

Chapter 1067

Kill me, you say? (2)

Without even thinking of wiping away the streaming cold sweat, Jo Geol stared at Chung Myung in a daze.

«No... It's not possible.»

Of course, he knew that the guy was insane. Where would you find a disciple of Hwasan who didn't know that he wasn't in his right mind? But even madness has its limits. He couldn't have imagined that it would go this far.

«No, I thought... up until now, I thought he always had some plan when he did crazy things. I couldn't have imagined that he would go this far.»

«...That crazy lunatic.»

Yoon Jong's words summed it up. If it came from his mouth, it was as good as final. The situation they had witnessed in front of them, Baek Cheon sitting on the ground and Yu Iseol lying down like an exhausted cat with her head on the ground beside him, proved how dire it had been.

'At this point, it would be more sensible to put ones head into a tiger's mouth and shout, 'Just eat my head!'

In that moment, Tang Soso muttered as if she had lost her mind.

«That lunatic... if he's going to die, let him die alone. Why drag us into it?»

Jo Geol turned to look at her, taken aback. No matter how chaotic Hwasan was, calling someone a lunatic and wishing death upon them was a bit... Now that Yoon Jong have heard it he might get angry...

“Yeah, I know!”

But it seemed that Yoon Jong was in no mood to get angry.

And it seems that Hwasan's disciples were not the only ones exhausted by Chung Myung's crazy actions.

«I... I thought...»

Everyone, even suffering from exhaustion, turned towards the source of the voice. If it had been someone else's voice, they might not even have had the strength to turn their heads in this situation. However, even in such circumstances, Jang Ilso's reaction couldn't be ignored. Unable to bear the thought of collapsing like the disciples of Hwasan, Jang Ilso stood tall with a bewildered expression on his face. His gaze was fixed on Chung Myung, who was approaching them.

«I thought I was the craziest person in Gangho...»

«...»

«But there's someone even worse.»

Upon hearing these words, the disciples Hwasan looked at each other with faces that couldn't decide whether to cry or laugh. They couldn't have imagined the moment when they would relate to what Jang Ilso was saying.

His complexion, which looked a little paler than usual, suggested that his previous words were not just a joke.

In contrast, Chung Myung's face, as he approached, seemed indifferent, as if everything that had just happened was none of his business.

He just looked at Baek Cheon and the group and clicked his tongue.

«Seriously, anyone would think you did something amazing. Why are you all sitting around like that?»

«Hey, this...»

«Siju... Siju, please, go far away from here and lie down. Please...»

Hwasan disciples, without the strength to shout, could only mutter curses in powerless voices.

Nevertheless, Baek Cheon, trying to maintain some dignity as Sasuk, was the first to get up and ask,

«What the...?»

«Yeah?»

«What happened? Why did he just go back so obediently?»

Although he had been listening to their conversation, without prior knowledge, he couldn't make any sense of it.

«It's not a big deal...»

Chung Myung's gaze briefly met Jang Ilso's.

«I'll tell you later.»

Baek Cheon understood the meaning and was about to nod, but Jang Ilso opened his mouth with a dissatisfied tone.

«Still, I thought we fought together as comrades. Won't it hurt my heart if you reject me so openly like this?»

While the tone sounded soft, it bordered on familiarity, but Chung Myung's response was utterly cold.

«I'll never use the word 'comrade' with someone like you.»

«Although I'd like to say it's a harsh response... yeah, watching what you're doing, I think it might be better for me, too.»

Jang Ilso said with a hint of a strange look in his eyes. In response, voices of agreement began to echo here and there.

«That's true.»

«...Honestly, we're sorry on this end.»

«Sorry.»

«Well, what about these bastards?!»

Chung Myung shot a glare at the fellow disciples who were sympathizing with Jang Ilso's words.

Jang Ilso continued,

«The Heavenly Demon they're waiting for... it seems he's not falling from the sky, but rather resurrecting within someone's body, right?»

Everyone's mood changed drastically upon hearing the mention of the Heavenly Demon. Jang Ilso, still fixated on Chung Myung, opened his mouth with a weighty tone.

«And the followers of the Demonic Cult, they have no way to confirm it until the one resurrected realizes they are the Heavenly Demon by themselves, right? So... no one can dare to kill them, right?»

Chung Myung didn't bother to respond, but in the current situation, could there be a more obvious answer than silence? Jang Ilso's eyes took on a strange glint.

«That means... the Heavenly Demon might already be resurrected, living in the Central Plains without even realizing they're a Heavenly Demon?»

Chung Myung's gaze grew a bit fiercer. In response, Jang Ilso chuckled quietly.

«Looking at me with that kind of eyes only makes me more certain.»

Chung Myung, who seemed to be grinding his teeth slightly while looking at Jang Ilso, made a sigh.

He is Jang Ilso, not just any other guy, and he saw the whole situation with his own eyes, so no matter what Chung Myung says, he won't hesitate.

«Nothing is certain.»

Chung Myung said in a low voice.

«Whether they're already resurrected or not born yet, or maybe they're aware of being the Heavenly Demon but haven't revealed themselves. The problem is that nobody can know.»
Seemingly understanding, Jang Ilso nodded his head.

«Resurrection... Well, you believe in such absurd stories quite well. You're even more seasoned than those fanatics.»

Chung Myung didn't bother to respond. There was no reason to make him understand, and he had no confidence to make him understand. If he hadn't gone through the process of being reborn himself, he would have dismissed all these words as nonsense, just like Jang Ilso is doing now.

Jang Ilso's gaze swept across the place where the Heavenly Executioner had been and the traces of the fight on the ground.

«But... to simply dismiss these words as the ravings of fanatics... those lunatics aren't ordinary lunatics, you know.»

Jang Ilso felt the power of the Heavenly Executioner as well.

Even focusing solely on Danjagang, it was a level of strength Jang Ilso had never experienced before. However, the Heavenly Executioner possessed a power that could crush

Danjagang as if he was nothing. Plainly put, at this point in time, there wouldn't be anyone in Gangho who could stand against the Heavenly Executioner.

‘What if that power combines with the strength I’ve seen from the followers of the Demonic Cult?’

The grand goal of conquering the Central Plains didn't seem as daunting as it once did. At least, it was a far more realistic scenario than the dream Jang Ilso was harboring.

However, Heavenly Executioner remained still, and the followers of the Demonic Cult made no move. Someone, somewhere in the distant outskirts of the world, was devouring their life for a belief.

Because of faith, only faith.

Being Jang Ilso, and none other, he understood just how unreasonable this situation was.

A strong individual is a creature of ego. No matter how talented they may be, it takes tremendous effort to translate that talent into real power.

Therefore, those who have gone through such a process to acquire the power to overshadow the world often become egotistical demigods beyond the comprehension of common sense. For someone of Heavenly Executioner's caliber, it was not unusual for their overwhelming self-awareness to overflow throughout the Central Plains.

Yet, instead of using that immense power to overcome the Heavenly Demon, he simply waited for the Heavenly Demon's return, casually discarding everything else he could easily attain.

He was like a watchdog guarding an empty house, waiting for its owner to return.

‘Is this really possible?’

It's impossible. No, it shouldn't be possible. The only possible scenario is one.

Jang Ilso gazed around with his pale eyes.

«So, that Heavenly Demon...»

A hushed voice silenced everyone.

«Even that monstrous being can be turned into a guard dog for an ownerless house.»

Anyone living in Gangho would have heard the two words «Heavenly Demon» at some point. It was a symbol of power and a concentrated embodiment of fear. But more intense than any description of the Heavenly Demon anyone had ever heard was the single sentence uttered by Jang Ilso.

«Beyond loyalty, submission... No, beyond submission, to the extent of sacrificing oneself.»

Jang Ilso chuckled bitterly. Even the great Jang Ilso had never completely subjugated someone. Would Red Dogs be able to wait for him for a century just because he left a message saying he would resurrect?

Those murderous madmen, like ascetic monks devoted to Buddhism, are confined to the outskirts and endure a life of just waiting?

‘There's no way.’

Jang Ilso shook his head.

But what on earth do you have to do to make someone like the Heavenly Executioner, behave like that?

Everyone remained silent. They had fought with Danjagang, and the one they now confronted was the Heavenly Executioner. But at this moment, the colossal shadow of the unknown Heavenly Demon felt like it was pressing down on everyone present.

Jang Ilso's eyes traced an eerie pattern.

«That kind of person might be somewhere around here, living without knowing who they are...»

He slowly raised his head.

«It sounds like an exaggerated joke.»

While they had accomplished a lot, they had repelled the attack on Hangzhou, driven out the Cult, and even led to the death of one of their top forces, the Bishop. Given their achievements, they couldn't hope for more.

However, there was no trace of joy in the faces of those who remained. In the faces of those who were now becoming aware of the true power of the Demonic Cult and the Heavenly Demon, there was nothing but an indescribable sense of oppression.

«Well, it doesn't matter right now. That's not the issue at hand.»

Jang Ilso sighed lightly and smiled.

«It's better than worrying about what might happen later.»

It was an extremely cheerful smile, but as soon as the others saw his eyes, they felt the hair on their bodies stand on end.

«For now, shouldn't we settle our business first?»

Jang Ilso's voice changed.

The strange friendliness disappeared, and an intense presence filled the void. Baek Cheon and his companions' faces quickly stiffened as they sensed the shift in the atmosphere.

'Could it be...?'

'At a time like this?'

Tension coursed through their bodies. They had always been prepared for the possibility that Jang Ilso might reveal his true colors. After all, they had initially brought only a small group with them when they entered Gangnam, partly because of their lack of trust in Jang Ilso.

But this moment felt much too urgent.

As Jang Ilso's words ended, Red Dogs quietly but swiftly gathered around him.

Simultaneously, the disciples of Hwasan surrounded Chung Myung, facing off against Jang Ilso.

It was evident that Chung Myung and Jang Ilso couldn't engage in a proper fight in this situation. So, this would turn into a battle between Red Dogs and Hwasan. Although Red Dogs were incredibly strong, the forces of the Hwasan were nothing to underestimate.

Baek Cheon considered briefly if he should withdraw, but just as he and Un Geom exchanged a glance, Jang Ilso shook his head.

«Hmm, Baek Cheon, wasn't it?»

«... You...!»

«If you're this slow with your calculations... In Gangbuk, it might be okay, but not in Gangnam.»

«What nonsense...»

As Jo Geol tried to raise his voice on Baek Cheon's behalf, but at that moment, it was as if someone had forcefully silenced him. His pupils shook wildly as he observed the figures that had revealed themselves.

A moan escaped Yoon Jong's lips,

«The Black Ghost...»

The Black Ghost Fortress's elite forces, who they had left at the entrance of Hangzhou, had somehow encircled the group, ensuring that no one could escape.

Red Dogs alone have already been tricky to face, but with the addition of the Black Ghost, the situation was dire.

«Damn it...»

A momentary shadow of despair crossed the faces of Hwasan's swordsmen. It was a desperate situation. But Jang Ilso, who had been observing them, laughed aloud.

«Aren't you curious?»

A brilliant smile appeared on his face. There was a cruel glint in his pale eyes.

«Which is more terrifying, fighting a lone formidable beast or being surrounded by a pack of hungry wildcats?»

«You son of a...!»

Jo Geol's eyes began to fill with a murderous rage.