

Chapter 1025

What did you just say? (10)

«Hmm.»

A faint smile tugged at the corners of Jang Ilso's mouth. He held a letter in his hand.

«Magyo...»

Jang Ilso closed his eyes slightly, as if needing time to organize his thoughts. Under normal circumstances, Ho Gamyong wouldn't have disturbed his Lord like this.

But right now, Ho Gamyong keenly felt that his patience was not limitless. Unable to contain himself any longer, he spoke.

«Lord Ryeonju...»

Upon hearing this, Jang Ilso slowly opened his eyes. His gaze was much darker than usual.

«I'm talking about the Demonic Cult.»

Jang Ilso let out a bitter laugh.

«In this world, variables always come into play, but I really didn't anticipate this.»

His ornate accessories jingled as he slowly raised his hand and lightly grasped his own face, lost in thought.

A deep sense of unease enveloped him.

The mention of Magyo as a variable felt like it was unraveling all the plans he had set in motion. He ran his tongue slowly across his lips. Jang Ilso's eyes sparkled with an ominous glint.

«...First, we decided to respond to the Black Ghost...»

«It's going to fail.»

Ho Gamyong flinched at Jang Ilso's decisive tone.

«Mangeum Daebu believes he can calculate everything. If calculations fail, he believes it's due to a lack of information and analysis. Of course, most of the time, he's right...»

Jang Ilso declared in a voice filled with a sense of impending doom.

«But not this time.»

Ho Gamyong remained silent.

«There are undoubtedly beings in this world that defy common sense. And Magyo is one of those rare entities.»

Ho Gamyong nodded.

Jang Ilso didn't know much about Demonic Cult. However, he was certain of one thing. Communication with those who had become fanatical was impossible. Their view of the world and the world as perceived by those who lived for themselves were fundamentally different.

«People from different worlds can't communicate. Black Ghost made a foolish move.»

«Then...»

«The variables that have emerged are the worst, and even our initial response is the worst.»

Jang Ilso sighed, twisting the corners of his mouth into a wry smile.

«This situation is beyond bad.»

He slowly rose from his chair, his gaze fixed on the river, a cold voice escaped his lips, as if he was trying to gather his thoughts.

«Gamyong-ah.»

«Yes, Ryeonju.»

«Tell the ones across the river that Magyo has appeared.»

«Are you sure about this? They will undoubtedly try to take advantage of this situation.»

«Of course they will.»

Jang Ilso didn't trust the talk of being Just or whatever. It was just a convenient phrase fabricated by those in favorable circumstances to justify their actions.

Of course, these guys seemed to believe in the words they made up themselves...

«It doesn't matter. We're already in deep mess. So, at the very least, we should make sure they end up in the same mess as we did. We can't just watch them sit comfortably, wearing clean clothes, and enjoying the show alone, can we?»

«I will carry out your orders.»

Kkagagak!

Jang Ilso's ring grated harshly.

«Remove the alcohol.»

«Yes.»

«No one is allowed to approach me for a while.»

Ho Gamyong nodded.

Jang Ilso gazed silently towards the river. Ho Gamyong observed his back for a moment, then quietly, but swiftly, retreated.

«Magyo?»

Beop Jong was momentarily speechless, his mouth agape like someone who had lost their words. His eyes quivered.

As soon as the word «Magyo» was mentioned, the atmosphere in the room grew even colder than the northern sea. Simply uttering the word «Magyo» was enough to instill a sense of weight and fear in them.

«Did you say 'Magyo' just now?»

«Yes, leader! It seems Demonic Cult has appeared near Hangzhou.»

«Appeared?»

Abbot's forehead broke out in a cold sweat.

The appearance of Magyo. In the face of this phrase, even the mightiest Beop Jong had no choice but to tremble.

'What in the world are these unexpected news?'

Of course, it wasn't entirely unbelievable. Demonic Cult had always been like this. Their appearances always happened without warning, they held their breath as if they didn't exist, and then, in an instant, they would rise up as one.

Didn't the war from a hundred years ago happen the same way?

Beop Jong glared at Beop Gye, who was biting his lip.

«How did you get this information?»

«...It was conveyed by the Sapaeryeon.»

Abbot's face contorted at Beop Gye's reply. It was the question he hadn't been able to ask, and Jonglihyeong asked it on his behalf.

«Is this information reliable?»

«What do you mean?»

«If the source of the information is Sapaeryeon, there's no reason not to be suspicious, is there? Jang Ilso has tormented us with all kinds of tricks. There's no guarantee that this information itself isn't one of Jang Ilso's creations.»

Beop Gye also nodded as if to acknowledge the point.

«We haven't verified it yet. However, given the content of the information, I thought it should be reported before verification.»

This time, Jonglihyeong nodded. Indeed, information about Demonic Cult was not something to be delayed.

Beop Jong spoke with a heavy voice.

«Beop Gye.»

«Yes!»

«Report this situation to the Beggars Sect and confirm the facts as quickly as possible. It's urgent. We must find out at all cost»

«I will keep that in mind!»

Beop Gye rushed out. A suppressed sigh escaped Abbot's lips as he watched him depart.

'Magyo... Why did their name have to come up at a time like this?'

«Abbot...»

«Let's wait a bit,»

Beop Jong said as if reciting a prayer.

«Even though the Beggars Sect hasn't been able to obtain proper information from Gangnam for three years, if it's true that Magyo has appeared in Hangzhou, it will be confirmed soon enough. Hangzhou isn't short of beggars.»

«That's true.»

«For now, we can decide our response after verifying the facts.»

Jonglihyeong slowly nodded. He tried to maintain a composed expression, but his heart was pounding uncontrollably ever since he heard the name 'Magyo'.

«But Abbot...»

At that moment, the head of the Paeng family, who had been silent in the background, spoke up.

«If, by any chance, Magyo's appearance is confirmed, what do you plan to do then?»

Beop Jong looked up at Paeng Yeop. Instead of answering, he turned to Jonglihyeong for a response.

«What do you mean? What could we possibly do...»

«Magyo is not something a single faction can deal with. We already experienced that painfully a hundred years ago.»

Jonglihyeong's expression changed as he finally grasped the situation.

«A hundred years ago, every faction united to face them, without hesitating to use all means necessary. This means that if Demonic Cult has truly appeared, we might have to join forces with Sapaeryeon.»

«That's...»

After understanding the situation, Jonglihyeong's complexion changed.

Forming an alliance with Sapaeryeon was a difficult concept to accept. While the existence of the Demonic Cult as an adversary was a challenge in itself, there was a deep-seated reluctance. Joining hands with Sapaeryeon meant throwing away everything they had achieved along the Chang River, undermining the legitimacy they had claimed as a faction.

«If Magyo has appeared in Hangzhou, we'll have to cross that river. Do you really intend to do that, Abbot?»

Beop Jong slowly closed his eyes.

After a long silence, he opened his eyes and spoke.

«Let's first confirm the facts and then discuss a plan.»

«Abbot, this...»

«Clan Leader.»

Beop Jong looked directly at Paeng Yeop.

«We can't jump to conclusions at this point. Words can lead to conflict, so I urge you to remain calm.»

«Understood.»

With Paeng Yeop's somber tone, a heavy silence filled the room. In the dense silence, Beop Jong muttered prayers.

However, contrary to the calm exterior, his eyes were truly dark, unlike the calm demeanor of a monk.

«What did you say?»

Bark Cheon and Yoon Jong widened their eyes.

Jo Geol quickly glanced around again. After confirming that there was no one around to eavesdrop, he whispered rapidly.

«I'm absolutely sure, Sasuk. The guys from Sapaeryeon clearly said that to Sect Leader.»

«Did you hear correctly?»

«This is no time for jokes, you know.»

Bark Cheon bit his lip.

‘Dammit, what is this...’

No matter how much you want it, the name Magyo wasn’t something to be joked about.

Especially not by disciples of Hwasan. Those who had experienced Magyo in the Northern Sea, especially the Bishop.

‘The Demonic Cult...’

Why did the name Magyo suddenly pop up now?

His fingertips involuntarily began to tremble. The memories of the countless wounds he had suffered during their clash in the Northern Sea were still vivid in his mind.

«Just what... will happen now, Sasuk?»

Even Yoon Jong, who usually remained composed, couldn’t hide his bewilderment.

«... «

How could Bark Cheon possibly know that?

However, one thing was certain.

«Where is that guy right now?»

«That guy?»

«Chung Myung.»

Yoon Jong flinched for a moment.

If Chung Myung heard this conversation...

‘No...’

Just the mention of Demonic Cult’s name could change his personality. If those words reached Chung Myung’s ears, it was easy to predict what would happen. He might grab a sword and rush out immediately.

«Right now he is training the Namgung’ Clan.»

Baek Cheon stared at Jo Geol.

«Have you relayed this message to anyone else?»

«No, Sasuk. I came straight here.»

Baek Cheon nodded with a solemn expression.

«Then ensure that everyone keeps their mouths shut. We don’t have any definite information yet. Wait until everything is certain before spreading the news.»

«Yes.»

«... If the news of Magyo’s appearance reaches Chung Myung, who knows what he might do. So, we need to make sure that he doesn’t hear about it, or at least not too soon.»

«Yes, Sasuk...»

At that moment...

«What did you just say?»

«...»

Everyone present froze.

The voice that they absolutely did not want to hear at this moment came from behind.

«Oh...»

Baek Cheon's face drained of color for a moment.

«Sasuk.»

Baek Cheon looked up at the sky briefly and let out a small sigh. But he couldn't avoid it forever. He took a deep breath and slowly turned around.

«Chung Myung... I mean...»

Chung Myung's expression, which had been blank, began to change slowly. It was a face he rarely showed to them. With a sinister look on his face he exuded a murderous aura. It was suffocating.

This wasn't an aura he released to threaten them. It was an aura born from emotions that momentarily overcame his control.

«Right now...»

Chung Myung's lips moved, and his voice was rough, as if scraping metal.

«What did you just say?»

Baek Cheon simply closed his eyes.