

Chapter 399

Raon circulated the aura of glacier to the extreme amidst the pouring iron arrows. A frigid blade followed closely behind the Heavenly Drive sword, which had turned into a silver flash.

Qua-gwa-gwa-gwa-gwa!

What was contained in the the frigid blade was no longer just sharpness and speed. The terrifying power wave caused the undead horde to burst like rotten fruit.

Hwa-a-a-a!

Despite cutting down dozens of undead and not stopping, Raon continued forward, infusing the Blade of Requiem with ghastly energy. The sphere of fiery resentment spun fiercely and shot towards the undead gathered on the right side.

Ku-wa-a-aang!

In the midst of the fiery storm that erupted with a powerful explosion, not a single undead survived.

'I need to reduce the number now.'

The arch lich had deployed strong undead to the front to demonstrate his power.

Even though it was a heavy drain on his aura and stamina, he had to inflict a fatal blow on the undead army now.

Cha-a-a-aang!

Raon stepped on the ground move forward with the footwork of Supreme Harmony steps, trusting in the sword energy and arrow showers pouring down from the wall.

He penetrated into the center of the undead and created clear sound with the Heavenly Drive sword and Flame Spirit with the Blade of Requiem.

Woo-woo-woo-woong!

The undead appeared to experience pain from the sound sword, which spread magnificently, causing them to clutch their heads. Subsequently, the airborne fragments of flame melted the heads of the undead.

While Raon was literally slaughtering the undead army, a magic circle with dark letters appeared above his head.

'Magic circle?'

It was clear that this was the Arch Lich's magic that controlled the undead.

Pa-a-aang!

A violet beam descended from the magic circle. With tremendous speed, he executed the Supreme Harmony steps while retreating backward.

Kwa-a-a-aang!

A bottomless pit appeared in the ground where he had been standing just moments ago. Not only the speed, but also the power surpassed imagination.

'At this distance, with this power...'

At least a high-ranking monster. (*advance-rank*)

It seemed that he possessed an inexpressible strength, surpassing even the term 'high-ranking monster,' considering that he wielded magic of this magnitude at the very end of the Land of Death.

'Should I withdraw at this point?'

Having gained enough advantage and reached a position where arrows and sword energy couldn't reach, it was time to retreat.

Wuu-u-u-ung!

A second black magic circle was drawn in the sky. It seemed different from the one a moment ago.

'Today, it ends here.'

Raon waved his hand mockingly at Arch Lich, who was likely observing this place.

'Farewell.'

He turned around without looking back and sprinted back towards the castle.

As expected.

Wrath nodded in satisfaction.

If anyone is going to be a jerk, it's Raon Zieghart!

The King of Essence has never encountered a human with such a good character as yours.

Wrath patted his shoulder, stated that his talent was wasted in the human world.

'You go back.'

Pushing away Wrath, who was clinging to him, he struck the ground.

Kwa-a-a-ang!

A massive explosion erupted from behind, causing his clothes and hair to flutter. Mocking Arch Lich, he rode the wind and ascended the castle walls even faster.

'Phew...'

Raon exhaled heavily as he gazed down at the Land of Death.

'It's properly ruined.'

The front line of the undead horde, which had recently instilled overwhelming fear in humans, had completely crumbled.

They were scattered all over the place like minions, so they didn't pose any threat.

"Raon, you're amazing!."

He turned around in response to Runaan's call.

"Hey, you crazy guy!"

"He's incredibly wicked."

"Of course, he's the Demon King!"

"At least we're not the only ones who have to put up with his antics."

"It's a shame that the undead show no reaction. If it were the White Blood religion fanatics or Eden, they would have gone wild."

The Light Wind members laughed heartily, waving their hands. Their faces, which had been pale just a while ago, now glowed with vitality.

"Raon-nim! Thank you for your hard work!"

"Wow, that was swordsmanship that could not be described in words."

Wendy and Prika also smiled and nodded. The shadows had disappeared from their faces.

"Of course, he is the White Sword Dragon. The name is well-deserved."

Bainder whistled, as if he had become part of the squad.

"Wowaaaaa! The pride of our annex building!"

"Is that praise?"

"....."

Yua and Yulius laughed brightly and cheered. Mark Gorton bowed his head quietly, as if he was exhausted.

Raon also smiled at the brightened eyes of the Light Wind members, the Imperial Sword knights, and the rangers.

'It worked perfectly.'

Not only did he drive out the undead, but their morale also rose to its peak. All of the desired results were achieved.

"Everyone, just hold on a little longer...."

When he was about to say the last hopeful words, a magic circle appeared in the sky above the wall.

'As expected, he came.'

Since he was casting magic even in the place where the undead were gathered earlier, he expected that he would be able to activate it here as well.

'I have to cut it down properly here.'

Even if he is an Arch Lich, he will not be able to use magic freely from this distance. He has to show that he will actually be at a loss if he casts magic after being cut down for sure.

Zzzzt!

Just as the purple beam of light was about to pour out from the magic circle, he threw the Blade of Requiem like a flying knife.

Whoosh!

The Blade of Requiem, infused with Ghastly Flow of Mana, cut through the Arch Lich's magic and magic circle.

Zzzzt!

The magic circle summoned by the Arch Lich crumbled like dry leaves without even being able to cast magic.

"It doesn't matter what you do from afar, skeleton head."

Raon lightly caught the falling Blade of Requiem. He curled his lips and scoffed at the Arch Lich who would be watching this place.

'This is the last resort.'

If this provocation works and the Arch Lich shows up in person, he can definitely win this fight.

'However, if he doesn't come out and keeps fighting a war of attrition....'

It could be tough.

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[Advance Chapter: Tinyurl.com/Aldbnlf]

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The western end, which should now be called the Land of Death instead of the swamp of death.

The three pillars that were submerged in the swamp had revealed their original form, and several scars were engraved on them as if they had been cut by a sword.

The Arch Lich and Death Knight, with blue flames spewing from their empty eye sockets, were leaning against the pillars and looking into a large glass ball.

"Is that the Zieghart of this era?"

The Arch Lich snapped his fingers while looking at Raon, who was reflected in the ball.

"He has that vicious aura. He's just like that guy."

"Yes. Unlike Arian, he still has the power of the bloodline."

The Death Knight nodded with his fists clenched.

"He's not just strong. He knows how to win wars."

The Arch Lich lowered his robes and stroked the staff in his hand.

"That kid is making it difficult to use magic."

The young descendant of Zieghart easily tore through the magic and magic circle with a small dagger.

"Long-range magic requires a lot of mana and mental power. I couldn't attack without knowing how he broke the magic."

"But I'm sure he's exhausted both his stamina and aura more than it looks. The other humans would be the same."

"Then let's attack immediately."

The Death Knight nodded and placed his hand on the long sword at his waist.

"Re-form the lines. I'll lead the charge and destroy that wall for you."

"Understood. Right now...!"

"No, no."

Just as the two high rank undead were about to take action, Manghongwi appeared behind them.

"That's what he wants."

Despite Manghongwi's words, the Death Knight and the Arch Lich just stood there blankly, not even bothering to turn around.

"He's just waiting for you to come."

He took out a ball from inside his robes. The ball, which had been as clear as spring water, was now more than half blackened.

"You're not supposed to go to him. You're supposed to call him here. That's the way to change history."

Manghongwi extended his hand, holding the ball, with a calm voice.

"I'll help you a little."

Black smoke billowed from the ball and seeped into the Death Knight and the Arch Lich.

The two undead's powers suddenly increased, and the aura of death emanating from the Land of Death became even more foul.

"Rise."

The Death Knight and the Arch Lich raised their hands.

"Kukukuku."

A huge tremor shook the Land of Death, and the undead that had died in front of the wall came back to life and began to form a line.

"Yes."

Manghongwi nodded, wiping the slightly darker ball.

"The only way you can win is to wear them down."

The blue flames rose from the eye sockets of the Arch Lich mask he was wearing.

"I'll let you know when it's time to draw your swords."

* * *

Raon bit his lip as he watched the low-level undead approaching in waves.

"He's definitely getting smart."

Two days had passed since he went down the wall to slaughter the undead and provoke the Arch Lich.

He thought the angry bastards would come after him personally, but for two days, they had only sent mid and low-rank undead to wear him down.

The bodies of the undead had piled up for five days, forming a low mound that could reach the wall.

"That's not the only problem."

Raon bit his lip and looked back.

"Ugh... damn it! When will this end! Even ants don't come like this!"

"I just want to sleep..."

Burren, Martha, and Runaan had pale faces and were biting their lips. It wasn't fear, but their physical and mental strength had reached their limits after five days of fighting without proper rest or sleep.

"Is this ever going to end?"

"He's going to wear us down..."

"Damn it! You're like corpses!"

"Please just stop coming!"

The Light Wind swordsmen were even more exhausted than Raon, and their hands were shaking so much that they could barely hold their swords. Many of them had half-closed eyelids because they hadn't had a proper rest or sleep.

"Ugh... just let me sleep..."

"It's not over yet."

The Imperial Sword members were sitting on their knees or leaning against the wall as if they had fainted, and many of the rangers had collapsed from exhaustion.

Raon frowned as he looked at the hands of the exhausted swordsmen and rangers.

"It's unavoidable."

Even though there was no direct combat, the rangers and swordsmen had bloody bandages wrapped around their hands. They had held their weapons for five days, so it was actually an achievement that they had held on this long.

"This is hell..."

Raon approached Dorian, who had a clothespin clipped to his eyelid, and took a clothespin out of his pocket.

"Dorian. Is there any way to tell if he's received it?"

"Unfortunately, there's no way to do that. It's a one-way communication..."

Dorian pulled out the clothespin from his eyelid and shook his head.

"All we can do is wait."

"I see."

Raon nodded and stood back in front of the wall. Even as he thought, the undead were slowly approaching.

"Now I need to find another way..."

Think about yourself first.

Wrath came out of the bracelet with a frown.

Other guys got a nap at least. You haven't slept for five days!

He threw a round fist, saying that he should rest a bit.

'are you worried about me?'

What worry! Your body will soon belong to the King of Essence, so don't use it carelessly!

Wrath shook his head quickly and said no.

'Well, you were discreetly channeling more *wrath* when using the *Silver Frost Aurora*.'

How did you know that?

Raon chuckled softly. Wrath didn't retract the *wrath* he infused to assist in activating the *Silver Frost Aurora*. He likely left it intentionally, planning to use it as a trap later, but Raon was already aware.

Ugh! I really don't want to help you!

'Anyway, thank you for worrying.'

Raon patted Wrath's cotton candy-like head and took a deep breath.

'I'll buy you anything you want after this war is over.'

"It's not just words. I genuinely couldn't sleep, and I couldn't enjoy my meals comfortably, so I'm really looking forward to eating and sleeping properly."

Really?

'Yes.'

Why would you do that?

'Instead, I'll take your Wrath points. Can you restore my aura and stamina?'

Aura is possible. I can even heal your wounds. But the mind is difficult.

'Hmm....'

Right now, your mind has been worn down because you've been responsible for this castle and fighting without any sleep. There's nothing I can do about that.

Wrath frowned and continued.

Even if your strength and aura are full, you can't fight properly if your mind is lacking.

'That's right.'

That's right. I can slowly restore my aura through meditation, but I can't recover my mental strength. However, I knew that I had to endure it for now.

When Raon sighed lightly, Wendy Arian approached.

"Raon-nim."

Wendy smiled awkwardly and raised her head.

"W, what if we abandon the castle and retreat now?"

She said she wanted to abandon this castle with her lips trembling.

"Are you serious?"

Wendy Arian is a true warrior who has swung a sword to save her family even when the entire Arian family was corrupted and ruined. The fact that she said she wanted to abandon this castle and run away means that it is a crisis.

"Yes. People are more important than the castle."

She nodded as if she had already made up her mind.

"Unfortunately, I can't do that."

Raon shook his head slowly.

"That's what they're after."

This castle, built by the first Arian head, has the effect of blocking aura of death. If the castle collapses or goes outside, the people will all die from the aura of death rising from the ground, and the swordsmen and rangers will be hunted down by the undead that never tire.

'Is that elf still training?'

When he thought of Rimmer, who even came to mind in his frustration, the ranger third team leader, Prika, who had gone to rest, ran up.

"I, it's a big deal!"

Prika wiped the sweat from her forehead and continued.

"Wigen Arian and his executives have escaped!"

"What?"

"They somehow opened the prison door and escaped over the east wall with the hostages!"

"Ah..."

Wendy Arian bit her nails as if she was in despair.

"What, that's...?"

Raon clenched his fist as he looked at Prika.

'I knew it, but...'

He was that kind of trash.

They were that kind of scum. Even though they knew their own family was in danger situation, they ran away. It was a despicable act that was hard to believe.

"Who helped them? Was it Bainerd?"

"It wasn't me."

Bainerd, who followed Prika up, shook his head.

"I was resting like a dead mouse in my room."

He gritted his teeth, saying that the family's momentum, which had been united because of Wigen and his executives, had been ruined.

"I see."

Raon nodded.

'No matter how bad he was, he was the head of the family.'

Even though Wendy had become the new head, she was ultimately only temporary. It was only natural that people's morale would drop after the likes of Wigen, who had lived like a catfish, ran away.

"I'll kill that piglet somehow!"

Martha couldn't bear it and slammed her fist on the ground.

"Haa..."

As Raon sighed in frustration, a powerful aura of death rose up from behind him.

'I can't believe it?'

When he turned around, he saw a dark cloud rising.

"Kukukukuku!"

As if they had sensed the unrest inside the castle, the mid-to-high-level (*rank*) undead army that had been hiding behind the zombies and skeletons began to move again.

"Kiii!"

The start was a specter floating in the sky. It exhaled a black breath and aimed at the rangers standing at the end of the right wall.

"Runaan!"

"Yes."

At Raon's call, Runaan, who was standing near the right wall, kicked the ground. As soon as she stepped forward, a wall of frost extended in front of the rangers.

"Zheoooooor!"

The breath of aura of death and the wall of frost collided and died out at the same time.

Runaan jumped into the air at the moment the wall broke and drew out her second blade. The bodies of two specters, who were trying to back away from the quick and gentle frost sword strikes, were split in half.

However, the undead didn't care whether the specters died or not. They charged at full speed.

"Kukukukukukuku!"

Ghouls and skeleton warriors charged in the center, a group of dullahans charged like a knight order, and three death knights on the left revealed their red eyes.

But that wasn't all. On the right, liches and skeleton mages appeared and began to use magic. They were the magic corps that had been hiding so far.

"Martha, Burren."

Raon called out to the two captains.

Raon bit his lip and pointed to the magic corps.

"Do whatever you can to stop the magic."

"I will follow your orders."

"You're giving me too easy of a job!"

The two of them, unlike their words, put on a serious expression and raised their auras.

"Kwaaagwaaguang!"

Lich and skeleton mages fired aura of death-rich magic. Burren and Martha fired sword aura with the power of wind and earth, knocking down the magic in mid-air. However, the shockwaves from the explosions hit the wall, creating large and small cracks.

"Vice-squad leader, please continue to protect the entire wall! I'll take care of the bastards charging in the center. I'll..."

Raon struck a silver sword strike at the group of dullahans charging in from the left. The strength of the sword, which was accompanied by a dripping killing intent, emerged behind the thin sword. It was a long-range sword strike that had been transformed into Sword's Silvery Dream..

"Kwaaaaah!"

Along with a spine-chilling slicing sound, six dullahans were split in half and rolled on the ground.

"I'll take care of the big guys."

This time, he stepped on the ground to the right. A chimera zombie that looked like it was made up of over 100 zombies was running towards him.

'I can't let that guy get close.'

He adjusted his grip on the sword and fired a super-fast sword strike. However, before the sharp sword could reach, the chimera zombie's body swelled up like a balloon.

"Kwaaaaah!"

The chimera zombie, which seemed to be blown up by the wind, blew up its own flesh before the sword could reach. Blackened flesh and bones flew towards the wall. It was a suicide attack called corpse explosion.

"Chiring!"

Raon planted his foot on the tilted castle wall and held the Blade of Requiem tightly. He released his power, dissolving the aftermath of the explosions. *White Void*. It was a sword technique that erased all energy, nullifying the shockwaves.

"Woowoowooung!"

Two magic circles appear in the air. Without even taking a breath, he kicked the wall. When the spears coated in black were about to be fired from the magic circle, he drew down the Blade of Requiem, which was wrapped in strength.

"Kwaaaaah!"

The magic spear and magic circle that were about to be dropped were cut in half at the same time.

"Hmm..."

Raon let out a rough breath and looked down. There were too many of them. And since it was a strengthened undead group, there were many of them who broke through the sword beams and penetrated inside.

'Hmm?'

The sword beams were flying, but the endless arrows had stopped. When he looked back, the rangers were shaking their hands with only their bows in hand.

'Did the arrows run out...?'

In a way, it was natural. Even though Wendy had stocked up on supplies with great effort, she didn't expect such a battle to take place. It was thanks to the residents who came forward to make arrows that they were able to hold on until now.

"Pick up your spears!"

At Raon's cry, the rangers gripped their spears and headed for the wall.

"Throw!"

"Aaaaah!"

Although their skills were lacking, the spears were driven into the heads of ghouls and skeleton warriors because there were so many undead. However, the undead's advance did not stop.

"Kwaaaaah!"

He created a flame with Ten Thousand Flames Cultivation and threw an ice spear with the cold of Glacier, but it was too much for him to handle the entire undead alone.

'It's coming faster than expected, but there's nothing I can do!'

Raon turned his gaze to the rangers who were managing the supplies.

"Sprinkle holy water!"

At his words, the rangers opened the lids of the holy water that they had treasured and poured it into salt water. They quickly mixed the water and poured it over the wall.

"Kwaaaaah!"

The holy water that was poured over the wall turned into a barrier that blocked the undead.

"That's it! Hold on!"

The rangers and swordsmen held their breath and waited for the undead to approach the wall.

However, the undead did not stop even after they were covered in holy water. In fact, they ran faster and started beating the wall.

"Chudduck!"

The cracks in the wall widened due to the strong aura of death that was attached to the undead.

"Huek!"

"What, what is it...?"

"Is the holy water not working?"

"This doesn't make sense!"

The rangers and swordsmen trembled at the strange sight of the undead approaching them, ignoring the holy water.

"That, that looks like a fake."

Wendy frowned and shook her head.

"Fake?"

"I believe the previous head took a lot of money from the warehouse and mentioned selling what I suspect was the real holy water."

She bit her lip, saying she didn't expect the previous head to sell the holy water she had stockpiled.

"Ah..."

"A fake holy water...?"

"Is this true?"

The morale on the wall sank even lower at the news that the holy water was fake. Not only the rangers, but also the faces of the swordsmen were filled with shadows.

"Dorian!"

"It's a necessity, so I have it! But...."

Dorian put down his sword and put his hand in his belly pocket. The hand he took out again held five glass bottles that looked expensive.

"This is expensive!"

He put holy water and salt water in a watering can used to water flowers, and then sprinkled it from the wall to the bottom.

"Kkreeeueoeoeoeo!"

"Kyaaaaaah!"

The undead, who were pushing in like bulls even though they were hit by spears, arrows, and sword strikes, began to retreat, screaming. The aura of death that was penetrating the wall also disappeared as if it had been erased with an eraser.

"Kwaaaaaah!"

A dark ray was shot from the hand of the lich who was leading the undead magic corps. When Raon looked at the direction, it was aimed at Dorian.

"Kyaaaaaah!"

Raon swung the Blade of Requiem, held in reverse, to strike down the flying magic. As he descended, he channeled the fiery will into the Heavenly Drive. The moment the sword's tip shot forward, the fiery breath of the dragon incinerated all the approaching undead to ashes against the wall.

"Piaaaaaah!"

While attacking, magic and arrows fired by skeleton archers and skeleton mages rushed in.

"Chejejejeong!"

While cutting the magic with the Blade of Requiem and the arrows with the Heavenly Drive, the sound of the left wall collapsing was heard.

When he raised his head, a death knight who was hiding in the zombie crowd was jumping up onto the wall.

"Chaang!"

Runaan quickly approached and blocked the sword that was falling on the ranger, but she was also tired, so she was immediately pushed back.

Raon gathered his breath from his ankle to his wrist and unleashed the Heavenly Killing Blade. (*Cheonsalbi*)

"Piaaaaah!"

The sharp blade with the killing intent, which was imbued with the Mugyeolbi (*Flawless Blade*), transformed into a radiant light, shattering the Death Knight's skull.

"Kugh..."

Raon endured the burning sensation in his lungs and climbed back up the wall.

'It's getting incredibly tough.'

He gripped the sword tightly, his brows furrowing. Thanks to the holy water and the flame dragon art, they had briefly pushed back the undead, but it was only a temporary respite. While they grew weary on this side, the battle on the other side was just beginning.

Raon stared at the tightly shut gates, filled with approaching undead, and clenched his teeth.

'Now, the only option left is...'