for it to not be a big deal.

Two C rank talismans were enough goods for him to find three months’ worth of food.

For mercenaries who lived hand to mouth, it was a quite a tempting offer.

“Is there a limit on the number of applicants?”

“No.”

That was all.

All of the mercenaries in the underground participated.

“Aren’t you a member of the Luminescent Guild?”

Then, the man from the Sun guild asked Taehwan.

Taehwan just smiled a little.

“Hmm, they say that there is someone odd in the Luminescent Guild, I guess you are that person. If you participate, I’ll make an exception and give you 2 B rank talismans.”

“That’s not necessary. Just give me what you offer to everyone else.”

“You sure…? That’s not a bad deal for me.

Taehwan lowered his head slightly.

Afterwards, all the mercenaries of the underground moved and followed the man.

The dungeon was big.

The dungeon managed by the Sun guild.

There were 1~9 levels of the dungeon but this place was about level 3.

It might be easy to think that basically, monsters of orc level were going to appear.

“Only five people can go in the trial at once. Go in, in order.”

The middle of the dungeon.

While the soldiers of the Sun guild were protecting the trial, a huge wave of light flew out.

And with no option, the soldiers grouped in fives and entered into the wave of light.

“What rotten luck.”

“For me to be teamed with a corpse sorcerer of all people.”

From right beside Taehwan, he could hear sounds of

dissatisfaction.

‘It’s best to not be involved but…’

Taehwan also let out a sigh inwardly.

His decision to not get involved as much as he can was broken within just a few days.

# Chapter 130: Sun Guild (End)

However, it wasn't like he could reverse it at this point.

"Are you not giving out the talismans needed to return?"

"It's the trial of a low level dungeon. There's probably many ways to return inside. However, if you want, I will give you one talisman that you can use to return by removing one of the C rank talismans I was going to give you."

When a mercenary asked, the manager who controlled the place responded.

Usually, when exploring this kind of trial, a return talisman would be given for safety.

However, there was a condition that it should be exchanged for the existing compensation.

"Eyy, is it necessary to do that for this kind of trial...?"

"In the case of level 3 dungeon trials, it's obvious."

Obviously, only a few people made the trade.

As if it were nothing, everyone laughed and made their way into the trial.

Also, the world changed as 5 people, including Kim Taehwan, crossed the spotlight.

<You have entered the trial 'Room of the Flesh Hounds'.> <Up to 5 people can cross at a time.>

<Hunt the flesh hounds and reach the end of the trial.> "There isn't much content....?"

"By the way, what is a flesh hound?"

"That's a name I've never heard of before."

There were several monsters with similar names, but that was all.

There were no monsters with the name of flesh hound.

“I’ll take the lead.”

At that moment, Kim Taehwan came forward.

Although he hadn’t been in the Underworld for long, he was a member of the prestigious Luminescent Guild.

In addition, he lived in an underground tunnel for a year and achieved some skills.

His level was sufficient to take the lead here.

Everyone knew him and did not object.

Survival.

Because they were mercenaries, there were no words that were as precious as the word ‘survival’ in unfamiliar places.

“Over there… what is your name?”

After properly positioning the mercenary troops, Kim Taehwan asked the man who wore full-body armor.

The man thought for a moment and took the furthest position at the back.

“Will you be okay?”

The rear-guard was as dangerous of a place as the lead. No, it was more likely to be more dangerous than the lead.

This was because most of the hidden monsters sought and approached at the back.

But the man did not answer.

A tacit affirmation.

However, if he’s like this, it was questionable as to whether he was really mute or not.

“If there isn’t a problem, let’s go.”

But if he was truly a member of the Command Clan, Kim

Taehwan didn't have to pay him any attention.

And so 5 people started to make their way into the unknown trial.

The appearance of the flesh hounds were absolutely hideous.

The flesh of its entire body was covered with blotchy tumors that bulged out and there was a seam on each spot as if someone had contrived to put them together.

'It's close to a chimera.'

Twooong!

Kim Taehwan's shield shook greatly.

One flesh hound wasn't much but they moved in groups of at least a hundred.

"Grawrrr! These sons-of-bitches want to die?!"

"Gyaaahh! My arm!"

The mercenaries violently brandished their weapons as they spoke harsh words.

But it was hard to block ten hands with one.

Occasionally they were unable to stop the flesh hounds from attacking them.

"I'll stop it! Everyone to the back!"

Thud!

Kim Taehwan's shield was embedded in the ground.

His unique Class, Guardian of Eradication!

It was time for him to exert the power he'd gained through the Shield of Eradication.

Shwaaanngg!

An intangible energy spread out in a straight line along the lines of the shield.

It was as if they were splitting the ground.

Then, even the flesh hounds were unable to cross the intangible line.

It had created an invisible wall.

Thump! Thump!

The flesh hounds threw themselves.

But the wall never broke.

The hounds studied each others' faces and withdrew.

'Do they have intelligence...?'

Kim Taehwan cast a surprised glance at the sight.

Soon after leaving, leaving only the bodies of flesh hounds, there were five people remaining in the vacant space.

"Euugghh...."

"You're injured. Let me help, just endure this."

Kim Taehwan, who took out a compression bandage, wrapped the wounds of the mercenaries and used a red potion.

"Ta-Take it off. I'll never repay you for the value of that potion."

But the mercenaries refused.

In the world of mercenaries, the concept of borrowing was rare.

If you were given, you had to compensate for it with something of similar value.

And potions were too expensive for common mercenaries to buy.

"I won't ask you to repay it. If you don't want to lose your arm, stay put."

"That, is it for real?"

"You should know well that I don't lie."

"Eugh.... Fine. Do whatever you want."

After the mercenaries gave up, the rest went quickly.

However, even though the flesh hounds were gone it wasn't safe.

"To have searched only this much is enough, isn't it?"

"If I'd known this would happen, I would have taken the talisman."

They had troubled expressions.

The intensity of the trials were greater than he thought.

However there was no way to return right away.

Live or die, first he had no choice but to explore more trials.

Rumble rumble rumble!

There was the sound of countless footsteps in the distance.

Everyone knew what that sound meant.

"Crazy! They brought their comrades!"

"Fuck!"

What was originally one hundred turned into a good five or six hundred.

Whereas only five people were gathered here!

"Everyone back! Go back to the starting point!"

Kim Taehwan reluctantly yelled.

Before long they turned around and started fleeing.

Swoosh.

Only, one man walked towards the hounds.

When he raised his sword, flames rose from his body.

Roar!

Right away a strong wind blew around the man's body.

The flames quickly spread and devoured the flesh hounds in an

instant.

Slaaash!

That was not all.

Dozens of ice spikes were formed in the air when the man swung his sword.

Boom! Boom, boom, boom!

The ice spikes created powerful explosions when they hit the floor.

Kkiking! Ggegaegaeng!

The flesh hounds screamed.

Overwhelming.

They simply weren't his opponents.

"....."

Everyone was looking at the scene in awe.

After this, the order of their formation changed.

As if he already knew the way, the man moved through the ordeal without hesitation.

'Who the hell is he?'

Of course, it was the question everyone had.

His main skills seemed to be at least 300.

With that amount of power, he would be treated as an elite even in a major guild .

'Command Clan.....'

The Command Clan wasn't a guild, but it was one of the Five Great Clans.

If he was an elite of one of the 5 Great Clans, there was nothing strange about him exerting this much power.

Thump!

Clackack!

Eventually, after breaking the marble-shaped ‘nucleus’ that was placed at the end, the trial ended.

<Trial, ‘Room of the Flesh Hound’ has been excellently fulfilled.> <Amazing achievement! A random B rank talisman has been given to the 5 persons who solved the trial.> “B Rank!”

“Shit, did they really say B rank?”

The mercenaries grinned widely.

If you received a decent, useful B rank talisman, it was possible to buy a small house on the outskirts.

If it was a B rank talisman with a good ability, you would be able to afford a bigger house.

Normally, 5 lower level talismans were equal to one higher leveled one, so it was no different from receiving 5 C rank talismans.

Afterwards, when they escaped the trial with broad smiles, the manager looked puzzled.

“O-ho! Did you break the trial?”

“We were lucky.”

“No. It was because your skills are outstanding. Hmm…. Can you explain the situation inside in detail?”

The manager seemed quite interested in this part.

Why was he?

The manager seemed to have some sort of position within the Sun Guild.

However, he personally recruited mercenaries and tried to listen to their stories to learn more about this trial.

It wouldn't have been simply for entertainment.

'What should I do?'

In order to explain, it was inevitable that the man from the Command Clan would be revealed.

The manager could change his attitude when he realized the man had unusual power and was from the Command Clan.

However, since it was true that they did receive help, the words didn't easily fall from their lips.

"I'll explain that. Hehe."

At that moment, a mercenary soldier came out.

"Really? Give it a try."

"So. It was the trial called the Room of the Flesh Hound. That guy Kim Taehwan did a great job there. Let me tell you in detail……"

The mercenary appropriately mingled the truth with lies and concealed the man's identity.

With a little more time, Kim Taehwan realized the man's intentions.

'Aaah'.

It meant he would continue to have team-play with the man.

For them, the man seemed to be a rookie that was just strong, and unknowing of the ways of the world.

'Since I got a B-rank talisman, I'll take this guy with me and reap more benefits.' These were his thoughts.

'I want to know a little more too.'

Kim Taehwan condoned it.

He also wanted to learn more about the man's identity.

"….And that was how we were able to get out of there safely. All

thanks to Kim Taehwan's help. Haha!"

"That's impressive."

The manager's eyes lingered on Kim Taehwan.

"I was lucky."

"Luck. Luck, you say. In that case, I would like to give you more work.... What do you think?"

"By work, you mean...?"

"Recently, similar things continue to happen in the Great City. Our Sun Guild intends to fix this problem. Perhaps the Luminescent Guild will concur on this part."

"I understand. I'm willing to take care of it."

Kim Taehwan nodded his head.

If this work was important, he wanted to move from the centre and have his skills recognized.

Since the Sun Guild was managing the problem on their own, it surely would be inconsequential.

It was worth getting directly involved.

The man was capable of breaking through the hard trials on his own.

Thanks to him, the work was incredibly easy and the mercenaries who were with him were almost sitting on gold cushions.

"This is really insane. If this keeps going well, I can retire."

"Exactly. I would also be able to get a small store in the centre!"

"That black warrior is a perfect lucky charm."

The soldiers looked at the man in full armor that they called the 'black warrior'.

They had dealt with five trials.

It had only been a month.

During that time, they had received huge rewards and were agonizing over how to use them.

Of course, through that their guard increased.

There were people who would attack them seeking to steal their compensation.

There were signs that they were trying not to be too close to each other.

This job, it was unusual. The Sun Guild was using mercenaries even though they have the manpower to handle it without being disadvantaged.

However, Kim Taehwan hardened his expression.

They had already completed five trials but everyone wasn't happy.

First, there were lots of chimera type monsters in all of the trials.

They were similar in goals in that the trial ended when the 'nucleus' was destroyed.

Like a Box of Trial, someone seemed to have made these trials on purpose.

Such suspicions arose.

"When I return from this one, I'll look for a woman first."

"I want to soak my body in hot water."

Their last trial took place on the outskirts of the Great City.

They were returning to the Great City after finishing the trial.

Just imagining things after returning seemed to relieve fatigue.

But there were people who blocked them.

"…….Who are you?"

Kim Taehwan went ahead and spoke.

They were dressed in orthodox costumes and wore animal bone helmets.

They were exactly ten in number.

“You were too cocky. The Death God is angry. You must pay with your life. I, under the name of Hyungbish.”

An awkward way of speaking.

A man who looked like their leader raised a small dagger.

Then, he drew the dagger across his wrists. There were countless stab wounds on his wrist.

Chwaak!

When the blood gushed out, it sprayed onto the ground.

Rumble!

A short moment later, the blood swelled up beneath the earth and level 5 monsters burst out.

“Jiangshi ……! The Command Clan!”

All of the five spirit monsters were jiangshi.

They also were very dark in colour.

Kim Taehwan immediately recognized that they were Command Clan elites.

‘So you have something to do with this!’

It was a gut feeling, but he was almost certain.

The fact that the Sun Guild was moving all its troops was related to the Command Clan!

“It’s the black jiangshi. The birth of the Great One. They are the followers who will become the foundation.”

The man, Hyungbish was confident.

If it was five black jiangshi, they were strong enough to defeat the mercenaries and be unharmed.

Even Kim Taehwan knew that.

He'd never personally dealt with a black jiangshi, but he knew what he'd heard when people spoke about the Command Clan.

—If you see the Command Clan's black jiangshi, don't look back and run away! No matter who it was.

It was said to be that strong.

"Everyone, draw your weapons!"

Kim Taehwan shouted urgently.

*

Snap.

The thread was broken.

"Muyoung, why do you do that?"

Muyoung turned his head.

An elegant girl.

She was dressed in an all-white dress and was sitting on top of the castle while drinking tea.

Muyoung shook his head.

"You're as taciturn as ever. Indeed, you probably hate having a conversation with someone like me……"

The girl grew sulky.

Pat.

Muyoung put his hand on the girl's head.

"It won't be good to stay with me. Are you really okay? Right now the guild is in a total emergency. Because Alexandro went missing."

Muyoung nodded.

The girl smiled.

This place was the Sun Guild's main castle.

The girl was Alexandro's seventh daughter.

She had no power or strength, but she was the perfect girl to use as a shield if something was to happen.

"Thank you. If anything happens I'll at least protect you. If my marriage is successful.....it will definitely be possible."

The girl sighed.

Muyoung removed his hand.

The girl showed slight disappointment, but it couldn't be helped.

After this he looked down from the castle.

'The clone's senses have been cut off and finally the informant has appeared.'

Right now he was concerned about other things than the girl.

The clone burst. And the clone's memories came into his mind in detail.

'The Command Clan.'

The corner of Muyoung's mouth twitched.

The ones who interfered with the work this time.

The clone he'd dispatched after earning Hamel's Rune Ring for more gains finally had them by the tail.

Jiangshi is a kind of Chinese hopping zombie...

# Chapter 132: Hyacinth (1)

A late night.

Muyoung was lost in thought for a moment as he sat on the ledge of the castle.

How was Muyoung in the main castle of the Sun Guild?

To explain this situation, he needed to return to 40 days before.

First, to earn the Hamel's Rune Ring, Muyoung left the Demon God's Territory and entered the Great City right away.

He infiltrated the Sun Guild by forging his identity, and afterwards, he realized that Alexandro Quintart was missing.

On top of that, it was then that he realized something strange was continuously occurring within the Great City.

'The Sun Guild and Arpeggio Guild's collusion. If my memories were correct, there were many people who tried to interfere with their plan. Also, through this event, a lot of Alexandro Quintart's children died.'

Arpeggio Guild was also one of the Nine Great Guilds.

The Sun guild tried to ally with them by an arranged marriage.

However, from his memories, he believed it didn't go through.

Since all of Alexandro Quintart's children who were to be married died by the hands of those who tried to interfere with their plan.

'An arranged marriage is just a formal affair on the surface. There is a hidden story hidden behind it.'

Alexandro's disappearance was on Muyoung's mind.

Someone of that much strength wouldn't have just hidden his identity and even if he was to be ambushed, he wasn't the type for that to work.

However, the details of these events weren't avaliable to Muyoung.

He could only try to predict what would happen as during this period he had been kidnapped by Wung Chunglin and was training.

He just remembered a decent amount of information from documents and the history of his Status Viewers later on.

However, there was a person who helped Muyoung's actions.

'The Assassin. Ataraxia.'

An assassin who handled snakes.

The moment he tried to leave the Demon God's Territory, the man ambushed him but Muyoung defeated the assassin as if he was nothing.

Muyoung had doubts about the fact that the assassin was specifically after him, and found out about who was pulling the strings behind the assassin.

He had turned the assassin into a living undead and heard about his story.

'Alexandro tossed his family out as bait and is waiting for someone to appear. Announcing the absence of the guild master and waiting for someone to appear at the moment when the guild is vulnerable.'

It was his overall conclusion he made after listing to the information and people's stories.

Alexandro's disappearance was definitely done on purpose.

He didn't even try to hide this fact.

Furthermore, the Sun Guild was currently in a situation where they were moving all their troops to take care of different disturbances.

If there were any hostile organizations, now was the right time to strike the Sun Guild.

‘What is he trying to earn?’

For the leader of the Sun Guild, the guild that was considered the top of the largest nine guilds, to act on his own.

Muyoung knew how big Alexandro’s greed was.

An item he would earn by mobilizing this sort of operation.

Even Muyoung couldn’t help but be greatly interested.

Perhaps, the Hamel’s Rune Ring was nothing compared to the item Alexandro wanted.

To find out what exactly was the item, Muyoung accepted a job as the top bodyguard of the seventh daughter ‘Hyacinth’ who was expected to have an arranged marriage with someone from the Arpeggio Guild.

‘First, I’m certain that someone from the Command Clan is pulling the strings. Hyungbish. A difficult guy has appeared.’

Hyungbish was someone who Muyoung knew well of.

He was able to freely deal with black jiangshi and even had high personal fighting power and intelligence, to the point that he was an opponent who was hard to manage.

Hyungbish fought with Muyoung in the past once.

Although it was before Muyoung had become the top assassin, he had developed quite a bit by fighting with him.

In many ways, he was an opponent he remembered.

He was a person who was extremely careful.

It was the right thing for him to dispatch his clone.

“Bae Sungmin.”

Swoosh.

Bae Sungmin who was assimilated with darkness appeared behind Muyoung.

Muyoung spoke calmly.

“With Tacan, follow the energy of death. The ones who deal with jiangshi. There won’t be many who could stop you guys in the Great City right now.”

“Just follow them?”

“Find them and kill them. And find out everything.”

“I understand.”

Swoosh.

Bae Sungmin returned to the darkness once again.

Muyoung was planning to start participating in this mess.

Although he was there as a bodyguard, he wasn’t sure when enemies would invade.

Before then, Muyoung was planning to attack the Command Clan and get information.

Either way, the Great City was currently chaos itself.

He became more certain after entering the Sun Guild.

There were very few people who could stop Tacan and Bae Sungmin, but if the two were active in the darkness, they wouldn’t be able to find them.

‘I don’t need to earn Hamel’s Rune Ring right now.’

Muyoung thought of Hyacinth, the seventh daughter of Alexandro.

The small girl was wearing Hamel’s Rune Ring.

And he didn’t need to take it again right now.

It was because the owner had to die for the ownership to be transferred over to a different person.

Hyacinth woke up as she stretched her body.

As she looked around drooling with her vacant look, she saw two maids.

“It’s time for breakfast. Please get ready.”

The maids took off Hyacinth’s pajamas, washed her with the bowl they brought, and put a white dress on her.

“Can’t I just skip breakfast?”

“You must eat breakfast. Isn’t that the only thing Alexandro wants from his family?”

“Alexandro is… I understand.”

After letting out a big sigh, Hyacinth trudged.

Alexandro.

It was sad how she couldn’t call her father, father.

Everyone said Alexandro was brass necked and cold-hearted but that he was warm in his own way towards his family.

That was why the family meal time was always full of laughter but Hyacinth recently realized that all of it was a mask.

It was a peace maintained only because Alexandro was there.

Right now, when he wasn’t there, everyone became wolves who were after his interests.

They were too busy ripping each other apart and the days of harmony were in the past.

Creeek.

As she opened the door and went out, a man lowered his head.

“Muyoung! I’m sorry. Were you waiting for me?”

As if she was never in low spirit, Hyacinth smiled a beautiful smile.

It was a good smile that showed the girl’s purity.

Honestly, Hyacinth didn't know much about Muyoung.

She just knew that Muyoung was a member of the legendary 'Prestige Knights' in the past and that he accepted their wishes and was wandering around the world.

Of course, she didn't know Muyoung had forged these 'truths'.

Just, in the girl's eyes, the fact that he was a 'member of the Prestige Knights' greatly appealed to her.

The legend that had disappeared now.

The ones who held the record of killing eight Demon Kings more than 30 years ago.

Muyoung had the swordsmanship skills and the heavy atmosphere to match.

His image didn't seem lacking when compared to a prince charming.

Even more, that knight had chosen no other person than her.

That pride was like an oasis in the desert in her current situation.

"No, my lady."

"Really? I'm glad. Then, please escort me."

Hyacinth slightly lowered her back and offered her right hand.

She was wearing white gloves but it was so thin that it seemed like it would break if someone tapped it.

Hyacinth's cheeks became slightly rosy.

Muyoung lightly held her right hand and started to walk forward.

Within the Sun Guild, there were fifteen people who could be considered as Alexandro's family.

Fifteen people would sit around a circular table and eat their meals.

Normally, it was against the rules for a bodyguard to enter this place but after Alexandro had disappeared, one bodyguard was allowed for each person.

Of course, more than a hundred men were on standby outside.

It was justified, that in case of an emergency they needed to enter to manage things, but in reality, it was all posture and a part of the power struggle.

'This is no different than a cold war.'

The atmosphere was completely cold as ice.

It was difficult to determine if the 'food was going through their nose or mouth' at this point.

Of course, Hyacinth was frozen.

Thud.

As she dropped the fork she was holding, other people glared fiercely at her right away.

Among them, a quite old woman with glasses let out a sigh.

"Hyacinth, why are you so sloppy as a girl? I'm worried. Do you know that you will be an embarrassment to our family if you act like that even at the Arpeggio Guild?"

"I'm sorry, sister."

Hyacinth lowered her head deeply.

Hyacinth was the youngest and she received love that much greater from Alexandro.

After he disappeared, the rebound was devastating to her.

"Sister, don't be too hard on her. Isn't her potential spouse that playboy among all men? Of course, she would be uneasy."

A man laughed as he covered his mouth.

At the same time, a few also bursted in laughter.

As they did this, Hyacinth's head lowered even further.

Hyacinth's marriage partner was a playboy that most people knew of.

He had already married five times and was also called 'human trash' as the previous wife had even died.

Hyacinth was being sold off to that sort of man.

Although they say it was for the unification of the Sun Guild and the Arpeggio Guild, it was completely appalling.

"Since it won't be long until you leave, be more careful of your behavior."

"Yes..."

They didn't care about Hyacinth.

She was the lowest in rank and was in a position to be sold off to the worst man.

There was something else that was the main issue.

"We can't keep Alexandro's position continuously empty."

"I should obviously take on his position. I have handled the administrative tasks for numerous years following Alexandro. There is no other person who knows about the guild more than me."

"That's funny. The guild is currently in danger. Isn't it normal for me, the head of the 'Fire Dragon Knights' to temporarily take his role?"

Everyone's voices quickly rose.

There was no way for them to find a resolution, and so they fought amongst themselves..

By looking at them, you were able to know about the guild's situation even if you didn't want to.

'It's a mess.'

Even the largest guild, the guild that received the reverence from others, was rotten on the inside.

It wasn't just simply the Sun Guild.

Other places could only be worse, as they wouldn't be lacking when compared to the Sun Guild.

After lowering his head close to the plate, Muyoung looked at Hyacinth.

She seemed like she wanted to leave the place as quickly as she could.

After breakfast time had ended, Hyacinth headed outside right away.

In the outskirts of the castle, where lots of flowers and grasses grew, she prepared a paper and a brush and started to draw a picture.

She was very skillful at painting.

"Ah! Just stand like that for a moment. The composition is really good right now."

Hyacinth stopped what she was painting and took out another paper.

After, she stroked with her brush and painted Muyoung and the surrounding scenery.

Since there was nothing he needed to do right away, he did as she wished.

How long did it pass since he stood there?

"I'm finished. How is it?"

Muyoung simply walked up to Hyacinth and looked at the painting she painted.

Muyoung who was inside the sunflowers was truly like a picture.

"It's not bad."

“Hehe. I’m glad. Ah… Then, can I keep this picture?”

“Since Hyacinth drew the picture, you can do whatever you please.”

“Yay!”

Hyacinth clenched her fists.

It was an action that reminded him of a tomboy but it suited her age.

“You’re having a good time.”

Then, a man with a dozen bodyguards appeared at the scene.

It was the man who laughed at Hyacinth as he talked about the playboy during breakfast.

His belly plopped out and he seemed to be in his mid-thirties.

He was Alexandro’s fifth child and his name seemed to be ‘Mendini’.

“Me-Mendini oppa.”

Hyacinth quickly became froze.

Mendini always looked at Hyacinth with a hint of lust.

Since there was no way Hyacinth didn’t know about this, she instinctively froze.

Afterwards, as Mendini approached, Muyoung quickly stopped in front of him.

After looking at Muyoung, Mendini grinned.

“Ahah, are you the Prestige Knight? You look pretty good on the outside. I don’t know if you’re a fake or real though…”

Mendini pushed Muyoung aside and look at Hyacinth’s painting.

“Were you painting a piece of crap like this? At a time like this, haa! Are you saying that you’re now leaving the Sun Guild completely? Is that it?”

“It…it’s not that.”

“There are still people who are displeased with your actions. How long are you going to act like a child? Follow me. I will now train you in how you need to act as an adult.”

Mendini stroked Hyacinth’s shoulders before he grabbed her hand.

In broad daylight. It wasn’t like things like this didn’t happen before but today, he was more direct.

Hyacinth completely froze.

The hairs on her entire body rose. A feeling as though a bug was crawling on her body.

“Let go of her hand.”

At that moment, Muyoung grabbed Mendini’s shoulder.

Swaang!

Clank!

Then, at the same time, a dozen of bodyguards raised their weapon and pointed it at Muyoung.

“Hand… what? I couldn’t hear you well, could you say it again?”

Mendini slowly turned his head.

And with a triumphant look on his face, he smirked.

And so, Muyoung clearly spoke again.

“Let go of her hand.”

food was going through their nose or mouth – Basically, they were too distracted about other things that they couldn’t focus on what they were eating. Hence, they were unsure if they were putting the food in their mouth or their nose.

oppa – It is a term for a woman to call an older man or an older male sibling.

# Chapter 133: Hyacinth (2)

They say that a low frequency accompanied a lion's roar and prevented their prey from moving.

In other words, an intangible energy greatly influencing a living creature.

Muyoung was currently like that.

As the family member of the Sun Guild's leader, Mendini would have grown up eating well since he was young. That was why he was completely the opposite from Muyoung who went through struggles upon struggles.

A sheltered life.

His obese body which didn't even have any calluses.

It showed how much he neglected training.

It was inconceivable that this sort of man was Alexandro's child.

Muyoung instinctively knew that Mendini was easily frightened.

Muyoung was able to judge a person to a certain degree just by their body movement, the movement of their eyes, or the unique scent that flows out when a person is nervous.

Unless they were specially trained to hide these sort of emotions...

'He's pathetic.'

Muyoung inwardly clicked his tongue.

He was Alexandro's family. So, there was no way he wouldn't have received that sort of training.

He would have also developed a mental defense mechanism extremely well.

However, Mendini was shivering just from Muyoung's forceful words.

He was pathetic and furthermore a disappointment.

A tiger's child that couldn't even be a dog.

Wasn't he just a greedy pig then?

Brrrrrr!

Just by having a taste of Muyoung's vigor, Mendini was continuously breaking out into a cold sweat.

In Mendini's eyes, Muyoung was seen as a king of the underworld.

"Gruuuaak!"

Muyoung's hand gradually pushed down on Mendini's shoulder.

As Mendini naturally let go of Hyacinth's hand, Muyoung threw Mendini to the ground.

"Wh, what are you guys doing! Kill him!"

The grin disappeared.

Mendini spoke with a face brutally ravaged by anger.

Then, the dozen bodyguards instantly surrounded Muyoung.

"D, don't do this. Mendini oppa."

"You bitch! Did you sleep with that bastard already? Both of you guys will never get away with this!"

Mendini shouted this as he dragged his butt on the floor quickly moving back to hide behind his bodyguards.

Hyacinth's body shivered faintly.

It was because she had never heard of this sort of improper remark.

"You weren't normally like this, Mendini oppa. Why..."

Muyoung placed his hand on top of Hyacinth, who bursted into tears.

Hyacinth must not break down right now.

For Muyoung's goal, she must not stop fighting against him.

So, he decided to help her.

"There's more than meets the eye."

Hyacinth was too young.

So, she needed to be tougher.

So no one would disregard her or look down on her just because she was young.

During this time when Alexandro had concealed his whereabouts, she needed to create her own territory so that others wouldn't violate it.

Muyoung quietly whispered.

"The world isn't as beautiful as a painting either."

This world, this Underworld, was filled with filth.

The only difference was how much they were covered by it.

The world in which everyone lived in was never beautiful or clean.

She needed to know this.

If she simply avoided this, it would only cause her tragedy one day.

Swoosh!

Mendini's dozen bodyguards raised their swords.

However, Anguish didn't cry.

'Are you saying they aren't even worth showing your true color?'

Muyoung couldn't help but smirk.

Anguish didn't even wake up. As if it wasn't a fight it needed to show up for.

It meant they were below its standard.

It was a completely different attitude compared to when it desired the blood of the monsters in the Demon God's Territory.

It couldn't be helped since the fighting power of humans was very lacking.

At most, their main stats would be within 250.

Muyoung didn't even take out Anguish.

Blaaze!

A dragon form created from flame appeared behind Muyoung's back.

Roooarrr!

As the dragon cried loudly, the guards in the surrounding couldn't help but stop lunging towards Muyoung.

However, the dragon did not have mercy just because they stopped.

As it opened its mouth widely, it devoured five people instantly.

Thud!

There wasn't even time for them to burn. They just became ash and fell to the floor.

"A dragon knight...?"

Everyone was shocked.

Mendini's expression was especially worth watching.

Mendini only knew that Muyoung was a Prestige Knight, he wasn't well aware of Muyoung's skills.

There weren't many who volunteered to be Hyacinth's bodyguard and their skills were all lacking,so he wasn't able to fully figure out Muyoung.

'Was he truly a Prestige Knight?!'

One by one they all burned and disappeared.

It was hard to even read Muyoung's movements.

Was the Prestige Knights in the legend like him?

The ones who fought through thousands, millions of enemies and cut through the necks of Demon Kings.

Afterwards, the ashes of the guards blew away.

Mendini was only able to watch with his widened eyes.

"Huummph!"

Soon, Mendini who finally recovered his senses, noticed he had wet his pants.

He had pissed himself from being afraid.

Thump!

As Muyoung approached, he awkwardly fell and spoke with clenched teeth.

"Don't you know who I am?! You won't be safe after killing me!"

"...Muyoung."

At the same time, Hyacinth grabbed Muyoung's sleeve.

Even in this situation, she was worryied about Mendini?

However, thankfully it didn't seem to be true.

Her eyes seemed to be worried about Muyoung as it might be hard for Muyoung to manage if things got worse due to Mendini.

"I will just cut off the hand that touched you."

"What?"

Swoosh!

Crunch!

She didn't even see him move.

In the blink of an eye, Anguish popped out and took Mendini's

right hand before it returned to its original spot.

“Gaaaaaaaaak! My hand! My hand!!”

Mendini rolled on the ground as he held his wrist as it spurted out blood.

Nevertheless, Muyoung’s face didn’t even change in the slightest.

Hyacinth momentarily looked at the scene she was seeing.

However, that was all.

Even if she grew up sheltered in the Underworld, seeing a corpse was still an everyday experience.

“As a Prestige Knight, there is only one person I serve. Not the Sun Guild, and no one else. So, you can be more confident.”

It was obvious who that one person was.

Only one person.

The sweetness in those words was enough to bring Hyacinth to her senses.

Hyacinth clenched her fist as she looked into Muyoung’s eyes.

As if she was making a promise silently.

The news about Mendini losing his hand spread far and wide.

Of course, a lot of people swarmed in to interrogate Hyacinth but whenever they did Hyacinth clearly spoke.

“Mendini oppa tried to molest me. As my knight, he just did what he needed to do.”

“There is no way Mendini would do that! You are just lying to protect that knight!”

“Second eldest unni, it’s not a lie.”

“He said that all he did was approach you because he gained interest in your painting. But, you cut off his hand? I didn’t know you were that spiteful.”

The only ones who lived after watching the incident were Mendini, Hyacinth, and Muyoung.

However, the story of both sides was completely different and the one to give others more faith in was unfortunately Mendini's.

"I'm telling the truth. But, what are you going to do by continuously insisting that it's a lie? Are you telling me to give up Muyoung's life? By pressuring me with this many soldiers?"

A few hundred soldiers were positioned inside and outside of her room.

However, Hyacinth didn't yield an inch.

Normally, she would have bent down.

The woman who was called the second eldest sister seemed a bit taken back.

"Of course! We are the foundations of the Sun Guild. An outsider who suddenly appeared tried to kill one of these pillars. Is it not obvious for him to give up his life?"

"If we can't bridge our different views, we have no other choice. Wasn't the system the 'Trial of Swords' made for these situations?"

"You...?!"

The woman widened her eyes.

The Trial of Swords.

It was a system created to battle for the truth when a situation arises where people couldn't bridge their differences and it could not be resolved by basic rules.

Simply, it was somewhat of a selfish system that stated the stronger person was the winner.

However, it was moderately acceptable in the fact that the swords spoke the truth.

That system was mentioned by none other than Hyacinth.

And Muyoung stood behind Hyacinth like a great mountain.

‘She is wise.’

Hyacinth was young and softhearted but wasn’t simply a gentle girl.

To protect herself and Muyoung, she instinctively knew that this was the only way.

She needed to advance forward and not bend the knee to live.

Muyoung was planning to forcefully drag her forward if he needed to but it was a good thing she realized this on her own.

“Do you know what you are saying?”

“I do. It is a trial against each other by betting each other’s seal.”

All the children of the Sun Guild had a seal.

That seal itself was all of their strength.

The Trial of Swords was a fight with everything on the line.

“I’ll nominate Muyoung as my substitute. Is my opponent going to be you, unni? Or Mendini oppa who is now sick in bed?”

“You… were you always this sort of child?”

“It was brothers and sisters who made me like this.”

Hyacinth didn’t back down even an inch.

Hence, the woman who was fed up with her turned her body as she clicked her tongue.

“If you want, I understand. Let’s have a Trial of Swords. It seems like you trust in that Prestige Knight or whatever he is but there are much stronger people in our Sun Guild.”

As if it was too late even if she regretted her decision, the woman stared at Hyacinth once before she walked away.

All of the soldiers followed the woman.

Shortly after, Hyacinth sighed deeply in her empty room.

“Whooo! I’m still not sure if this is a good thing.”

“Everything will turn out well.”

Muyoung was certain.

Now, while Alexandro is vacant.

Through Hyacinth, he was going to infiltrate much deeper into the Sun Guild.

‘To strike root and absorb its nutrients.’

There were a lot of places that only Alexandro and his deputy could enter.

Even Muyoung was reluctant because of the maximum security.

However, if Hyacinth collected the family seals and gained a much higher authority, he would be able to enter those places.

Even though Hyacinth was arranged to be married to another guild, it was only on the surface.

On top of that, if Hyacinth was able to gain authority, she would be able to refuse that sort of promise.

The Sun Guild was a place with that sort of strength.

Even more, it was told that there was a mountain of numerous hidden treasures and information in the Sun Guild.

Even in the past, Muyoung was unable to properly steal from this place.

It was exciting just by imagining what could be in this place.

A moment later, Hyacinth spoke as if she relaxed a bit.

“But, when did you start talking using the familiar form?”

“Is it uncomfortable?”

“Ummm…. No, it’s good. I like this better.”

Muyoung wasn't sure what was good but Hyacinth nodded after thinking for a second.

Coming to an internal decision, she continued to talk.

"From now on, when it's just us, call me Hya. It's my nickname I only allow people who are close to me to call me. Try saying it. Hya."

"I'll say it later."

"Not later, now. Hya!"

"Hya."

At the same time, Hyacinth blushed her cheeks.

"Gogood job. Continue to call me that."

As if she felt awkward, she plumped herself onto the bed.

Muyoung sat beside her.

Within the silence, a trust was formed.

*

The substitute Mendini brought was an experienced warrior with a red beard.

Bastille.

He was a strong man, definitely strong enough to be in the top 300 humans. However, his strength was lacking compared to Muyoung's flames.

Bastille's red beard was on fire due to Muyoung's dragon flames.

Thud!

Then, everyone looked at Bastille who lose consciousness and fall to the floor, as if they couldn't believe what they were seeing.

An unexpected change.

An unexpected change close to a natural calamity had occurred.

No matter how strong Muyoung was, Bastille was a warrior who was labeled as one of the strongest within the Sun Guild!

“This, this is unbelievable….”

Mendini who watched this scene from afar, foamed at the mouth and passed out.

The tradition of the Sun Guild.

He lost in the Trial of Swords.

He bet his seal on the trial.

The seal was his strength, his authority, his everything.

Since Hyacinth had taken that away from him, Mendini’s future was crystal clear.

unni – It is a term for a woman to call an older woman or an older female sibling.

# Chapter 134: Hyacinth (3)

A Sun shaped seal.

It was a very small item, the size of a thumb, but it's worth was beyond one's imaginations.

It was because this little seal had about 100 permanent skills and numerous authorities within it.

There were famous stories of a sneak called the Biggest Thief, and of the master artisans who were famous for replication. Yet both failed to get their hands on the seal.

It was definitely impossible to replicate and even within the Sun Guild, as there were only 15 seals, it goes without saying how rare these were.

"You really did win..."

Even if quite a lot of time that had passed since the trial had ended, Hyacinth was surprised.

It seemed like she was still unable to differentiate between real and unreal with her slightly flushed face and eyes that hazily lost focus.

It wasn't strange for her to be like that.

To be honest, she gave up after hearing Muyoung's opponent was 'Bastille'.

Even within the Sun Guild, he was someone that was within the top 20 people.

Because he enjoyed slaughtering, he always killed the opponent he fought.

However, he wasn't swayed easily. Mendini had him, who didn't act for most temptations, as his substitute.

Other brothers and sisters would have probably helped out.

She had given up thinking that this was ‘the end’, but goodness!

“Were you not confident?”

“It’s Bastille! He was a match for a hundred people! He wiped out an entire dungeon on his own and was even famous for destroying ‘IM’ Guild… how could I possibly believe you could win?”

“You lack self-confidence. There are a lot more cards in your hands than you think.”

Hyacinth would be surprised if she realized how many advantages she held.

She just didn’t know how to use them right now.

Hyacinth’s eyes shook.

The small and pure girl was still in shock.

“I still can’t believe it. Someone like you volunteered to stay beside me.”

“Wasn’t it you who looked for someone?”

To be exact, it was Hyacinth who looked for a person first.

Since it was Hyacinth who spread around papers looking for a bodyguard all over the Great City.

However, since Hyacinth’s position was so uncertain and most of the people in the Great City knew of this, not many hastily came forward to be her bodyguard.

If you looked at the rumor’s surrounding Hyacinth, it was basically this.

The misfortunate girl who was sold off to the Arpeggio Guild.

The victim of a power struggle.

Cinderella…

It seemed like she had these nicknames because she was bullied.

Humans tend to find a scapegoat whenever a fight occurred.

The youngest and the weakest, Hyacinth was chosen in this situation.

Of course, others knew of this truth.

That they would get hurt in this fight if they decided to register as her bodyguard.

Most of the people who registered and said they would become her bodyguard did it for money or were just dead weight who had impure intentions towards Hyacinth.

And by chance, she was able to get Muyoung.

“That’s right but…”

“I have little worldly experience, I just trained a lot until now.”

Muyoung didn’t tell the whole truth about himself and spiced it up a bit.

It seemed like Hyacinth had no choice but to inevitably accept his answer.

“But then again, you can’t just win against Bastille with a day or two worth of training…”

The investigation on Muyoung had already ended.

However, no matter how much they tried, they couldn’t find any dirt on him.

Muyoung was like a person who suddenly spurted from thin air.

But, if that reason was because he was training in a secluded area, it was understandable to a certain degree.

Currently, Hyacinth was going to believe Muyoung as much as she could, even if he told her water was fire.

Muyoung spoke calmly.

“I thought there is no better place to gain worldly experience than this place.”

“I can be confident about that part. The place beside me is more spectacular than another other place.”

The place Muyoung sat was first class.

Worldly experience? You could experience a whole lot of things if you stayed within the Sun Guild.

The tip of Muyoung’s lips slightly went up.

It was interesting to see her give off such a determined impression when she set her mind to it, as when he first saw her, she just seemed like a weak girl.

The short conversation ended and Hyacinth let out a deep sigh before she broached the main topic.

“By the way… what are we going to do about this?”

The Sun shaped seal.

She had earned the seal after winning the ‘Trial of Swords’.

The ownership of the seal had already been vested to Hyacinth.

“It’s yours. It’s a privilege you would naturally enjoy.”

“If I have two, I can enter the B rank treasure storage room whenever I want. Like the name implies, it’s a room where B rank equipment is piled up like a mountain. It should be okay to get at most three items.”

“I don’t need it.”

Although Hyacinth spoke in goodwill, if it was B rank equipment, he didn’t need to greed over it.

It was better to not receive anything now and continue to make her feel indebted.

It was an action to try and take the load off her mind even a bit but as Muyoung wouldn’t accept it, Hyacinth let out a sigh.

“Then, would there be a reason for me to use it?”

“The seal is power itself. Just by holding it, it will become your symbol.”

“However… I will soon be a foreigner.”

“Do you want to go to the Arpeggio Guild?”

“No way! I also don’t want to be sold off to that sort of rude person. I think I’m too good for him.”

Hyacinth quickly declined.

As if he already knew she would act like this, Muyoung continued to talk.

“Then, collect more seals. You can just possess enough power so that no one could refuse you, even if you speak your mind.”

Just collect more seals.

They were very cruel words to Hyacinth.

In the end, it meant for her to have a bloody fight with her brothers and sisters.

“The seals…”

The two seals.

Hyacinth’s eyes expressed her nervousness.

“But Muyoung, will we really be okay? It’s not that I don’t believe in you but there are too many and too strong opponents.”

“Of course.”

Muyoung spoke with weight in his voice.

Firm. Confident.

He didn’t use these expressions often but it seemed like he could use it quite effectively right now.

Then, Muyoung looked straight into Hyacinth’s eyes and placed his hands on her shoulders and slowly spoke, articulating each word.

“There is no one who could win against me at this place.”

*

“One rotten apple has spoiled the barrel.”

Inside a huge hall.

The executives of the Sun Guild sat together and continued their conversation.

“We need to rout that fake Prestige Knight.”

A man spoke.

The current topic of their conversation was, of course, regarding the man who defeated Bastille.

However, they had no cause.

The man, Muyoung, wasn’t part of the Sun Guild.

He was just hired to be Hyacinth’s personal bodyguard.

“With what cause?”

Everyone knew of this.

They had failed to pressure Hyacinth to drive out Muyoung.

On the contrary, they realized the seriousness of this problem after seeing Hyacinth confidently countering their argument.

“Hyacinth is being controlled by that man.”

“Then, should we reopen the Trial of Swords? Using revenge against Mendini as the cause?”

“It’s too much for Mendini who isn’t worth even a penny.”

“I don’t really want to stand up for him.”

Mendini’s value was already worthless.

No one protected Mendini any further.

He was already no different than half dead.

To open the Trial of Swords for a man who isn’t even worth

using as the cause?

There wouldn't be anything more embarrassing than that.

"Brothers, I will take care of it."

Then, from the corner, a man who quietly looked at the floor, spoke.

"Ed Ranger, you will?"

"Isn't it unnecessary for you brothers to get your hands dirty with this sort of work?"

When there was a big or small matter they couldn't handle on the surface, this man always came forward.

In fact, everyone was secretly hoping he would come forward.

Everyone's eyes were filled with trust.

Ed Ranger then made an offer.

"I will place a request to the Forest of Death."

"…!"

"The Forest of Death…"

Everyone murmured. Everyone was surprised.

The Forest of Death.

All the people gathered at this place knew the power of those three words.

However, it couldn't be spoken of thoughtlessly.

The Forest of Death was the Sun Guild and the other huge guilds' weakness.

The Forest of Death was a group created to monopolize their interests and to maintain them.

Now they operated independently and accepted requests they like but…

Ed Ranger had spoken about the Forest of Death.

“He is strong enough to even defeat Bastille. A decent assassin wouldn’t work. Instead, it would only cause backlash. So, we should resolve this situation quietly before then, right?”

He argued that it was better to send a strong person from the start.

He certainly did have a point.

Ed Ranger continued to talk.

“Brothers, you just need to quietly stay silent.”

No one replied.

However, Ed Ranger faintly showed a smile.

He also knew that silence was a yes.

Assassins wearing black masks sat on top of the castle.

Their numbers were roughly twenty.

Even if their feet touched the ground, they didn’t even make a sound.

They were even controlling the sound of their heartbeat and breathing.

They didn’t lack to be called top notch.

They came down by climbing the wall and entered the room Muyoung was staying in.

Swoosh! Swack!

The moment they looked around and entered the room, two assassins immediately fell to the floor.

From the walls and from the darkness, snakes popped out and ripped the necks of the assassins.

“Welcome guests…”

Before they were aware of, the man among the assassins spoke.

The assassins were quickly taken back and moved away from the man, but he was one step faster.

As the man grabbed an assassin with his hand, the assassin's whole body became soft and melted.

The man was Ataraxia.

Originally, he was an assassin who only took orders from Lawless Jin, the head of the Lawless Clan, and was ordered to attack Muyoung in the Demon God's Territory.

However, he failed his assassination of Muyoung, lost his life, and became an undead.

However, Ataraxia had skills even Muyoung was surprised of.

His entire body was trained purely for assassinations.

He contained lethal poison in his body, handled numerous deadly snakes, and chewed his enemies whole.

To fight against Ataraxia, they would need more than twenty top assassins, they would need assassins whose ranked in the 10th range.

Thud!

Pang!

A room in darkness.

Ataraxia, who instantly killed twenty top assassins, only to again enter the room and kneel.

"I've cleared them all. My master."

"Since I've received a present, I need to return the favor, right? Ataraxia?"

And the man, Muyoung, who sat on the edge of the bed, spoke.

Muyoung watched the situation from the beginning to the end.

"Yes."

“Ed Ranger. Kill him. It will be possible if it’s now.”

“I accept your order.”

Swoosh.

Ataraxia hid his form.

There was no way for Muyoung to not know of their communication.

Muyoung had already placed his strength in different places of the castle.

Although they would never have expected it, it meant that it wasn’t just Muyoung who entered the castle.

On top, Ed Ranger would be completely careless and believe that the assassination was a success right about now.

If Muyoung was after him, now was the right time.

Since if he hears that the assassination failed, his defenses would strengthen.

‘They used the Forest of Death.’

Muyoung looked at the clothes the assassins were wearing.

Grind!

He unconsciously grinded his teeth.

The Forest of Death…

It seemed like the Forest of Death was strangely inextricably bound to Muyoung.

—

Ed Ranger had died.

“This, what is this…”

“Ha!”

His head was cut off.

Afterwards, it was placed on a pole located at the entrance.

As it became morning, everyone was shocked and quickly moved to hide the situation.

However, the death of Ed Ranger quickly spread throughout the Great City.

It was an event that was more shocking than Mendini's defeat.

Also, it was a warning sent to them by Muyoung.

For them to stop playing tricks.

Those who were associated couldn't help but keep their mouths shut.

If they were to question Muyoung, they would naturally be linked to the Forest of Death.

There was nothing good if they were found to be working with the Forest of Death.

On the other hand, those who weren't associated but were determined to find out about the truth of this incident.

"For a shameful event to occur within the Sun Guild. The Fire Dragon Knights and I will investigate this event with full authority."

Among them was 'Lennon', the leader of the Fire Dragon Knights and one of the 1st knights of the Sun Guild.

The man who was recognized as the proof of integrity within the Sun Guild.

Of course, one of the people who possessed a Sun Seal!

Lennon and his knights gained full authority and started to investigate this event.

# Chapter 135: Hyacinth (4)

From Ed Ranger's death, Lennon seized an opportunity.

The Fire Dragon Knights were the icon of the Sun Guild's strength and one of the biggest pillars of the Sun Guild.

However, honorable? Generous?

All of it was bullshit. Muyoung was well aware of Lennon's ambition.

'A greedy tiger.'

Lennon was a tiger alright.

But, where Alexandro was a great tiger, Lennon was just one of the normal tigers.

Since he tried his best catching even small prey and tried his best to not give them any slack.

He was full of greed.

He was praised for the qualities he showed on the outside, but his heart was completely black.

Right about now, he would wield supreme power and secure his position using Ed Ranger's death as the cause, due to the power vacuum left behind.

To Lennon, Muyoung's actions would be like a lucky break.

If someone was playing it safe, of course, there would be others who would try to take advantage of the situation.

'How far will you go?'

While Lennon and the others were unaware, Muyoung's eyes and ears were placed throughout the Sun Guild already.

Although they had no idea, thanks to this, Muyoung was able to roughly figure out Lennon's plan.

However, even Muyoung was unable to easily determine how much of Lennon's actions would influence him.

"Find out who was associated with Ed Ranger's death! Search every inch of this place!"

"Lennon! What are you doing?! How can you do this to me?!"

Everyone was each other's enemy.

There was no law that stated yesterday's ally would still be today's friend.

Lennon didn't listen to a word the brother spoke.

"Someone from inside the guild killed one of us. I can't leave this incident to rest just because of personal feelings. What are you doing?! Keep searching!"

A fish in water.

As if he was waiting for something like this to happen, Lennon instantly dominated his surroundings.

Since he was now gaining momentum, it wouldn't be easy for him to just stop either.

And the direction of this momentum had reached even the vice guild master.

'Abdullon.'

The second in command after Alexandro.

However, Abdullon's hands and feet were already tied.

It was because Alexandro's siblings had greater authority than him.

Abdullon's close associates were instantly exiled or demoted when Alexandro disappeared.

You could say the current Abdullon was no different than a mute orator.

However, no matter how much his power was marginalized, his position still existed.

The title of vice guild master.

Thanks to Abdullon, the Sun Guild still remained strong.

And everyone should be aware of this.

Since they had tied Abdullon's hands and feet, everyone could have won if Lennon didn't invade Abdullon...

But, Lennon went even a step further.

Words that Lennon invaded Abdullon's library, house, etc. and started investigating with the Fire Dragon Knights had quickly spread.

His measures that ignored even his position as vice guild master.

Clearly, he showed the intent that he would kill anyone who interfered.

Omnipotence.

It didn't seem like there was anyone who could stop Lennon right now.

It had already been 45 days since Alexandro disappeared.

If Alexandro didn't return after 45 days from now, through a tournament, the next guild master would be decided.

Lennon had instantly become the number 1 candidate for the position of next guild master.

*

Clang!

A dagger had flown in.

Muyoung quickly moved his body and swung Anguish.

Hyacinth froze from her surprise, but Muyoung's expression was extremely serious.

A full day wasn't enough to fully understand Lennon's actions, but a 3rd party had shown up.

Even more, their identities were more concerning.

'Ninjas?'

A group of five ninjas had entered the castle in broad daylight.

'How did they get in?'

Because ninjas used a lot of bizarre methods, even Muyoung was unable to easily detect them.

But, he was still able to discover them before they entered the room.

And so, he was able to block their attacks.

Ninjas were those who came to the Underworld from Japan and made an organization.

Even the name of the organization itself was 'Ninja' and Muyoung knew of the woman who was in charge of that place.

Ootsuki Yuka!

The five men who stood in front of him were definitely ninjas by looking at their movements and the way they breathed.

However, why on Earth were ninjas after Hyacinth and springing a surprise attack on her?

Ninja definitely had different tendencies than the Forest of Death.

From the beginning, they didn't accept requests. It was an organization that moved only depending on their gains and losses.

Perhaps, there was a possibility that Ootsuki Yuka was involved with the inner parts of the Sun Guild.

Swoosh.

The five ninjas looked at each other and then started to back off.

They had realized that Muyoung's agility was out of the ordinary.

"Wait."

He couldn't just let them go like that.

After saying one word, he followed the ninjas.

Hyacinth slowly grasped her trembling heart.

Although she had a vague notion that someone would make a surprise attack on her, she was scared out of her wits when it really happened.

'Hya, you need to get stronger.'

She urged herself.

She repeated the name her mother called her by when Hyacinth was young when her mother was still alive.

That she couldn't shudder at just this.

It was at that moment.

Swaack.

A ninja appeared as if he popped out from the ground.

He seemed as though he was harmonized with the castle stone.

A ninja who learned the Earth Release technique.

"Sorry, but you need to die for our great cause."

He was after the moment Muyoung was vacant.

Hyacinth clenched her teeth tightly, raised her skirt, and took out a dagger tied to her leg.

Although she wasn't much of a combative person, Hyacinth was still part of the Sun Guild.

She had developed at least some level of martial arts skills.

Even though she wasn't a 'rising star', it wasn't like she didn't know how to fight.

‘I need to live.’

She swung her dagger.

However, it didn’t reach the ninja.

Before she was aware of it, the ninja had retreated underground.

It wasn’t a cover. He really did harmonize with the ground and moved.

Hyacinth quickly looked around.

However, even though she anticipated it, she wasn’t able to block his hand that popped out right underneath and grabbed her ankles.

“…! Let go!”

Although she quickly kicked her feet, his hand tried to drag Hyacinth down under the ground.

The ground felt like it became a swamp.

However, Hyacinth knew that she would die within the rocks if she was dragged in.

Although she knew, she couldn’t escape him.

Her strength was draining from her entire body.

‘Muyoung.’

Although that was the name she first thought of, he wasn’t at this place.

Stab!

Hyacinth tightly closed her eyes.

However, she no longer felt her feet being sunk in.

Then, as she opened her eyes as she felt strange about it, a man stood in front of Hyacinth.

“Ah…! Muyoung!”

It was Muyoung.

However, Muyoung didn't reply.

After piercing Anguish through the ninja's head, he just stood there with an expressionless face.

There was no consideration for Hyacinth at all.

But, she still liked it.

Her own bodyguard who appears when she is in danger.

She wasn't a girl if heart didn't tingle at this situation.

While she tried to take control of her beating heart, Hyacinth asked.

"Wh, what about the other ninjas?"

"..."

Muyoung still kept silent.

'He seems as though he has a lot on his mind.'

Hyacinth didn't think hard about it.

Perhaps, he might have just returned because he was worried about her safety more than catching the ninjas.

She was eternally moved by this.

"Thank you. B-but could you get me out?"

She had sunk into the floor to her knees. It was hard for her to get out on her own.

However, Muyoung didn't move.

He still seemed like he was deep in thought.

She couldn't bother him.

"I understand. I will try to resolve this on my own."

Hyacinth started to struggle with her feet.

***

Muyoung continued to follow the ninjas.

‘Soul’s Tail.’

He showed his thoroughness as he sent his clone to remain with Hyacinth.

Meanwhile, he quietly watched where the ninjas were heading to.

The ninjas swiftly dispersed and tried to prevent Muyoung from following but if they knew who Muyoung was in the past, they wouldn’t have done something like this.

They would have just taken their own lives on the spot or have died by Muyoung.

However, they didn’t know of Muyoung’s past.

So, Muyoung was easily able to figure out the final destination of the ninjas.

‘Lennon…’

Surprisingly, Lennon was at their final destination.

He was unsure when he conspired with the ninjas or if they were already together on this, but it didn’t seem good.

“You failed?”

“There was an interferer. We tried to bypass and kill Hyacinth but as if he had already figured it out, he returned. We lost connection with our comrade.”

“It was probably that bastard, Muyoung.”

Lennon rubbed his chin and continued to talk.

“Did you find out about Alexandro’s whereabouts?”

“Not yet…”

“Shit. He wouldn’t have run away after figuring out the trap we had already placed, right?”

“Lennon, don’t speak any further.”

“I know. But, who would enter this place? This room is protected by I, Lennon..”

“...What are you going to do with Abdullon?”

“We can’t kill that old weasel. We definitely bound him hand and foot but he still has an odd sense of confidence. It seems like there is still a move he hasn’t used yet. Find out about that as well.”

“I understand.”

“When this ends, I will not forget Yuka and your service.”

***

“Ha!”

The ninjas bowed once before they quietly left the room.

Muyoung found out how the ninjas were able to enter the castle without anyone knowing.

However, although he had kept an eye on Lennon until now, it was the first time he saw Lennon conspiring with the ninjas.

It meant Lennon was that cautious.

‘The Ninja’s, the Command Clan, Lennon, Abdullon, and Alexandro.’

It felt like everything was carefully put together like a puzzle.

If Muyoung’s memories were correct, Alexandro didn’t die.

However, it was definitely strange for him to not appear like this.

It seemed like the future had slightly changed.

‘I need to strengthen my surveillance.’

He needed to widen his scope of surveillance.

Muyoung nodded his head and quickly left the area.

Lennon was on a roll.

Muyoung thought of it as he watched Lennon.

Currently, Lennon was taking full advantage of Muyoung's work.

"Take it."

Muyoung gave Hyacinth a seal.

He no longer had time to waste.

In her room, Hyacinth took a deep sigh before widening her eyes.

"What is this seal?"

"It's Ed Ranger's seal. I found it first before Lennon started to inspect his room."

Hyacinth's jaw dropped.

"If, if someone finds out, we will be in big trouble."

"If we were to get caught now, yes. But, Ed Ranger has handed over that seal to you."

"He handed over to me?"

"There was a letter written in his own handwriting."

From Muyoung's side, he took out a letter.

Hyacinth opened the letter right away and started to read what was written.

As she read further along, her body shook more.

"This really is Ed Ranger oppa's handwriting. On top of that, his seal... but, I don't understand. Why would Ed Ranger oppa hand over his seal to me?"

From the ninjas who suddenly appeared, everything couldn't be easily understood.

There would be no better time to use the word chaos than now.

Hyacinth looked at Muyoung with slight doubt.

Muyoung just shrugged his shoulders.

He couldn’t tell her that he ordered Ataraxia to control Ed Ranger.

‘He’s helpful.’

Ataraxia had a lot of snakes he was able to control.

From regular venom to hallucinating venom, even venom to control the mind, he was able to use countless different types of venom.

It was a piece of cake to control Ed Ranger.

However, he couldn’t just tell Hyacinth the truth.

“There are some people who are awakened when they are about to die. Wouldn’t it be similar to how the brothers and sisters you knew of are now different?”

After Alexandro disappeared, Hyacinth’s brothers and sisters changed.

Although it was more correct to say that their true characters came to light.

After listening to this sort of comparison, Hyacinth lowered her head.

“However, if Lennon oppa knows that I have this seal, he wouldn’t let go of this.”

“The seal is power. With just two it might be lacking but if you were to gather a few more seals, even he wouldn’t be able to ignore you.”

It was the reason Lennon stormed in and used force.

He was trying to not give them time to gather the seals.

“How?”

“Continue to open the Trial of Swords.”

“The Trial of… Swords? I have no cause.”

“We just need to create a cause.”

Hyacinth looked at Muyoung as questions went through her mind.

But, it was a good thing she didn’t say that ‘she won’t do it’.

It seemed like Hyacinth had already made up her mind in her own way.

On top of this, if they were to just stay still, Lennon would be unstoppable.

Since Muyoung now knew of his conspiracy with the Ninja, it was now time for him to act.

‘Things are working out interestingly.’

It was true chaos.

No one could tell who their enemy was and who was their ally.

During this time, there would be nothing weird if the tables were turned in just a day.

The corner of Muyoung’s lip rose as he thought of his next move.

‘I just need to make a cause.’

For Muyoung, it wasn’t that hard to do.

# Chapter 136: Hyacinth (End)

A person who is in a high position for a long time tends to care about the thoughts people around him have towards them.

And so, the person spares no cost in building a good public image.

Muyoung wanted the Trial of Swords to continuously open and made a plan for that to happen.

It was ‘rumors’.

“Did you hear? Ed Ranger was involved with Alexandro’s disappearance.”

“Ed Ranger was? I heard it was Lennon.”

“Amanda said that he was communicating with the Forest of Death…”

“Really?! With that damned place?”

Malicious rumors.

However, would there only be ‘malice’ in the rumors?

They were all stories with the truth as a basis.

They weren’t all 100% correct but the rumors would make those who knew about the truth be bothered by them.

It was already a situation where the Sun Guild was in the public eye.

The rumors spread like wildfire.

Of course, the ones involved with the rumors completely denied it.

“This is all a lie. What reason would I have to communicate with the Forest of Death?”

“I will find the person who spread these false rumors and punish him severely!”

Everyone besides Hyacinth was pressed by this matter.

In a situation like this, these rumors would only give hostile organizations a cause to act.

Even if the Sun Guild was the strongest organization, there were still a few who weren't far after them.

As if it was a good thing, there were a lot of places wanting a piece of the Sun Guild.

And within that situation, Hyacinth started to act.

Hyacinth was the only girl who went well with the description 'high integrity'.

Only Hyacinth was innocent of all the dirty rumors.

In reality, this was also true.

It was the reason why Hyacinth was the only one who could act when everyone else was being cautious.

"A few days ago, there were assassins who attacked me. They were the assassins from the Forest of Death. Second oldest sister, did you really want to kill me that badly?"

Hyacinth started to counterattack.

The woman who Hyacinth called as her second oldest sister, became as pale as death.

"This is a misunderstanding. You know very well that someone spread false rumors about me."

"Would it only be a rumor? But, what about the evidence? The items found on the assassins who attacked me."

It was a ring.

An expensive and rare item made from diamonds.

The design of the ring was unique and it was a treasure amongst treasure made by a dwarf.

All the brothers and sisters knew that this ring belonged to the sister.

“How, how did that?”

“Are you still going to deny it?”

“It’s not me! I don’t know why you have that ring but it doesn’t make sense for me to associate with the Forest of Death.”

In reality, the ring was provided by Muyoung.

But, it was true that the woman was communicating with the Forest of Death.

No, when you think about it, all of the executives of the Sun Guild had some sort of connection with the Forest of Death in one way or another.

How were they going to prove it?

The woman didn’t try to kill Hyacinth through the Forest of Death.

She only tried to kill Muyoung but if Muyoung was killed, it was basically killing Hyacinth.

Hyacinth spoke with a serious look on her face.

“Sister, I request the Trial of Swords. Let’s decided who’s right or wrong there.”

“Are… you crazy? Do you think you would be safe after speaking like that?!”

“I’ll see you in after a week.”

Hyacinth safely left her as she ignored the malice and swearing behind her.

Shiver!

After she disappeared from the woman’s sight, Hyacinth shivered her shoulders.

Muyoung cautiously placed his hand on her shoulder.

“You did well.”

“Just, I felt a slight chill. I’m not scared.”

“I know.”

Even if this tough appearance was just a mask, now was the time she needed to wear it.

The trial opened and the one chosen to be Muyoung’s opponent was ‘Lucas the Champion of Reversal’.

He was someone who enjoyed throwing his spear but was a veteran who wasn’t weak in close combat either.

The ‘Sage’s Workshop’ released a book called the ‘Strongest 300’ every year which listed the top 300 humans they ranked and Lucas was exactly at the 277th rank.

It was a rank that the ones called the sages created by gathering together and discussing with each other.

Although the ranking was renewed every year, Lucas was within the top 300 for a very long time.

It meant he was that strong.

He was a level higher than Bastille, the last opponent Muyoung faced.

Like last time, everyone thought Lucas would win.

Slam!

Thud!

...It was a shame that the person who just flew off was not Muyoung but Lucas.

Muyoung raised his fist after confirming that Lucas, who just smacked against the wall, had fainted.

It was a sign of victory.

However, the battleground was still quiet.

Muyoung had even won against a ‘true strong man’ who was ranked 277th.

Was he really a Prestige Knight?

Although Lucas, who was called the Champion of Reversal, was winning at first, he lost by a close call.

Everyone knew. That Lucas was more favorable until the halfway mark.

‘This is the limit without using acceleration.’

Muyoung wasn’t uninjured.

However, he didn’t try to read the grains or accelerate time.

He won against Bastille and Lucas just using his pure fighting skills.

“This, this is a lie! This can’t be possible!”

The defeated sister cried out loud.

She didn’t want to believe in the results of the trial.

However, it already happened and the sister lost everything.

Hyacinth quietly shuddered. However, she didn’t forget her duty.

To stare at others provocatively.

To give others’ the feeling that ‘they are the next target’!

That was what Hyacinth needed to do.

The expressions of her other brothers and sisters also changed as if they each eaten a bug.

Among them, there would be someone who might challenge her next by seeing Muyoung’s injuries.

‘I’ll slaughter you all.’

Muyoung inwardly laughed.

The Sun Guild.

This place was an impregnable fortress when Alexandro stood by.

There was no way it could be swayed just because of Muyoung's meddling.

However, the Sun Guild without Alexandro was like a hollow fortress.

Swoosh!

A red jiangshi body crumbled.

As Bae Sungmin spread his arms out, a black ring popped out and tied up the surrounding red jiangshi.

The red jiangshi was a level lower than black jiangshi and even though their numbers were great, they couldn't do anything against Bae Sungmin who was an arc lich.

"Who are you guys? Who are you to disturb our work?"

Tacan interrogated the jiangshi sorcerer.

However, there was no way for him to willingly give them a reply.

"I'll find out after I kill you then."

Tacan announced his death.

Within a short period of time, the jiangshi sorcerer's whole body was slashed before he even noticed.

His body was slashed into dozens, then into hundreds of pieces.

After wiping out all of the enemy, Bae Sungmin spoke while he watched the display of skill.

"Your swordsmanship took a major step forward."

"Hmph, this is nothing compared to what I want to achieve."

"By the way, from what I heard, you originally agreed to leave.

Why aren’t you leaving?”

Tacan sheathed his sword and stared at Sungmin threateningly.

“At first, I was going to leave. Muyoung, he was originally much weaker than me, and I took pity on him while being thankful for being freed.”

“But, now?”

“I was instantly left behind. Even more, the guy learned extraordinary skills. I can’t leave even if I want to until I make those skills my own!”

Tacan grounded his teeth.

Muyoung, his strength, had become Tacan’s weakness.

He was going to leave without any lingering attachment once he learned and made the skill to manage time and the skill to see grains his own, but it was impossible for him to learn those two skills no matter how much he tried.

Just, that in the process, his swordsmanship had improved.

“It’s a knight’s sorrow.”

Bae Sungmin uttered a short phrase.

As he wasn’t a knight, he wasn’t able to fully understand Tacan’s feelings.

“Besides that, let’s hurry. We need to find out the next location before the mark disappears.”

As if it was useless, Tacan shook his head and searched the jiangshi sorcerer’s body.

Their enemies’ bodies each had a different mark, and if they were to interpret it, they would be able to find out their next destination.

However, they couldn’t just scan the whole picture.

The Command Clan strictly moved in cells.

After confirming the mark on the jiangshi sorcerer's body, Bae Sungmin nodded his head.

"Next... is the Sky Library."

***

Six.

It was the number of seals Hyacinth had collected.

It wasn't a majority but six seals was enough power to sway everyone's opinions.

It was because the ones who thought Muyoung had reached his limit, and moved to open the Trial of Swords, had all lost.

By now, they couldn't help but realize that something was off.

During his last fight, Muyoung had used '4 times acceleration', and the siblings still left realized that Muyoung's strength wasn't shown in its entirety.

Afterwards, they spared themselves from opening the Trial of Swords.

Either way, with six seals, it became possible to even enter the 'hidden room'.

"Normally, this place is only accessible by the guild master. The information collected from the special intelligence branch of the guild is all placed here."

Hyacinth spoke tensely.

Underneath the guild.

The place they reached after gaining access passed the numerous security and obtaining certification.

In front of Muyoung's eyes, dozens of documents flew around.

They were connected to pipe like structures, and even now, documents that were heavily secured moved around continuously.

‘It’s here.’

The place Muyoung wanted to enter so much.

The place where all manner of information was contained!

As Muyoung returned from the future, his memory was imperfect.

It was because Muyoung wasn’t active during this period.

It was around the time he first came out into the world after being kidnapped by the Forest of Death and spending ten years in training.

He only had information right before the start of the great calamity and any other information was only from looking at people’s status viewer histories.

‘I will be able to figure out the exact whereabouts of Alexandro.’

The Sun Guild had an uncountable number of intelligence branches.

Every branch was independent and neutral, and each had a different authority.

Only the guild master, Alexandro, was able to make them act.

“Muyoung, please… take this.”

Hyacinth cautiously handed an earring.

Muyoung couldn’t help but be surprised as he looked down on it.

‘Was this in the Sun Guild?’

As he concentrated on the earring, information regarding it popped up.

Name: Conqueror’s Earring

Rank: A++

Classification: Equippable type

Endurance: 55,000

Effect: A necessity for a conqueror.

* Only equippable when pure intelligence and wisdom stats are above 400

* The higher the number of territories conquered or the level of territories, the recovery ability increases. (+177%) * Intelligence +20

* Wisdom +20

** When worn with Contempt for the Weak, ‘Magic Resistance +50’ and ‘Wilderness’ skill is usable.

“I found it by chance when I looked around the A rank storage room. The ring you are wearing is Contempt for the Weak, right? Ah, don’t get me wrong. I can see information as a picture.”

Hyacinth cautiously spoke.

She meant that she brought it after confirming how the Contempt for the Weak ring looked like through a picture and because it was the same thing as the one Muyoung wore.

However, it wouldn’t have been simply by chance.

The storage rooms the Sun Guild possessed were all massive.

It was no different for the A rank storage room.

All A rank equipment were within the same storage room even though not all A rank equipment was outstanding.

She would have spent days and nights looking for equipment that would help Muyoung.

The dark bags under her eyes told the truth.

“Thank you.”

It would have taken a long time if he was to try and look for it on his own.

As he wore the earring, he felt that his body became a bit sturdier.

<You have worn ‘Contempt for the Weak’ and ‘Conqueror’s Earring ‘.> <Set effect has been activated.>

<’The ‘Wilderness‘ is a reality marble that doesn’t have a rank.> A reality marble!

It meant that it was a unique type that was matched to Muyoung.

A ‘reality marble’ had the power to reverse any situation depending on how it was used.

An unexpected gain.

After placing his hand on Hyacinth’s head for a moment, Muyoung continued to look for documents.

He looked through the mountain of papers for a quarter of a day.

‘Huh.’

And he found out about an unexpected truth.

‘I didn’t think I’d find this here.’

Muyoung’s gaze became deeper.

Tacan and Bae Sungmin went up the Sky Library.

It was easy to avoid everyone’s attention.

However, the person Bae Sungmin and Tacan met was enough to completely outrun their expectations.

“I can feel Asura’s energy. Are you guys Asura’s underlings?”

Ding ding ding.

A man appeared as he played the lute.

He wore a turban and gave off an uncommon vibe.

“It seems like you guys were the ones who disturbed our great work. Hoho.”

His face was young but his voice and his tone were no different than an elderly man.

As the man played the lute, the surrounding environment changed and a barrier was created.

“A reality marble…”

Bae Sungmin spoke as if the man got him.

Even Bae Sungmin didn’t think he would be able to make a barrier so quickly.

“Who…are you?”

Tacan asked.

He wasn’t able to get the gist of this strange energy.

It was an energy Tacan felt for the first time.

The surrounding world slowly changed into the man’s color.

Then the man who held the lute spoke as he smiled.

“I am ‘Moon’, the sect leader of the Sky Devil church and the successor of Makura, one of the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism.”

# Chapter 137: Sky Devil Church (1)

Muyoung left the storage room after looking around a bit more.

‘Alexandro. I now know why you disappeared.’

It was the story about the Command Clan and the Sun Guild.

However, the story went a bit differently than how Muyoung had remembered.

The incident in which the Command Clan tried to infiltrate the Great City, failed originally.

The incident ended quietly because the Command Clan was counterattacked before they could even fully start.

All of the clans and guilds gathered their strength and drove them out.

However, this time they weren’t able to gather their strength.

They weren’t able to manage it beforehand.

As a result, the Command Clan was able to infiltrate deep into parts of the Great City.

‘There is no greater butterfly effect than this.’

If the Sun Guild was the center of the Nine Great Guilds, the Lawless Clan was the center of the Five Great Clans.

But, the Lawless Clan was in a situation where they couldn’t act easily.

They were quite weakened because of the ancient spirit, the ‘Disordered Terror’.

Because the Lawless Clan couldn’t use their strength, the other clans cautiously studied the situation.

They seemed like they weren’t planning to become enemies with the Command Clan.

A divided power was easy to penetrate through.

Alexandro had realized this truth beforehand.

There was no way for that snake like bastard to just go into hiding for no reason.

‘Alexandro is moving with the most valuable treasure within the Sun Guild, the Sun Mirror, to stop the Command Clan’s ultimate goal and to take their power entirely.’

In other words, Alexandro hid himself to engross everything.

What was it about for him to even hide himself?

It meant that the Command Clan had something that even the one who reigned as the king of the Great City wanted badly.

And now Muyoung knew what that was.

Swoosh.

Muyoung’s hand touched Anguish.

The problem wasn’t the Sun Guild.

‘The sect leader of Sky Devil church and the successor of Makura, one of the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism.’

He was the mastermind.

Even the Command Clan was just a chess piece controlled by him.

‘I thought I heard a lot about it from somewhere.’

Sky Devil Church. There wasn’t a group like that in the Underworld. Well, used to not be one.

However, it appeared all of a sudden.

It was after the Great Calamity.

They built a huge castle and lured people to become a place greater than the Holy City Mulalan.

Then, a cult judge who took two thousand soldiers to Sky Devil

Church was killed and a huge battle called the ‘Holy War’ erupted.

However, they were unable to come to a conclusion easily.

Even when fifty thousand crusaders and a hundred thousand priests joined forces.

For a newly created cult, the Sky Devil Church was extremely strong.

And the one behind this strength….

‘He raised devils.’

He’s was a devil.

The cult leader, Moon knew how to control devils.

At one point in time, there were even rumors of him being a Demon King, but in fact, he was half human.

Another transcendental being with the blood mixed in.

The Holy City Mulalan won in the end but due to this, they weren’t able to exhibit their great strength when the Demon Kings and Demon Gods invaded.

And so, Muyoung needed to catch him now.

If Muyoung lost him now, he wouldn’t be able to take back the 10 years he would lose due to him and Moon would deal a great blow weakening humanity’s strength after the Great Calamity.

Muyoung’s gaze became much sharper.

Moon, the cult leader of Sky Devil Church was after one thing.

‘Sky Devil.’

The devils of the sky.

The source of evil.

Wasn’t it said that if you gather the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism that Buddha would descend?

That Buddha would descend and save humanity. There was such

classified information.

The Sky Devil was a similar context.

From the sky, a true devil will descend and save humanity.

However, the method of saving was different as the Sky Devil saved humanity by ‘slaughtering’.

‘That man is trying to sacrifice the Great City to descend the Sky Devil.’

Making those trials in all kinds of dungeons was just practice.

He was currently trying to create the ‘Sky Devil’s Trial’.

If it gets created, Muyoung couldn’t be certain of the results, but it would be a catastrophe large enough to wipe out the Great City.

No one would be able to stop him.

‘If my memory is correct, Alexandro can’t stop him.’

Moon was a transcendental being. He was human but also not human.

Even if Alexandro was within the top 10 humans, he couldn’t win against Moon.

He could try to take one shot to win with the Sun Mirror but from what Muyoung remembered, Moon didn’t have any flaws.

He was someone who couldn’t be assassinated.

Of course, Muyoung understood Alexandro’s intentions.

If he was to vacate the Sun Guild, the Command Clan would run wilder and Moon, the one behind it all, would show himself.

Alexandro was correct up to that point but he misjudged as he didn’t verify how strong his opponent was.

Muyoung knew because of his memories, but truthfully, there was no way for Alexandro to find out.

‘I guess… I need to stop him.’

Only Muyoung perceived the situation correctly.

However, if Moon was left alone like this, even Muyoung would be swept away by him.

Muyoung refused to be in that sort of situation.

He was going to kill Moon, the cult leader of Sky Devil Church, and keep his promise with Asura.

And after finding out what Alexandro was really after, Muyoung was going to snatch it from him.

It would be enough if Muyoung completed these two things.

A barrier was used to block someone from entering.

And a reality marble blocked the world from entering.

It allowed the user to fill the space with their own color and suffocate their opponent.

***

“You’re amazing. It’s a shame you guys are Asura’s underlings.”

Moon was relaxed.

On the other hand, Bae Sungmin and Tacan became total wrecks.

Their bodies were burned all over and their joints were dislocated.

They were only able to fight continuously up until now because their skills greatly improved while they were with Muyoung.

It was true. Their skills did improve.

However, it wasn’t enough.

To kill Moon… that monster.

“Whose life is more of a waste?”

Tacan held his sword properly.

Within the barrier, it was crawling with devils.

Like a flock of bats, there seemed to be at least a few thousand.

The devils Moon had raised within his reality marble.

No matter how many they killed, there was no end.

Because of this, they couldn't even reach him.

"If you really calculate it, I think it's more of a waste for the lich to die."

"Kuekuekue! Your eyes must be skewed! You will be sorry if you look down on the Evil Spirit Predator Tacan."

"It sad to kill you guys both. What do you guys think about becoming my underlings by accepting my rite?"

"Rite?"

"The blessing of the Sky Devil. You will forget all your worries and your sorrows. Being invited to true paradise. I'll grant you a greater happiness."

It was no different than a pseudo-religion.

On the outside, it seems the same as any religion but the roots were very different.

The rite he talked about probably meant brainwashing.

"Do you think I'll be brainwashed by someone like you?"

The Evil Spirit Predator Tacan.

He was the terror and king of evil spirits and had devoured numerous evil spirits.

Although his strength did decrease quite a bit by coming to this world, his will didn't die off with it.

Turn his back because he was going to lose?

Well, Tacan didn't really have any promises to keep with Muyoung.

Since Muyoung only bossed him around.

However, Muyoung was the successor of Asura.

Asura. The king of all monsters.

A true sovereign that couldn't be compared to a king of evil spirits!

Since Muyoung was Asura's successor, there was a need to remain a bit loyal.

"Lich, do you think the same as the spirit?"

"..."

Bae Sungmin didn't answer.

He tried to find out this barrier's structure and a way to get out.

Bae Sungmin acted as the Disordered Terror and wore his soul.

The Disordered Terror was an ancient spirit.

It was a monster that even reached the state of a half god by absorbing a world tree.

Of course, the universe that is engraved on its soul transcended normal perception.

Just, Sungmin didn't use it much because it placed pressure on his brain.

But, it was different now.

'Two is impossible.'

He had found out about the structure and was able to read the weak point to the barrier.

There was a weak point.

However, both couldn't escape.

Bae Sungmin looked at Tacan.

Just by exchanging gazes, Tacan understood Bae Sungmin's intentions.

“That’s unfortunate.”

Moon worked the devils as he smacked his lips.

Tacan spoke to Sungmin quietly.

“Tell him. Although the time we spent together was short, that it was fun.”

Things he couldn’t experience while trapped in Asura’s Path.

They were adventure and excitement.

By following Muyoung’s path, he even felt shudders and at times he was even envious.

Envious of Muyoung who was getting stronger each day.

‘It was nice to be able to experience this world, if only for a short while.’

As expected, it was more fun to be with the living than the dead.

‘I’ll make you realize why I am called the king of evil spirits.’

He was incomparable to the past when he completely lost against the Sword Bone Trio.

He was that much stronger.

He absorbed each of their skills and made them his own.

It seemed like he could have a good fight now if he was to fight against Sword One again.

‘Muyoung. It’s a bit of a shame I wasn’t able to fight with him.’

It wasn’t like he didn’t have regrets.

However, they were all stories of the past.

“I understand.”

Bae Sungmin nodded his head.

Then, Tacan went first and opened the way.

“Come at me! You scumbags!”

***

Thud.

Their signals were disconnected.

Bae Sungmin and Tacan.

‘They were attacked?’

Muyoung’s expression instantly hardened.

Someone who could win against those two. It was extremely rare even if they were in the Command Clan.

At best, Hyungbish.

However, it would still be impossible for Hyungbish to fight and kill them both.

‘Bae Sungmin and Tacan’s visions weren’t accessible.’

It was strange.

When an undead dies, what they last experience before their death normally becomes visible to Muyoung.

This was one of the Death Lord’s authorities.

However, no images entered Muyoung’s head.

He just felt the disconnection from the two.

‘Someone who can offset an authority.’

Furthermore, if it’s the Death Lord’s authority…

It could only be a transcendental being.

Among the humans, there was currently no one who was close to becoming a transcendental being.

But, there was someone who he was suspicious about.

‘Moon.’

Moon. He was a transcendental being when he first appeared 10 years in the future.

Of course, he would be in a similar state or slightly weaker right now.

Ground!

Muyoung ground his teeth.

It was a costly mistake to lose Bae Sungmin and Tacan.

However, he couldn't just stay put.

'I'm certain that they were heading towards the Sky Library.'

But, he was still able to know where they were headed.

The connection lasted until there.

However, if they camped at the Sky Library, it was impossible for him to go up there alone.

"Abdullon."

That's why Muyoung returned to the Sun Guild and went to Abdullon with Hyacinth.

Abdullon was the vice guild master of the Sun Guild.

There wasn't anyone even protecting his room.

It was because his hands and feet were tied due to Hyacinth's brothers and sisters.

"You are Muyoung... and Hyacinth?"

Abdullon lowered his head as he wore a white gown.

Muyoung spoke instead of Hyacinth.

"Right now, the Great City is in grave danger. You are already familiar with the invasion of the Command Clan, right?"

Abdullon's face hardened.

He was curious as to why Muyoung spoke casually to him and how he even knew about the Command Clan.

If Muyoung came to him with knowledge, there was no point in

lying.

“If I do know?”

“I have found the Command Clan’s base.”

“Is that true?!”

“It’s the Sky Library. However, we can’t just solve the problem on our own. We need to use all the military strength of the Sun Guild.”

“I have no powers to do so.”

“You have the authority though.”

“Do you think the world revolves around a cause with just authority?”

Muyoung shook his head.

Then, Hyacinth came forward.

“I’ll help. The strength of six seals should be enough.”

Abdullon led out a small sigh as he looked at Hyacinth.

“Hyacinth, you need the majority. You need at least 8 seals to place strength on my authority and the cause.”

“We are short on two. I understand. I’ll gather it quickly.”

“Hyacinth…? How can you?”

“I have realized something. That you can never pretend to be weak. Watch me.”

Hyacinth turned her body right away.

As if it wasn’t hard to collect two more seals.

After watching Hyacinth’s change, Muyoung inwardly admired her.

‘She is growing.’

The weak girl in the past was slowly becoming an adult.

This also could be considered as a development.

# Chapter 138: Sky Devil Church (2)

Bae Sungmin opened his eyes.

He had lost consciousness for a while as he used all his holy and magical powers to rip through the reality marble.

‘My phylactery is badly damaged.’

Bae Sungmin looked at his body coldly.

Due to the lich’s characteristic, Bae Sungmin’s body was immortal.

But, if his phylactery located near his heart was destroyed, even Bae Sungmin would die.

Right now, that phylactery was damaged and he was unable to properly recover from the injuries on his body.

The problem was that the phylactery didn’t recover naturally.

He needed to devour something that had either the darkness or light attributes, or return to Muyoung’s side to fully recover.

‘This is?’

He looked around.

It was all wasteland.

‘I bounced out.’

It seemed like he was bounced off due to a strong repelling power when he escaped the barrier.

As he was unable to see the Great City, it seemed like he was quite far away.

Also, he felt a strange gap in time.

‘How long has it been?’

He couldn’t tell.

He stood up as he placed his hand on the ground.

‘I need to let him know.’

The sect leader of Sky Devil church and the successor of Makura, one of the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism.

He was strong.

He had strength that surpassed everything.

What’s more, he raised devils within his reality marble.

If Muyoung was to face him like this… his winning rate would be 0%.

However, Bae Sungmin saw it.

He saw that Moon wasn’t perfect.

He needed to tell this truth to Muyoung. Just by letting him know, his winning rate would increase, even if by a single digit.

“I thought I saw something flying in, but it was a lich?”

“Is it really a lich? He looks like a human.”

“Am I ever wrong? Either way, let’s get prepared. I think he lost a lot of strength. A lich’s phylactery is worth a lot.”

He heard the voices of people nearby.

They were six in number.

It was a team with a balance of offense and defense.

Shiiiwk!

An arrow flew in, piercing into Bae Sungmin’s shoulder.

“Explosion!”

Blaze!

As the arrow exploded, the cut dug in. The thin membrane of skin that covered his body was gone, exposing the bone underneath, the force of the blast causing Bae Sungmin to stumble.

“Look. He really is weak.”

“But he’s still a lich. We need to hunt carefully.”

“Ah, you’re frustrating. What if others come because we’re taking too long? It won’t be just us who saw it flying this way. Is the rule that the person who kills it gets half still a thing?”

A young man approached them as he whistled excitedly.

He was trying to get Bae Sungmin’s phylactery after killing him.

‘With my current magical powers, using low-level magic once would be my limit.’

What should he use to overcome this situation?

Creating a flame mine to explode around his surroundings, 3% chance of running away safely.

Creating fog and making them wander around…5%.

Using the inherent skill of the Asura King’s Left Arm, which he received from Muyoung, 9%!

From what Bae Sungmin judged, there was no way to even reach a 10% success rate.

“Haha! What luck is this!”

The young man came close before he knew it, and was about to swing his sword through Bae Sungmin’s throat.

Right then.

“Stop.”

A man who wore a shield on his back appeared.

Then, the young man made a face.

“Who are you now? Get lost. We already called dibs on him.”

The man didn’t care if he cursed or not, he just looked at Bae Sungmin.

At the same time, the man’s eyes opened greatly.

“Sungmin mister…”

Bae Sungmin looked at the man.

He seemed familiar but he had no recollection of him.

It was because when he turned into an undead, not every memory was inherited.

Some memories of recent years were completely gone.

The man, Kim Taehwan took out his shield.

“If you leave quietly, I won’t do anything. However, if you continue to intimidate that man, I will have to show force.”

“Bullshit. What a shitty show off.”

The young man clicked his tongue and when he was about to cut him with his sword...

Twoong!

The shield flew and smacked the young man’s body.

“Cough!”

Although he didn’t receive an attack that was enough to kill him, he became unconscious right away.

Shhhing!

Thud!

As an arrow flew in, Kim Taehwan grabbed the arrow and snapped it.

Afterwards, the shield automatically returned to Taehwan’s hand... and the fight began.

Bae Sungmin just looked at the scene.

A great master of shieldsmanship.

Just with his shield, he overwhelmed the party.

Of course, compared to Muyoung or Tacan, he lacked quite a bit, but the longer he watched the man, he had a weird feeling.

Even though he should be someone whose feelings and emotions should have almost all been erased.

‘Who is he?’

His feelings were very complex.

After instantly winning against the five, Kim Taehwan approached Bae Sungmin.

“Are you okay? Huu, how did you end up like this?”

“Who…are you?”

“Did you forget? I’m Taehwan. Kim Taehwan.”

Kim Taehwan?

He still could remember him.

As Sungmin didn’t reply, Taehwan continued to talk.

“It has been already 1 year since you left to find your daughter. And, here are meeting after that year. Did you make any progress?”

“You met me… 1 year ago? I left to find my daughter?”

Bae Sungmin’s voice slowly shook.

Sungmin wasn’t a normal undead.

He was an undead born of hope and authority.

He forgot something important and tried his best to remember it.

But, he found a clue in an unexpected place.

On the other hand, Taehwan realized that something was wrong with Sungmin.

“Mister, could you have lost your memory? No, wait. Your body is also…”

Taehwan’s eyes widened as he was looking at Sungmin’s injuries.

His blood wasn’t red.

His blood was black. Not just that but it felt like there was quite a stink to it.

Taehwan was unable to hear Sungmin's heart beating.

As he quickly placed his hand on Sungmin's skin, he found it as cold as ice.

'He isn't human.'

That's when he realized. That Bae Sungmin wasn't human.

An undead. Something like a zombie.

He remembered overhearing the conversation the ones who he beat against say the word 'lich'.

For him to be a lich!

"H-how?! Shit! Who is it? Who made you into an undead?!"

"Give me the specifics. About who I am and what I'm looking for."

However, Taehwan realized that he was a bit different than a normal undead.

Normal undead didn't try to have a conversation with humans, opting to attack them instead.

Additionally, they weren't curious about their past.

Taehwan thought that there might be a chance Sungmin could turn back into a human.

"...First, let's leave this place. People will be coming here soon."

Taehwan clenched his teeth.

He tried to keep his head cool the best he could.

Bae Sungmin was Bae Sungmin. A kind and sincere man who was anxiously searching for his daughter, Bae Suzy.

However, if he was found by others, they would definitely kill him.

Of course, they couldn't go to the Great City either.

There would be no way the guards would not know of a lich entering.

And he couldn't just leave this situation as it was.

'Shit.'

Moreover, his head was a mess because of the situation with the Command Clan.

He felt like this was a situation they would use the phrase 'out of the frying pan and into the fire'.

Fortunately, the potion worked.

Because the concept of recovery was vague, and the potion had a bit of holy component that it would cause harm to undead, Taehwan was skeptical. But, for some reason, Bae Sungmin accepted the components.

Like Taehwan expected, Sungmin wasn't a normal undead.

Afterwards, the two had a conversation.

Their ordeal that was just one year ago, that Bae Sungmin had no recollection of.

"You mean I have a daughter?"

"Yes. Her name is Bae Suzy and she should be around 10 years old now. She was a really nice and cute girl. We would even laugh and say that she's a small angel."

Bae Suzy was like an oasis in a desert.

She was very popular not because she was simply just kind and cute but because she was smart for her age.

"Then where is my daughter Bae Suzy?"

"The Fighting King kidnapped her. You left the Great City to find him. This was 1 year ago."

“The Fighting King, the Fighting King had…”

Bae Sungmin continued to say that title.

Fortunately, it seemed like he believed to a certain degree of what Kim Taehwan said.

Although he was weakened, Sungmin knew how to differentiate between a truth and a lie.

The power of the spirit within him made it possible.

“My daughter, Bae Suzy, tell me more about her.”

And so, his voice became a bit softer.

Taehwan nodded his head.

“We were summoned to the Blue Temple, where you lost both your arms. Though, for some reason, you have a pair now. Anyway, after that Suzy did everything. If Muyoung wasn’t there, that would have also been impossible.”

There were quite a lot of things Muyoung helped out.

Although he was extremely cold, the warmth he rarely showed was enough to invigorate everyone.

“Suzy was really amazing. When she came out of the sky library, over a thousand people gathered to take Suzy into their group. I just had two to three people. Haha!”

Bae Sungmin still had a cold expression. However, it felt like he slowly opened up.

Knowing that Bae Suzy was his daughter and as his daughter received compliments, it really felt odd to him.

‘I was looking for my daughter.’

He didn’t even know what he was looking for. But, he had a strong obsession that he needed to find something.

Now he found out what he was looking for.

‘Bae Suzy. My daughter who was kidnapped by the Fighting King.’

Muyoung didn’t tell him. He never asked him either.

However, as he now figured out what exactly he was looking for, now he needed to ask.

Who the Fighting King was and where he was at.

‘I’m going to rip his limbs apart and rip his skin off. I’m going to place a curse that will make him live eternally and make him suffer.’

Bae Sungmin didn’t know that this feeling he had was revenge.

One after another, his feelings were being revived.

Things that weren’t allowed for an undead.

This also could be considered as ‘evolving’.

“I can’t leave aside the story regarding the Star of David either. That time…”

“I need you to go to the Great City and bring news.”

“Huh?”

“Please give this crystal to Muyoung.”

“..!”

Brrrr!

Taehwan shivered his whole body.

Muyoung, he said Muyoung!

That name popped out of Sungmin’s lips.

‘The man really was Muyoung hyungnim?’

A few days ago, Taehwan was attacked by the Command Clan.

That time, someone who he suspected as Muyoung came forth and killed them before disappearing into thin air.

Taehwan was able to escape after many complications.

However, afterward that incident, he was able to continue living in hiding outside of the Great City.

“Go to the Sun Guild. I’ll join afterwards.”

Bae Sungmin passed Kim Taehwan a crystal the size of a fingernail which contained his memories and information.

Of course, he also placed appropriate measures just in case.

His relationship with Kim Taehwan seemed certain but he placed a trap using all his magical powers just in case.

If Taehwan was to go to the wrong place, the crystal would self destruct.

“It is really the Muyoung I remember?”

“Find out with your own two eyes.”

Bae Sungmin was unable to enter the Great City. He needed time to recover.

Even the connection with Muyoung was momentarily disconnected when he escaped Moon’s reality marble.

It seemed like Taehwan was the only way for him to deliver a message to Muyoung as of right now.

Taehwan looked at the crystal given by Sungmin.

‘I have no idea what on Earth is going on.’

His mind was complicated.

However, one thing was certain.

‘I need to confirm it.’

Their relationship continued even now.

Taehwan felt he could solve the problem regarding the Command Clan and the mysteries happening within the Great City once he saw Muyoung.

‘He’s able to deal with death. The reason why Sungmin mister became a lich would definitely be connected to him.’

Taehwan nodded and then turned his body.

“Please take care. I’ll quickly go and come back.”

The Great City was chaotic.

It felt like everyone was on edge.

They seemed to be holding their swords and were suspicious of their surroundings.

He even saw a few buildings completely destroyed. But, there were no signs of them being fixed.

‘Strange.’

It was very different from the normal lively scenes of the Great City.

While walking in the gloomy atmosphere, Taehwan was able to coincidentally meet a mercenary.

As the mercenary, he saw a few times from the underground passed him on the street, Taehwan grabbed hold of him.

“Hey, did something happen?”

“Oh oh, Kim Taehwan! You were alive!”

“I was outside the Great City for a bit to complete a request.”

“Is that so? I knew it. I felt that it was odd for you to suddenly ask what happened in this current situation.”

The mercenary heaved a deep sigh.

However, it wasn’t long.

At most, 15 days. Taehwan felt like something happened during that period of time.

The mercenary whispered into Taehwan’s ears.

“It’s been crazy these days. The Sun Guild lost.”

“They lost?”

As Taehwan spoke loudly, the mercenary was startled.

The mercenary quickly blocked Taehwan’s mouth with his hand and spoke quietly.

“Shhh, speak quietly. Either way, the Sky Devil Church appeared. People say they placed their base at Sky Library. The Sun Guild attacked with a great army but they lost. They say that they were looking for cooperation from other groups and were preparing for a second attack but its hard to say what’s going to happen, tsk tsk.”

The Sun Guild lost.

They lost within the Great City.

Something that couldn’t happen, happened, and Taehwan was silently shocked.

“And so the atmosphere is like this because of it?”

“Well, there was that, but the Command Clan has also infiltrated the Great City. Right now, it’s a commotion because of this. If a house suddenly gets destroyed, a trial is started by force, and these things occurred frequently.”

“A trial…”

A trial. It was a kind of test.

It was a fight with your life on the line.

If you live, you would receive a reward but if you die, it was the end.

It seemed like the partially destroyed buildings in his surrounding were sacrificed like that.

“You be careful. If you seem a bit suspicious, the guards will try to kill you.”

“Thanks for the advice.”

“Phew~ Due to this situation, we have more work but the problem is that many people are dying off. If this continues, I might need to leave the Great City.”

The mercenary clicked his tongue and left.

Taehwan’s expression hardened.

In just two weeks, rapid change seemed to have happened.

# Chapter 139: Sky Devil Church (3)

‘How in the world did Muyoung hyungnim enter the Sun Guild?’

Kim Taehwan started to act quickly as he realized there wasn’t much time left.

Afterwards, Taehwan couldn’t help but tilt his head to the side when he arrived at the front gate of the Sun Guild.

As he had been so busy, he wasn’t able to think deeply but he had no way of knowing how Muyoung became part of the Sun Guild.

‘From what I remember of hyungnim’s skills, even the Sun Guild would be interested in him…’

That’s right. Muyoung was strong.

From the time they met at the Blue Temple, he was strong, incomparable to anyone else.

Even the great Sun Guild would try anything to recruit him if they knew Muyoung’s true worth.

However, Muyoung was always alone.

He never socialized with anyone.

He seemed like he purposely made a distance between others so that they didn’t interfere with one another.

And that sort of man entered the largest group, the Sun Guild?

Those who know of Muyoung wouldn’t be able to help but smile at the thought.

Of course, it was in itself hard to believe that he was still alive.

As, he had thought Muyoung died in the Sky Library.

Even when he met the fully armored man a while ago, and had suspicions that the man might be Muyoung, but he didn’t bother to really check because of the same reason.

Taehwan was certain to some degree of Muyoung's death.

'If he is alive, he would have secretly infiltrated the Sun Guild because he had a plan.'

Taehwan inwardly nodded his head.

Muyoung didn't like showing himself.

He would have certainly spent his time with other guild members quietly.

Even if Taehwan was to enter the Sun Guild, it was most difficult to know how he was going to find Muyoung.

"Stop. What can I do for a member of the Luminescent Guild?"

The Sun Guild's main castle.

It was a huge castle that had about 10 floors and surrounding the huge building, the atmosphere was chaotic.

Taehwan was fully alert as he felt like the guards who were walking around the place would draw their swords at any time.

Among the guards, one asked Taehwan after seeing the Luminescent mark on his shoulder.

"I'm looking for a person."

"Who are you looking for?"

"Someone named 'Muyoung'. He might go by a different name. Please allow me to enter to find him..."

"Are you talking about Muyoung, the commander in chief?"

Taehwan's eyes shook slightly.

Was there such a position in the Sun Guild?

If there was, he could feel the greatness of the position just from hearing his title.

The commander in chief represented the highest commanding officer within an army.

“The commander… in chief?”

“Actually, the commander in chief did say that someone would come looking for him. Who should I tell him you are?”

Taehwan was still doubtful but the cold atmosphere lifted somewhat .

Since only the members of the Sun Guild knew about Muyoung, they felt that it would be unlikely for an enemy of his to appear.

On the other hand, Taehwan was just dumbfounded.

Was the commander in chief really the Muyoung he thought he knew?

Muyoung’s image was always close to solitude but the title was completely opposite to that image.

On top, it was a ridiculously fast promotion speed.

It had only been a year since Muyoung disappeared.

It was obviously impossible for Muyoung to become the commander in chief in just 1 year even if he entered the Sun Guild right away and built his status.

It would have also been impossible for Muyoung to gain that much ability in just 1 year.

It was because, at the Blue Temple, Muyoung did stand out, but compared to the strongest humans, he was still lacking.

“I’m ‘Kim Taehwan’”

Either way, the die were cast.

After bringing up the name Muyoung, if their reaction wasn’t great, he even thought of secretly infiltrating the castle or even fighting them.

“Please wait here for a moment.”

A guard left.

However, they didn't easily let Taehwan in.

'They're impenetrable.'

There were more than 20 people visible to Taehwan.

To protect the castle, this many people were on watch.

After waiting for about 30 minutes, the guard who went into the castle quickly ran out.

"Please, enter. The commander in chief wishes to see you."

How many people were members of the Sun Guild?

There was a statistic that there were more than 20,000 people.

Among them, most were middle-aged men who were members of the Sun Guild for more than 5 years and if he counted the visitors who stayed at the castle, there seemed to be about 21,000 to 22,000 people.

If he added the people who worked for them, the numbers multiplied.

Amongst the guilds, the Sun Guild definitely had a lot of members to be within the top 3.

Of course, the group with the most members was, of course, the Holy City Mulalan.

The city itself was a sanctuary and its inhabitants were a part of the group.

Either way, that many members didn't all stay at the main castle.

Nevertheless, the castle seemed full.

"You just need to open this door and go in."

The guard who escorted him up the 10 floors purely by walking slightly lowered his head and looked at the large iron door that was in front of Taehwan.

Taehwan was overwhelmed just by walking up.

Even though Taehwan entered the Luminescent Guild, one of the Nine Guilds, the size was incomparable.

The Luminescent Guild might be half the size of the Sun Guild at most.

But, did that mean the members of the Sun Guild were for quantity rather than quality?

That wasn't the case.

'Dragon Pond, Tiger Cave."

A pond where the dragon lives, or a cave where tigers live. Taehwan felt like he came to a place like that.

Taehwan swallowed his saliva.

Is the person on the other side of the door really Muyoung?

Creeeaak.

He pushed the door half in doubt.

Soon, the huge iron door pushed back and the interior of the room was visible.

"It's been awhile."

"..."

Taehwan couldn't help but freeze due to the voice that spoke as soon as he entered the room.

He couldn't help but do so.

There was no way he would have forgotten that voice.

"Muyoung... hyungnim."

Brrrrrr!

He felt a shudder.

He was truly Muyoung.

Before he arrived, he thought 'perhaps it might be Muyoung' but

it was no more than a thought.

He also slightly felt as though he was dreaming.

What was more surprising was Muyoung's appearance.

'It's the same.'

Muyoung wore the same armor as the man that disappeared into dust after dying from Hyungbish.

Different from the huge door, the room was small and Muyoung was sitting in a chair with a dragon design while he looked over his responsibilities.

It didn't suit him but it was still Muyoung.

"Were you here from the beginning?"

"I entered just recently. I think it has been a bit more than a month."

"What's this about the commander in chief? It's my first time hearing about such a position."

After putting down the documents he was looking over, Muyoung looked at Taehwan.

"It was a position created temporarily. Since there is no one better than me to get rid of the bastards that are roaming around. That grandiose title wasn't made by me though."

It was Hyacinth's opinion.

That Muyoung needed a title that showed his high position to lead others.

Taehwan was speechless as he was dumbfounded.

In his head, Taehwan couldn't understand what in the world Muyoung would have done to receive such a position so easily from the Sun Guild.

No, he was confused as to if this Muyoung was the Muyoung he knew of.

In this place where there were tons of strong men, Muyoung had to be strong to be within the top 10 humans to stand out.

“There are probably a lot of things you would like to tell me. But, before that, isn’t there something you need to give me?”

“Ah…”

It seemed like Muyoung roughly knew why Taehwan came to this place.

Taehwan nodded his head.

Afterwards, he took out a crystal the size of a fingernail from his side.

“Sungmin mister told me to give this to you.”

“It’s an information crystal.”

There was a low possibility for them to drop a crystallization when a noble devil died.

It seemed like Bae Sungmin created something similar on his own after watching.

The magical power was contained in the crystal in the form of letters and images.

After receiving the crystal, Muyoung’s expression instantly became serious.

‘Moon. It’s about him.’

Muyoung knew Bae Sungmin didn’t die.

Although he didn’t know about the details of the situation, he thought that Sungmin would approach him in some way.

Then, Taehwan appeared and gave him a crystal with important information.

Muyoung dismantled the crystal with his eyes and concentrated on it further.

Muyoung did attack the guys who camped at the Sky Library once but lost.

The Command Clan, jiangshi, and some guys who he wasn't able to identify.

Probably the followers of the Sky Devil Church.

And Moon...

He wasn't able to push them away.

Although Muyoung was able to evade all kinds of traps and fight them face-to-face, he was stopped by the mighty seventh type of jiangshi and Moon.

Muyoung went into battle himself but the results were the same. Even if Moon hid his body, there was no gap to get to him.

Numerous devils protected Moon. As a result, they failed in their assassination.

To assassinate a strong person, they said it took a while but to assassinate Moon, it seemed like it would take at least a few years.

It seemed like he didn't have any kind of weakness.

However, the information Bae Sungmin gave him would be different in some way.

– Moon. He deals with this space and within it he raises devils. He uses power related to the space but he has a weakness.

He flinched while he read along the inner crystal.

A weakness!

Moon had a weakness?!

– A signpost to maintain the space. There wasn't anything visible like a talisman. It is impossible to always maintain that much space and devils just by using a skill. It meant that his powers can only be exhibited in special areas.

– The hexagrams buried underground. If you destroy the things

made by an unknown material, Moon would also lose his strength. A total of six, one in the Sky Library and the other five placed somewhere within the Great City…

Clench!

He clenched his left fist tightly

And pressed the button on top of his desk.

Beeeeeeep!

It filled the castle with noise.

“What did you do?”

“It’s the signal to strengthen the boundaries and to hold an emergency meeting. Follow me.”

Muyoung quickly started to move.

Moon’s weakness who no one could find out.

That was found by Bae Sungmin.

He had no more time to waste.

Remove the hexagrams hidden within the Great City!

It was the special command Muyoung gave during the meeting.

Instantly few dozens of detached forces were created and they started to investigate the Great City.

And for the friendship with the Luminescent Guild, Kim Taehwan was treated as an envoy.

If things worked out well, Muyoung thought Taehwan’s position would be strengthened and a connection with the Luminescent Guild would be possible.

Muyoung also didn’t just fool around.

Late in the evening.

Muyoung became a shadow.

Although he failed in assassinating Moon, others couldn't escape Muyoung's touch.

'As expected, he was here.'

Muyoung found his whereabouts by using the intelligence branch through Hyacinth.

Hyungbish.

Finally, caught his tail.

Because he could suddenly appear and vanish into thin air, if Muyoung moved with a group, Hyungbish would notice and run away.

His abilities were so great that even within the Command Clan, his rank would be around the top.

And so, Muyoung came to this place on his own.

However, if it was Hyungbish, he was worth Muyoung acting alone.

With his subordinates, Hyungbish was on the other side of the building chanting a spell with his eyes closed.

He was creating a trial.

Swoosh.

Muyoung who thought it was the best time to act, started to move.

He became one with the darkness and no one was able to hear his footsteps. His sword strike was accurate.

Swiiiish!

The moonlight reflected off Anguish and spread everywhere.

At the same time, Hyungbish's right arm was cut off and a line continued to the middle of his chest.

'It's low.'

It was a perfect success.

But, from the beginning, Muyoung didn't think he could assassinate Hyungbish with 100% certainty.

Hyungbish wasn't a man who would die just because you cut off a part of his body.

But, this was enough.

"An assassin?"

Hyungbish winced. Although blood was flooding out, he didn't show any signs of surprise.

"Hyungbish."

"Do you know me? That means you would also know that you would die."

A master of the Command Clan.

His upper body split open.

At the same time, from the inner parts of his body, numerous tentacles poured out and surrounded him.

These tentacles didn't differentiate between friend or foe. Instead, it ate up his surrounding subordinates and recovered his injuries.

Also, a few types of red jiangshi also appeared.

It was apparent that Muyoung was getting into a difficult fight.

However, Muyoung calmly took out his talisman.

"Sword Two, Sword Three, and King Mutant."

From the talisman, three undead popped out.

It wasn't a 'one against many' type of situation.

"Undead? That's unusual."

Hyungbish's eyes were filled with curiosity.

He was a corpse sorcerer who was able to handle corpses.

He was also a great master.

Hyungbish quickly realized that Muyoung's undead weren't ordinary just by looking at them.

"You will soon be added to this line."

Muyoung made a short affirmation.

If Muyoung made Hyungbish into an undead, he could sway the Command Clan.

And so, he had to win this fight.

Dragon Pond, Tiger Cave – A four-character idiom that means a very rough and dangerous place. The four characters specifically mean a deep pond where the dragon lives and a cave where the tiger lives.

# Chapter 140: Sky Devil Church (End)

Rippp!

Crunch!

The tentacles absorbed everything.

Like the suckers of an octopus, they latched onto everything and absorbed them as is.

“Shit! What is this?!”

As the building was destroyed, the people inside it came out.

Even though it was the evening, this place was in the inner parts of the Great City.

If there was a commotion, there were, of course, people who would gather.

Maybe because of this, Hyungbish didn’t seem like he was going to drag it out too long.

Sword Two sliced a tentacle, took a step forward, and asked Muyoung.

“Please, give me your order.”

“Take care of the jiangshi. I’ll take care of him.”

The 10th type, the red jiangshi and the 4th type, the black jiangshi.

The jiangshi were corpses and they were unable to feel pain.

Even if their attacks didn’t reach Muyoung, they were still enough to be a hindrance.

Muyoung made Sword Two, Sword Three, and the King Mutant take care of those creatures.

It seemed like he could categorize the red jiangshi as at most being high rank, and the black jiangshi at the 1st level of the

highest rank.

Just by simple calculations, his undead might seem lacking but Sword Two, Sword Three, and the King Mutant weren't ordinary undead.

Just because their levels of power were similar didn't mean the results of the fight would be the same for the fight between the undead.

It was enough if they just stalled.

'Hyungbish, let's settle this today.'

In the past, when Muyoung was active as an assassin.

Muyoung had a connection with Hyungbish.

While he was completing an assassination, he had to face the person's bodyguard.

While he succeeded in his assassination of the target, Hyungbish had crazily gained on him.

Muyoung tried to avoid useless fights and make an escape, but because Hyungbish persistently followed him, they fought day and night for two days.

In the end, they both became wrecks and the fight became a draw, but now was the time to complete the match that they weren't able to finish back then.

"Receive my Baptism of Death."

Hyungbish repeated a spell.

Then, on top of his head, a space was opened and a huge skeleton's face popped out.

The skeleton's blank eyes looked at Muyoung.

'Death.'

That skeleton was death itself.

The power to kill the person it continuously looked at.

A skill that was like a big cheat. However, it definitely had a limit.

‘The Six Paths, the Asura’s Path.’

Muyoung also opened the entrance to another world.

If death popped out then he just needed to fight it with his own manifestation of death.

-It’s been awhile since I’ve breathed the air outside!

Murdudun popped out in a semi transparent form.

Murdudun wore a gold crown and held a silver trident but there was a change in his outer appearance.

His body was similar to a frog but his head was changed to something similar to a seahorse.

It seemed like he was slowly taking the form of the Murdudun King in past literature.

“Fight against death.”

-Is Death the name of the skeleton? He is truly ugly!

Murdudun laughed uproariously and called out specters.

The numbers were a staggering three thousand!

It appears it was more quantity than quality but it was more than enough to wrap around that skeleton’s head.

As his skill became instantly disabled, Hyungbish frowned.

“What a strange guy.”

The gaze Hyungbish gave Muyoung was definitely filled with shock and respect.

He was surprised that there was someone else besides him who could control corpses as well as death, and the fact that all of this wasn’t ordinary seemed to have produced these sorts of emotions.

However, was that really all?

Swoosh!

Muyoung held Anguish.

At the same time, a horn sprouted on his head.

“Now spiritism? I guess I need to dissect you after I kill you.”

Astonishment. And the continuation of surprise.

In a pure way, Hyungbish respected Muyoung.

Although Muyoung did try to assassinate him, the skills Muyoung showed were beyond plain and close to extraordinary.

Hyungbish also found out that the identity of that horn was evidence of a god’s gift.

‘A god who’s extremely rough and strong.’

However, that was all.

Just because he received a gift from a god, it didn’t make him invincible.

‘However, it’s only a drop in the bucket compared to the god I serve.’

The tentacles gathered near Hyungbish more quickly.

Within time, his whole body was wrapped with tentacles and within it, a black eye popped out.

Pushh!

Muyoung’s sword reached him. But, it touched a thin layer.

‘The grains are continuously changing.’

After the tentacles wrapped around the whole body, as if numerous bodies were put together, there were tons of grains and they continuously changed.

In Muyoung’s position, you couldn’t help but say that he was a picky opponent to fight against.

“The god I serve is the master of the sky! The true Sky Devil.”

Kewwwwyooo!

The skeleton cried out loud.

Including Murdudun, the specters were greatly swayed by it.

If Muyoung was to drag on like this, death would once again look at Muyoung.

Hyungbish spoke.

“It’s incomparable to the blessings of a minor god.”

“You talk too much.”

A minor god? If Asura heard this, he would personally take his head.

Hyungbish moved.

Crank!

Anguish stopped Hyungbish’s movement.

Then, Hyungbish stretched his body and attacked Muyoung.

‘Even grains have a constant form.’

Muyoung concentrated his mind.

Like water flowing in a river, he calmed his mind and paid attention to the form Hyungbish’s grains created.

“Look! This is the power given to me by the master of the sky! Incomparable to a gift given by a minor god.”

Twong. Twooong. Twooooong.

The attacks stopped at regular intervals.

When the grains changed, the sound was different.

A difference that no one else but Muyoung could tell.

‘Now.’

He changed his attitude.

Muyoung moved.

Then, Hyungbish wasn't able to follow Muyoung's speed easily.

Puuush!

The middle of the heart was accurately pierced.

"It won't do any..."

"There is nothing absolute in the world."

He might think that if he was to get injured, he just would need to recover once again.

As that's what happened up until now, he spoke as if it was nothing.

However, what Muyoung had pierced was the start of the grains.

All things in the world had grains and when that part was focused, no matter how strong and firm it was, it would crumble.

Slaash!

Muyoung's sword drew a line.

'I can't recover?'

Hyungbish's eye was instantly filled with fear.

The regeneration had stopped. His body didn't move as well. As if he was stabbed by a hook.

It was the first time this had happened.

When he met Moon, Moon was able to oppress his devilishness, but wasn't able to confine his body.

However, this guy was strange from beginning to end.

He was eccentric.

"Oom Baroshio, Coon Jaruja..."

Hyungbish cast a curse.

Then, the surrounding space was distorted and a new world

started to form.

It was ‘Trial Creation’.

He was trying to create a trial forcefully and separate his body.

Even in front of Muyoung, a message related to the trial started to pop up.

<Entrance to ’Strange Devil’s Trial I’…> A small hole.

The trial didn’t expand yet.

Muyoung continued to strike the grains and took out a dagger from his side.

And threw it inside the end part of the small hole.

‘Everything has grains.’

This world would also have grains for sure.

If Muyoung was to surpass King Slayer’s level, he would definitely be able to see him again.

It was the same about the trial.

Even more, when it wasn’t completely created.

It was much easier to read the grains.

Riip! Riiiiippp!

The dagger Muyoung threw was nailed to the grains of the trial.

Then, the trial that was being created was once again destroyed.

Hyungbish looked at it as if he couldn’t believe what he was seeing.

“Who, who, are you? How is this possible?!”

Something that couldn’t have happened, had happened.

Now, it wasn’t even extraordinary.

It was impossible!

An area where he couldn’t understand in his head.

A gift from god?

Simply just by looking at what Muyoung had accomplished, it was enough to make others believe he was a god himself.

However, that was Hyungbish's last regret.

<You have killed a subordinate of the 'Sky Devil'.> <The Sky Devil isn't one of the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism but is a god who was in a hostile relationship with Asura.> <Asura is very happy.>

<Asura's blessing is strengthened. Now, 'Asura's Vassal' title raises Spirit Ability by '30'.> Asura's blessing.

A strengthening of a title!

It wasn't bad.

However, Muyoung paid attention to the residue left after Hyungbish changed.

As evidence of a god's gift, a black eye popped out that then turned into a small gem and rolled onto the ground.

When he grabbed the fragment with his hand and looked at it, the Eye of the Sky was activated.

Name: Immortal's Fragment

Rank: None

Effect: A fragment of the Immortal king. When the fragments are collected, it transforms into an essence and the essence becomes a material to administer the strength of the 'Immortal King'.

"…!"

The Immortal King.

He had found the second clue.

He never thought Hyungbish would have it.

'Moon would also have a fragment of the Immortal King.'

There were a lot of similarities between the energy felt by Hyungbish and Moon.

However, Moon was much stronger than Hyungbish.

It meant that Moon had a bigger fragment or more fragments than Hyungbish.

'Art of Death.'

From the tips of Muyoung's hand, a dark energy stretched out.

<One who controls corpses and death!> <Just by its existence, it is suitable for the Art of Death.> <Art score is 91!>

<Rank of skill 'Art of Death' increased by one. B -> A> <The 'Art of Death's upgrade to A rank has restored the opponent's stats as they were.> Name: Hyungbish

Level: 435

Type: Dark Champion

Strength 440

Agility 379

Stamina 500

Intelligence 422

Wisdom 385

Magic Resistance 330

Power of Death 410

+ Skills Tentacles (A), Jiangshi Technique (A+), Death (A+), and Devilification (A) are usable + Understanding of death (Immune to mind control) + Extraordinary defense ability

+ At most, 20th type of jiangshi can be controlled As Hyungbish was turned into an undead, the surrounding jiangshi also stopped moving.

And as they were dependent on Hyungbish, they slowly kneeled

to Muyoung.

“Greetings, Master of Darkness.”

There were five red jiangshi and three black jiangshi that were fine.

Just with this, his military strength had greatly risen.

Not enough to reach Moon, but enough to sway the Command Clan.

‘Moon. You have a fragment.’

Muyoung’s eyes became heavier.

Moon didn’t just have an Immortal’s Fragment but another fragment as well.

‘Fragments of the Fissure.’

He remembered how Anguish cried when he approached closer to him.

It had realized that another Fragment of the Fissure was nearby and cried.

Gremory asked Muyoung to find three fragments.

And among them, one was kept by Moon, the sect leader of the Sky Devil Church.

Moon’s eyebrows wiggled.

‘He has started to disturb my source.’

The six hexagrams placed within the whole Great City.

They were Moon’s strength but that wasn’t all.

However, the Sun Guild was disturbing the hexagrams thinking that they could just weaken Moon’s strength.

‘Those fools, it’s already too late.’

Of course, it was definitely enough to weaken Moon’s power.

But, they were already too late in dealing with a more important matter.

The hexagrams have already absorbed the energy they needed.

The preparation in creating a trial was also completed.

Since they had already completed a few dozen experiments to check that there was nothing wrong, now it was time to complete the final step.

Moon smiled.

And spread both arms wide.

“Oh, Sky Devil!”

Swoooosh-!

Red stars started to fall from the sky.

Although they seemed like a group of shooting stars, they all didn’t seem right.

A scene hard to see even in the Demon God’s Territory.

However, this was all planned by Moon.

He was the sect leader of the Sky Devil Church.

And what Moon wanted to carry out in the Great City was the advent of the Sky Devil.

Soon, the hexagrams that wrapped around the Great City started to emit red light towards the end of the sky.

The falling stars reacted to the light and were altered into blood.

It felt like the world was covered by the light.

Moon shivered.

At last, at last!

After a long time of waiting, he attained his long-cherished desire.

From Moon’s forehead and both wrists, a Devil’s Seal came into view.

At the same time.

<The ‘Sky Devil’s Trial’ has begun.> The Great City was drenched in blood.

# Chapter 141: Chaos (1)

The size of the Command Clan's military was discovered to be approximately 3,000 soldiers.

Their numbers couldn't be compared to the Sun Guild, but they had somehow managed to occupy the Sky Library and make it their base.

Through its geographical position and their modus operandi, they had gained victory over the Sun Guild in the First War.

'We destroyed five hexagrams. All that remains is the one inside the Sky Library.'

Muyoung's plan was simple.

Using Hyungbish, he made him infiltrate the Command Clan, discover the location of the last hexagram and destroy it.

The result was successful.

Hyungbish carried out Muyoung's operation superbly.

However... that was the beginning.

<'The Sky Devil's Trial' has begun.>

<The Great City and 'The Ancient King's Castle' are no longer accessible.> <The Sky Devil is craving blood. Complete all trials.> <If you are successful, rewards will be given according to your results.> <Alternately, if you fail, 'The Sky Devil' will be resurrected.> <Time limit – 1,000 hours>

<Number of Survivors – 875,449 people>

A red comet fell.

The world was filled with the same light, and at the same time, blood-red waves were everywhere.

"Sky Devil's Trial?"

"What is a Sky Devil?"

“What the heck is this.....”

“I have no idea what is going on.”

The people were taken aback.

The Sun Guild’s elite were no different.

However, it was universally recognized as ‘an extraordinary situation’.

And the world, taking this into consideration, abruptly changed to suit the situation.

Thump!

Thummpp!

The first thing that changed were ‘houses’.

At every house and at the castle, arms and legs sprouted and they became monsters.

As for the people inside?

Even Muyoung had no choice but to search for only the important people and escape.

If the interior of the house was perceived as a model of comfort in the past, it was no different from the stomach of a monster now.

It was because a strong acid that melted and corroded everything was flowing out and into the surroundings.

<‘Family Ordinance’ has appeared.>

<Family Ordinance attacks everything that moves.> <Overthrow Family Ordinance and gather 20 essences.> “Mu-Muyoung. What in the world happened?”

Hyacinth was taken aback.

Although her hair was disheveled as if she had just woken up, her eyes were clear.

“It is an urgent situation. You need to pack your seal and escape.”

“Ah, I understand. Just a moment.”

“We’re out of time.”

“Gyaaak!”

Muyoung lifted Hyacinth smoothly and carried her on his shoulders, then went to where the seal was hidden close by.

After this, he forcibly cut through the spell on the drawer, withdrew the seal from inside it, and escaped the castle.

The castle had certainly become a huge monster.

But if there was something fortunate about the situation, it was that most of the Sun Guild’s members had succeeded in escaping.

“Lady Hyacinth!”

“Commander-in-chief!”

They approached Muyoung with hurried strides.

Of course, they were a limited number of people who acknowledged Muyoung’s service to a certain degree.

There were few people who followed Muyoung within the Sun Guild.

Swoosh!

Muyoung withdrew Anguish.

Pure white ice came out of his whole body.

Seeing that, Hyacinth furrowed her brow.

“Muyoung… No way…”

“From now on, I will destroy the castle.”

Muyoung said coolly.

The danger would diminish only if the Sun Guild’s main castle, that enormous structure, was eliminated.

And maybe they could get something called an ‘essence’.

Smash! Smaaaaash!

Just by walking, it was enough to overwhelm people.

As the message has said, the monster called Family Ordinance attacked everything that moved.

“If you stay still, won’t you be attacked?”

“Well, it did say it attacks ‘moving’ things. It is often true that it’s the right answer to sit still and strike after you see an opportunity.”

“First of all, we need to investigate the situation…”

Each person came up with their own solution.

Not everyone was willing to move aggressively in a sudden situation.

The first thing was to ‘identify’.

Their words were certainly not wrong, however it was not the right answer either.

‘So this is what the Sky Devil’s Trial was.’

Right. Even Muyoung knew this.

In the past, after the Great Calamity, when Moon had created the Sky Devil Church and started a war with the Holy City of Mulalan, he had personally talked about this.

Only the person who overcame the Sky Devil’s Trial was qualified to face the Sky Devil.

At that time, he did not think it was really a ‘trial’.

Many people interpreted it as only the ups and downs of life.

Muyoung was one of those.

‘However at that time, this kind of thing didn’t happen.’

This was certainly true.

If the Sky Devil’s Trial existed, why did he not do it in the past?

On the other hand, why was it possible now?

Clearly, there was some difference that Muyoung did not know.

If he figured that out, it would even be possible to strike a checkmate move.

‘The Sky Library… the wall has been struck.”

A huge blue wall had developed around the Sky Library.

It seemed that perhaps the Sky Devil would resurrect from it.

The walls of light were so huge he couldn’t even see the grains.

If so, Muyoung decided that he would first start with getting rid of the thing in front of him.

Gasp!

Paak!

With a huge breath, Muyoung stormed out.

Then, the castle moved its hands to grab Muyoung, but his speed was so great it was impossible for the castle to keep up.

Pssshh!

Anguish cut off a leg.

Then, the wound appeared and the spot froze.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Muyoung continued to kick the castle’s frozen legs.

Then, the legs that supported the castle soon shattered.

Kkieeeeeeeek!

The rest was only a matter of repetition.

When the arms and legs were removed, the castle surprisingly returned to its original appearance.

It would have been enough to get rid of the newly formed part.

“Boring.”

Muyoung dusted off Anguish.

Just over ten thousand guild members saw that image.

When no one was able to easily take the lead, Muyoung demonstrated it personally.

As if they just needed to do the same.

Then, Muyoung turned his attention to Hyacinth.

After realizing what she had to do, Hyacinth hurriedly took out the seal.

“I command you through the Guardian Seal of the Sun Guild. Eliminate the surrounding monsters and as for the essence…”

“Gwaak!”

“This! What is this! Ack!”

“Something is in the ground!”

Suddenly, people started screaming.

Black hands protruded from the earth and took people into the ground.

The people that were dragged beneath didn’t return.

Muyoung seemed to know what that was.

‘Specters.’

<The specters attack the people who are standing still.> <Specters do not attack people who are alone.> It was a phrase he’d seen a lot somewhere before.

He’d experienced trials similar to this before.

No, most people gathered in this place would have.

‘The Sky Library.’

Among the trials he had experienced in that place, there was one that was similar to this.

Muyoung nodded his head.

If it were specters, it was rather a good thing.

“Fuck! Skills don’t work!”

“If it is a specter-type monster, shouldn’t light-based skills work normally?”

Everyone was flustered.

This was not the usual specter.

The skills that worked were extremely limited.

—Intruders...

—Let’s get rid of the intruders...

There was no other choice.

The specters were the original inhabitants of the castle.

So therefore it was correct to think that they were the imbued spirits of the ‘Ancient King’s Castle’.

They were excellent warriors and humans were merely intruders.

It was the job of a warrior to reject an intruder.

A spirit that had been honed and polished for thousands, or tens of thousands of years couldn’t be removed with a common skill.

Those spirits can only be dealt with by spirits.

‘Murdudun.’

A black circle formed behind Muyoung’s back.

Asura’s Path opened and thousands of spirits poured out.

It was a skill Asura had handed to Muyoung.

If the Sky Devil merely dealt with evil spirits, you could say Asura was the king of evil spirits.

As they are both similar types of god, they should also be able to

inflict a blow directly.

—‘They are great evil spirits. They are very desirable.’

Murdudun drooled.

He was planning to even incorporate them into his army.

Then, Muyoung spoke briefly.

“Swing to your heart’s content.”

Muyoung was also planning to do the same.

No matter how many times he eliminated the Family Ordinance monsters, he couldn’t see any ‘essence’.

However, when he eliminated a newly discovered ‘purple Family Ordinance’, an essence fell off.

‘Ah, so I have to kill the coloured Family Ordinances.’

So to speak, it was an admiral-class monster.

However, the coloured Family Ordinances were much stronger and more agile than the regular ones.

More than 50 elite guild members had died while eliminating a coloured Family Ordinance.

Due to Murdudun, the danger from the specters had lessened to some degree, but as if they had waited, other problems arose.

Winged women.

It was because of the emergence of shapeless ghosts, which were a little different from succubi.

< ‘Night hags’ delude both men and women.> <The more you gather, the more the possibility of collective hypnosis increases.> They drooled. The women stripped naked and the men moved their hips back.

As if they were dreaming, their eyes closed and their bodies trembled.

They enjoyed pleasure with the most blissful expressions in the world.

People with high magic resistance were able to resist, but all of those that didn't were afflicted by the night hags' bedazzlement.

Those who were bedazzled did not get up.

Their spirits were sucked up, and their bodies quickly dried up and died.

And those who died in that way became 'vampires'.

"What... what is this? Weren't they dead?"

"Geuuaaaak!"

<'Vampires' suck the blood of a living person.> <Those persons whose blood is sucked will be mentally controlled by the vampires.> It was a feast for all types of ghosts.

And the ghosts wanted one thing.

And that was 'division'.

Ultimately, what the ghosts targeted were the united people.

When they were alone, they were less of a target.

So it caused people to realize that unity would bring them harm, which resulted in dispersion.

"At this rate it's better for me to move alone."

"If we unite, the progress becomes slow. It's better to separate the strong ones."

Even the Sun Guild was already beginning to show signs of division.

The situation of other places, then, was obvious.

And when the people separated, a message suddenly floated up.

<Would you like to become a follower of the Sky Devil?> < You can be safe from the Family Ordinances, specters, night hags,

vampires, etc. > <Furthermore, you can receive the Sky Devil's blessing.> <The Sky Devil's blessing strengthens your body's ability.> <The Sky Devil's blessing gives you new skills.> The path to becoming the Sky Devil's devoted follower!

When one became a follower of the Sky Devil, they could free themselves from the wearisome spirits.

Not just that. One could even receive the blessing of the god that made this trial. So there was nothing to lose.

Force. In the Underworld, in order to survive, strength was an indispensable criterion.

A world where the weak died and only the strong survived.

Who would refuse if they said they could make you stronger?!

There was no reason to leave the easy path and choose the difficult path.

Those who pursued immediate gain, and those who were weak chose that route.

They even took matters lightly and thought that nothing would really happen even if they became a devoted follower.

It was just a matter of nodding the head.

The procedure wasn't complicated, so that was the icing on the cake.

After choosing the path of the devoted follower, a long phrase floated up.

<Congratulations. You have become the Sky Devil's devoted follower.> <Kill everyone apart from other devoted followers.> <After eliminating them, a score will be awarded and you will receive a reward from the Sky Devil.> <However, if you fail to collect a minimum of 500 points within the time limit, you will become a specter.> <The score of the eliminated target is based on the 'influence', rather than the force.> <1st priority target for

elimination (10,000 points) – Hyacinth> <2nd priority target (7,000 points) – Bahamude> <3rd priority target (5,000 points) – Lawless Jin> <4th priority target (3,000 points) – Ootsuki Yuka> ……

<10th priority target (500 points) – Muyoung>

# Chapter 142: Chaos (End)

After seeing his name on the 10th spot, Muyoung frowned.

The rankings seemed to vary according to influence rather than force.

Hyacinth was currently the most influential girl in the Sun Guild.

Since the Sun Guild itself was the strongest guild in the Great City, it seemed like she was ranked first.

'Like this, disorder is induced.'

The more the Sky Devil's devoted followers increase, the more difficult it would become to complete the trial.

The number was small now but as more and more people were divided and frightened, in the end a lot of people would lose heart.

He had to move fast even if he had to divide his attention.

'Luminescent Guild's Guild Master Bahamude, Lawless Clan's leader, Lawless Jin, and Ninja Group's Queen Ootsuki Yuka...'

The representative groups of the Great City included the Sun Guild, the Luminescent Guild, and the Lawless Clan.

But not the ninjas.

It seemed as though a lot of them had flowed into the city, but due to the trials their identities were exposed.

'Alexandro's name didn't come up.

The name of Ootsuki Yuka, the enemy that had never shown herself directly, was included in the list of targets for elimination.

However, Alexandro Quintart's name had not been shown at all.

'He's either hidden perfectly, or he's dead.'

The future had changed.

A situation where he didn't know what would happen or when.

However, Muyoung inwardly shook his head.

Alexandro.

He wouldn’t have died easily.

In the past too, hadn’t he survived to the end?

“Muyoung! So you’re Muyoung! Keuhaha!”

There was a man who approached him with the specters.

When the man laughed loudly the spirits united and formed the shape of a sword.

“I’m overflowing with strength! The Sky Devil’s blessing is really beautiful!”

The man’s eyes were half rolled back into his head.

He’d become a devout follower and it seemed he had lost half his mind.

‘A devout follower…’

In the end, becoming a believer meant being a coward.

If he was in his right mind, there would be no way he wouldn’t have been suspicious about becoming a devotee of the Sky Devil.

Swoong!

Muyoung pulled Anguish out.

Then a red light began to hang in the air surrounding Muyoung.

It was similar to the light that had appeared immediately after the Sky Devil’s trial, but compared to that it was much more sluggish.

The Absolute’s domain!

As soon as the man stepped into Muyoung’s domain, the sword made of spectrers trembled greatly.

“What, what is it? Are the specters afraid?”

The man’s half-lidded eyes widened.

Specters. A flock of the already deceased.

There was no way that a feeling similar to fear would be possible, and shouldn’t be possible, for them to feel.

But... the specters were afraid. As soon as they had entered Muyoung’s domain, they acted as if they had come to a place they should not have entered.

Ssssss.

Muyoung’s movements were like a shadow.

Without even a sound.

As if he wasn’t there from the start, he approached and sliced the man’s neck with one stroke.

Slash!

“Gawk!”

The man’s neck spurted and vomited up blood.

But he didn’t stop there.

Muyoung cut his fingers off one by one. He made short cuts to each joint so that the man felt the maximum amount of pain.

He cut off his ears, gouged out his eyeballs and finally he tore his mouth open so that the interior was exposed.

It was a scene that was brutal to the degree that even the Sun Guild members who were watching furrowed their brows.

However it was something he had to do once.

“The devoted followers of the Sky Devil will die in the most painful way.”

Soon after, thousands of spirits led by Muldudun swarmed behind Muyoung and attacked the man.

Kyaaaaaaaaaaak!

The man uttered a strange shriek, even though his neck was cut.

As the specters burrowed into and passed through the man's entire body afterwards, nothing but bones remained.

This was Muyoung's warning to all.

You had to be brave in order to become a Sky Devil's devotee.

Muyoung had no intention of participating in this game.

The total amount of seals Hyacinth collected was eight.

In fact, she basically held similar influence to the Sun Guild's guild master.

But, there were certainly those who looked upon Hyacinth with disgust.

"Hyacinth is too young. At this rate, the Sun Guild will be taken over by that man."

The Fire Dragon Knights' leader, Lennon.

He, who had grown a long beard, stared at Muyoung with blood-thirsty eyes.

He was too wild.

"But, Sir. The Commander-in-Chief's forces could be ranked amongst the top 10..."

"Shut up. Commander-in-Chief? He's just a guy with good luck. If you knew why the top 10 humans are the top 10 you wouldn't be able to make such absurd statements."

Lennon's face was twisted like a wicked spirit's face.

Originally, Lennon should have had the highest authority in case of emergencies.

As it was now wartime, and the Fire Dragon Knights was the Sun Guild's strongest group.

The strength of 500 elites was truly enough to even kill a dragon.

“At this rate, if the trial comes to an end, it will be a problem if Alexandro returns. I have no cause to attack Muyoung, and if Hyacinth wants it, command over the guild will probably be divided.”

Disorder, division.

They weren’t good words.

Since the result would end up being the downfall of the Sun Guild.

But Lennon knew better than anyone else that Hyacinth was a soft-hearted girl.

However, because of her strong defensive shield called Muyoung, her colours had changed for a moment like a chameleon.

“What will you do?”

“If he dies, Hyacinth will also come to her senses.”

Lennon gnashed his teeth.

That was right. The main culprit behind everything. In the end, it was Muyoung.

If only Muyoung was gone, Lennon would have been commanding the troops and breaking the trial.

He could also have been nominated as the strongest candidate for the next Guild Master.

One rotten apple completely spoiled the lot.

“Then…?”

When the deputy chief tried to drew his sword, Lennon blocked him.

“Not now. I still have some cards left.”

As if he knew what the card was, the Deputy Chief was dissuaded.

“Chief, you shouldn’t trust that wench, because you don’t know

when she might stab you in the back.”

“She’s still a woman. In the end, they become soft around men. Also, as long as I have a family heirloom, she has no choice but to follow me.”

Lennon groped at his chest and pulled out a talisman.

Chiiik!

Then, as soon as he tore it, a black crow drawn with an ink stick flew up into the sky.

He was summoning her.

The ninja, Ootsuki Yuka.

Since he had sent the order, there was no need to say more.

Now the ninjas would remove Muyoung.

‘Yuka, you can’t escape me.’

Lennon laughed.

He felt he should have done it sooner.

Lennon nodded as he racked his mind, trying to think of a way to coax Hyacinth after killing Muyoung.

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The ghosts evolved little by little.

For example, the houses united and became increasingly larger Family Ordinances, and the night hags materialized and attacked people more and more regularly.

Perhaps it’s likely that their influence grew more and more as the Sky Devil’s followers increased.

“Lennon is a really dangerous guy. You’re going to have to be careful with him.”

Abdullun.

The deputy-guild master suddenly went close up to Muyoung and

spoke.

Inside the guild, Abdullon's arms and legs had been cut off and he had become a useless person.

However, somehow his spirit had not died.

'The composure of someone who knows something.'

Muyoung was able to guess where that spirit and composure came from.

Those who had unknown power or secrets showed this kind of special composure.

"Is that advice?"

"Lennon has a lot of greed. So he can't win this trial."

"You speak as if you know about the Sky Devil's trial."

"I don't know about the Sky Devil's trial, but I do know about the Sky Devil."

Abdullon laughed humbly.

Given the fact that he had just dealt with the colored Family Ordinance and obtained their essence, Abdullon's composure could not be explained in plain terms.

When Muyoung didn't reply, Abdullon continued speaking.

"The Sky Devil is revered as a god, but in fact he isn't a god. He's just an enormous collection of evil. If he is a god then... He would be an artificial god...?"

An artificial god?

Moon had erected the Sky Devil Church.

That was because he revered the Sky Devil that much.

It was also described as 'The god opposing Asura'.

So Muyoung believed that the Sky Devil was one of many gods.

However, Abdullon said that he wasn't.

“What does that mean?”

“In the end, it’s a difference of faith. If one becomes a god through faith, if that faith disappears, wouldn’t the god also cease to exist?”

It was a new view.

That meant, if you removed all those that believed in the Sky Devil, then the Sky Devil itself would disappear.

‘That’s the reason they are causing fear and gathering devoted followers.’

Did he mean that it wasn’t a matter of simple division?

The fake god was increasing the number of people that believed he was a real god.

It would be the case if Abdullon’s words were true, but….

At the centre of this was Moon.

If Moon had created the illusion of a god, he would be the key to everything.

—’There is suspicious movement.’

It was a skill called Sound Transmission.

The technique of conveying sound through the wind from a distance.

It was the voice of Ataraxia.

—50 ninjas are moving. It seems they are after you, master. What are you going to do?

Ninjas?

‘It’s Lennon.’

Muyoung knew that he had a relationship with Yuka.

He knew that Lennon would make a move someday, but that time had come faster than he had thought.

It seemed he really didn’t want to see Muyoung commanding and leading the soldiers.

‘Kill everyone.’

However, if it was the ninjas, especially if Yuka was included, Ataraxia alone was not enough.

Inwardly he shook his head as he added one more thing after his order to kill.

‘No, we should go together.’

During the battle, Muyoung made a clone with the Soul’s Tail, and ordered it to stay in the guild.

Afterwards, he moved to hunt the ninjas with Ataraxia.

Ninjas and assassins.

Who was stronger and who was more useful was a popular issue for a long time In particular, Wung Chunglin’s research about ninjas was severe to a point where it was extremely focused.

Perhaps it was because he felt they shared the same net.

As a result, Wung Chunglin developed all ways and means to deal with ninjas.

He dissected all of their peculiar skills, and injected all those techniques into the assassins in order to polish them up.

Muyoung inherited all of those as the best assassin.

Even though he had returned to the past, those skills were still alive.

Chwaaak!

Below the bright red moon.

A body was cut. Blood gushed.

“Seuup…!”

The ninja couldn’t even finish his words, and his mouth was

pierced.

A surprise attack.

In an instant, half of the 50 ninjas had perished.

Even the ninjas could not react quickly to the sudden attack.

A fight between ninjas and assassins.

In short, the biggest difference lay in who attacked first.

They never thought Muyoung would attack at this point.

That small difference produced an irrevocable result.

Ataraxia and Muyoung had transformed into the most perfect assassins.

They assimilated into the darkness and cut off the lifelines of the ninjas.

'I don't see Yuka.'

Ootsuki Yuka and the strongest ninjas weren't visible.

Did they think this was enough for Muyoung's assassination?

If so, it was disappointing.

Yuka should have the discerning eye to determine the degree of Muyoung's true self.

Unlike Lennon.

If she had seen his true self, she would have turned up personally or sent the greatest ninjas.

The fact that she didn't was a testament to the fact that she did not even care about Muyoung.

It seemed they were sent to just show that they followed Lennon's order.

'Keep their bodies whole. They will be made into undead.'

— 'I will follow your command.'

A voice flowed out.

The Lawless Clan gave many advantages to Muyoung in various ways.

So much help had been provided just from the Sword Bone Trio and Ataraxia alone.

Also, the ninjas needed to be killed in the best condition possible.

Muyoung smiled begrudgingly.

He intended to turn the attacking ninjas into undead, and present them intactly to Lennon.

You reap what you sow!

# Chapter 143: Evil Spirit Sovereign (1)

To all Sky Devil followers, Hyacinth was the number 1 target they had to kill.

As she wasn't strong like Alexandro but just had high influence, to them she was truly an appropriate prey.

This wasn't unknown to the Sun Guild either.

Of course, men gathered near Hyacinth and due to this, there were gaps in other places.

"Hyacinth, just because of you, a lot of people are dying. Don't you think you need to move some men to other places now?"

Lennon talked about the very point that Hyacinth felt guilty about.

However, Hyacinth didn't really give orders.

The power of the seal was considered absolute to the Sun Guild and Hyacinth's brothers and sisters.

It was because about half their minds and bodies were modified to be influenced by the fundamental force of the seal.

Hyacinth had the greatest number of seals and the members of the Sun Guild had organized a battle formation to protect Hyacinth before she was even aware.

Lennon knew this but the reason why he pointed this out to Hyacinth was to sway her.

Hyacinth secretly turned her eyes and looked at Muyoung.

Muyoung didn't say a word. However, to Hyacinth, he was the most reliable man in the world right now.

What was there to be afraid of if he stood by her side?

"Okay. Let's focus on hunting the Family Ordinance and collecting the essence. I don't think there are that many Sky Devil

followers.”

Hyacinth changed the formation.

As she allowed the change so easily, Lennon’s expression hardened.

‘This girl?’

If it was her in the past, she should have instantly stiffened with a pale face.

It would have been normal for her to keep her head down and her mouth shut.

But, she was completely different now. It felt like she had become another person.

The girl who was just young to Lennon was now looking straight into Lennon’s eyes.

As if she wasn’t going to lose.

‘This won’t do.’

As expected, the guy next to her was the problem.

Muyoung. Because the guy was beside Hyacinth, she was changing.

If Hyacinth was to pursue power, there was a definite possibility that the Sun Guild would be ripped apart.

‘I must kill him.’

Lennon forcefully stopped his surging urge to kill him.

However, it was strange.

Muyoung should have disappeared by now.

However, there were no signs of the ninjas acting.

‘What in the world is Yuka doing?’

Ootsuki Yuka.

The master of ninjas and the woman called the Empress.

A woman in her mid-thirties with glamorous looks and body.

She made the men who stood in front of her slightly flustered while they looked at her.

His expression was endlessly cold. It seemed like he didn't have any emotions.

"Who are you?"

Something that could not happen, had happened.

For the Empress to speak first.

On top of that, this was a place deep underground. It was a place that could never be reached unless they were ninjas as the place had layers of safety mechanisms and an innumerable amount of camouflage.

At this place, a man who wasn't a ninja had appeared.

Casually. As if he came out for a walk.

However, there were ninjas behind him.

Ninjas?

No...

'Undead.'

Yuka corrected herself. In the past, they were ninjas, but now they were a group of undead.

The man's eyes turned to Yuka for the first time.

Then Yuka couldn't help but shudder once.

The man drove death.

The man was a grim reaper. Perhaps, he was death itself.

She had never seen such a man before. If she could fight against him, would it be similar to Wung Chunglin from the Forest of Death?

Yuka believed she was the best at seeing someone's potential and their true character. And so, this feeling wouldn't be a mistake.

"Muyoung."

The man spoke for the first time.

Muyoung. Muyoung.

'I have never heard of him.'

No matter how much she tried, he wasn't in her memory.

If it was that sort of unusual name, she would probably remember him.

That meant, Muyoung had never participated in external activities.

If that wasn't the case, there was no way for that strong of a man to just fall from the sky.

"What do you want? A war?"

Surrounding Yuka, more than 500 ninjas were in hiding.

Even more, Yuka was also one of the most skilled ninjas.

Even if Muyoung was strong, this place was like a tiger's den.

She had the confidence that she would not lose.

However, what was this strange feeling.

A feeling like she would instantly be devoured the moment she makes contact...

Thud!

Muyoung threw a dagger on the floor.

Yuka's eyes widened when she saw it.

"How, how did this?"

"Don't intervene. Ootsuki Yuka."

Muyoung spoke quietly.

The dagger with ‘Ninjado’ written in Chinese characters.

The dagger was an article left by the person who was called the first Ninja King.

If someone had this dagger, the ninjas couldn’t attack the person. It was similar to the seals of the Sun Guild.

Normally, Lennon had it and so they were unable to touch him.

“Did you come to give this to me? Then, you’re stupid. You wouldn’t be unaware of the fact we can’t do anything to the person with the Ninjado.”

It was right to think that the person already knew of the item if he stole it from someone else and brought it to the owner.

If he really did come to give it to her, he was naïve.

However, Muyoung seemed to be far from being naïve.

For what reason?

“Do you want to revenge against Wung Chunglin?”

“…!”

Yuka’s eyes grew wide.

Wung Chunglin. How did Muyoung know his name?!

Even within the Underworld, only a few people knew of the name of the leader who ruled the Forest of Death.

Yuka was among them. But, she didn’t know him in a good way.

Revenge!

Only a desire for vengeancel was left towards the man who killed the first Ninja King.

However, this truth was also something only her and Wung Chunglin knew of.

“That story, who…did you hear it from?”

There was no way Wung Chunglin would have told it himself.

A person close to him. She was certain he was someone close to Wung Chunglin.

Yuka gently took a step back. As soon as she were to lift her foot up, the 500 ninjas would attack Muyoung at once.

“From the Ninja King himself.”

“What sort of nonsense…”

“The Holy City Murdudun. He was trapped underground in that place. To be exact, he had trapped himself there.”

Yuka knitted her brows.

The Ninja King was killed by Wung Chunglin. Yuka saw it herself.

But, he said it wasn’t true.

It was a ridiculous story. However, Muyoung’s words were true.

Not now, but before he returned from the past, he had seen him in the underground prison of Mulalan.

The man who lived with delirium and fear of Wung Chunglin.

It was truly a coincidence of finding him there.

Who would have thought that he would spend time in the same cell underground when he infiltrated the place for an assassination?

“You are not the only one who wants revenge against Wung Chunglin.”

Ootsuki Yuka was a rational ninja.

She was quick at calculations and didn’t take risks.

Just, it was annoying if he was to become her enemy.

There was also no reason to be enemies if they had a similar goal.

Yuka looked into Muyoung’s eyes.

It was to check if his vengefulness was true.

And he looked like a volcano about to explode.

The biggest and most violent thing in the world was being kept from exploding by the man's rationality.

Using the Sound Transmission technique used by Ataraxia, Muyoung also sent one more word.

-Huang.

"...!"

Huang. It was a nickname Ninja King called Yuka when she was young.

The man knew of something that only they knew of.

'Was the first Ninja King truly alive?!'

Yuka's body trembled lightly.

If the man, Muyoung's words were true, she had no time to waste at this place.

She needed to get to Mulalan at once.

To do this... she needed to complete this trial.

Clomp!

As if Muyoung did not need to listen to her answer, he left unconcerned.

The great Yuka who was called the Empress couldn't help but to vacantly look at his back.

Muyoung made a small smile.

Even if Muyoung didn't make any deals with Yuka, Yuka would act to complete the trial on her own.

Yuka wouldn't become a follower. The pride of the Empress was strong and she had no reason to serve a god.

She would be useful as an obstacle for the Command Clan and Moon..

‘Until she finds out the truth, she can’t touch me.’

Muyoung’s strength was briefly shown, And she felt it.

And so, the truth only Muyoung knew had made her uncomfortable.

It would be the same even if he hadn’t killed 50 of her ninjas.

Yuka was a rational and calculating woman.

She would know that it is more beneficial for her to leave Muyoung alone than to fight him.

Either way, the declaration of war was complete.

Since he had returned the Ninjado, the ninjas wouldn’t bother him any longer.

“Attack the Fire Dragon Knights and Lennon.

Swooosh.

Around 50 ninjas moved with one goal.

While watching them from behind, Muyoung clenched his fist hard.

‘The revenge against Wung Chunglin will only be completed by me.’

If he wanted to, he could have twisted the truth a bit to make Yuka attack Wung Chunglin.

Since Muyoung knew of all the stations created by Wung Chunglin.

However, he didn’t do so.

He couldn’t give away this revenge to anyone else.

The Fire Dragon Knights and Lennon were all humans.

They were humans who shit, eat, and do things.

Even those who are called elites couldn’t keep their sense of tension up all day.

And that small carelessness took their lives' away.

The ninjas followed Muyoung's orders and devoured the Fire Dragon Knights from the smallest parts.

They were able to find out they were being attacked by someone only two hours later.

"Seven have died and two more are missing."

Clank!

"How is this possible?!"

Lennon smacked the ground and grinded his teeth.

'Yuka, that bitch!'

And he found out that the ones attacking them were ninjas.

He didn't think Yuka would stab him in the back!

He searched for the Ninjado just in case.

It was there but it took time for him to notice it was a fake.

'You'd steal my item? You dare?!'

"Don't lower your guard and follow me. From now on, we will subjugate the ninjas!"

Grind!

Yuka. Lennon already found out the location she was at.

Lennon's personality didn't allow him to stay put and be attacked like this.

Yuka was also aware that Lennon would soon attack her. Wouldn't she have already spread her informants?

Lennon was only able to see an empty basement.

Then, when he was about to turn around and go back, Lennon couldn't help but doubt his eyes.

Clank!

Clank!

Several hundred jiangshis appeared.

There was a good mix of red jiangshis and black jiangshis.

And in the middle, there was a Death Knight.

When the Death Knight gave his signal, the jiangshis instantly covered Lennon and the Fire Dragon Knights.

“Those who aren’t followers. Answer with death.”

The Death Knight spoke.

Lennon quickly tried to stop him but he couldn’t hold them back for even 10 seconds.

‘He’s strong!’

Exquisite swordsmanship. On top of that, quick enhanced movement.

His power was strengthened by Sky Devil and Lennon was losing the fight against this strength.

Lennon could only barely block him.

“Guuuaaaaaaackkk!”

“Ch, chief!”

In the meantime, the Fire Dragon Knights were being disintegrated throughout.

Although their numbers were also lacking, they couldn’t win against the strengthened jiangshis regardless.

Although the members called for the chief, Lennon couldn’t reply.

Slash!

Lennon’s head flew up in the air.

Their eyes were filled with astonishment.

They didn’t think his life would be given up this easily.

However, the Death Knight that killed Lennon was emotionless.

As if he just killed a bug. He acted as if it was natural.

He just quietly kneeled on the ground and prayed to the sky.

Purple light shined in his two hollow eyes and numerous specters became evil ghosts and clung to him.

From the sky, the Sky Devil’s light came down and Tacan absorbed their souls.

“Through the grace of the Sky Devil, this faithful servant, Tacan, offers death.”

Soon, the Fire Dragon Knights were annihilated.

# Chapter 144: Evil Spirit Sovereign (2)

The Luminescent Guild was considered to be one of the Nine Great Guilds.

A place situated in the Great City and also the group Kim Taehwan belonged to.

“There’s evidence of a battle.”

Upon arriving, all that remained were countless traces of battle.

However, there was not even one corpse.

‘A strange energy.’

Woo-woo—

The specters led by Muyoung cried out creepily.

Similar to the specters’ aura, a different kind of energy was in the surroundings.

“What in the world happened?”

Hyacinth asked with a serious expression.

After Lennon and the Fire Dragon Knights had disappeared and the guild was at risk of being shaken, the Sun Guild was still intact.

If it had collapsed just from that, it couldn’t be called the strongest guild.

“The Command Clan. They attacked this place.”

That kind of energy was unique to none other than the Command Clan.

To say the least, it meant that the Command Clan, or the Sky Devil’s followers, had raided this place.

‘They are continuously increasing.’

It was an event that couldn’t be handled lightly.

If a group as big as the Luminescent Guild was already defeated,

it was only a matter of time before the number of people who volunteered to become the Sky Devil's followers would drastically increase.

However, the ranking of the 'Top 10 Influential People' had not changed.

It meant that the Luminescent Guild's guild master 'Bahamude' was alive and well.

After a moment, people with search skills began to pop up and investigate the surroundings.

Soon after, one of the people investigating the surroundings shouted.

"I've found traces of massive movement!"

He was a searcher who slowly scrutinized the memories of the ground.

His eyes turned blue and scanned the surrounding ground like a radar.

As everyone approached, he explained.

"Nearly five thousand people moved to this place. Facing south west, to be exact."

"Five thousand people? By any chance, were they Luminesect Guild members?"

The man shook his head when Hyacinth asked.

"I'm not sure of that much."

Even if he scanned the memories of the ground, he couldn't find out about everything. Only the approximation of the composition could be seen.

Still, he had measured the movements of five thousand people and even as a seeker, it was quite impressive.

"If it's south west isn't that where the Sky Library is?"

“There is also the arena there.”

“If it was the Luminescent Guild they would have thought the same thing as us. Since Bahamude is not such a stubborn person. There is no reason to go to the Sky Library.”

Hyacinth tapped her forehead with her finger.

It was surprising but Hyacinth was developing day by day.

The uniqueness of the battlefield and the release from repressed circumstances seemed to have produced synergistic effects.

“The possibility that the group headed towards the arena is the Command Clan is high. Perhaps, our worries could become reality.”

“By worries you mean…?”

“In two days. The Blue Temple’s gates will open. Everyone is aware of that, correct?”

“Ah…!”

As if he had just realized, the seeker shook his head.

The same was true for Muyoung. He hadn’t thought about that at all.

He thought that the temple was disconnected due to becoming the Sky Devil’s domain in the Sky Devil’s trial.

However, what if, as usual, new people came in through the gates?

‘A massacre.’

The Command Clan’s power would grow by that much.

The Sky Devil’s devotees would also be strengthened with greater rewards from hunting.

However, one thing that was certain was that around this time, many people appeared and become heroes.

One year after Muyoung's arrival, the typical hero that crossed the gate...

'The Mountain Sovereign Bombar!'

He, like the Dragon King, was a man who started a revolution.

As long as there was the slightest chance of someone with the strength of a mountain to cross the gate, it would be a waste to let him die.

"We have to go to the arena."

Muyoung briefly uttered.

It didn't seem like Hyacinth's thoughts differed.

If this fight was prolonged, the gate associated with the Blue Temple might be the only rescue plan.

The enemies continued to grow.

The allies continued to decrease.

Although they were weak because they just arrived, the battlefield was a shortcut where they could quickly get strong.

If appropriate aid and support was given, they would rapidly develop and become a strength to them.

If there came a point where they had to conduct defense tactics, there weren't as many places where it would be as easy to stop the enemy as that place.

The Sky Library was also close by, so it was a good place for an attack.

"Let's move to the arena."

They couldn't lose that place.

Muyoung didn't hide his own strength.

If his adversary was a devil, he acted even crazier than it.

It was the same when he fought with the Command Clan, who

had occupied the arena.

Those who died were turned into jiangshis controlled by the corpse sorcerer, and there were also a lot of the Sky Devil's followers.

When combined with the thousand Command Clan members, it became approximately five thousand people.

However, they were nothing compared to the Sun Guild. Both in quality and quantity, they were of no match.

"The Sky Devil's Grace!"

"I give this humble life to the Sky Devil!"

Then, their choice was self-destruction.

A martyr blew up his body like a bomb.

As they used the geographical advantage for defensive tactics. It was quite a pain in the ass.

Thus, Muyoung also chose to take the bull by the horns.

'Thorn Formation.'

Thorns rose from his entire body. Even though his agility decreased, it was a technique that drastically increased defensive power.

It was a skill gained from hunting demon nobles.

<Physical Resistance increased by 200 points.> <Magical Resistance increased by 150 points.> <Agility reduced by 60% (235).>

Actually, Muyoung had a very high Magical Resistance.

Unless they were within the top 10 humans, there weren't many people who had Magical Resistance exceeding 400.

However, using the Thorn Formation skill, it greatly exceeded 500 and reached 600.

Using most skills it was impossible to land a blow on Muyoung.

Physical attacks didn't work either.

As it was, Muyoung charged to make a path.

"He really isn't human."

"How many skills does he have?"

Everyone watched Muyoung and their tongues wagged.

If there was a battle, Muyoung ran to it.

The incarnation of a battle demon; a devil who was crazy about battles.

<The influence rating has been raised.>

<10th place (500 points) -> 9th place (1,000 points)> <The Sky Devil has modified the rules. The scores of believers are doubled for the next two days.> A change had occurred.

The intervention of the Sky Devil. Muyoung didn't think that it could even make a new rule.

'He's in a hurry.'

Muyoung clicked his tongue and spread ice crystals around the surroundings.

Kwang! Kwakwakwang!

The crystals soon began to vibrate and shatter.

In an instant, the believers were swept away.

However Muyoung was fine.

'Magical Resistance of 600.'

He had never had such figures before, even in the past.

Although there was help from his skills, it felt like he was in a new world.

As the people that had been blocking the entrance were cleared

up, Muyoung stopped using Thorn Formation.

Swoong!

And he withdrew Anguish.

“Stop him!”

“Muyoung! If you kill Muyoung, you gain a thousand points!”

Enemies swarmed in like moths.

From the moment he lifted his foot, Muyoung became a devilish killer.

At the end of the battle, the arena was regained.

The gigantic circular arena had all kinds of defensive magic placed on it, so it wouldn’t budge an inch from outside attacks.

Intrusions by air required high ranking flying skills.

It was like a well-made fortress.

Also, at the end of the arena, dozens of black spheres were floating around.

That was the gate. It was being activated gradually and forming the shape of a door.

“Husbaand!”

Not long after they had reclaimed the arena, Woohee suddenly appeared.

Come to think of it, he hadn’t seen Woohee at all in the Great City.

And so he had completely forgotten about her.

“Fai-fairy?”

“It’s a fairy!”

“Oh my word…”

People were startled at the sight of Woohee running in

Muyoung's direction.

It was natural.

You couldn't catch a fairy even if you wanted to.

The person that a fairy chased after was usually touted as a hero.

"Husband, you've missed Woohee all this while, right?"

"So your name was Woohee."

As Muyoung pretended that he didn't know her, Woohee whined.

"Sheesh, even when you brush me off it's charming. But once you find out what Woohee has learned, you will see Woohee differently."

"Weren't you just playing around?"

"I wasn't! This trial. I think it's made by a fairy!"

In an instant, there was silence.

The Sky Devil's trial.

Of course, he thought it was made by the Sky Devil.

A fairy made it?

'Usually trials are made by a fairy. Also Abdullon said that the Sky Devil was not a god.'

Even Muyoung felt as if he had taken a blow.

If the Sky Devil was not a god but was a fairy, he could now understand Moon's 'god-making' work a little.

"To be honest. When she enters this city something smells very coppery. Woohee can't stand that, you know... So she just prodded around here and there and found some fairy homes."

"Fairy homes. You said they were given when fairies create a trial."

"Yes, but they don't leave them behind. And there were no

inhabitants. See, Woohee… Thought it was strange… So when she searched some more! There was a house that was occupied. It was a very dangerous fairy's house!"

"A very dangerous fairy?"

"It was the Fairy King."

Muyoung frowned.

He'd heard the story of a new fairy queen.

But it was his first time hearing about a king.

As if she read Muyoung's mind, Woohee explained.

"Ah! Not the Fairy Queen! A very long time ago there used to be a Fairy King and he disappeared. He did something wrong, lost his dignity and fell into 'The Void'. However, why is the Fairy King's house here in the first place? Doesn't something smell fishy?"

Woohee shrugged her shoulders.

The fairies lost their world.

Because of the long absence of their king.

And if the king in 'The Void' was summoned…

Moon.

He had summoned him.

As the name 'The Void' suggested, it was a void zone.

A place where the last days of those who couldn't become gods were regarded.

The only existing person that could summon those that resided there was Moon.

'The fairy king designed the trial and the Sky Devil aims to realize godhood.'

The pieces of the puzzle were coming together.

Trials were originally best made by fairies, the original gods not

being very elaborate.

Even in the trials that were left by the Masters of Darkness and Asura, he could see their flaws.

“How’d I do? Woohee did well, right?”

Then, Woohee cleared her throat and leaned her head closer.

Muyoung raised his hand slightly.

The enemy was not a god.

That one belief had a great influence on everybody.

<The rank of influence is elevated.>

<9th place (1,000 points. -> 6th place (2,000 points)> <The Sky Devil has established a new rule.> <Targets to be eliminated are marked with a symbol of the Sky Devil.> <The Sky Devil’s follwers will instinctively try to kill the user.> <Will you become a devoted follower of the Sky Devil?> <This is a message that the Sky Devil has sent directly to the user.> <Becoming devoted will free you from all danger and you will be able to receive more power and rewards.> Muyoung chuckled aloud.

His mere suspicion that the Sky Devil was not a god made him move.

Maybe it was because if everyone believed you weren’t a god, you really couldn’t become a god.

Woohee’s opinion made the Sky Devil impatient.

‘A guilty conscience needs no accuser.’

Muyoung firmly rejected it.

*

A fierce two-day long battle.

Surprisingly, up to ten thousand cultists, Command Clan members, and jiangshi assaulted the arena.

As they attacked day and night without pause, every Sun Guild guild member had no choice but to be exhausted.

However, they defended it.

The Blue Temple and the connected gate were unscathed.

Creeaaak!

Two days later, when it was morning again, the gates began to activate.

And people started popping out one by one.

Most of them were haggard and weak. Still, they had adequate aggression left.

However, they could not help but wonder when they crossed the gate and saw the Sun Guild and Muyoung.

After enduring a month at the Blue Temple and crossing with such difficulty.

There were a lot of people staring at them.

From their time at the Blue Temple, most of them had already learned that they shouldn't trust people even from the same place.

The tension increased and... suddenly one of those who had arrived suddenly stepped forward.

"Here I am! Here I am! The great wizard Oscar has arrived! Geuhaha! Who are you guys? Are you the enemy? If you don't step back soon, you will soon see a terrible sight!"

A madman had appeared.

A fireball appeared in the hand of the madman.

A spear of ice formed in his other hand.

"Amazing... except for the fact that he is a bit weird."

Hyacinth said.

He was handling skills of two different elements at the same

time.

A novice who had just come out of the Blue Temple.

If another guild or clan saw this scene, all of them would be eyeing him.

He seemed crazy, but where in the Underworld was personality important?

More than that, in this place strength and potential ranked far higher.

“Merlin’s best pupil! Who can stop me, the great wizard Oscar?! If you don’t get lost immediately… Keok!”

Muyoung seized the madman by the head.

It happened in a flash.

“This, this guy really wants to die! Let go!”

The madman threw the ice spear and the fireball in Muyoung’s face.

Muyoung didn’t even try to avoid it.

The skill burst with a great ‘Bang!’ sound, but Muyoung was unscathed.

There was not even a mark.

The madman’s eyes widened. He couldn’t believe it.

“Oh, how did you get hit by my spell and remain unscathed? Okay! So, you are the devil!”

“Did you say Merlin?”

“Don’t say his name without permission, you devil!”

The madman seemed to have already classified Muyoung as a devil.

No matter how good of a beginner he was, in the end, he was still a beginner.

It was also absurd to think that a beginner could hurt Muyoung, who was already classified within the strongest rank.

Muyoung looked around the surroundings.

The gate that the madman had passed through was crowded.

Most of the people had made it through.

Seeing that, it seemed that he might be mad but he wasn't a villain.

'Merlin.'

However, more than that, the thing that surprised Muyoung was Merlin's name.

When he heard the name, Muyoung's mind sparked.

The great wizard of the Blue Temple!

The real wizard that had grabbed the ankles of three Demon Gods in the past was Merlin.

The battle back then had been fierce enough to shake the Underworld.

Originally, Merlin had tried to make Muyoung his disciple, but Muyoung had rejected him.

So, he had a new disciple?

Muyoung's eyes turned to the madman for the second time.

In the original version, the writer puts – '도둑이 제 발 저리다고 했지.' This directly translates to something like: 'The thief's legs go numb.' It is a Korean idiom, and the only thing I could relate it to was a Jamaican idiom which goes "Throw a stone in a hog pen, and the hog that gets hit squeals." meaning those who are affected or have something on their conscience react when the thing is merely mentioned, with no actual accusation necessary.

# Chapter 145: Evil Spirit Sovereign (3)

At the same time, he shot out a murderous spirit.

It was a more refined intent to kill than anyone else had in the underworld. An energy that kept saying that he would kill you was like a silent lion's roar that made people unable to move an inch.

In reality, the crazy mage's face began to change into a bright red tomato.

"If-if you want to kill me, it would be better to kill me fast. Or else, I will poke out your eyes, feast on your heart, and burn your corpse to crisp someday!"

It was like a frantic effort.

However, there was still quite a bit of malice.

There would only be a few novices that could receive and withstand Muyoung's murderous spirit closeup.

Of course, if he was to really release his murderous spirit, their bodies would burst.

Nevertheless, while it was quite good, he didn't like it.

"Why did you come out already?"

Being Merlin's successor meant that the person needed to stay at the Blue Temple until he was ready.

No matter how great of a talent you had, 1 year was absurd.

He ran away.

Merlin wouldn't have been easy with his training and he would have run from the Blue Temple because he was sick of it.

"Wha, what... gulk!"

Muyoung held his neck and raised it.

The man struggled as he shivered his whole body before he

flipped his eyes.

Muyoung's eyes were filled with silent anger.

Merlin's successor. This title was enough to produce a disturbance in the Underworld.

The 'Great Magician' was a title for those who could kill a Demon King, and even Demon God's depending on their skills.

He had thrown that away.

Before that hope was completed, he ran out as a defective product.

How could he not be furious?

He would have just died before he realized that he had received an undeserving blessing.

If this arena had still been occupied by the Command Clan and not Muyoung, this man would have become a good material to make jiangshi with.

Plump!

Muyoung frowned as he threw the man on the floor.

"Cough! Cough!"

"Listen carefully."

Either way, he was a man who learned magic from Merlin.

A man who learned authentic 'magic' and not 'skills' used by people!

If he could let him live and use him, he would become quite useful.

Then, as he looked around his surrounding, few thousands of eyes watched Muyoung.

"This place is the Underworld."

Beginners. What could they know?

Even more, the current situation was the worst for them.

As soon as they came out, they were once again put into a war.

Muyoung looked at the sky of the arena.

Keeeyaaaaackk!

Soon, wyverns made up of bone flew up and started to break the barrier spell placed on the arena and enter the arena.

Swoosh!

Muyoung took out Anguish.

And he spoke.

“This place is a battlefield.”

The followers of the Sky Devil had all sorts of different skills.

Besides the skills given by the Sky Devil, they also had the skills they already had.

Muyoung couldn’t predict all of their skills. Only, because he thought of the worst-case scenario, he had already predicted the magical barrier of the arena would break soon.

And so, around five hundred were attacking from the air, the rest started to attack from the ground.

However, the members of the Sun Guild and Muyoung were tired of fighting.

The beginners were frozen as they couldn’t help but to just watch a fight between gods.

“...is he the same person?”

“They say one thing after another. Fuck.”

“Who are these people?”

“The monsters in the Blue Temple were nothing.”

Amazement, shock, and deep sighs.

The feeling each of them felt was different but they were all unable to take their eyes off.

A month was difficult at the Blue Temple.

The monsters invaded every day and the lacked food supply.

But, the current battle was so dynamic that they didn't feel their days at the Blue Temple were nothing.

The fighting style of Muyoung was especially desperate. It was very aggressive with no backing up.

At the very front, he destroyed the enemy's frontline and made a way.

If he succeeded, he could reduce the damage to a minimum and annihilate the enemy, but if he was to fail, it was a tactic that would only lead to a useless death.

Something that no one else could easily do, he had succeeded.

Not just that.

'Monster.'

He was able to control death.

The ones who were killed by him rose as undead.

If there was someone who was more of a monster than a monster, it was him.

Muyoung hid his powers because of his position as the Commander in chief of the Sun Guild, but after the Sky Devil trial started and when Lennon disappeared, he exhibited his powers.

However, surprisingly no one reacted.

It had been a disputed question fom some time that he could control specters.

They acted as though there wasn't anything particularly strange for him to have a skill like that because he had so many skills.

A strong blood scent surrounded the place.

Corpses were lined up in rows and there was no hesitation in killing a human.

Asura.

The Underworld was that sort of place.

“I need to live… in this sort of world?”

“I have to kill to live…?”

“What if they kill us?”

However, it was a shock to them.

It couldn’t be helped.

They thought everything would end when they get out of the Blue Temple.

However, that was only the start. They just only finished their beginner’s training.

Especially Oscar was greatly shocked.

‘Merlin’s words were true.’

He said there were many strong men.

However, Oscar considered himself the strongest.

As there were no enemies in the Blue Temple, it was an obvious matter.

Oscar felt like he became an absolute master and life was so dull when he was trapped in the Blue Temple.

As Merlin wasn’t human, Oscar wanted to win against other strong humans.

‘He was self-satisfied.’

He became small.

In this place, Oscar wasn’t anything.

In their eyes, Oscar was just one of many beginners.

However, he was unsure who was the devil.

If any of the two wanted to kill them, as beginners they wouldn't have any way to stop them.

Chop!

At last, Muyoung who cut off the last follower's neck pulled Anguish back.

Then, the blood on Anguish was absorbed by Muyoung.

'Devil!'

If there was a devil among them, it had to be that guy.

Muyoung's image made it seem so.

A man who tramples and kill humans like ants and gave off a vicious energy.

Oscar was certain as he repeated a spell.

He thought he needed to do something first before Muyoung killed him.

"Die!"

Water and wind, earth and fire, and golden energy were merged together into one.

It was the strongest magic Oscar could currently use.

Even a devil wouldn't be safe after receiving this blow.

Spat!

A blue sphere with the energy of five elements flew towards Muyoung.

Then, Muyoung slowly turned around.

He raised Anguish and within a blink of an eye, he cut through the blue sphere.

From the moment the energies were gathered, Muyoung was aware of it.

It was a strong wave of magical power than he had expected, but that was all.

Seeing Muyoung's actions that flowed naturally like water, Oscar opened his mouth wide.

"They say a stick is the medicine for a mad dog."

Then, Muyoung placed Anguish back.

He didn't kill him.

Merlin's successor. Even if he only learned for a year, he was someone who could use authentic magic.

It meant that his skills were quite good as well, and would be of help in improving his territory.

Of course, even if they had skills, it was normal for Muyoung to instantly kill them when some attacked him.

If he wasn't the successor of 'Merlin', the one who devoted himself to the humanity and tried to stop Demon Gods until the end, Muyoung would have done so.

It seemed necessary for Muyoung to fix his state of mind.

'I'm fucked.'

Oscar instinctively felt what was going to happen from now on.

And a moment later, Muyoung had become a devil itself to Oscar.

Hyacinth's eyes were dreamy.

After finding out a fairy followed Muyoung, she trusted him more.

Now, it didn't matter if he was a knight or not. Just by 'knowing' Muyoung her heart fluttered.

Fairies only followed true heroes.

So, Muyoung was a hero.

‘Even him hitting people is cool.’

And so, she was blinded by love.

Although everyone else clicked their tongue when they saw Oscar get beaten by Muyoung, not Hyacinth.

‘Even him getting blood on his fist is cool.’

Even when Muyoung’s fists were covered in blood and Oscar’s whole body became a rag, Hyacinth looked at Muyoung breathing with loving eyes.

Even in the Underworld, there was love.

Especially for a girl, those emotions can’t be killed.

And for Hyacinth, she was in her prime.

If just one message didn’t pop up.

<The guild master of the Sun Guild, Alexandro Quintart has died.> “…!”

Hyacinth’s eyes greatly widened.

What the hell was that about?

When a human who is close to a hero dies, everyone was sent this sort of message.

They weren’t sure if this truth was told so that people could be more hopeless or for them to work harder, but just by his influence, Alexandro Quintart was someone who was greater than a hero.

His death was, of course, told to everyone and it approached them as something greater than a shock.

Thud!

Hyacinth plumped down on the ground.

The color of her face changed to blue.

“The guild master is?”

“No way…!”

“It, it has to be a lie.”

The Sun Guild was also freaking out.

Even to a normal guild member, Alexandro Quintart was a myth.

The person who rose to the top from the very bottom.

A man who didn’t seem like he would die even if he was killed.

And so even when he disappeared, there was an implicit trust that he would return.

It was also the reason he wanted to quickly take care of the situation with Lennon.

Since it was obvious that the leadership would be taken by Alexandro when he returned, Muyoung planned to take some of the authority beforehand.

But… he died.

‘The future has changed.’

Muyoung also couldn’t help but harden his expression.

Alexandro Quintart was originally a figure who survived until the very end.

One of the top 10 humans.

He was so proficient in working behind the scenes that he utilized the Forest of Death the most.

It wasn’t possible for him to already depart this world.

Something went wrong. And as a result, he died.

Alexandro definitely had a plan. He purposely hid himself and waited for the last blow.

But… that should have happened.

From where and who?

Muyoung's eyes glowed once.

*

Tacan took back his sword.

And held the arm that was dropped and once again placed it on the injured part.

"This humble servant has taken down a traitor."

Soon, a purple light was created and the arm was put back together.

On the other hand, the corpse didn't answer.

Alexandro Quintart fell to the ground after spitting out a handful of blood.

This was the underground capital.

A secret place that was connected to the Sky Library.

However, the surrounding place was destroyed.

Through Tacan and Alexandro Quintart's fight, the terrain had changed.

'You are strong.'

Tacan acknowledged him.

If he wasn't careful, he would have been killed himself.

How was Tacan in this underground capital...

Moon currently couldn't leave the Sky Library.

So, he ordered Tacan to kill him. Now, the fruit has come to bear.

The specters' and the Sky Demon's strength were well matched.

This might also have been the reason why Asura and the Sky Demon had similar tendencies.

As if that wasn't enough, he earned a new sword.

The ‘Lunatic Killer’s Sword’ that gave off a black energy.

A sword whose abilities depended on the user.

The closer they were to death, its abilities greatly increased and as Tacan used it, it instantly became an S rank.

Thanks to this, Tacan was able to grab hold of powers close to those of a transcendental being.

If someone other than Tacan arrived at this place, they wouldn’t have been able to kill Alexandro.

‘This?’

Then, Tacan grabbed a mirror that fell nearby.

The Sun Mirror.

It was the Sun Guild’s godly object.

The only item Alexandro took.

When Tacan saw it, he couldn’t help but be zoned out for a moment.

He felt like his soul was being sucked in.

He couldn’t even let out a scream.

He felt like he was wandering around inside of it for a long time.

However, in the end, he returned.

There was no change in his outer appearance. His spirit was also similar.

But then, Tacan hid the Sun Mirror within his cape.

He didn’t know why he did it. He didn’t even sense it. He instinctively hid the mirror and forgot about it.

“Next target is the arena. The Sky Devil wants it reclaimed.”

As if nothing had happened, Tacan moved.

One thousand jiangshis followed behind him.

# Chapter 146: Evil Spirit Sovereign (4)

Hyungbish continued to perform his duties for the Command Clan.

In reality, however, he was acting as a secret informant after destroying the hexagrams and infiltrating the Sky Library.

Although he was an undead, he was highly utilizable because it was Muyoung who made him.

As long as he doesn't get noticed by Moon who would smell Asura's scent, he would be able to sew even greater chaos.

"Hyungbish-nim, did you hear? Alexandro has died."

"Shit. We are the ones who are loyal, but why would he give such an important mission to that guy..."

"Shouldn't we do something? I think it would be difficult to gain any more contribution even if we stay here."

Hyungbish was strong power within the Command Clan. Of course, there were a lot of people who followed him. However, he was now just an undead after losing to Muyoung.

Hyungbish shook his head.

If he left the Sky Library, he would be unable to send Muyoung information in real time.

In this type of situation, time was of the essence.

Information was also the same.

"It's important... to protect this place."

As Hyungbish spoke as if he squeezed his voice out, the surrounding mood quickly became gloomy.

If you wanted an even greater blessing of the Sky Devil, you needed to contribute. However, they would lack it, just by protecting the Sky Library.

“Did Moon not say anything?”

“No.”

“Ateuka-nim and Runepapa-nim have already left the Sky Library. Now, when Alexandro’s death is confirmed, they say it’s the best time to destroy the Sun Guild.”

“It seems like Tacan will also soon head to the Arena.”

Ateuka and Runepapa did?

Like Hyungbish, the two were both super strong within the Command Clan.

Two of the three most influential people left the Sky Library.

Additionally, Tacan would join?

It was already a level past overkill.

More than half of the soldiers stationed at the Sky Library were now focused on one place.

The new devoted were slowly gathering.

Even powerful specters and jiangshis.

They numbered roughly 50 thousand.

On the other hand, the Sun Guild only had about 14 thousand people left. There were also the beginners but it was hard to say they would be of great help.

Muyoung who was within Hyungbish’s conscience inwardly was concerned about it.

If he could just delay the time even for a bit...

“Okay. We will also join them.”

Since this happened, there was only a muddy fight left.

*

<There are only 541 hours left.>

<The number of survivors – 385,598> <The rank of targets for elimination will be shown.> <1st priority target for elimination (15,000 points) – Hyacinth> <2nd priority target (10,000 points) – Bahamude> <3rd priority target (5,000 points) – Ootsuki Yuka> <4th priority target (3,000 points) – Muyoung> ***

<The locations the top 5 people will be shown to devotees. In addition, you will receive specters' attack more violently. If you die, that soul will also belong to the Sky Devil.> <The 'Sky Devil' makes an offer. Will you become a devotee?> <If you accept, you can receive the 'Sky Devil Sword (S)'.> Lawless Jin disappeared from the rankings.

Instead, Muyoung went up the ranks.

Also, the Sky Devil betted an S rank weapon on Muyoung.

He couldn't help but grin.

By comparing with Hyacinth, it seemed like the Sky Devil only made these offerings to Muyoung.

'The one with the least faith. To the Sky Devil, I'm a dagger and poison.'

Even if the Sky Devil was a real god, Muyoung would still ignore him.

Muyoung would only believe in himself and had no faith in illusions.

So, to the Sky Devil who needed to seek faith, Muyoung was the most difficult opponent.

Of course, it did appeal to his taste.

S rank Sky Devil Sword.

If Muyoung was to receive the Sky Devil's blessing on top, he could enter the ranks of the top 10 humans without having to use acceleration.

But, to believe what it says plainly?

There was something he didn't mention about.

'Asura.'

To be exact, Muyoung was already devoted to Asura.

The moment Muyoung became a Sky Devil's devotee, Asura would rage.

He couldn't be a devotee of both gods.

From that influence, the Sky Devil couldn't protect Muyoung.

It wasn't really a benefit either. It was better to cut down its faith to the ground and receive a reward from Asura.

"MuMuyoung nim. I have completed 500 flags. Hehe."

Oscar, whose face was swollen like a goldfish, cautiously approached him.

Oscar was beaten so brutally that his whole body shivered in fear.

Of course, it would only be temporary but to Muyoung, it was enough for him to just follow his instructions during the battle.

In reality, Muyoung was good at torture.

Not killing them but only making them feel pain.

He just didn't like torturing but, if he wanted to do it, he could do it more cruelly than anyone else.

"Place the flags on top of the arena."

"Okay! Thanks to the sky blessing from Muyoung, this Oscar will definitely place all the flags at the ends of the arena and show the enemy our discipline..."

"That's a long and unnecessary comment."

"I'll go and place them!"

As Muyoung shook his fist once, Oscar felt appalled and ran off.

Was Oscar rambling? Anyhow, Oscar's color was strong. It seemed like his nature didn't die through this much. So, that's

probably why he ran from Merlin.

Afterwards, Muyoung turned his gaze.

500 large flags with the Sun Guild's mark were placed at all the corners of the arena.

Each was made by a beginner.

Afterwards, they were placed at all parts of the arena and made visible to all around.

The enemies were already aware the Sun Guild was within the arena.

It meant that he didn't really need to advertise it like this.

However, what about others who weren't enemies?

As long as there was a slight chance that people moved to join them, it was something they needed to do.

Either way, someone would come after seeing the Sun Guild's mark.

'I have no time.'

Just, time was the problem.

Enemies were gathering.

The situation at the Sky Library Muyoung saw through Hyungbish was tough.

Even if they delayed as most as they could, they would raid within 10 days.

On the other hand, the Sun Guild's fighting spirit was continuously dropping.

Especially after confirming the message that Alexandro died.

To change the wind again, he had no choice but to rely on pure luck.

And those thoughts of Muyoung were fortunately correct.

“Hyacinth! No, do I now have to call you guild master?”

“Bahamude-nim!”

Hyacinth greeted him with a friendly smile.

The Luminescent Guild!

The guild master of that place, Bahamude appeared.

The five thousand people he brought were all members of the Luminescent Guild.

Almost half showed signs of battle.

“I have heard the news. It’s unfortunate. I also liked him quite a lot.”

“Thank you. However, I’m okay. I decided to be sad when this trial is over.”

“The flower has now bloomed!”

Bahamude was greatly pleased.

He was 2m tall and his whole body was muscular as if he had taken steroids.

However, there was no hair on his entire body.

In many ways, he was a figure of strong impressions.

“Also… It seems like you are Muyoung.”

Bahamude turned his gaze and looked at Muyoung.

From the beginning, it wasn’t really a good impression.

He gave off a strong fighting spirit and energy and pressured Muyoung.

He gave off a refined invisible energy, that even surprised Muyoung.

However, Muyoung didn’t even budge.

He just looked at Bahamude with completely calm eyes.

Then, Bahamude was surprised instead.

‘You don’t counter it but just brush it off? My energy?’

If Muyoung had countered it, Bahamude wouldn’t be this surprised.

However, he had brushed all of it off. In other words, Muyoung had assimilated his energy.

Everyone’s energy was different. If there were five thousand people, there were five thousand unique energies. Since the life they lived were different, the energy couldn’t be the same.

But, he could assimilate to his opponent’s energy and their fighting spirit?

Where would such person exist in the world?!

‘As expected. They said there was a whirlwind that stirred up the Sun Guild. Now as I look at it, it seems like it was actually a typhoon.’

Bahamude took back his energy.

“Take care of your life. I am very excited to fight with you!”

After leaving a challenging remark, he entered the arena, Followed by the five thousand people.

‘Kim Taehwan.’

Among them, Taehwan was also included.

By seeing how he was near the front, it seemed like his contributions regarding the interaction with the Sun Guild were acknowledged.

Taehwan lowered his head slightly. Muyoung answered with his eyes.

“Muyoung-nim, don’t take what he said to heart. Bahamude always acts like that when he meets a strong person. If he acts like that, it’s really the best reception.”

Hyacinth replied.

“I don’t mind.”

“Even if he talks rough, Bahamude is kind. Even Alexandro had acknowledged it. Bahamude was the only guild master who was friendly to Alexandro.”

Alexandro had a lot of enemies.

You could say there was virtually no group that viewed him favorably.

However, only Bahamude acknowledged and approached him.

Yes, Bahamude...

He had that sort of personality.

Muyoung was also aware of it.

How could Muyoung not know since he was the one who killed him before he returned to the past?

It was just ironic because it was Alexandro who plotted against Bahamude and placed a request to the Forest of Death.

Quite a few survivors gathered in the arena.

Soon, the number of people gathered reached 30,000.

They removed the beginners from their number. There were almost 50,000 beginners but they were relegated to rear support.

“The Command Clan is storming in! Es-estimated number 70,000!”

70,000?

It was more than expected.

Muyoung knitted his brows.

And he climbed the top of the arena.

“Lawless Jin! There is Lawless Jin among the enemies! I, I don’t believe it!”

“What? Lawless Jin?”

“Are you saying that the entire Lawless Clan became followers? This is crazy!”

There was a commotion.

70,000. Perhaps, there were more enemies than that approaching the arena.

Among them... there was Lawless Jin. The head of the Lawless Clan.

It was definitely unusual for one of the Five Great Clans to surrender.

Swoosh!

Muyoung took out Anguish.

Things already happened and they couldn’t be taken back.

‘Tacan...’

Lawless Jin. The Command Clan. Soon, they disappeared out of his sight.

However, the one who Muyoung imprinted in his eyes continued to be visible.

Tacan. It seemed like after Bae Sungmin escaped, he became brainwashed.

However, since he had appeared as an enemy, Muyoung couldn’t just stand by and be attacked.

If he wanted to kill him, he would kill him.

Lawless Jin was relaxed.

This fight. It was a fight impossible to lose.

Others within the clan expressed their worries but Lawless Jin spoke with certainty.

“We won’t lose.”

However, their reactions were lukewarm.

“Our opponent is the Sun Guild. Plus, if the Luminescent Guild has joined forces, their power…”

“You’re correct. Having superior numbers isn’t everything.”

“We didn’t need to follow the Sky Devil, no?”

Tsk tsk.

Lawless Jin clicked his tongue.

These ignorant bastards.

Of course, he understood.

However, it wasn’t right to show worry after coming this far.

But, as the head of the clan, he needed to explain to his members who he had somewhat forcefully dragged to this fight.

“Listen. Do you guys know why Alexandro wasn’t on the list to be eliminated?”

“Wasn’t he just missing?”

“Stupid. The reason why he hasn’t appeared as one of the people to be eliminated was that he was already a devoted of the Sky Devil.”

“…!”

There was silence.

They were surprised but weren’t able to say anything.

However, he really did have a point.

If someone was a devotee, they didn’t appear on the list to be eliminated.

It meant they could disappear like the wind.

After seeing everyone’s reaction, Lawless Jin continued to speak.

“Alexandro had already thrown away the Sun Guild! He acted

like that as he was certain that the Sky Devil would win. I also see it that way."

However, Alexandro died as a traitor.

He was directly punished by the Sky Devil.

'Stupid.'

Lawless Jin believed it was of Alexandro's own doing.

As Alexandro was a greedy man, he would have obviously brought disaster.

Either way, the Lawless Clan was also greatly weakened.

They lost the Sword Bone Trio and the ancient spirit.

To make up for their lost, they needed to win.

"We can have other thoughts after we end the trial. However, I'm certain of one thing, that those who are gathered within the arena will all die."

Thump! Thump!

Tacan held his sword.

Soon, as a black fog came out from his sword and swept its surroundings, the specters started to attack the arena first.

"So... kill them all."

Lawless Jin laughed menacingly.

This fight, he couldn't lose.

# Chapter 147: Evil Spirit Sovereign (End)

Starting off the battle, all kinds of specters entered the arena.

Muyoung personally jumped to the front lines to block the enemy.

The Star of the Absolute shined, covering his surroundings, and consuming everything it considered the ‘enemy’ in its aura.

And, despite his past as an assassin... Muyoung’s true power came out in large-scale battles.

A battlefield where numerous people faced each other!

It was at a place where the dead piled up that Necromancers could rampage most extraordinarily.

Even more, the Death Lord was the pinnacle of the Necromancy classes!

‘Art of Death.’

Muyoung didn’t conserve his energy.

Up until now, he still suppressed himself and didn’t show everything, but it was now an important time to go all out, to determine if he would win or lose this battle.

<758 corpses were turned into undead.> <Because you chose random bodies, the artistry is reduced significantly.> <Art score is 51!>

He didn’t care.

He wasn’t planning on finding art on a battlefield.

At least, in that sense the Death Lord’s and Muyoung’s artistic views were different.

Since the Death Lord wanted him to create beauty with every death.

However, the goals were the same.

To win!

“Ther-there are that many undead?”

“Even liches can’t raise that many corpses at once!”

“Did the Commander in Chief Muyoung do this?”

Even decent liches couldn’t make over 700 corpses into undead at once.

As the Art of Death skill became an A rank, he was able to leap a step forward.

Everyone’s gazes were on Muyoung.

Every time Muyoung waved a hand, the corpses revive and chewed on the flesh of their enemies.

It was impossible for Corpse Sorcerers. Although there were more occupations that could control corpses, there were rarely classes that could revive them into functioning undead. Even more, raise them at that number...

A miracle.

Perhaps, Muyoung might not be human.

Without any connections, he suddenly appeared and won against strong men who were like glittering stars of the Sun Guild.

Not just that.

Kwwwaaaaaaaaaang!

A dragon made of fire cried.

The Dragon of Fire that grew few dozens of meters tall circled around Muyoung and his surroundings, and ate up the specters.

A Dragon of Fire. The mystical guardian creature of the Sun Guild!

That was it. With just its appearance, it gave everyone a strong will to fight.

If the undead were yin, than that dragon was like yang. Muyoung was able to deal with both yin and yang and his appearance was like a devoted follower of the Sun God or that of a great lion.

‘The Sun God suppresses his flames to approach humans.’

If you were a member of the Sun Guild, everyone knew about the phrase regarding the Sun God.

There was a phrase like this.

Because the energy of yang the Sun God had was too strong, and caused the humans to burn and die, he was sad and so created the powers of yin.

In other words, he made the Moon.

As far as it goes, this sort of creation mythology was created because it was a story that focused on the Sun Guild and the Sun God, but Muyoung’s current appearance didn’t make it odd for someone else to think he was the reincarnation or the envoy of the Sun God.

No, perhaps… they might have just wanted to believe it that way.

The battlefield was a perfect place to grow such faith.

If the Sky Devil desired faith, Muyoung created it.

“The Sun God’s guardian is with us!”

“Praise, Dragon of the Sun!”

Kwwwwaaaaanggg!

As if it was responding to them, the dragon raved even more.

At the same time, Muyoung’s influence was instantly increased.

<The rank of certain targets for elimination has been increased.> <4th place (3,000) to 2nd place (10,000)> <The Sky Devil has placed a bounty. From now on, if you kill the targets marked for elimination you can get double the points.> <Will you become a follower?>

It was an obvious trick.

Muyoung ignored it.

If he fell for that sort of sweet talk, his pride would be hurt.

He acted more violently. He only placed killing intent on his sword.

“Gukk!”

“Lawless Clan, you son of bitches!”

It wasn’t difficult to deal with the specters.

The devotees? There were barely any who could be considered strong amongst them.

The problem was the Lawless Clan.

The group where Lawless Jin was the head.

He created the Disordered Terror, placed the Armful’s Cradle spirit together with the Disordered Terror, tried to earn a World Tree through the Sword Bone Trio, and also ordered Ataraxia to assassinate Muyoung.

In the end, the Disordered Terror was in the hands of Bae Sungmin, and the rest went to Muyoung.

If you think about it, Lawless Jin was truly a treasure like existence to Muyoung.

One that continuously gives.

Thud!

Muyoung shifted his feet.

Lawless Jin. It was the first time he got to face him face to face.

However, it was uncourteous to go empty-handed.

“Sword One, Sword Two, and Sword Three.”

He took out the three talismans and called on them.

<The Sword Devil, ‘Sword One’s and your level difference is less than 100.> <Because the Art of Death skill was upgraded to A rank, it no longer needs to take a random piece of equipment.> <Instead, it needs the death of a 100 people.> Death.

That sort of thing overflowed here.

Not just 100 but the death of a 1,000 people could be provided.

Soon, Sword One, Sword Two, and Sword Three were summoned altogether.

Zzzzing—

They resonated and even looked at Lawless Jin.

As if Lawless Jin was attracted to the summoned power, he looked at Muyoung’s side of the battlefield.

And was greatly surprised. Even he couldn’t help but be shocked.

“The Sword Bones…!”

“Kill Lawless Jin.”

Even the members of the Lawless Clan who were rampaging wildly were shaken by this.

It couldn’t be helped.

The Sword Bone Trio was like a symbol of the Lawless Clan.

Since their stories and strength never lacked to move people.

That sort of symbol returned as their enemy.

Like seeing a loved one lose their head to a guillotine, the betrayal of the Sword Bone Trio was like a cut to their heart.

‘Although it isn’t a betrayal.’

But, they would think of it that way.

“You bastaaarrd!”

Then, the voice of Bahamude was heard from close by.

The place where Bahamude was at. There was also Tacan.

He was strongly pressuring Bahamude as he swung the sword that had a swirling black smoke.

‘The Sky Devil’s blessing. And the strange energy that could be felt by that sword.’

When the two were added, he changed into a strong being that could even pressure Bahamude.

However, it was strange.

‘He couldn’t see the soul.’

If it was normal, he should be able to get rid of Tacan through Soul Exploitation.

But, no soul was visible on top of his head.

Perhaps, he might be under control due to his soul itself being taken away.

‘However… Tacan was at the center of all the specters.’

He was truly a being full of ups and downs.

It seemed like he reigned as the head of the specters in no time.

‘I should kill him.’

Thump! Thump!

His heart pounded.

Was it the influence of the battle?

Or was it because he finally reunited with Tacan after a while.

Muyoung shook Anguish once and headed towards Tacan.

***

Bae Sungmin.

He became Muyoung’s faithful servant after becoming an arch-lich.

So, you could say he knew something about Muyoung's strength and where it originated.

'I need to quickly pierce through this wall.'

By looking at the Great City from the outside, the place was covered by a red wall.

Bae Sungmin was taking out parts of that wall.

His strength was restored to some extent and his intelligence was extreme due to the Disordered Terror.

Thus, he was able to feel the energies of other undead and Muyoung.

It required a great amount of concentration but through this, he was able to confirm that Tacan was still alive.

'Master, you can't kill Tacan.'

Bae Sungmin's hands had ripped through almost half of the red wall.

As if it was proportional to the damage he was doing to the wall, Sungmin's hands were damaged as well and had to recover repeatedly.

Although he had already pierced through several layers of magic, he still had about half left to go.

However, Sungmin was in a hurry.

Moon.

After confirming Tacan's energy, Sungmin instantly found out what Moon was up to.

'Tacan is bait!'

Moon knew of Asura.

He also knew what sort of power Asura's Vassal used.

It was because Moon was a human who wasn't a human.

Moon was a snake. The true alter ego of Mahoraga.

At first, he didn't know. However, after going through the knowledge of the ancient spirit, the Disordered Terror, he found related information about him.

It was originally forbidden.

To artificially create a god.

However, Mahoraga had done something similar to this in the past.

Making a god!

He experimented using all kinds of specters and fairies.

At the time, the Disordered Terror was one of the candidates. But, after the Disordered Terror had absorbed the World Tree, it had became a demigod, but was unable to become a true god and was abandoned.

Back then, he had failed, and yet once again he is trying to make a true god, not a mere demigod.

Either way, Tacan was bait.

'If my master kills Tacan, he will be awakened. With master's current body, he can't handle him!'

Him.

Bae Sungmin didn't know his exact name.

However, he knew that like Tacan, he was 'a god stuck in Asura's Path'.

Of course, he was a king but he wasn't at the same level as Tacan.

His existence was like a god.

In the end, Muyoung would lose his body like Moon.

That was Moon's trick and bait. By making Tacan and Muyoung face each other for sure, he was going to strike a blow to Asura.

Maybe it wanted to summon the king of Asura's Path and use him as his servant.

Ziiinnng!

Bae Sungmin finally pierced through the wall.

At the same time, Bae Sungmin who assimilated with the shadows moved on the ground and immediately headed towards the location where Muyoung was at.

"Ah..."

A battlefield.

A place where the smell of blood reeked.

And the center of the place, there was Muyoung.

Muyoung's sword pierced through Tacan's heart.

After attacking with Bahamude, Muyoung was successful in creating an opening.

The heart was where Tacan's essences were gathered.

It was where his grains were located.

Keeeeyaaaahhh!

Then, Tacan let out a scream.

Concurrently, a black current flowed out of Tacan's entire body and was absorbed into Muyoung's.

"Stay back!"

Bae Sungmin quickly approached Muyoung.

It was to make him stay away from the thing that was attached to Tacan.

Toooong!

However, a black barrier was created and Bae Sungmin bounced out.

The barrier instantly swallowed Muyoung and started to palpitate.

Thump! Thump!

The form was like a huge black heart.

Tacan was strong. He had surprisingly gotten stronger.

If Muyoung didn't join forces with Bahamude, it would have been difficult for him to do it alone.

Besides simply looking at their stats, Tacan's skills were quite exceptional.

However, the winner was Muyoung.

He had seen the 'grains' and pierced through them.

Nothing in the world could survive after getting their grains pierced.

But...

"Did you awaken me?"

It was a dark world.

In the center, there was a man who looked exactly like Muyoung who sat on a throne.

The throne was old and rusty. Behind him, there was a thin tower that soared up to the sky but as expected there were cracks all over the place.

"Who are you?"

"Did you awaken me without knowing who I was?"

He laughed. An expression which Muyoung could never make, he expressed it naturally.

"This place is Asura's Path. I have ruled this place for a long time because of Asura's request."

Asura. It was harder to figure out who he was who spoke of Asura

as if he was their next-door friend.

If it was Asura's Path, it was one of the six places Muyoung had awakened.

'Murdudun had talked about it before. How there was an existence who was sealed in the path.'

And he remembered how Murdudun told him that the existence looked similar to Muyoung.

At the time he didn't really listen but he never thought he would meet that being.

Was it the influence of Tacan's death?

"I was here for a long time. So long that I can't remember... I'm talking about hundreds of millions of years, a multitude of layers of time."

He was tired.

Asura's Path was quite a boring place.

He wanted to get out of this place but he couldn't.

"Who... are you?"

Muyoung felt a chill.

His whole body shivered. Muyoung strictly controlled his emotions but his instincts were 'warning' him.

Telling him to run away.

That this being had surpassed the line!

However, he couldn't even move.

And so, he asked.

He thought that if he knew his opponent even a bit, he could escape from the unknown fear.

He once again laughed.

"I'm Luciferre. In this world, I once ruled as a sovereign of evil

spirits, and the people had called me Luciferre.”

The fallen angel Luciferre.

Muyoung’s eyes shook.

In the Underworld, in this world, there were no angels.

Only devils existed.

However, there was someone who was an angel that had appeared.

He slowly got up.

And approached Muyoung little by little.

“Now, give me your body.”

# Chapter 148: Absolute Predator (1)

Muyoung opened his eyes.

Then, he looked at the world.

The rough wind and air blew across his skin.

Refreshment was the first thing he felt.

Even the scent of blood that brushed against the tip of his nose approached him like a welcome surprise.

How long has it been since he smelled it?

How long has it been since he felt the warmth of a body?

As he stretched out his hand, he began to recognize the sensations. He started to remember one by one the things he forgot after spending so much time dully.

'It's imperfect.'

However, the body was terrible.

Compared to his main body, it was at the level of embarrassment.

Muyoung... No, Luciferre clicked his tongue.

But, it wasn't all bad.

He was wearing clothes that didn't suit him but it wasn't like his godship had disappeared.

Luciferre turned his gaze.

A half-crushed skeleton was rolling on the ground.

This guy, he was also familiar.

"Tacan, get up."

Swaaaak!

From his hands, an opaque energy poured out.

Afterwards, as Tacan was wrapped in it, his bones reformed and

within time became complete.

‘An unpleasant energy is mixed in.’

However, there was the Sky Devil’s purplish energy mixed in with Tacan’s aura.

To be precise, the sword Tacan held... that’s where it was all gathered.

Luciferre took Tacan’s sword.

Brrrr!

A purple energy. The Sky Devil’s power crazily shook.

As if it was struggling.

However, it soon calmed down.

Luciferre completely won against him in strength.

Tooong!

As if he had done his job, Luciferre threw the sword on the ground like garbage.

Then, Tacan regained his senses.

“This...where isthis? Why am I on the battlefield?”

Tacan looked at Luciferre as he blinked his eyes.

Luciferre also turned his gaze to Tacan and started to speak.

“Do you still see me as Muyoung?”

“If you are not Muyoung...”

Afterwards, Tacan became silent for a moment as he felt something strange.

And then he took a step back.

Although it was only a step, there was a lot of meaning behind it.

Tacan, who was always quick to act recklessly, became hesitant for a moment.

“Luciferre-nim?”

“Now you recognize me.”

“However, that body…”

“I have eaten up his soul. For a human, he had quite the high-quality soul.”

Thump!

Tacan stopped.

Luciferre was a true sovereign of Asura’s Path.

A leader whom Tacan and another king followed. However, Tacan acted as an independent entity after escaping Asura’s Path.

However, once again he was involved with Luciferre.

Tacan’s feelings became complicated.

There was a lot to learn from Muyoung.

On the other hand, he couldn’t learn from Luciferre. It was because he was inherently strong and because their difference was too big.

What could he learn from someone who was strong from the moment they were born?

‘If his soul was eaten, I probably won’t see him again.’

There was no way for Luciferre to make a mistake.

If his soul eaten , it meant that it was already destroyed.

It meant that he could never see Muyoung from now on.

It was a strange feeling.

The time they spent together was short and there weren’t really any good memories.

“Your old friend misses you a lot.”

“Are you talking about Calla? He isn’t my friend.”

Calla was a king who was in a rivalry with Tacan in Asura's Path.

If Tacan was the Evil Spirit Predator, Calla was the Evil Spirit Seeker.

They had the opposite tendency of each other.

They both proclaimed themselves as the 'king' of evil specters and didn't hesitate to compete with each other.

"Like how you came out, shouldn't Calla also come out to make a good fight? Just in time, this body learned something quite useful."

Tacan used a Death Knight's body to come out to this world.

Luciferre ate Muyoung's soul and took his body.

It was also the same for Calla. He needed a body to possess.

Luciferre raised his hand.

Then, the surrounding corpses were drained of their blood.

Soon, magical circles were created in the surroundings and blood completely filled in other areas.

As the blood gathered, it shaped into a muscular humanoid form.

With a blood-red cape and sharp fangs, the appearance was without a doubt a vampire.

Soon the man opened his blue eyes.

Then kneeled towards Luciferre.

"Calla greets the Evil Spirit Sovereign."

"The form I created for you is a counterfeit Jinzhou Vampire.. Since that is your race, it shouldn't be a big problem for you to move."

"It's an honor."

Calla slightly raised his head and looked at Tacan.

Tacan turned his gaze away.

It was because someone he didn’t like had appeared.

Either way, Tacan couldn’t be free after Luciferre had appeared.

Tacan had to accompany him and do what he wanted.

A moment later, Calla asked.

“But, sovereign. What are you trying to do here?”

“First... I need to bring down those who pretend to be gods without knowing their place.”

Luciferre wasn’t technically a god.

He was someone who almost became a god.

So, he hated to see those who rampaged without knowing their place.

‘He dares to try and use me, the Evil Spirit Sovereign?’

In addition, he felt uncomfortable thinking that this was the work of someone.

Since Luciferre wasn’t the type to not know that Moon made a trap out of Tacan and made Tacan fight against Muyoung for him to come out.

“Then, would you kill all the humans in the surrounding?”

Luciferre hated weak humans.

It was also the same for those who were present without his approval.

Normally, Luciferre didn’t allow even a single human to live in his surroundings.

“No, there is even a more unpleasant energy raging. I need to kill them first.”

Calla was slightly surprised.

If it was his usual self, Luciferre would have just ordered them to simply massacre everyone.

Then, Luciferre turned his gaze to the devotees of the Sky Devil.

Although humans were bothersome, those who had the powers of the fake god were more disturbing.

It was odd but either way, the priority of exterminating the humans was just pushed back probably, Calla thought.

Luciferre took out Anguish.

Zzzzzzzzing.

Anguish cried.

However, it was aggressive.

Did it recognize that he wasn't Muyoung?

Although it was a little object, it was funny for it to differentiate owners.

Luciferre grinned as he swung the sword once.

Swwwaaaaaaaaaaa!

Rough wind pressure.

Towards where he swung, the sword was followed by it's image, and a sharp sword wind was created.

The Sky Devil worshipers in its path were bisected.

A good three hundred people lost their lives by one hand movement.

Everyone was baffled. Then, huge ice particles appeared around Luciferre's body.

Claaash! Classshhhhh!

The particles instantly flew off and exploded in surrounding areas.

It was a completely different destructive power compared to the Zero Explosion that Muyoung used.

'Why is he using the half magic of a human?'

Calla and Tacan both tilted their head.

Luciferre. The Evil Spirit Sovereign was a being that reached demigod level.

Of course, he knew how to use divine powers and authority.

Such skills were embedded in the soul, so it didn't mean that you couldn't use them just because your body changed.

It meant that he didn't need to use a human's poorer skills.

Luciferre didn't even try to hide his powers. He always used his best attack to crush his opponent. When you thought of the usual Luciferre, it was truly odd.

However, just by using the half magic of a human, he instantly killed a few thousand soldiers.

"I can't just stand and watch my sovereign fight."

Calla was the first to get up.

He looked at Tacan challengingly.

At the same time, he transformed into a few thousand bats and swept the battlefield.

Tacan blanked as he looked at the scene.

He didn't know how to express this fidgety feeling. It might be because this was the first time they met after coming to this world but...

Tacan grabbed the sword he dropped.

'I'll just follow.'

Now, Muyoung was no longer in this world.

It was in an instant.

For them to turn the table and for their enemies to cry while they died.

Just one man changed everything.

Muyoung!

That appearance. Was he really the envoy of the Sun God?

Everyone went wild. Everyone called out Muyoung's name.

"Oh, Sun God!"

"The Sun God is overlooking us!"

It was hard to think he was this powerful with normal reason.

With just one hand movement, a few hundred people were slain and no one was able to stop him.

However, it was slightly different than his normal strength.

As if he had become a different person.

But, it didn't matter to the members of the Sun Guild.

Right now, Muyoung was the Sun Guild itself.

Eventually, the Command Clan, Lawless Clan, and the devotees of the Sky Devil were completely destroyed.

In the middle of it, because Hyungbish rebelled, they couldn't even retreat.

"Humans don't know their place! How dare they compare a mere Sun God to Luciferre. If you command me, I'll remove all their blood and make them shriek."

Calla was furious.

Luciferre was a being who failed to become a god.

Due to this, he had fallen but that was why his hatred towards gods was extraordinary.

Calla was confident that Luciferre would allow him to do so.

But, the result was the opposite.

"It's fine. Since I've come out to this world, I will be generous this once."

Generous?

A word that didn't seem possible for Luciferre to say popped out of his mouth.

The Evil Spirit Sovereign of Asura's Path was a tyrant. He didn't compromise.

That should have been the case but for him to be generous?!

Then, someone approached.

An arch lich that had a pitch dark robe on.

The guy suddenly came up and bowed his head down.

"Master, thank goodness! You're okay!"

"Who are you?"

"It's me. Bae Sungmin, the one who you created and gave new life to."

"Ahh... Bae Sungmin. What's wrong?"

Luciferre spoke.

He spoke as if he didn't have the slightest doubt.

There was even a bit of friendliness that could be felt through his voice instead.

"Please allow me to continue to follow you."

Bae Sungmin's attitude had become strange.

If he was that strong of an arch-lich, he would have noticed that the owner of the body had changed.

However, Sungmin suddenly bowed down first.

"Sovereign, his intentions are strange."

Calla objected.

Luciferre shook his head.

"Calla, he is following this body anyway. And a very strong

ancient spirit's smell is given off by this guy. If it is this scent, he would have been the Disordered Terror that was once as strong as a demigod."

Was it because he felt kinship because he was also a demigod?

Luciferre continued to talk.

"I'm going straight to see the guy who acts like a god. Will you follow me?"

"Yes, I'll do my best."

Sungmin replied in a loud voice.

Soon after, Luciferre turned around.

He looked at the Sky Library that was floating in the air.

At that place, there was someone who acted to release him.

He must have an aim. The notion of using Luciferre as a pawn was very ridiculous.

'Those who disturb what must not be disturbed tend to be ruined.'

Luciferre moved.

Bae Sungmin watched from the beginning since he arrived.

But, he distanced himself. It was because a bad energy flowed out.

'He isn't my master.'

He could know by watching him.

He was a totally different being.

A person who had an astonishing class.

The one who truly reigned!

'It's strange.'

However, it was still strange.

Muyoung's existence reflected from him ambiguously.

And so, he checked.

Bae Sungmin had pledged his loyalty himself.

If he was a totally different person, he would reject Sungmin and if his thoughts were correct, a totally different reaction would pop out.

'Now, I understand.'

The results were quite satisfying.

He was mixed.

He was being mixed.

To be precise, Muyoung's soul which he thought had disappeared was slowly eating away Luciferre's soul.

Bae Sungmin was also unsure how his soul was still left.

However, Muyoung had returned once.

To be exact, he needed to be destroyed twice in order to make him disappear.

Bae Sungmin and no one else knew of this truth.

Thanks to this, Muyoung's soul was moving.

Very secretly.

So that Luciferre himself wouldn't be aware.

Although the speed was slow, he had slowly invaded the area of the soul.

The appearance was like watching an assassination.

An assassin who had reached the peak, now aiming for their target, the movements were that.

If time just flowed like this... or if another opportunity is given.

Luciferre wouldn't be able to notice his own death and would be

absorbed by Muyoung.

# Chapter 149: Absolute Predator (2)

There was a huge wall surrounding the Sky Library.

This was also made by the Sky Devil's power.

A 'condition' was imposed wherein entry was possible only after receiving the Sky Devil's permission or by gathering 20 essences.

However, Luciferre was not a being that received anyone's permission.

He existed alone and had the divine power to accomplish everything without conditions and the like.

"What a shallow move."

It was not bad for something made by a guy impersonating a god, but it was still laughable.

To Luciferre, everything he saw was weak and fragile.

He gently touched it.

That's all Luciferre did.

And then the wall that rose to the sky began to shake.

Crumble! Crumble!

However, it didn't disappear. On the contrary, the Sky Devil's strength increased.

"Stupid half-wit!"

Chwaaaaaaaak!

He placed both hands on the wall and shredded the wall as it was.

The wall gradually broke, creating a way for people to pass.

However Luciferre's expression did not relax.

It was because he was only able to make cracks instead of removing the wall completely.

If he was his true self, he would have destroyed such a wall at once.

Since all of his divine power was gathered in Muyoung's body it seemed as if he was limited to this degree.

'Let's see how far his desperate attempts go.'

But this was enough.

It did not occur to him that a hopeless half-wit could beat him.

In addition, the fellow who had caused trouble for Muyoung and Tacan.

That fellow would not be safe from Luciferre.

Luciferre took a glance up at the sky.

There was nothing there, but he could feel signs of magic at a certain spot.

He was being watched.

He'd known from the start, but had purposely ignored it.

Since from the start there was nowhere for him to run to anyway.

As he went inside with his hands clasped behind his back, Tacan, Calla, and Bae Sungmin followed.

Moon was watching every scene.

It seemed like Luciferre was also conscious of that.

But it was unexpected.

"Luciferre... are you saying Luciferre was inside?!"

There were signs of someone being sealed inside.

A very powerful being. If he was to wake up, Moon thought he would swallow up Muyoung, the Asura's vassal.

However, Moon, or rather Mahoraga, didn't think that being would be Luciferre.

He thought that at best an ancient monster or a spirit would pop out.

‘Why did Asura take him in? And for what reason was the fallen angel hiding inside him?’

Among the Eight Deva Guardians, no one was on good terms with Asura.

Rather, they were eager to kill each other.

It was the first time for Asura to adopt such a vassal.

He was worried.

That ill-tempered, wicked, self-involved fellow accepting a vassal was an unprecedented situation.

More than that, the existence of the fallen angel was suspicious.

An angel was an entity that could never exist here, in the Underworld.

Lemegeton was a type of ‘door’ that sealed Demon Gods.

A door that connected Earth and the Underworld, the spirit world, and all other worlds.

However, the celestial world was excluded. The 72 Demon Gods emerged and killed all the angels in Lemegeton, and shut the door to the heavens.

Consequently, there were no angels in this place.

No, it was normal for them to not be there.

Since the Demon Gods would not allow that to happen.

If angels existed in the Underworld, it could become a ‘catalyst’. It meant it could serve as an excuse to connect Lemegeton to the heavens.

Even if it was a fallen angel.

Because of this, as soon as the Demon Gods knew this fact, they

would try to destroy Luciferre by any means.

Luciferre.

The devil of creation!

Although he was not included in the 72 Demon Gods, and his power was also corrupted and was significantly weakened, such a being could sufficiently open the door.

If the door to the heavens was opened, once again the war of genesis would start.

'If the door to the heavens is opened, the world will eventually be united…'

Nobody knew who would win.

Re-establishing and merging dimensions was comparable to the Big Bang.

'Asura… What kind of trick are you trying to pull?'

If, Luciferre somehow made his entrance, he would be after the main body.

Furthermore, he would try to get rid of even the Sky Devil that was turning into a god.

Of course, they had preparations for this matter.

An arrangement to control and absorb that guy, Luciferre, was complete.

Moon was not an ordinary human. He was Mahoroga wearing a human mask.

To be unprepared and be beaten by the likes of a fallen angel was a laughable matter.

~~~~~

It was a terrible smell.

The Sky Devil. That bastard really gave off a foul smell.
~~~~~

What else in the world gave off such a foul smell?

“Muyoung! It’s Muyoung!”

“He’s the number 1 target to eliminate?”

“He was the man who beat the temporary leader of the Sun Guild and became the number 1 to be eliminated.”

Inside, there were powerful devotees.

Those who entered seeking the Sky Devil’s power. Although their faith wasn’t that big, they gained stronger powers through the Sky Devil’s blessing.

<Reward: The Sky Devil personally offers a bounty on Muyoung.> <50,000 points are offered per body part of Muyoung.> It was the most extraordinary reward.

Through the points given by the Sky Devil, battle gear could be bought, or his blessing could be strengthened.

Also, the blessing was like a drug. If it was experienced once, it would become addictive.

If each part is worth 50,000 points, considering his hands, feet, head and torso, the minimum would be 300,000 points.

The devotees eyed Luciferre and surrounded him in an instant.

The stench they radiated made Luciferre’s eyebrows furrow.

“Don’t stand in front of me giving off that kind of smell.”

However, to Luciferre, everyone was ridiculous.

They were still, after all, humans. Trash wasn’t recycled just because it received half of a blessing.

Chwaak!

Luciferre swung Anguish.

The wind pressure alone decreased their number by half.

Kurwaaang!

The enormous flames of a dragon burned.

It burned without leaving even ashes.

“Mon, monster...!”

“Gwaaak!”

In the blink of an eye.

The devotees felt a marked difference in ‘class’.

‘That guy is not someone we can deal with.’

A monster. He was a monster even among the monsters.

Luciferre, who had cleaned up the surroundings so that not even one person remained, looked upwards.

Swaaaa!

Specters were approaching.

The Sky Library was like a guardian that protected the Great City. In any case, it seemed it was under the Sky Devil’s command.

Tsk!

It was a silly move.

It was merely stalling for time.

At most, it was only a few minutes.

“Did you use all of your cute tricks?”

Luciferre asked.

Everyone in the Sky Library died.

The believers and the Lawless Clan, everyone.

Now only Moon remained.

Instinctively, Luciferre identified that Moon was the culprit behind this.

An excessively terrible smell was coming from him.

However, Moon was relaxed.

“Luciferre.”

“So you are a bastard that knows me. Then you should know that you shouldn’t be so relaxed.”

“Of course, I know. If Lucifer is the opponent, even I can’t be careless.”

“You bastard…”

Luciferre’s eyes fell on Moon.

As if he was scrutinizing his every detail.

And then he smiled lightly.

“So you’re a fake too. What are you group of fakes trying to pull?”

Out of everyone, fakes were conspiring together.

It was absolutely ridiculous.

But no matter how much a fake tried, the fake couldn’t become real.

“Luciferre, do you know where this place is?”

“If you’re trying to stall for time, stop.”

“This place is the Ancient King’s castle. To be exact, it’s the ‘tomb’ of the Ancient King.”

Moon raised his lute.

The Great City was essentially a place to honor the Ancient King.

The point from which all was arranged and the start of everything.

The tomb of the true king that had been the first to be given the title of ‘king’!

“The tomb will be the means of your sealing and eventual death. You are to be sealed here and become nourishment for the Sky

Devil.”

Seureureu.

There was a sound of wind when the lute was played.

At the same time, wind raged all over the Great City.

Sensing that something wasn’t right, Luciferre moved.

Tacan, Calla and Bae Sungmin moved as well.

Chwak!

Moon was defenseless.

Luciferre’s sword cut off his right arm.

Originally, he’d wanted to cut off his head, but the sound of the lute made his movements sluggish.

But Moon did not drop the lute.

Seeeuuuukk.

Eventually, hundreds, if not thousands of hands popped up from the air.

The hands grabbed hold of Luciferre in an instant.

“How dare you! You think you can swallow me up with something like this?!”

Chwaak.

In that condition, Luciferre took a step forward.

Moon could only be surprised.

The Ancient King’s castle was a powerful seal sphere that could restrain even demigods.

But Luciferre, who had borrowed a human’s body and had his divine powers weakened, was withstanding that seal sphere.

The dragon’s fire shot out his entire body and attacked Moon.

Moon couldn’t avoid it. His entire body was torn to pieces as it

was.

His head was aflame and his skin melted off.

Thump!

Soon, Luciferre drove Anguish into the ground.

Before he knew it, he was being led away by the hands.

“Do you think that you could imprison me, Luciferre, in something like this?!”

Kwaaaang!

The Sky Library trembled.

Energy spurted from Luciferre and split the ground.

The Sky Library began to crumble and fall.

While being held by the seal sphere, he produced that much power.

It was truly not a joke that he almost became a god.

However, Luciferre was soon sucked into the black hole.

“So he’s the fallen angel Luciferre…?”

Moon, whose body was burnt, mumbled.

He withdrew his disdain for the fallen angel.

If he faced that guy’s true form, even Mahoraga would not be able to guarantee his victory.

It was darkness.

Dense darkness.

Luciferre was enraged.

How dare he! The likes of that half-wit fake!

He came out of Asura’s Path but was sealed once again.

How could he not be upset about it?

Then, the other side lit up like a lamp.

Thump!

Thump!

Someone walked over.

“You’re really such a moron.”

A man who approached with a cold-hearted insult.

Luciferre knew him too.

He was similar to his own appearance and he was the one whose soul he had devoured.

“How could you…?”

That fellow was precisely Muyoung.

But his soul had been destroyed, so how could he exist?

It wasn’t an illusion. He could actually feel Muyoung’s spirit.

To be more precise… Muyoung had already penetrated the deepest part of Luciferre’s soul.

Now he couldn’t be removed either.

When in the world had he done this?!

“So what if you have power? After all, the user is no different from a child. Because I’m so annoyed the word moron naturally comes out.”

It was a reprimand for only being able to use his strength to only that degree.

Muyoung had been watching all of Luciferre’s actions from the beginning.

Yes. If he had been smart, if he had been able to perfectly control his power, he would not have been crossed by that annoying piece of work, Moon.

Even though Muyoung had been caught by the trap using Tacan,

didn’t he look for a way to fix it?

However, Luciferre just kept swearing.

He was furious.

“You bastard...!”

Luciferre’s face turned red.

Because it was true to an extent.

But he couldn’t touch him.

If he destroyed that bastard Muyoung’s soul again, his own soul would not be unharmed.

He couldn’t tell how, and when, he had burrowed in.

“If you have no desire to spend eternity locked in here, hand over leadership. You half-wit.”

Muyoung knew it well.

One thing Muyoung didn’t want was to continue to be trapped in here.

Time couldn’t be exchanged for anything. It would be too late if he was to absorb all of Luciferre’s soul.

It could take dozens of years, maybe even a century.

So Muyoung started to negotiate.

With the bad-tempered, self-righteous and selfish Luciferre.

# Chapter 150: Absolute Predator (3)

You halfwit?!

Luciferre's eyes shook.

In his entire existence, he had never been this humiliated.

Even when he tried to become a god and failed, everyone was afraid of his strength.

But this guy, who the hell was he?

This place was a seal and a spirit world.

In this place, Luciferre was able to use his true strength.

Of course, Muyoung would have also felt his strength that reached a demigod's level.

However, Muyoung didn't even blink his eyes.

As if he dared him to act.

"Do you want to die?"

Luciferre spoke.

However, Muyoung just made a smile.

'He's no different than a scared dog.'

The more frightened a dog, the louder the bark.

Luciferre. Why would you make threats you won't be able to keep?

This is why Muyoung said he was no different than a child.

From when he was born, Luciferre was strong and had tremendous divine powers in his hands.

He lived his life with no worries and troubles.

Due to this, no matter how long he had lived, he wasn't as good as Muyoung who lived a single century.

“Keep trying to endure it, halfwit. If you’re not going to give me control, I can just steal it from you.”

“You say you’re going to steal it from me? Ha!”

Ridiculous.

Lucifierre laughed at Muyoung.

He only suffered before because he didn’t know Muyoung’s soul was invading his, but since he now knew, he was able to fully defend himself.

How could a savage human invade his soul any further, he who had reached demigod level?

He was bluffing. It was obvious that Muyoung was in a hurry.

Muyoung’s soul would be mixed together with his huge soul and it would soon not even have a form.

“If you can’t stop it even after you know, you’re really a halfwit, a fool.”

Muyoung didn’t care and once again exited into the darkness.

Muyoung was a great assassin.

He was the greatest assassin, one who killed Wung Chunglin and became number 0.

Even if the opponent knew of the impending assassination, Muyoung was the type to still succeed.

There was only a difference in time, and he had never failed.

Muyoung was able to obtain four different classes.

He had the potential to do so.

It was because his soul was that vast.

Class. The strength related to it was placed in the soul.

Normally, they say if you obtained one type of class, your soul was used up completely.

If you considered it simply, Muyoung's threshold was four times the norm.

Even more, if you consider the fact that he could combine other tendencies, he was an owner of a vast soul that surpassed simple calculations.

However, Luciferre didn't know this truth.

A human's soul desired a demigod's soul?

Ofcourse a human wouldn't be able to withstand it. It would destroy itself.

That was common sense.

However, Muyoung was a being outside of common sense.

It didn't take long for him to realize that his thought of self-destruction was a mistake.

"How dare a mere human?!!"

Muyoung was darkness.

He also mastered hiding his body within his mind's territory.

How in the world?

A spirit, a soul didn't have a form from the beginning.

It didn't make sense to hide it.

But, he had done it.

He assimilated into his surroundings and when there was an opportunity, he would extract some of Luciferre's soul.

The amount was very little but it was extremely unpleasant.

'You're more used to managing souls than me, the Evil Spirit Sovereign?!'

It wasn't possible.

Although the soul didn't have a form, it had a basic color.

The life of the person. The color changed depending on his ups and downs.

Even if he wanted to hide it, it wasn't possible due to this.

If he was to hide it, it would be because his soul was white.

However, a person with a white soul couldn't exist in this world.

But, Muyoung's soul had different kinds of color.

If he combined them all, it became an opaque white. It was absurd.

'His protective color…'

Luciferre thought of a chameleon.

An animal evolved to assimilate to its surrounding color to protect itself.

He was proficient enough for it be like a natural ability.

Luciferre's thoughts were mostly correct.

Muyoung had evolved like that to instinctively protect his character and his soul.

He protected his identity by looking at other people's stories after taking their Status Viewers.

On the other hand, it meant Muyoung couldn't remember who he was exactly.

It was the reason why he couldn't help but have different colors.

On the contrary, it was the reason he could become a white color.

"Are you afraid?"

"…!"

He suddenly appeared.

From behind, he whispered quietly in his ears.

When he turned around, Muyoung wasn't there.

Luciferre searched within the darkness.

Of course, he was unable to find Muyoung.

“Come out! You stupid rat!”

The spirit world greatly shook.

However, there was a very small amount of ‘insecurity’ mixed within his voice.

To Luciferre, Muyoung was the unknown.

There was no one like him until now.

Even when he fought against numerous specters, he had never seen someone like him before.

The unknown was fear.

Luciferre was currently feeling fear.

Because he didn’t want to admit it, he struggled more.

His bloated body was easier to become a target.

A boundless vicious cycle.

Luciferre’s last hope was for Muyoung to self-destruct as he tried to take a demigod’s soul.

However, he didn’t create any cracks at all.

He absorbed whatever he took in.

What kind of a person could handle a demigod’s soul?

Was he… truly a human?

Luciferre couldn’t catch him. He couldn’t find him.

He couldn’t see him or feel him.

Like a ghost. No, not a ghost.

Something unknown.

A mysterious existence.

It was unthinkable for him to feel this sort of emotion towards a human.

“There is no color. No scent. No form…”

“I’m not your delusion.”

Swoosh.

He approached.

However, Luciferre was not able to budge.

He was caught. His thoughts were read.

Luciferre tried to treat the unknown existence of Muyoung as his delusion.

It was because if this was all a product of his imagination, everything was explainable.

What was scarier was the fact that Muyoung didn’t demand it.

He just ate up little by little off Luciferre’s soul endlessly.

If a few decades or centuries were to pass by like this, Luciferre’s soul would disappear without a trace.

To humans, a hundred years was a long time but to Luciferre, a hundred years was like an instant.

Due to the difference in perception, it made Luciferre more frightened.

Not an entire 100 years, but only a 100 years.

To humans, it was like knowing you’d die in a year.

‘Control…’

He just needed to hand over control of the body.

Afterwards, the soul controlling the body couldn’t consume Luciferre’s.

However, would he be able to escape this place just because he simply gave him control?

Muyoung's strength was like a drop in the ocean compared to Luciferre's.

If Luciferre wasn't able to get out, Muyoung also couldn't.

"Do you have a way to get out of this place?"

"Of course I do. Unlike your empty head, I'm one who thinks a lot."

All of his words were insulting.

Muyoung was insulting Luciferre.

He had never been insulted this much in his life before.

"What is that method?"

"I'll tell you if you hand over control."

"...Alright. However, you also need to give me something."

"Tell me."

"Your identity! Tell me your true identity."

Luciferre couldn't accept it.

The fear he felt.

He found that his fear was based on the unknown.

So, if he could just figure out Muyoung's identity, this fear would also disappear.

Muyoung grinned.

His true identity.

There was one thing.

"The absolute."

There was no distinct characteristic and identity like this.

At the same time, Muyoung's mental landscape was filled with red light.

Like the Sky Devil's, but it wasn't a disgusting light, rather it felt

sacred.

What he said was funny but he couldn’t laugh.

‘He’s chosen by the star?’

Even more, the Star of Absolute had chosen him.

Luciferre was taken back. However, Muyoung was quite far from being an absolute.

Nevertheless, he didn’t think it was false.

It might be that he was rationalizing.

That because he was the chosen one of the Star of the Absolute that he could manage his soul.

He detested playing this hide and seek game any further.

Luciferre bit his lips and declared his defeat.

<Luciferre has given control of the body.> <Authority, ‘Soul’s unity’ has been created.> <From now on, when Luciferre allows, you can borrow his strength.> <You have succeeded as ‘Authority Predator’.> <Like the word, Authority Predator allows you to prey on authorities. The right to devour a godhead and build strength! However, be careful. The owners of true authorities are powerful.> Luciferre became small once again.

It seemed like he didn’t think the superiority of his soul would fall behind.

It was because Muyoung’s elusiveness that even hid his soul made Luciferre sick.

If it was a physical fight, there was no way for Luciferre to lose against Muyoung.

“Then, I’ll get out.”

As if his victory was obvious, he moved freely.

Muyoung was reckless.

Moon.

It seemed like he studied quite a lot about the Great City.

He probably thought that the Ancient King's castle was a good place to summon the Sky Devil.

However, Muyoung knew a lot more about this castle.

There would probably be no one else who knew the Ancient King's castle better than Muyoung.

'This place is a graveyard. So, there must be a gravekeeper.'

A gravekeeper managed graves.

Of course, they could also remove the seal.

And the gravekeeper of the Great City was the Sun Guild.

It was because it was the Sun Guild who unlocked the seal of the Ancient King, captured him, and built this Great City.

The Sun Seal!

That was the key.

Muyoung had the seal.

Bae Sungmin had fallen.

Tacan and Calla were also unable to stop Moon.

A slight difference.

Because Moon had also lost a lot of strength, he wasn't in the position to be relaxed.

"You wretched bastards. Die and become nutrients for the Sky Devil."

They fought for three long days.

Probably because they were already dead, they didn't die.

Nor did they did get tired.

An endless war of attrition.

To end this seemingly endless fight, Moon raised his lute.

Zzzzzing!

At that moment, the black sphere split.

When a sword popped out and split the sphere, Muyoung jumped out from that place.

“Ho-how did you?”

Moon widened his eyes.

That seal was his critical move.

It was even strong enough to seal Luciferre as well.

But, was there a way to escape the seal?

Even if there was one, how could Luciferre know about it?

However, when he looked carefully, it seemed like he changed a bit.

He wasn’t Luciferre.

He was...

“Hellhorse. Unicorn.”

Neiighhh!

Soon, two horses approached from the sky while they spread their wings wide.

The black Hellhorse.

The pure white Unicorn.

The two only followed Muyoung.

They were able to see the nature of the person and when Luciferre came out, they hid themselves.

However, since the real Muyoung came out, there was no reason for them to stay put.

Moon spoke as the Hellhorse and the Unicorn stood beside

Muyoung.

“Muyoung.”

Yes, it was Muyoung.

Not Luciferre!

After realizing this, Moon lightly trembled.

It wasn’t possible.

A mere human drove away a demigod like being?

How could a mere human do that?!

If he had really driven away Luciferre, it was no small matter.

There was no way Moon wouldn’t know the true meaning of it.

A completely unexpected move.

Even more, a move that he didn’t make any preparations for had appeared before him.

“Are you afraid of me?”

Muyoung spoke.

It was the same question he asked Luciferre.

It was so.

To Moon, Muyoung had once again become the unknown.

The unknown would produce fear and Muyoung knew about this better than anyone else.

He also knew how to use it.

It was no different than resuscitation.

A crisis had become an opportunity.

On the other hand, Moon was facing the backlash of his own trick.

Because if he hadn’t placed that sort of trap on Tacan, Muyoung wouldn’t have gained this sort of strength.

Luciferre wouldn’t have appeared and he might have even lost the fight against Moon.

Muyoung’s eyes sank bleakly.

Fragments of the Fissure.

And the Authority Moon had.

‘I’ll eat it all up.’

# Chapter 151: Authority Predator (End)

Moon was already in a weak state.

Even after he had been attacked by Luciferre, he still had to face Bae Sungmin, Tacan and even Calla.

“Luciferre… it’s not him.”

Everyone’s reactions were not different from Moon’s.

It seemed that even Tacan and Calla couldn’t believe that Luciferre had disappeared from the ‘surface’.

Just one person.

Only Bae Sungmin was excluded from the surprise.

“My Lord, you’re out.”

Bae Sungmin was struggling with the Asura King’s Left Arm that Muyoung had given him, now half ripped.

By looking at how he wasn’t able to regenerate, he had used up all of his magical powers.

Nevertheless, Bae Sungmin was peaceful.

No, he became peaceful when he saw Muyoung.

As if he knew that Muyoung would overcome Luciferre.

Swoong!

Muyoung pulled Anguish out and gripped it.

Mahoraga.

He was the god of music and was one of the Eight Deva Guardians that protected illegality.

Originally, he had discarded his arrogant personality and modestly crawled, calling it ‘Service Behaviour’, but it seemed that Moon was far from things like that.

He now knew as Luciferre was inside.

He was something else that was covered in Moon's shell.

So that was why he was called 'fake'.

"This can't happen!"

Kwaang!

Moon took a big step.

A hole formed in the ground, and from there, all sorts of sounds flowed out.

Something Moon didn't expect happened.

Moon was in a great panic about this unforeseen disaster.

Did he perhaps think everything would move according to his plan?

If that was so, then he looked at the world too easily.

Although he had succeeded in setting up the situation, the world was full of variables.

At least, he had induced it in the worst way for himself.

"The play is over."

Muyoung said.

This series of events itself was nothing short of a cheap skit.

He wanted to swallow up the Great City and create a god?

Even more, through everybody's false faith.

If someone had heard it, they would have smirked.

His work was likened to a skit?

Moon's expression hardened, and he raised his lute.

"You, who are a human, couldn't have fully gained the powers of a demigod. It's probably nothing more than a bluff!"

Diriring!

Moon played the lute.

Swaaanngg!

Then, a fierce typhoon raged and aimed for Muyoung.

But it wouldn't be like the Hellhorse and the unicorn to just watch him.

The Hellhorse decided to follow Muyoung ever since he had been defeated once, and his sense of loyalty had increased when Muyoung got the unicorn.

The same was true for the unicorn.

Muyoung had saved it from being manipulated by the devil, and it was now repaying that kindness.

They were both top rank monsters.

They were both beneath Moon's level, but if they combined their entirely different powers, they were able to fight back.

1+1 was not equal to 2, but 4 or more! Because their powers were so different, akin to yin and yang, that combining them had a much larger effect than if they were similar.

Kwajijijijik!

The Hellhorse compressed space.

The unicorn's horn lit up and sent the compressed space flying towards Moon.

"How dare such insignificant creatures attack me!"

In a way, his tendency seemed similar to Luciferre.

With his features in a frown, Moon rapidly flicked the strings of the lute.

Jijik! Jijijijijik!

A number of notes came out and soon became a din.

It was a sensation of penetrating the flesh and piercing the heart.

It was a sound that made the body automatically cower.

Kwang! Kwakwakwang!

The compressed space and sound met, creating a large number of vibrations between them.

Everything in the surroundings began to get sucked in.

In the meantime, Muyoung moved.

It wasn't just the 'Authority Predator' that was earned after experiencing the battlefield and meeting Luciferre.

Muyoung's eyes were stained jet black.

Soon, the power of death came out of his entire body.

Death!

What was also closely associated with corruption.

<Art of Death skill rank has increased: A -> A+++> <It is possible to fully restore the abilities of the dead.> <'The Dance of Death (0)' has been created.> <The Dance of Death? Transcend space and encounter the death of everything.

<The power of death that penetrates even gods. This is the Death Lord's power.> The quality was different to the death that Hyungbish used.

Muyoung became able to encounter death itself.

The power to transcend space.

To be precise, it was the technique of seeing the 'soul's grain'.

If severing grains destroyed matter, severing the grains of the soul severed the intangible.

In Muyoung's jet black eyes, Moon's death was seen.

He also saw the envoy that was linked to him.

That envoy...

'Mahoraga.'

He knew the moment he saw it.

That he was Mahoraga!

‘He stole Moon’s body.’

Similar to what Luciferre had tried to do to Muyoung, Mahoraga had stolen Moon’s body.

At any rate, what Muyoung saw was a world of death.

Now it was possible for him to even see gods.

Although he had a link to Asura, this was the first time he had seen a god.

A god!

He didn’t feel that much awe.

Wishing for belief from Muyoung was a luxury.

Muyoung believed only in himself.

‘The Dance of Death really makes it possible to kill even gods.’

Mahoraga transcended life and death.

However, he saw it.

His death. The extinction of his soul.

Muyoung, who had degraded his existence and spat upon his effort, ran towards Moon and Mahoraga.

He would cut him down.

Saaaaaak!

Horns rose.

When two horns rose, the world slowed down and it was possible for him to ‘see’ in increasingly more detail.

There were even grains in sound.

To be precise, sound was transmitted through matter.

If he could read the direction of the matter, it wouldn’t be hard to attack.

Kwang! Kwang! Kwaaang!

Each time Anguish hit the notes, a large amount of explosions were created.

Even so, Muyoung didn’t stop, and advanced.

Chwaak!

Finally, he reached him.

But it wasn’t Moon.

It was Mahoraga who was behind Moon.

Mahoraga trembled violently.

Although he barely cut his collar, he had cut his soul.

He had hurt a god.

“You bastard, what have you done?”

Moon, or rather Mahoraga, asked.

In an exceedingly surprised voice.

Even Luciferre was unable to detect his true self.

But how had a mere human seen him and cut him?

“How did an insignificant little thing do this, to me, a god…?!”

A storm was formed around them.

A storm of sound that swallowed everything.

It collided with the compressed space that the Hellhorse and the unicorn had discharged, and hit the Great City and caused great damage.

Then, Moon discarded his lute.

As soon as he lifted both hands, a transparent sword was created.

“You must be killed.”

Mahoraga felt ‘threatened’ by Muyoung.

For a mere human to have the authority to cut a god... He couldn't acknowledge it.

If he left it like this, it would ruin him someday.

So, before it started, he had to nip it in the bud.

Any more commitment was a bit irrational, but Mahoraga made up his mind to try his best to kill Muyoung.

Kim Taehwan, Hyacinth, the Sun Guild and the Luminescent Guild, they were all looking at the Sky Library.

A huge boom. Storms that formed everywhere.

'Please be safe.''

Hyacinth muttered.

There was nothing she could do for Muyoung, who was in the Sky Library.

The battle was so fierce she couldn't even get close to it.

If she got drawn in, she would not be able to escape.

Those who were classified as super strong had left for reconnaissance, but returned while shaking their heads.

That was because the Sky Devil's wall had been rebuilt.

It was blocking invasions from the outside.

Already a few days passed.

They only watched as they eradicated Family Ordinances.

Also, they were amazed. Sometimes they were in awe and occasionally they let out a cry of sadness.

They didn't know how the fight would progress, but the scale itself was different.

If those who had reached into the top 10 strongest fought, it seemed it would progress in that way.

The strongest 10 weren't violent between each other. It was like a

tradition from long ago.

“It’s like watching a battle with the Demon King.”

Abdullon came up beside Hyacinth.

“A battle with the Demon King? Have you seen it before?”

“Before the Great City was established, battles between the humans and the Demon King were plentiful. It was the same for me. Alexandro as well… huh.”

It had been peaceful for over dozens of years.

The humans had stagnated when the demons and even the devils were no longer seen.

As if in reproach of that, the Sky Devil’s trial had been given.

The humans who were drunk on safety were powerless in the trial.

If it had been like it was before, if it had been those who had fought the Demon Kings at that time, a trial like this would have been overcome in an instant.

Even imagining how it would be now if not for Muyoung was enough to make him break out in goosebumps.

“If this trial passes, we have to wake up. Forget about past comforts.”

Abdullon emphasized.

Kurururururung!

A black thunderbolt struck.

Hyacinth looked at the Sky Library and started to talk.

“I hope Muyoung is okay.”

“He is a strong man. Please believe in him.”

Muyoung was still shrouded in a veil.

Even Abdullon could not see Muyoung’s end.

And the divine power that was last seen. Wasn't it enough for him to be revered as the emissary of the Sun God?

'I believe in you.'

Hyacinth bit her lip.

***

He was someone who he had to kill at all costs.

But he couldn't kill him.

After a battle akin to a natural disaster, the one that fell to his knees was Moon.

The body that had received the strength of a god was slowly starting to melt away.

Moon cried out.

"It can't be! This kind of thing can't happen!"

Muyoung read his every move.

Even if the weakened Moon received the power of his god even more, there was a limit as his body was already weakened, and breaking his weakened attacks was easier than Muyoung thought.

He was overloaded and in the end was even melting down.

Of course, even so, in a simple contest of strength, Muyoung was behind.

However, there was a lot of things Muyoung could use to his advantage.

"You bastard! Who the hell are you? You're not the kind of fellow to be Asura's vassal!"

Asura, the Death Lord and King Slayer.

Muyoung had gained a lot of strength.

Asura would only be one of them.

It seemed like even the unbeatable Mahoraga was unable to read

him entirely.

That was his contradiction.

Muyoung sliced Moon's throat.

Buduk!

As his connection to Mahoraga snapped, his life disappeared.

He hadn't been able to kill Mahoraga, but Moon who was connected to Mahoraga had been eliminated.

Because Moon had been killed, Mahoraga wouldn't be able to easily run wild like before.

Meanwhile...

<The Immortal King's Fragment (2) has been received.> <A Fragment of the Fissure has been obtained.> <The strength of the Authority Predator is activated.> <The strength of the Authority Predator is suspended.> Suspended?

Moon had been killed. His heart stopped.

However, he hadn't been annihilated completely.

Though it was weak, a slight connection was made with Mahoraga.

With his eyes wide open, he spoke to Muyoung.

"I will use this body as nourishment and revive the Sky Devil. Try to block this as well."

Mahoraga wanted to kill Muyoung by any means.

If it was difficult using Moon's body, he would just borrow the Sky Devil's strength.

Swaaaak!

In an instant.

Moon's body turned to dust and began to scatter.

The dust blew up into the sky, and the sky turned more and more

purple.

Kuaaa… Kuaaaaaa!

A sound like a shriek was heard.

However, when Muyoung heard the scream his heart raced quickly.

It was the feeling he had when he first encountered Luciferre.

Trembling. Overwhelmed.

Shortly after, something came down from the sky.

An enormous leg was the first thing that appeared.

<The Sky Devil has awakened.>

<However, his formation has only been half completed. He is unstable.> <Please be cautious. The Sky Devil will use everything as his nourishment since he wants to be perfected.> Kuuuunngg!

Well over 100 meters!

He wore a golden helmet, but both hands were fettered to an iron ball.

Like a criminal.

However, nothing could compare to that being.

“He’s the fai-fairy king.”

Woohee’s body trembled.

She instinctively felt dread.

Swaaaaaak!

At that moment, the Sun Mirror began to shine.

“Eh? Why is this… to me…?”

A light flowed out from Tacan’s cape.

It quickly took shape.

He’d been waiting for this moment.

It was difficult to determine who it was just by the shape of the light alone.

However, he seemed to know the voice that flowed from there.

‘Alexandro!’

Muyoung glared fiercely.

However there was no time to think.

As if it was shot out, a light in the shape of Alexandro was launched towards the Sky Devil.

# Chapter 152: Absolute Nothing (1)

The Sky Devil didn't move.

While he was entangled in the black hole by the majesty of a great mountain, he only continued to scream out loud.

However, even that black hole was falling apart little by little.

"The fairy king made a huge mistake and fell into the Void. Our fairy world was also broken with this event. That's what Woohee's mother said."

Woohee's body trembled as she climbed on top of Muyoung's shoulder.

And then she hugged Muyoung's throat tightly.

Fairies had no houses of their own.

That meant they had no such land, like the humans had, for them to exist on.

Therefore, they would make trials and receive homes as a reward.

That instigator had now appeared before his eyes.

'Alexandro Quintart!'

Muyoung was unsure of what he was about to do.

The Sun Guild's guild master.

One of the top ten strongest humans.

It was a move prepared by him, who had gone by numerous other titles than that.

Muyoung thought that perhaps even his own death had been faked.

The Alexandro Quintart that Muyoung knew was a guy that would do anything that would benefit him.

A cold-blooded fellow.

But he had disappeared. Only carrying the Sun Mirror.

Perhaps, through the death of his body, he had concealed his existence and hidden something like his evil machinations or soul in the Sun Mirror.

The Sun Mirror was a mirror, as the name suggested.

It could absorb or store what was reflected in it.

But without knowing it's existence, Moon had disregarded it.

If his largest obstacle – the Sun Guild, and it's master died, he thought that the success of the trial was natural.

However, a variable named Muyoung had appeared, and even Alexandro had hatched a final twist.

Yes, a twist...

There was no way he would have done such a complicated thing for no reason.

A plan. This was definitely something that had to be done in order to avoid Moon's attention.

Muyoung activated the Dance of Death.

And he saw Alexandro, who was in the form of light, move as if he were being absorbed by the Sky Devil.

Kuwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-!

The Sky Devil screamed aloud.

The king, who was created, cast away the black hole that restrained him and wailed.

He made a desperate attempt to push out what had entered him.

'Spirit assimilation!'

Muyoung frowned.

Alexandro's soul was covering the Sky Devil's unstable soul.

Then it seemed as if Muyoung knew what his move was.

The Sun Mirror could hold or store a reflection. And, it had the powerful power to expel evil.

Now, Alexandro was no different from the Sun Mirror itself.

That was the reason why the Sky Devil's spirit, which was controlled by evil, was forced to react strongly.

'Alexandro's goal was the Sky Devil from the start.'

The hair on his whole body stood on end.

What was he to do?

If Alexandro swallowed up the Sky Devil, what would follow?

"Ah, that can't happen. That can't happen!"

Woohee suddenly rose.

She flapped her wings and tried to fly away.

However, the Sky Devil's surrounding were dangerous. The Sky Devil had the ability to damage even the soul. Even if it was a fairy without a physical form, it would die if it was hit.

Muyoung seized Woohee.

Then, Woohee, who was on the verge of tears, spoke.

"Something different is coming. If the two are combined, then they will just become a different creature!"

"A different creature?"

"Woohee doesn't really know either. It just feels very dangerous. Mother said that Woohee's senses for this kind of thing were very good."

Who Woohee called 'Mother' was the fairy queen.

Muyoung frowned.

It would become a different creature?

Woohee never acted like this before.

However he couldn't figure it out.

If it wasn't the Sky Devil or Alexandro, who was it?

"An absolute nothing... a doppelganger."

Woohee's eyes became glazed for a moment.

As if she was possessed by something.

Soon, the Sky Devil stopped screaming.

Then, something surprising started to happen.

The hulking figure that had exceeded 100m gradually began to shrink.

By half.

By half again.

It continuously shrunk until a human's figure was formed.

The body was certainly Alexandro's.

However, as if it were made of light, his face had no features.

There was only a mouth on his face.

"It's strange. Why doesn't he have a face?"

It wasn't the Sky Devil, and it wasn't Alexandro Quintart.

The unidentifiable figure tilted its head while touching its face.

But who was it?

When Muyoung looked at him with the Dance of Death, he was formless.

Absolute nothing.

A character that could become anything.

Was it really a doppelganger?

A doppelganger was the name given to the imaginary monster

that could change its appearance into any form.

In the Underworld, a monster such as the doppelganger didn't exist except in stories.

If it existed, the humans would not have been united and would have been destroyed in the end.

'It's ominous.'

However, it was ominous.

It wasn't only Muyoung who felt that way.

Tacan, Calla and even Bae Sungmin became very tense.

It wasn't a god.

For some reason, they were filled with a sense of foreboding.

Sure enough, he stood, looked sideways and clapped his hands.

"Genetic information. Yeah, that is lacking. Since this body was made with only soul information, I need the genetic information to fit the soul in order to complete it."

A monolog.

He didn't seem to like his incomplete body.

The guy looked to one side.

To be precise, he looked at the arena where the Sun Guild guild members were gathered.

Muyoung scowled.

Swoong!

He withdrew Anguish and quickly moved.

This fellow was an ominous being. His instincts were warning him.

If he left it as it was, he wouldn't be able to undo what would happen.

Although he has used up his mental energy dealing with Moon, he still had some left.

He could remain in a world that was four times slower for five seconds.

Two horns rose, and Muyoung advanced with all his might.

“Uuhhh?”

Chwaak!

He cut off his arm.

Swak!

He pierced his chest.

He cut him into pieces.

Thud!

His head fell to the ground.

However, he wasn’t dead.

“You use an interesting technique, huh?”

The guy, whose face alone was left on the ground, grinned.

At the same time, his scattered parts gathered and formed a whole body once again.

‘Even his grain regenerates?’

He had cut his grains.

He had done that so that he would have no choice but to die.

However, he had been restored.

It looked like…

‘He restored the time of his body.’

If the grain was cut, death was certain. That was the case with living things.

However, if the body’s time could be restored, it could be said

that the impact would be ‘nothing whatsoever’.

It meant that there was no use cutting the grains.

“How did you do that? Like this?”

The creature mimicked Muyoung’s actions.

And then the world’s time slowed down.

“Ah! It was this way. However, it’s not all that effective. Don’t you get tired of this quickly?”

He said inside a slowed world.

Like Muyoung achieved, a world that was 4 times slower.

‘He’s dangerous.’

Somehow he was even more dangerous than a Demon God.

He had to kill him now that he was just born.

His senses were screaming.

Muyoung wielded Anguish for the second time.

Kwaaaaang!

A dragon’s soul wailed and attacked the fellow as it was.

If he turned him to dust before he even had time to recognize it, he wouldn’t be able to restore his body’s time.

2 seconds remained.

Muyoung poured everything into it.

Chwarururururu!

He moved so quickly that an after-image remained.

“St-Stop! Stop!”

The doppelganger shouted.

Muyoung ignored him.

Eventually he had broken him up like powder.

Muyoung frowned and took a deep breath.

That moment.

Seururururu.

Reproduction.

The powder gathered once again and took form.

Did it mean that even if it was to this degree it wouldn't work?

But it seemed that Muyoung hadn't failed entirely.

The recycled guy frowned. He trembled and stepped back.

There was no expression, only the actions of fear itself.

It seemed he did not know that Muyoung could do that much.

"Sc-scary! You're scary!"

The doppelganger ran away.

In the direction of the arena.

In the direction where the Sun Guild members and Hyacinth were!

However, the horns retreated inside Muyoung's forehead.

'Luciferre!'

Muyoung knocked on the soul door.

Deafening silence.

If Luciferre would lend him some strength Muyoung might have been able to do something, but because he had been forced into yielding leadership, it didn't look like he had any intention of helping right away.

Damn.

Muyoung inwardly retched.

'I have to stop him.'

He couldn't stand there and do nothing.

Muyoung summoned all the undead.

He called even the Sword Bone Trio and King Mutant.

“That guy… Kill him!”

He was blocked off. If he was beaten by Muyoung, the other undead could not be ignored either.

The Sword Bone Trio moved their swords. The other undead, led by Tacan, also quickly joined in.

“Please stop! Guaaak!”

The repetition of his death and return to life ensued.

They would see how far he could recycle himself!

It would not be possible to regenerate infinitely.

It was when he had been killed and regenerated scores of times.

His body suddenly shone.

Alexandro’s powers!

Among them was the use of concealment and teleportation.

Those skills were why Alexandro, who did not die even when he was killed, survived to the end.

In terms of his Teleport skill, it was limited to one use per day, but it was the perfect skill for escaping danger.

When he felt fear that surpassed death, he used it instinctively.

Inside the light, his body became transparent.

And when the light faded, his body wasn’t there.

The doppelganger had run away.

He was just like a newborn baby.

He was a being that had made a living in the Void.

However, he only had a little knowledge.

Of course, he was very curious and he was deeply interested in

Muyoung, the person he first met.

But at the same time, he learned ‘terror’ too.

He was scary. Muyoung’s gaze, the feeling of his flesh being cut. The doppelganger was afraid of everything.

He had become dust dozens of times.

He’d thought he couldn’t come back again.

‘It’s because I wasn’t complete. I only have to become complete!’

If he didn’t want to suffer from this kind of thing, completion was the only recourse.

A body wrought by soul information.

However, it lacked the genetic information that shaped the body.

And that was close at hand.

‘Hyacinth! A human made by my original genes!’

Alexandro’s memory.

If he absorbed Hyacinth, he could perfectly assimilate her body and soul.

Shwwaanng!

The doppelganger teleported inside the arena.

Thump!

And he landed on the ground.

“What is that now?”

“It doesn’t have a face?”

“Is that thing a spirit too? First let’s kill it!”

Thousands of Sun Guild guild members were gathered in the arena.

They drew their weapons to kill the doppelganger that had suddenly burst in.

‘The man wielding a weapon. Kill him!’

Was it because he was beaten once by Muyoung?

The doppelganger was enraged.

It seemed as if they weren’t even strong like Muyoung.

It was because the strong persons had gone out to hunt the colored spirits.

Inside the arena, there were very few that could really be called strong.

Soon after, the doppelganger’s hand changed into a weapon.

And he copied and reflected the skills the humans used as they were.

Ice, flames, and lightning. He commanded all skills quite freely.

“Aaak!”

“He’s reflecting the skills as they are!”

“No. He’s taking them! He’s taking our skills!”

When they realized what was happening, it was already too late.

“Get lost!”

The doppelganger was gradually growing confident.

I am not weak!

Furthermore, he was confident that if he caught and consumed Hyacinth, he could become even stronger.

Thump thump.

He took a sniff.

The girl that smelled the same as him was a short distance away.

As the humans stepped back slightly in fear, the doppelganger ran into the giant tent.

“Hyacinth! My genes!”

Hyacinth turned her head.

The interior was an infirmary.

Numerous patients were lying down, and Hyacinth was treating them.

However, she thought the disturbance outside was merely the usual fight with the spirits.

Without warning, Hyacinth heard the voice of the intruder that entered and spoke.

"...Alexandro?"

"I need your blood!"

There was no time to think.

In the blink of an eye, the doppelganger approached.

And bit Hyacinth's throat.

Kwaak!

***

Muyoung entered the tent.

With a splash!

Blood pooled on the floor.

Before Muyoung had approached, the doppelganger had escaped, and as a result, someone had fallen to the floor.

"...Muyoung."

Hyacinth.

With a face that had turned pale, the girl gave a small smile.

"You were... okay."

Muyoung quietly approached.

After closing her neck wound, he felt her pulse.

Jijijik!

His hand bounced off the moment he touched it.

A strong curse.

The curse engraved in the doppelganger's tooth had formed on Hyacinth.

'I was too late.'

He forced himself to look at Hyacinth through the curse.

He immediately shook his head.

It wasn't simply sucking her blood.

It was sucking her life, the spirit of her source.

Because of the strong curse, even if he brought an elixir, it would be difficult to revive her.

Even with the blessing of a saint or the horn of a unicorn, the results would be the same.

Furthermore, they had to be in a refined form at once.

Time was too short.

I'm glad... you are... okay."

Hyacinth stretched out a hand.

However, she wasn't able to touch Muyoung.

Hyacinth lowered her head as it was.

# Chapter 153: Absolute Nothing (2)

She stopped breathing. There were no words.

No words came out.

‘Death.’

Death was something that was very familiar to Muyoung.

He had killed few thousands of people emotionlessly.

Among them, there were heroes, villains, ordinary people, elders, and children.

Did he feel guilty when he killed them?

No, he didn’t.

Although it was the effects of brainwashing, it had become Muyoung’s true nature.

However, Hyacinth was a girl who showed genuine interest and goodwill towards Muyoung.

Without any price.

It was a rare scene in the Underworld and the feeling was almost impossible to find.

Suddenly, he thought of the meaning of the flower hyacinth.

‘Modest love.’

She was a girl who embodied the meaning of the flower.

However, the curse of the doppelganger was deeply embedded in her soul.

Even when you die, the soul should be left behind but there was nothing.

His curse was the curse that took away a person and their life itself.

He was someone that destroyed everything regarding humans

that were involved with beauty.

Perhaps, he might have taken the soul as well.

Even if he was to turn Hyacinth into an undead, she would be hollow.

By thinking objectively, she wouldn't be that great of a help.

Ting! Tinggggggggg...

Muyoung looked down at the ring that dropped to the ground.

'Hamel's Rune Ring.'

The sacrifice needed to make Diablos.

He already had Oris's Throne Ring and the Lunatic Sovereign's Ring.

If he had this ring, he could summon Diablos at the altar.

From the beginning, didn't he approach Hyacinth to get this right?

It would have been so but he felt an array of complicated emotions he couldn't express with his words.

Hyacinth worried about Muyoung even until the end. If she was a normal girl, she would have shivered her body in pain.

The pain felt by the body dying due to the curse would have been excruciating.

Muyoung carefully picked up the ring.

"Rest in Peace. The doppelganger won't be able to escape my hand."

This was all Muyoung could do and was able to do.

A form of memorial that only Muyoung could do.

Muyoung's expression hardened even further.

'I just need to make an altar.'

He thought he should commence the summon of Diablos a bit earlier than he planned.

There wasn't much about making an altar.

Since he just needed to make a similar form and offer the right sacrifices.

However, a Diablo's devotee needed to wish for it, but Muyoung decided to solve the problem on his own.

'Luciferre, I'm going to borrow your divine powers.'

He just brought class, not strength. Luciferre had to give permission to use his strength but Muyoung was able to 'imitate' class as he absorbed Luciferre's soul.

Luciferre frowned deeply.

But, Muyoung ignored him.

Right now, Luciferre's opinions weren't important.

Then, he set up an altar and placed the three rings one after another.

'Come out.'

Spat!

A thunderbolt struck.

Muyoung was imitating Luciferre's demigod like divine powers.

And like a magnet, something was dragged to the altar.

<Three rings were all gathered.>

<The ceremony of the altar is now starting.> There wasn't much to call it a ceremony.

Although they said Diablos and devotees, they were all nothing but part of a system.

Since Diablos wasn't even a god.

In the past, there was literature that Diablos had been a powerful

being, but all that is sealed is just his weapon.

If someone just meets the criteria, it was supposed to summon.

The Sky Library that was half destroyed.

From that place, a dark fog approached.

The fog swallowed the three rings and spat out another.

<'Diablos (S+)' has been summoned.> A greatsword with a shape of a red dragon.

Muyoung grabbed the thing that was slowly coming down from midair with his hand.

And when he looked at it closer, the related information popped up.

Name: Diablos

Rank: S+

Classification: Weapon

Endurance: 350,000 (Unrepairable)

Effect: A weapon that can change its form depending on what the user wants. It destroys and places a curse on everything it touches. In the past, Diablos had used it but because of its strength, it was sealed.

* Legend

* It diffuses the 'Curse of Dragon Horse' to every enemy * Strength +55

* Intelligence +40

* All stats +10

* All barrier type skill is strengthened S+!

It was the same tier as the Immortal King's Breastplate.

On top, it was a weapon. It was more difficult to obtain a good weapon.

‘I can probably make a mark on the doppelganger’s body.’

Muyoung thought about it.

The reason why the doppelganger was able to turn back the time on his body.

He needed a strong weapon.

It wasn’t enough to have it just cut and slice.

He needed a powerful weapon that would take away everything once it touched.

This might be enough but Muyoung desired more.

‘Eat it.’

He raised Anguish.

Grr! Grrrrr!

Then, a strange sound came out of Anguish.

The moment it looked at Diablos, its greed was triggered.

That it wanted to eat it!

That it wanted to make that sword’s power its own!

Muyoung let it be.

Then, Anguish started to break Diablos down into atomic units and eat it up.

<’Greed’ has been activated. Anguish has absorbed ‘Diablos’.> Name: Anguish

Rank: S++

Classification: Weapon

Durability: 357,888 (Unrepairable)

Effect: A sword with the anguish of Gremory. A special condition has been activated.

* Myth (unique)

* It diffuses the ‘Curse of the Vampire Lord’ to every enemy * Ability to steal blood from the opponent and recover the stamina of the user * Greed (Sword absorption. From the absorbed sword, it brings everything over including its durability.) * Strength +75

* Fighting Aura +30

* Intelligence +4

* All stats +15

* Cry of Rage

* All attacks and all barrier type skill are strengthened Grrrrrrrr……..

As if it was satisfied, Anguish quiet down.

‘Power is overflowing.’

There was another surprising fact.

As he absorbed, he was further strengthened.

Basically, it was added to his original stats.

A legend level weapon had transformed into a myth level.

There were only demigod (transcendent) and god level equipment left after this level.

However, even in the past, Muyoung had rarely seen a S++ level equipment.

He was able to count the amount with his fingers.

He had gained one among them.

‘Curse of the Vampire Lord?’

However, there was something significant.

Not a curse of a Dragon Horse but a Vampire Lord.

– A Vampire Lord eats demons that are smaller than itself. It’s a curse that embeds on souls and it is hard to make it into the blessing of a sage king.

After reading the instructions, he nodded.

From Anguish, ominousness flowed out.

Its level was enough to close in on the doppelganger.

He was also a being born from evil.

He wanted to find out who's curse was stronger.

'Before that.'

Muyoung also added one more move to surely hunt down the doppelganger.

"Bae Sungmin."

"Master, did you call?"

From the darkness, Sungmin appeared.

Muyoung looked at the necklace on Sungmin's neck.

"I'll use the Talisman."

Talisman!

And the last Little Wish left.

If he combined the two, he would be able to make a true 'Wish'.

A fierce power strong enough to even destroy a few demon king legions.

Would the doppelganger be able to withstand the curse of the Vampire Lord and Wish at the same time?

Others might say it would be a waste but Muyoung inwardly shook his head.

He was ominous. And the reward wasn't given yet.

It meant that everything would be settled when he was killed.

If the doppelganger was that strong, he might receive a reward that was similar or even better than the Wish.

It meant that it was fully worth investing in.

Even more…

‘Your Authority is mine.’

Unlike Anguish, the Authority Predator was still hungry.

*

– You bastard, what are you trying to do?

Luciferre spoke for the first time.

It was when he created a real ‘Wish’ with the Talisman and the Little Wish.

– That’s the power of an archangel. How do you possess it?

“Wish is a power of an archangel?”

Luciferre was originally an angel.

When he fell, he lost his holy powers.

But, he would be well aware of the angel’s Lineage better than anyone else.

– Give that strength to me instead. I’ll cooperate with you.

In an instant, Muyoung could feel Luciferre’s greed.

However, he was reluctant to give it to him.

A Wish was holiness itself.

If Luciferre was to absorb this, he might even be able to regain the godliness of his past.

If that was to happen, Muyoung’s soul would quickly disappear.

His words that he would cooperate were no more than sweet talk.

‘An Archangel’s strength he says…’

However, there was something that he gained from that expression of greed.

If Wish was truly that sort of strength, it seemed like he could wish for something more specific.

“Wish.”

[What is your wish?]

As the winds blew gently, he was able to hear a voice he didn’t know was a man’s or a woman’s.

Soon, the world changed. The moon was below and his surrounding was the universe.

An unknown planet. Only Muyoung dropped to that place.

– Stop! Are you going to use that precious thing?

– If you give it to me, I’ll fully cooperate in killing him. Wouldn’t that be better?

Luciferre whispered.

Yet, Muyoung didn’t listen.

Luciferre’s strength was like a double edged sword. A sword that could also head towards Muyoung. The thing he needs to fully control Luciferre?

That was….

“Give me the strength of an Archangel.”

– You fool!!

Luciferre shrieked.

The opportunity in front of him had disappeared.

When you use the Wish, you couldn’t take it back.

However, there was a limit to a Wish and you could earn a better effect if you were more specific and close to what could be fulfilled.

Or else, you might receive a random power that wasn’t great.

But, through Luciferre’s hint, Muyoung was able to reach the greatest length of the Wish.

However, he didn’t ask it on Luciferre.

Only Muyoung himself!

<The 7th Archangel Gabriel's Blessings are passed onto the user.> <Gabriel is the archangel of mercy, revenge, and death.> <'Divine Powers' is created.>

<You have inherited the Lord Class, 'Archangel'.> It was a class of completely different tendency than those he had earned until now.

But, Muyoung was able to have four classes of completely different tendencies.

Although he never thought it was possible to gain one regarding divine powers.

Maybe because of this, there was no resistance.

He had accepted the strength so naturally.

Lord Class, Archangel.

– Ahhhh!!

Luciferre shuddered.

It seemed like he never thought Muyoung would ever gain Gabriel's strength.

The powers of an archangel. And if it was the 7th archangel among them, the story was completely different.

Although Luciferre was within the cherubim rank, the 7th archangel had the strength that surpassed simple rankings.

Among them, Gabriel was an angel that wasn't that far behind Luciferre when compared.

That power. If he could just have that power!

Gabriel's divine powers were different from the general divine powers.

He was an evil that was closer to a devil than a normal angel.

However, he hadn’t fallen. It was because he received the right to be so.

If Luciferre was to gain that power, he’s fallen status would become nullified.

Luciferre heightened his greed.

However, as divine powers filled Muyoung’s soul, Luciferre was terrified.

– How could a human!

Muyoung actions he had seen so far were quite strange but it wasn’t to this degree.

If Muyoung could fully control even an angel’s powers, his potential would be beyond Luciferre’s imaginations.

He wanted to have it. That was originally his to have.

However, Luciferre couldn’t touch Muyoung.

If he was to touch him, he felt like he would get blown away as is.

The Fallen Luciferre was struck with fear in front of the holy archangel’s powers.

‘A power that even makes Luciferre afraid.’

Muyoung nodded his head.

If it is this powerful, he felt like he could destroy the doppelganger completely.

He didn’t use his strength to destroy an enemy once but made it into an infinite potential.

And, Muyoung touched his forehead.

His horns had increased to four.

# Chapter 154: Absolute Nothing (3)

What did this mean?

Muyoung had been able to raise at most 3 horns.

Each allowed him to slow down time by double the speed and this meant he was able to experience a world that was 8 times slower.

However, the duration was overwhelmingly short.

The world visible in Muyoung eyes was like that right now.

’16 times.’

It’s slow. Infinitely slow.

In this slowed down world, Muyoung saw something else.

A wiggle of life. The movement of nature. The flow of air and the inside of the wind.

The problem was 5 seconds.

Not 5 seconds of the original speed from what Muyoung could feel.

If he was to divide it by 16, in real time it was only 0.3 seconds.

However, the ability to stretch 0.3 seconds as 5 implied a lot of things.

At least during the 5 seconds for Muyoung or the 0.3 seconds in real time, there was no one who would win against Muyoung.

Not unless they were transcendental beings.

“Cough! Pua! Pua!”

Muyoung quickly hid his horns. Although it was only for a moment, it’s impact was different. He felt like his eyes were going to pop out. His heart pounded so fast that it felt like it was going to shrink up.

‘I can’t use it often.’

Using all four horns was his last resort.

He needed to hide it until the very end.

A short period of time that even the enemy won't be able to recognize, as he needed to end everything within 0.3 seconds.

Muyoung took a deep breath in and shook his head.

'Status Viewer.'

The status window was the best thing to confirm the changes with his eyes.

There was nothing as eye-catching as objective numbers.

Title ->

Darkness and Abyss (All stats +10)

Achievement effect ->

(There are nine achievement effects.)

(All Stats +35, Intelligence and Wisdom +15, Spirit Ability +10) Class Effect ->

Death Lord (Lord Class)

King Slayer (Lord Class)

Archangel (Lord Class)

Stats ->

Strength 485 (270 + 215) Agility 477 (288 + 189) Stamina 450 (280 + 170) Intelligence 495 (240 + 255) Wisdom 410 (275 + 135) Fighting Aura 330 (170 + 160) Magic Resistance 525 (125 + 400) Spirit Ability 410 (260 + 150) Evil Tendency 400 (320 + 100) Divine Powers 300 (200 +100) Total Level: 475

Special Note: Your pure stats have increased after absorbing weak amounts of Luciferre's strength. Completed the 4th metamorphosis.

Equipped and Invoked Equipment:

Anguish (All stats +15, Strength +75, Intelligence +45. Fighting Aura +30) 3 out of 12 Zodiac Stars Set (All Stats +30, Magic Resistance +140, Spirit Ability +40, Agility +50) Immortal King's Breastplate (Strength +15, Fighting Aura +30, Stamina +50, Magic resistance +80) Hermes's Boots (Agility +15)

Skull Accessory (Strength +19, Agility +4) Greaves of Destruction – Baron (Agility and Stamina +20, Intelligence +30) Wilderness Set (Magic Resistance +50, Intelligence and Wisdom +20) Starlight (Star of the Absolute – All abilities +10) Even at a glance, Muyoung's development was extraordinary.

However, his pure stats increased much more than when he fought Moon.

Even if Anguish ate up Diablos, it was mere assisting stats.

There was another reason for this sort of change in pure stats.

'I completed the 4th metamorphosis?'

When?

Muyoung's current pure stats were very far from the 4th metamorphosis.

Then, Muyoung looked at the holy energy that formed on one of his hand.

Perhaps the 4th metamorphosis took place when he used Wish.

The body naturally evolved to accept the archangel's divine powers.

Even though he wasn't aware of it happening, the fact that he became stronger was a good thing.

Through this, Muyoung was able to be within the top 10 humans by looking at pure stats.

Especially in terms of Magic Resistance, he was over 500.

It was a figure that surpassed the top 10 and was near

transcendental beings.

Most skills weren't even ticklish anymore.

'Did they call something like this the equipment effect?'

Muyoung couldn't help but grin.

He did gain a lot from his equipment.

There wouldn't be any other person who would have been influenced by his equipment as much as Muyoung.

Even the great Alexandro wouldn't be close to him.

Well. The important thing, in the end, was how strong you were with everything.

Even for the top 10 humans, if they didn't have that much strength due to their equipment, their level would have dropped drastically.

'I need to check the archangel's skills as well.'

It was the new class he had earned.

There were no fools who fought without checking information regarding themselves.

Since it was a class he just earned, the main skills of the Lord Class didn't get corrected automatically.

It would probably be the lowest rank but there wasn't anything wrong with checking it out.

Muyoung turned his Status Viewer and the rest of the information popped out.

Skill Name: Gabriel's Wings (None) Explanation – 7th Archangel Gabriel's wings is summoned. Gabrial's Wings has the power to regulate all justice. At most, 7,777 feathers can be thrown to strike the enemy. The destructiveness of the features is proportional to your divine powers.

Skill Name: Execution of Justice (None) Explanation – When you

conduct mercy, revenge, or annihilate evil, your pure divine powers increase. This is only Gabriel's authority and you can never become fallen.

Skill Name: Divine Blessing (F) = It's a blessing and a recovery skill that all archangels have. It is proportional to your divine powers and the speed and area of recovery changes. However, the power of this blessing is easily comparable to the authority of a sage king.

There were three skills he earned.

However, one by one they were something out of the ordinary.

For him to be able to summon even Gabriel's wings.

Muyoung used the skill.

Then huge wings soared as it pierced through the skin of his back.

Flack!

Although there were only two wings that opened up completely, the size was greater than Muyoung's body.

A subdued amount of divine powers mixed into the wings caused piety to shine even in Muyoung's eyes.

Ha!

Muyoung let out a smirk.

For it to be an angel's wings!

It was hard to believe that not anyone else but he received angel wings.

Wasn't Muyoung a person who was least compared with the word 'angel'?

However, it was understandable.

If it was some other angel and not Gabriel, Muyoung would have never earned these sort of wings.

‘Execution of Justice. A power to never be fallen.’

This one justified Muyoung.

Only after reading the skill explanation, he was able to find out why Luciferre wanted it so badly.

In the end, it meant that most of Muyoung’s actions are acknowledged as ‘justice’.

That kind of right was shared.

The most valuable thing was this Execution of Justice.

The divine blessing wasn’t that far either.

‘Healing ability that is comparable to a sage king.’

As its level was low, he couldn’t use it often and the area of effect was small, but sage kings are the only humans who could be a proxy of a god.

You could consider saints as a god’s apostles but a proxy was a completely different feeling.

Of course, the power of saintesses couldn’t be compared to the power of one sage king.

The person who lived in the deepest parts of Mulalan.

Muyoung had never seen him before.

He just had heard rumors.

Since they said he rarely showed himself even when the demon gods invaded, he was clearly a person who was extremely cautious.

Either way, if he was to act, they said even the demon kings would back away.

That he had even the amazing ability to even bring back the dead.

If it said the skill was comparable to him…

‘If I was a bit quicker.’

If he had the strength a bit faster, he might have saved Hyacinth.

But, he shook his head.

After all, it was the result.

If he couldn't earn Diablos, he wouldn't have been certain he would be able to kill the doppelganger and wouldn't have used Wish.

There were regrets of what happened.

However, he didn't regret his decision.

'Where are you?'

Through this, all his preparations were complete.

Muyoung raised his head.

The twilight sky indicated that the day was slowly ending.

The doppelganger gained a face.

The weak parts had been complimented.

'I'm still hungry.'

However, it was lacking.

Even though his soul and body had been synced, the doppelganger wanted to gain much more information and strength.

However, the doppelganger was still afraid of Muyoung.

He ate up people while avoiding Muyoung's eyes.

Their blood and souls became skin to the doppelganger.

Crunch! Crunch!

Chop chop!

He even ate their bones up. He placed everything that made them human in his mouth.

"Delicious!"

Humans were a delicacy.

Once you're addicted to it, you couldn't escape from it.

The doppelganger became increasingly bold.

Either way, most humans were weak.

There weren't many who could stop him and when he ate up a human, he quickly became stronger.

He was also able to use their skills freely.

If time passed like this, there would be fewer people who could match him.

No, he felt that his fear against Muyoung would also disappear.

10, 50, 100...

As the number of people the doppelganger ate up increased, the doppelganger's strength also increased.

The doppelganger didn't stop here.

'Even the spirits look quite tasty.'

Ghosts and specters.

Even the guardians of the ancient king.

He was drawn to things that didn't have form.

Even more, even the spirits didn't consider the doppelganger as their enemy.

Creeeeeeek!

Kyaaaaack!

The spirits let out a scream. Their owner was eating them up.

From the beginning, it was the Sky Devil and Alexandro that became the basis of his body.

There was also a mixture of Moon and devils.

It meant that he could be involved in all material and spiritual

things.

‘It’s a delicacy but still slightly lacking.’

As he ate up spirits, his body became bigger.

However, compared to humans, they weren’t as that tasty.

Chup!

The doppelganger smacked his lips.

But, humans were all united. There weren’t many who went around alone.

If he was to target humans, he needed to attack where they were gathered.

And if he was to attacked those places, there was a high chance that Muyoung would show up.

‘No. This is enough to beat him. I’ll make him turn to ashes.’

The doppelganger looked down at his body.

He was overflowing with strength.

He felt like he could do anything.

Thump! Thump!

The doppelganger moved as he snorted strongly.

It wasn’t like all of the humans were gathered at the arena.

He attacked the smallest group first.

But, no one was able to stop the doppelganger.

“Kyehahahaha!”

The doppelganger was excited.

He even absorbed a few strong humans too.

Now, he truly felt that there was no one who could stop him.

‘I’m the best! However, I’m still hungry.’

He wanted to consume even more humans.

He saw the arena.

If it was now, he wasn't going to lose to anyone.

"He's here!"

"Close the door!"

"Long-range attack! Magic division, prepare for the next attack!"

The humans didn't just continue to suffer.

Only those who were thoroughly prepared were at the arena.

However, even then they were unable to stop the doppelganger.

No, they did land hits.

His skin was pierced and his body parts were sliced off...

However, the doppelganger's recovery ability was beyond one's imagination.

"Was he truly a monster?!"

Someone shouted.

A despairing voice.

The doppelganger pierced through the door and started to slaughter.

Piuung! Pierce!

At that moment, wings came flying from the sky.

Shooooooong!

What was one feather, gradually increased.

Soon, thousands of feathers stabbed the doppelganger's whole body.

'I can barely... recover?'

The doppelganger widened his eyes.

The places the feathers struck, the recovery was very slow.

This hadn't happened before.

As he turned his head, he saw a familiar face.

"Oh oh, emissary!"

"The Sun's emissary has appeared!"

The humans cheered.

Even the doppelganger knew him.

Muyoung!

'You smell incredibly tasty!'

Gulp!

For some reason, there was a scent that stimulated his appetite coming from Muyoung.

He wanted to eat him.

No.

Through whatever means, he needed to eat him.

His instinct was calling out.

That if he was to eat him, he would become stronger incomparable as to how he was now!

Thump!

The doppelganger jumped up.

To eat Muyoung!

A wing made from bones pierced through his skin.

Swoosh!

But, Muyoung was expressionless.

Afterwards, as he took out Anguish while his wings were wide open, as strong dark colored waves raged in his surroundings.

Craaaaaank!

# Chapter 155: Absolute Nothing (End)

A cry of rage!

It was like a bell that signalled the beginning of the battle.

However, the dark colored wave wasn't simply just for appearance.

It dampened the enemy's fighting will, made him frightened, and gave off all sorts of debuff effects.

This ability which strengthened depending on the fighting aura was quite useful in battle.

The doppelganger flinched.

His fear regarding Muyoung had grown larger once again.

Muyoung instantly broke it down into pieces and made it into dust the moment it was born.

That fear was engraved in his instincts.

'He is young.'

Not the Sky Devil or Alexandro, but someone in the middle.

A strong kid.

That was Muyoung's definition of the doppelganger.

It was slightly odd.

Alexandro Quintart.

Was he just trying to make that?

'Everything is a variable. He wouldn't have guessed this result either.'

Muyoung himself acted as a variable.

Moon, the Sky Devil, and Alexandro couldn't flexibly act against him.

Everyone betted their everything and as a result, they all faced different catastrophes.

Even Alexandro wouldn't have known that a half Sky Devil would be completed.

Furthermore, Moon's body was melted down at that place. Mahoraga even interfered that a great chaos occurred.

"I'm going to kill! I'm going to kill!"

"What a fool."

The doppelganger clenched his teeth.

He made a last-ditch effort to win against his fear of Muyoung.

Muyoung carelessly raised his wings.

From the wings that had a haze of light, feathers poured out again.

Shhooooooooong!

A lord class's skills can't be corrected.

However, thankfully, Gabriel's wings had no level. It meant that it was influenced a lot by Muyoung's abilities.

Although his divine powers were low, it acted like a poison against the doppelganger's body.

"Kyaaaaack!"

Thump!

The doppelganger let out a horrible shriek as he swung his wings to attack Muyoung.

Thud!

Rumble!

Muyoung was jammed onto the ground.

However, as if nothing happened, he got up.

‘I should refrain from air combat for a while.’

He wasn’t used to air combat.

Either way, where he was hit was quite burning but it wasn’t enough that he couldn’t endure it.

“I’m strong!”

The doppelganger was triumphant.

It was because he was successful in attacking Muyoung and found out that his strength worked on him.

It was a body that he grew after eating a few hundred humans and a few thousand spirits. Even Muyoung couldn’t stop him.

Woong!

Craaaank!

Three skills were shot at once.

The power of fire, ice, and lightning!

They were indiscriminately poured on top of Muyoung, like a hailstorm.

Crank! Crank! Craaaaackle!

There was no end to the doppelganger’s magical abilities. He continuously poured out skills to pressure Muyoung.

And everyone who watched the scene was worried.

“Oh, the emissary of the Sun…!”

“Shouldn’t we move to help him?”

“Our attacks don’t work on him. Didn’t you see him instantly recovering from our attacks?”

“But, the attacks made by the emissary were recovered slowly. If we were to interfere, it would only be a bother.”

The Sun guild’s members were also known to be strong.

In reality, they did land numerous hits onto the doppelganger.

However, the problem was that he instantly recovered from them all.

“Shit, the skills are pouring out endlessly.”

“Let’s try to stop that at least!”

But, not everyone had the same opinion.

There were people who acted thinking that Muyoung would be able to move once the doppelganger stopped pouring out all those skills.

Especially Kim Taehwan, who lead that opinion.

He stopped the skills that poured out as he held out the Shield of Eradication.

“Grrrrrrr!”

Kim Taehwan invested everything on his stats and skills related to the shield.

Even then, he was continuously pushed back by the doppelganger’s attacks.

People shot arrows and used skills to support from a distance.

Those who were proficient with defense or used shields joined Taehwan.

Those who had classes related to priests used their healing skills to support them.

The doppelganger frowned.

“Food should die quietly!”

The doppelganger knitted his brows.

He didn’t like the fact that his prey was rebelling so much.

However, the doppelganger continued to attack Muyoung.

It was because Muyoung was the one that seemed the tastiest of

them all.

“Gyaaaccck!”

Taehwan screamed out loud.

It wasn’t just Taehwan.

“Hang on! Fuck!”

“Whatever happens, we must protect!”

“Until our emissary gets up, we must endure it!”

All defense was gradually being pierced through.

The muscles in his arms were ruptured and the armor he was wearing was melting.

He even had burns on his hands.

It was obvious they weren’t going to last long like that.

“It was at most 3.”

When the thick smoke was lifted, Muyoung walked out.

With a completely cold expression.

He didn’t seem to have received a lot of blows.

Everyone was surprised. Even the doppelganger.

However, most skills couldn’t even scratch him as he had over 500 magic resistance.

And there were probably 3 people who had over 500 magic resistance.

And Muyoung became one of them.

However, more importantly, most skills used by the doppelganger were all in the middle’.

‘There is a limit to him as well.’

Muyoung recalled.

When the doppelganger mimicked him slowing down speed.

Even then, Muyoung was still fast. He only had the world that slowed down 2 times at most.

Also, he was only able to use 3 magic abilities at one time at most.

Muyoung was just overwhelmed by his appearance at first, he wasn't an all-rounder as he had thought.

Swoosh!

Anguish cried.

The cry was incomparable to the past.

"...! Try to endure this as well!"

After finding out Muyoung was fine, the doppelganger flinched.

However, if the spells didn't work, he just needed to pour out stronger skills.

A huge sphere of fire was made on top of the doppelganger's head.

The sphere of fire was slowly increasing in size.

It had the power to wipe out everything if it touched and exploded.

Swwwwwwwaaaang!

Then, the sphere of fire suddenly exploded.

Muyoung had moved.

His horns increased to two.

4 times.

In his accelerated condition, he saw the grains of the fire.

And swung Anguish.

Swaaack!

The sphere split exactly in half.

And he ran as he spread his wings.

He sliced the doppelganger's body diagonally.

Zaaaahhh!

At the same time, the Curse of the Vampire Lord was inflicted.

The Vampire Lord ate up smaller and weaker demons than itself.

Keeeeeyaaaaaackk!

The doppelganger shrieked an eerie cry.

He was fine when the humans attacked him numerously but his body that was just sliced wasn't recovering like before.

The Curse of the Vampire Lord invaded and influenced the doppelganger's authority.

Kyaack! Kyaaaack!

It was a creepy sound.

The doppelganger's body that was sliced in half staggered as if he was dancing.

Soon, an energy of purple light surrounded the doppelganger's whole body.

'The Sky Devil's Power.'

Before he used Alexandro's skills and now it seemed like he could also use the Sky Devil's powers.

Then, surprisingly the body started to regenerate.

However, it wasn't a simple regeneration.

The doppelganger became two.

The numbers continuously increased as he killed.

That number now became 32.

It seemed like he couldn't continuously proliferate but could only be made up of 32 bodies.

All 32 bodies possessed the original powers of the doppelganger.

At once, 96 skills were poured out.

“Wilderness.”

Although he didn’t receive a big damage, if the doppelganger poured out so ignorantly, it would be too much for Muyoung to handle.

Of course, even if he was to get injured, he just needed to recover.

Unlike the past, Muyoung now was able to recover on his own.

Even if Muyoung was in a dying situation, the ‘Divine Blessing’ would allow him to recover at once.

It was much better than the doppelganger’s regeneration skill.

In a day, at most he could use it three times, but it meant that he could fight wihtout worry with that much.

But, that didn’t mean he could really fight endlessly.

And so, he activated a barrier.

With the Star of the Absolute, the barrier shined and changed the surroundings into a different color.

<The reality marble ‘Wilderness’ is activated.> <Through Anguish’s effect, the ‘Wilderness’ is strengthened.> The Wilderness.

Like the word itself.

The surroundings were all desert, devoid of civilization.

Muyoung had seen this scene somewhere.

‘The Star of David.’

It was when he first arrived at the Blue Temple and found the Temple of Gremory.

Muyoung won over everything in this endless desert.

In the past, his limits!

This rough desert was a sort of a mirror.

A place that showed their nature and tested them.

“Wha, what is this?!”

“This is my body! Get lost!”

“Gwaaaahhh!”

All the doppelgangers let out a scream.

There were so many things mixed inside him.

Everything gushed out at once and tormented him.

Muyoung won against it with his strong mentality.

Would he be able to do the same?

Shhiiing!

The main body used a teleport skill.

Of course, it didn’t work.

This was the Wilderness. Inside Muyoung’s barrier, there was no leaving.

Without Muyoung’s permission, you couldn’t escape.

‘Now, I see your true nature.’

The doppelganger’s nature was absolutely unsteady.

Since he didn’t have a nature in the first place, it would have been quickly made.

After all, being placed in a situation like this, he couldn’t help but feel a great deal of confusion.

“I won’t forgive you! Never!!”

The doppelganger started to rejoin again.

The 32 bodies combined to make a huge giant.

Because it was forcefully made, the body shook as if it could collapse at any moment.

Like magma, his flesh popped and reattached continuously.

But, he couldn’t be ignored.

He felt the strengths of all those he ate up.

It would be too much for even Muyoung to receive his blows straight on.

“I just need to break this barrier!!”

Claaaaang!

As his fists touched, the ground split.

A huge explosion occurred and the force swept the surroundings.

Muyoung’s horns increased to three.

Acceleration by 8 times.

He quickly stepped and jumped on the debris of the ground that bounced up as it broke and instantly went near the doppelganger.

Soon, as he approached the doppelganger… his eyes were opened.

“The Sky Devil’s eyes can see the future!”

The doppelganger caught Muyoung’s ankle.

A reaction that couldn’t be possible unless you know what was going to happen in advance.

Crash! Crash! Crash!

Muyoung was shot down as he was.

Every time he bounced off the ground, Muyoung’s body let out a scream.

“Cough!”

As he coughed up blood, Muyoung stabbed the doppelganger’s arm with Anguish.

The Curse of the Vampire was once again flown into his body.

“Gwaaack!”

The doppelganger was surprised as if he was shocked by

electricity, and let go of Muyoung.

Muyoung who barely landed on the ground, spat out the blood that was in his mouth.

The sturdiness of his equipment, his high stamina and his magic resistance.

If anyone of these were lacking, he would have died.

Like this, the Wilderness was a double-edged sword.

While it could bring out the enemy's nature and everything about him and give him a trial, but in return, it made their fighting powers explode.

But due to this, the curse worked more effectively.

The Curse of the Vampire Lord penetrated the doppelganger's body.

The problem was those eyes.

'If he could read all my attacks...'

The speed of 16x was his last move.

Only 5 seconds.

In reality, 0.3 seconds.

Within that time, he needed to bet everything and if he failed, he would have to die.

It was at that moment.

"You stupid bitch! What are you doing inside me! Kyaaaaakk!"

The doppelganger was confused.

He scratched and smacked his own body and tried to drive something out of himself.

"You prey! It's useless to struggle!!"

It was strange.

Muyoung used Dance of Death.

His eyes were dyed black.

And he saw.

‘Hyacinth.’

Hyacinth’s presence was felt inside the doppelganger’s body.

Hyacinth played an important role in forming him.

Muyoung thought she disappeared completely but she survived until the end at the very bottom, and through the Wilderness, as the doppelganger’s nature was maximized, she showed herself again.

Hyacinth was harassing the doppelganger.

The doppelganger’s eyes started to shut little by little.

Afterwards, both eyes were completely shut.

’16 times.’

It was an opportunity.

Muyoung also changed.

He raised all four horns.

A world where he could even see the movements of the air.

Muyoung ran.

Anguish butchered the doppelganger’s body.

One, ten, a hundred…

The doppelganger was continuously cut through.

The doppelganger who was combined unstably couldn’t even divide himself up again.

The Curse of the Vampire Lord and the strength of the archangel stopped his regeneration.

Exactly when 0.3 seconds had passed in real time, the world

turned back to normal.

The doppelganger’s movements stopped.

And…

Swwooosh!

His body crumbled and became dust.

# Chapter 156: Cult Judge (1)

However, it didn't quickly regenerate like before.

It only wriggled.

The powder repeatedly clumped and scattered.

Although the Wilderness was a barrier that maximized essences, the countless cutting of his grains by the strong curse made him unable to regenerate.

Muyoung's appearance returned back to normal.

The doppelganger. The incomplete Sky Devil. Moon. Alexandro Quintart.

The Lawless Clan, the Sun Guild, the Luminescent Guild.

And Hyacinth.

The problem that everyone was entangled in was coming to a close.

Now all he had to do was finish it.

<Execution of Justice! It is revenge and evil's gruesome punishment. Divine power increased by 30.> <The 'King Slayer' has been invoked. All pure abilities have been increased by 10.> < 27 types of kings have been slain. There are 73 types remaining.> It was the Archangel and King Slayer's skill.

They both gave stats when he killed a strong opponent.

Especially in King Slayer's case, there was a trial for killing 100 types of 'kings'.

Even if it wasn't really a king, the same effect could be achieved if such a unique being was eliminated.

Now there were 27 species. He had crossed the Demon Kings' territory and hunted countless monsters, but there was still a far way to go.

He hadn’t acquired stats alone.

<You have been victorious in the fight with Mahoraga’s Successor.> <’Hell’s Path’ has been opened.>

<Conquest rate – 0%>

Hell’s Path!

The succession after the Asura’s Path.

It was one of the Six Paths and the place where the most terrible demons lived.

In a moment, an entirely different world unfolded before Muyoung.

It was dark, muddy and filled with incessant wails.

However, there was no master in Hell’s Path.

If Asura’s Path was united due to three monarchs, this place was literally lawless.

It was merely divided into ranks by power.

From rank 9 to rank 1.

Of course, the demons got stronger the closer they were to rank 1.

At the same time, the specters Muyoung had were also divided.

<The specters of the user ‘Muyoung’ have been classified according to their strength.> <4th rank – Muldudun>

<6th rank – 42 creatures>

<7th rank – 555 creatures>

<8th rank – 1,544 creatures>

<9th rank – 3,787 creatures>

Even Muldudun was in the 4th rank.

It looked like monsters had to be strong as Calla and Tacan to be in rank 1 or rank 2.

At any rate, though Asura's Path could swallow up even Luciferre with a little expediency, Hell's Path was completely different.

The place full of embittered evil spirits.

Perhaps Muldudun's strength alone could not conquer it.

'I'll have to make time later.'

Because of Luciferre, Muyoung learned how to divide his soul.

It meant that it was also possible for him to enter Hell's Path.

However, that was work for later.

Right now, gaining what was before him was more urgent.

Muyoung slowly lowered his body.

He reached out without hesitation.

'Authority Predator.'

Luciferre's authority!

The power to devour his opponent's authority.

Now, when he couldn't resist, was the best time to devour it more easily.

A blue hand shot out and dug through the doppelganger's remains.

<'Authority Predator' is activated.>

<You are getting one of the doppelganger's authorities.> What was he to get?

This time even Muyoung couldn't be sure.

It would be nice to eat everything, but if that was possible, Luciferre would regain his position.

In addition, authority was power and the doppelganger was anything but ordinary.

Muyoung's body would also be unable to withstand the sudden

surge of power.

Shwaaak!

A mouth appeared in the palm of the blue hand and began to inhale the powder.

Random authorities could be obtained, but the doppelganger's authorities were amazing, Right away, there were four authorities that Muyoung could think of.

Super recovery, quick learning, split, and eye of the Sky Devil!

<The strength of Immortal King, 'Seventh Trial' has been absorbed.> The Seventh Trial?

Muyoung mentally tilted his head to the side.

However, it was after the blue hand of the Authority Predator had disappeared.

He turned to his Status Viewer.

And within the skills bar, he looked for the authority with the same name.

Skill Name: Seventh Trial (None)

Explanation – The Immortal King has resolved the most difficult and great seven trials. And so, he received seven lives.

*Lives left: 7

*You lose something important every time you resurrect.

Muyoung's pupils shook greatly.

For it to be a resurrection!

It wasn't even super recovery.

The effect that was like the word, the name itself.

It was the strength to even refute death.

'I have never heard that such an authority existed.'

In the past, although he had stolen numerous Status Viewers from the people he assassinated, and even saw documents related to it, he never heard of the name ‘The Immortal King’.

It was the end if you died in the Underworld.

That’s why you lived more desperately.

That was logic.

However…

‘It’s not the doppelganger’s authority.’

The doppelganger had a super recovery.

He didn’t resurrect from the dead but he reversed time on his own to regain his normal form.

If that was so, whose authority was this?

‘The Sky Devil.’

To be exact, the Fairy King’s.

Although it was only a bit, Muyoung felt like he approached the true identity of the Fairy King.

Chijijijijik!

The remains of the doppelganger lost its color and strength.

In time, it just became loose soil.

He was lucky.

‘He could have resurrected a few times.’

If he didn’t steal this authority, there was still a possibility for him to resurrect.

For him to have super recovery and resurrection, wasn’t it truly an undying combination.

Just the thought of it was awful.

‘Seven lives…’

It stated that he would ‘lose something important’ every time he resurrected but it didn’t really specify what that meant.

However, even if he did consider it, he could never give up the merit of being able to exonerate death seven times.

Muyoung’s body trembled finely.

A strength no one in the past could find.

An authority no one could possess!

Given that there were no demon gods who had the authority to resurrect, you could truly tell how this was a broken skill.

“The wall is being removed!”

“The trial has ended!”

After the duration of the Wilderness had ended, shouting sounds were heard from the surroundings.

The wall that had engaged the Great City was completely gone.

The trial had ended.

<The ‘Sky Devil’s Trial’ has ended.>

<You will be rewarded depending on your rank.> <The influence rate of the user, ‘Muyoung’, is currently ‘1st place’.> <You can choose your reward.>

<Isaac’s Boots, Berserker’s Helmet, Mureung King’s Fan…> *

– Overlap of trials.

– Isn’t it truly incomprehensible?

– He surpassed the range of rewards we can give him.

– On top, he already has three classes. I think there will be a war of nerves to place the last class on his soul.

– No, didn’t he already collect 3 out of 12 Zodiacs? It wouldn’t be bad to let him collect all 12 of the Zodiacs.

– Although it is an overlap of trials, it is recognized as one. We

can give him at most two. If we were to give him any more than that, we need to break the law of the world.

– Are you saying that we can't give it to him unless we are prepared to become extinct...?

– It's true that he is the currently the most likely candidate but even now, he has received too much in a short period of time. Even if we were to give him something more, he wouldn't be able to withstand it.

– His pure stats are too low. If he was to be noticed by the demon gods now, he would definitely be killed. Since the moment he becomes a transcendental being, all the eyes of the world will turn to him. It would be difficult.

– Then it's best to give him something that he really needs.

– By something that he really needs, you mean?

– You know the thing that Mother Earth gave us.

– Really?

– Hmm, there was that. But, isn't it too dangerous? If something goes wrong, he would be worse off than before.

– That would depend on his efforts. It is outside our jurisdiction. It's best if we don't get involved any further.

– We are the balancers of the darkness.

– Either way, where is King Slayer and what is he up to?

– The Master of all the Mountains, the King of Dragons, Sovereign of Death... He went to see them all.

– For what reason?

– To ask about the unexpected changes in the world. Didn't we also feel it too? Around one year ago.

*

<To you who has explored the realm of incomprehensible.> <The

Masters of Darkness have gifted the user ‘Great Harmony’.> The item called the Great Harmony was a small blue crystal.

Boing Boiing!

The Armful’s Cradle fairy that continuously sat on top of Muyoung’s head reacted.

As if it was pleased to see it.

Name: Great Harmony

Rank: None

Explanation: Mother Earth. A crystal the god of harmony has created herself. It has the strength to straighten everything that is out of sync and keeps things in harmony.

Afterwards, the crystal was absorbed into his body through his hand.

Slurp!

It happened in an instant.

“Umm…”

There was no pain.

However, there weren’t any other effects either.

‘It doesn’t seem like it’s instantaneous effect.’

All the gifts from the Masters of Darkness were useful.

This was also true.

Although Muyoung was slightly suspicious, he wasn’t really alert.

Muyoung then turned back.

Since the battle had ended, it was time for him to clean up.

And very small black wings started to sprout on his back.

*

Alexandro and Hyacinth's souls were together.

They were living inside Sky Devil's body and were suffering.

And at that place, Hyacinth was able to see a picture Alexandro's soul poured out.

His goal and his story.

"I want to go back."

It was when Alexandro had just arrived in the Underworld.

He yearned.

Starting at the Blue Temple, he saw numerous deaths.

And also understood that the Underworld was a place where the strong survived.

"I want to go back."

He hated a world like that. However, he needed to survive to return back to Earth.

And so, he survived like hell.

And then, he became the owner of the Sun Guild.

He got married and had many children.

However, an emptiness within one part of his heart didn't disappear still.

And during that time he met Moon.

The sect leader of the Sky Devil cult. A strange man.

"All of this is god's tricks. If a god had power, he can do everything. He could even transcend death and even cross worlds!"

It was true in reality.

The Sky Devil had the authority to even come back to life after his death.

Alexandro was excited by the strength he saw and experienced

for the first time.

It was even possible to move through worlds.

The future the Sky Devil showed. Alexandro was on Earth.

However, the Sky Devil was still incomplete.

Moon tried to complete the Sky Devil.

From then on, Alexandro made a plan.

A plan for him to gain the completed strength of the Sky Devil.

If he was successful, he could return back to Earth.

Even if other important people died, he could revive them.

What was the big deal when he could transcend through death and worlds?

He thought about it that way.

And so he conducted a dangerous gamble.

If it was like usual, he would have thought more deeply but, “I want to… go back.”

His desire was too intense.

However, after entering the Sky Devil, he realized that everything was a lie.

The Sky Devil was right, gods could do those things..

He couldn’t transcend death and it was impossible for him to move through worlds, for the Sky Devil wasn’t a god.

After realizing this, Alexandro was lost.

He lost everything after betting it all, for it to be a dream.

Even if the Sky Devil was to become complete, Alexandro’s dream couldn’t be achieved from the beginning.

“I’m sorry. But, at least you need to survive. My daughter, Hyacinth.”

At the same time, Alexandro's eyes reached Hyacinth.

Wiggle!

It was when everyone had disappeared.

The ashes drifted in the wind.

Everything was scattered.

Among them, a very small fragment. That one fragment started to wriggle.

That fragment slowly got bigger.

In time, he formed a shape of a girl.

'Who am I?'

The naked girl pondered.

'I am... Hyacinth. Hyacinth...'

However, outside of her name, she didn't remember anything else.

# Chapter 157: Cult Judge (2)

Rring.

Suddenly, a sound of a bell was heard.

Hyacinth turned her head.

A parade of numerous people wearing white clothing.

A group who wore white hoods and held bells in their hands were heading towards this place.

In the middle, two large men were moving a huge picture.

A picture of clouds, sea, and the sun.

And on top of the three, there was a benevolent mother.

Rring. Rring.

The sound of the bells gradually got closer.

Then, a woman who wore a pure white helmet approached riding a white horse.

“It’s strange. A strong scent of flowers is coming from this small girl.”

The woman’s voice was heavy like a rock.

However, the woman couldn’t take her eyes off of Hyacinth.

She couldn’t.

She slowly approached Hyacinth and touched her face.

She smelled her hair and once again, looked into Hyacinth’s eyes.

Then, the woman realized her own shameful conduct.

“A bewitching scent!”

A bewitching scent which most said succubus had.

But, the quality of scent Hyacinth gave off was completely different.

An overwhelming scent that encompassed everything.

From the moment it was smelled, it made people want to get closer to her and possess her.

The desire to possess her even if they needed to cut her flesh naturally occurred.

It was something that wasn't possible.

At least, to the woman, this sort of scent shouldn't have worked on her.

"The God of Cloud 'Soon', God of Sea 'Ryung', God of Earth 'Han', and their mother 'Idea'. Please guide this poor sheep."

Rring. Riring.

Numerous bells were created around the woman.

It was the ceremony of cleansing. It was to cleanse the consciousness that could have made a mistake due by being mesmerized by the scent.

"Who are you? Do you know me?"

Hyacinth cringed.

However, she couldn't do anything about her curiosity.

Her existence. It was because all her memories were empty.

However, when the woman looked into Hyacinth's eyes again, she shook once more.

"How could such beings exist in this world...?!"

The woman bit her lips strongly.

Even if she had the ceremony of cleansing, she was shaken.

It couldn't and shouldn't be possible.

The woman was the cult judge of the Holy City Mulalan.

As a holy body who had to judge cults, she couldn't overlook this situation.

‘I need to kill her.’

The woman took out a huge sword from her back.

The girl, Hyacinth had no evil feelings.

Evil energy couldn’t be felt from her either.

However, this scent and body odor paralyzed everything.

If she had this much of an effect on herself, it was obvious how it would be for others.

Hyacinth’s scent didn’t make distinctions between women and men.

“S, save me.”

Hyacinth was completely frightened.

At that moment.

All the bells in the woman’s surrounding disappeared.

The sound of the bells also died off.

‘I need to kill…’

The woman lost strength from her hand slowly.

Thud!

Within time, she dropped the sword.

At first, she thought it was the bewitching scent that succubus had.

However, the more she smelled the scent, for some reason she gained a holy feeling.

And so, she made a conclusion.

That she couldn’t judge her.

“…I will cover your scent with the ‘holy cloth’. Until you are able to control your scent on your own, you won’t be able to remove that cloth.”

The woman gave up on killing Hyacinth.

Instead, she took out a triangular bell from her side.

Diring!

As the bell rang, few layers of cloth came down from the sky.

And wrapped Hyacinth.

A holy accessory that was only accessible by the woman.

A holy bell and cloth.

A treasured item among treasured items' that could block all impious actions.

"Seraphina! Did something happen?"

The paladins ran towards the woman.

The woman, Seraphina shook her head.

"Transport this child safely to Mulalan. Nothing should happen in between. Understand?"

"This cloth is..."

"Don't ask any further, and you must never remove the cloth either. You need to send her to the sage king. Whatever happens, you must!"

"I understand."

As Seraphina re-emphasized, the paladins nodded their heads.

Whether or not this child was good or evil would be decided at Mulalan.

The paladins carefully took Hyacinth who was wrapped in the cloth.

Seraphina looked at her worriedly from behind.

'The sage king would make the right decision.'

A girl who suddenly appeared in front of her.

Seraphina couldn’t be sure if she was sent by the gods or by the devil.

However, she had no doubt that the sage king would make the right decision.

‘Either way, the evil energy is too strong.’

Then, Seraphina looked beyond the horizon.

Beyond the horizon, there was the Great City.

*

Through the ‘Sky Devil’s Trial’, the reward Muyoung chose was Isaac’s boots.

The Herme’s Boots he was using originally had the ‘acceleration’ option but to Muyoung who now had four horns had no particular use for them anymore.

It became the item that needed to be replaced first among all his equipment, but as he completed the Sky Devil’s trial, it was the reward that caught his eyes.

‘It was owned by a demon king who battled with the humans in the past.’

A time when Muyoung wasn’t summoned to the Underworld yet.

The humans fought a war with the demon kings.

Among them, Isaac was known to be the top-ranked demon king.

It was known that his equipment disappeared with him after a huge sacrifice destroyed him in the end.

He wasn’t sure why that was on the list for rewards but….

‘The Great Calamity after 10 years. After that, the beginning of a full-fledged war started.’

Muyoung thought about it again.

The Great Calamity occurred and when the humans were all

summoned, the demon gods started to move after their fight for the fragments.

The humans were slowly pushed back from the front lines and fights between each other slowly started to arise.

‘It was good luck for me to find this here.’

Either way, Isaac was in a different league among the demon kings.

Since the demon kings weren’t all in the same rank.

Muyoung had never seen Isaac and just heard stories regarding him but if there were no exaggerations in his military power, it meant it was worth anticipating.

Name: Isaac’s Boots

Rank: S

Classification: Equippable type

Endurance: 150,000

Effect: A relic of the Demon King Isaac. There is a strong magical power within it.

* Stamina +30

* Agility +30

* Evil tendency +50

* Blink (A distance movement proportional to your intelligence and wisdom) The stats were all quite decent.

Instead of raising one stat, it was better to have a variety of stats that increased in terms of balance in general.

Although it did bother him that the evil tendency went up, he was more interested in the special ability ‘Blink’.

Blink.

It was a teleportation type skill.

Like what Alexandro used, it was difficult to transport long distance but he was able to instantly run towards a place he could see with his eyes.

On top, since it didn't have a restriction on the number of times it could be used...

It meant that he could use it until he was exhausted, moving to an advantageous place.

'It is quite rare to find a transportation ability attached to equipment.'

Among equipment with a transportation type ability, there was hardly anything that had decent stats as well.

From what Muyoung knew, this was so.

Normally, he needed to give up stats to gain a great effect but Isaac's boots had both.

It was no different than normal leather boots in the outer appearance but his strength increased the moment he wore them.

'This is nice.'

It adjusted it's size to fit the user on its own and a black energy rose strongly on his body.

It was because his evil tendency had risen even more.

And in proportion to this, the black wings on his back became larger.

'After absorbing the Great Harmony, my black wings are growing bigger and bigger.'

Muyoung sat in the Sun Guild's castle and frowned.

At first, he didn't even realize it.

But, now when three days had passed, the wings were the size of an average adult's body.

As time passed, the black wings only continued to grow.

These wings couldn't be hidden like Gabriel's wings.

Thanks to this, there might even be 'rumors that he was a devil'.

'Two pairs of wings...'

Besides the pair of black wings, if he opened Gabriel's wings, in total there were two pairs.

Four wings were completed.

Gabriel's wings were on the top side and the black devil's wings were on the bottom side.

Tsk!

He clicked his tongue.

Right now, Muyoung was in the Great City.

He was looking for information he needed within the restored Sun Guild castle.

As Alexandro, Lennon, and Hyacinth died, the Sun Guild lost most of their power.

Nevertheless, they weren't collapsing because of the vice guild master Abdullon's presence.

But, if Muyoung was to also leave them now, the Sun Guild would crumble like a sand castle.

That's right. Right now, the Sun Guild was no different than a sand castle.

However, it was a necessary power.

The Great City was a place that was connected to the Blue Temple.

It was because the Sun Guild was the only one that could control this place.

If the Sun Guild was to collapse, this place would become chaos.

All kinds of different huge groups would try to take control of the

Great City.

It was obvious they would ignore the beginners' safety.

'The Sun Seal.'

Muyoung had the majority of the seals.

The seals were an important strength that represented the guild.

It meant that he could control the Sun Guild depending on his wishes.

'I can't stay here forever.'

There were a lot of things Muyoung had to do.

Although he did have the seals, if he wanted to take the position of the guild master, it would take too long.

Since he didn't build his foundation within the guild but suddenly appeared.

It was obvious that most of the Sun Guild members would oppose as they were very traditional.

Even if he was to be treated as an emissary, the situation would still be the same.

Rather than that, it was better for him to take what he wanted and move moderately.

'Information and talents.'

He had no thoughts to help the Sun Guild.

Just, because of the need for the Sun Guild, he was planning to not let it collapse.

Afterwards, it was his goal to get his hands on information and talents and leave for the Demon God's Territory.

To prepare for what is to come in the future, he needed to raise his strength.

Thump!

It was at that moment.

The door opened and Oscar came in.

“Mu, Muyoung! Something big happened!”

Oscar was Merlin’s successor.

Although he did run away after just one year, because he seemed to be listening quite well after his punishment, Muyoung was using him as a secretary.

“What’s wrong?”

“A cult judge from a place called Mulalan came!”

Mulalan?

Muyoung knitted his brows.

Why would someone from the holy city come to a place like this?

“And the cult judge says she wants to meet you!”

Oscar had a decent amount of knowledge about the Underworld.

He was partially forced to learn by Merlin.

Of course, he also knew how scary the Holy City Mulalan and the cult judge from that place were.

If someone was to cause trouble and get caught by the cult judge, it wouldn’t be unusual to see a decent size city disappear.

There were only seven cult judges from Mulalan.

Those seven easily had the power of a huge group.

“Should I go out in disguise? What if you get hunted by the witches...?!”

Oscar’s eyes headed towards Muyoung’s back.

Black wings.

It was obvious what the cult judge would think after she sees this.

However, Muyoung shook his head.

‘If she came knowing, I can’t avoid her.’

He still needed to do things within the Great City.

Finding solid information and selecting talents.

He needed to take them to the Demon God’s Territory.

He made it possible for it to be possible periodically.

On top, he needed to read about the information that only Alexandro knew about the ‘Forest of Death’.

Since there weren’t many people who had contact with the Forest of Death as much as Alexandro.

It was possible that he knew of things that even Muyoung didn’t know.

After organizing his thoughts, Muyoung asked.

“What is the name of the cult judge?”

“She said it was Seraphina.”

Seraphina!

Muyoung nodded his head.

If it was Seraphina, she wasn’t as stuffy compared to most of the cult judges.

Of course, a battle might be unavoidable if contingencies occurred but it would be troublesome if he was to become enemies with Mulalan right now.

So, unless the opponent acts too rashly, he was willing to welcome her appropriately as his guest.

# Chapter 158: Cult Judge (3)

Even in the Underworld, the cult judges were notorious.

So, there weren't any owners of a city who didn't feel nervous when they appeared.

Even if it was a influential group, it was the same.

If they looked at the Holy City Mulalan not just as a religion but as a power, an organization, no one could be their opponent.

Although they weren't part of the Nine Guilds and the Five Great Clans, the Holy City Mulalan was something that they couldn't ever ignore.

In the past, when the top 10 humans 'meant those who could face and kill the demon kings', most of the top 10 came from Mulalan.

Those who received a god's power were able to face the demon kings by themselves.

Now, the meaning of the top 10 had changed and there weren't as many names of the Mulalan's priests within the top 10, but their fame of the past still existed even now.

Not just that but there were more than 10 cities that disappeared after being caught by the cult judges.

"If Mulalan didn't give their blessing, a city can't be created."

A mercenary besides Kim Taehwan spoke.

Taehwan was still mixed with a crowd of mercenaries.

However, if there was something that changed, it was the embroidery on their shoulder.

The Luminescence Guild's embroidery was placed on the mercenaries' shoulders.

Taehwan received high scores through harmony with the Sun Guild and his activities during the trial and he was granted

permission to create his unit.

The captain was, of course, Taehwan but he didn't really consider the hierarchy as important.

Comfortable in unofficial occasions. During official occasions, respectful.

"Why?"

As Taehwan asked, the man that looked calm and cool replied.

"Captain, when a city is about to be created, the first thing they need to do is get rid of all surrounding monsters completely. However, when monsters are killed they leave behind their body odor. It will bring devils or even stronger monsters during the Devil's Long Night. That is why a blessing is needed."

"A blessing blocks them?"

"Well, it's similar. When the priests build an altar and seek a god's blessing, there are barely any monsters that enter the city. If there is no blessing, a few hundred monsters would invade in a day. If it was you, do you think you would want to live in a place like that?"

"You wouldn't even be able to sleep well."

Even Taehwan was convinced.

A few hundred monsters in a day.

Compared to the size of the Great City, it could seem small but it was a problem of frequency.

How could someone relax comfortably in a place where monsters appeared all the time?

People would leave the city and the city would get smaller and smaller until it disappeared.

"This blessing needs to be given at least once a year. It was one of the reasons why all the cities and the owners of the cities couldn't

do anything if it concerned Mulalan.”

The outside of the castle.

The man’s gaze went towards the streets.

Taehwan’s gaze also moved with him.

Mulalan’s priests also came to the Luminescence Guild.

The number of priests who entered the Great City was a staggering ten thousand.

Rather than the number, they were overawed by their presence.

Taehwan couldn’t help but gulp his saliva just by looking at them.

“Cap, do you know? The female priests of Mulalan even pour holy water there.”

The man smiled shrewdly and spoke of dirty jokes.

Others also giggled as they laughed quietly.

Taehwan’s job was to protect the castle gates but because it was quite a serious mood that even a small noise couldn’t help but gain attention.

The mercenaries looked at where Taehwan and his group were at.

“Shut up and just focus on your work.”

“Yes~ Captain.”

Maybe it was because the position made the person, but the mercenaries didn’t talk any further.

‘I don’t see any cult judges.’

Although the high priest did look for the Luminescence Guild, there weren’t any cult judges.

Did people say that they were investigating what happened in the city on their own?

‘Hyungnim.’

However, it was natural to feel uneasy when he thought about Muyoung.

In reality, there were a lot of evil energy that Muyoung gave off. Taehwan who was the Guardian of the Eradication was more sensitive to things like this than others.

You could say that the black wings were especially the peak of the evil spirit.

If the cult judge was to see it?

One of the two could be in trouble.

“But, captain, did you hear the recent rumor?”

While they were concentrating on their work, once again the man that looked calm spoke quietly.

This time, as if he was telling him a secret, he spoke into Taehwan’s ear.

“What rumor?”

“You know the Chief in Command of the Sun Guild? The person who is enjoying the peak of his popularity right now.”

It was about Muyoung.

“Yes. Did a problem occur?”

“They say that he isn’t a person but, in reality, a dokkaebi.”

“That’s nonsense.”

Taehwan dismissed the remark.

He saw Muyoung since they were at the Blue Temple.

Although he didn’t seem like a human from time to time, but that didn’t mean that he wasn’t human.

“Someone named Bug said that he saw the Chief of Command, Muyoung, lead dokkaebis and monsters.”

“He must have mistaken him.”

“That person is a soul language sorcerer. Soul language sorcerers can’t lie.”

A soul language sorcerer.

If that was true, then there was a bit of credibility.

A power of words that are spoken.

If the soul language sorcerer spoke of a lie, their power of soul language would weaken.

So, they tend to not say much until they were certain.

They wouldn’t do something that would seal their own grave.

“That person name Bug. Do you know where he is?”

“Although I look like this, I am an informant. Of course I do.”

“Let’s go out for a bit.”

The Great City was under tight surveillance.

To be precise, those who were associated with the Sun Guild were acting harshly.

They showed strange hostility towards the cult judges and the priests and whenever they were bored, they even provoked a quarrel.

“Why the fuck are they going around other people’s home like it’s their house?”

“By looking at their faces, I completely lose my appetite.”

Clank!

The young men yelled out loud as they smashed the table inside a bar.

On the other hand, the paladins ignored them and quietly ate their soup and bread.

Taehwan stroked his chin slightly as he looked at the scene.

“Hmmm…”

“They are inspired prospects.”

“Prospects?”

“You know the 2nd generation. Those who were born and raised in the Underworld. They say that young children were especially quite influenced by the Commander in Chief.”

“That’s unusual.”

He thought of the time when he just left the Blue Temple.

Those who were called prospects didn’t have any repulsion towards murder.

It seemed like they were strictly raised to be murdering machines but for them to be influenced.

And they felt it from Muyoung.

“The emissary of Sun. A devil. A monster hunter. Unique. Number 1 of the trial… Those rumors are making him out as an almost god-like existence. Muyoung’s overwhelming power and a decent amount of rumors tend to influence children.”

That was true.

Certainly, even Taehwan was influenced by him.

“By the way, he should be around here somewhere.”

The man looked around.

Then, he stretched his hand as he found a man who in the corner of the bar drinking beer.

“Ah, he’s there. Chief.”

Taehwan slowly walked towards him.

Bug. The name was quite strange.

He was there alone and his entire body was wrapped in bandages.

A sudden appearance of the two made Bug turn his head.

“Do you have something to say to me?”

“I came regarding that ‘matter’. Although it isn’t something we should speak loudly about.”

Taehwan spoke.

As if Bug understood what he was trying to say, he smiled slightly.

“It is true. He is a dokkeabi.”

“Do you have any proof?”

“He is the king of dokkaebis, Oom. The person who can rule over all dokkaebis.”

Oom?

It was a word he heard for the first time.

However, for Muyoung to be the king of dokkaebis.

Bug then continued to talk.

“You might not believe me but I have seen him. Not just that but he could even control death. I don’t know why he is at this place right now but…”

He didn’t seem like he had ill will towards Muyoung.

A pure curiosity.

“Also, he is the owner of a star.”

An owner of a star!

There were only a few who became an owner of a star.

However, their names were widely known.

They were the ones that could be called ‘main characters’ in a novel.

Although most died in the war with the demon kings in the past, their fame was well known.

But, Bug said that Muyoung was the master of dokkaebis and an owner of a star.

What do you need to do in a year to make that possible?

Bug spoke bitterly.

“Well, he may not be a dokkaebi. I’m also curious about his identity. That’s why I’m waiting to see what sort of judgment the cult judge will make.”

“What do you mean by making a judgment?”

“Although it isn’t known publicly. Hmmm… Sound Block.”

Instantly, the surrounding sound was blocked.

It was because he recognized paladin eyes and ears were nearby.

Making things come true with words. That was the power of a soul language sorcerer.

“There are even words that the cult judge didn’t come to the Great City with soldiers because of the trial that happened here but because of the Commander in Chief of the Sun Guild.”

“…!!”

Taehwan’s shoulders shook.

Everyone thought it was because of the trial.

The Sky Devil’s trial. Even from the name, it was ominous.

However, from the beginning, if the cult judge came to see Muyoung, the point of view itself changed.

Bug took a deep breath in and slowly talked.

“There was a prophecy. A prophecy that a man with black wings would destroy this world.”

~~~~

An official meeting.

Muyoung contacted the cult judge.
~~~~

And met Seraphina in a transparent place where everything was opened.

There were even calculations on if he would act audaciously in a place like this.

“That person is the Commander in Chief?”

“Ohh… it’s the Commander in Chief!”

Clap clap clap!

A wide-open space.

The paladins and the soldiers of the Sun Guild blocked the people.

At that place, there were already tens of thousands gathered.

Most of their gazes reached Muyoung.

A person who was called the emissary of the Sun God by the Sun Guild.

If he was judged as a cult, it would mean that he would become complete enemies with the Sun Guild.

And if this was to happen in an official meeting, it would become a much bigger diplomatic problem.

Seraphina took off her helmet.

Smooth pink hair reached her waist.

All priests of Mulalan were beautiful. It was because they managed their body through strict self-management and their names that were a god’s blessing.

Her eyes were fixated on Muyoung’s wings.

Black wings.

The thing that was completely ominous!

‘Luciferre, can you get lost for a moment?’

Muyoung spoke to Luciferre’s soul.

However, Luciferre didn’t respond.

From the beginning, because their souls were assimilated, he couldn’t really get lost.

A pun.

Still, he felt distant from Luciferre.

But, he couldn’t just continue to play with Luciferre.

It was obvious what Seraphina wanted to say with her eyes.

The two were quiet.

Muyoung didn’t really have anything to say and he wasn’t the type to forcefully start a conversation.

On the other hand, Seraphina seemed like she had a lot to say.

“Devil…”

Her lips started to move.

She finally spoke.

Everyone in the Sun Guild made an uncomfortable expression.

There were some who even placed their hands on their swords.

Seraphina continued to talk and ignored them.

“I can feel a very powerful devil’s power from you.”

“Have you seen a devil with wings like these?”

Fallen Angel Luciferre.

The wings that grew through his influence were completely different from a normal devil’s.

Within the darkness, there were traces of how he was an angel in the past.

There was no way Seraphina wouldn’t know of this.

“You are a dangerous devil.”

It seemed like she concluded that he was a devil.

Well, the energy that could be felt by Muyoung was very different from good.

Swoosh!

Seraphina took out a greatsword from her back.

All paladins took out their weapon.

Even the Sun Guild.

An order. If an order or a signal was sent, this place would become a battlefield once again.

A heavy tension surrounded the place.

Meanwhile, Muyoung grinned.

‘Gabriel’s wings’.

And he opened a different pair of wings.

Swaaack!

As the wings spread out through the wind, it was more holy than anything else.

It was pure white, incomparable with anything else and it even had a rich thick amount of divine powers.

When Seraphina saw this, a slight tremor occurred in her eyes.

# Chapter 159: Cult Judge (End)

He’s a devil. He’s a cultist. Black wings.

Muyoung, the Commander in Chief of the Sun Guild, was without a doubt ‘evil’ itself.

He needed to be.

A cult judge did only one thing.

They eliminated evil!

Seraphina was her baptismal name which originated from one of the seven Archangels, Seraph.

A being who had the greatest love for a god.

An angel who is the closest to the god’s throne!

And ‘evil’ was something that denied that god.

And Muyoung who was like an assembly of evil was, of course, someone who she needed to get rid of.

She knew from the moment she saw him.

An uncomfortable energy.

A strong evil lying within.

Goosebumps appeared all over her body.

Muyoung was evil, if not eviler than any devil she had seen before.

He was just hiding it with a pretty packaging.

His ability to deceive people’s eyes were beyond what she had imagined.

But. That should be the case.

‘Angel’s… wings.’

There were no angels in the Underworld.

No matter how much they look for and cry out for them, angels or gods weren't visible.

However, through the gifts of a god, they were able to maintain their faith.

The divine powers.

A holy strength they received from a god.

They just imagined a god's or an angel's form by just receiving their strength.

A little wish was like that. The angel that appeared when you used it was a product of your imagination.

They didn't know what a true angel or a god looked like.

Not the saint, sage king, or anyone else.

However, wings appeared in front of her eyes.

An angel's wings that were full of divine powers...

Was it a simple skill?

There were numerous skills in this world and there were skills to make something that mimicked an angel's wing.

However, no matter how many times she looked at it, the energy was different from the normal.

The wings were made up of divine powers.

That was entirely different.

'This also would be fake and deceptive.'

Seraphina denied it.

There was no way evil and good could coexist.

That was common sense.

Muyoung had two pairs of wings.

The evil existed in the lower side and good existed in the top side.

All or nothing… a proliferation of incompatible.

“You devil, don’t try to sway my eyes with your false form!”

She took out a bell.

A holy bell!

The ability to deny and remove impious powers was within the holy bell.

Seraphina had no doubt in her mind that Muyoung’s true evil would pop out when the bell rang Dirring!

Dirring!

The bell rang. Numerous bells of light were created.

Everyone who heard the sound lost focus in their eyes. They automatically clasped their hands together and started to pray.

It was the same for the paladins and the members of the Sun Guild.

“The God of Cloud ‘Soon’, God of Sea ‘Ryung’, God of Earth ‘Han’, and their mother ‘Idea’…”

The four gods that Mulalan served.

And the holy bell was the gift of the predecessor Idea.

The demon kings avoided them. Even the demon gods couldn’t withstand their attacks from the front!

Seraphina’s gaze headed towards Muyoung.

Muyoung had his head down.

He didn’t show his face.

Was it because he was reacting to evil?

If he was proven to be true ‘evil’ at this place, he wouldn’t be able to survive.

He would try to desperately hide it.

However, those thoughts of Seraphina were completely wrong.

“It’s not even a funny joke.”

Muyoung raised his head.

With a frown on his face.

The energy of the bell didn’t have any influence on Muyoung.

On the contrary…

<’Gabriel’s Wings’ are reacting to the sound of the ‘holy bell’.> <Cleanse is the power of justice. It absorbs divine powers of the holy bell.> <Your divine powers increased by ’30’.> The wings ate up divine powers.

He didn’t know why it suddenly reacted but it would mean that the holy bell was that great of an item.

Thanks to this, the wings grew bigger.

The divine power that was despondent due to the strong energy of Luciferre was now able to find their way out slightly.

That wasn’t all.

<’Luciferre’s Wings’ are reacting to the sound of the ‘holy bell’.> <Luciferre’s influence is reduced.> <Due to ‘Great Harmony’, you have harmonized your evil tendency and divine powers.> <’Void Wings’ started to newly appear.> Grey wings appeared in between.

The size was very small but with this, three pairs.

“H, how?”

Seraphina was surprised.

Gabriel’s Wings had embraced Muyoung and the bell.

Whatever Muyoung did, it was ‘justice’.

A harmony with evil?

If he was an angel he would have naturally fallen but Gabriel would never fall.

Instead, he grew another wing in the middle and made a balance.

That was the Void's Wings.

However, Muyoung wasn't happy with this phenomenon.

A transformation of his body meant that he needed to adapt again.

To adapt, he needed a lot of time, effort, and experience.

"In your eyes, do I still seem evil?"

Was this being truly a cultist?

Seraphina was swept in confusion.

The holy bell had acknowledged him. That he wasn't evil.

His wings were real and this divine power was purer than anyone else.

However, a scent of evil definitely came from him.

It was still the same now.

Swwaack.

The wind blew.

Gabriel's Wings stretched widely and its feathers fluttered nearby.

As the feather reached the ground, grasses grew on the dead ground.

Flowers grew and gave off a beautiful scent.

This was the true power of the divine.

"Emissary!"

"Ahh!!"

People kneeled.

They cried.

A god had finally sent them an angel.

In this Underworld, where there were only devils, hope was given!

The cult judge basically proved him.

Every member of the Sun Guild showed respect to Muyoung.

It was a respect shown to a truly holy being.

Even more, a few paladins and priests also…

“Don’t be fooled! Don’t you see those black wings?!”

Seraphina raised her greatsword.

Brrrr!

However, Muyoung knew that Seraphina’s hands were trembling badly.

Fighting spirit had disappeared from her the moment she saw his Gabriel’s Wings.

Muyoung slowly stretched his hand.

It wasn’t his line of business to kill unconditionally.

He would be able to make good use Seraphina who had Mulalan at her back.

Slowly, he grabbed Seraphina’s fists.

“Ahh…!”

Seraphina’s face became pale.

Muyoung looked directly into Seraphina’s eyes and spoke.

“Do I still seem evil to you?”

A man with black wings would destroy the world.

However, the man didn’t just have black wings.

He also had white and grey wings.

When all of his wings were opened up, Seraphina couldn’t say anything.

He had different appearances.

The appearance of a few gods were reflected from him.

Destruction, death, life, and love, everything existed.

Perhaps, this man could destroy or not destroy this world.

Seraphina was just scared.

She felt like she was left alone at the end of the sky.

And so, she lied with her face down.

She bowed.

“I don’t… see you like that.”

She shed tears.

It was like a clip from a con game.

However, it was for the sake of convenience, Muyoung was really far from ‘good’.

Going into the Demon God’s Territory and leading monsters was Muyoung’s true form.

He created another ‘image’ as he worked here by himself.

“An angel has descended into the Great City.”

“A god’s emissary has appeared in the Great City!”

“To drive out all evil and save mankind!”

There were such rumors as these.

From person to person, from city to city.

There were also many people who followed Muyoung.

Thanks to this, it was easier to ‘find talents’.

Oscar did his job well.

“But, Muyoung. Are you trying to gather talents and raise them?”

“Raise them?”

“Or, there is no reason to gather them, no?”

However, even Oscar didn’t know of Muyoung’s intentions.

And so, he asked.

Muyoung sat on a padded chair within the castle and grinned.

“I told you before, I just need talents who can live in the Demon God’s Territory.”

He didn’t raise them himself.

The Demon God’s Territory.

If he placed them there, they would grow on their own.

Since they would need to fight to survive.

Just, he would provide minimal support.

There were people, dokkaebis, and other friendly monsters at that place.

“Nah, you’re just saying that, right? They say the Demon God’s Territory is really no joke. How can beginners live in a place like that?”

Oscar freaked out.

Muyoung didn’t reply.

Instead, he looked at the documents piled on top of the desk.

All were documents regarding the Forest of Death.

‘Here it is.’

Among them, he took one out.

Alexandro really did know a lot of things about the Forest of Death.

There were even things Muyoung didn’t know included in the document.

‘I never thought Wung Chunglin was the successor of Yaksa.’

This was something that Muyoung also didn’t know about.

Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism.

Perhaps those who were part of history were all successors of them.

Either good or bad.

‘Wung Chunglin doesn’t have a base. However, I know where he goes.’

Wung Chunglin was a shadow.

He never appeared.

However, Muyoung knew the ‘results’ that Wung Chunglin had created.

If he followed the results, he would definitely meet Wung Chunglin.

‘First, the God-Killing Spear.’

He thought about one item in his head.

A weapon he thought Wung Chunglin would definitely try to get.

It was the beginning of a hunt.

Even Seraphina no longer doubted him.

She helped Muyoung.

She tried to partake in everything Muyoung asked or did.

After bowing down and shedding tears, Seraphina no longer tried to prove Muyoung was a cultist.

She just accepted it. Because she was pressed down by his great strength and the unknown, she decided to give up on her judgment about Muyoung.

Instead, other emotions sprang up.

Seraph was an angel of love.

Seraphina was also the same.

She openly showed her love.

‘It isn’t a bad thing to plant a person in Mulalan. And if it’s Seraphina, she would also know about the God-Killing Spear.’

Muyoung tried to use her for his goal.

The God-Killing Spear!

It was a weapon that wasn’t found yet.

However, looking at the timeline, related information would be gathered around now.

Although the name was God-Killing Spear, it was a treasured item that penetrated every being.

In the past, it appeared only once.

And Muyoung knew who the owner was.

‘Wung Chunglin.’

Wung Chunglin was the owner of the God-Killing Spear.

However, Mulalan found the information regarding it first.

It was something that only the high priests knew about but Wung Chunglin figured it out and snatched it.

Because they thought it would even penetrate demon gods and kill them, they were all in anticipation.

Of course, because it was sealed, it wouldn’t be godly beyond what he imagined but either way, it was after this incident that Mulalan became complete enemies with the Forest of Death.

Nevertheless, the Forest of Death was alive and well. A controlled cell. It was because Wung Chunglin restricted everything.

‘I’ll get it.’

Muyoung’s gaze was deeply immersed.

If Wung Chunglin was going to get it, it was better for him to get

it instead.

On top, Chunglin was an opponent he had to face one way or the other.

Grind!

Just by thinking of him, Muyoung grinded his teeth.

40 years.

He lived not as a human.

He was just a weapon, a tool.

Few thousands, no, a few tens of thousands of people were raised and abandoned by Wung Chunglin.

Now, it was time for him to take revenge on him properly.

It was time to end this long relationship.

A part of the revenge. The first step was to retake the 'God-Killing Spear'.

He was confident that if he had to face Wung Chunglin, he wouldn't lose against him.

Muyoung didn't lack compared to himself in the past.

Rather, in terms of stats, he was better.

Just, his pure stats were a bit lacking but even if he did consider the fact that it was low, Muyoung had a lot of cards he could play.

He was also well aware of his tricks.

He would try to hide but he was destined to be inescapable from Muyoung.

"Aack!"

Dark evening, inside the bedroom.

Muyoung stripped Seraphina's clothes.

He grabbed her hips roughly.

With heavy breathing, Seraphina’s body bent like a bow.

# Chapter 160: God-Killing Spear (1)

A night of pleasure had passed and the morning light of day brightened.

Seraphina fell asleep with her eyes closed.

However, Muyoung wasn't able to fall asleep.

He never had the experience of having someone sleep next to him.

It was unfamiliar and there were also many things he needed to think about.

'Hesitation.'

Muyoung read that in Seraphina's eyes yesterday.

Although Seraphina seemed like she was following Muyoung, she had a tinge of hesitation.

The worries would be regarding her positions as a cult judge and Muyoung's identity.

And so, if he was to act rashly, he could ruin everything.

Perhaps the reason why Seraphina gave her body to Muyoung might be to find out Muyoung's real identity.

Total trust was tabooed.

If it was most men and not Muyoung, they would have lost their mind by Seraphina's actions but Muyoung didn't let his guard down.

Seraphina was beautiful, strong, and pure, but she had poison.

Seraphina was described as a flying serpent so it wasn't right to believe in a snake's cold heart.

Slowly.

The moment you were in a hurry, meant that it was a losing

fight.

He wanted to know information regarding the God-Killing Spear but he still had a lot of time.

Until he was able to erase all of herhesitation, Muyoung placed a mask on himself.

If Seraphina was to find out the truth about Muyoung...

If she was to find out about Luciferre, Asura, and Oom, she would try to stab Muyoung without any hesitation.

But that didn't mean Muyoung was the type to just let her do that, and if he earned Seraphina, there were a lot of advantages.

Information on Mulalan couldn't be easily collected, even by the Forest of Death.

The assassins who entered there died 9 times out of 10.

Five became servants of a god and four became idiots.

Only one returned.

That was how high Mulalan's defense was.

For Muyoung, Seraphina was, of course, mouthwatering since she would bring inside information to him.

'I need to check the things Alexandro hid.'

He raised his body.

He got dressed and started his day.

After hearing the rumors, one by one, people entered the Great City.

They wanted to find out the truth about the rumors.

If he was truly an angel, or a fraud pretending to be one!

However, after that day, Muyoung didn't go outside.

He stayed inside the castle.

To be exact, the underground of the castle.

For days, he confirmed and analyzed the ‘trial’ Alexandro made deep inside the castle ‘Trial boxes.’

As Muyoung looked at a black cube, he rubbed his chin.

A trial box was an item where a trial and rewards were placed.

They were all over the place.

The number was a staggering 100.

These seemed like ‘training boxes’ that Alexandro had prepared.

It seemed like he categorized them so that he could train the strong or use them for his own use.

‘They are training boxes that allowed you to raise your pure stats.’

It was the result he made after analyzing them.

All boxes didn’t really have a reward.

Instead, these trials were set to require extreme physical labor.

The intention was obvious.

It was like a training room to raise pure stats.

Although he made them on large scales, it seemed like he didn’t get the chance to use them.

‘I have to try them and take them.’

The tips of Muyoung’s lip slightly went up.

He thought about the message that was related to these in Alexandro’s journal.

[The training trials are optimized to raise pure stats. Although stats on equipment, achievements, and supporting options do help, they are not pure strength. We need to engineer our body and our mind to prepare for the unknown 6th metamorphosis. The trial box is only for that purpose.]

6th metamorphosis!

There was no one who had achieved that standard yet.

After 40 years, there were few people who he thought had achieved 6th metamorphosis but it was still an unknown territory.

The 5th metamorphosis was known to be the limit of mankind.

Muyoung had also achieved 4th metamorphosis at the moment.

There were stories that if someone was to achieve 6th metamorphosis, they became a transcendental being, a god, gained infinite strength, etc.

For this unknown 6th metamorphosis, Alexandro thought he needed to increase his pure stats even more.

Certainly, the pure stats have been an indicator of metamorphosis.

However, how many people could raise their pure stats to 500, 600?

It couldn't be achieved simply by effort.

It was still lacking even with brilliant talent and the matching investments.

It really needed the arrangement from heaven.

It was only possible if someone goes through a strange chance, luck, or a miracle that couldn't be explained with words.

'This is good.'

However, Muyoung agreed with Alexandro's opinion.

Pure strength was important.

On top, due to his wings, the balance of his body collapsed.

He needed to train anyhow, but Alexandro had prepared the trials for him.

Thud!

Muyoung took off his equipment.

After making it all into a talisman, he placed it in his Infinite Pouch.

Anguish as well.

It was a place where he could raise pure stats. If he was to receive help from his items, the effect would decrease by half.

And although the trial boxes hadn't entered use, the foundation was complete.

From the beginning, these were only completed recently.

It seemed like he had contacted the Sky Devil right after they were complete.

'I need to taste it first.'

Muyoung relaxed his shoulders.

Alexandro's arrangement. He needed to find out what that was.

The content of the trial box was different from box to box.

Even the difficulty was all sorts.

Easy trials were simple and hard ones were even difficult for Muyoung to clear.

For example, there were trials that you simply needed to hit scarecrows while there were others that were truly a repetitive training where you needed to move mountains.

It seemed like Alexandro thought the repetitive training was the best way for the body to adjust and strengthen.

"Wooheehee. Husband, why are you shoveling?"

When Muyoung was working hard to move a mountain, Woohee appeared.

Woohee would be busy for some time to commemorate the fairy king with other fairies.

But she sometimes appeared like this.

Muyoung didn’t reply.

He didn’t even have time to answer.

He was sweating like a pig.

It was a task of moving a mountain using just a shovel.

Without the use of equipment, and using only pure strength.

Nevertheless, it was a speed that was incomparable to a normal human. Still, he felt it had been a while since he had done such physical work.

<Stamina has increased by 1.>

The rise in stats was not fast.

However, it was rising steadily.

It was already his 29th trial.

As he carried the last pile of dirt with his shovel, the following message popped up.

<You have used a shovel to move a mountain.> <It took 98 hours 36 minutes and 22 seconds.> <You have been given Talisman of Training (29).> It took a whole 4 days and 2 hours.

If it was a normal person, it would have taken them at least a few years, but Muyoung did it in just a few days.

Depending on the trial, a talisman was given.

Just a plain piece of paper that didn’t have any abilities.

‘It seems like if I collect them something else will be created.’

However, a talisman wouldn’t be given out without a reason.

Muyoung instantly started the next trial.

<This is the 30th trial.>

<Walk through a typhoon on top of a cliff where you could barely

place your feet.> He stepped on top of the cliff.

Quaaack!

An enormous typhoon blew from both sides.

At the same time, Muyoung's body floated.

It was because the resistance received by his wings couldn't endure them.

*

All Muyoung did was eat, sleep, and complete trials.

At times, he did eat with Seraphina but that was all.

Almost for a month, he did that.

And he was now completing his 90th trial.

Moving a mountain took the most time but normal trials took about six hours.

Easier ones ended as soon as he started.

The problem was this trial.

Thump! Thud!

A steel giant appeared in the 90th trial.

If he simply needed to fight and win, it wouldn't have been difficult.

However, the content was strange.

A triathlon against a steel giant!

Throw 300 kg cannonball, swimming through an ocean, finish a 420km course without going astray just by running.

The steel giant was created to specialize in these three courses.

'It stimulates a certain amount of amusement, fulfillment, and enthusiasm.'

He lost in a row.

But, it was fun.

It was a type of training Muyoung had never done before.

He didn't need to kill anyone, didn't have to experience the limits of pain, and his stats went up. He became stronger.

Something like this was possible?

All the trials stimulated his whole body and made him surpass his limits.

The process was natural like water flowing.

If this could be commercialized and useable universally, other people would be able to raise their strength at a tremendous pace.

'This also was a privilege of the upper class.'

However, even in the past, it wasn't used universally.

Muyoung planned to take these and use them for full-fledged development.

'If you could feel joy in getting stronger…'

His mouth dried.

Muyoung was excited.

It was because all the 'strength' Muyoung had experienced came from the extreme.

To survive. It was all from fights where it was kill or be killed.

Even if you had talent, you couldn't win against someone who enjoyed what they were doing.

This idea of Alexandro was completely different.

"Tin can, let's do it again."

Muyoung spoke to the steel giant.

Then, a line was drawn in front of Muyoung.

Thump!

With that sound, the giant started to run.

A 420km long race.

Muyoung was able to barely get a win after 16 losses.

Adaptation.

Human's ability to adapt was truly amazing.

And you could say Muyoung was at the edge.

'I'm slowly adjusting to my wings.'

He was able to move his wings.

When he surpassed 100 trials, Muyoung was even able to tuck his wings in.

At the same time.

<You have cleared all 100 trials.>

<A 'Sage's Potion' has been given as you are the first to clear 100 trials.> <Training Talisman (100) has been given.> <100 talismans started to gather.>

<An 'A-Space Talisman (A+)' has been created.> An A-Space Talisman!

Like the word, it was a new space given only to Muyoung.

It was a place where physical law worked, and he could also enter it himself.

'He made an A-Space.'

He probably created a huge A-Space and shared it with the people who passed all the trials as well.

And what about the Sage's Potion?

'Was there a stat he should enlighten?'

Most stats were all enlightened.

Although it was randomly strong, depending on the time and

place the stat that became enlightened changed, he needed to think about it more.

‘I need to think about it slowly.’

Muyoung placed the Sage’s Potion to the side for now.

The Sage’s Potion was a very precious item that was priceless.

It was an item which had reasons for its use even if he didn’t want to use it yet.

Then, Muyoung made all 100 trial boxes into talismans.

His pure stats also greatly increased.

At least, the case of his equipment having higher stats didn’t occur any longer.

‘These are… amazing.’

After using them himself, the average of humans would greatly increase if these trial boxes were commercialized.

It was even better for beginners.

Rather, if they were to start by completing this trial, at least their lives wouldn’t end in a violent death.

It was also worthwhile for existing strong men to complete.

Even experiencing that you could get stronger in this way could be an opportunity to throw away a person’s own limits.

Alexandro.

If this was something he made on purpose, you could say he was worthy to be called a genius.

# Chapter 161: God-Killing Spear (2)

‘Status Bar.’

Muyoung took the box and after completing all the trials, he turned his Status Viewer to check his results.

There weren’t many changes overall but in regards to stats, there was quite a bit of change that was noticeable.

Stats ->

Strength 515 (300 + 215) Agility 504 (315 + 189) Stamina 491 (321 + 170) Intelligence 500 (245 + 255) Wisdom 410 (275 + 135) Fighting Aura 340 (180 + 160) Magic Resistance 525 (125 + 400) Spirit Ability 410 (260 + 150) Evil Tendency 450 (300 + 150) Divine Powers 330 (230 +100) Total Level: 491

Among the primary stats, the pure stats related to the body greatly increased.

It seemed on average, they increased by 30.

Especially agility and stamina, they increased a lot.

Was it due to the body’s balance and repeated training?

It was an amazing result for just investing a month of time.

‘500…’

Strength, agility, intelligence, and magic resistance!

These four stats were over 500.

He was touched.

500 was the standard.

The unknown world where barely anyone in the top 10 has ever reached.

It was the entrance.

What scared Muyoung was the fact that his future development

was boundless.

However, that 500 wasn't the end.

There was still a lot of pure stats Muyoung could raise.

If he continued to develop like this without any troubles... he might even be able to step into the 6th metamorphosis which was known to be unreachable.

'This is fine enough.'

Muyoung nodded.

There were countless things he had earned after coming to the Sun Guild.

On top, he had confirmed everything Alexandro had hidden.

Now, he needed to prepare to take the next leap.

Muyoung stayed 'mysterious'.

He never exposed himself to others.

This enriched and expanded the rumors and solidified Muyoung's position.

Of course, it wasn't like there weren't any groups who made malicious slanders but most of the people raised their voices and called out an angel's name.

'The moment my mysteriousness ends, my human nature will show.'

Mysteriousness was important. Human's imagination was truly a fickle weapon.

If Muyoung became a guild master or wanted to rise to a certain position, it was highly likely that his mysteriousness would end right away.

He would be revealed to be a human and adoration for him would disappear.

However, if he stayed still, his mysteriousness would continue to grow and he would be a more powerful influence.

And so, Muyoung selected the people who would meet him.

The talents who crossed the Blue Temple.

“More than I expected.”

“I have chosen them accordingly to the criteria you gave me.”

Oscar spoke as he raised his chin.

There were about 150 people gathered in the drill hall.

Although their age and sex were all different, they didn’t really seem like beginners.

‘Lightspeed Ipin, Dualist Gafelt, White-eyed Yata.’

Among them, there were also some familiar faces.

Compared to the past, they were quite different but as their distinctive figures didn’t easily change, he was able to recognize them.

Although they weren’t in the top 10, they were easily within the top 100 humans.

‘This month is a good month.’

It was quite rare to have these many talents to come over at once.

And wasn’t there a saying that those who would become famous later would be known from their childhood?

A fight for survival in the Demon God’s Territory. And, there were quite a few who would transform into worthy warriors after they finished the 100 trials Alexandro made.

“That person is the angel?”

“I came became someone told me to but what is the reason you only wanted us to gather?”

People murmured.

Of course, they would be curious.

Since they weren't told of other reasons.

Muyoung also felt the gaze of the third person who entered the drill hall.

'Seraphina.'

She didn't fully open her heart to Muyoung.

Muyoung's true face. She invested everything to find out about this truth.

From here on out, every word he spoke of was important.

"Do you want to return to Earth?"

"Is there a way to return?"

"If there is please!"

Everyone in the Underworld had the instinct and desire to return.

Alexandro did and Muyoung aswell.

Those who have only been here for a month, that feeling would be at its peak.

Since they were suddenly dragged here, if there was a way to return they would do it.

Muyoung, who had instantly grab hold of the mood, slowly talked.

"Kill the 72 Demon Gods. Then, you can return."

"Demon gods... what are they?"

Muyoung made a short reply.

"Source of evil."

The start of all evil. That was the demon gods.

Muyoung continued to talk.

“There are about 180 million devils in the Underworld. And the 72 Demon Gods are those who rule over those devils and they only exist to destroy things. We need to fight against them.”

Everyone’s jaw dropped.

He could even feel Seraphina shaking.

The specific number of devils was only found out after the Great Calamity.

Currently, at this moment, no one was aware that their numbers were about 180 million.

It was truly a big number.

Currently, it was a bigger number than the human survivors in the Underworld.

“Does it seem impossible? However, don’t worry. Because god has given you guys power to fight the devils.”

Muyoung wore the mask.

He even sold a god he didn’t even believe in.

However, it wasn’t exactly wrong either.

Since the system of the Underworld was made by the collection of godly beings.

“The devils want to eliminate all beings. They will even swallow up the Earth eventually. Soon, in the near future, every human being on Earth will be summoned here and they will be exposed to the devils. Your families will be ravaged and their heads cut off and rolling on the ground.”

“...!”

“A, angel. Is, is that true?”

Everyone was shocked.

As if they didn’t think the scale of this summon would be that massive.

In their point of view, Muyoung was an ‘angel’. There was credibility in his words.

And another person was also surprised.

Seraphina.

‘How did he?’

Her pupils shook continuously.

The possibility for all humans to be summoned was now just being discussed by the upper classes.

Before a prophecy came about, Muyoung forestalled.

If they waited for a prophecy, it would be too late.

Even if they were to start preparing now, they wouldn’t have enough time but how could he wait another 4 years?

Although he only said it to about 150 people, rumors would spread soon.

Muyoung planned to not tell people directly. This is because he knew that the power of rumors was stronger than that.

“Prepare. I will teach you how to fight against them. I will give you strength for you to enter their base and stab their hearts. The power for you to protect yourself and your families.”

People tend to exert more family affection in extreme circumstances.

It might be different for someone who has lived in the Underworld for quite a while but as these people were just summoned from Earth, it wouldn’t be odd if they became emotional.

These 150 people performed well at the Blue Temple.

They knew how to survive at least.

Also, they were aware of the law of the jungle.

Since they knew that they would die if they were weak, they were most likely to grab hold of the robe that Muyoung gave them and not let go.

Swoosh!

Muyoung spread Gabriel's Wings.

The divine powers poured out and instantly surrounded the place.

A gentle light shined on Muyoung's entire body.

The effect gave the illusion that he was not human.

'Production.'

In the end, everything visible was all production.

Moving people was also 90% production.

"You guys are chosen to be warriors to fight against evil."

"Ahh..."

Their faces loosened up.

It was the moment their hardships started.

Muyoung declared war on evil.

As if he himself wasn't evil, he created a facade.

Seraphina felt a more extreme confusion.

As there was nothing incorrect about what Muyoung had said and he even knew about something no one else was aware of.

Since there were no lies in what he said, it would be more confusing.

'Was he really an emissary of a god?'

Seraphina bit her nails.

He was truly a mysterious being.

However, the more she looked at him, he seemed to be far from

evil.

He always insisted on the annihilation of evil. He showed his goodness. He was worried about the future of mankind.

How could someone like him be evil?

She gave everything to catch him when he let his guard down.

She even gave up her virginity. Muyoung seemed off guard at a glance.

Seraphina had no idea that even that was Muyoung's intentions.

The boundary between good and evil collapsed increasingly.

A problem where there was no answer.

When she wanted someone to give her the answer, Muyoung drove a wedge in.

"The demon god's strength is continuously getting stronger. Seraphina, we need to prepare."

"Prepare..."

While they were dining, Muyoung spoke.

"Do you know why I came to this place?"

"I don't know."

Seraphina spoke politely. It was to pretend to be devoted after that day.

Muyoung put down the fork.

"For gods, a moment is like an eternity to us. Some prophecies have already arrived but there is a possibility that those could have already happened. In fact, prophecies are something you have to manage before they occur. And I came to solve those a step ahead before those occur."

Muyoung closed his eyes.

His appearance seemed like he was sad.

And he continued to talk.

“I’m the only one. That’s why I need to open up all possibilities. This is the reason why I have all types of wings. The reason why I’m saying this now… is because the time is imminent.”

“The time… is imminent?”

A man with black wings would destroy the world.

Perhaps, the man with black wings might not be Muyoung.

Since Muyoung had white and grey wings as well.

That’s why the reason sounded so good.

Muyoung opened his eyes.

“The demon gods will start their activities soon. However, don’t worry. There is a weapon to keep them in check. If I have the ‘God-Killing Spear’, I can keep them in check.”

Seraphina flinched.

This was also something that only the leaders knew of.

Actually, they were preparing to take actions related to it.

Seraphina was shaken.

The actions Muyoung showed and what he said.

If everything was true, there was no time to hesitate.

Then suddenly, Muyoung warned.

“But, this conversation can’t be leaked.”

“Why?”

Seraphina was curious.

His intention to get the spear cannot be leaked.

There was a possibility that Wung Chunglin would notice and withdraw himself.

It was because he never took risks.

And so, he gave a reasonable excuse.

“It’s because there are enemies on the inside. Didn’t ninjas break into Mulalan recently?”

“…You’re right.”

It was news she heard a few days ago.

That ninjas broke into Mulalan. And that they took a person who was in prison.

However, Mulalan was impenetrable. It was definitely not a place where ninjas could easily enter.

Unless there was an enemy on the inside.

“If they know I want the spear and if I failed to gain it, there will be a huge impact on the people. I don’t want that to happen.”

Muyoung was urging Seraphina to make a choice.

Seraphina clenched her fists hard.

Although it was forced, it was like giving her a choice.

Her shaking stopped little by little.

Numerous circumstances. Muyoung knew things that no one else knew.

Perhaps, he might also be aware of her confusion and the prophecy.

And so, she made a choice.

“…I understand. Let’s keep it a secret and act. However, if you are planning to take the spear quietly, you need to hide and become my ‘First Knight’.”

A First Knight!

It referred to the knight who protected the cult judge from very close by.

All cult judges kept a First Knight but only Seraphina had the

position vacant.

# Chapter 162: The God-Killing Spear (3)

It was because thus far, no one talented enough for her to keep by her side had appeared.

The First Knight was the closest person to a cult judge.

The cult judges, as the title suggested, were people that conducted ‘judgement’.

Even a sage king had no authority to change the outcome of that judgement.

However, there was just one person..

There was only one position that was allowed to twist the outcome.

That was precisely the First Knight.

However, one had to be strong, righteous and have pure divine powers.

Even if wicked people had divine power, they would ultimately lose it.

Their purity would also be low, so they would not be First Knight material.

However... If Muyoung was really an angel.

‘The purity of his divine power will probably be high.’

It was Seraphina’s last test.

The purity of the sage king was 89%.

Even the saintesses rarely passed 85%.

Even if they had the same divine power, depending on this purity, different power could be exhibited, and so if he was an angel, he might even be able to pierce the barrier.

However, the tool that could measure the purity of divine power

was not in this place.

“If I want to become a First Knight, what do I have to do?”

Muyoung asked, and Seraphina answered.

“You have to go to the ‘Holy Saintess’s Palace’ with me.”

The number of saintesses that existed at the same time was always different.

At the moment, there were three saintesses existing in Mulalan.

One among them was in the Holy Saintess’s Palace. From that place, she first noticed the energy of evil and contacted Seraphina.

‘The Holy Saintess’s Palace.’

Muyoung had also heard of it.

That a saintess was residing in the Holy Saintess’s Palace.

Snow suddenly sprang up in Muyoung’s mind.

In the past, she was also a saintess.

A veiled woman who suddenly appeared after the Great Calamity.

Having realized that Muyoung was Asura’s apostle, Snow had sent him a message in preparation for this moment.

‘Although originally, I would have to go to Diablos’s Altar…’

She was curious as to what Snow had seen and hoped for in Muyoung.

However right now, the ‘God-Killing Spear’ was more urgent.

It was the chance to be able to catch Wung Chunglin. Even if he couldn’t catch him, he could hinder him.

Yes. The time for the reunion that he had hoped for.

This time, no one could interfere.

He wouldn’t let them.

“Okay.”

Muyoung said shortly.

Then Seraphina smiled faintly.

“Thank you. Since it isn’t far, 3 days should be enough.”

Seraphina thought as she changed her clothes.

Divine power was literally divine strength.

A noble and divine strength that could not be mindlessly approached!

The purity of that divine power was shown based on the ‘righteousness’ of the being.

However, the limit of humans was 89%.

No one had ever passed 90%.

The same was true decades ago even though the sage king had changed twice and around fifteen saintesses had appeared.

Even so, it was known that the current sage king had the highest purity of divine power.

Even Seraphina had only 82%.

After this, a 1% difference would result in a huge difference in quality.

In fact, when women had purity of divine power that exceeded 85% and they were granted authority from the gods, they were called saintesses, and it was safe to say that the cult judges were those women who unfortunately could not become saintesses.

Seraphina was also one of the saintess candidates in the past.

‘If he passes I will follow him.’

Seraphina just wanted to check.

Whether or not the arrival of angels that didn’t exist in the Underworld was true.

She had read all information on Muyoung, but as if he had really fallen from the sky, there was nothing.

There was a story of a human who was close to him, so she had gone in search for someone called Kim Taehwan but had learned nothing.

He just kept saying how Muyoung was a special being.

To follow gods or angels… it was only natural.

Thus far there hadn't been anything strange.

He seemed really righteous and was indeed tenacious.

"Wooheeheeheehee."

Just as she was about to put on her underwear, she heard a subtle laugh.

As she turned her head, there was a fairy hidden in the corner, covering her mouth and laughing.

'A fairy?'

Come to think of it, among the stories about Muyoung there were also some related to fairies.

That there was a fairy that followed Muyoung.

Fairies did not follow evil beings. That rumor had heightened Muyoung's credibility further.

Perhaps this was the rumored fairy?

However, fairies loved pranks.

And if the prank didn't work they sulked and ran away.

Seraphina turned her head and looked at her underwear.

'A children's prank.'

She laughed silently.

There was a little caterpillar crawling around in her underwear.

A childish prank.

As if no one said she was a fairy.

“Oh my goodness! There is a bug.”

She shouted without any emotion and threw her underwear on the bed.

“It’s really scary.”

She acted soullessly; as though her soul was evaporating at a frightening rate.

“Wooheeheeheeheeheehee!”

Then, with a peculiar laugh, the fairy appeared before Seraphina.

“You dare wag your tail in front of Woohee’s dear husband? You fox-like wench!”

Woohee had learned.

A good man needed to be thoroughly managed.

And Muyoung was ‘an outstanding man’.

She knew that flies like Seraphina would gather around him someday.

But she couldn’t just leave it alone.

The problem was that she was a step behind.

She didn’t think that the deed would be done by the time the fairies were finished mourning.

“Your dear husband?”

Seraphina tilted her head.

Woohee glared fiercely.

“Yes! The man you wagged your tail after is Woohee’s darling husband. Do you need to taste the bitterness of defeat by Woohee for you to come to your senses? Woohee is capable of far more than this, so be careful.”

Goodness!

Seraphina was genuinely surprised.

If she wasn't misunderstanding, then the fairy was courting a corporeal being.

This was completely unprecedented.

'No, if he is an angel... I understand.'

In any case, the two seemed to be in a very close relationship.

That turned out great.

She was curious about many things.

"What is he like?"

"The one and only star! He is not the type of man that a fox like you could go after. Even Woohee has only kissed his cheek, but you...!"

The moment she spoke of kissing his cheek, Woohee's shoulders drooped.

She seemed to know everything that had happened between Seraphina and Muyoung.

Seraphina spoke.

"Um..."

"Woohee wants to grow bigger too. I wish I had a body like you."

Woohee pouted.

Seraphina was baffled by how different her attitude was from her prank shortly before.

Then Woohee turned her head.

She touched her fingers together said after a pause.

"You know... Woohee is curious. How does it feel when your skin touches each other?"

“It… is warm.”

“And if you embrace?”

“It’s cozy.”

“Then… Then if you kiss?”

“I feel ecstasy.”

Seraphina told the truth.

For some reason or other, it seemed necessary.

Woohee looked at Seraphina as if she was envious, and spoke without confidence.

“Don’t take away my darling husband…”

“I have no intention of taking him away.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“Honestly?”

“Yes.”

Woohee blinked and looked at Seraphina.

Seraphina didn’t avoid eye contact either.

‘The fairy’s eyes are really innocent.’

A body like a doll. She was remarkably cute but her most beautiful feature was her eyes.

Could it be said that they were crystal clear?

“Wooheeheehee. You’re really a good kid, huh? Then you be the concubine.”

“The concubine?”

“The second wife is called the concubine.”

“Ah…”

She hadn't thought that far, but for now she complied.

Otherwise, it seemed the crystal clear fairy would fly away like a breeze. She seemed to be that insecure.

"Sorry for the prank earlier. "Woohee will apologize."

"It's alright. More than that, there is something I'm curious about."

"What is it? Woohee knows everything."

"Is it true that that person is really an angel?"

"An angel? He isn't though...?"

"What?"

Woohee answered naturally and Seraphina was baffled once again.

He wasn't an angel?

After this, Woohee give a completely unexpected response.

"Darling husband is 'hope'. He isn't something like an angel."

"Hope... hope."

She murmured.

It was abstract.

She had no idea what Woohee meant by that.

Woohee quietly clicked her tongue.

"Darling husband is not an angel or a devil. Humans are so stupid. Why would you define darling husband with such shoddy words?"

"Because undefined beings breed fear."

"It's okay if he's an angel but not a devil? Why?"

"Because angels are good and devils are evil."

"See that's stupid. Darling husband is just darling husband. Why

don’t you understand that?”

Woohee said easily.

However it seemed that Woohee didn’t realize that that was the most difficult problem.

Seraphina asked in a heartfelt wish.

“He… is he really hope?”

“Yep. He’s Woohee’s hope and everyone’s hope. No one, not even darling husband, knows darling husband’s heart, but Woohee knows. He loves and cares about you guys more than anyone else. Although the way he expresses it is intense, Woohee is even envious of it.”

Woohee spoke confidently without an ounce of hesitancy.

‘He loves us.’

Seraphina’s body trembled lightly.

*

Muyoung wore a helmet that hid his face.

He wore armor and concealed his wings.

Having learned to manipulate his wings by solving 100 trials, he was now able to hide and reveal them at will.

And together with a procession of about a thousand people, he departed for the Holy Saintess’s Palace.

However, no one in this procession knew that Muyoung was the commander-in-chief of the Sun Guild.

Seraphina merely described him as the ‘new seed’.

A seed.

Something like a knight’s servant.

He couldn’t immediately become a First Knight. It meant that for now he had to start as a seed.

However, until now, Seraphina had not kept even seeds.

It was because she had solved everything by herself.

“That man. Who is he?”

“Have you seen him?”

“For Seraphina-nim to keep a seed, huh.”

“How dare he become Seraphina-nim’s…”

Because of this, he received the glares of everyone around them.

Muyoung was walking slowly, a little distance away from Seraphina.

Woohee was sitting on top of Muyoung’s shoulder and humming.

“You look happy.”

As he spoke quietly, Woohee whispered in Muyoung’s ear.

“That Seraphina woman. She doesn’t seem like a bad person.”

“…?”

“Wooheehee.”

Woohee laughed.

Muyoung merely tilted his head.

Up until now, she had been wary and jealous of every woman that approached him, so this was the first time she was acting like this.

However, he soon became disinterested.

As soon as they arrived at the Holy Saintess’s Palace, the test to become a First Knight would begin.

‘The purity of divine power.’

The first and the most important test.

Truthfully, Muyoung was also curious.

He had received Gabriel’s power, but in the same way, other

paladins and holy saintesses also inherited god's powers.

He was not sure whether or not he could exceed their purity.

Kwaaaaang!

It was that moment.

The sky became dark.

To be exact, an enormous shadow covered the ground.

Muyoung turned his head.

And his eyes widened.

'That dragon…'

The shape of a familiar dragon soon descended to the ground.

A black dragon.

Arkisa, the master of an active volcano that spewed darkness!

It was the only dragon trained by humans.

His frame was 100m in size and from on top of him a man came down.

All eyes were on him, but he immediately approached Seraphina.

"Seraphina! What a coincidence."

"Hansung-nim, it has been a while. But, I don't think it's a coincidence."

It seemed that Seraphina also knew him.

Just that there was a little bit of a thorn in her tone.

At that moment, it hit him like a flash of lightning.

Yes, Hansung. It was a name like that.

That appearance. It was like that in the past.

He was the only human dragon contractor. No, a dragon tamer.

Through a contract with the dragon, he was able to maintain a

youthful appearance for a very long time. All wounds were recovered in an instant, and he was even able to use the dragon language.

Rumors of eternal youth and immortality circulated.

‘The Dragon Lord!’

The Dragon Lord Hansung!

He had been the most difficult assassination target for Muyoung.

A man in the top 10 humans and a revolutionary.

The man who was the closest to a ‘hero’ in the past was now in front of Muyoung.

# Chapter 164: The God-Killing Spear (End)

At that moment, Hansung withdrew a sizable sword fragment from his chest.

Just a sword fragment. It had no other characteristics.

The fact that it was so big suggested that it was a fragment of a large sword.

However, it was strange. The power felt from the fragment was beyond imagination.

“Saintess of the earth. Do you know what this item is?”

As Hansung handed over the sword fragment, the saintess received it.

The saintess of the earth had the power to know and feel anything that came from the earth.

The saintess shook her head after touching and looking at the fragment for a while.

“I do not know. I feel that this substance is not of this world. Hansung-nim, where did you obtain this?”

“The king of the dragons. I received it from him. And he asked me to go and find out who the owner of this fragment is.”

“…!”

The king of the dragons!

The transcendental being that ruled all dragons.

It was said that his power was easily comparable to the demon gods.

He just didn’t move. It was because he was the size of an enormous island, and whenever he moved, the entire earth trembled.

If the king of the dragons requested it then it was anything but a

simple item.

After thinking for a while, the saintess reluctantly gave an answer.

“Time. I feel countless streams of time in the fragment.”

“Time, you say. Oh well, if the saintess doesn’t know then only the ‘Sage’s Room’ remains. Even though I promised I would never see those backroom elders again…”

Hansung clucked his tongue and shook his head.

But Muyoung was among the viewers of the fragment.

For some reason that fragment was familiar.

‘King Slayer.’

His sword. It was precisely a fragment of the sword he had.

Why?

For what reason did the king of the dragons have a fragment of King Slayer’s sword?

King Slayer had disappeared after teaching Muyoung about grains.

Suddenly. As if he hadn’t existed from the start.

Muyoung also hadn’t really looked for him. However, he had found traces of King Slayer in an unexpected place.

Eventually, when Hansung took a step back, only Seraphina remained.

“What kind of job do you have for me, Seraphina-nim?”

Seraphina turned her head.

She looked at Pendragon, who was overflowing with confidence with his chest puffed up, and Muyoung who acted as if he wasn’t even there.

“For both of them, the test of the ‘First Knight’.

“First Knight! Aah, you’re finally going to keep your mate.”

The saintess gave a sigh of relief as if it were her own business.

They both knew each other very well since Seraphina had also been a candidate for saintesst.

And the truth that only Seraphina among the seven cult judges had no First Knight so far was quite a promising story.

The First Knight was also called a ‘mate’ because it was only possible to keep one.

There was a great deal of interest, even in Mulalan, as to who would be Seraphina’s mate.

The saintess approached.

“Nice to meet you, saintess of Earth. I am Pendragon.”

Pendragon hit his chest with one hand.

The saintess smiled at his confidence.

“A pleasure. You’re quite manly. I can feel the earth welcoming you.”

“Of course, since he is my student.”

Once again, Hansung boasted about his student.

At this point, even if he was a dimwit it would have been okay.

The saintess sighed and nodded her head.

“Aah, a disciple of the dragon lord. You are truly a blessing for humanity.”

“I’m flattered. Haha…”

Pendragon frowned slightly at Hansung.

He didn’t seem to be too pleased at the use of his teacher’s title.

Soon, the saintess reached out her right hand and touched Pendragon’s forehead.

Then, a light flowed out and his body's impurities were washed. His mind was cleared and the light in his eyes became increasingly intense.

"May the grace of the Earth be with you."

"May the grace of the Earth be with you."

The saintess spoke, and Pendragon received it, It was the celebration and blessing that the saintess gave to the candidate for First Knight.

Muyoung remained.

The saintess moved her feet and stood before him.

And the moment she looked into Muyoung's eyes, the saintess lost her words.

An endless gaze.

She couldn't distinguish between good and evil.

"Please tell me your name."

A long time passed before she barely managed to ask.

However, it was Seraphina that responded.

"Saintess, that person's name is Gael. He cannot speak well, so please be understanding."

"I understand."

As if she understood, she raised her hand to Muyoung's forehead.

"May the grace of the Earth be with you."

Muyoung too was penetrated by the clear light.

But no matter how much the energy came out, his eyes weren't cleaned or filled with vigor.

They just stayed as they were.

There was already nothing that could be called an impurity in Muyoung's body.

It was because he had experienced multiple special awakenings and had expelled all bodily waste.

Furthermore, thanks to ‘Great Harmony, every cell of his body moved to create balance.

Muyoung could release toxins from his body just by breathing alone.

The saintess hesitated for a moment then turned around.

“Well then… please follow me. There is a separate place where you can take the First Knight’s test.”

The highly valued virtues for a First Knight were purity, strength and righteousness.

If there was shortage of any of these three things, the First Knight was disqualified.

Naturally, purity was the purity of divine power.

A nobler and more ceremonious form.

It had nothing to do with quantity. No matter how little there was, if the purity was high, it could overturn everything.

Of course, the first thing to check was precisely this ‘purity’.

Although anyone who became a devotee had divine power, evil people never had high purity.

You had to truly place your faith to be baptized more greatly.

A transparent bead. A bead the size of an adult’s head was placed in the center of the room.

|It’s a bead that can measure the purity of divine power. If you put your divine power here, you can find out its purity.”

Pendragon took the lead in the saintess’ explanation, “I will try first.”

Taking the initiative.

It was an attitude that did not fear a challenge.

The saintess glowed and looked at Pendragon.

If it was to that degree, even if he was to be compared to other First Knights he would not fall short.

He hadn't taken the test yet, but the saintess saw that.

"Please place both hands on it. After that you will naturally be able to know what to do."

As the saintess explained again, Pendragon put both hands on top of the bead.

He had received the baptism of the mother of all, 'Idea'.

It wasn't only the saintess that was curious about what degree of purity would appear; Seraphina was quite curious as well.

Swaaaaak!

Soon, the bead was submerged in a bright light.

Then, the light began to emerge from the bottom of the bead.

It climbed past the centre without stopping.

When the light stopped shortly after, everyone had no choice but to be greatly surprised.

"86%!"

The saintess was in awe.

Because his purity was almost at the standard of a saintess.

It was very rare for a man to have such a high purity.

Seraphina too looked at Pendragon as if seeing him anew.

Pendragon swiped his nose.

"I guess it came out alright."

"It's not just okay. Even among saints you are worthy of being in the upper ranks..."

According to the purity of their divine power, women could become saintesses and men saints.

Of course, a high purity alone did not guarantee becoming a saintess or saint, but that much meant that he had outstanding potential.

Next, it was Muyoung's turn.

Muyoung quietly approached the bead and placed his hands on it.

Then, his back tickled.

He forced his wings from popping out.

'It must be a device that induces divine power.'

The manifestation of divine power stimulated his wings.

Muyoung inwardly clicked his tongue.

After roughly figuring out the usage of the bead, Muyoung poured his divine power in.

Hwaaak!

It was a bright light that couldn't even be compared to Pendragon's.

Although it was a small amount, but it was enough to blind everyone.

At the same time, the bead was filled up.

It passed halfway in an instant, and passed 70%, 80%, and 90%.

Seeing that, everyone excluding Muyoung's eyes glazed over in astonishment.

When the light finally stopped, the entire bead was brightly heating up.

"99.9..."

Unfortunately, it didn't fill it completely.

However, no one was disappointed.

It was a phenomenal figure.

He had far exceeded the human limit of 89%.

Was this possible?

The saintess looked at Muyoung. Seraphina also turned her attention to him.

However, the reaction of the two gradually changed.

The saintess was unable to believe it, and Seraphina was able to feel a bit of relief.

‘He is an angel.’

The purity didn’t lie.

No one but angels had a purity this high. If he was called a god it could be believed.

The doubts she had up until now waned all at once.

When the doubts vanished, a sense relief was formed. On the contrary, she felt sorry to Muyoung.

“My goodness…”

The saintess sputtered in continuous disbelief.

This hadn’t happened in decades.

She had never seen a human with this much purity before.

However, one had now appeared before her eyes.

“Is… Is the bead broken?”

It was a joke. The saintess too knew that the bead would never break.

All the priests, saintesses, saints and the sage king had poured their heart and souls into making it.

“Is that figure possible?”

Pedragon immediately frowned and asked.

He had been certain of his victory. 86% was easily saint level. Who would think he would lose while having that degree of purity?

But he had lost.

By a wide margin, at that!

He didn't believe it. Even the dragon lord was silent.

"It can't be. That's the established theory."

The saintess told the truth.

89% had never been exceeded before. She had never seen it.

The bead measured purity, but over 90% had been a purely imaginary area.

As there was no one to compare him with, the comparison was meaningless.

It was probably natural for distrust to come in.

Pendragon glared at Muyoung once and said.

"Please prepare for the next test."

"The next test will take place when the moon comes out. First... I will guide you to the palace where you can rest."

The saintess put her hand on her forehead.

Her face began to glow as if it was on fire.

If this was true, it was a serious matter.

She had to report it to the sage king immediately.

The saintess looked at Seraphina.

Seraphina shook her head.

And she slightly changed the shape of her mouth.

'Please don't report for now,' Seraphina was saying, The accommodations assigned to Muyoung were quite large.

Muyoung was quietly sitting on the bed.

‘Is this Gabriel’s influence?”

He was going to adjust accordingly.

However, it seemed like purity wasn’t something that could be controlled.

Lord class, Archangel.

Furthermore, it was the power of the archangel Gabriel.

There was no way that the power to only pursue ‘justice’ could be hidden.

It was even strong enough to make Luciferre stay quiet.

Knock, knock!

Soon, someone knocked on the door.

From the sound of the footsteps, it was Seraphina.

“Enter.”

Creeeaakkk!

The door opened, and as expected, it was Seraphina.

Seraphina was dressed lightly. In a white dress he had never seen before.

Plop!

Then she came straight toward Muyoung and knelt before him.

“Please forgive my foolishness, for not recognizing you as the great person you are.”

“It’s good enough if you’ve realized it now.”

“I will cut out these two eyes, which were full of doubt. If that will make you forgive me…”

Seraphina pulled out a short dagger.

When she tried to stab herself in the eyes without flinching,

Muyoung kicked her in the stomach.

Urgh!

With a sound, Seraphina fell to her side.

“Gasp!”

The dagger fell to the floor.

Muyoung stood up and looked down at Seraphina.

“Do not thoughtlessly harm yourself.”

“Then… What should I do about this distrust?”

“We have plenty of time. You can pay it off slowly.”

Gabriel was also the angel of mercy.

Seraphina was also a talented person, capable of helping in many ways. He couldn’t let her die like this.

He shouldn’t let her thoughts run wild here. Muyoung immediately changed the subject.

“In order to keep the Demon Gods in check, I need the God-Killing Spear. You know this as well.”

“…Yes, the God-Killing Spear is on ‘Suicide Hill’. Currently, numerous priests and paladins are on their way there.”

Seraphina told the truth as it was.

She did not seem to be hiding more.

However, Suicide Hill?

The moment he heard the name, Muyoung felt as if he had been hit in the head with a hammer.

‘The place where Diabolos’ Altar is.’

He hadn’t thought that perhaps the God-Killing Spear would be there!

That wasn’t all.

Snow.

That was also the place where she called Muyoung.

# Chapter 165: The Dragon Lord (1)

He got goosebumps.

For the first time Muyoung felt something like an unavoidable ‘destiny’.

Perhaps Snow had somehow foreseen this moment from the beginning and called him.

In any case, he was going to Suicide Hill.

Snow… In the past she had been the strongest saintess, but while she had been famous, she wasn’t that big of a deal from Muyoung’s standpoint.

He just had questions regarding her birth.

She was not a human being and furthermore, she wasn’t any other specie, and definitely not an angel; people called her ‘Veil’ in secret.

‘The reason she called for me…’

He was uneasy.

If she had read everything and called Muyoung, then she would indeed be called a great prophetess.

She was so detailed that she couldn’t be compared to shamans.

However, that fundamental reason was mysterious and uncomfortable.

And if she read the truth about his returning to the past?

‘It’s dangerous. ‘

Yes. Maybe Snow would be more dangerous than anyone else to Muyoung.

Muyoung had become strong. He was getting stronger; faster than anyone.

It was possible because he had survived based on his memories or experience of the past.

If Snow turned hostile, it would also be possible for her to know what Muyoung would do in the future.

If Muyoung now knew about the ‘result’ as he aimed for Wung Chunglin, the difficulty would be much lower.

He even kept the worst possible situation in mind.

Snow had certainly been helpful to Muyoung, but it was too sweet to interpret that help as mere courtesy.

Yes, sweet.

Muyoung was not foolish enough to just gobble up the sweet food.

There was a reason for everything.

It was correct to believe that Snow wanted something from Muyoung.

Also, he had to think about if what she wanted from him was not accomplished.

He sharpened a sword in his mind. This sword would never be dulled until he perfectly learned Snow’s intentions.

“However, because you became the First Knight, moving will be comfortable. I’m not doubting Muyoung-nim’s abilities, but because it’s in that place… many will be watching.”

“I’m planning for that,” Muyoung answered shortly.

Relief then filled Seraphina’s eyes.

She had come prepared to gouge out both her eyes, but Muyoung had stopped her.

The method might have been a bit violent, but hadn’t Woohee said that?

‘Hope loves us.’

However, that expression was extreme.

“What does the next test entail?”

Muyoung’s eyes penetrated Seraphina.

Pendragon.

Muyoung didn’t know if Pendragon had been Seraphina’s First Knight in the past.

However, right now, Muyoung needed that position.

He didn’t know if Pendragon had done anything important with this position in the past, but to the best of his knowledge nothing like that had happened.

Above all, more so than the ‘First Knight’, his title as the Dragon Lord Hansung’s student was stronger.

Thus, Muyoung intended to do his best to seize the position, like a lion that put all his strength into catching a rabbit.

Hearing the challenge beforehand was a foul, but what did that matter?

He just wanted to save a little time if it seemed he was winning anyway.

“I will watch your military technique. A First Knight must be able to wield all weapons,” Seraphina explained frankly.

It was not too difficult.

Muyoung used a basic sword, but in reality he had handled everything that could be considered military.

‘I remember fighting with a ladle.’

Now, it was all a past affair.

The memory of being caught infiltrating a kitchen while in disguise and fighting with a ladle resurfaced.

He smiled a little.

The fact that he could recall the past and smile was proof that he could afford to.

‘I am walking a different road.’

He didn’t know what would be at the end of this road.

At least he wouldn’t live a life being dragged around, like in the past.

He lifted a bow.

He quickly shot the target.

A total of 20 targets flew around in the air.

It was a fight where the person who quickly shot those 20 targets would win.

Twang. Twang.

Muyoung gently tugged the bowstring to test its elasticity.

‘The elasticity is good.’

Sentiment Du Fer Critical. He became one with the sword and it was called ‘All Flows Become One’. In the end, it meant that the use of all weapons was similar. If he wanted to, there was no reason he couldn’t handle a sword or bow.

“Gael-nim, Pendragon-nim. Well… Please start.”

Gael was Muyoung’s alias. Gabriel was roughly Gael when abbreviated.

As the saintess signalled, Pendragon pulled the bowstring first.

Twuung!

Thud!

He hit the target perfectly in the centre.

As the target fell, Pendragon shrugged his shoulders, as if that much was nothing.

While doing that, he looked at Muyoung.

Muyoung was his biggest rival.

However, Muyoung merely performed his own tasks silently.

Muyoung loaded the bow with two arrows.

‘I’d be no match for the Cursed Bow Team that specialized in archery, but…’

There were many organizations within the Forest of Death.

Each was divided into specialized fields and trained intensively on the associated weapons.

The Cursed Bow Team was a group of assassins that wielded bows.

They fundamentally fired three arrows simultaneously and they never missed a target.

Muyoung’s limit was two arrows. Starting from three arrows, his accuracy fell.

Shushuk!

Thu-thud!

Each time, two arrows flew and stuck in the targets.

A momentous event.

Seeing that, Pendragon’s expression hardened.

‘Who the hell is he? How could that guy be a seed?’

Originally he had thought that becoming the First Knight would not be difficult.

Even if Dragon Lord Hansung’s name was removed, Pendragon was certainly powerful.

Not to mention the purity of his divine power; and he spared nothing in becoming stronger. He’d come this far through really bone-cutting training.

However, a strange bum suddenly popped up.

His entire body was covered with armor and a helmet, but he didn't even look old.

He was Pendragon's age at the most, or maybe a little older.

And no matter how slow-witted Pendragon was, he had no choice but to notice at this point.

...The truth that Seraphina regarded Muyoung favorably.

'I can't lose.'

Pendragon's eyes were ablaze.

He had been just a child at the time, but he had seen Seraphina and fallen for her.

Whenever times were hard, he would think of her and spur on his training.

It was only to be her first.

However...

Thud!

He didn't know about others, but he couldn't be beaten by Muyoung.

Eighteen Weapons.

It was about eighteen varieties of weapons and their martial arts.

Generally, weapon types did not deviate from these eighteen varieties.

There were eighteen kinds of tests.

Muyoung dealt with more than 10 weapons, never missing a single one.

As if he was an old expert, he naturally shot and suppressed Pendragon.

Normally it would require 10 years to be able to properly handle a weapon.

There was no one that could handle eighteen weapons like that.

This was what normal people thought universally.

“You’re strong.”

The Dragon Lord Hansung.

He was carefully observing Muyoung immediately after what had happened yesterday.

He was powerful; to the point of easily ranking as one of the strong.

However, for some reason there was something unsettling about him.

It seemed as if that wouldn’t be all.

However, it seemed impossible to draw out Muyoung’s sincerity through Pendragon.

“Someone like him existed?”

Hansung had stepped in immediately after humans began being summoned to the Underworld.

The war with the Demon Gods, the eradication of the monsters and the establishment of the city; there was nothing Hansung hadn’t been involved in.

Even so, he had never seen anyone like Muyoung before.

If Hansung, who knew most strong men very well, didn’t know him, then it meant that no-one knew him.

“Seraphina, where did you find that guy?”

“I was lucky.”

Seraphina was stingy with her words.

In the meanwhile, Muyoung ran through a succession of victories and came out.

Pendragon’s appearance passed red and gradually became ashen.

Overwhelming skill.

Pendragon was still young and was unable to accept it easily.

“He’s like someone who just fell from the sky.”

“Maybe.”

“Maybe? Oho, Seraphina. Women with many secrets can’t receive love.”

“That’s okay. I’m just the faithful sort.”

The faithful sort belonged to the side that gave rather than received.

Seraphina’s attention was on Muyoung.

In no time, it was the seventeenth match.

It was a confrontation between a spear and a spear.

Using only a spear to battle ten masters of spearmanship!

“A spear.”

Muyoung turned the spear in his grasp and looked at it.

Then he ran towards the masters, as if he had an adequate understanding.

He pierced them like a bolt of lightning and shed their attacks like water as he severed their pulses one by one.

They didn’t die, but many of them fell before Muyoung’s spear.

Muyoung never did things simply.

“Amazing. It isn’t an easy matter to handle all weapons that way,” Hansung marvelled.

No skills had been used.

It was all the more surprising that he showed such an image through pure spearmanship alone.

Eventually, the seventeenth round, the spear match, was also lost

by Pendragon.

The last was... the sword.

The sword was a battle between the two.

Muyoung and Pendragon stood face to face.

“It will not be as easy as the sword.”

He had already lost.

While handling seventeen weapons, he had already lost, so winning only the sword would not make him a winner.

But Pendragon couldn’t easily accept it.

“You’re still young.”

Dragon Lord Hansung shook his head as he saw the scene.

Like his age, Pendragon was full of youthful vigor. He knew how to run forward. But, he was slow at accepting. When you’re young, most can’t help but act that way.

Eventually, the sparring began.

Muyoung closed his eyes and raised the sword.

Pendragon ran forward as if he was crazy.

Then, when Pendragon was only a short distance away, Muyoung opened his eyes, and aiming at only one point with the sword, he attacked.

Kwajik!

Sword and sword clashed together.

Soon, cracks began to appear on Pendragon’s sword.

Pshhhhhh...

When the cracks became severe, it turned to powder and disappeared onto the ground.

Just one collision.

He had used no magical powers, divine powers, or skills but Pendragon's attacks were still futile.

It seemed Muyoung didn't even have to mix the sword. Muyoung turned around nonchalantly.

"This, this is fraud! This can't happen!" Pendragon shouted desperately.

No wonder.

Excluding Hansung, Muyoung was the first wall he had encountered.

Furthermore, it was a wall that stood strong while blocking his dreams.

How could he not be upset?

Hansung looked at him.

"The level isn't right."

Pendragon was strong.

However his opponent was too powerful.

It was just that different.

But the final thing he saw was unusual even for Hansung.

Swordsmanship that destroyed the sword itself.

"Can I be the target for the next sword match?" Hansung asked the saintess.

Then he took a stance that made the saintess awkward.

"Hansung-nim? But the results are already..."

Hansung nodded his head.

"I know. I'm not trying to change the results. My student lost because he was weak. However, the winner seems disappointed to end it this way."

"What?"

The saintess wondered, but Hansung had only spoken to be courteous.

Hansung approached Muyoung.

Then Muyoung stopped walking.

“While you were completing the test, you kept throwing speculation my way. You probably know who I am… but now I am interested in you as well.”

Hansung’s reason for this was simple.

He wanted to take off that mask and see.

Moreover, it was also true that Muyoung continued to cause Hansung to speculate about him.

Up until now he had been ignoring him, but not anymore.

Muyoung watched Hansung from inside the helmet.

And he smiled slowly, from the corner of his mouth.

# Chapter 166: The Dragon Lord (2)

Muyoung had been uninterested in Pendragon from the start.

Pendragon was strong, but not to a level where Muyoung was worried about him.

In any case, it seemed that Muyoung's victory was decided, and he knew that no matter how desperate Pendragon was he was grossly inferior.

However, Pendragon's teacher was different.

The Dragon Lord Hansung!

The closest man to humanity's strongest person.

He was in a god-like territory, especially when he fought with dragons.

It was said that even the Demon Kings spared themselves when he approached.

Even Muyoung had only been able to assassinate him after 3 years because he had been fortunate.

At the time he had been tired and exhausted.

However...

'I want to challenge him.'

Instead of an assassination, he wanted to have a fair fight.

That was why he continuously threw speculation during the fight with Pendragon.

It was to elicit a response from Hansung.

Also by the looks of it, Hansung had been caught.

The complete defeat of his student.

No matter how uninterested he had been, he now had no choice but to be interested.

“You’re certainly strong. However, you are too arrogant.”

Hansung also completely read Muyoung’s intentions.

And he could get a sense of Muyoung’s boundless confidence.

Such confidence against him, the Dragon Lord!

Of course it was better than nothing, but it was excessive. There were many times when doing too much was worse than doing nothing at all.

Pendragon was just a rookie.

On the other hand, Muyoung was a master.

Hansung had felt that Muyoung was one of a kind ever since the first time he had met him.

Experts can’t hide all their strength even if they tried.

It was more easily recognizable to someone like Hansung.

If he moderated his movements and regulated even his heart beat, then he could never be ordinary.

An outrageous purity of divine power.

He was a supernova that appeared from who knew where, but Hansung was called a ‘monarch’ because he was undefeated.

“Sword fragment.”

Muyoung said shortly.

The sword fragment Hansung had showed the saintess.

Something thought to belong to King Slayer!

“You mean that if you win, I’m to give you the sword fragment?”

Thud!

Muyoung’s response was clear.

Hansung tilted the corners of his lips.

If his self-confidence was to this extent, it surpassed

unpleasantness and was fun.

Since it wasn't like he never receive this kind of challenge because he was the Dragon Lord.

"Fine. However, if I win, what will you give me?"

Traditionally, favorable bets had to be made on both sides.

The Dragon Lord alone couldn't bet the sword fragment.

Then Muyoung withdrew the Sage's Potion from his chest.

"Oh, I see. If it's the Sage's Potion it's a bit tempting."

The Sage's Potion was worth calling the bet.

They were so extremely rare that even some large groups did not even possess a few.

It was enough to support the very best prospects.

Hansung did not have a place for enemies.

In other words, there was a limit to the supply and demand of Sage's Potions.

Without a doubt, there would be a few of Pendragon's stats that weren't even enlightened.

For the love of his student...

"Fine. I accept."

He had no choice but to bite.

In any case, he had no thoughts of losing.

Then Hansung shook his head.

"Saintess-nim, can you keep the process and outcome of this fight a secret?"

"Alright."

Only the saintess, Seraphina, Muyoung, Hansung and Pendragon were inside the large castle.

If the fight with Hansung started, it was highly possible that priests and paladins would gather.

Since they would also want to see a fight with the man who was closest to being humanity's strongest.

However, the current Hansung didn't want to be seen by any others.

After the chaos had passed and his true character as a hero was revealed; only then, not now.

'Before becoming a hero, while I exist utterly as Hansung.'

He had the thought that he wanted to fight with him and make his own light shine distinctly.

Muyoung lifted his head and withdrew Anguish.

Swoong!

Anguish cried.

A battle of pure swordsmanship.

Even so, the skills that Muyoung was able to use were only acceleration and grains.

He couldn't use any skill dealing with death here, and the other skills were too distinctive.

Muyoung had become famous as an angel precisely because of skills like those.

On the other hand, Muyoung's equipment and such were not so well-known.

'Win.'

Muyoung certainly had no thoughts of losing.

Of course this would be a difficult fight.

An opponent who he might lose or win against even if he used all he had.

If so, he put a restriction on himself.

However, the same was true for Hansung.

Hansung's true character appeared when he was with Arkisa.

The magical dragon Arkisa was not here.

"Well then... let's start."

Hansung held dual swords.

He was a master of dual wielding swordsmanship.

Also, he was the owner of three types of secret classes.

'Contractor of dragons, Master of a Hundred Swords, and Iron Knight.'

Furthermore, all three of them had synergetic effects on each other.

Muyoung and Hansung stared at each other for a while.

Nobody moved first.

Hundreds and thousands of scenarios were rising up in Muyoung's mind.

What path and speed should he use, and how he should penetrate.

Or how to defend.

He was searching for the most optimal one.

The same went for Hansung.

'I thought you would jump at me to your heart's content.'

It was a surprise. Muyoung was concentrating extremely. More carefully than anyone else.

When Muyoung had first thrown speculation at him, Hansung had seen him as just a power-drunk and arrogant fellow, but after entering a fight with him, he realized that it was just a 'display'.

‘He just wanted me to respond.’

Quite so.

Hansung looked at Muyoung again.

And if that were true, then he couldn’t lose this fight even more.

Hansung decided to take it a little more seriously.

And he read one among thousands of cases.

‘I found it.’

Hansung found a way a step faster than Muyoung.

He slightly lowered his upper body and wielded his swords with both hands.

The wind resistance was minimal, and in the blink of an eye he was standing in front of Muyoung.

And, like it was nothing, he naturally ‘invaded’ Muyoung’s territory.

There was no knock on the door.

Indeed, an entry without warning.

‘The rhythm is different.’

Muyoung stepped back with a frown.

He attacked without warning and invaded his space.

Usually, he would not suffer, but Hansung’s rhythm was different to normal people.

He was able to tell with just one glance.

Chiiiik!

His armor was scratched.

It was light because of his dramatic response. If he had been a little late he would have lost his waist.

The corner of Muyoung’s mouth quivered.

Hansung was facing him sincerely.

He was truly trying to kill Muyoung. He certainly didn't know how to do things in moderation.

'This is fun.'

Muyoung immediately launched a counterattack.

He swung Anguish horizontally.

Tchk!

Hansung blocked it with a sword, but a crack appeared. One of the twin swords soon burst into light.

He hit the grain in anticipation of his reaction.

But Hansung brushed off his hands as if it were nothing.

Then another sword was created.

'The sword he used in the beginning was just a tangible sword.'

The Master of a Hundred Swords.

As the words suggested, he was carrying a hundred types of swords.

However, there was no real shape and when a skill was used, the intangible sword was able to take shape and be manifested to the world.

However, he seemed somewhat surprised.

Muyoung certainly had a rhythm that was different to ordinary people.

His body's rhythm, sensation, everything.

In a moment, Hansung's figure disappeared.

'A blind spot.'

Muyoung immediately threw himself sideways.

Thud!

However, Hansung's plan was the place where Muyoung threw himself.

Muyoung was hit in the foot and his body was pinned to a palace pillar.

Muyoung dusted off his head and stood up.

A match of pure swordsmanship.

It wasn't enough for them to just be one or two steps ahead.

In the end, it was a fight of how many steps they thought of ahead.

In terms of simple skills, Hansung was slightly superior.

It could be said that Hansung had the upper hand in swordsmanship itself.

Rather than hack and slash, he had a sense for swordsmanship.

However... Muyoung had one shot. Muyoung's attacks were all fatal.

With only one shot it was possible for him to overturn everything.

Hansung was realizing this instinctively.

Because of that, he was taking caution in attacking in order not to allow him to counterattack.

'It's like fighting a gigantic steel giant.'

Among Alexandro's trials, if he was to point out the most difficult thing, it would certainly be the triathlon with the steel giant.

In that place, Muyoung lost countlessly.

However he continuously challenged it.

It was fun and rewarding.

That was the case with the current fight.

Muyoung spoke.

“Let’s do this properly.”

He stretched his neck both ways while properly grasping Anguish.

He was done testing the waters.

The saintess, Seraphina and Pendragon could not believe the present situation.

That he was a human that could fight on even ground with Hansung!

Even so, Seraphina was less shocked.

Because she firmly believed that Muyoung was an angel.

On the contrary, it was to the extent that she thought he could win against even Hansung if he spread his wings.

On the other hand… Pendragon’s pupils shook violently.

‘He’s fighting on even ground with teacher?’

If it was with that level of ability, then he’d had no hope from the beginning.

Simply put, like trying to break a rock with an egg.

Even if he hit it a hundred times, the rock would not break.

Pendragon was an egg. Muyoung was a gigantic boulder.

He realized that now.

Mortification, shame, and numerous mixed emotions dominated his body.

However…

Pendragon watched Seraphina.

Seraphina did not take her eyes off of Muyoung.

She watched his every move.

She seemed totally oblivious of Pendragon's gaze.

'I lost.'

He acknowledged it.

He had to.

What would be the point of becoming the First Knight?

In the end he wouldn't be able to win Seraphina's heart.

He had been angry during the fight, but if there was this level of a skill gap, he would only have been ridiculous.

Seraphina's cheeks were flushed.

She was not a woman who had fallen in love.

She was too expressionless for that.

She was just concentrating.

She was thinking that in this world, there was only Muyoung.

Perhaps she had even forgotten that Pendragon existed.

What Muyoung was showing was to the extent that even if it was simple swordsmanship it was enough to overwhelm everything.

To do more... it was pointless.

Pendragon bowed his head.

It was a long time since he had felt this sense of defeat.

Tears gathered slightly in his eyes.

They were tears that marked the end of his first love.

'I will become stronger.'

Pendragon wiped his eyes and looked back at the progress of the battle.

Finally, the fight was drawing to a close.

Muyoung had shattered around 90 of the swords Hansung carried. He wielded 100, but he was almost at his limit.

Muyoung's flow was certainly abnormal.

Because he suddenly got faster or slower.

Even so, Hansung didn't collapse. On the contrary, he cornered Muyoung more fiercely and stabbed at his whole body.

His suit of armor was already in tatters.

Shwak!

Finally, he cut even his helmet.

However, only the corner of his mouth was exposed.

He… was laughing.

Anyone could see that Hansung had the upper hand.

In reality, Muyoung was slowly getting closer to using all of his strength.

'Someone who is enjoying it can't be beat.'

Pendragon gritted his teeth.

He was sincerely enjoying the fight.

Chwaak!

Muyoung was not just suffering.

In his half-collapsed state, Anguish had pierced Hansung's thigh.

Hansung also gave Muyoung's shoulder a long cut.

After this, they began to slash at each other.

They both got back up like Daruma dolls.

Half a day passed since then.

"Amazing."

How much had they fought?

As if Hansung was pleased, his teeth showed when he laughed.

Blood covered their eyes.

Their entire bodies were in tatters.

A case where it wouldn’t be strange even if they both died.

No one could stop them.

Because it seemed that the moment they stopped fighting, an even greater harm would occur.

Because they were both standing at swordpoint.

It was not a fight that ended when one side stopped.

“…”

Muyoung didn’t answer.

No, he didn’t have the energy to respond.

Thud!

They both collapsed simultaneously.

# Chapter 167: The Dragon Lord (End)

A fight that had lasted about a day and a half.

Everyone was silent.

It was unbelievable.

Meanwhile...

The Dragon Lord Hansung and a nameless man fought to a standstill.

Something that couldn't happen, that shouldn't happen, was happening before them.

Gulp!

"How..."

The saintess was the first to speak.

She carefully approached them.

The Dragon Lord was like a 'symbol' to humanity.

If even one person found out that someone like that was defeated, many people would be shaken.

However, it might be different if his opponent was worthy of representing humanity.

Therefore, she had to be sure.

Cheok!

Seraphina stopped the saintess when she tried to remove Muyoung's helmet.

"Saintess-nim, I will treat my seed. I entrust Hansung-nim to you."

"Ah, aah... That's right. First pray for healing..."

The saintess couldn't come to her senses. It was because she too had certainly thought that Hansung was humanity's strongest for a

long time.

Pendragon was merely standing and staring vacantly.

“Gasp!”

It was at that time.

Hansung sat up.

It was because the dragon’s powerful magic flowed through Hansung’s body and healed him.

Actually, the regenerative power was beyond imagination thanks to Arkisa’s magic, and unless Hansung’s throat or heart were pierced, he would not die.

“Ptooey!”

Hansung spat out the dead blood.

And he unsteadily got to his feet.

“He is a monster-like guy.”

It was Hansung’s admiration of Muyoung.

Where had a monster like this been born?

If not for Arkisa’s magic, he would have had to devote months to his recovery.

It had been ten years since the dragon’s skin and regenerative powers had been activated.

As Hansung took a step forward, Seraphina blocked him again.

“I will take care of my seed.”

“I’m not trying to see his face. You and this man called Gael seem to be hiding something, but... fortunately it seems like he is recovering on his own.”

Hansung had only gotten close to Muyoung to check his condition.

A small light appeared over Muyoung’s entire body.

Divine powers and healing skills had been automatically activated and were healing his body.

However, the light was weak. It was because he had used recovery generously during their fight.

‘Ha!’

Hansung smirked inwardly.

The recovery skill Muyoung used was not recovery, but almost to the point of restoration.

He’d used it about five times, but each time he did his attacks became more vicious.

Since then, he’d thought that Muyoung was running out of divine power, but meanwhile, it seemed that he had been filled up little by little.

It wasn’t only the purity that was high. His ability to regenerate divine power was also exceptional.

How could he not be called a monster?

“Teacher! You won!”

Pendragon hesitantly ran over.

His previously vacant expression had suddenly disappeared.

He looked relieved, if anything.

However, Hansung shook his head.

“If he had only a little more divine power remaining, I would have been defeated. No…”

Then, he put his hand on his forehead and sighed.

Had he won? Could he seriously say that he had won?

It was uncomfortable. It was as if Muyoung had not revealed his abilities.

Of course, that was also true for Hansung.

Because he had not been with Arkisa, and he hadn’t used the aces up his sleeve either.

Techniques such as Sword Ki Blades or Storm Surge.

Because it was a battle of pure swordsmanship, he didn’t use them.

He only used basic skills that assisted with swordsmanship.

However, Hansung was the Dragon Lord.

With the name of Lord he always had to be overwhelming.

But they achieved the idea of a draw. Even if each of them was concealing considerable power, it was no excuse.

Hansung shut his eyes.

As a result, it could not be said that he had won this fight.

Furthermore, during their fight, Hansung had missed Muyoung multiple times.

Soon, Hansung spoke heavily.

“I… lost.”

*

Muyoung opened his eyes.

He frowned at the bright light coming through the window.

‘Amazing.’

As he raised his upper body, he pondered his last memories.

He could remember up to both him and Hansung falling with great injuries.

It seemed that he had lost consciousness after that.

However, when he recalled the fight with the Dragon Lord, he felt strange.

The Dragon Lord hadn’t put his heart into it.

That had not been all of the power of the Dragon Lord Hansung that Muyoung remembered.

He was someone that had command of Sword Ki Blades, which overlaid powerful energy on his sword, and Storm Surge that freely sent one hundred swords flying simultaneously.

However, Muyoung also hadn't shown his true power.

No powers associated with darkness had been used.

He'd only used up to 8 times acceleration.

Muyoung was able let time flow at a maximum of 16 times acceleration, however he had only used half.

Of course, even if they used all they had, the probability of Muyoung winning wasn't even 30%.

If Arkisa appeared and Hansung used Storm Surge, and Muyoung used all the undead to attack, his winning rate would be less than 30%.

So the the idea of them both collapsing could only be amazing.

'Arkisa is a dragon that can't be compared to Barca.'

Barca, who he had hunted with the dwarves, was a much younger dragon.

On the other hand, Arkisa was one of the most powerful of the adult dragons. She was beyond comparison.

Muyoung smiled faintly.

Anyway, it had been a legitimate battle, and not an assassination.

If Muyoung had been victorious here, he would have been disappointed instead.

However, Muyoung cleanly acknowledged it.

He had lost!

Hansung was as strong as ever, tenacious, and a wall-like being.

Indeed, he was worthy of the hero title.

Although he had been brainwashed, he could still remember the 3 years he'd had Hansung under surveillance.

Muyoung was the only one in the world that knew the struggles and complications Hansung had endured.

'Hero material...'

Wasn't he such an amazing man whether 40 years before or after!

However, it did not seem that he would be forever impossible to surpass.

Because Muyoung's growth rate far surpassed their imagination.

And not only Hansung, but the day where he could deal with Arkisa at the same time was surely coming.

"You've awoken."

Shortly afterwards, the door opened and Seraphina entered.

There was a bowl filled with water and a towel in her hands.

She sat beside him with natural grace.

Then, she dipped the towel into the water and squeezed it out.

"What are you doing?"

"You've sweated a lot. I will wipe it off for you."

Seraphina carefully wiped Muyoung's upper body.

Wipe. Wipe.

A brief pause.

To have someone cleaning him was unfamiliar.

Then Muyoung asked.

"How did the trial of the First Knight go?"

"You passed. The saintess will send the formal documents of affirmation to you. By the time we get to 'Suicide Hill' everything

will be completed.”

“Okay.”

“Excuse me, but your arm, please…”

Muyoung held out his right arm.

The feeling of the towel coming up carefully against his side wasn’t too bad.

“Hansung… how is he?”

“He recovered quickly and was wielding a sword in the palace yesterday.”

If he had the magical dragon Arkisa’s magical powers, Muyoung would have recovered soon after he lost consciousness.

His heart raced.

If he was wielding a sword in yesterday’s palace, it meant that he was reliving the fight with Muyoung.

He must have also gained something from Muyoung.

As expected, Muyoung had also gained a little enlightenment from Hansung’s swordsmanship.

“I have to get up.”

“Are you okay? Your body is still…”

“My body has fully recovered.”

The ‘Divine Blessing’ had automatically manifested. Thanks to that, his body itself was unencumbered.

A new suit of armor and helmet hung on the wall of the room.

As Muyoung turned his head to look at them, Seraphina said.

“Don’t worry. No one saw your face.”

She had stayed up all night by his side while he slept.

She had protected him in case someone tried to investigate

Muyoung.

Muyoung nodded and raised his body up in bed.

‘There is a lot of time left until I find the God-Killing Spear.’

A productive use of the time came to mind.

“Let’s fight once more.”

Muyoung, who had searched the castle, said when he saw Hansung.

Hansung, who was wielding a sword, furrowed his brows.

“Come to think of it, didn’t they say you weren’t good at speaking?”

“…”

“That meant you only talk when you want to.”

Muyoung searched in his chest.

Then he withdrew the Sage’s Potion.

“Take it.”

“Did you think you lost yesterday’s fight?”

“Yes.”

“No. I lost. So you don’t have to give me the potion.”

With a shake of his head, Hansung withdrew the sword fragment from his chest.

However, Muyoung didn’t take it.

The reward was granted only to the winner.

However, Muyoung had completely lost yesterday’s fight.

“I lost.”

“Oho! It was I that lost.”

Neither of them broke their stubbornness.

It was a stance of acknowledging personal defeat, but neither of them gave an inch.

“I fell first.”

“We fell simultaneously.”

“The person to rise first was definitely you.”

“It wasn’t me, it was because of Arkisa’s magical powers.”

“Ye[1] didn’t use your full power.”

“Ye? Your words are a little short… Hmm, isn’t that the same for you anyway?”

“I lost.”

“My words aren’t getting through to you.”

Hansung clicked his tongue with a shake of his head.

However his lips lifted in a slight smile.

“I have no choice. I have to fight again and make a decision.”

Hansung too was just remembering yesterday’s fight.

Muyoung’s fight was the type that Hansung had not been able to experience.

It was so gruesome and aggressive!

“I won’t use any skills.”

“Do you mean to fight ‘purely’?”

Another rule was set yesterday.

Muyoung nodded his head.

“This is fun.”

Hansung summoned a sword.

This time it was not a dual sword.

Ten swords appeared, then merged together.

Ten Swords.

When a hundred swords were combined, finally the real Hundred Swords was completed.

That was the true meaning of Hundred Swords.

Among them, the Ten Swords was used.

The fact that he revealed this sword meant he acknowledged Muyoung as a true opponent!

This was certainly a different attitude from yesterday.

“But I can choose the sword I will use, right?”

Thud!

Muyoung consented and pulled out Anguish.

Swoong!

Anguish cried out increasingly louder.

***

More than 10 days passed in the palace.

Muyoung fought every day. He clashed blades with Hansung.

And every day he grew in a different way.

Pure growth that was not assisted by anything.

Hansung was astonished by Muyoung’s appearance, which changed daily.

However, he didn’t try to see Muyoung’s face. He displayed no signs of being even curious about it.

Muyoung wondered why he did not.

10 days passed, then Muyoung asked.

“Aren’t you curious about who I am?”

“I am not curious.”

Why was that?

Muyoung's eyes asked.

Hansung chuckled.

"In my life, I meet many types of people. There is little point in trying to find out about people that are just passing by. And there is no point in deliberately trying to find out about people I will meet continuously. Because I will naturally get to know them anyways."

Which type are you?

For the first time, Muyoung understood Hansung's words.

Hansung was thinking of Muyoung as 'someone he will meet continuously'.

If they walked a similar path, they would continue to meet.

Of course the day would come when he would naturally get to know Muyoung, but there was no need to force it for a moment's curiosity.

Hansung watched the sunset outside of the palace.

Flaapp! Flaapp!

Finally, Arkisa descended from the sky with a flap of her wings.

Hansung slowly climbed on top of Arkisa.

"I have to leave now. I have to go to the 'Sage's Room' and find out about what the King of the Dragons asked of me."

"Is this necessary?"

Muyoung had already received the sword fragment from Hansung.

Muyoung had also handed over the Sage's Potion to Hansung.

The sword fragment had somehow become part of their barter, but was it not an item that was necessary in order to solve what the 'King of the Dragons' asked?

The fact that Hansung had given it to him so coolly bothered him.

“I made a rough copy.”

As he wasn’t really concerned, Hansung waved his hand.

Then, the shape of the sword fragment was created in his hand.

In a manner similar to the Hundred Swords, he was even able to create a copy of the sword fragment.

It wasn’t 100%, but he could create an ‘imitation’ that was 80 – 90% accurate.

“It’s not perfect, but there should be no problem investigating. Also.”

Hansung turned his head.

People, led by Pendragon, were running over from far away.

“My disciple is quite obsessive. Just don’t kill him.”

Keureureung!

Arkisa gave a short cry.

Shwaaaaak!

When she flapped her wings, a strong gust of winds shook the surroundings.

Finally, just as how he had arrived, the Dragon Lord Hansung left like a wind.

Of course, he didn’t just go.

‘Next time we will have a proper fight,’ he mouthed.

‘A proper fight…’

Even though he didn’t want to, that’s what he thought.

Win or lose, next time he would face him properly.

So Hansung also had to show everything.

Someday. Definitely.

Muyoung clenched his fist tightly.

## Translator's Notes:

### [1] Ye :

- In Korean, the honorific/polite word for 'you' is 'dangshin' (당신). In this sentence, Muyoung used the very informal 'neo' (너). Hansung therefore noted that Muyoung had spoken a bit 'shortly', meaning informally. I couldn't think of any other way to represent that in English so please forgive the cringe of "Ye". (T_T)

# Chapter 168: Forest of Death (1)

After Hansung left, Pendragon made a devastating expression.

“I know that he normally gets restless but I never thought he would leave without a word…”

The Dragon Lord Hansung wasn’t the type of person who stayed at one place for very long.

He roamed all around the Underworld to be called someone with wanderlust.

Since he had earned about three secret classes, one could get an idea on how many adventures he’s been on with knowing that alone.

Pendragon turned his head and looked at Seraphina.

“Master wanted me to experience the world. Will you allow me to accompany you for a while?”

However, it seemed like he wasn’t discouraged.

Instead, he looked at it as another opportunity and made another plan.

Seraphina laughed awkwardly.

It was already decided for Muyoung to become the First Knight.

The only position that could influence cult judges.

However, Pendragon didn’t care about that anymore.

‘Although he didn’t earn the position, he was going to earn true love.’

Pendragon was young. He was high-spirited. He also had a big dream.

He was also not the type of man to be discouraged by one defeat.

If he was that sort of person, he wouldn’t have been able to

become Hansung's disciple.

Although Muyoung got the First Knight position, he was all fired up to gain Seraphina's, true love.

Muyoung shrugged his shoulders.

Hansung's disciple. There was definitely something to gain from him too.

'This is good.'

Muyoung fought with Hansung 10 days and nights.

Using only pure technique.

Hansung's swordsmanship wasn't structured but it was completely strong.

A master that forgot the formulas because he fought so much!

To be honest, Muyoung's swordsmanship was no more than a copy of Sword One and King Slayer's.

Mixing the skills he learned while at the Forest of Death, his attacks were very aggressive but there were some parts that were lacking.

He found out about his limits in his one-sided attacks with Hansung.

'I want to make my own swordsmanship.'

Simply earning skills and raising stats wasn't everything.

The basics. The pillars must be strong and high for the building to be built higher.

Following Sword One and King Slayer, Muyoung wanted Hansung's swordsmanship.

And Pendragon was the one who was most influenced by Hansung's swordsmanship.

Since copying was the mother of imitations, Muyoung was

planning to create his own swordsmanship by analyzing Hansung and Pendragon's swordsmanship.

'I never thought that a swordsmanship under my name would appear.'

Muyoung grinned at the thought of what happened a few days ago.

After fighting with Hansung, he wielded his sword a few times under the moonlight to get a little enlightenment.

Perhaps you could say Muyoung was relaxed by the moon.

And suddenly, for the first time, a skill related to swordsmanship had appeared.

Skill Name: Muyoung's Swordsmanship (???) – Muyoung's unique swordsmanship that he has started to make on his own. It is currently incomplete, and when it's completed, it's rank will be decided depending on the result.

There wasn't much explanation.

But, the fact that it was incomplete was important.

Muyoung was slowly completing a swordsmanship in his name.

Through the fight with Hansung, Muyoung gained a lot of inspiration.

The sage's potion he exchanged for it was definitely worth it.

Since Muyoung had gained a piece of King Slayer's sword.

Muyoung who was looking at the sword piece changed his gaze.

Hansung left. Pendragon was the only one left.

"Pendragon-nim, Muyoung is already decided as the First Knight."

"I know. I am not planning to compete against him. I'm just another houseguest is here."

“…I need the approval of the First Knight.”

Then, Pendragon’s expression wrinkled for a moment.

He was willing to compete against Muyoung.

But, he needed Muyoung’s approval to follow them.

It was painful to hear the words without being drunk.

“I have a condition. You need to duel me at the same time every day.”

Muyoung coolly spoke.

The difference between the two was already completely opposite.

But, the reason why he still wanted to fight against him was because there was still something to be gained from it.

Just because someone was weak, it didn’t mean nothing could be learned from them.

Muyoung was planning to do everything to complete his own swordsmanship.

It was a challenge to bring out his own uniqueness that didn’t exist in the past and was unique in this world.

Something that only Muyoung could do and should do.

How could his heart not race?

But, Muyoung’s meaning was simply distorted.

In Pendragon’s standpoint, it seemed as though Muyoung was using his powers against him.

Although he said it was a duel, it would be nothing more than one sided violence.

Pendragon had already acknowledged the skill difference between him and Muyoung.

For now, it was like a wall he couldn’t climb over.

Although it was a pure fight, he had never seen a person who

tried to fight Hansung equally and succeed.

‘He’s trying to show Seraphina how he wins over me every day?’

All kinds of thought came to his head.

However, Pendragon was far from a pessimist.

‘He’s a man who my master acknowledged. There must be something I could learn from him as well.’

These days his skills were stagnant.

The breakthrough could be Muyoung.

On top…

‘They say women are attracted to men who work hard.’

It was Hansung’s theory.

Regardless of victory or defeat, women liked men who tried their best.

If he was to fall down, he just needed to get back up. Pendragon’s eyes were ablaze.

Then, he vowed to himself that he will learn everything he could from Muyoung.

“I understand.”

Their exchange was ended with slight nods.

In the same duel, different motives were exchanged.

There was no way Muyoung didn’t read Pendragon’s sudden change in attitude.

‘It’s no different than two people with the same destination but different routes.’

However, they needed to see who would reach their destination and who wouldn’t be able to.

***

There was something that changed when he became the First Knight.

First, it was the gaze of the surrounding priests and paladins.

“I never thought he would really become the First Knight…”

“They say he also became close with the Dragon Lord as well.”

“I thought there would never be a First Knight for Seraphina.”

Because they were people too, it couldn’t be helped for them to feel a bit of jealousy and envy with their surprise.

However, Seraphina’s iron wall-like defense was well known even in Mulalan.

“How many were there before him?”

“Maybe more 50?”

As many as 50 people competed to become Seraphina’s First Knight.

They all met the conditions to become a First Knight.

If anyone could compete, more than 500 people would have jumped to compete for the position.

And, among the 50 people, there were city owners and their children, even dominant figures of guilds and clans, and also Mulalan’s high priests and paladins.

But, they all failed. It was because the standard of Seraphina was too high.

But this test was questionable, and so people talked.

“They say the contestants only completed the basic test, right?”

“Not the ’10 Trials’?”

“If those who competed hear about this, there will be a storm of protest.”

‘Seraphina’s 10 Trials’ were famous.

Because so many people wanted to compete, Seraphina personally made the trials hard.

But, this time, she only made her contestants complete the basic test. Of course, Muyoung passed without any difficulty.

In fact, it was enough for all 50 challengers to pass the test.

In other words, the 50 past challengers were just played for fools.

Seraphina had also heard of people talking but she dismissed it at once.

“He is a person who is qualified to have a sword duel with Dragon Lord Hansung.”

What happened within the palace was only known by a few saintesses who were at the place.

Of course, priests and paladins didn’t know that Muyoung fought with Hansung.

Those who heard of Seraphina’s story made a more surprised look.

The qualification to have a sword duel with the Dragon Lord!

Although her words were a bit ambiguous, it really depended on how you interpreted it.

He had strength similar to the Dragon Lord, he was a man acknowledged by the Dragon Lord, he was a man weaker than the Dragon Lord but he had the potential to become stronger, many ways to view her words. It was also said he had extremely noble blood...

As a result, the malice towards Muyoung disappeared and only the mystery about him remained.

The power of words.

Of course, he had no interest in what people talked about.

It was because from the beginning, after Hansung left, Muyoung

continued to stay within his room, only leaving to duel with Pendragon.

‘My own swordsmanship.’

His commitment to be free from imitations and to create an original swordsmanship of his own!

There was nothing more different than this from his past as a tool.

There was no day and night for Muyoung.

Although Hansung said he forgot about the structure, his swordsmanship was naturally melted into his sword.

That was how important the type of swordsmanship was.

‘I want to encompass everything.’

The Sun and the moon, the sea and the sky, the softness and the firmness, the swiftness and the slowness… everything.

He was almost becoming a crock because he was so focused and thinking about just that.

Within just a week, his cheeks were slimmer and dark circles drooped under his eyes.

It was because Muyoung concentrated that much into creating his swordsmanship.

As if he never concentrated on anything this much before, he continued to focus on it.

If it wasn’t for Seraphina, he would have turned into a skeleton.

And when one week had passed, Muyoung came out of his room.

‘I can’t make it here anymore.’

He needed to experience everything to create something that encompassed everything.

Of course, ‘revenge’ was also part of this.

In the past, when Muyoung eradicated the Forest of Death, it wasn't a revenge in the truest sense.

It was just a struggle.

How could it be considered a true revenge when he killed everyone and even killed himself at the end?

A true revenge was taking everything from his opponent.

And making everything he took his own.

Seraphina's eyes greatly widened after seeing Muyoung come out from his room.

"Are... you done?"

Muyoung shook his head.

Instead, he gave her a short reply.

"Let's go to Suicide Hill."

Let's go see Wung Chunglin.

***

The Diablos' Altar was originally at Suicide Hill.

Of course, there were also priests of Diablo.

Enemies recognized as a 'cult' by Mulalan.

Even by their size, since Diablos' priests were no match against Mulalan's, they couldn't help but to have to live in hiding.

There was no room for them in the Underworld where Mulalan lead.

"Oh vestal, the dirty seeds of Mulalan are dirtying our mountains."

"Please give us an answer."

"Please pour endless despair and curses upon them!"

Inside a dark cave.

Within a huge void, hundreds of priests in black robes kneeled and bowed their head.

They wished for an answer as they called out their vestal.

To them, Mulalan was also their enemy.

Although right now, Mulalan was stronger, they were an enemy that needed to be destroyed.

But, the paladins of Mulalan were climbing the mountain without any hesitation.

As if they already knew that the priests of Diablos were already at this place.

If they were to stay put, they wouldn't be able to survive.

Then, a woman who was on the altar raised her face.

"They will never be able to dirty our mountains."

Thump!

She smacked her cane down.

At the same time the entire mountain shook once.

A huge crystal Talisman was on the cane.

Talismans were the strength of the archangel that allowed wishes to come true.

When the woman's power was added to it, there was an overwhelming presence.

Also, the woman's voice was alluring. It was that much deep as well.

Although her face wasn't visible because she used a cloth to cover her face, she still stole everyone's gaze.

The woman also had another characteristic.

The wings that were stretched beautifully!

A woman with both a black and white wing.

She was the vestal of Diablos’ Altar.

# Chapter 169: Forest of Death (2)

Muyoung was still moving around with his armor and helmet on.

He was drawing out his own world at the front of the line beside Seraphina.

‘The sword I have is cold-hearted.’

The sword he learned for 40 years while he was part of the Forest of Death was only cold-hearted.

The fastest and most effective way to kill someone. It was a sword that cut infinitely for that sole purpose.

However, that wasn’t enough.

For him to create his own sword, he needed to experience and learn a lot more.

In that sense, the King Slayer was the perfect fit.

‘King Slayer. His sword was honest.’

However, it was too honest that it was scary.

It recognized every weakness and only went in that fixed direction.

It excludes everything that blocks in the middle.

Even if he wanted to imitate King Slayer’s sword, it wouldn’t be easy.

But, Muyoung couldn’t just give up and so he tried to fit himself into that ‘frame’ in some way.

Sword One.

His sword also had another color.

It was like a spider web. It was very dense. It wasn’t fast, but it was that much prudent and stable.

And lastly… Dragon Lord Hansung.

It was a swordsmanship that he dared to call a death sword.

Although Muyoung had watched him for many years in the past, he was able to know it better now that he experienced it himself.

Hansung didn't have a frame. That was why it was so irregular.

His unique colors took away Muyoung.

Muyoung was planning to take the advantages of his swordsmanship, get rid of the disadvantages and add his own 'color' to it.

'It isn't easy.'

This was an opportunity.

Rather than repeating the past, an opportunity to walk an entirely different path.

If there was a god of creation, wouldn't it feel like this when he created the world?

If there was something Muyoung was better off with, it was that the direction he was supposed to go towards was already given to him.

"They say that the cult members are gathered at 'Suicide Hill'."

As Seraphina rode a horse, she received communications from a small crystal and this information was told to them.

Then, Pendragon tilted his head.

"Cult members? Are you talking about heretics?"

Normally, Mulalan doesn't call people 'heretics' just because they didn't serve the same god.

It's because Mulalan believed the root of most gods was the Mother of Everything, 'Idea'.

However, heretics weren't followers that served normal gods.

The worshiped either evil gods or the Demon Gods.

They called those who followed them heretics.

And Muyoung knew why the heretics were gathered on top of Suicide Hill.

‘Diablos’ priests.’

Originally, Muyoung needed to head towards this place after gathering the three rings.

However, thanks to Luciferre, he didn’t have to go to the altar because he was able to mimic divinity.

“They say they were unable to confirm which cult religion it was. Just that they are followers of a strong evil god that can even move mountains.”

“Do cults still exist? I thought they were all destroyed?”

Pendragon clicked his tongue.

In the past, when demon gods first invaded the humans, humans started to fear and worship their strength.

People tend to be attracted to something that is eviler, darker, and more mysterious.

As they believed it would protect them from the devil’s attacks.

But…

‘That was also sidetracked.’

After the invasion of the devils had ended, a few of them tried to become a privileged class.

They gathered soldiers to create a city. They cruelly exploited people under the name of their gods.

As the people who tried to benefit were left behind, those who were strong became more powerful, and the dark ages had arrived.

The power of humanity was in an extremely vulnerable situation.

When everyone was being quiet, the sage king of Mulalan came forward.

And for 10 long years, the bloody war that was called the ‘Holy Battle’ had arrived.

It was widely accepted that the cult religions and heretics were destroyed during that time.

However, their roots weren’t completely removed.

“They say there are currently five cult religions that are identified and are of considerable size.”

“They are like cockroaches. There isn’t any action being taken by the sage king?”

“The current sage king doesn’t really like wars.”

“Ahh, true… from my memories, he was like a kindly neighborhood grandpa.”

Seraphina grinned.

Then, Pendragon secretly clenched his fist.

He thought he could earn points like this from her!

On the other hand, Muyoung rubbed his chin.

‘It seems like there were less than 10 people gathered there.’

From what Muyoung could remember, Diablos’ priests were weak. They were also small in numbers. At most, 10 people would be gathering near the altar.

But, they were followers of a powerful evil god who could move mountains?

‘It’s strange.’

It was clearly strange.

It was something that a talented paladin could handle on his own.

However, if a report was sent to Seraphina, it meant that he was outclassed by them.

“There is no one on Suicide Hill who I have influenced.’

Although butterfly effects were big, all of Muyoung’s actions had nothing to do with Diablos’ altar.

It meant that there was no reason for a heretic to become stronger in power all of a sudden.

However, there was something that was bothering him.

‘Snow.’

The only variable for Muyoung.

That was correct, Snow was a variable.

If she was really here, he was unsure what would happen on Suicide Hill.

“I think we need to hurry.”

Seraphina erased her smile and spoke.

If a report was received, it was sort of an SOS.

It meant it was hard to cope with just the military power there.

Currently, Seraphina brought about two thousand soldiers.

She basically had the military power to fully find out what was going on.

Muyoung was also really curious.

‘I don’t know what your intentions are, but…’

Muyoung was uneasy about Snow.

He didn’t know the reason why she was trying to help him and the reason why she approached him was unclear.

But, the moment he pledged himself to create his own sword, those worries all disappeared.

The current Muyoung was different from the one in the past.

But, who Snow wanted could be the Muyoung in the past.

If that was really true…

‘She should wait for me.’

Muyoung’s gaze became bleaker.

The corpses overflowed.

The rotten scent was strong.

The ground had also died. All the surrounding grass and trees were stained black and were split.

Suicide Hill was a place where low mountains were gathered.

Because it was always heavily fogged and those who got lost weren’t able to come out alive, the location was called ‘Suicide Hill’ so that they could let people know of the danger.

It was definitely heavily fogged.

It was even hard to distinguish what was in front of you.

“Start the cleansing ritual.”

As Seraphina spoke, the priests came out.

There seemed to be about two hundred corpses in the surrounding.

Then, they started the cleansing by uttering the names of the Earth and the Sea god.

The fog disappeared and the rotting smell also reduced.

At least, the ground was stabilized.

However, not everything was cleansed.

Guuuaaaa!

Puush!

The corpses that were touched by the divine power got up.

The priests who were closest to the corpses were killed first.

“Undead! They’re undead!”

“Why would undead react to divine powers…?!”

Seraphina hurriedly turned her horse’s head.

“Knights to the front!”

Seraphina screamed as she drew her sword.

She needed to protect the priests. If all the priests die, they would be unable to go through these deep hills.

‘The divine powers don’t work?’

It was quite far from normal.

Muyoung quietly grabbed Anguish.

At least, the paladins’ and the priests’ divine powers didn’t work against undead.

On the other hand, the undead absorbed the divine powers and became stronger.

When they were pierced by a sword with divine powers, they quickly regenerated.

Everyone couldn’t help but be taken back by the situation they never experienced before.

However… there was also something else that was strange.

‘They don’t attack me.’

To be exact, undead were avoiding Muyoung.

Although he drew Anguish, the few hundred undead didn’t enter the area Muyoung was at.

As if they were avoiding something they were afraid of.

Muyoung forced in and cut up the undead.

Then, the undead turned into dust and blew away.

‘My divine powers work.’

Muyoung looked at Anguish and the undead that became dust alternately.

For his experiment, he placed divine powers onto Anguish.

Although the undead absorbed other divine powers from paladins and priests, they reacted as if Muyoung’s divine powers were deadly poisonous.

Was it because the source of Muyoung’s divine powers was from Archangel Gabriel?

Swwooosh!

Stab!

When everyone was taken back and were helplessly attacked, out of nowhere arrows flew in and pierced through their heads like skewers.

Swoosh! Swwing!

Afterwards, another few dozens of arrows dropped at once.

“Don’t use divine powers! Those undead absorb divine powers!”

In the middle of all this, a woman appeared with her long blue hair blowing in the wind.

She was also riding the same breed of white horse as Seraphina, but she was wielding a huge bow.

‘Cult Judge Ramiella.’

The newly appeared woman was one of the seven cult judges.

At the same time, a few thousand soldiers came out from behind Ramiella.

They skillfully sliced off the undead’s heads and instantly cleared their surroundings.

“Whew!”

Ramiella let out a sigh after she placed an arrow in the middle of the last undead's forehead.

"Ramiella!"

When the undead were cleared, Seraphina quickly got off her horse.

Then, she went towards Ramiella.

Seraphina seemed happy to see her but Ramiella's face took on a set expression.

"It's been a long..."

"Seraphina, are you planning to kill all your soldiers?"

Seraphina removed her smile as she heard Ramiella's question.

"What do you mean if I'm planning to kill all my soldiers?"

"Your circumstantial judgment is so slow! Did you not see how the undead absorbed the divine powers? But, you didn't give any orders but just stood there. If it wasn't for me, your soldiers would have just died. Do you know?"

"Ah..."

Seraphina nodded her head.

It was her mistake. Even though she saw the situation, her judgment was delayed because she was taken back.

For every second she was late, one person died.

If Ramiella didn't appear, there would have been huge losses.

"Please, pay attention. This place is a battlefield."

"Ramiella, I'll keep that in mind."

"You cannot perform the cleansing ritual carelessly. Since corpses can become undead."

"Why aren't the undead affected by the divine powers?"

"That I'm not sure myself. I was barely able to confirm that the

Diablos' heretics are hiding in Suicide Hill."

Ramiella shook her head.

Although Ramiella had heard the God Killing Spear was in this place, she hadn't heard about the heretics.

Seraphina was also taken back.

"Anyways Seraphina, let's move to the gathering point."

"I understand."

"Please don't forget that although you were the top candidate to become a saintess, you are now a cult judge who needs to make better decisions than anyone else."

"..."

Seraphina stopped talking.

Ramiella let out a small laugh.

Who cares if she was one of the best candidates to become a saintess?

Now, she was just a bad cult judge.

When Seraphina was about to turn her horse's head around, Ramiella asked her another question.

"By the way, you got yourself a First Knight? Where is he?"

Beside Ramiella, there was a huge man who seemed to be over 2 meters tall.

A knight was a huge greatsword.

He was a man who seemed to be a match for a hundred men.

"He's..."

Seraphina turned her head.

And she frowned for a moment.

He wasn't there.

Muyoung disappeared without a trace.

“He didn’t run away leaving his cult judge behind, right?”

“He isn’t that sort of person.”

“Then, why isn’t he here?”

“That’s…”

Seraphina didn’t have anything to say.

He was definitely here just a moment ago but where did he go off to in that short period of time?

Ramiella scoffed with all her strength.

“Pfft, you really suck.”

“Wait! Aren’t your words a bit too harsh?”

Suddenly, Pendragon came forward.

It was because although they were both cult judges, their conversation was too aggressive.

“And you are?”

“I’m Pendragon! I was a candidate to be Seraphina’s First Knight.”

Ramiella smirked.

“Which means you aren’t her First Knight?”

“That’s true but, either way, the real First Knight isn’t the type of person to just run away. He is very strong that he doesn’t need to.”

“Then, why isn’t he here?”

“I’m not sure about that. But, I hope you’ll be cautious of what you say. Aren’t you both cult judges? Your conversation doesn’t sound friendly.”

“It’s just our way of expressing our affection. Isn’t it true, Seraphina?”

Seraphina nodded weakly.

Pendragon looked weird for stepping up.

Pendragon knew that his image would only become stranger if he stepped up any further.

“That’s what Seraphina says, Pendragon. Don’t intrude on what doesn’t concern you.”

Ramiella turned her horse’s head.

Pendragon’s face turned red.

“Are you really okay?”

When Pendragon asked Seraphina as he suppressed his emotions, she replied weakly.

“Yes… but have you not seen Gael?”

“No, I haven’t.”

“Where… could he have gone?”

“…”

Seraphina seemed like she didn’t have any strength.

However, even at this moment, how could she look for the man who suddenly disappeared?

If it was him, he would have protected Seraphina by her side no matter what.

The problem was he couldn’t say it out loud right now.

And so, Pendragon didn’t say a word.

***

Muyoung ran.

He ran and ran, and continued to run.

He didn’t need to be secretive.

The people he was pursuing were the ones Muyoung looked

forward to meeting in the near future.

The dead branches shook wildly.

Muyoung's heart also raced wildly.

Right now, the ones who were running away from Muyoung were...

The ones who watched Seraphina and the priests from afar!

'The Forest of Death!'

Muyoung smiled widely.

# Chapter 170: Forest of Death (End)

How long did he wait, longing for this moment!

He ran tirelessly. Towards a different path from his past.

Muyoung's goal was only Wung Chunglin. The rest of the assassins were no different than Wung Chunglin's scapegoats.

However, it seemed like Wung Chunglin came to Suicide Hill leading a number of assassins.

"..."

The assassins didn't speak. Instead, they were connected by a single command system.

Their orders were clear.

If there are any followers, to get rid of them!

Muyoung didn't hide. He quickly shortened the distance between him and the assassins.

It was obvious for him to get caught.

Five assassins stopped and looked at Muyoung.

Muyoung also looked into their eyes.

'Assassins in the 100th number.'

Familiar faces.

Those who could be considered his comrades as he trained with them in the past.

Assassins in the 100th number were strong enough to kill most strong men.

They were classified as high-rank assassins and 10 were above their rank, the 'great assassins' and Wung Chunglin.

If five 100th numbered assassins were to gather, they would be able to do the work of one great assassin.

And a great assassin could assassinate one of the top 10 humans by himself.

Muyoung was also a great assassin in the past.

However, he wasn't just a great assassin. He became Number 0 after he killed Wung Chunglin.

Five 100th numbered assassins weren't a match to Muyoung.

"Don't blame me."

Muyoung spoke softly.

It was Wung Chunglin who brainwashed them. Even if they were no longer brainwashed after years, decades of trying, they wouldn't be able to live a normal life.

Nevertheless, Muyoung was a very special case.

He gathered few thousands, no, few hundred thousands of people's Status Viewers.

The Status Viewer was a compass that pointed to the person.

Their information, the path they walked, everything was written in it. Muyoung read them all. That was how he kept his identity.

However, for the rest...

They were no different than breathing dolls.

***

Swoosh!

Numerous hills rolled up.

A different trial existed on every hill.

However, Seraphina and Ramiella advanced without hesitation.

Although people might say things about the two, they were both cult judges.

They were able to reach the meeting point in half a day because they were two of the seven cult judges who were selected among

few hundreds of thousands of people in Mulalan.

“Ahh! Ramielle, Ramielle!”

“The cult judges have arrived! Not just one, but two!”

“We are now able to live!!”

Everyone cheered.

The gathered were in critical condition. There were tons of people who were suffering from critical injuries and moaning in pain.

As proper treatments weren’t readily available, they were just maintaining their current conditions.

Even those who were moving normally seemed very tired.

The fact that their enemy continuously attacked them day and night, and the terror that their divine powers didn’t work against them, pressured them enormously.

For the power of a divine empire, the power of god, to not work against cults!

It was unthinkable.

“It’s nice to meet you. Cult Judge Ramielle, Cult Judge Seraphina.”

“You are the vice-captain of the Haphener Paladin Group. Are you the one giving orders at this place?”

Seraphina asked first.

Then, the person who was called the vice-captain nodded his head.

His armor was ragged and he had a splint on one arm.

“The past commander, Tooth, gave his life for us during a battle. So for now, although I’m lacking, I’m the one who is leading this place.”

“It’s really, terrible.”

It wasn’t Seraphina.

Ramielle who descended from her horse made a bitter remark.

“I have no face.”

The vice-captain bowed his head.

There were about 10,000 paladins and priests who left for Suicide Hill.

There was that much interest and it was a situation Mulalan was actively watching over.

But, what was this situation they were currently in?

The Mulalan status could not be felt at all.

It was truly a remnant of a defeated troop.

After 10,000 men came, not even half survived.

On top, most were injured.

There were at most 2,000 men they could use for battle instantly.

“Please explain to us. Exactly what cult religion has this much power?”

Seraphina carefully asked.

The cult religions were the ones that were needed to be destroyed. That should’ve been the case, but instead, they were the ones who were suffering.

It was necessary for them to approach them more cautiously.

The vice-captain started to talk.

“Do you know Diablos?”

“Isn’t it a devil that exists in literature?”

There was no one named Diablos among the 72 Demon Gods and their subordinates.

However, when you read the ancient literature, he would solemnly appear in stories destroying the world.

The vice-captain nodded his head.

“To be exact, Diablos is a Demon God in a different world, not this one. Perhaps, he might be the devil within our imaginations. Normally, Diablos’s power should not be inherent.”

“Isn’t that the limits of the heretics?”

“Yes. The gods that don’t exist or the evil gods are extremely reluctant to give out their powers. That is why there aren’t many followers with their strength. But…”

“But?”

Gulp!

The vice-captain gulped his saliva.

His pupils shook greatly.

“There is a witch. A witch who has both white and black wings… is being revered as a ‘vestal’ by the heretics.”

Black and white wings!

Seraphina was startled.

She recovered quickly but she couldn’t do anything about her beating heart.

“Are you saying she has two pairs of wings?”

“Yes, she is a being who is human, but not human. Someone who isn’t of a form…”

The vice captain’s body shook.

It was enough to know how severely they were destroyed.

‘She’s similar to Muyoung.’

But, Muyoung had three pairs of wings.

However, Muyoung did not follow an evil god.

Because of his strength, his divine powers, were saintliness itself.

Of course, the fact that he had wings was definitely an unusual thing itself.

“Not just that. There are people who are helping them.”

Ramielle stepped forward.

She spoke with a disgruntled look on her face.

“A place that helps a cult is another cult itself. We need to consider them all with the harshest punishment.”

“It isn’t easy as we think. They are the deepest darkness of mankind. Do you happen to know of the Forest of Death?”

“…Are you saying the Forest of Death is involved in this?”

Ramielle’s voice became cautious.

There was no way she wouldn’t know.

The Forest of Death was the darkness of mankind.

It was the place that was created when all kinds of ugly emotions came together.

However, no one knew the true nature of the place.

It was a strict cell. Even Mulalan tried to find out about them for decades but they only skimmed the surface.

Everything was unclear as to how many members made up the organization, and how many groups there were, and who was in charge.

“Many priests and paladins were assassinated. Even I was wounded after an attack by one of their assassins.”

There was no confidence in his words.

Someone who was recognized and had the position of vice-captain of a paladin group had already lost his fighting spirit.

In reality, no one survived the assassination attack.

Even if there were any, they all soon disappeared within a few days.

They would continuously go after a target they have set their eyes on, even if a few years or a few decades passed.

The persistence was enough to make someone quiver.

The vice-captain was aware of his death.

He knew that he wouldn't last long as long as the Forest of Death was after him.

"Be careful. You need to be alert of your surroundings. The assassins of the Forest of Death used all kinds of extraordinary methods to go after your life."

Ramielle and Seraphina's expressions hardened.

Of all times, for it to be the Forest of Death!

It was the only place Mulalan couldn't really do much about.

Although they 'presumed' the size of the Forest of Death was the size of most huge organizations, there was no way to know for sure.

Of course, even information known was limited.

From now on, they needed to face the 'shadow' and the Diablos's Altar.

Every day they shivered in the fear, struggling to keep it in check and be alert of an enemy they didn't know existed for certain.

The influential power of the three words, Forest of Death, was greater than one's imaginations.

Splat!

Blood was splattered.

The splattered blood was on his face.

Muyoung didn't even think to wipe it off.

He continued to raid the places where the assassins hid.

It was obvious where they hid their bodies.

They hid themselves from outsiders completely, but Muyoung had been a part of the Forest of Death for 40 years.

It was too easy for him to find the places where the assassins would hide.

On top, he needed their 'blood' in order to find out where Wung Chunglin was.

'Blood is the medium.'

Wung Chunglin placed restrictions on his strong assassins.

He restrained both their body and their soul. The blood was the medium for his brainwashing.

However, thanks to this it was also his weakness.

The blood of strong assassins was the only guide to find where Wung Chunglin was located.

It was because Wung Chunglin needed to mix his own blood to place a strong restriction.

'The assassins I met in the Great City were all low levels.'

With a fragmentary order, they moved simply.

But, the assassins at this place, at Suicide Hill, were on a different level.

Muyoung collected the assassins' blood and refined it. He started to extract only Wung Chunglin's blood and collect as much of it as he could.

The problem was, for him to move with certainty, he needed to collect the blood of at least 50 assassins...

'Wung Chunglin. Did you bring the entire Forest of Death?'

That part was clearly resolved.

The number of assassins hidden at Suicide Hill was more than he imagined.

From the beginning, it seemed like Wung Chunglin brought over the main military strength of the Forest of Death.

‘It seems like you’re not simply after the God Killing Spear.’

Muyoung didn’t know what he was after.

As everything at this place was a variable itself.

He didn’t try to think about it either.

However, Wung Chunglin made a mistake.

Like usual, he should have moved with just a few.

It became easier for Muyoung to act because he brought everyone.

By now, Wung Chunlin would have also noticed that something was wrong.

He would have recognized that someone was hunting his assassins.

‘Will you run? Or fight?’

However, it was still too late.

As Muyoung was steadily headed towards where Wung Chunglin was located!

Of course, he didn’t move without any thought.

‘Art of Death.’

The dead assassins were revived.

In a much more stronger form!

They would become Muyoung’s minions and act.

A dog biting the owner who raised it.

How would it feel?

Spat spat!

Suddenly, a rain of daggers poured down from the sky.

At least a few thousand daggers started to pour down like rain.

Muyoung quickly twisted his body and used his ‘Thorn Formation.’

Swoosh.

While Muyoung was busy blocking the daggers, he felt someone behind him.

Instinctively, he felt danger.

Even if his defense was solid with his Thorn Formation skill, he couldn’t help but be weak against a strong one blow attack.

Swift!

Muyoung reacted faster.

As Anguish pierced through the air, an assassin who wore black clothing made one full turn in the air before landing on the ground.

The mask the assassin wore was cut in half and dropped on the floor.

Anguish didn’t just pierce through the air.

Muyoung smiled again after seeing the assassin’s face.

It was because he was able to find out Wung Chunglin’s decision.

If Wung Chunglin had sent this man, it meant that Wung Chunglin was willing to fight and not run away.

How could he not smile?!

If Wung Chunglin did run away, Muyoung would have been disappointed.

‘The great assassin. Number 10.’

The one who was after Muyoung was a great assassin.

One among the 10 people who represented the Forest of Death!

On top, the great assassins especially knew each other very well. A part of their mind was shared.

Although it wasn’t the case anymore, he felt like he met his family.

The words that felt like they would overflow out of Muyoung’s throat were forced down.

‘It’s been a while.’

# Chapter 171: Wung Chunglin (1)

Urgh!

Instead, he vomited up blood.

Great assassin Number 10. There were countless needles in his body.

With his first showy attacks, he distracted his opponent and attacked, and if even that was blocked, the long needles inside the back of his hand would would fly out and attack his opponent's fatal point.

'He hasn't changed.'

Muyoung had narrowly avoided it, but it was important that he had blocked the assassination.

The great assassin was a shadow designed to face humanity's top 10 strongest.

But, he only knew how to face them by 'assassination'.

Of course, if the assassination was unsuccessful, the expectation would drop significantly.

This was the reason why Muyoung was able to erase the Forest of Death in the past.

He had cut most of them down head-on, without giving them much time to kill.

Because Muyoung also had four classes at that time, he wasn't very weak in the head-on confrontation.

However, Muyoung had also died in the process.

It was because the traps he had set up in doubles and triples using all of his might had been easily penetrated by Wung Chunglin.

'There is no need for traps anymore.'

If the great assassins were able to kill the humanity's top 10

strongest in a head-on confrontation, then humanity's strongest group would be the Forest of Death.

However, if the assassins were identified and fought openly, five great assassins would have to gather to deal with one of the 10 strongest.

Furthermore, people like Dragon Lord Hansung were out of the question.

Also... Muyoung's military force was ranked among the 10 strongest.

This was a simple calculation, and if he used all his skills he would easily be among the top ranked.

There was no need for him to set a trap and wait for his opponent to be caught in it.

Muyoung would seek them out.

Muyoung knew all the paths of the game like the back of his hand.

Now, Wung Chunglin on the other hand, had set a trap to catch Muyoung.

He wiped his mouth.

He had gotten caught once on purpose.

It was like a greeting between the great assassins.

"Let's do this properly."

However, one greeting was sufficient.

He slowly pulled out Anguish.

Swoong!

Before he knew it, the sky was darkening as the sun set.

In the low dusk, Muyoung's sword burned with the last flame.

'Wilderness.'

Soon, the world was influenced by Muyoung's colour.

A violent sandstorm blew in.

Paaaak!

Muyoung unfurled Gabriel's wings.

Three horns sprouted on top of Muyoung's head.

Chwachwachwak!

Number 10 stretched out his hands as he felt something strange.

Then, countless needles gushed out from the back of his hand.

Strong poison and magical powers were overlaid so that a fair amount of skin would be pierced at once.

Muyoung covered his body with his wings.

Gabriel's wings represented 'justice'. All the power to justify Muyoung's actions were in these wings.

Chwaaaaaaaaaak!

Number 10 jumped into the air and spun his entire body like a top.

Thousands, tens of of thousands of needles started to pour down like rain.

Mass destruction.

It was Number 10's main ability and his strongest attack.

Those who died from this method numbered in the thousands.

Muyoung released his wings.

Then he wielded Anguish and met all the attacks.

In a world that was moving 8 times faster, Anguish cut down thousands of needles one by one.

A move that could be called superhuman.

It was literally none other than a head-on confrontation.

In the meanwhile, Muyoung moved one step at a time.

However, he continued to keep his eyes on Number 10.

Was that all he could do?

It was a rebuke.

Then, numerous needles squirmed inside the 10th's entire body.

The needles stimulated his entire body and awakened Number 10.

A high-risk technique.

It was Number 10's strongest technique that reduced his lifespan by about 10 years, but also strengthened his body by that much.

Originally, Number 10 had to run away after his assassination had failed.

That was the guideline for all assassins.

However, Number 10 did not run away.

He couldn't run away.

This place was inside of Muyoung's barrier, in the middle of his Wilderness.

A place that maximised all essences.

In this place, Muyoung looked different than before.

An enormous body that was close to 2m and three pairs of wings that seemed huge enough to touch the sky!

Anguish had also grown large enough to match his body.

On the other hand... what about Number 10?

"Are you afraid of me?"

Number 10 was the same. However, Muyoung could tell that his soul was trembling violently.

Muyoung played with Anguish.

Number 10 blocked, but his moves were inadequate.

As Muyoung flapped his wings, an intense typhoon blew in that direction.

Dozens of tornadoes rose and hit Number 10 hard.

From the get-go, Number 10 was unable to defeat Muyoung in a head-on confrontation.

The same was true even if they were not in his Wilderness.

Number 10's entire body began to break into pieces.

'The Art of Death.'

Soon, the winds died down.

Only bits of flesh littered the ground.

In that state, Muyoung started to create something.

He studied Number 10's soul until he got to the bottom of it.

He tried to discover his essence.

<Amazing! The Death Lord is thrilled!> <Art score...>

Swaak!

Muyoung erased the score.

It wasn't something made for someone's appraisal.

He had no desire for it to be judged.

This was only for Muyoung and the assassins.

It was a soundless song that only Muyoung and the assassins could know.

Kyaaaaaak!

The pieces of flesh joined together and formed one shape.

At first glance, it looked like a large dog.

The problem was that it was around the size of a decent adult, however it had shaggy fur and tail.

The fur was as hard as steel. As soon as it was touched, it would

bore through everything, and the dog could control the hair on its entire body freely.

Number 10 liked dogs.

The dog Number 10 had been with since childhood had died when he turned 15.

It could be said that the dog had lived a long life, but Number 10 had lived his entire life with his dead dog in his heart.

However, Muyoung couldn't find Number 10's image.

Muyoung was only able to find a dog engraved into his soul.

"I am sorry I couldn't find who you are."

Muyoung extended his hand.

He petted the dog's hair.

The strong fur softened for a moment.

It was normal for it to bore through everything, but Muyoung was the only exception.

"From now on, I will call you Ten."

Bark!

Ten affirmed it.

Soon, Muyoung released the wilderness.

Although he had extreme dehydration, Muyoung finished it with a shake of his head.

Muyoung watched Ten.

He made Ten, and there were things he learned naturally.

"Find your siblings, Ten."

*

Diablo's altar shook.

In front of it, the vestal's eyes were closed.

Then she muttered to herself.

“Number 10 has fallen.”

“I know.”

A heavy voice rang.

Perhaps it was a voice she had heard somewhere before.

A voice that sometimes sounded feminine and sometimes masculine.

Sometimes he was like an adult and other times he was like a child.

An utterly unpredictable being.

The master who led the Forest of Death was here, in close range.

The vestal continued speaking without care.

“He can join the cause with us.”

“He gives off a dangerous vibe. Like myself... we definitely have to get rid of him.”

“Didn’t I say it? That strictly speaking, he is like your disciple.”

“Disciple?”

The shadow snorted.

Afterwards, he spoke mockingly.

“You said you saw the future. The destruction of the world, the subsequent descent of false gods. A world where everything you believed disappeared and only lies remained.”

“That’s right. The Forest of Death that you led disappeared, and after that there was chaos itself. The world, the universe, all dimensions received destruction.”

“I am just a shadow. You found and you desired for me. It was only a slightly different wish than the others. Stop the destruction of the world! But I am sure. He’s the one that will destroy the

world. He is not similar to my disciples.”

The shadow stuck to his guns.

The vestal sighed.

“He is a blessed being. From light and darkness, chaos and everything else. You, a mere shadow, can never be victorious in a fight with him.”

“Are you sure?”

The shadow laughed.

He had no thoughts of losing.

He now knew Muyoung as well as Muyoung knew him.

The vestal had seen the future and said that the shadow would be defeated.

But there was nothing absolute in the world.

The vestal spoke anxiously.

“Do not oppose him. You cannot defeat him.”

“He is a shadow like me.”

The shadow gradually faded away.

He left a final word.

“So, the deeper one will survive.”

*

Uwuuuhhhh!

The attack of the monsters began.

Numerous undead filled the mountain.

That number was well over ten thousands.

“Build up a line of defense!”

“Protect the priests!”

Seraphina and Ramiella were struggling.

However the attacks of the enemy were endless.

Even worse, if they were killed by undead, they themselves would become undead.

The Holy City of Mulalan. It was something that could never happen to warriors blessed by God.

Divine power was literally divine strength.

It was incompatible with death and could never be invaded by evil.

That should be the case but the paladins and the priests became undead and started to rise again.

Furthermore, if a priest died, he would transform into a dark priest that could restore the undead.

On the other hand, Mulalan's priests and paladins were unable to use divine power.

If they did, the undead reversed that strength, absorbing it and becoming stronger.

A hollow fortress.

Of course, there was no way that a proper fight could proceed.

"What about reinforcements?"

"Are there no replies from the other cities!?"

It was a situation where Seraphina and Ramiella had sent out an SOS to other cities besides Mulalan.

As they had asked for help in the name of Mulalan, they wouldn't be able to just ignore it.

However, it was important to endure for that time.

"Retreat!"

"Seraphina! I will stop the front!"

In the end, they couldn’t win against a ‘fight of attrition.

Even though their numbers were similar, they were undead that didn’t fear death.

They continuously increased tirelessly.

Even more… no divine powers worked either.

“That… what’s that?”

“The sky…”

However, retreat didn’t seem easy either.

In a moment, the sky was black.

A huge shadow was eating up all of the sky’s light.

Kyaaooooooooo!

“Bone dragon!”

The highest class of undead.

Because they were made of dragon’s bones, the name given to them was a bone dragon!

Two bone dragons flew in the sky.

And several shadows jumped to the ground from on top of it.

The shadows rapidly dispersed and killed their troops.

No one dared to stop a shadow.

“Geuk!”

Ramiella gave a short cry.

It was because in the shadow’s attack, her side had been open.

Her First Knight had hurriedly blocked it, but it had only bought them some time.

‘Muyoung-nim!’

Seraphina gritted her teeth.

She believed that there was a reason that Muyoung was missing.

Muyoung was hope.

She just hoped and prayed that nothing would happen to that hope.

Five shadows passed the hill.

Among them, two flowed into the Demon God's Territory and found a territory.

It was a place where all kinds of species including dokkaebis lived.

Two shadows invaded that place and began to massacre.

Another one headed for the Great City.

It entered the Luminescent Guild and found Kim Taehwan there.

The other two were heading towards the Fighting King and Bae Suzy.

A move to cut off everyone connected to Muyoung!

The remaining four dealt with Mulalan.

They found Seraphina and caught the fairy.

Muyoung, who had moved with Ten, could also feel that.

The feeling of the connected threads breaking one by one.

'Wung Chunglin'

That bastard also knew Muyoung now.

Muyoung had to choose.

What method he would take!

However, one thing was certain; Muyoung was not feeling very good right now.

# Chapter 172: Wung Chunglin (2)

The territory was full of energy.

Apart from the natural problems posed by different creatures associating and living together, it could be said that Deputy Lord Baltan and Seohan were doing their best work.

The population that had stagnated for a short while after the Devil's Long Night had increased exponentially as time passed.

Most of all, the combination of the dwarves craftsmanship and the knowledge of the humans was more than enough to protect the ever-increasing number of citizens.

Although it was normal for people to become lazy when the basic needs were cared for, Baltan and Seohan did not let this come about.

"We must achieve more before our Lord returns."

Seohan was particularly zealous.

Seohan was the chief of the dokkaebis.

As a duaxini that had evolved from a dokkaebi, he never refused to take the lead if something happened.

But Seohan's mind was urgent.

The emergence of a new strong person, Arand.

Territory Guardian Baltan's growth was also increasing daily.

On the other hand, for some reason, Seohan felt as if he was marching in place.

So, he wanted to contribute a remarkable achievement in his own way.

"Increase the territory! Our enemies do not exist where Oom resides!"

The main task was precisely 'expanding the territory'.

The territory's population had passed fifty thousand.

Most of the races living in the demon gods' territory reproduced rapidly, but as they grew, the weak usually died.

However, the people whose food, clothing and shelter were taken care of under the territory were only growing endlessly.

More still, there were immigrants flowing in from the outside and at this rate, the land would soon be scarce.

Seohan therefore intended to increase the land available.

Among the dokkaebis that numbered over twenty thousand, there were only ten other duaxinis like Seohan.

'Oom sees a far path different from us. We should be of aid.'

The dokkaebis worshipped Oom and Hoom.

Oom was the king of the dokkaebis, and Muyoung was Oom.

However, Seohan thought that Muyoung was no ordinary Oom.

He was perhaps the most powerful Oom in all of history.

Seohan could not catch up at all to the pace of Muyoung's advancement.

He couldn't even figure out the path Muyoung wanted to take.

Muyoung's judgment was so completely different from Seohan's.

Seohan couldn't see even the short lines of the picture Muyoung drew.

But, he wanted to be helpful.

In order to do that, he was prepared to jump into the heat of the fire.

Seohan looked at the front.

That place was a forest that was close to the territory.

An area where superior monsters called 'Naga ', was located.

Monsters whose upper bodies were human-like, and whose lower halves were shaped like enormous snakes!

“Strange.”

However, the forest was so quiet.

He was accompanied by around ten thousand dokkaebis, but they didn’t see any naga at all.

But there was a disgusting smell.

“The smell of rotting corpses…”

It also reeked of foul entrails.

“Uuurrrrkk!”

“A shadow! A shadow has…!”

At the same time, the dokkaebi’s in the rear screamed.

Seohan turned his head with a frown.

He didn’t see any shadows.

However, the moment he looked away, his companions disappeared.

Even duaxinis were among those that disappeared.

‘An assassination.’

But he didn’t know who the opponent was.

“Everyone, stand together! We have to catch the shadow!”

Seohan was enraged.

Although it was a foreboding affair and normally he would have retreated, Seohan was stubborn.

It was because he felt an unknown evil.

It was because for some reason, there was a smell similar to Muyoung’s that reeked all around.

More than two hundred dokkaebis had disappeared in just two

hours.

“Show yourself!”

Seohan gritted his teeth and thoroughly searched his surroundings.

Rustle!

A blade of grass a short distance away trembled slightly.

‘There you are!’

Seohan quietly gripped his weapon and immediately sprang forward.

Poof!

An enormous rod split the air.

However, there was a man wearing a black mask riding on top of the rod.

Seohan immediately realized that it was the masked man that had attacked the dokkaebis.

“The bastard isn’t a shadow! Catch him and kill him!”

As Seohan shouted, numerous dokkaebis attacked.

The bastard couldn’t escape now.

No matter how agile he was, he was surrounded by dokkaebis.

More so as they found out that he wasn’t a shadow, there was no easy escape for him.

Kwang! Kwang!

The surrounding terrain was destroyed with each swing of Seohan’s weapon.

His opponent avoided all of the attacks but was being driven into a corner.

It was no different from a hunt.

Seohan gave a satisfied smile.

Thud!

He slowly looked down at his chest.

A longsword was penetrating his heart.

‘There… wasn’t only one of them?’

Seohan had been careless. He hadn’t thought that there might be two of them making a move.

It was because the scars were the same as the ones of the dead dokkaebis.

Seohan took hold of the situation with both hands.

Slash!

His arm was cut off.

“Let Baltan and Arand know about this!”

Seohan completely changed his mind.

The masked men were strong.

If there were two, they could not be caught by the dokkaebis alone.

However, there wasn’t only Seohan and the dokkaebis in the territory.

If they knew and prepared, there was no reason they couldn’t catch even real shadows.

Without caring, a screaming Seohan bit the masked man in the neck.

Chomp!

Tumble tumble.

The moment he bit his neck, his head rolled on the ground.

The masked man felt the bite marks on his neck for a moment.

“One for now.”

“Two remain.”

Baangg!

Soon, the two masked men threw smoke bombs.

They were smoke bombs made from materials that dulled the senses and caused confusion.

*

Crack!

His arm was broken.

“Geuurrkk!”

Kim Taehwan threw up blood.

A dark alley. Kim Taehwan’s condition was terrible.

One eye was bleeding, one arm was bizarrely broken and his guts were pouring out of his stomach.

A situation where it wouldn’t be strange if he died immediately.

But he couldn’t help but ask.

“Who, who sent you?”

Kim Taehwan had many enemies.

There had been some people that had been upset when Kim Taehwan was on a roll in the Luminescent Guild.

However, he had never felt this much malice before.

Soon, the black shadow spoke.

“Muyoung.”

Kim Taehwan’s eyebrows furrowed.

“Lies…”

He didn’t believe it. It was unbelievable.

It was also nonsensical for an assassin to rashly say the name of his client.

He knew it was just to cause confusion.

Kim Taehwan wasn't a fool.

"Now I see... You're associated with hyung-nim. Pathetic... bastard! Why, of all people... did you meddle with hyung-nim?"

He spoke from the heart.

There was no one that messed with Muyoung and survived.

"By killing me... do you think hyung-nim will be shaken? Hyung-nim... even though other people might shake him, he... will never shake. Puhaa... Ggeuukk!"

As he laughed, he threw up blood again.

However, the shadow didn't respond.

Instead, he slowly lifted the bloody silver knife.

Kim Taehwan forcibly swallowed his blood.

If it was Muyoung in this kind of moment, what would he do?

As he worried about him, the answer soon came.

Kim Taehwan said with a smile.

"Kill me for sure. Because if not, I will chew you to death."

*

"Huurkk!"

Covered in cold sweat, Bae Suzy sat up.

"Whoo, whoo, whoo..."

She quickly wiped her face and slapped her cheek.

A nightmare. She'd had a terrible nightmare.

She still couldn't get her heart to stop racing.

"Did you have a bad dream?"

The man who had laid down near the bonfire turned his head and asked Bae Suzy.

Bae Suzy swallowed her saliva.

“I have to go back.”

“You can’t go back. Now that you have become my disciple you have to follow me until you have mastered all the divine writings. Didn’t I already tell you this?”

“Even so, I have to go back.”

Bae Suzy opened her eyes wide and stared at the muscular man, the Fighting King.

Over the past year, Bae Suzy had been forced to follow the Fighting King.

Because in actuality, she had been kidnapped from the Sky Library.

After that, the Fighting King seemed to be searching for something, but he was soon thrilled with Bae Suzy’s talents and immediately took her in as a disciple.

The Fighting King shook his head.

“You can do whatever you want if you achieve our ‘Mystery Door’. But before that, you have no freedom.”

“How long will that take?”

“At least 8 ranks are needed to attain a Mystery Door. I achieved 10 ranks, and even the great Door Master could only achieve up to 11 ranks. However, if it’s you, you could achieve rank 12. At this pace… 10 years should be enough to get to 8 ranks.”

The Fighting King said with pride.

As Bae Suzy’s talent was truly surprising, he got the taste for teaching every day.

Someone that could possibly attain the legendary stage of rank

12.

Reaching the 8 ranks in 10 years was absurd.

Because even the Fighting King took 30 years to get to 8 ranks.

“In 10 years it will be too late.”

“However, that is the discipline of our Mystery Door …. Ugh!”

Paaaaakk!

A whip flew in.

The whip had a strong electrical current.

The Fighting King grimaced, caught the whip with both hands, and dragged in his opponent in that way.

Even with the strong current, it didn’t even scratch the Fighting King’s body.

Then, the Fighting King smiled at the shadow that had appeared.

“So, you’re one of the assassins of the Forest of Death.’

The Fighting King was searching for the Forest of Death and its master.

But, this was how they showed themselves?

The Fighting King slowly turned his head towards Bae Suzy.

“Take a good look. I will show you the power of our Mystery Door.”

The Fighting King threw the whip on the ground and got in position.

After this, he threw his fist into the air and a strong wave surged forward.

Kwakwakwakwakwang!

*

Muyoung looked up at the sky.

Twilight.

But he couldn’t hear even the small sound of a bug.

Swoong!

Muyoung took out Anguish.

Shwack! Craack!

And he cut through the stone walls that blocked the cave.

As he entered the cracked cave, priests in black robes looked at Muyoung.

“It’s the enemy!”

“Stop him!”

Chwaak!

One person, one step.

Muyoung slowly advanced.

There was no hesitation in Muyoung’s hands.

He cut down everyone in his way.

Although it was a dark cave, it looked as bright as daylight to Muyoung.

‘Diabolo’s altar.’

The place where Muyoung was currently standing.

This place was an altar.

It was hidden in such a remote place that hardly anyone knew of its location.

Normally, he would have to gather three rings to come to this place, but now his purpose had changed.

Snow was at the end of this.

A saintess who had blocked the armies of the Demon King!

However, that was also a story of the past.

There was a woman with the wings of both an angel and a devil there at the altar who was now truly unfamiliar.

A woman who had helped Muyoung numerous times but who was now standing in a opposition for some reason!

‘Snow, you will have to tell me about your relationship with Wung Chunglin.’

At first, he had been curious.

Why was Snow finding out about Muyoung?

She even seemed to have at least a slight expectation that Muyoung had come from the future.

But now he was even more curious about something else.

This was fine in any case.

Wung Chunglin.

How was that bastard able to find out about those that were associated with Muyoung?

Even more, it seemed that before this situation had arisen he had sent out assassins.

If he had been able to know in advance and send them then the cause could only be Snow.

But if Snow truly wanted to maintain a good relationship with Muyoung, it was only right to exclude Wung Chunglin.

Snow… In the past, she was a saintess but now she was Diabolo’s vestal.

Obviously, it was a different past from Muyoung’s memory.

She, who had strived to save mankind, was now on the opposite side.

He didn’t know what her connection to Wung Chunglin was, but her journey was so different from in the past.

Muyoung was certainly incredibly curious about what justification Snow would give.

# Chapter 173: Wung Chunglin (3)

The vestal saw.

The destruction of the world. The end...

Everything was dark. In the end, nothing remained.

Humanity had already been exterminated and what happened afterwards could be compared to the Big Bang that began creation.

No one wanted such a future.

However, the vestal saw a small light in the darkness.

Yes, it was truly a small light.

However, the vestal was able to realize that the existence of the light was Muyoung.

The problem was that the light was very weak. It was brighter than any other, but compared to the darkness that had come for the world, it was the light of a firefly.

'The light is wandering.'

Muyoung didn't know his own worth.

He only had a vague idea about it..

That shouldn't be. More than anything, the light that illuminated the world had to be straightforward.

The vestal saw all the past events.

And the shadow snuck a look at all the vestal's recollections and visions.

There it learned about Muyoung and also his related facts.

'That fellow isn't like my disciples, Vestal.'

The shadow rose up to the ceiling and looked down at the altar.

The vestal was on her knees praying continuously.

Bastard. Muyoung wasn't the shadow's disciple or anything of the sort.

But then again, the shadow was someone that didn't exist.

He was a being that stayed behind someone's back and moved based on their ambition.

Furthermore... as the vestal saw, Muyoung was shining.

Shadows didn't shine.

'Didn't you silently wish for me to do this? I also felt this in your memories and in your heart.'

The vestal denied it, but the shadow knew.

That the vestal hoped that the shadow would become a trial itself and force Muyoung to 'choose'.

She had tried to contact the shadow for that one purpose in the first place!

She was hoping... ' he would be the 'catalyst' so that the light can proceed in the right direction.'

In other words, the shadow was an essential obstacle for Muyoung to surpass.

However, the shadow had no intention of making Muyoung into the sun.

'Muyoung, you are the light, but you have the disposition of a shadow like me.'

Rather, like himself, he wanted Muyoung to become a deeper shadow.

So first, he took care of it himself.

He sent other shadows to people who were associated with Muyoung.

The vestal had seen the future, but she didn't know everything.

She didn’t know that Muyoung had the qualities for becoming an even deeper darkness than the shadow himself.

No, perhaps she was pretending not to know.

Furthermore, the vestal said that the shadow would lose.

However, the shadow had no intention of engaging in even a simple armed fight in the first place.

This was a battle of whether Muyoung would become darkness or light.

If he became darkness, the shadow would be victorious and if he became light it would be the vestal’s victory.

And Muyoung’s victory?

Muyoung would be victorious either way.

Because he had no choice but to be victorious.

From the start, he had the qualities to become anything.

‘Amazing.’

The shadow couldn’t remember being as emotional as this.

It seemed that perhaps the vestal’s memories and emotions had been assimilated when he peeked at them.

There he had seen Muyoung and found out more about him than Muyoung knew about himself.

Such as Muyoung’s real name and even what he did on Earth.

So the shadow was curious.

‘What would you do if you were confronted with the truth?’

Something he had never experienced before.

Even the shadow was extremely interested in the outcome that would arise.

Rumble rumble!

The cave shook.

Enormous giant statues moved and blocked Muyoung.

“Diabolos!”

“We offer you our bodies!”

The heretics used the ‘Self Sacrifice’ spell.

The bodies of the heretics melted and soon flowed into the giants.

They became the material that moved the giants.

The Self Sacrifice spell was a great magical spell that could only be used once b someone serving a god.

The god was able to amplify his ability to influence the world and create something close to a miraculous event.

About a hundred heretics gave their lives for the Self Sacrifice spell.

The five giants gained superhuman strength.

Kwang! Kwareureung!

A strong energy surrounded the giants.

They had fire, water, wind, earth and metal energy respectively.

‘Blink.’

Muyoung travelled a short distance in a flash.

The ‘Blink’ ability on Isaac’s Boots.

Because he could move indefinitely if his destination was visible, it didn’t take much to avoid a large attack.

In a flash, Muyoung, who had moved behind one of the giants’ necks, brandished Anguish.

Crack!

The rock was split.

However, it regenerated in an instant.

This was because there was the strength of 20 lives sacrificed added to each giant.

“Tch.”

Muyoung briefly clicked his tongue.

While coming this far he had already fought hundreds of monsters.

Fatigue was accumulating little by little.

“The enemy is alone! Assist the giants!”

The priests of darkness came out in droves.

Muyoung frowned.

If he confronted them head-on, even Muyoung would not survive.

Neiiiggghhhhh!

A horse’s leg was severed.

“Ramiella!”

Ramiella fell from her horse.

Seraphina instantly approached Ramiella while wielding a sword.

Ramiella’s First Knight had already become a corpse after being defeated.

Because of the shadow, he had died protecting Ramiella.

“Mulalan… cannot lose.”

Ramiella kept repeating as her face went pale.

Mulalan was pride. The god they served was absolute.

They must never be defeated by evil.

However, the ‘evil’ before them had neutralized even the power

of their god.

Rather, they had snorted and tried to absorb even that power.

They had never been so helpless. Mulalan was the icon of justice and all mankind.

“You have to retreat, Ramiella.”

Seraphina persuaded Ramiella.

If they retreated now, it would be possible to at least protect the minimum number of people.

But Ramiella shook her head.

She put her hand on the ground, got up, and grabbed her bow again.

“There is no longer anywhere to retreat to. If we retreat here, their power will grow even stronger.”

Ramiella seemed to have made up her mind.

However, it was hard to regain the momentum that had already been lost.

Everytime the bone dragon exhaled, thousands of priests melted.

The paladin’s shields and armor also melted easily.

‘My god…!’

Everyone called on their god.

Seraphina was the same.

However, they couldn’t win. Even so, she couldn’t go and leave Ramiella behind.

Seraphina raised her sword again.

And the moment she ran towards the shadows and the bone dragon…

Kwaaaaaang!

A huge typhoon formed in the sky.

Soon, a black sphere fell to the ground and swallowed everything up like a black hole.

A divine bolt of lightning struck the surroundings and burned up many of the undead.

‘What the hell?’

Something that happened suddenly.

Seraphina turned her head.

Soon, she could see two horses.

A hellhorse and a unicorn!

There were other undead joining them.

‘Undead attacking undead…’

It was a situation she was seeing for the first time, and Seraphina was dumbfounded.

In that situation, someone burst out from the ground.

“Please do not worry. We are servants of Muyoung-nim.”

“…A lich!”

Seraphina took a step backwards.

A strong evil energy was flowing out of the man before her.

However, a similarly strong divine power could also be felt.

“We are Muyoung-nim’s servants.”

The man said again.

Then Seraphina opened her eyes widely.

Gael was a fabricated alias. The angel’s name was Muyoung. Seraphina knew him.

“Please relax.”

The man, Bae Sungmin, picked up his staff.

Kwang! Kwang! Kwang!

When he pointed the staff repeatedly, explosions occurred here and there around him.

When he used his other hand, the fallen people in the surroundings began to be healed.

The enemy undead couldn’t absorb Bae Sungmin’s divine powers.

Seeing that, Seraphina shuddered.

Up until now, she had half-disbelieved the prophecy.

‘The person with black wings will destroy the world.’

One more thing had been added after that.

‘The one with the white wings will save the world with his servants.’

Kwang!

The sword that tried to pierce his neck was stopped.

“You’re right on time.”

Kim Taehwan opened his eyes, which had been closed.

A man made of bone and a vampire covered in a cloak were side by side.

It was precisely Tacan and Calla.

They stopped the shadow’s attack and began to talk to each other.

“Teleport?”

“I just imitated it. Without your magic it would have been difficult to travel this distance.”

Tacan shrugged his shoulders.

He hadn’t been sure if it would work, but it seemed to have turned out well.

“You weren’t just stealing swordsmanship? There’s nothing like a thief, huh?”

“In any case, that bastard Muyoung made me and it seems he added even more skills. Anyway, you calling me a thief is not nice to hear.”

Calla clicked his tongue.

Tacan could steal the majority of the skills he saw.

This was also true for the Teleport skill that Alexandro Quintart used.

On the other hand, there was no way to steal Muyoung’s acceleration or ability to read grains.

Tacan spoke shortly to Calla.

“Also, this is a secret. This is a trump card I’ve saved to beat that bastard.”

The person he called a bastard was Muyoung.

Tacan’s goal had already become Muyoung.

“Do as you wish. However… he is an extremely sinister man.”

Calla turned his head to look at the shadow.

The shadow had slipped into position and had finished preparing to attack.

When he used his Teleport skill to the place where Muyoung’s magic was the most strongly entangled, he arrived at the current situation.

Tacan secretly looked Kim Taehwan over.

“Let’s end this quickly. He’s going to die soon.”

“If he dies, can’t I just take him and turn him into an undead?”

“Muyoung wants him to be alive.”

“He does?”

Calla asked, as if caught by surprise.

Why did Muyoung, who used the dead, want with a living person?

Tacan shook his head.

“Muyoung wants the warmth.”

That was the conclusion Tacan had come to.

They dug into the cave.

They ruthlessly cut down anyone in their way.

‘Should I help you?’

Luciferre, who was existing inside Muyoung, whispered.

This was the first time that Luciferre, who had been quiet up until now, made a proposal.

‘I will do it alone.’

However, Muyoung shook his head.

Anguish became even bloodier.

Luciferre jeered.

It was foolish to go all the way to the end of this cave without his help.

Muyoung was also fully aware of that fact.

However, Muyoung would never give up.

When Muyoung finally reached the end of the cave, Luciferre had no choice but to stop jeering.

Diabolo’saltar.

At that place, there was a woman on her knees praying.

Black and white wings coexisting.

With his entire body covered in wounds, Muyoung looked at the scene.

“You’re finally here.”

The vestal slowly rose from her prayer.

Her face was no different from Muyoung’s memory.

If there was a difference, it could be said that she looked a little bit more mature.

“Snow…”

The vestal smiled sadly.

“You have passed every trial. In the end, you chose the correct path. You saved your colleagues and didn’t refuse to come all this way.”

“Are you saying you planned everything?”

“Please calm your anger. Everything was for your sake. Furthermore, you should know it. The future that will happen.”

“The future…”

Muyoung laughed.

With this, he was certain.

She could see the future. Perhaps, she had also returned like Muyoung.

And she knew more than Muyoung did.

“The world had been destroyed. Because of the 72 Demon Gods and the false gods. In the Underworld, angels and true gods don’t exist. Isn’t it a fact that you knew all this and turned away? Even the divine power that the priests of Mulalan use is not the power of a true god either.”

The vestal reached out her hands.

Soon, their surroundings changed and the future destruction of the world was displayed.

The whole universe disappeared. A world where all but utter

darkness existed.

“I have seen it. You would have seen it to some extent as well. Because we had the same ‘dream’.”

“Dream?”

“Yes, like me, you only had a dream that was a little long.”

Snow was thinking of the past that Muyoung had suffered as a ‘dream’.

But Muyoung never dismissed it as a dream.

It was a torturous reality.

Even if he wanted to avoid it, he couldn’t.

But she called it a dream.

Muyoung thought of the Snow of the past.

Everything had been in a veil.

However, Snow had been Muyoung’s target for assassination.

Because of this, he’d watched Snow closer than anyone.

The Snow of the past had been extremely practical and devoted.

To the end, Snow had been the one moving to help even if it was for only one person.

As he came all this way, he kept having doubts.

“However, you too will know now. In the end, you can’t save everyone. No matter how much you try to, you have limits. If I help you, you will be able to burn with an even brighter light.”

She, who had been so devoted to mankind, had reached out to evil.

She had dismissed the entire past she had suffered as a dream and was trying to create a completely different path.

He couldn’t save everyone?

Now that he was face to face with the vestal, he knew.

“You’re not really Snow.”

Swoong!

Muyoung pulled out Anguish.

# Chapter 174: Wung Chunglin (End)

The Snow in front of him had the appearance of the Snow in his memories.

But that was all.

Her substance was completely different.

He wasn't saying she was fake simply because her arguments were different from in the past.

Muyoung sincerely thought that the person before him was 'not' Snow.

Then, Snow's face stiffened.

"You could become an even stronger light. Didn't we dream the same dream? Do you want history to repeat itself?"

History repeating itself.

Humanity would be destroyed once again.

If she said that the Demon Gods gained power and killed even Muyoung, of course Muyoung would change the past.

However...

"I am not the light. Furthermore, it's not a dream."

"Don't you want to know about your true self? I mean, yourself before you came to the Underworld."

Thud!

Muyoung stopped in his tracks.

Himself before he came to the Underworld.

Certainly, even the name 'Muyoung' that he was using right now was not his real name.

He had absolutely no memories of before he came to the Underworld.

He would be lying if he said he wasn't curious.

Even so, Muyoung shook his head.

"I don't want to know."

The present moment was important.

A resolution that he had made ever since the Forest of Death had been erased and he returned to the past.

The name Muyoung was enough.

He didn't need anything else. He could create his true self from now on.

Also, now Muyoung was taking on his own 'uniqueness'; the only one that existed in the world.

Nothing else could replace Muyoung.

Snow's expression changed subtly, to a face that wasn't smiling, crying or even hardened.

"What do you want? Do you really want to become a shadow?"

"Why are you trying to judge my identity?"

"Because I saw everything about you. Therefore, I can tell."

Muyoung grinned.

He knew the reason for her frustration.

The self-titled Snow might certainly know Muyoung better than he knew himself.

But no matter how far she had seen, she was talking only about the 'surface'.

Snow didn't know what kind of mind Muyoung lived with day by day.

She didn't know how frantically and how stingily he lived.

Even breathing was often painful.

Flashes of the past tormented him when he closed his eyes.

However, Muyoung never expressed himself.

As the saying goes, the past was important.

The fact that the present Muyoung had been created by the past could not be denied.

However, he couldn't make the mistake of forgetting to move forward while looking only at the past.

Therefore, Muyoung always only faced forward.

Forcing himself to pretend that he didn't know that the past was gripping his shoulders from behind, he was only concentrating on running forward.

"You don't know."

Snow didn't know this.

However, if he had to decide on one identity, there was one word Muyoung liked.

"I will become neither light nor darkness."

Not good, not evil; a definition that was Muyoung's alone.

"Then...?"

Snow's body shivered.

Could something exist while being neither light nor darkness?

The world was formed in those two. Of course it was fundamental to base things on those two.

However, Muyoung's response was a little different.

"The Absolute."

Hwaaaaak!

His wings sprouted.

Muyoung had three pairs of wings.

From the top there were white, grey and black wings; and now, those three pairs of wings were starting to be harmonious.

Eventually, all three pairs would be grey.

It was corrupt but not corrupt.

Muyoung had simply established his own ‘justice’.

Due to Gabriel’s authority, Muyoung would never be corrupted.

Snow, who saw his wings, shouted in amazement.

“I beg you! The path you want to take is chaos! There is nothing at the end of it and nothing can come of it!”

“Did you say you saw the future?”

Step. Step.

Muyoung walked.

If the path he wanted to take right now was chaos then her words wouldn’t be wrong.

However, he didn’t like that confident tone of her voice.

The future changed. It was not decided.

So Muyoung asked one question.

“What will you look like in 3 seconds?”

“Wait...!”

Susak!

Muyoung’s body disappeared.

And the place he appeared was directly above Snow.

Before Snow could even react, Muyoung’s Anguish cut the top of her head.

Indeed, something that happened in a flash.

When Muyoung landed on the ground, Snow’s entire body was split in two like firewood.

Thud!

He didn't even need 3 seconds.

Muyoung wiped off Anguish as Snow fell to the ground.

'The energy of death.'

But soon, Muyoung couldn't help frowning, because a large amount of death's energy could be felt coming from Snow's body.

Swaaaaaa!

Black smoke rose up from out of Snow's corpse.

Blood seeped into the floor and created a six-pointed shape.

Crack. Craacckkk!

The ceiling started to crack, an indication that the cave was going to collapse.

But Muyoung was focusing on the altar.

'Is this your answer?'

Rumble rumble rumble. Craaaaaccckkk!!

The ground shook. Cracks appeared here and there.

The six-pointed shape was like a symbol of the Demon God's token. And Muyoung had seen a six pointed shape like that multiple times before.

'The Star of David.'

A mark that came out when the Demon Gods were summoned.

When he had entered Gremory's temple at the Blue Temple, that mark had been there.

Snow had used even her own existence as a medium, so an extremely dangerous being had been summoned.

Its body was well over 10m tall.

It had red skin and giant goat horns.

At first glance, it looked like a dragon, but it was quite different.

As it stood on two feet and let out an eerie shriek, flames hotter than hell soared up everywhere.

Muyoung seemed to know that being.

'Diabolo.'

The 73rd Demon God was born into this world.

The ground ruptured.

As the sky turned red, it was like a sign of the end of the world.

The other 72 Demon Gods felt the wave of the violent soul.

They knew it was the emergence of a new Demon God.

At the same time, they could also tell how destructive of a Demon God Diabolo was.

Like water and oil, they could not be mixed.

Diabolo was going to destroy everything.

Of course, he would have no choice but to confront other Demon Gods in the process.

Baal.

As the 1st Demon God, he sat on a great throne and 'saw' that place for the first time.

Thud.

As he tapped the throne with his finger, a black bolt of lighting burst out and struck Diabolo.

Ggwareureureung!

As the size of the lightning bolt was to the extent that it covered a mountain, Diabolo was forced to stagger.

But he was unscathed.

Tap. Tap.

Baal tapped the throne twice.

Then a tidal wave, which seemed like it could cover the world, approached.

The tidal wave swallowed Diabolo.

Everything around him was cleanly devoured.

Kwaaaaaanngg!

However, Diabolo broke through even the tidal wave.

Red wings unfolded and he rose up into the sky.

At that moment, the sky became even redder.

Gwareureureureureung!

Soon, many fireballs poured down like rain around him.

Everything was aflame and even Baal's eyes were disturbed in the blaze.

Even the flames of hell were no match.

Diabolo's flame was like an extremely pure source.

Eventually, when Baal tapped the throne three times, Diabolo suddenly disappeared like smoke.

"..."

Baal closed his eyes, as if nothing had happened.

*

After 10 minutes at most...

Following the mountain-sized black lightning bolt and the tidal wave that seemed to cover the world, everything was evaporated by Diabolo's flames.

All that remained was an infinitely burning land.

Muyoung cleared away the wreckage and got up.

'Baal.'

Muyoung could sense that it had been Baal who had attacked the 73rd Demon God Diabolo.

He was the only one that could attack at this scale from an unseen location.

No one had ever seen Baal, but his attacks were dared to be associated with the word ‘extraordinary’; A level that could overpower the Great City with one attack.

‘Baal attacked Diabolo.’

Muyoung noted that fact.

Baal, who could be called the true king of the 72 Demon Gods had made a move.

It meant that Diabolo’s emergence had offended him that much.

Because Baal had noticed as soon as Diablos appeared and attacked.

‘Fight fire with fire.’

Suddenly, those words came to mind.

A way to suppress poison with another poison.

He had made a powerful move to contain the 72 Demon Gods.

However, Muyoung, who had suffered from Diabolo for just a short moment, had no choice but to shake his head.

Even if Diablo was keeping the Demon Gods in check, he would only continue to be a destructive being.

Muyoung could feel Diabolo’s desire to paint this world with his fire.

‘He’s extreme.’

Muyoung looked around.

The six-pointed shape had been left in the place where the Demon God had emerged.

It was called the Star of David and it was left behind at trials related to the demon gods.

The staircase heading beneath the altar caught Muyoung's eye.

A soft light was there.

The black light escaped from the place where Snow's body was and the small light left at the end flowed towards the staircase.

Ppyorong! Ppyororong!

The Armful Cradle's spirit that had been hiding in Muyoung's hair reacted.

The Armful Cradle wanted Muyoung to go down the stairs.

'You mean there's something down there?'

The world was engulfed in flames.

Diabolo's flames made the skin burn just by being next to it.

He certainly didn't know what was in there, but...

Muyoung slowly took a step forward.

As he continued down the steps beneath the altar, another large temple appeared.

It looked magnificent, as if it had been made beforehand.

Sculptures of Diabolo had been erected everywhere.

"Gasp!"

At that moment, Muyoung turned his body like a top.

It was because someone behind him had tried to assassinate him.

The back of his neck was cold.

It was clear that he had almost lost his neck, just like that.

There was not even a 0.1 second difference.

As he hastily withdrew Anguish, Muyoung stepped back and looked at his opponent.

“Diabolo carries the Origin’s Flame so the rewards will also be beyond imagination. Do you not covet it?”

The opponent, who had tried to assassinate him, spoke in a laid-back manner.

However, when Muyoung saw his opponent, he trembled slightly.

In that state, he darted forward as he was.

“Wung Chunglin...!”

No reply was needed!

There was no need for words between them.

The shadow, Wung Chunglin appeared.

With his face as it was in Muyoung’s memory.

How could they speak gently?

It was indeed the state of meeting an enemy on a single-log bridge.

Muyoung had waited and waited for this moment.

Wung Chunglin stopped when Muyoung emerged.

But he was bare-handed.

Instead, his hands were shining white.

‘Minority Ball.’

It was a technique that most firmly supported the hands. It shined white like that if one was a sage.

Muyoung had also mastered it in the past but he had been unable to become a sage.

Shhiiiik!

Wung Chunglin’s smile revealed his teeth.

Jjeooong! Jjeeonngg!

It was an extremely violent collision.

Muyoung's sword narrowly cut Wung Chunglin's collar.

The long black traditional jacket that Wung Chunglin was wearing shook precariously.

"Really...! Can you see my attacks?"

Wung Chunglin glanced down at Muyoung with slight admiration.

Muyoung's attack was extremely fierce.

As Muyoung's horns appeared, it was not the collar, but the skin that started to be cut.

Muyoung knew about all of Wung Chunglin's movements.

It was a matter of course.

He had seen it for dozens of years so he couldn't help but know.

Furthermore, Muyoung's skills now slightly exceeded the past.

Even in the past state he had killed Wung Chunglin, so couldn't he just kill him now?

Chwaak!

One of Wung Chunglin's arms flew into the air.

# Chapter 175: Exist Alone(1)

Muyoung raised up to three horns.

In a world that had been accelerated 8 times, he could see Wung Chunglin's movements clearly.

For decent humanity's 10 strongest, three horns would be enough.

Wung Chunglin was still smiling.

There was no sign of alarm, even when his arm flew off.

This was a completely different face from the past.

At the time when Muyoung had just wiped out the Forest of Death... Wung Chunglin had asked why he had erased the place where they had spent 40 years together.

But actually, while his life was at stake he was calm.

"Be happy. Most of the shadows I sent died. You won and I lost."

Yes. It was precisely that attitude.

The reason why Muyoung continuously became ensnared.

'It's different.'

It was strange.

The image of Wung Chunglin that Muyoung knew and his appearance now didn't coincide.

It was doubtful to say that it was because he had met Snow; because it was not easy to change human nature.

So, if he thought of Snow as 'fake', then the Wung Chunglin before his eyes was real.

But he seemed to know of his defeat early.

Was it resignation?

"You look disconcerted. Because I look different now from how I

did in your memory.”

Muyoung didn’t respond.

He only looked at Wung Chunglin with a gaze similar to an abyss.

Crunch!

Wung Chunglin stepped on his own fallen arm.

Then he spoke to Muyoung.

“Do you know this? My name is not Wung Chunglin.”

Muyoung’s eyebrows furrowed instantly.

Wung Chunglin. It was his name that Muyoung remembered.

In fact, perhaps Muyoung was the only person in the Underworld who knew his real name.

But the person himself said it was not so.

Muyoung shook his head.

“You are Wung Chunglin.”

“What is the basis for that? The past you experienced?”

Coincidentally, Muyoung knew Wung Chunglin’s name.

But he didn’t remember how he knew.

“Your name is in Solomon’s Hall of Fame.”

Wung Chunglin chuckled.

“Stupid. Solomon’s Hall of Fame only shows names you recognize. Certainly, your real name would not have come out there. Isn’t that so?”

Muyoung.

Those were the only two characters that came out in Solomon’s Hall of Fame.

However, Muyoung had not been left even that.

All that had been left was Muyoung – ‘No Name’.

“Haven’t you ever thought this way? Have I really returned to the past? Perhaps isn’t it that I am thinking of another person’s life as my own?”

“What does that mean?”

“In the Forest of Death, there was another assassin that was more powerful than me. Number 0. I named the person ‘Muyoung’.”

Number 0?

There was no Number 0 in the Forest of Death.

If so, Muyoung had erased Wung Chunglin and became Number 0 himself.

The great assassins have existed as Number 0 to Number 10.

Scrape.

Suddenly, a masked man appeared beside Wung Chunglin.

He slowly took off his mask.

“And the status viewer you are wearing… that is that child’s. If you look at the bottom of the status viewer, you will be able to see his real name. The real name of Muyoung whom you have not recognized.”

The man’s face was completely unfamiliar to him.

However, for some reason, it felt familiar.

Muyoung returned his horns and then took out the status viewer.

Then he checked the other side of it.

“…!”

Howl.

Muyoung’s eyes shook greatly This was something that could not be.

When you arrive at the Blue Temple, it was normal to receive a new status viewer.

But, for some reason, Muyoung's status viewer had a name on the other side.

When he recalled, he remembered opening his eyes faster than everyone else in the beginning.

Wung Chunglin also knew that Muyoung was shaken.

Wung Chunglin looked directly at Muyoung and said, "And so, I want to ask."

Thud.

He came closer by one step.

He hadn't been planning to win against Muyoung through fighting power from the beginning. It was the reason why Muyoung couldn't become his pupil.

Also, he was certain that Muyoung would be shaken by the truth. Snow had asked him not to reveal the truth but Wung Chunglin had no plans to conceal it.

Wung Chunglin.

No, now he who had become just a shadow had asked, "Bastard, who are you?"

After receiving the order, he assassinated someone. A complete stranger. He ha taken away the life of a person who he didn't know at all.

That's who he collected the status viewers from; the people he had killed.

He took a peek at their lives, which were written on the status viewer.

That was how Muyoung was able to protect his consciousness.

He thought he had protected it.

'Kehaha! You are no different than Doppelganger,' Luciferre chuckled.

His stomach really hurt so much that he couldn't withstand it.

It was because Muyoung's state was no different than Doppelganger, who stole other people's lives.

'You can become anyone.'

'You can't become anyone.'

This was the faith of a doppelganger.

The ability to become anyone but unable to keep one unique nature.

If the past was all a lie, Muyoung couldn't help but rethink about his own nature.

'Who am I?'

It wasn't a philosophical question.

Muyoung just sincerely thought about his appearance.

If the words Wung Chunglin spoke of were true, for what did he run towards for so long?

Perhaps, this might be related to the reason why Muyoung places so much effort into acquiring his own 'uniqueness'.

At that moment, Muyoung's body started to be sunk into darkness.

"You could have become a much deeper shadow than anything else. As no one knew you, and even you didn't know about yourself!"

Wung Chunglin opened his eyes widely. He could have become whatever he wanted but among them, the one most fitting was a shadow, as a shadow was also just an imitation of others.

Perhaps you could say that a shadow reflected Muyoung the best.

"If it is you, you could have become the greatest shadow. Then you would be able to understand the desires of this world. If you listen to the sounds of the world, you would be able to walk the

same path as me.”

The sounds of the world.

It was a collection of all kinds of desires.

By following the world’s desires, Wung Chunglin created the Forest of Death and killed people.

All of it wasn’t Wung Chunglin’s will.

Only the world’s will.

If Muyoung was also to become a shadow, he would walk the same path.

Wung Chunglin was anticipating the birth of the greatest shadow!

For him, he would give up his life.

If he could bring out the shadow in Muyoung, he was happy to be a sacrifice.

‘I won.’

Wung Chunglin’s smile deepened.

Although Snow had lost, Wung Chunglin had won.

Light?

Of course, he could become light but it didn’t suit him since birth.

Snow had really dreamt of it. The dream existed to be awakened.

From the beginning, it didn’t make sense for a trial to be made to persuade someone.

Snow’s thoughts had been too one-sided.

On the other hand, Wung Chunglin was strictly based on reality, as Wung Chunglin’s goal from the beginning was ‘creating a shadow’.

Muyoung’s body was soon wrapped around complete darkness.

Five horns rose up.

Normally, at most 4 was possible but one had been added.

The horns soon merged into one.

Only a huge horn was left on Muyoung's forehead.

Also, a black haze even covered Muyoung's eyes.

An overwhelming presence scattered the area!

A black energy dominated all of the surrounding areas.

'Yes, it's that appearance! A true shadow's appearance!'

Wung Chunglin was thrilled.

He was truly at the climax.

The pinnacle point of his plan.

If he was just a shadow, Muyoung could be seen as a king of shadows.

Swoosh!

Muyoung suddenly made a move.

In a blink of an eye, he took away Wung Chunglin's life.

And he also took away Number 0's like a fly.

Swoosh! Swish!

The sword didn't stop. Then, Muyoung ripped apart two corpses with his two hands.

The two bodies couldn't even maintain the shape of a person.

They were lumps of meat.

Humans had become lumps of meat.

"..."

Muyoung, who had covered himself in blood, started to quietly walk towards Diablo's Trial.

*

The world was submerged in water.

Afterwards, water evaporated and the world was once again submerged in the fire.

“Eugghh....”

Seraphina stood up from her spot.

As she looked around, most people had died.

It was pure luck for her to be alive after all the suffering.

In the end, if Bae Sungmin didn’t save her, she would have also had no choice but to be dead.

‘What in the world had happened?’

Something that had suddenly happened.

As she got up fully from her spot, a few who had survived also opened their eyes.

Fortunately, Ramielle was among them.

“What had happened?”

Seraphina let out a sigh of relief.

Bae Sungmin made a serious expression while he held his wand.

“All connection with the master is disconnected.”

Seraphina spoke quietly.

“When you refer to master, do you mean Muyoung?”

“Yes, the master told us to protect you. And he headed towards the altar by himself.”

“That, that had happened...?!”

Seraphina’s eyes widened.

When he suddenly disappeared, she thought something might have happened but he had headed towards the altar alone.

“Even the series of events that happened right now should be related to my master. But then, the signal had suddenly been disconnected.”

It was a disappointment for him to leave without a word but she couldn’t blame him.

What seemed like an explosion of the century that happened just now was a bit understandable as he pointed out that it was related to Muyoung.

Even in the meantime, he made his servants act to save Seraphina.

How could she not be moved?

However, she was uneasy as he said the connection with Muyoung had been disconnected.

“Th, then shouldn’t we try to find him quickly?”

“My comrades are already looking for him. But…”

Bae Sungmin shook his head.

Instantly, Seraphina’s heart raced.

She never thought of Muyoung’s absence.

At least to Seraphina, he was an angel and a truly strong man.

The justice to keep in check with the demon gods by getting the God-Killing Spear.

Also, he was also the man who touched her heart.

But for him to disappear.

Bae Sungmin spoke the next words bitterly.

“The altar has disappeared.”

Wiggle!

The holy cloth had moved.

The paladins who moved the holy cloth under Seraphina’s order

tilted their heads.

“This is moving?”

“I told you we can never take it off. Let’s go quickly.”

However, that was all.

Seraphina’s orders were absolute and even more, this was an item they were sending to the sage king.

It wasn’t something that the paladins could decide on their own.

Wiggle! Wiggle!

But, as time passed, the cloth moved more fiercely.

“Why is it being like this?”

“Wa, wait, the cloth is…”

Afterwards, when they were in proximity to Mulalan, the cloth had come off completely.

Within the cloth, a beautiful girl appeared.

The person seemed to be on the borderline between girl and woman; her name was Hyacinth.

When the paladins saw Hyacinth, their eyes loosened.

Their bodies shivered and their legs shook.

They couldn’t get ahold of her senses.

‘I want her.’

I want to touch her. That girl’s body!

Thud!

Hyacinth touched each cheek of the paladins.

“Aaah…”

Then, they fell down on the ground and their bodies shivered endlessly.

They had continuous seizure and their energy flowed out like

rainwater.

A man, even a woman, wouldn’t be able to withstand Hyacinth’s touch.

Hyacinth then turned her gaze to the holy cloth.

As she touched the holy cloth, it turned into a beautiful white dress.

“We have to prepare. And we have to welcome him.”

Hyacinth who quietly murmured, turned their gaze to look at Mulalan.

Referring to the two syllables of Mu-Young (무 영), which could also be shown using two Chinese characters, as with most Korean names.

# Chapter 176: Exist Alone (2)

Mulalan.

The biggest holy city and the place that supported humanity.

All organizations big or small were connected to Mulalan.

You could say it was like the center of humanity.

In Hyacinth's eyes, Mulalan seems like a jewel.

'I need to give that jewel to him.'

Hyacinth had been absorbed into the Doppelganger but with Alexandro's help, she was able to revive from the remains of Doppelganger.

Through that event, she lost her memories, and became a person who gained a completely different power. At this moment, as if it was some sort of order, there were thoughts that filled her head.

'The world is filled with chaos.'

'He alone will rise up.'

'Prepare to greet him.'

Hyacinth didn't know who this person was. But, as she tried to remember him, she missed him more and felt sad.

In addition, the 'fear' she first felt was imprinted on her.

This fear was something that was imprinted on Doppelganger and not her.

At times she would think of completely emotionless and cold eyes.A fearless and yearnful person would rise alone.

He would reappear into this world after realizing his true self and gaining infinite potential.

The only person who Hyacinth should follow.

For now, it was the waiting phase.

However, she had no doubts that he would come to meet her one day.

And to do this, Hyacinth was going to prepare a ‘present’.

Hyacinth drew a picture in thin air.

Drawing was Hyacinth’s specialty.

‘He liked my drawings.’

She was unsure of some things but she was able to remember one thing well.

That he had concentrated on Hyacinth’s drawings very hard.

Faith had become a strength.

Soon a drawing popped out from thin air.

A beautiful palace carriage and eight pure white horses to pull.

Hyacinth gracefully entered into the carriage.

“Saintess...!”

“Oh, saintess!”

The paladins started to worship her.

When she entered Mulalan, people who saw her kneeled one by one.

That was how the fourth saintess was born.

*

Time retrogressed.

Even when he was first kidnapped by Wung Chunglin 40 years ago.

Muyoung at that place wasn’t Muyoung.

However, at that place, he met the real Muyoung.

“They say he is the best assassin in the Forest of Death.”

“They say he killed more than 10,000 people.”

Before he was brainwashed, there were people who were also gathered near him.

Basically, after over-exerting the body, the mind followed, and the brainwashing proceeded.

At first, there were 200 people but now there was only 50.

50 people blankly looked at the man who suddenly appeared.

The man who was called Number 0 quietly followed Wung Chunglin.

“Would it be easier if I become a skilled assassin?”

“I, I’m going to get out of this place. The place I should be at isn’t a place like this.”

The people were desperate in order to live.

In reality, Wung Chunglin really did torture them with hope saying how he would ‘let them loose if they tried hard’.

Then, a man touched Muyoung’s shoulders.

“Yo, weakling! Why are you zoomed out?”

“You are next to clean the corpse. Go clean it up fast.”

Weakling.

It was a nickname that people called him.

In Muyoung’s memory, he became that man.

“You are too slow.”

“It’s amazing how you made it this far. Even though your score is always last.”

The man’s low gaze made him move automatically.

It was because he was given the role to clean up the corpses of people who died during training.

He gathered the Status Viewer as he cleaned up the corpses.

Although there wasn't much on the people's Status Viewers, it was sort of like a hobby to him.

He was just happy to read it.

As if he was reading a story.

It was his only resting place within the harsh training.

When he was done reading all the stories, he left a drawing on a half ripped book.

His drawing skills weren't great but it was his only entertainment he could do at this place.

It was quite fun to make pictures of a story.

Afterwards, he hid them in his secret hideout.

"..."

If on one night, Number 0 didn't come to the place he hid the Status Viewers, this secret hobby of his could have kept going.

The man gulped his saliva.

With bruised eyes, the man was looking down on him.

'Would I die because I hid the Status Viewers?'

He had automatically replied to the man's eyes that seemed like they were asking what he was doing.

"I-I'm reading these stories and drawing pictures. The people's stories. These stories make me strong. They allow me to endure. So... do you want to read them?"

Slowly he gave the man the picture book he was holding.

With the monster's fur, he made a small brush and instead of paint, he used blood but it wasn't that horrible to look at.

"..."

Number 0 slowly scanned his pictures.

And soon, the man disappeared in front of his eyes.

He took the book but the man had no intention to stop him.

Instead, he placed his hand on his cold neck and let out a sigh.

“Whew, he really is like a ghost.”

Swoosh.

Did about 30 seconds had passed?

Number 0 once again appeared before him.

Haa!

The man let out a scream and smacked his butt on the ground.

Thud! Thudd!

However, the next action of Number 0 was nothing he had expected.

He threw few dozens of the Status Viewers on the ground.

And then stretched out a drawing book.

‘Is he telling me to draw?’

The man gulped his saliva.

As he looked at the Status Viewers dropped on the ground, his nervousness and astonishment couldn’t be helped but to be doubled!

‘King Azar! Queen Bee Hasha!’

There were also Status Viewers from those who could also be known to people who just entered the Underworld.

How could he not be surprised?

Those who were all considered the strongest were assassinated by Number 0.

These were the evidence.

His lips dried out.

However, he wanted to see. As it was the man’s only hobby to

draw a picture after reading the stories.

When he drew the pictures, Number 0 took them.

And every week or a month later, Number 0 once again brought him more Status Viewers.

When it had repeated about four times, the man's training was almost complete.

After two or three training, he would be brainwashed.

Only 20 people survived from among 200 people.

The number of people will further be reduced to half, and those that survived would become assassins after being brainwashed.

"What is your name? I don't think it would be Number 0."

It was something that the man had also felt.

And so, he couldn't help but ask.

"Mu... young."

Number 0 barely spoke.

It was very awkward but the man was excited as it was their first conversation.

"Muyoung (No Reflection)? Not having a reflection? It is truly an assassin like name. My name is... I can't really remember. These days, my memories have been obscure."

The drug he ate during training made him lose his memories.

It was the procedural for perfect brainwashing.

Everyone knew about this but to live, they had no choice but to take the pill.

Number 0 once again stopped talking.

Number 0 was like a child. Perhaps, that is why he focused more on manly behaviors.

Since there wasn't a child who didn't like stories and pictures.

“I don’t want to be Muyoung but Yooyoung (Exist Reflection). I want to at least leave my shadow. I thought it would be possible, but I don’t think it would be easy. Haha. As most of the people in this world don’t even know who I am.”

Everyone lost their memories.

It was also the same for the man.

If there was a man who would remember him until the end, it would only be Number 0.

“So please live until the end. Please remember me. For me, well it would be hard to survive for a long time as an assassin.”

He shrugged his shoulders.

Then, Number 0 gave him a status viewer and a drawing book.

‘Does he want me to draw?’

He grinned and held the brush.

They were in that sort of relationship.

As if something existed but didn’t.

Fortunately, the man’s brainwashing was postponed.

The holy city of Mulalan’s few thousand paladins had infiltrated the training ground.

Most of the assassins who protected the place were dead but the man had survived.

They were just moved to a different training ground.

He gradually raised his assassin senses as he trained with the other trainees.

In reality, as time passed, the man lost his identity.

The strong drugs were making him stray far from consciousness.

Even then the man read the stories.

The relationship with Number 0 was like his last escape from

reality.

If he was to lose even that, the man would completely lose all of himself.

“For the status viewer to hold all the stories that happened to a person you don’t know of, isn’t it quite interesting?”

“Huh? When did it become night time?”

“What did you say your name was?”

A monologue.

However, everything wasn’t more than an echo of chaos.

The man’s memories were unstable.

It was the side effect of the drugs.

If this period of time passed, he would be completely brainwashed.

He would lose himself and would become a human killing weapon.

Number 0 was watching him silently.

In the end, the man even forgot Number 0’s name.

Then, Number 0 slit his own wrist and made the man drink his blood.

Whenever he did, the man was able to return to himself and draw again.

Until the day Mulalan attacked again, those days repeated.

“Kill the shadow!”

“Let’s regain the God-Killing Spear!”

Mulalan’s attacks were at a huge scale.

They made a tightly knitted net and made them unable to escape.

It was a movement to catch only Wung Chunglin.

When Wung Chunglin stole the ‘God-Killing Spear’ at Suicide Hill, Mulalan had started a broadscale attack.

As Mulalan was focused on regaining the spear, they risked their lives in this matter.

The number of paladins and priests who attacked the training ground reached 50,000.

However, after realizing that there was a strong seal on the ‘God-Killing Spear’, Wung Chunglin threw it away without hesitation.

Of course, he didn’t just throw it away.

Number 0.

He held the God-Killing Spear and lured the paladins of Mulalan.

It was to gain time and to make a way.

In the process, he gained numerous injuries.

Even though he was Number 0, he wasn’t able to face all 50,000 paladins.

Of course, the man’s escape was also difficult.

Mulalan was pure white. They wouldn’t let someone who was even a bit stained escape.

When Mulalan attacked, the man had died once.

However, the man came back to life from death.

‘I’m alive?’

When he opened his eyes again, his surrounding was a hell of fire.

Everything was burning.

Only corpses were rampant.

In addition, the man’s heart had a spear of light piercing through.

It was the God-Killing Spear.

The seal of it was lifted and revived the man.

Then, the spear permeated into the man as if it was being absorbed.

“What in the world…”

The man raised his head.

His mind felt clear in a long time.

However, when he found the person who collapsed beside him, he couldn’t help but be greatly surprised for a moment.

“Muyoung!”

Number 0 was dying.

One of his arms was cut off and his waist was also half sliced.

“Why?!”

The man was torn apart.

And he was enraged.

“I know the brainwashing has been loosened. Now you can live your own life! But, why…!”

After meeting the man, Number 0 was slowly finding his identity.

He didn’t really have a reason to devote his life to Wung Chunglin or to save him.

He could have just left but!

“I, was in agony. I was happy to meet… you. Please, remember, me…”

With those words as his last, Number 0 dropped his head.

The man had realized after hearing those words.

That he wasn’t the only one who was afraid to be forgotten.

Number 0 was also scared that no one would remember him.

‘Muyoung.’

The man sewed his name in his heart.

A moment later, the man lost consciousness.

When he woke up, Wung Chunglin was in front of him.

“What is your name?”

It was when the brainwashing had progressed.

His memories gradually faded.

He couldn’t remember his name.

The man pondered for a moment before he spoke.

“Muyoung.”

Number 0 had existed.

Just, he had died in the attack of Mulalan that would happen in the future.

Muyoung also was Muyoung.

He was just happy to be Muyoung.

Didn’t he make up his mind like that from the start?

However, there were lies mixed within his truth.

Wung Chunglin. Everything was part of his plan.

Blaze!

Muyoung was within the flames of Diablo.

Diablo’s flames were the source. It meant purification.

It was the absolute strength that encompassed everything including the birth and death of life.

Afterwards, a spear of light began to come out of Muyoung’s heart.

‘Gabrielle’s Spear.’

The God-Killing Spear was Gabriel's Spear.

Everything Muyoung had experienced might have been started by this spear.

And he was able to understand why the Archangel Gabriel chose him.

Blaze!

Muyoung held the spear that came out of his heart.

Although we thought Muyoung's name originated from 'No-Name', it might have originated from Number 0's name, 'No-Reflection'.

# Chapter 177: Exist Alone(End)

‘If it is now…’

The barrier was punched through.

Everything that made him suffocate, disappeared.

Muyoung tried to make his own skills in this place.

To do this, he needed to accept himself.

Muyoung was right now going through that process.

Although he had just inherited his name, he now knew how heavy the weight of this name was.

He recognized that everything he had worried about and wanted was true.

His past self who had killed numerous heroes and took their blood was also still there.

All the memories before he inherited the name had just disappeared.

In other words, memories were added in place of the memories that were forgotten.

The rest was all true. He was no longer shaken.

‘Viewer.’

Muyoung turned his head and looked at the status viewer.

Howl, the words written on it.

This viewer was truly Number 0’s watch.

Number 0’s real name was Howl.

After Number 0 had died, Muyoung took off his status viewer and wore his.

He didn’t know why he put this on even now when he had returned from the past but, it meant that this status viewer was

that important to Muyoung.

Muyoung held the spear and closed his eyes.

And slowly, he melted into his own world.

***

Thump!

The Fighting King's close combat skills were at a master's level.

Whenever he stretched out his hand, the air lurched and created a rough wave.

And finally, he tore off the whole body of the masked man.

"This is the strength of the Mystery Door. If the rank 12 sage acted, don't you think he would even be able to rip apart a god?!"

The Fighting King raised his chin.

A strength that could even kill a god!

That was the Mystery Door's distinct martial skills.

Since from the beginning, it was a place made to become a god.

Just that, because the succession of the Mystery Door was always a single student, not much was known.

"Even the great Forest of Death would be destroyed like this if they were caught by me."

"What is the Forest of Death for you to be so determined?"

For the first time, Bae Suzy showed interest.

Until now, she hated to even share a conversation with him, but she spoke as she felt that the Fighting King's emotions were out of the ordinary.

The Fighting King instantly hardened his expression.

"The Forest of Death took my wife and daughter. It is my goal to kill all those who are related to them."

“If that is your only goal, you can just send me back right?”

“However, now one more goal is added. Since a successor who could inherit everything about the Mystery Door has appeared before me! You need to become a sage and kill Demon Gods.”

Bae Suzy pouted her lips.

“They say a man shouldn’t go back on his word.”

“Say whatever you want. I’m fine with you resenting me. However, you need to be the successor of the Mystery Door.”

The Fighting King was strongly persistent.

From Suzy’s point of view, the Fighting King was definitely a bad person.

But, besides when he taught her something, he tried his best to accommodate her.

Of course, even now, she had people she missed.

She was especially worried about her real father, Bae Sungmin and if he was doing well.

She even cried and whined but Suzy realized that those things wouldn’t work on him.

The only way to be free from the Fighting King was for her to quickly achieve the 8th rank of the martial skills.

“But, where are we going?”

“Heavenly Maid Clan.”

“Heavenly Maid Clan?”

“It is a place made up of just women. At that place, you will learn to be a woman.”

“But I’m already a woman?”

Suzy tilted her head as he spoke of his disingenuous words.

Then, the Fighting King spoke.

“All the martial skills of the Mystery Door start by knowing yourself. Also, as a benefit, other martial arts skills can be naturally learned. Depending on what you learn at that place, your learning speed from now on will be greatly swayed.”

Bae Suzy’s eyes widened.

Getting stronger by quickly learning!

For now, that was her only goal.

***

Arand frowned.

Territory Guardian Baltan’s expression also hardened.

As two shadows invaded the territory, they were repulsed but someone who shouldn’t have died was dead.

“Seohan…”

Baltan quietly spoke.

The one who directed and was responsible for the dokkaebis, the one who was most enthusiastic in reinforcing the territory.

The one who had no doubts while following their Lord, had died.

Also, he was in a good rivalry with Baltan.

“Something like this cannot happen again.”

Arand spoke.

Arand was the one who won first place in the competition of ranking Muyoung had hosted.

From the beginning, he was the one who became stronger by just watching Muyoung.

Before then, he just survived each day in the underground arena by living as a slave.

However, now he was in charge of important duties within the territory.

When he orchestrated Seohan's funeral, the veins of his neck bulged.

"There is a need for us to grow our strength more fiercely."

It was possible.

Especially in Muyoung's territory, it was dependent on their resolution.

Asura's temple and Merlin's dungeon acted in a very good way to develop.

On top, this was the Demon God's Territory.

A place where you needed to always win fights!

"Let's get stronger. Let's increase our territory. We cannot let Seohan's death be for nothing."

Seohan was more passionate than anyone else.

He was more worried about the territory and loyal to Muyoung than anyone else.

Arand and Baltan were going to inherit that mindset of Seohan.

When they looked back, there were a lot of flaws. They were slowly becoming lazier and didn't really try to take the lead.

Slash

Thump!

And it was at that moment.

When Arand's short speech ended, a huge pillar was placed on Asura's Temple.

However, this wasn't the first time they had seen this occurrence.

It was already the second time.

When Muyoung had killed Moon, the cult leader of the Sky Devil, something like this had also occurred.

And the guardian of the territory became much stronger.

But, if something like this had happened again...

“Did the Lord destroy another great enemy?”

“Ahh, Hoom and Oom have given us a gift!”

All kinds of flowers were fully bloomed on the new pillar of the temple.

Then, small letters appeared in front of all the citizens.

<The successor of Asura (Oom) has beaten the successor of ‘Yacha’, one of the Eight Deva Guardians of Buddhism.> <Asura (Hoom) is very pleased.>

<The ‘Pillar of Richness is placed on the temple.> <The ‘Pillar of Richness’ will develop the territory even more and will make the territory more abundant as it increases the fertility rate. Also, it will help increase the development speed of everything within the territory.> “Is this a wreath...?”

Baltan quietly murmured.

It was so.

This pillar was like a wreath Muyoung sent for Seohan’s funeral.

*

The Dragon Lord Hansung went straight far west.

All the land in the west were floating in the sky that it was also called the ‘floating garden’, and the owner of this place was the ‘King of the Dragons’.

The size of the Dragon King was colossal.

A huge creature that seemed like it would even pierce through the sky.

In front of it, Hansung and Arkisa seemed very small.

“I found it. The owner of the sword fragment is one of the

Masters of the Darkness, named ‘King Slayer’.”

It was a piece of information he barely found as he wandered in the Sage’s room and other places.

The Dragon Lord was also familiar with the Masters of the Darkness. As he had received rewards from them a few times.

– King Slayer… If he had stepped up, this means that we need to prepare for an upheaval. As the sword fragment is a warning.

“What kind of upheaval will happen?”

“The birth of the 73rd Demon God. His name is Diablos. He is a wicked Demon God who has the fire of creation and destruction. Also, a few Demon Gods are looking for the ‘Ars Nova’.

“Ars Nova, the Remington’s?”

73rd Demon God!?

It was definitely a surprising event but Hansung read as an ominous sign while he was coming here.

Perhaps, it was linked to the birth of Diablos.

However, more than that, he was more focused on Ars Nova.

All Demon Gods were sealed by ‘Lemegeton’.

However, their seal broke and they had settled in this Underworld.

Among them, it was known that Baal had the cover of Lemegeton.

But, there were a lot of contents that were missing.

Among them was ‘Ars Nova’.

It was told that miracle like strong spells was engraved on the ‘Ars Nova’.

– If they can find the Ars Nova, they can break the wall of the Blue Temple. If Merlin, the guardian at this place and the balancer

of this world, died, then the world would accelerate into destruction.

“Then is King Slayer looking for Ars Nova?”

– It was a routine procedure for the demon gods to look for Ars Nova. As long as Baal has the cover of Lemegeton, King Slayer can’t stop him. He would also know of this truth.

“Then? Why would someone who needed to be within the darkness appear…?”

– King Slayer can manipulate time. Only he can figure out about abnormalities regarding ‘time’. If he had acted firsthand, this would also be related to ‘time’.

Even the King of the Dragons didn’t exactly know about all the truth.

He was omnipotent, but not all-knowing.

Hansung once again nodded his head.

“Please lead me to the path I need to go.”

– Gather the Fragments of Fissures. Although it won’t allow you to stop them from finding Ars Nova, it will help you delay them. Arkisa will lead you.

Roarrr!

Arkisa made a loud roar.

Then, the King of the Dragons finished speaking.

– However, Arkisa alone will be difficult. Although you have earned a mighty sword, you still haven’t earned a shield yet. Go to the ‘Spring of Light’ right away and make the dragon of light ‘Shandalton’ submit to you.

“…!”

Hansung widened his eyes.

The King of Dragons granted him the right to make a contract

with a second dragon.

To prepare for the upheaval, the King of Dragons had started to make a strong move.

Including the King of Dragons, the four beings with divinity…

The Master of all the Mountains, the Death Lord, and the Child of Moon were balancers that kept the balance in all four directions.

In the middle of it, there was the Blue Temple and Merlin.

They couldn’t act on their own. And so, like this, they gave others their strength and made them prepare.

Of course, it was only Hansung’s responsibility to make Shandalton submit to him.

Shandalton was one of the greatest dragons that could even easily face Arkisa.

If he wasn’t careful, Hansung could even die.

“I’ll go right away.”

However, Hansung didn’t care.

He was a Dragon Lord.

A man who did not know when to give up.

*

And here, there was another man who didn’t know when to give up.

Muyoung swung his spear within the flames of Diablos.

Gabriel’s Spear told Muyoung many things.

It was also a great help in making Muyoung’s own skills.

The state of selflessness.

He forgot about himself and everything else, and only perfected his skills.

He created, discarded, and then recreated.

He didn't even know how much time had passed.

However, this process was something that was necessary for Muyoung.

For him to forge his own path.

And to finally find his own true uniqueness!

Now, he wouldn't wander around.

Muyoung would only go one path.

And finally, he saw true 'essence' within the flames.

A swordsmanship that was extremely pure and showed Muyoung's colors to the maximum.

'Muyoung's swordsmanship.'

He placed his name.

The name Muyoung was like his own proof that couldn't be removed even if he wanted to.

Also, although it was a sword skill, it was like the combination of all the skills.

It was the final product after he combined his knowledge and the knowledge he learned later through Gabriel.

Slash!

As he used his swordsmanship, the flames of Diablos split.

The flame's essence that didn't budge once it started to burn was moved by Muyoung.

A moment later, Muyoung took a step out of the flames.

When he came out of the flames, Muyoung's vigor was more organized than before.

His outer appearance didn't show anything.

He was like a normal person.

The eyes that looked like the abyss and his murderous spirit, everything was erased.

However, the power hidden within it was incomparable to the past.

At last, he had won over the trial and found his own path.

With this, Muyoung was able to exist alone.

# Chapter 178: The traces of Diablo (1)

The darkness that ate up the whole body had all disappeared.

In that state, Muyoung looked around.

Huge flames. These flames were all purification of Diablo. Only those who have overcome the flames had the qualification to live.

Muyoung had now earned that right.

<The ‘essence of flames’ has been indwelled into the body.> <You have inherited the ‘Ruler of Flames’.> <All pure stats have greatly increased.> <Skills, besides special skills, have been increased to ‘A’ rank.> Brrr!

That wasn’t all.

Muyoung reaped the flames.

Then, Diablo’s flames started to be sucked into Muyoung.

When it happened, his body bloated up as if it was going to explode, but Muyoung didn’t show any expression.

‘Diablo’s fire is the start of all fire.’

The flames that existed immemorial.

That was the reality of the flames Diablo had.

There wasn’t really a chance to earn a flame like this.

Even more, Muyoung would be the only one who would be resistant to Diablo’s flames.

Even if it wasn’t full resistance, it would be possible for him to resist a considerable amount of damage .

Diablo was strong enough to even block Baal’s attacks.

Flames like them. How could he not want it?

<You have absorbed all of Demon God Diablo’s flames.> <The rank of continuous effect, ‘Ruler of Flames’ has increased.>

Nevertheless, Muyoung was nothing more than ordinary.

At least by looking at his outer appearance, there was no trace.

If he had swallowed flames this size, normally the effects would reflect like a mirror and appear, but there was nothing like that at all.

'As you come close to extreme, you become ordinary.'

The Dragon Lord's sword was like that.

He threw away all kinds of ways and was able to gain a classless swordsmanship.

Although his movements were all over the place like a beginner's, the purification that was hidden within it was incomparably stronger.

Muyhoung was also like this.

If he was good, evil, strong or weak...

If it wasn't something Muyoung wanted to show, no one would be able to easily recognize it.

Then, Muyoung went towards the end of the room.

At that place, he was able to find a huge egg that was engulfed by a small flame.

'Snow.'

Snow was the successor of Garuda.

Also, Garuda was a Sun Bird.

Yacha... So, when Wung Chunglin died, there was a message that popped up but when Snow died, there wasn't any.

The reason was right in front of his eyes.

'Did she not die?'

Maybe it was due to the influence as Garuda's successor, it seemed like she didn't die after one death.

The nature of the Sun Bird allowed it to resurrect if it was near the fire.

Bonghwang, Red Bird, and Phoenix were all the same.

Although their names were different, they were all concluded as the Sun Bird.

Muyoung looked at the egg for a moment.

The size was as big as most humans, but he heard breathing of a weak living thing.

He kept touching Anguish but then shook his head.

Didn't only light flow out of Snow's corpse and was engraved on this egg?

It seemed like... Snow continued to be born again like this as generations passed down.

So that's why no one in the past knew who Snow really was.

Muyoung placed his hand on the egg.

If an unauthorized person touched it, it would become a terrifying fire that would burn the person's whole body, but Muyoung was the Ruler of Flames.

These kinds of flames couldn't produce a large impact on Muyoung.

Blaaaaze!

Then, greater flames engulfed Muyoung.

The flames poured on Muyoung like the time Gabrielle's spear did and reminded him of a new past.

In the past, Snow died when the demon gods invaded.

However, she was born again.

However, Snow was different in many ways from the previous Snow.

Snow who was born again had a lot of fears.

She didn't step up and just watched the world perish from afar like a 3rd person.

Among those people, 'Muyoung' was one of them.

The greatest assassin. The man who died after demolishing the Forest of Death.

He killed so many heroes.

Even the Dragon Lord who was considered the hope of humanity was killed by his hand.

However... there was definitely a chance to save Muyoung.

If Muyoung was saved, other people could have also been saved.

But, Snow didn't act.

The Forest of Death burned in flames, the great calamity started, the Dragon Lord died, the balancers of all direction died off one by one, and finally, even when Merlin the guardian of the world died, Snow just stayed quiet.

Snow watched the upheavals that happened afterwards.

After killing all living things, the demon gods wanted to remain as true 'gods' themselves.

And so, they summoned all other gods. Even including fake gods.

It was terrifying. As their upheaval was beyond one's imagination.

And so, Snow counted as everything she had seen as a 'dream'.

After the world was completely covered in darkness, Snow woke up after a small light broke out.

And afterwards, she started to prepare.

Diablo who she had seen when the gods were summoned.

She decided to summon his strong powers when something

happened.

However, even in this lifetime, Snow had died.

Not by a demon god but by Muyoung.

Not a dream, but reality.

Crack! Craaaack!

As Muyoung placed his hand on the egg, the egg started to crack.

Then, the egg completely cracked and within it, a girl appeared.

Plump!

A naked girl fell to the ground helplessly.

The body looked a bit younger than Snow he saw from the outside.

'It was this.'

Snow in front of him was the Snow he remembered in his memories.

The Snow he saw from the outside was for some odd reason older than the Snow in his memories.

She seemed a bit more mature that when he first saw her so he was a bit puzzled.

Perhaps, as generations were passed down, the age of their body seems to decrease.

Snow's body didn't age no matter how much time passed.

That meant, there was a certain number of lives she had.

However, he needed to keep an eye to see if only the age of their bodies decreased or not.

Boing! Boiing!

It was at that moment.

Armful's Cradle spirit came down from Muyoung's head.

And it entered Snow's body.

Swooong.

A gleam of light spread everywhere.

Afterwards, it gradually reduced in size and was fully absorbed into Snow's body.

Blink!

A moment later, Snow gradually opened her eyes.

And as she laid there, looked up at Muyoung.

Then, with an innocent smile on her face, Snow spoke.

"Dad!"

Dad?

Muyoung frowned.

It wasn't because he wasn't familiar with the word.

It was because that word came out of Snow's mouth.

"Pa?"

"I'm not your father."

Tilt.

Snow poked Muyoung's cheek with her finger.

And smiled shyly.

She was no different than pure white but it seemed like she couldn't understand well yet.

Swoosh.

Muyoung took out Anguish.

Although he didn't have a lot of experience killing someone who died once, it wasn't like he couldn't do it again if he needed to.

To be exact, he took Anguish towards the middle of her forehead.

“Pa~”

Then, Snow touched the sword as if it was a toy.

For her to not even know murderous intent and hostility.

Was it not Snow but Armful’s Cradle?

Didn’t Muyoung also see how Armful’s Cradle entered Snow?

Perhaps the two might be mixed.

However, Armful’s Cradle’s awareness was very shallow.

You could say that it was the height of simplicity but its fondness towards Muyoung was similar.

He was unable to organize his thoughts because he was also able to see parts of Snow in the past who was pure white and sacrificed herself for humanity.

Muyoung clicked his tongue and sheathed Anguish.

And when he started walking after turning around, Snow tried her best to follow him.

Thud!

The altar’s door that was closed was opened.

Muyoung slowly walked out.

Then, Muyoung couldn’t help but frown as he took a look around.

‘It isn’t Suicide Hill.’

The surrounding was filled with turquoise.

A place with a small park and a huge spring existed.

This couldn’t be the Suicide Hill.

It was impossible to make the place that was bombarded by Diablos come back to life.

“Pa! Dad!”

Muyoung turned around.

Snow, whose age of the body became slightly younger, followed Muyoung and called him dad.

It seemed like her memories weren't perfect.

No, it seemed like all of it had been erased.

Of course, although she had forgotten all of her interactions with Muyoung, it seemed like she had the very basic knowledge to live.

What he meant was things like eating and pooping.

She was like a newborn baby who only had the instincts.

It wasn't an act. As there was no way Muyoung wouldn't be able to not differentiate.

And so, he decided to just leave her be.

She had no ill intentions and he even had the slight expectations that there will be a chance to find new aspects.

As no one really knew Snow.

Swoosh!

Something flew through the wind.

Muyoung slowly raised his hand and caught the item that flew in.

'An arrow.'

A warning or a threat.

Muyoung looked towards the direction the arrow flew in.

Normally, he wasn't able to to see anything but Muyoung saw it clearly in his eyes.

A couple of elves with golden hair were hiding in the forest.

When elves hid in the forest, most people weren't able to find them.

The easiest way to find elves was to burn the forest down.

Muyoung raised his hand.

Blaaze!

Then, fierce flames were created on top of Muyoung's hand.

Although it was nothing compared to Diablo's, he tried his best to create something similar to it.

It was Muyoung's own flames which he created after combining few skills, placing Gabriel's feather, and analyzing the source of flames.

It was called the 'Holy Fire'.

The Holy Fire instantly sprang up and burned the forest.

However, it didn't spread.

He just burned the place where the exactly the elves were located.

"This strength...!"

"You fire dragons?! Are you attacking to go after Shandalton's fortunes again?!"

The elves were naked.

They returned to their natural states because their clothes and weapons also burned when the trees burned down.

'Fire dragons?'

Muyoung smirked.

For a day to come when he was mistaken for a dragon.

Fire dragons were a type of dragons that was famous for its ill tempers.

They were able to use flames and lived near volcanoes.

Thud!

Muyoung walked.

He went right in front of them and asked.

“Where is this place?”

“Are you saying you came without knowing?! This place, the Spring of Light is ruled by Shandalton! This isn’t a place where a fire dragon could do what he wants!”

Shandalton and the Spring of Light.

Although he had heard of them, he couldn’t remember them well.

As even in the past, the dragon and the area weren’t well known.

There weren’t any dragons who played an important role in the fight with the demon kings and the demon god, against all other species.

They have all acted alone and were destroyed.

Either way, the Spring of Light was very far from the Suicide Hill.

‘I would rather be closer to the Noble City’

‘Noble City’ was a huge city that was comparable to the Great City.

Basically, all the Five Great Clans besides the Lawless Clan were here.

Besides them, all kinds of clans had their headquarters at the Noble City.

Crunch!

It was at that moment.

Snow all of a sudden bit the neck of the elf who spoke.

“Cough!”

“Pa! Pa!”

Snow seemed to be very angry.

She grabbed the elf’s whole body and bit his neck in a persistent

manner that the elf was unable to handle it.

In the end, the elf was only able to continue speaking when Muyoung forcefully took her off.

"...ugh, I don't know what you, fire dragons, are after but while we are alive, you won't be able to take anything from Shandalton!"

Muyoung rubbed his chin.

He kept saying fire 'dragons'.

It seemed like there wasn't just one fire dragon who visited this place.

That meant there was something hidden here that the fire dragons wanted.

'I came here through Diablo's Temple.'

Muyoung concentrated.

However, he couldn't feel any signs of Diablos.

But, he was able to know about the remaining remnants of Diablo.

'Diablo had gone through this place.'

It was the reason why Muyoung arrived at Spring of Light instead of Suicide Hill.

It seemed like even in the future, he would have some kind of relationship with Diablo.

Also, there was a high chance that the fire dragons were also after the 'remnants' Diablo left.

"Pa!"

It was at that moment.

Snow poked Muyoung's back.

Kyyaaaaack!!

When he turned around, a huge flame covered Muyoung.

They were unfathomable flames that a fire dragon shot from the sky.

# Chapter 179: The traces of Diablo (2)

Muyoung was also aware of this.

Before Snow noticed and warned him, he was able to instinctively sense the appearance of fire dragons.

Was this also due to Diablo's flames he had absorbed?

Blaaaze!

The surrounding area was burned up.

Muyoung was in the middle of it.

However, the flames poured out by the fire dragon didn't go past Muyoung.

It was because Muyoung's whole body was 'absorbing' the flames.

<'Ruler of Flames' allows you to absorb flames weaker than yourself.> <As you absorb more pure flames, your pure stats increase.> <The user 'Muyoung' has absorbed the flames of fire dragon 'Gurkha'.> <Strength increased by 3.>

<Stamina increased by 2.>

< Strength increased by 1.>

...

The Fire Dragon Gurkha was younger compared to most dragons.

You could tell just by looking at its size. However, even Gurkha's flames helped raise his stats.

However, there was a limit.

No stats were raised after a few messages popped up.

"Did a fire dragon stop the flames of a fire dragon?"

"That's Gurkha...!"

The elves were terrified.

By Muyoung's appearance and the sudden attack of Gurkha.

In reality, there were a lot of dragons that were aggressive, but they were quite prudent.

They didn't just attack all of a sudden.

Perhaps a different kind of energy from Muyoung had offended Gurkha.

Muyoung slowly stretched his hand.

He absorbed the fire Gurkha had.

As he opened his mouth slightly and ate up the flames in his mouth, he felt an astringent taste.

'The taste of fire.'

The tip of Muyoung's lip lightly went up.

For a fire to have a taste.

However, Gurkha's flame was bitter. It hadn't ripened yet.

On top, it meant that he was able to absorb flames...

'A fire weaker than me.'

Blaze!

The Holy Fire was created in Muyoung right hand.

The holy fire absorbed Gurkha's flames and surrounded the place.

In an instant, its size increased, and in that state, Muyoung's Holy Fire was thrown towards Gurkha.

Kyaaackk!

Clank! Clank! Clank!

Just because they were fire dragons, didn't mean they only used fire.

Fundamentally, the dragons were able to use specialized true

‘magic’.

A net made out of the fire was spread around Fire Dragon Gurkha.

A barrier like a web was placed.

However, the Holy Fire ripped the web apart.

The dense and strong web instantly became tattered by the invader.

Blaazee!

Soon, the Holy Fire was carried onto Gurkha’s wings.

As Muyoung opened his fist, the Holy Fire burned Gurkha’s entire body.

Kyeeeeackkk!

“A fire dragon… is burning?”

“This is ridiculous…”

The elves who were watching widened their eyes.

They couldn’t speak any further.

The fire dragons were creatures that were born from fire.

Of course, they had the immunity of fire.

They occupied and lived in one volcano. They also absorbed fire and created them.

Their scales that covered their entire body was especially strong against heat.

That should be the case.

Thud!

Gurkha fell towards the ground.

He didn’t die.

Just, he was screaming out loud as he twisted his body.

‘Maybe it’s because he is a young dragon, but hunting isn’t difficult.’

Currently, Muyoung’s fighting power was already above the top 10 humans.

The Dragon Lord Hansung. Only about his level would be able to stop Muyoung.

However, if he was to fight Hansung with all he had, Muyoung thought his win rate would be around 90%.

If Arkisa fought with Hansung then the probability would be 50%.

You would be able to hunt a young dragon like Gurkha with a well-made party, even if you weren’t in the top 10.

‘I should be able to create a bone dragon.’

Muyoung hasn’t made a bone dragon yet.

There was no reason for him to not be able to make a bone dragon if he took away Gurkha’s life right now and left just its bones.

However, it was true that he felt a bit disappointed.

Whatever it was, if you created it ‘first’ you would gain that much more.

Gurkha was young for a dragon. It wasn’t fully grown.

“Pa!”

It was right then when Snow poked Muyoung’s side.

When he turned his head, Snow was drooling as she looked at Fire Dragon Gurkha.

‘They say Garuda ate dragons.’

Muyoung rubbed his chin.

Although it was only a story, Garuda was a dragon eating being.

Garuda's successor would therefore also be in a close relationship with the dragons.

'As they called them fire dragons, one should be okay as an experiment.'

Muyoung was planning to stay in the spring for a bit.

He was going to find the rest of Diablo's traces and hunt the fire dragons that invade and make a bone dragon from the one best among them.

Also... he was curious about Snow's true identity.

Like Muyoung, Snow was also from the past.

Was that why?

As he looked further into Snow, he thought he was able to find certain 'truth'.

Muyoung nodded his head.

"Paa!"

Snow smiled brightly.

Then, she ran towards Gurkha.

At the same time, a huge white crow image appeared on Snow's back.

However, the head and wings were bright gold.

As the crow-like image popped out, it opened its mouth and tried to swallow Gurkha.

'Garuda.'

After seeing this, Muyoung gulped his saliva.

The size was smaller than the stories but there was definitely 'godliness' in that crow.

Perhaps, bigger than Luciferre's.

So, Muyoung was unable to help but think it was Garuda.

It was hidden cleverly that even Muyoung was unable to sense it.

But, as it tried to swallow the fire dragon, it showed its form without hesitation.

He hasn't seen anything like this even in the past.

'Does it mean she wasn't just simply a successor?'

The past has changed, and Snow had also faced a lot of life-changing events herself.

Although it probably wasn't real, she had earned the powers that Garuda's form had.

Gulp!

Then, Garuda swallowed Gurkha.

Literally, Garuda swallowed it in one gulp.

"Ahhh...!"

After, Snow fell to the ground and let out a scream.

Soon, something that wiggled in her back popped out.

A pair of small red wings sprang up.

'It seems like she didn't lose all her wings.'

Snow lost her wings as she was born again. No, Muyoung thought she did.

However, as she absorbed Gurkha, a pair of red wings appeared.

It seemed like that sort of wing appeared when she eats a dragon.

Although it was at most the size of an adult arm, it was a surprising change.

Later, Snow got up.

And then looked at Muyoung.

"Pa!"

As if she wasn't in pain at all, she quickly approached Muyoung

and stood in front of him.

She certainly didn't seem to have any ill intentions.

Perhaps it was due to the assimilation with the Armful's Cradle spirit, but she had only infinite goodwill.

At least, he was able to trust Armful's Cradle.

"Who... who... are you guys?"

The leader of elves alternately looked at Muyoung and Snow.

However, his tone was different from the past. He became politer.

As Muyoung didn't just make a blow on the fire dragon but even ate it up, in their eyes he could only be seen as an 'overwhelming being'.

An ancient class dragon. Or, something similar to that.

'It seems like they don't know about Diablo.'

If they did, they would have made a reaction when they saw Muyoung's fire.

That meant that they were clueless about Diablo.

It seemed like he had no choice but to look for its traces alone.

Muyoung made a short reply.

"I'm going to stay here for a little while."

Then, he turned around and walked towards the forest.

The flames that were burning in the surrounding instantly returned to Muyoung.

After seeing this, no one was able to say anything regarding Muyoung's reply.

The elves with the golden hair gathered at a huge house.

Their number was about 300.

However, the mood was very serious.

“Wouldn’t it be an ancient fire dragon? That has at least lived 10,000 years… I’m certain by looking at the transformation magic it was using.”

As one elf asked, the old elder elf replied.

“I’m not sure. If he is really a dragon, or not. However, as I can feel a similar purity as Shandalton… if he was a fire dragon, it is odd why he would attack another fire dragon.”

“Perhaps it’s because he is after the same thing the fire dragon is after? As you know the dragons don’t normally stick together. They don’t go easy with each other just because they are the same species.”

“However, we don’t even know what they are after.”

That’s the biggest problem.

That even they themselves didn’t know what that was.

If they did, they could prepare for what they knew but because they didn’t know, they couldn’t help but just fight.

Then, someone had another opinion.

“Let’s give it to him. Although we don’t know what it is, he would be able to find it. And if it is him, wouldn’t he help stop other fire dragons?”

The elder closed his eyes.

“The fire dragons are selfish beings. We don’t know when they will make this place a sea of fire.”

“So, we need to let them know that this isn’t a place they should burn down.”

“How?”

“By giving them the sense that you are happy at this place. Just until Shandalton comes back if we pretended to serve them…”

It was a shocking opinion.

The elder grunted as he crossed his arms.

It was basically a choice to select the lesser evil to stop the worse.

The elf persuaded the elder.

“We have lasted this long because of Shandalton’s blessing and Spring of Light. But, if we continue like this we would lose both. Shandalton’s place and the place we have worked on for over a thousand years will be lost. A moment. If we forsake our pride for just really a moment, we can save them both.”

“I don’t think this is a choice I can make on my own.”

The elder shook his head in the end.

And then started to speak.

“Gather all the elves. We are going to start a vote. We will decide if we are going to serve him or be enemies with him afterwards.”

There were about 4,000 golden elves that resided near the Spring of Light.

They started the vote quicker than any other time.

After only half a day, the result was given, and they came to a decision.

The house given to Muyoung was a house made by weaving large trees.

The inside was clean and there was a soft bed and a variety of decorations.

Muyoung first sat on the bed and then touched his Status Viewer.

It was to check his changes so far.

The very first, the achievement effect he earned by absorbing Diablo’s flames.

Achievement Effect Ruler of Flames (S++, All pure stats +40)

‘Good.’

Muyoung nodded his head.

It was almost impossible to find an item that was greater than an S rank.

The achievement effect was more so.

But, ++ was added to it. This was incomparable to just an S rank.

The fact that it raised its pure stats meant that there was that much meaning.

However, this wasn’t the only change.

To check the rest, Muyoung turned his Status Viewer.

Class Effect

Death Lord (Lord class) King Slayer (Lord class) Archangel (Lord class) Stats

Strength 540 (325 + 215) Agility 537 (333 + 204) Stamina 510 (340 + 170) Intelligence 539 (284 + 255) Wisdom 500 (315 + 185) Fighting Aura 375 (215 + 160) Magic Resistance 565 (165 + 400) Spirit Ability 450 (300 + 150) Evil Tendency 490 (360 + 150) True.Divine Powers 544 (444 +100) True.Fire Attributes 490 (390+98) Total Level: 542

Special Note: Luciferre’s strength is sealed. You have succeeded Gabriel’s strength. You are creating Muyoung Sword. The God Killing Spear is engraved in your heart.

Not just Fire Attributes but True.Fire Attributes!

Even Divine Powers had that sort of name attached.

Muyoung smiled.

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Thank you Jonathan Hurd for the excellent explanation of Muyoung’s past. I have posted his comment below for those who are still confused about Muyoung’s past: So my understanding of things is the real world events went like this....

1) Muyoung Comes to Underworld and is kidnapped by Wung Chunglin.
2) Muyoung starts his training/brainwashing.
3) Muyoung picks up a habit of reading the Status Viewers of people.
4) Number 0 catches what Muyoung is doing.
5) Number 0 gives Muyoung a few Status Viewers of the people number 0 killed.
6) Battle at Suicide Hill (first time line not the one we're reading) happens.
7) Wung Chunglin sends out Number 0 and a few others as sacrifices to save his own skin.
8) Number 0 wins battle and revives dead Muyoung with Gabriels Spear.
9) Muyoung is revived and takes the name Muyoung for himself when Wung Chunglin finds Muyoung standing there.
10) Muyoung is now trained to be the ultimate Assassin by Wung Chunglin.
11) He spends the next 40 years fighting for the Forest of Death till he breaks free and destroys the forest of death.
12) Story we're reading now....

So the way I see it is Wung Chunglin messed with Muyoung's memories but not as extremely as you might think. What Wung Chunglin changed was steps 2-9. Muyoung really did fight for 40 years and kill all those people and read their status viewers. Muyoung was the one who killed Dragon Lord and the other prominent heros in the past life. All Wung Chunglin really took from Muyoung was the memory of Muyoung's only friend in the Underworld, the reason why Muyoung had a habit of reading status viewers, and the Origin of Muyoung's name.

Honestly if you think about it only messing with those things makes sense. If Muyoung really didn't accomplish any of the kills, but just had the memories infused into him and still managed afterwards to be able to train to his current level of badassitude.

Then that would mean that Wung Chunglin should of been able to mass produce killing machines like no ones business. Really all Chunglin did was take out the pieces in Muyoung that stimulated his humanity and would get in the way of the Brainwashing. He couldn't strip the name or the habit of reading the status viewers. Those were too deeply ingrained and honestly didn't seem like they would interfere. He took out the emotional connection to the actions though.

What has been unlocked for Muyoung is now his origins. All the power he acrued before has always been Muyoung's own. The skills and knowledge is the same. It was stolen but Muyoung rightfully stole it from those he killed and pieced it together.

# Chapter 180: The traces of Diablo (3)

It seemed like that sort of name was added because the fire attribute and divine powers Muyoung had were purer than others.

The divine powers of Gabriel and the fire attribute that was added when he absorbed the flames of Diablos were definitely different from the normal.

His main stats were all over 500.

Luciferre's sealed power was the only thing that concerned Muyoung.

'Only if I could fully absorb Luciferre's power…'

The demigod like power Luciferre had was tempting for Muyoung.

If he could absorb that enormous power, he was 100% certain he would be able to win against both Arkisa and the Dragon Lord. Luciferre's strength was that great.

As Muyoung got stronger, he was able to feel Luciferre's strength through his skin.

However, Luciferre was silent.

It was because there was nothing Luciferre could do about Muyoung who earned Gabriel's strength.

He was just doing his best to keep his own strength.

'However, this was also just a matter of time.'

Muyoung was certain that he would be able to use Luciferre's strength in the near future.

As Muyoung's divine power and soul became stronger, Luciferre's position gradually disappeared.

So, Lucifierre chose silence.

Would he cooperate with Muyoung or lose even his soul?

Muyoung got up from his seat.

Lots of people were gathering in the surrounding.

‘Sign of elves’’

More than four thousand!

About that number of elves surrounded the house Muyoung was staying in.

They didn’t even try to hide.

They bluntly surrounded the place.

Perhaps they decided to make Muyoung their enemy?

Certainly, the golden hair elves weren’t weak. If about four thousand gathered, they could kill an average fire dragon.

But… if they did decide to go against him, he could only say that they were really stupid.

The godliness Muyoung showed was unstoppable, with the strength to just kill ‘an average fire dragon’ being inadequate.

They would have also witnessed it as well.

Muyoung softly opened the door.

Then, a magnificent sight appeared before him.

All elves started to kneel one by one.

And the only elf with white hair, the elder, approached Muyoung and kneeled right in front on him.

“Our race has decided to serve you. Please tell us your name.”

He felt a heavy mood but was it because of this?

Muyoung looked at the elder with interest.

They wouldn’t have just suddenly decided to serve him.

When Muyoung looked into the elder’s eyes, he could get a glimpse of his years of experience and his wisdom.

He wasn’t fascinated by Muyoung’s strength. This was a deal.

He had made a choice after seeing how Muyoung didn’t kill them when they first met.

At first, they killed depending on their gains but now, when Muyoung didn’t think of them as his enemy, they learned to show tolerance.

“Muyoung.”

“Muyoung, are you an ancient dragon?”

Dragon. A dragon!

It was natural to make such mistake by watching the strength Muyoung had shown.

It was a place he needed to stay for a while.

On top, he didn’t want any hindrance while he was hunting the fire dragon.

“Think whatever you want.”

He didn’t care how they thought of him.

Muyoung wasn’t the type to be swayed by how others thought of him.

He was the type who strictly walked his own path.

“I’m late in introducing myself. I’m the elder of the village, Dexter. If there is anything lacking, please let me know. We will try our best to find what you need.”

He was able to feel his heart and soul.

It felt odd to just ignore his words.

‘The materials to create Immortal King’s equipment.”

He earned the essences of the Immortal King when he faced Moon and Doppelganger.

However, he just had the essences and didn’t have anything else

to complete the foundation.

He didn't really have the materials to complete it.

Undoubtedly, the heart and bones of a dragon should be enough but Muyoung decided to pursue a greater greed.

"The high elves who oversees the Spring of Light should have it."

He spoke as if he already knew what he was talking about.

High elves were divine beings.

They were like the emotional anchor of the elves.

Because they were told to have the blessings of the moon, they had the tattoo of a moon symbol on their body.

However, their numbers were so small that the elves had to protect them.

The elder was just a figurehead.

The true leaders were the high elves.

If the elder shook his head right then, he would have no choice but to find it forcefully.

But, thankfully, the elder didn't do this.

"We do."

He spoke calmly without any confusion or surprise.

As expected. Muyoung nodded his head.

"Bring it to me."

As Muyoung spoke, the elder gave a look to an elf behind him.

The elf behind him instantly got up and quickly disappeared to someplace.

'The Spring of Light became known through high elves.'

The Spring of Light. And the Light Dragon Shandalton.

They were all not very known in the past.

They were mentioned sometimes just from someplace.

Nonetheless, they were known due to the high elves who manage the Spring of Light.

An adventurer passed out near the Spring of Light after a grave wound when a high elf approached the man and gave him a potion.

But, this potion wasn't ordinary, it was an elixir.

An elixir.

A treasure among treasures that was told to save a life as long as the person wasn't already dead!

The more surprising thing was that the high elf didn't just have one but a few bottles of it.

The adventurer got greedy but after looking at the place where the moon tattoo was engraved, he gave up.

"I'm Ain."

A beautiful woman who graciously bowed her head.

She had a moon symbol engraved on her forehead.

As the moon tattoo got closer to the head, it meant that the high elf was that much stronger.

Because she was given that great of a blessing, she couldn't help but be that strong.

Muyoung looked at the woman who introduced herself as Ain with a slight surprise.

"This place was safe until now because of you."

The fire dragons were hot-tempered.

There would be nothing weird if this place was already razed to the ground.

As they didn't have respect and have a reason, they wouldn't have left this place alone just because it was the land of

Shandalton.

However, the reason was right in front of him.

Ain. She was a superior high elf.

A being who was able to fight even a fire dragon.

Nevertheless, although she can't be an opponent against an ancient dragon like Arkisa, if Ain was to collaborate with the elves, they would be able to easily take down the fire dragon Muyoung had faced.

"My strength has all been exhausted. At most, I can stop once or twice more."

Ain pointed towards her pattern.

The pattern had lost most of the light.

There was circumstantial evidence that greater strength was used than gained when receiving the moonlight.

She spoke with a serious look.

"I heard there was something you wanted from me."

Ain looked at Muyoung.

A nobleness no other elf could come near.

It would have been difficult for a normal person to even meet her eyes but Muyoung's eyes were the same as hers.

"I need a 'leather that received the blessing of the moon' and some clothing made with that leather. I would like it if you would make them yourself."

There was no better leather to patch an armor than this.

The blessing of the moon. Even more, if it was from a high elf like Ain, the concentration itself would be different for that blessing.

The moon was also the strength of yin, so it would be a good

match with the strength of the Immortal King.

However, it was very rude for him to ask about this.

Elves normally didn't weave clothes for others.

They were known to make only their own clothing and the ones for their children and their spouse if they find someone they want to live the rest of their life with.

"That's... not possible."

The elder stepped up.

Muyoung frowned.

"I wasn't speaking to you. This also isn't a favor."

Muyoung's whole body was in flames.

Then, a strong murderous spirit surrounded the place.

"Cough..."

"Grrrrrk."

The elves fell one by one as they grabbed their chest.

However, Muyoung's eyes only looked at Ain.

Then, Ain replied.

"I understand. I'll make the clothes for you myself."

"Ain!"

"Elder, it's alright. It's just weaving clothes. He isn't an elf, no?"

Ain also didn't put too much meaning behind it.

This type of tradition only applied to elves.

Muyoung wasn't an elf and therefore, wasn't accountable for tradition.

Muyoung didn't care what kind of interpretation was given.

He just cared about whether or not she would make the materials for the Immortal King's equipment.

Muyoung once again absorbed the flames.

He also killed his murderous spirit.

Then, the elves were able to breathe.

“However, to do this, I need to measure your size. Would it be okay if I touch your body for a moment?”

“You may.”

“Then, I’ll visit once I arrange everything I need.”

Muyoung nodded his head.

Then, turned his body and went back into his house.

The elves worked hard to make Muyoung as comfortable as he could be.

The fire dragons didn’t invade every day.

Thanks to this, Muyoung was able to rest although he didn’t plan on doing so.

Tap.

Muyoung cast a fishing line on the Spring of Light.

‘Fishing.’

He was in thought for a moment as he hanged a fishing rod made of bamboo.

Fishing for fish and not humans.

From his memories, this was something he hadn’t done before.

While Ain measured his size and made his leather, she asked Muyoung to get her a sacrifice needed to place the blessing of the moon.

‘The fish caught is different depending on whose fishing at the Spring of Light.’

He wasn’t sure if this was true.

When it was decided, he would always catch a certain fish.

So, Muyoung needed to catch his own fish.

He wanted to just smash down on the spring and pick up a dead fish, but this fish was necessary for a ‘sacrifice’.

He needed to find a fish that matched him, and was alive.

However, no matter how much time had passed, the fishing rod didn’t move at all.

Was it due to the energy flowing from Muyoung?

However, from the outside, Muyoung looked very ordinary.

Unless he forcefully lets out his strength, no one would know of Muyoung’s true strength.

It wasn’t different for a fish.

That was why Muyoung had sat on one place for hours while looking at his fishing rod.

“Pa! Paa!!”

Snow joked around beside him.

After making a crown by weaving flowers, she placed it on top of Muyoung’s head.

At the same time, butterflies flew towards Snow.

Among them, a few butterflies sat on top of the crown Muyoung wore.

‘Huh…’

Muyoung was greatly surprised by this phenomenon.

Normally, no living thing would come near Muyoung because of his murderous spirit.

No matter how hard he tried to hide this energy, it showed that even small bugs avoided him.

However, now it could be hidden even if he was conscious of it.

By seeing how butterflies approach him and sit on his head, it certainly seemed to be true.

<You have gained ‘tranquility’.>

<A stat that was suppressed has started to recover.> <Stamina has increased by ‘1’.>

A suppressed stat?

Muyong tilted his head for a moment and soon realized.

‘Did I just run too much until now?’

He just ran crazily until now.

Thanks to this, he became that much stronger, but it seemed like he needed a rest.

Nonetheless, there wasn’t a time he rested like this after he had returned from his memories.

Muyoung tried to enjoy this rest although it may be short.

‘It’s hard.’

Despite all this, he felt anxious as he stayed still.

Laughter came out as he thought he couldn’t even fully enjoy a period of rest.

At the same time.

Ring!

The fishing rod shook.

Muyoung quickly raised the fishing rod.

‘It’s big.’

He could feel the size of the fish as soon as he grabbed hold of the fishing rod.

A heavy feel.

Thud! Thug!

At long last, when he raised his fishing rod, a huge fish collapsed in front of Muyoung.

The size was so big that it seemed that it was at least 20m long.

<You have caught the guardian of the Spring of Light ‘Ballon d’Or’.>

# Chapter 181: The traces of Diablo (4)

A giant body.

If it wasn't Muyoung, it wouldn't be possible to catch it with just a crude fishing rod.

Like the technique of riding the river on a leaf, the technique of reeling in the catch required complete control of your strength, but to Muyoung it was as easy as breathing.

'The Guardian of the Spring of Light, Ballon d'Or.'

However, what interested Muyoung were the words that popped up.

For it to be the guardian of the Spring of Light.

Did you just catch fishes that were in sync with the person fishing at the Spring of Light?

Or it might mean that only it was the only fish that was able to handle Muyoung.

Because he wasn't sure, he tossed his rod once again and instantly, a fish started to bite.

<You have caught 'the baby of Ballon d'Or.> After Ballon d'Or was caught, the next fish was its baby.

The size of the baby fish was only up to Muyoung's shoulders.

Gulp! Gulp!

Ballon d'Or continuously moved its mouth.

When Muyoung caught its baby, its movement became more violent.

It was surprising for a fish to have a name but for it to be a guardian.

Muyoung spoke as he released its baby.

“I need you to be the sacrifice.”

Although it might be a guardian, it was no more than a sacrifice as it was caught for that use.

The results might be worthwhile to look forward to if the fish he had caught was this great to be used as a sacrifice for the blessing of a moon.

Graaaaaaag!

The Ballon d’Or tried to go back into the spring as it moved its body.

It was like a last-ditch effort.

But, because it was so big, even the ground shook.

‘I should make it unconscious before I take it back.’

Muyoung lightly clenched his fist and punched Ballon d’Or’s side.

Thud!?

Ballon d’Or’s side curved in quite a bit.

At the same time, Ballon d’Or’s body stretched out.

Muyoung grabbed Ballon d’Or’s tail.

Thump!

Then, he started to move as it dragged on the ground.

Gulp!

With her eyes widened, Ain raised her head.

As if she couldn’t believe her eyes when she saw Ballon d’Or.

This was also the same for other elves in the surrounding.

“Ballon d’Or…!”

“Oh my gosh! For the Guardian of the Spring!”

The elves thought highly of Ballon d’Or.

The reason was simple.

Few hundred years ago, before Shandalton started to live at this place, Ballon d'Or had lived at this spring. It was the oldest and most mysterious fish that no one had caught.

So, the elves even gave food to Ballon d'Or whenever they went to the spring to pray.

But now, that mystery had been solved.

The mysterious fish that no one could catch and instead ate up 20,000 people who tried to catch it was right now shown in front of everyone in broad daylight.

"How, how did you catch it?"

How did he catch it?

Muyoung handed his fishing rod.

"You caught it with this fishing rod? That can't be possible..."

High elf Ain was still in disbelief.

Did she think Muyoung had forcibly caught Ballon d'Or?

It was better to show them than to explain it to them.

He once again tossed the fishing rod he held.

Then with a 'thud' sound, the rock on the other side was pierced through.

"In conclusion, it was about movement and the balance of strength.

Muyoung was very confident in the movement and balance of strength.

As he needed to do those things well in order to hide his body and erase his presence.

However, Ain still couldn't say anything.

She also knew that Muyoung didn't use any magical powers or

any other tricks.

A fishing rod made out of bamboo pierced through a huge rock and popped out on the other side. Logically, it wasn't possible.

Muyoung slightly frowned as he pointed towards Ballon d'Or.

"Offering."

"We, we can't sacrifice the guardian as an offering."

"You said that you would sacrifice what I caught."

"I certainly did say that but... for this to happen..."

All mountains, rivers, etc. had owners.

Ballon d'Or was the owner of this Spring of Light.

Although Shandalton took his spot that didn't really change anything.

And by looking at the nature of elves who lived around the Spring of Light, it seemed like they couldn't kill and sacrifice Ballon d'Or, and only could thank it.

Of course, he was going to understand their respect for it but they couldn't force the same thing to Muyoung.

As for Muyoung, Ballon d'Or was just a slightly big fish.

"Its baby is already in the spring. If I can't sacrifice Ballon d'Or, I shall sacrifice its baby."

It was the only compromise he was going to make.

If Ballon d'Or was the guardian, its baby was just a slightly big fish.

However, it still morally troubled their minds.

Elves couldn't do one thing or another.

Grrrawwwwwl!

Then, the awakened Ballon d'Or cried loudly.

“The guardian says to use it as a sacrifice.”

Ain who raised one of her ears started to speak.

Muyoung spoke as he grinned.

“Did you understand it?”

“It is mind communication.”

Mind communication. It was like understanding of the opponent.

High elves had high empathy. As they tend to accept everything from their opponents, they normally died fast. That was also the reason why there were only a very few of them in number.

Normally, high elves were limited to people or animals, but Ain seemed to be able to communicate even with a fish.

“You take care of the rest.”

Muyoung turned his back.

Now was the time for him to retract the footsteps of Diablo.

He went around the spring once.

However, he was unable to feel anything that resembled his footsteps.

‘Although I can’t feel it, the fire dragons can?’

Until now, Ain and the elves stopped the fire dragons with their strength.

However, the fire dragons were continuously after the spring and attacked.

It meant that there were after something specific.

And it was highly likely that it was related to Diablo.

Nevertheless, it wasn’t like he could just wait for the fire dragons to appear.

A rest in a while was definitely great but to Muyoung, rest was virtually torture.

“Pa!”

Snow leaped around Muyoung.

After eating up a young fire dragon, she was more energetic.

The red wings that appeared caught his eyes more.

“Do you know what the fire dragons are looking for?”

Snow ate a fire dragon.

Perhaps she might know what the fire dragons were after.

However, it was a bit awkward to ask.

It was because he was still unsure how to deal with Snow.

Of course, he didn’t have much expectation.

After she was born again, everything was reset for Snow. Her memories and her ability to speak didn’t return to normal. There were a lot of times when she couldn’t even understand Muyoung’s words.

Humm?

Snow stopped for a moment.

“Pa! Paa!”

Then, she grabbed Muyoung’s hand and started to move.

‘Did she understand?’

Muyoung moved and for now acted as Snow wanted him to.

***

Through instinctive attractions, the Fire Dragon Muspell settled near the Spring of Light.

The attraction that led it. It wasn’t only for Muspell.

There were at least 10 fire dragons that gathered near this place.

They also arrived near the Spring of Light as they followed their instincts like Muspell.

However, Muspell tried his best to contain its instinct.

It was because he was quite older than other dragons.

He was an adult dragon that lived for thousands of years.

On top, there was a need to approach the spring more carefully.

‘For there to be such a high elf.’

The high elf in the Spring of Light was strong. It was difficult for one dragon to attack.

But, the dragons didn’t normally work together. They existed and acted on their own.

If they gathered their strength, they would have already conquered the Spring of Light.

However, they had no thoughts of doing so.

‘Not too long ago, a young fire dragon had died.’

All the fire dragons knew that one among them had been killed at the Spring of Light.

He was unsure if the elves killed it or something else but this was important information.

So, Muspell gathered all the creatures in the surrounding.

The numbers that were gathered reached a certain level.

‘It hurts my pride to fight mere elves but…’

Muspell wanted to find out what was leading him here.

To do this, he needed to know how to remove a bit of pride.

If it was a fire dragon with a brain like Muspell, they would also do the same thing.

‘If there are this many in number, we can just wipe out all the elves.’

Muspell was pleased. Either way, he did gather fighting power and he would be able to gain a result faster than other fire dragons.

Keyaaaack!

Shhiiickk!

It was at that moment.

From afar, he was able to hear cries of monsters.

Muspell spread its wings.

And ran out of his dwelling and went towards where the screaming came from.

‘That is?’

“Pa! Pa!”

Clap clap clap!

A girl clapped her hands.

A human was slaughtering monsters with a sword.

‘Bastard…!’

They were monsters he scraped up.

He literally gathered all the monsters in his surrounding.

The monsters that were supposed to face the elves were dying off by the hands of some unknown human.

How could Muspell not get mad?

On top, he was a fire dragon. Once he got mad, he needed to release his anger.

Blaaaze!

He let out a breath of fierce fire.

The breath of Muspell who lived thousands of years could erase even a mountain.

‘Oh dear, I was too worked up.’

The problem was due to this, he burned up all the surrounding monsters.

Almost a hundred monsters burned with only their bones left.

It was when Muspell was planning to head back after believing he had repelled the invader.

“You have led me to a fire dragon, and not Diablo.”

Muspell looked into the flames.

As the man stretched out his hand, he sucked in all of Muspell’s flames into his hand.

Muspell was able to see it.

The appearance of his flames flowing and absorbing into the man’s body as if it was nutrients to him.

How dare he absorb his flames!

Kyaaah!

Muspell burned up.

He let out a horrible shriek and once again breathed out.

This time, he didn’t look back.

Maximum output!

His breath really did have the powers to even blast off a mountain.

“Tasty.”

However, the man was fine.

He wasn’t just fine, he even made a remark about the flames as he tasted it with his tongue.

It was tasty?

Not painful or scary, but tasty?

Muspell was dumbfounded. His ego took a hit.

‘What’s with that man?’

It was the first time he experienced something like this.

There was rarely anyone who survived after they received his breath while he was living for thousands of years.

Even more, there weren't any who absorbed his flames.

Afterwards, the man looked at Muspell and spoke.

"Fire dragon hunting isn't bad at all."

The man smacked his lips.

At the same time, the man jumped up.

No, when Muspell thought he jumped up, the man stood beside him.

Three pairs of grey wings spread as it spread light.

Thud!

Muspell's body greatly shook.

It was painful!

His body let out a cry.

His scales were torn off and his flesh was dug out.

Although he was just hit once, he was able to feel the difference in their strength.

'He isn't a human!'

Even though Muspell thought the man was human, by looking at the wings that sprouted, he could never be human.

The man wasn't anything at all.

Muspell was unable to figure out what he was.

However, the flames within Muspell shivered.

He quickly used magic to the light of tens of thousands of flames into the surrounding.

Explosions of light that exploded on impact and ripped apart bodies!

This type of flame was Muspell's specialty. There wasn't anyone who pierced through his explosions of fire.

But, the thing he faced fearlessly held one of the flames that were thrown and grabbed it with his hand.

And swallowed it as is.

Gulp!

"This flame tastes like really fermented kimchi."

The flame didn't explode.

The moment he swallowed it, it instantly became nutrients.

Even further, he kept making remarks about the taste of the flames.

Although Muspell didn't know what fermented kimchi was, this was unheard of.

The unknown was fear. Muspell hasn't felt fear in a very long time.

That was right. The man seemed to be fire itself.

Muspell felt like the man was closer to its essence than a fire dragon like himself.

Muspell spread his wings and began to run away.

# Chapter 182: The traces of Diablo (End)

Muspell was astonished. Even his speed was no match. His main skills also didn't work at all.

The current Muyoung was like the fire dragons' natural enemy.

The power flowing from Muyoung's small frame was even stronger than the power of Muspell's overwhelmingly large body.

Moreover, unless the flame was exceedingly pure it would not damage Muyoung at all.

'This fellow is a dangerous guy.'

It was truly Fire Magic. He might be the God of Fire.

Although there was no match for a dragon's fire because of its purity, it was a mistake that his opponent was Muyoung of all people.

A type of foe he had never encountered before!

Muspell, who felt threatened, wracked his brains.

The heart of a dragon was filled with power.

It was the same as the origin of a dragon.

After all, if a dragon of Muspell's caliber squeezed out the power of his heart, its destructive power would be beyond imagination.

Shudder!

For a short moment, gooseflesh rose on Muyoung's entire body.

His instincts were telling him that this fire would be dangerous if it hit him directly.

However, Muyoung smiled all the more.

'I wonder what it will taste like.'

It was the power from giving his all. Every cell of his heart and body was trying to oppose Muyoung.

What would that kind of flame taste like?

Muyoung was not a gourmet connoisseur, but he was suddenly curious.

This was because it was an unfamiliar experience. And Muyoung didn't view this novelty negatively. On the contrary, the many experiences of failure helped him to make his 'Muyoung sword'.

Kwaaaaaaang!

Muspell shot off an intense flame.

It was more like a beam than a flame.

The sky shook and the clouds were penetrated as it reached Muyoung.

'It might be dangerous to be hit directly, but...'

To sum it up, it would be okay as long as he wasn't hit directly.

Muyoung's 'Divine Flame' blazed.

He then rotated it around himself.

Fire attracts fire.

The setting of a counter-fire.

<'Thorn Formation' skill has been used.> <All resistance has greatly increased.> <Instead, agility has been greatly reduced.> Muyoung used his 'Thorn Formation' skill despite this.

Thorn Formation was a skill that decreased agility but in exchange, greatly increased physical and magical resistance.

Then he wrapped himself in Gabriel's wings.

Kwaaaang!

The fire dragon, Muspell, gushed flames perpetually.

However, Muyoung was not overpowered. The flames that had been flying in a straight line were blocked by Muyoung and split in two.

There was gradual overheating, but not to an extent that he couldn't withstand it.

'It's delicious.'

In the meantime, Muyoung was savoring the flavor of the flames Muspell shot.

There was a little strain on his body, but when he tasted Muspell's flames all his worries were forgotten at once.

In addition, his skin absorbed the flames then shrank and expanded repeatedly.

Surprisingly, Muspell's real flame tasted like smoked pork. There was also the ecstatic feeling of eating when one was extremely hungry.

<You can enjoy the flavor of fire.>

<Pure Strength has increased by '5'.> <Pure Stamina has increased by '8'.>

<All pure abilities have been increased by '1' due to the taste calibration effect.> Taste calibration effect?

'There's all sorts of things.'

Muyoung couldn't help but grin.

The taste Muyoung experienced was incomparable next to that of a true gourmet connoisseur, however, all his stats had gone up by 1.

If he tasted and felt many things, he was more likely to get additional effects.

—How could my essence be stopped?!

After spewing out all of his flames, Muspell was in despair.

The fire's essence was no different from the final move, or the hidden move.

However, it had been blocked. Also, it had been blocked from the

front.

Muspell's ego suffered a severe blow and he was forced to feel even more terror.

"It's over."

Muyoung released his Thorn Formation skill.

There seemed to be no more 'flavor' to be gained from the fire dragon.

However, there was much to be gained from this fire dragon's corpse.

'It's not ancient-class, but it's the level right beneath that.'

The ancient-classes were not common, so it seemed he should be satisfied with this much.

Furthermore, none of the dragons that took part in this event seemed to be of the ancient class.

If there were, no matter how strong high-elf Ain was, she would not have been able to stop them.

As such, the gap between general and ancient dragons was huge.

The ancient class.

It meant that a dragon had aged at least ten thousand years.

Dragons shed their bodies once again depending on their age.

You could say that they shedded their last scales.

Although gaps existed with such ancient dragons, they were so strong they were incomparable to normal adult dragons.

'If the quality isn't good, I have to go with quantity.'

In no time, Muyoung was calculating the quality of the dragon.

It was a novel experience for a dragon to see him and run away.

Maybe it was because he had already surpassed the strength of his past life.

Although they weren't exciting, it was clear that there was a wider range of choices to choose from.

Swoong!

Muyoung unsheathed Anguish and gripped it.

At the same time, a huge horn rose on top of his head.

It looked like Diabolo's mountain goat horn.

'32 times.'

He could maintain it for less than 1 second at best.

However, the time Muyoung could feel was more than 30 seconds.

Anguish danced. And then about 20 seconds later, the acceleration was released.

Kwaaaaak!

Muspell screamed.

Chwaaak!

All over his body, his scales were penetrated, and blood spurted from hundreds of thousands of holes.

Even a dragon would die if he suffered this level of damage.

'This is still a bit difficult.'

32 times was too fast. Muyoung's body could barely withstand it.

'I need more strength or stamina.'

To use it properly, he would have to increase his strength and stamina stats.

He only accelerated for about 20 seconds, but his body was filled with pain.

Thuddd!

Soon, Muspell's enormous body slammed into the ground.

Muyoung slowly flew over it and reached out his hand.

‘The Art of Death.’

<Fire dragon Muspell has become an undead.> <You have made a dragon into an undead after killing it for the first time.> <Fire dragon Muspell has a personality as explosive as a volcano.> <Art of Death skill rank is A+++.>

<Art score is 93 points!>

<’Fire Bone Dragon’ is complete.>

Name: Muspell

Strength (495) Agility (480) Stamina ( 510) Intelligence (450) Wisdom (450) Fire-Attribute (550) Magical Resistance (550)

Tendency: Fire Bone Dragon

Overall Level: 510

+Ability to use Flame Cresting, Flame Baptism, High-Speed Flight, and Fire Dragon Breath skills.

His skin burned and fell off.

A powerful flame was laid around the bone dragon, of which only the skeleton remained.

Kuooooooh!

As if saluting his birth, the bone dragon spewed flames.

Indeed!

Muyoung nodded his head contentedly.

The first. And because of the calibration effect of the skill rank, Muspell was stronger than he was when he’d been alive.

If it hadn’t been the first time, the overall level would not have exceeded 500.

‘This is not the end.’

Muyoung looked at Snow, who was far away from him.

“Pa?”

He didn’t really care, but it seemed that Snow had taken a direct hit.

The clothes on her entire body were half burnt.

However, there was no effect on her body.

‘Is it because she absorbed the dragon?’

Snow ate a whole fire dragon. As a result, a red wing also flew out. It wasn’t strange that her flame resistance was so high.

Her half-burned clothes suggested that she had not taken a direct hit.

Even if she had devoured a fire dragon, she would not have been safe if she had been shot directly with Muspell’s essence.

“Blaaze!”

Snow hurriedly made her way to Muyoung’s side and opened her mouth wide. Then, a small flame came out of her mouth.

“Cough! Cough! Ummm.”

It seemed like an imitation of a dragon, but that was all.

Muyoung spoke to Snow.

“Where is the next fire dragon?”

Before he knew it, Snow became Muyoung’s detector.

Quantity if not quality!

Literally.

Muyoung didn’t wait.

Why wait for the enemy to come when he had a detector that could find fire dragons?

Rather, it was better for him to go.

And that way he could hunt easier.

Dragons didn’t unite well and clearly tended to avoid each other.

‘The Art of Death.’

He reached out his hand to the corpse of a dead fire dragon.

Then, black energy came out of Muyoung’s hand and surrounded the fire dragon.

<Fire dragon Asius has become an undead.> <As a result, the fifth fire dragon became an undead.> <’Fire Dragon Throng (S)’ has been completed. Summoning all at once has the additional effect of raising all dragons’ ability stats by +5.> <With user [Muyoung]’s ability, up to 10 fire dragons can be kept.> <The Art of Death skill rank has been upgraded! A+++ -> S> <The effect of complete victory, ‘Death Shepherd King’ has been acquired.> <The name ‘Spirit of Death’ has transformed into ‘Power of Death’.> Title: Death Shepherd King

Class: S

Effect: Power of death +50. Strengthens undead according to the power of death ability. 0.1% per 4, and 12.5% at 500.

Five fire dragons that were surrounded in flames roamed around Muyoung.

There were now five spots remaining.

Apparently, he couldn’t make an unlimited number of dragon monsters into an undead.

Indeed, if it had been possible, thus far Muyoung would have been searching for tombs where corpses were instead of becoming stronger and killing enemies.

Bone dragon.

A top-ranking undead.

Certainly, the strength needed in creating and maintaining undead was extraordinary.

However, rather than that, the new complete victory effect that he'd gained caught Muyoung's eye.

'Death Shepherd King.'

Did this mean he now possessed a king's army?

The name itself was not ordinary.

In addition, the Spirit of Death had changed to Power of Death and had gained additional benefits.

Since the Spirit Ability was about 450, it would now be over 500 if these 50 points were added.

It meant that the abilities of the undead that Muyoung had just created and those he owned would increase by 12 – 13%.

'There are still around five more left.'

Muyoung's gaze was different.

It shone more deeply.

It wasn't just about 10%. It was as much as 10%.

12 – 13% was not to be thought of lightly.

The stronger the species and the higher the ability, the brighter the effect.

This was because if the ability exceeded 500, then the difference of 1 would no longer be a simple difference of 1.

12% could become 24%.

That was why he had to make a strong monster into an undead.

Of course, it would have been perfect if there had been an ancient dragon, but this much was enough to satisfy him.

Also, this meant that the majority of Muyoung's undead was able to receive much more privilege.

Not 500, but Muyoung had quite a few undead that exceeded ability scores of 400.

Muyoung made the fifth dragon into a bone dragon and moved on.

It was at that moment.

Muyoung sensed something strange and turned around.

Hwaaaaaaak!

At the same time, a huge pillar of fire shot up from the Fountain of Light.

The pillar of fire reached the sky and was large enough to swallow the entire fountain.

Muyoung wiped his chin at the sight.

The power felt from the pillar of fire itself was unusual.

It wasn't difficult to identify the pillar of fire because it was familiar and somehow he felt a kinship with it.

'The footprints left by Diabolo!'

The thing he had searched for but had not been able to find.

Unable to find it, Muyoung had gone fishing for it. Then, he went on a fire dragon hunting expedition.

But that was exactly what Muyoung had been after.

Something left by Diabolo. It was the mark that he was passing by.

He couldn't believe that Diabolos would actually show up there!

Muyoung was very grateful for this.

# Chapter 183: Fire Spirit King Ifrit (1)

It was not an ordinary explosion.

A great explosion!

Due to the extreme purity of the flame, something was summoned along with a crack.

The thing that was summoned also had a pure but shapeless flame.

It was truly the essence of fire itself.

It came from a place in the depths of a fountain. The thing that existed, not within the spring, but further inside the ground had now come onto the surface.

It was reasonable for Muyoung to not notice.

“Aaah… Fire Spirit King Ifrit!”

Ain’s eyes shook.

There were countless spirits, but the Spirit Kings had been named since ancient times.

The Fire Spirit King always used the name ‘Ifrit’.

As the name was inherited indefinitely, the power of a spirit king was strong. However, thus far, there were no instances of a spirit king being summoned into the Underworld.

Diabolo was irregular. He was also a being that never used to exist in the Underworld.

The being that created variables by making cracks was precisely Diabolo.

And Ifrit was one of the variables created by Diabolo.

Intentionally or not, he was summoned to follow Diabolo’s fire.

Following the whisper of the moon, Ain could identify the spirit

king’s existence at a glance.

Hwaaaaak!

There was no comparing it to the flame of a mere fire dragon.

A flame that set everything on fire.

She didn’t dare even think of approaching it.

Creak?

Craaaack!

Countless spirits sprang out from the great divide.

Spirits from the lowest class to the highest, of a number expected to be in the thousands!

“O Spirit King! For what reason have you descended to this place?”

The spirit king was the reason for the fire dragons’ raid on this place.

Even though Diabolo’s flames were hidden beneath the fountain, the fire dragons were instinctively attracted to its matchless purity.

Ain was in a hurry. At this rate, it would be the end of the Spring of Light. The people who had conquered and were living in this place would walk the path to extinction once and for all.

So Ain stood in front of the great divide.

She was a high elf. Her communication skills were extremely exceptional. The spirits did not attack her.

Instead, a large man appeared in front of her.

His stature appeared to be way above 2m. His muscles were covered in long red hair, and his entire body was blazing.

“His flames crave destruction.”

“Who the hell is he? Why does he want to burn everything?”

“I was summoned following his flames, and the contract was completed. In the future, many more unusual things will be summoned besides me. Pitiful high elf, does that answer suffice?”

Ifrit respected Ain, the top ranking high elf.

Naturally, whatever was in front of him would have burned up instantly, but the high elf could interact with everything. Of course, it was possible to communicate with Ifrit in some way.

And Ain saw Ifrit’s inner craving for destruction.

The appetite for destruction was not Ifrit’s. It belonged to ‘He’ who had contracted him. However, the craving was so strong that even Ifrit was infected.

Truly terrifying…

Gulp!

Ain swallowed her saliva.

At that moment, she knew that nothing would work.

“Be prudent, I beg of you. I give you my life, so please spare just my tribe.”

She fell to her knees.

Ain was that desperate.

The destruction of the Spring of Light was determined once Ifrit decided to do so.

Furthermore, everything in the area would start to burn.

However, there was a little bit of hope that they could avoid the effects of the fire. At the very least, the tribe’s elves could survive and get out.

However, Ifrit refused.

“I am going to burn it all. No one can escape my fire.”

Ifrit had infinite confidence in his flame.

The number of spirits that came out reached a hundred thousand. Spirits continued to crawl out of the great divide.

This kind of military power was of a standard close to the ‘Seven Mountains’.

It referred to the Demon Kings that possessed seven enormous mountains.

There were three criteria for classifying the highest grade Demon Kings.

Seven mountains.

Six lords.

Five stars.

In that number alone, even among the Demon Kings, only the most outstanding 18 met the criteria.

Among those, Seven Mountains was the lowest, but it couldn’t be ignored.

Some people described it as Seven Mountains, Six Lords, Five Stars, but it meant that his influence was that strong.

“I beg you…!”

Ain saw Ifrit’s craving for destruction.

She knew that he would never stop.

Eve so, Ain could not stop either.

Soon, a huge fireball shot up along Ifrit’s hand.

The fireball emitted a light as bright as the sun.

Everyone that had been watching closed their eyes, and at the same time, Ifrit threw the fireball.

‘Aaah!’

Ain screamed and closed her eyes.

The string was pulled.

Now there was no one who could stop Ifrit.

Swaaaak!

But the explosion did not happen.

Only the sound of a strong wind filled the air.

Then Ain, who sensed something strange, opened her eyes.

A man stood in front of her.

With a longsword clenched in his hand.

‘Lord Muyoung!’

She couldn’t believe it.

Muyoung was a foreigner. Furthermore, she thought of him as an ancient dragon.

Dragons were not the kind to take pleasure in adventure. If it was not even their territory, they would not risk danger.

She was assuming that Muyoung had already departed.

Even so, Muyoung had stopped Ifrit.

Also, he was not alone.

There were five undead around him.

Kyaaaaa!

The Fire Bone Dragons screeched.

The shapeless spirits were biting and swallowing while using fire to defend against fire.

“Strange. I can feel ‘His’ fire coming from you.”

Even Ifrit hesitated.

The familiar energy that he felt coming from Muyoung definitely belonged to ‘Him’.

But Muyoung was a completely different being to ‘Him’... to Diabolo.

“Diabolo is also my prey. You are merely the process.”

Muyoung said in a taciturn manner.

When Diabolo’s name was mentioned, Ifrit looked at Muyoung with interest.

‘Your fire is pure, but it cannot match even mine. I am the king of all fire.”

He didn’t deny it.

Muyoung simply had no intention of beating him with fire alone.

Of course, he intended to use all of his ‘powers’ to knock him down.

For example, getting rid of the fireball by seeing the grain and using Anguish’s power.

‘There is a grain in everything.’

In fact, for Muyoung, fire was only the beginning of his secondary abilities.

An unfamiliar power that he had only just acquired.

However, Muyoung’s true power was in none other than this one sword.

Swoong!

Anguish cried.

*

<Due to Diabolo’s flames, the Fire Spirit King ‘Ifrit’ was summoned to the ‘Fountain of Light’.> <Ifrit craves the destruction of the world.> <Stop Ifrit! Rewards will be awarded according to the level of contribution.> The castle closest to the Fountain of Light.

A noble castle!

Most of the nobility were concentrated in the noble castle. The

noble castle was the only place comparable to the Great City.

The words floated up for all the people residing there.

“Ifrit?”

“Is Diabolo the cause this time too?”

“It’s nonstop.”

The people who saw the words clicked their tongues.

They accepted it as if this type of thing hadn’t just happened once or twice.

In fact, there were many monsters that were summoned because of Diabolo. In cases where clearing it was possible, unimaginable rewards were received, however, there were more than five cities that had disappeared because they were unable to suppress it.

Even more, the bastards didn’t only attack places where people were.

There were also monsters that entered the Demon Gods’ territories and attacked the residents.

Daaeeeennnngg!

Bells rang everywhere.

It was a call to order for those belonging to clans to return.

It was for the immediate suppression of Ifrit.

If this type of matter was finished quickly it would be good. There were many cases where things became more complicated if time dragged on.

“What will happen to this world…”

“But didn’t Diabolo cause a Demon God to go extinct?”

“Haures. He was also a Demon God that handled fire.”

It seemed that what Diablo wanted was really the destruction of the world.

He had destroyed five cities, and even worse, he had killed Haures.

Diablo had no enemies or allies.

Therefore he was even more dangerous.

It made his future actions completely unpredictable.

It was like walking past a nuclear bomb.

***

Thud!

“Are you blind or something… gasp!”

At that moment, a peddler bumped into a man whose body was covered in a shabby cloak.

However, the moment the peddler saw the man’s eyes, he backed away in fright.

The man in the shabby cloak only revealed two black pupils.

“B-Be careful!”

The peddler fled as if escaping.

The man loitered around unconcernedly.

‘The Fountain of Light.’

The man adjusted the longsword at his waist.

Then, he left the Noble City and headed in the direction of the Fountain of Light.

‘It’s has already been two years.’

As soon as he was out of the noble castle, the man took off his cloak.

Then, there was no flesh on the body that was revealed.

Only bones!

A Death Knight composed of only bones.

He was none other than Tacan.

‘Where are you…?’

Two years had passed since his owner Muyoung had disappeared.

Two years later, the strong discipline that had tied them together had also weakened.

The connection between them had also slackened.

However, all the undead, starting with Tacan, were looking for Muyoung.

Muyoung was their master and their goal. There were few undead that followed Muyoung without a story.

Tacan especially interfered in all activity involving Diabolo. However, two years had already passed, and he had been unable to find Muyoung’s whereabouts.

However, he never thought Muyoung was dead. No one did.

No matter what, Muyoung would not die. He was like an immortal.

‘I have now become strong enough to have a match with you.’

Tacan had grown rapidly in two years.

He found and sparred with the people that were called strong and absorbed everything from them.

Even worse, a considerable number of those who were called 10 strongest had met Tacan.

However, Muyoung, who was his true objective, had disappeared and thrown him away.

He couldn’t give up until he fought this match properly.

***

Thud!

Gabriel’s spear stuck into the ground.

Gabriel's spear was not a physical substance.

There was a prophecy, but Muyoung already had it. Muyoung had awakened Gabriel's spear on Suicide Hill, so the prophecy could not have been a lie.

At any rate, Gabriel's spear had transformed into a powerful skill that could suppress an opponent.

As the spear stuck into the ground, all the spirits stopped moving.

The only things that could move unimpeded in this space were Muyoung and Ifrit!

The top class spirits tried to move under the restrictions, but the five Fire Bone Dragons blocked them.

Swoong!

Anguish moved leisurely.

Like that, it flowed freely again in one moment, and then quickly advanced.

It seemed to be dancing, but it was brutally practical. It was incredibly free.

All 'grains' were within range of the Muyoung Sword.

The Muyoung Sword had found a rival for the first time.

"Are you the one who reached 'extremity'?"

Ifrit was impressed.

He was fire. He was that pure. When it reached extremity, everything was pure.

He spoke with a sense of kinship and awe.

But Muyoung grinned.

Extremity?

"It's still a long way off."

The Muyoung Sword was still incomplete.

If all Muyoung's knowledge, the knowledge from Gabriel's spear and the senses awakened by pure fire were combined, it would only be about fifty per cent.

The remaining half was being made.

Perhaps this number was also incorrect.

To that extent, there were no limits to the sword that Muyoung made.

"I hope..."

A smiling Muyoung looked at Ifrit.

And he spoke with a matchlessly urgent expression.

"You don't fall until I have finished wielding my sword."

# Chapter 184: Fire Spirit King Ifrit (End)

Muyoung Sword was a swordsmanship made up of a total of 100 strikes.

Muyoung had finished 50 strikes among them.

Would Ifrit be able to withstand all 50 strikes?

Muyoung was curious. How powerful was the swordsmanship he had created?

He had created this swordsmanship by combining all his knowledge, the experience he had gained at Diablo's Altar, and the fire and Gabriel's Spear he had earned.

There were lots of things he had gained but among them, his most favorite of them all was, of course, Muyoung Sword.

The swordsmanship that contained Muyoung's life itself!

'Enlightenment is like an instant.'

However, to reach enlightenment, it took a long time.

Within the source of fire, Muyoung had been wandering around for a long time.

He fought with the evil that resided inside him, and after wandering for a long time, he had now found his place.

Quite a bit of time in the real world would have passed as well.

From now on, Muyoung was going to correct all his past mistakes.

The mistakes that he made and those made by humanity, everything.

Although he couldn't say all the things he did were correct...

'Muyoung, I'm different from you. I'll live my own life.'

In the past, when Muyoung was Yooyoung.

There was another Muyoung that existed within his memories before he was brainwashed.

Although he had died in this life due to Muyoung, Muyoung didn't have any regrets or guilt.

As he also would want that from him.

However, Muyoung wasn't planning to die again.

He wasn't planning to give up what he had either.

Infinite freedom. Muyoung could become anything.

'You are that first step.'

He swung his sword.

Swoosh!

Anguish cried.

Ain's eyes widened.

She couldn't believe it.

The fire spirit was not in a bad relationship with the fire dragons.

If he was an ancient fire dragon, it was normal for him to not fight a being like the fire spirit king.

That should be the case but the two were crazily fighting each other.

Even more, the fire spirit king was the one lacking.

'Who is this person?'

She had never seen that sort of swordsmanship. She did see a couple of people who were considered geniuses in swordsmanship, but they were not even close to Muyoung's swordsmanship.

Only then did Ain change her thoughts.

That person wasn't a fire dragon.

A horn, wings, fire, and sword... a spear that could stop the

movements of spirits, and bone dragons.

She had never seen anyone that possessed this much power before.

Truly a being greater than a dragon!

Among them, the real deal was, of course, the sword.

It was like the sword owner himself.

Muyoung restlessly wielded his sword.

If you considered each move, it wasn't that threatening but, as if he was drawing a picture, it was flexible and elegant swordsmanship.

Even Ain who didn't know of swordsmanship was able to understand that when the picture was completed, even Spirit King Ifrit won't be able to survive this.

"Ha."

"...!"

Ain turned her head as she was startled.

Someone beside her had led out a sigh.

Even if she was unprepared, for her to not notice until the person stood next to her.

She was a high elf. She received the moon's blessing. Even if someone was to move secretly in the dark, she was able to know all about it.

However, the man that approached her from the side didn't show any presence.

She couldn't feel life within him.

Like a ghost.

'Death Knight!'

Yes, it was no different than a ghost.

An undead made out of just bones. A death knight which was known to be one of the strongest undead was standing beside Ain.

However, it wasn't a normal death knight.

In the past, Ain had seen a few death knights who controlled liches.

They were clearly strong, but they couldn't pressure Ain.

As Ain was strong enough to face most ancient dragons.

However... the death knight in front of her was different.

"Bastard. I was wondering where you went but you were staying at a place like this."

The death knight shook his head.

At the same time, Ain's empathy skill was fully demonstrated.

Unlike his tone, she felt his joy.

This feeling was like seeing a cat who just reunited with his owner.

He wasn't an enemy.

Rather, he was the opposite.

Ain was able to notice that the one the death knight thought of as his enemy was, instead, Ifrit.

Blaaaze!

Ain turned his head.

Red lights were pouring over Muyoung's head.

'An owner of a star!'

Star of the Absolute!

It was also different from the past. The red light was much stronger.

Ain couldn't help but close her eyes as she saw the intense light

that spanned the whole spring.

“You will die if you stay still.”

The death knight advised her.

Ain opened her eyes and at the same time, the death knight wielded his sword.

Slash!

The spirit was sliced.

Numerous spirits were slowly moving.

The death knight, Tacan was not going to stay still and watch “Although it’s annoying, it seems like he has created his own sword.”

Although he wasn’t smiling, he looked like he was smiling.

If he was a living being, he would have trembled with excitement.

Slash!

A half translucent spirit was sliced by Tacan’s sword.

Tacan’s sword was like a very tightly knitted web.

He restrained a few dozen, a few hundred spirits in his area and hunted them.

A swordsman who was at his peak.

Tacan’s sword was very exquisite. It became sharper.

“He became stronger.”

But, Tacan’s eyes were only looking at Muyoung’s and Ifrit’s fight.

Muyoung had disappeared for two years.

But, Muyoung had become so much stronger that the gap was insignificant.

As much as Tacan had become stronger?

Perhaps even more.

Tacan was able to see that Muyoung had become stronger mentally as well as physically.

After seeing Muyoung, he had been instantly reconnected.

Also, that connection had become stronger than before.

‘Most undead will trust you and follow you as their master again.’

Tacan was no different.

Just, he was more competitive than other undead.

‘Wouldn’t all the undead follow him like how I followed him at a glance…’

There wouldn’t be a lot of people who would instantly trust and follow a person who had disappeared for two years.

Tacan was able to believe after seeing Muyoung fight with Ifrit now but…

It was hard to think that all undead would be the same.

Nevertheless, Tacan was not worried at all.

‘This is enough.’

The current Muyoung was enough to erase all concerns.

1st strike, 2nd strike… 23rd strike, 24th strike…

“How could a strength that isn’t godly do something to me!”

Ifrit was taken back. His arrogant appearance from the beginning had slowly disappeared.

It could only be the case.

As more strikes were made through Muyoung’s Sword, it became stronger by multiple times.

Also, although there wasn't any godly strength, Muyoung himself was like a storage of godliness.

Luciferre. Diablo's Fire. Gabriel's Wings and Spear.

They all contained godliness, and besides Luciferre's strength, Muyoung was able to freely use them all.

If Muyoung was able to control this power a bit more maturely, he would be able to reach demigod level.

A true transcendental being.

What was more, Muyoung's Sword had everything melted within it.

The ability to even produce a huge injury on Ifrit's body.

At last, the 40th strike.

Craaack!

The fire was split.

One of Ifrit's arms had been cut off.

The fire that was cut off didn't regenerate.

It was because Muyoung had sliced the grains and cut off the connection.

Muyoung did not 'allow' the fire to reenter the area itself again.

Muyoung's Sword was inclusive of everything, but to be exact, it was a strength to control space.

The ability to erase space, ability Execution of Space!

"Receive the baptism of fire!"

Blaze! Brrawwwwl!

Small flames poured endlessly from the sky.

It was smaller in scale compared to Diablo, but it fell down condensed enough that it was enough to destroy everything thing it touched.

’41st strike.’

Swoosh!

With just 40 strikes, Ifrit’s defense was penetrated.

Muyoung understood his space and eroded it.

So, now it was completely Muyoung’s turn.

At the 41st strike, both of Ifrit’s arms flew off.

42nd strike. He cut out all the flames that dropped in his surroundings.

43rd strike. By using 32-fold acceleration, he used numerous formless strikes.

44th strike. Anguish had cut the space itself where Muyoung and Ifrit stood.

Then, the great explosion disappeared.

Ifrit’s body had started to become thinner.

“I won’t die! I’m…”

When spirits die, they just get summoned again.

By returning to the spirit world, he would get some rest and recover again.

And so, it was commonly known for spirits to not die.

As this occurs to even ordinary spirits, the spirit king would not die in ordinary ways.

However…

“Would that really be the case?”

Muyoung raised Anguish.

Ifrit said he doesn’t die?

There weren’t any beings like that. Everything died. Even beings that are known as immortals also died. Even gods face the

disappearance called death.

Towards a place not visible, Muyoung used Execution of Space.

So, in total, 45 strikes.

Muyoung cut off the pathway that connected Ifrit to another world.

“How could a mere human cut off space? This isn’t possible!”

Ifrit knew about Muyoung’s real identity. No matter how much strength he was able to use, there was always a form of the source.

However, that was why it was more unbelievable.

There were no events in the past where a human killed a spirit king.

That wasn’t all.

The Star of the Absolute scattered redder light.

Then, Ifrit’s body became dust and started to be absorbed into the star.

<The ‘Star of the Absolute’ has absorbed ‘Star of Fire’.> <The rank of ’Star of the Absolute’ has increased. S+ to S++> <Slayer of Kings has been activated. All pure stats have increased by 15.> <You have killed 65 types of kings. There are now 35 types left until 100.> Muyoung moved to reach into Ifrit’s body.

Then, he grabbed a fire residue that existed in the middle and poured it into his mouth.

<You are absorbing ‘spirit king’s fire residue’.> <True Fire Attributes has increased by 20.> <You have killed the Fire Spirit King, Ifrit.> <Contribution 200%>

<You have exceeded the gift that could be given by the Masters of Darkness.> <Death Lord has offered for you to be his true successor.> <Do you accept?>

<If you do accept, all classes would be deleted, and you can

become a ‘Death Lord’.> Lord Class, Death Lord.

Muyoung had just taken a few skills from Death Lord.

It was hard to say he was truly a Death Lord.

However, he had received the possibility to go beyond that and become a Death Lord himself.

“I refuse.”

However, Muyoung shook his head.

He was definitely covetous of Death Lord’s strength. If he was to accept it now, he could become much stronger than he was right now.

As all classes would disappear andd he would have only one.

However…

In this world, there was no offer that was just sweet.

The moment he becomes a Death Lord, he would need to give up his own path again.

Until now, Death Lord’s power just supported Muyoung.

But, he couldn’t become it itself.

It wasn’t just for Death Lord’s strength, but all strength was so.

It could be a supporting power, but it couldn’t be the main source of his power.

<You have refused Death Lord’s offer.> <Shadow Lord has offered for you to be his true successor.> <Do you accept?>

<If you do accept, all classes would be deleted, and you can become a ‘Shadow Lord’.> “I refuse.”

One by one, the names of the rest of Masters of Darkness had popped up.

The number was 10.

As there were 11 Masters of Darkness, it was all besides King

Slayer.

Although he was curious why this sort of offer was given all of a sudden, Muyoung had refused them all.

Even though their offer was definitely sweet, and the rewards they gave were also amazing, it wasn’t enough to give up Muyoung’s own uniqueness.