Chapter 508

Raon glared at Orgos, clenching his teeth.

Raon looked down at Orgos, clenched his teeth tightly. From his small, lean frame emanated a terrifying aura causing Raon to feel a chill run down his spine. A monster transcending ordinary limits, a being that had reached the state of transcendence.

"I've been looking forward to this."

Raon ignored Orgos's words and turned his back. He looked over the members of Light Wind, who were gathered under the *Silver Frost Aurora*.

None of the Light Wind members were uninjured, but the injuries of Burren, Runaan, and Mark Goetton were particularly severe.

Their shoulders, arms, eyes, abdomens, and thighs were all injured. It was astonishing that they were still alive.

However, Dorian at the back was in the most dire condition. Both arms and his right leg were completely shattered, and there was a fist-sized hole in his stomach. He likely couldn't even feel the pain now, his state was so severe that death wouldn't be surprising..

"Why...?"

Dorian shook his head.

"Why did you come...?"

He looked up with watery eyes, as if asking why Raon had not run away and come to this hell.

"You idiot."

"Raon."

"Vice leader. I'm... I'm so sorry...."

Burren coughed up blood and collapsed, Runaan fell backwards, and Mark Goetton staggered.

"Why your subordinates ended up like this, shall I tell you?"

Orgos's cold voice was laced with mockery.

"When I asked about your whereabouts, they claimed to be Raon Zieghart."

He looked down at the fallen Light Wind members with a twisted smirk.

"It's a touching display of friendship. If they had just told me the truth, I would have sent them off without suffering."

"....."

Raon exhaled a hot breath as he looked at the Light Wind members.

‘I expected this.’

He predicted from the Light Wind members' expressions and situation that they had held out until their deaths in order to protect his location.

Pocket guy, ice cream girl, squinty eyes, talentless guy.

Wrath looked at Dorian, Runaan, Burren, and Mark Goetton in turn, then shook his shoulders.

Right now.

The guy came up to him with bloodshot eyes and extended his hand.

Give me your body right now. I'll kill all of them without mercy.

The emotion of *wrath* that was attached to his soul boiled. It was difficult to keep his mind clear even with the *Ring of Fire* spinning. He wanted to give in to his anger.

'I can't do that now...'

He wanted to sink into the waves of *wrath*, but he bit his lip and held back. If Wrath possessed him in this state, he would go berserk and the Light Wind members would be wiped out.

In addition, Orgos was a transcendent being, so there was a possibility that he would escape from Wrath's irrational onslaught. Now was the time to regain composure.

Raon first used the *Silver Frost Aurora* to heal Mark Goetten's arm, erasing the flames that burned it. Even though he was using Wrath's technique in a state of anger, his chest ached as if it was about to burst, but he endured it.

"Aah!"

A voice of admiration came from behind him.

"You even blocked my flame with that cold. Whom did you learn that from?"

Orgos said as he raised his hand. A blue flame rose from his fingertips.

"You."

Raon turned around and glared at Orgos, who was full of leisure.

“I’ll play with you after I’m done. So keep your mouth shut.”

A beast-like growl escaped from him without him realizing it. He felt like he was being consumed by anger more and more, but he bit his tongue to regain composure.

“Why did you come here….”

“…You fool. You could have lived even if you were alone.”

“Th-Thank you for everything.”

“Raon. Run away….”

Dorian, Burren, Mark Goetten, and Runaan's eyes harbored resentment. It wasn't about dying because of him, it was the pity for why he came to this place.

"Don't worry. You can all survive."

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Raon drew out the *divinity that bloomed from the darkness*. Though he had never used it for healing before, as it's divine energy, it would undoubtedly have an effect.

Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

The colorless light spread from his fist, and the wounds of the four people began to subside little by little.

“Haa….”

He sighed in relief. Although he envisioned the worst, fortunately, the divine energy was effective against their wounds.

However, tending to all four wounds simultaneously resulted in insufficient healing and rapid depletion of divine energy.

‘Wrath…’

The King of Essence is the Monarch of Devildom. Even if it's him, he can't fill you with divine power.

Wrath frowned and shook his head.

‘Then….’

Raon raised his head and looked at Orgos.

“Do you like the gift?”

Orgos licked his lips as he looked at the four people whose breathing had been extended.

"Unfortunately, this is not the end. Even after you die, I will erase your family, friends, companions, and everything. That is what it means to interfere with the plan of the Black Tower.”

What are you waiting for! Hand over your body right now!

Wrath frowned, his agitation evident, and clung to his shoulders.

‘Stay quiet.’

Raon glared at Orgos. He was being laid-back as if he thought he couldn’t escape from this place.

‘It might be possible…’

Suppressing his trembling heart, he infused mana into the blue ring on his right hand. Two patterns appeared on the previously plain ring.

'In the end, I have to use it.'

This ring was given to him by the archmage Chamber of Eternal Flame, and it can summon one person to this location or teleport everyone here to another place.

Only one of them can be used, a special artifact that is destroyed immediately after being used.

Normally, it would be right to summon Glenn to this place, but if he did that, Dorian, Burren, Runaan, and Mark Goetten would die.

Even though Glenn is the top martial artist on the continent, healing them is a different matter.

‘There is no choice.’

Raon quickly made a decision and infused mana into the right pattern. He attempted to use large-scale teleportation to send them all to Ragged Saint Federick's location.

But the ring vibrated without any response.

‘I can’t believe it….’

After returning from the Arian family, when Glenn inquired about this ring, he mentioned that the ring might not work if Chamber’s mana was insufficient. That indicated that something was also happening to Chamber right now.

‘Damn it!’

Raon clenched his fist until it bled.

“Do I need to give you more time?”

Orgos approached, floating in the air. A cold murderous intent flickered in his twisted white eyes.

‘Wrath. I’ll make a deal. Give me your mana.’

…I will accept it.

As Wrath nodded, a massive amount of mana filled his mana circuits throughout his body.

A new emotion of *wrath* rose in his soul, but he ignored it. He injected the mana he had received into the ring, activating the large-scale teleportation.

However, the ring merely vibrated once again

“Hmm….”

Orgos’s gaze narrowed as he looked at the ring. He must have noticed that there was something special about this ring.

‘I guess it was too much to move everyone here, including the Light Wind members, the neutral factions, and the civilians, to Zieghart with my current mana.’

There were over 70 people, and the distance to Zieghart was far, so it seemed that there was not enough mana to move them all.

‘Then….’

He quickly thought.

If something had happened to Chamber, it would not be good to send them to Balkar. Since Orgos came from the north, something must have happened in Cameloon, so the only option left was Owen.

‘I can trust them there.’

There were gods *(yes it's gods, according to the raw* 신들*)* who could reattach severed limbs, so sending them there was the best option.

Raon gave Burren the third prince's insignia he had received in the past. He activated the large-scale teleportation to the treatment center where he had seen the royal physician during the Six Kings Conference duel tournament.

Woowoowooong!

This time, it seemed to be successful, and a transparent barrier was created around the Light Wind members, the neutral factions, and the civilians.

It was an Absolute Shield that protected people before they moved. Brilliant silver filled the deformed magic circle drawn below.

"Teleportation magic! I won't let it go!"

Orgos quickly spread his hand. The flame that extended from his finger shattered the shield that wrapped Raon in an instant.

But Raon landed lightly on the ground with a look of no disappointment. He had never planned to leave this place from the beginning.

"Ra, Raon!"

"What the hell are you doing!"

"Hey!"

"Vice leader!"

"Raon!"

The Light Wind members roared at Raon, who was the only one who did not receive the light of the magic circle. Burren, Runaan, and Dorian even raised their heads and pounded on the shield.

"Wait for me."

Raon smiled at them and waved his hand.

"Raon!"

With Runaan's cry as the last, the bodies of everyone who were wrapped in the magic circle disappeared.

"It's a useless act."

Orgos sneered, as if he thought Raon had stayed here because of his flame.

“I have a good memory. I will burn them all to death after I kill you. The Black Tower never forgets grudges.”

Raon closed his eyes and recalled the Light Wind members he had seen a moment ago.

Runaan had two holes in her abdomen, Burren had lost one eye, and Mark Goetten’s left arm was completely burned.

Dorian, in particular, had suffered injuries that might prevent him from holding a sword again.

Filling his mind with that hatred, anger, and malice, he opened his eyes.

“Do you know why I stayed?”

Raon stared at Orgos with a bone-crushing voice.

“To kill you.”

“Khahahahhahaha!”

Orgos burst into laughter, holding his forehead. His voice cracked as if he was truly amused.

“I heard you were crazy, but I didn’t think you were this crazy.”

He raised his finger as if finding the situation amusing.

“How are you going to kill me?”

Orgos casually rested his chin on his hand.

“Do you believe in those who are coming here? They are strong. But if I snap my fingers right now, your neck will fly away.”

As if already holding Raon's life in his hands, he nonchalantly flicked his finger.

"How am I going to kill you?"

Raon chuckled, drew Heavenly Drive, and said,
“Like this!”

With a twisted smile, he stabbed his own abdomen with Heavenly Drive.

This madman!

Wrath cursed as he clutched his shoulder.

The blood that dripped from the sword filled the ground, and the remaining white snow turned red.

"What are you doing now...?"

Raon did not answer Orgos but instead, raised his determination, continuing the execution of the Black Tower's human sacrifice technique he had witnessed before.

Gooooooooooooooooooo!

The remaining aura swept up the ground. The blood on the snow gathered like the bars of a cage, trapping everyone here.

Uuuuuuuuuuuuu!

In a space painted red, different from the mental world, Raon opened his eyes.

"This is...?"

Orgos frowned as he looked at the sky and ground dyed red.

"Do you know?"

Raon smiled with a pale face.

"I created this barrier by following the method of your subordinates in the icy lake."

"…Why would you do this?"

"In case you try to run away."

"Are you really crazy?"

"You'll see who's crazy."

He pulled out Heavenly Drive with a deflated laugh. The wound that had been blocked by the blade opened up, and a stream of blood gushed out.

A dizzying pain came, but he did not operate the *Ring of Fire*.

'I have to endure this.'

This was nothing compared to the pain that the Light Wind members had experienced.

"Are you trying to commit suicide? I can kill you or spare you…."

"Have you ever died?"

Raon straightened his back, gripping his wavering legs.

“When you die, you feel the sensation of your soul leaving your body.”

When his neck was cut off by Derus in his previous life, he was able to continue thinking for a short time, and he felt like he was floating out of his body.

Just like then, he was feeling the sensation of his body floating away.

‘A gap in the soul.’

In the world that was turning white, he used the *Ring of Fire* again to enter the mental world.

He took a piece of the space where his life had been accumulated and created a new space in the gap between the soul and body that was opening up.

Raon. What the hell are you doing….

Without answering, Raon poured out all the *wrath* connected to his soul into the newly created area.

‘I’m getting ready for you.’

Wrath said that he would go berserk because he had been away from a physical body for too long.

The only way to keep him from losing sight of Orgos while maintaining his sanity and putting a time limit on his descent was to open a sword field within his body.

Raon knew that he would lose a lot and that it would be difficult to use this method again, but if he let Orgos go at this moment, the Light Wind members would be in danger again. He had to end it here no matter what.

When the space between his body and soul was opened as wide as it could be, he looked at Wrath.

‘You said that the Light Wind members were all your subordinates.’

You….

‘Absolutely, don't let him go.’

He smiled as he thrust Heavenly Drive into the ground.

“What are you doing!”

Orgus seemed to sense something ominous and quickly created a blaze of fire.

The flames that had come before seemed like child's play compared to the sea of fire now rushing in from all sides, covering his vision.

‘It’s already too late.’

Raon murmured with parched lips, watching Orgos' approaching flames.

Sword Field Creation.

The Descent of The Demon King.

Just as the crimson flames were about to erase Raon.

Kuuuuuuuuuuung!

The ceiling of the barrier collapsed, and above Raon's head, a blue glow poured down.

The fiery flames that were supposed to burn anything melted away like bubbles in front of the pillar of light.

The space cracked open and spewed out dark light. Stars stained with shadows appeared, and the pale yellow moon illuminated the distorted world.

The moment the world tree of ice, which makes even breath freeze, took root, the sharp blue light subsided.

The one who stood in the light was not Raon. It was a being that was both chaotic and sacred, dark and brilliant.

A transcendent being had manifested, embodying values that could never be harmonized by twisting the laws of causality.

“Aah….”

Orgos took a step back involuntarily, feeling a chill run down his spine from the creepy aura emanating from the being with the sea-colored hair.

The fear he had only given to others was now deeply embedded in his white eyeballs.

"You, who in the world..."

Born in the deepest part of Devildom, and ascended to the highest place.

The ruler of the northern peak, and the Monarch of Wrath.

The Wrathful Demon King who had wiped out the army of Greed alone with his own hands raised his blue eyes.

No one could speak. No one could move.

As the Monarch of Wrath stretched out his snow-white hand, Orgos' neck twisted and his head was pulled out involuntarily.

In the midst of the bloodbath, the Blue Demon King laughed. Beautifully and eerily.