

Chapter 489

"Rikri..."

Dark Swordmaster looked at Rikri, who was foaming at the mouth and unconscious, and his eyes trembled..

His disciple, who had been painstakingly raised, was unable to support his head and was sticking his mouth in the dirt.

'How did this happen?'

He already knew that Raon would beat Rikri.

The question was how long he would last, but he ended the duel with just four attacks. The difference was overwhelming.

'This doesn't make sense!'

If Raon had used a sword strike with his will, he could have accepted the current result. Even if it had ended in one move, he would have accepted it.

But he overwhelmed Rikri with just his swordsmanship and aura, without using his will at all.

The level was different. How could such a difference be made between the two peak Masters level?

"Hmmm..."

Evil Sword Queen also looked surprised at Raon's martial arts.

It was rare for her, who rarely showed her emotions, to make that expression.

"That's really something."

With a sigh, Demon Killing Spear leaned forward in his chair, his fingers trembling as he stroked his chin.

"He finished off a warrior of the same level in four moves without using his will. There's no one like him in the entire continent."

He muttered that it was a violent talent that crushed all the geniuses he had seen.

"Hmmm..."

Dark Swordmaster twisted his mouth. He didn't like Raon, so he wanted to refute him somehow, but he had nothing to say. His anger boiled, but he had no choice but to admit the result.

'Is that guy really 21 years old?'

It was still hard to believe that the guy who hadn't even touched the wall of Grandmaster had defeated Rikri, who had touched the wall, in four attacks. He was a guy who made you wonder more and more the more you saw him.

"We have to stop it."

Heukgeumje looked at the three heads and bit her lip.

"It's a problem whether we do it or not, but if our side loses, this situation will be out of control."

This duel tournament is a place to show the might of the Five Divine Rulers to the neutral forces and the Six Kings.

Certainly, the disciples dispatched by the Five Divine Rulers should be at another Master level. However, if this situation continues, Raon will not only achieve fame but also tarnish the reputation of the Five Divine Rulers.

"How do we stop it?"

Demon Killing Spear scratched his head and licked his lips.

"Raon, as he declared in advance, easily defeated Rikri and proved his skills, right? If we take him out here, there will be a riot."

He pointed to the spectators with his thick finger.

"Wooaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

"Raon! Raon! Raon! Raon!"

"Come out! Come out! Come out!"

"Three against one! Three against one! Three against one!"

The spectators seemed to want a duel between the disciples of the Five Divine Rulers and Raon, and they shouted "three against one" until their throats were hoarse.

"Hmmm..."

Heukgeumje looked down and bit her lip.

"I guess our Heukgeumje, who is said to be able to see the heavens, didn't predict this situation either?"

Demon Killing Spear chuckled as if satisfied.

"It's already too late."

Evil Sword Queen leaned back in her chair with her arms folded.

"If we interfere here, it will bring not just defeat but even greater dishonor."

"That's right. We might even get the nickname of coward in front of the neutral factions here."

Demon Killing Spear nodded in agreement with Evil Sword Queen's words.

"Let's just trust our kids for now."

Demon Killing Spear flicked his finger, saying that even if Raon used a will-based martial art, he would not be able to defeat three peak Master level.

At his gesture, a warrior from the Martial Spear Association ascended to the arena.

"I wonder what he'll show us this time."

Demon Killing Spear smiled as he looked at Raon, not at the disciple who had ascended to the arena.

"....."

"Hrrk."

Evil Sword Queen watched Raon silently, and Dark Swordmaster was still biting his lip with anger.

"Sigh..."

Heukgeumje sighed as she pressed her fingers to her temples. She looked at Raon and gritted her teeth.

'Raon Zieghart.'

How long will you keep causing trouble?

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Raon looked at the man who had first ascended to the arena.

He wore a leather vest that exposed his shoulders and a silver breastplate over it. He could tell which faction he belonged to just by looking at the spear he was holding in his left hand.

"I'm Jerome from the Martial Spear Association. I'll admit your skill, but are you really that confident?"

Jerome slammed the arena with his spear as he introduced himself. His tone and expression suggested that he was not happy with the situation.

The next person to ascend was a tall woman in purple robes. Her skin was lightly tanned, but her eyes were clear as a snowfield.

"I'm Pendleton from the Swordless Pavilion."

Pendleton, who briefly introduced herself and her faction, closed her eyes as she gripped the sword on her waist. It seemed she was calming her mind before the duel.

Thump

The last person to ascend to the arena was a young man. He was wearing a spotless white robe, and his black hair was tied back neatly. Just by looking at his high nose and noble eyes, it was easy to guess what kind of person he was.

"My name is Mason from the White Whale. It is an honor to duel with the White Sword Dragon."

He bowed respectfully with his hand on his chest. He looked like a disciple of Heukgeumje.

Raon swept his disheveled hair back and assessed the strength of the three individuals.

'They're all peak Master level, huh.'

According to the information given to him by Denning Rose, the people in front of him were all peak Master level.

It was clear that they were talents who would shoulder the future of their respective factions at that age.

'It would be interesting if those three were all broken here.'

It was certain that this was something Heukgeumje would not want, so he definitely wanted to do it.

"Hmmm..."

The referee climbed up to the arena with an awkward gait. His complexion had turned paler than before.

From the way he rolled his eyes, it seemed that he wanted this duel tournament to end quickly.

"Um, are you really going to do this?"

He came up to Raon and swallowed his dry saliva.

"Of course."

Raon nodded as if it were a matter of course.

"Um, the three of you..."

"He said to go ahead."

"We agreed."

"We accept."

Jerome, Pendleton, and Mason nodded in turn.

"Well, then, let's begin the duel between Raon of Zieghart and Jerome, Mason, and Pendleton of the Martial Spear Association, White Whale, and Swordless Pavilion!"

The referee shook his trembling hand and cut through the air before running down the arena.

"I'm a bit impatient. So..."

Jerome swung his spear to create a gust of wind, then stomped the ground with one foot.

"Face me, all of you!"

He came at them with a fierce charge, swinging his spear. The spear shaft was flexible, and the shaking of the spearplay was intense. The spear blade looked like it had turned into dozens of blades.

'Still, the answer is one.'

The Ring of Fire resonated, bringing the body and aura to their peak. The vibrations of the spear blades that filled his field of vision disappeared, revealing their true form.

"Hwaaaaack!"

Raon's right hand shot out like lightning, and red flames swirled from Heavenly Drive in his grasp. It was the technique "Revolving Sky" from the Ten Thousand Flames Cultivation, utilizing the swift sword technique of Rikri, whom he had just defeated.

"Kyaang!"

Heavenly Drive wrapped in heat knocked away the spear blade that was thrust at his chest, and moved towards Jerome.

"Ugh!"

Jerome quickly turned his spear. The spear shaft blocked the way, creating a thick spear wall like a rock.

'As expected of a counterattack.'

Raon stepped on the Supreme Harmony steps with his waist lowered like a swallow soaring. He slipped through the range of the spear shaft by a hair's breadth, and then penetrated Jerome's space.

"Whoosh!"

Just as he was about to bring down Heavenly Drive, a powerful wave rose up from both sides.

"Stop."

"That's enough!"

From the right, Pendleton unleashed the Footwork Technique with her darkly stained hands, and from the left, Mason threw a punch.

It was an attack that was more of a protest to back down rather than a surprise attack.

"Yeah. It wouldn't be easy to win a three-on-one like this. But..."

Raon nodded with a faint smile.

"I don't know how to stop."

He raised the corners of his lips and moved forward instead.

Thinking that Jerome would naturally retreat, Raon swung his sword down towards Jerome's chest, who had stopped his spear.

"Pukaack!"

A long sword wound appeared from Jerome's right shoulder to his left waist, spewing out bloody blood.

'Now it's time to block the attacks.'

Pendleton's sword and Mason's fist were rushing towards his back. It was too late to defend even if he turned around.

'So...'

He had something prepared in advance.

Raon laughed coldly and condensed the coldness of Glacier on the scales of the Black Dragon Coat. A circular shield with frost blooming covered the scales of the Black Dragon Coat.

Originally, it would have been impossible to do this while operating the Ten Thousand Flames Cultivation's aura, but now that he could use the wind attribute, he could freely unfold the two energies.

"Hmm!"

"That, that is...!"

Pendleton and Mason frowned as they saw the round ice wall made of frost energy.

'They're quick to catch on.'

They seemed to have realized that it was the same as Runaan's Frost Shield, but it was already too late to stop their attacks.

"Chew chew chew chew!"

The ice wall that was hit by the two people's astral energy broke into dozens of pieces, absorbing the impact.

At the same time, the torn pieces became frost arrows and rushed towards Pendleton and Mason.

"Kuk!"

"Ah...!"

Mason threw punches in succession, and Pendleton used a sword barrier to chop down the frost arrows.

Raon looked at Jerome while the two were focusing on defense.

The sword wound, unlike the bloody blood that spewed out fiercely, was not very deep. It seemed that he had minimized the wound by withdrawing his body back at the moment he was hit by the sword.

'I guess they're not complete fools.'

The fact that they understood the sword's stance and backed off, along with the quick recall of Runaan's technique upon seeing the ice wall, showcased skills worthy of a peak Master level from all three of them.

'Still....'

It wouldn't make a difference.

Raon twisted his right foot. He exploded the aura of the Ten Thousand Flames Cultivation that had seeped into the mana circuits below his ankle and the quadriceps muscle in his thigh.

"Tuurrreung!"

With a dynamic movement that only pursued speed, he rushed towards Jerome, who had retreated to the end of the arena.

"Yiik!"

Jerome finished his preparations in that short time and threw his spear at a distance.

The azure astral energy coiled around the spear blade, turning it into a massive hammer-like form that descended.

Speed, power, sharpness – it was an outstanding offensive with no shortcomings, yet it wasn't threatening.

"Chiiing!"

He drew a line resembling a wave with Heavenly Drive. *the Deadly Wind of Extinguishment* of the *Blizzard Sword Art* (*the previous translation was Frostwind Swordsmanship*). The spear wall that was pouring down like a mountain stopped and hit the ground.

When he tried to step into Jerome's space by stepping on the spear with his left foot, a black shadow followed him from the right.

"Whoosh whoosh whoosh!"

It was Pendleton, who had followed him after chopping down all the shards of ice. She flashed her red eyes and brandished her sword.

Of course, it was fast, and even had a sharpness that seemed to cut through space. It was more like an assassin's killing blade than a swordsman.

'I have to block this.'

It was too late to make a wall of frost like before. There would be a hole in his body.

He gave up on cutting Jerome and raised a fire wall by turning his shoulder.

"Kwaaaaaaah!"

The shield of flames that rose along the stance of Heavenly Drive blocked Pendleton's sword strike and pushed back Jerome's spear shaft.

But there were more than two people in this arena. A huge wave of aura was felt from behind.

Mason threw a punch from the spot where he was standing at first. The golden astral energy rushed in as if to swallow the entire arena.

'It's unique.'

It's not an ordinary martial art. The way it extends is like a fist technique, but the range is wide like a spear technique, and it's faster than a sword strike. It couldn't be blocked by the flame wall that had already touched it.

Raon turned his back and pulled back Heavenly Drive. He unleashed the breath of the fire dragon on the blade that was extending along with his left foot.

"Kwaaaaaaah!"

The flames of the *Flame Dragon* Art collided with Mason's golden fist technique, causing a strong shock wave.

As he was bracing himself with his legs, the spear blade pierced in from the left.

The spear blade that swayed along with the spear shaft lengthened like a needle and fell like droplets of astral energy. It seemed that Jerome had also begun to use his own special skill.

'That's interesting.'

Raon hit the hem of the Black Dragon Coat and thrust Heavenly Drive into the sky. The coldness that rushed through the blade created a round barrier that cut through all of Jerome's spear rain.

As soon as the sword barrier disappeared, Pendleton cut at the lower body, aiming for the lower body. The creepy intention was revealed from the sword shrouded in darkness.

He struck down the Fangs of Insanity sword at Pendleton's sword, which surged up like an explosion.

"Kugugugugu!"

Astral energy exploded repeatedly, causing a sharp pain in his palm. The Heavenly Drive sword wrapped in the Ten Thousand Flames Cultivation's aura was pushed back for a moment.

'Is it overlapping?'

Pendleton, in the midst of the black aura winding around the blade, seemed to have overlapped his astral energy and fiercely countered.

Raon smiled faintly as he backed away

Raon smiled thinly as he backed away.

'There's so much to learn, and it's fascinating.'

Pendleton's overlapping sword aura, Mason's long-range fist technique, and Jerome's versatile spear techniques, each martial artist was worth learning from.

'Everything is considered a study,'

Glenn and Rekhtar both advised him that in order to achieve the Myriad Sword, he needed to experience and feel many things.

Following their advice, Jerome, Mason, and Pendleton's techniques provided new inspiration, unexplored until now.

If he faced their martial arts a little more, he felt like he could achieve a new initial form of the Sky Penetrating Sword (*Sky Sword changed to Sky Penetrating Sword*).

"You're laughing?"

"....."

"We'll wipe that laugh off your face."

Jerome frowned, Pendleton bit her lip, and Mason's veins stood out on his forehead, as if he was angry.

Kukuku!

Raon looked at the three people rushing towards him, each unfolding their techniques, and curled his lips.

"I can't help but laugh."

Because this is my restaurant.

Where? Where is it!

* * *

Kwaaaaaah!

Mason bit his lip when he saw Raon easily slicing through his fist technique.

'Something's off....'

The more he fought, the less his fist technique worked.

It was natural to adapt to the opponent's martial arts during a prolonged fight, but for Raon, it seemed excessive.

It seemed that he had completely grasped his martial arts even though they had not fought for long.

Uuuuh!

Mason took a deep breath and unleashed the Sky-Piercing Fist, a special technique that combines the attributes of a fist technique. It is not only faster than a sword aura but also capable of erasing a wide range, much like a spear technique.

Huuuh!

Raon swung not the blade but the black sheath, creating astral energy. The surging astral energy from his sword clashed with Mason's Sky-Piercing Fist.

Kwaaaaaah!

The crimson blazing astral energy overwhelmed the Sky-Piercing Fist, sending Mason crashing to the arena ground. It was an astonishing power.

However, there was something even more surprising.

'The astral energy that guy unleashed now...'

It resembled the Sky-Piercing Fist.

Raon's long-range attacks were undoubtedly lacking, but from a short while ago, it seemed like he had grasped the advantages of the Sky-Piercing Fist.

It was hard to believe, but it seemed that he was growing through this battle.

"Damn it! What the hell is that guy!"

"The Black Line Sword...."

Jerome and Pendleton also had similar thoughts, as their expressions noticeably darkened.

'Come to think of it....'

Raon used Illusion sword with a storm-like aura when he faced Jerome, and he collided head-on while overlapping the astral energy when he fought Pendleton.

'Could that crazy bastard be?'

Raon seemed to be breaking down the martial arts of the three of them, including himself, with the same attribute.

Padd-dduk!

Mason gritted his teeth. He broke the floor in front of Raon with the Sky-Piercing Fist.

Huuuh!

He used the smoke to cover his sight and retreated to the side of Jerome and Pendleton.

"You all know, don't you? If this continues, we'll lose for sure."

"Damn it..."

"....."

Jerome and Pendleton could not refute. They glared at the direction where Raon was, gritting their teeth in anger.

"There's only one way. We have to pour out all of our strength and finish it off at once while that person is trapped in the dust."

"Are you asking me to reveal my secrets?"

Jerome bit his lip.

"If you want to accumulate the disgrace of losing to three against one, you can hide it."

"I'll do it."

Pendleton adjusted her grip on her sword.

"It's still pathetic now, but it would be even uglier if we lost."

"That's right. We must win at all costs, for the sake of the honor of the Five Divine Rulers."

"Why did I end up against that guy!"

Mason nodded, and Jerome cursed and swung his spear.

Whoosh!

The moment Raon stepped out of the sand dust, the three of them simultaneously kicked the arena ground.

Jerome swung his spear down as if suppressing the sky. The astral energy wound around the spear blade, forming five turbulent streams.

Mason condensed his fist energy so much that his fist looked four times larger.

His body turned golden, and a majestic power that could overturn the entire arena ground spread out.

Pendleton overlapped the astral energy to the point where the blade might break, drawing the sword with a gloomy expression. The moon-shaped blade, stained black, cut through the space where Raon stood.

The three people's techniques unfolded in one breath, and a dark shadow fell over the arena. It was a tsunami made of astral energy.

"It's a good time to end it."

Raon smiled faintly, facing the crude energies falling on his head.

'I've taken out all I need.'

He learned all the subtleties of the three people's techniques through the duel. A new inspiration took root, and a new sprout began to grow.

The image that sprouted was Glenn.

Glenn's back that he saw at Eden's branch. The sword of the absolute being who drove the White Blood religion's leader and the Fallen together with a single sword, came to mind.

He went forward calmly, just like Glenn at the time. He pulled out the Ten Thousand Flames Cultivation's aura and Glacier's aura at the same time, tilting Heavenly Drive to the left.

Rising heat and cold, carried by the pure wind, enveloped Heavenly Drive, creating a majestic radiance.

'My sky is him.'

He drew Heavenly Drive, drawing on Glenn Zieghart's one-sword technique

"You can't reach my sky."

The second technique of the *Sky Penetrating Sword*, the *Sky-Piercing Thread*.

The auspicious light beams flowing along Heavenly Drive cut through the sea of astral energy that filled the sky.