**Chapter 544**

Raon closed his eyes, ignoring the commotion caused by Wrath.

‘This will be a good opportunity to expand my mental world.'

The energy of Baphomet, purified by Runaan's frost seeped into his entire body.

Since he was currently in a spiritual state, the Baphomet's energy naturally settled within his mental world.

The energy, born solely for combat, imbued the blades embedded in the mental world with a fierce presence.

‘It's best to accept it as it is.’

He could have changed the Baphomet's energy to suit his own disposition, but he want to kept the wild nature it possessed.

Just as Glenn advised him to experience many things to complete the Myriad Swords, Raon wanted to embrace the newfound energy, creating a fresh stimulus in his mental world.

Raon opened his eyes, feeling his soul's level solidify thanks to the Baphomet's energy.

Runaan was still struggling to absorb the energy, her shoulders trembling as she kept her eyes tightly shut.

**Dammit!**

Wrath slammed his fist on the ground like a bean paste bun.

**Why does the King of Essence gain nothing alone?**

Despite their collaboration, he vented his frustration about getting nothing for himself.

‘What nonsense. You have gains too.’ Raon remarked.

**Really?** Wrath asked skeptically.

'Yeah. Once we get out of here, you can have ice cream.'

**Ah, I see! That's definitely good... But that was something we agreed on beforehand!**

Wrath frowned and swung his fist.

'I'll buy you the food you said you wanted to eat too. Just be quiet.'

Raon dodged the fist lightly by jutting his chin and waved his hand.

**I-I see. So, then I should... No, that's not it! That's something you were supposed to do anyway! Three weeks aren't over yet!**

'You're not easily fooled anymore.'

He sighed, exhaling a light sigh of disappointment.

**This guy is really...**

'Anyway, I'll do whatever you want today. Just stay quiet.'

**You really will?**

'Yeah. If you just stop doing useless things and stay quiet.'

As Raon nodded to Wrath, who was looking at him with a skeptical gaze, Runaan's entire mental world began to vibrate violently.

Kuugugugugu!

The darkness that the Baphomet had been consuming melted away, and Runaan's mental world expanded to an incomparable degree.

Beautiful crystalized snow fell onto the newly emerged land. Runaan's mental world was dyed in a pure white light, both elegant and pure.

Kwaaaang!

The ice house that protected Runaan collapsed, and the ice cream dolls trapped inside began to stand up and walk on their own.

"Huh."

Raon let out a snort as he saw the Burren and Martha dolls arguing with each other as soon as they came out.

'This is...'

Wrath smiled, observing the dolls walking on their own.

**It means that the mental world of the ice cream girl, who wanted to protect her family even at the cost of her own life, has matured.**

'Yeah. It seems so.'

Judging from the broken ice house and the dolls that were once carefully decorated inside now moving on their own, it seemed like Runaan's mental world had grown significantly, just as Wrath had said.

"Hmm..."

While Raon watched the dolls exploring the mental world, Runaan, emitting a soft groan, opened her eyes. Starlight-like glimmers spread from her purple eyes.

'She's Goetten stronger.'

It wasn't just her mental world that had grown. Although he wouldn't know for sure until they went outside, Runaan's strength also seemed to have evolved beyond recognition.

"Raon."

Runaan reached out her hand. Since he was still in the form of an ice cream doll, he lightly jumped onto her palm.

"How do you feel?"

Raon asked, looking up at Runaan. The fresh scent of her hair tickled his nose, even though they were in her mental world.

"It feels like I've been covered in mud and then taken a warm bath."

Runaan raised her hand and met his gaze. Her eyes no longer looked dull.

They were clear, like dew on leaves. They were so beautiful that they reminded him of a night sky filled with stars.

"Raon, thank you."

"You did it yourself."

Raon waved at Runaan, who was nodding her head.

"No. I would never have been able to do it alone."

Runaan's lips curled up into a small but definite smile.

"The ice cream analogy gave me strength."

"I'm glad to hear that."

**No, that's not it! The King of Essence was the one who said that! This guy didn't do anything! He's a wicked bastard who stole my copyright!**

Wrath, who had been admiring the grown ice cream girl, jumped up, waving his hand.

"That dust is still there."

Runaan tilted her head at Wrath.

**D, dust...**

Wrath's jaw trembled as he fell.

**Ice cream girl, how can you...**

The guy seemed to be in shock, shedding tears.

"It's just some dust. Just ignore it."

Raon smiled and lightly pushed Wrath away.

"Poor thing."

Runaan gently held Wrath with her left hand, carefully patting him.

**As expected, the ice cream girl and the King of Essence are connected! Just wait a little bit, ice cream girl!**

'Connected in what way... Hmm?'

As Raon let out a deflated laugh, light erupted from his, Wrath, and Runaan's bodies, and they began to return to their original forms.

"This is... Ah."

Come to think of it, Wrath had also returned to his original form after some time had passed when he fought the draconian before.

It seemed that he was adapting to Runaan's mental world and revealing his true form.

“Finally!”

Wrath burst into a joyous laugh as he looked at his elongated fingers.

"The king of Essence has finally returned to his original form!"

“Who?”

Now, Runaan seemed to be able to see Wrath properly as she blinked her eyes.

"Ice cream girl! Listen well. This guy is the axis of evil. Everything he said so far was said by the King of Essence, and all the wicked actions this scoundrel has done were..."

Even though his entire body was not yet visible, Wrath began to spew out curses at Raon.

Kugugugu!

However, before the guy could finish speaking, Runaan's mental world collapsed and the sky and ground turned dark.

It seemed that the time in Runaan's mental world had come to an end, not that Baphomet had revived.

"Oh no! There's still a lot the King of Essence needs to say! Just a moment..."

Wrath screamed and reached out, but Runaan was no longer there.

“Damn it!”

Wrath kicked the crumbling ground and roared.

“Isn't it too much to keep interrupting me! Let me speak too!”

“Sigh….”

Raon shook his head in the darkening world.

"You would have completed your speech had you not cursed me."

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*Advance chapters: Tinyurl.com/Albnlfff*

*For Indonesian: Tinyurl.com/Aldbnlff*

Raon slowly opened his eyes. He saw that his right hand was touching the Baphomet's helmet that Runaan was wearing.

Kyaang!

Even though he didn't use any force, the Baphomet's helmet split in half and fell to the ground. However, Runaan was still asleep, not yet awake.

Carefully, Raon laid Runaan down while wearing a faint smile.

'She's still getting stronger.'

As expected, the growth in her mental world was extending to her physical body. When she woke up, it would be after she had stepped into a new realm.

**Damn heavens.**

Wrath looked up at the sky and shook his fist.

**Why do you keep interrupting the King of Essence like this!**

'I told you to hurry up and talk. If you hadn't cursed me, you would have had plenty of time to talk.'

Raon pushed Wrath away and checked on the condition of Rokan and Clara, who were lying right next to him.

'They seem to be under some kind of influence...'

The movement of their blood seemed frozen, as if time had stopped. It appeared that some special drug had kept them unconscious.

'It's not poison.'

It was a level that Federick could easily cure, so he breathed a sigh of relief.

'As for Merlin....'

When he was about to wonder where Merlin had gone, he spotted the collapsed mole.

'Is it too much for the mole?'

It seemed that she had overused the mole, it appeared to be unconscious.

'I keep recieving help from her. Thank you.'

Raon cradled the mole-Merlin in his arms and walked towards the underground space where Runaan had been confined.

'There it is.'

The corpse of Syria, whom he had killed before saving Runaan, was still there.

However, there was one strange thing. His helmet was nowhere to be seen.

'What is it?'

As he frowned, wondering what had happened, a powerful shock wave erupted from the right side.

Kugugugugugu!

Raon turned his gaze. The swordsmen of the House Sullion, who had been suppressed by Martha and Dorian, were fighting the traitors who followed Syria.

There were also quite a few Eden's monsters wearing monster helmets or masks.

"Ugh...."

Raon stopped as he was about to walk over there and clutched his chest.

'My body isn't moving properly.'

Although his mental world had grown, the aftereffects of giving in to his anger had not yet disappeared.

He felt a line of pain from his toes to his scalp, a sensation exacerbated by his use of the sword field and the depletion of his mental strength, making it even more challenging to endure.

**The King of Essence told you before. You are not yet ready to handle it.**

Wrath shook his head as if he was disappointed.

'I couldn't help it.'

Seeing Runaan wearing the helmet, Raon found himself engulfed in *wrath* without even realizing it.

It seemed that the more *wrath* he gained from Wrath, the stronger his primal emotions became.

‘But I still need to sort out the situation.’

Raon bit his lip and stepped forward. He forcibly used the *Ring of Fire* to approach Martha.

"Is it over?"

Martha exhaled heavily, flipping her blood-soaked hair. She was also badly injured, it seemed that she had lost all her strength after fighting strong opponents one after another.

"P, please spare my life...."

Dorian almost collapsed and cried. He was also badly injured and his hands were shaking from exhaustion.

"You've worked hard."

Raon smiled at Martha and Dorian and stepped forward.

"Tell me what happened! Is that bastard okay!"

Even in such a difficult situation, Martha's first concern was for Runaan.

Although they were usually at odds, they seemed closer than siblings at times like this.

"She's fine."

Raon smiled and nodded.

"She'll wake up stronger than you."

"Hmph. Even so, I wish she would wake up soon."

Martha looked down at Runaan and twisted her lips.

"Ra, Raon Zieghart...."

"So sir Syria is really...."

"D, damn it!"

The warriors who had betrayed the family and joined hands with Syria clenched their lips at the sight of Raon.

"You, you're all finished!"

Dorian raised his hand, panting.

"Look carefully."

The monster of Eden, who wore the helmet of Noll Road, pointed to Raon.

"The White Sword Dragon is not in a normal condition."

He saw at a glance that Raon was not in good shape, and his mouth watered. It seemed that he had noticed the injury with his sense of smell.

"Fight. We'll all die if we don't kill them all anyway."

"Ugh...."

"How did it come to this...?"

The traitors of the House Sullion clenched their lips, realizing that this was their last chance.

"That's right. I'm not in a good condition right now. However...."

Raon nodded, readily admitting that he was not in good shape.

"The end doesn't change."

The moment he spoke those words, the western wall of the House Sullion's castle collapsed.

Kuwaaaaang!

A whirlwind swept through the dust and The Light Wind members rushed forward, kicking up dust as they surrounded Eden and the traitors.

"The Light Wind Division. Under the orders of the vice division leader!"

Burren bowed his head to Raon and drew his sword.

Chooaaak!

Mark Goetten, as if saying no words were necessary, slashed the throat of the nearest enemy.

The other Light Wind members followed suit, emitting a chilling aura.

"They're just a bunch of weaklings anyway! Fight to the end!"

The monster of Eden tried to force their morale up, but the traitors' faces turned pale.

"It’s not just the Light Wind Division."

Raon scoffed as he looked at the monsters of Eden and the traitors.

Because of the aura that had spread when he fought the Evil Goat Demon, skilled members of the family were rushing here. It was only a matter of time before they overwhelmed the enemies.

"You, at least!"

The Monster of Eden revealed his yellow madness and rushed at Raon. The sharply honed deformed sword surged towards his neck.

"Raon!"

"Dodge!"

Martha and Dorian tried to block him, but they were both so tired that their bodies wobbled.

"You're looking down on me too much."

Raon smiled coldly and stepped forward. He raised his right hand without drawing his sword.

Chooaaaak!

The sharp water needle he created with his fingers cut through the Eden’s monster sword and split his helmet.

"Ah...."

The helmet was ripped in half, revealing the face of the swordsmen who had been talking to the butler. He collapsed, his lips trembling as if he couldn't believe his own death.

"Even though I'm injured, I'm not so weak that I'll be defeated by the likes of you."

Raon frowned as he looked at the old man who had followed the monster of Eden.

'That guy is....'

He was the butler of Rokan who had come out of the main gate earlier. If even this guy, who had served the family for a long time, had betrayed them, Rokan and Runaan would have been shocked more than anything.

'Should I kill him now?'

There were plenty of people to extract information from, so it might be better to kill this butler before Runaan felt any sadder.

Just as Raon was about to reach out with killing intent, he heard a movement from behind.

He turned around and saw Runaan slowly getting up. She had suffered a lot of pain and must have been in great mental shock, but her eyes were straight.

"I'll handle it."
Runaan picked up the sword that had fallen to the ground and stepped forward.

"Ah, miss. There was a misunderstanding. We were just..."

The butler immediately knelt down. He bowed his head with the most pitiful expression he could muster, as if he was trying to take advantage of Runaan's young heart.

However, the Runaan he knew and the Runaan now were different.

Shoooaaak!

Runaan mercilessly cut off the butler's neck with the sword she was holding.

"Ugh..."

The butler looked at his own body, which had been separated from his neck, as if he couldn't believe his own death, and then stopped breathing.

"As the acting head of the House Sullion, I command."

Runaan stepped forward towards the traitors, stepping over the butler's corpse. She looked at the disgrace of the family with clear and sharp eyes and took a step forward.

"All traitors, kneel."