

Chapter 1094

I might have gone a bit too far with my words. (4)

«Good words. Yes, good words indeed.»

Chung Myung, lying sprawled on the floor with a bottle in hand, muttered grumpily.

«Going together, stepping in sync. Well, it's a nice sentiment. But...»

Glug, glug, glug.

The liquor flowed smoothly down his throat.

«Kahaha! It's killing me!»

He forcefully removed the bottle from his mouth and inspected it closely in his hand.

«Is the water here good? Liquor goes down so smoothly.»

Initially with a content expression, Chung Myung's face turned sour again as he continued.

«No, but think about it. Even if we try to step in sync, can someone sync their steps with a lame person? Impossible, right?»

«...»

«So, at least you should. At least. Huh? At least enough to treat someone like a person, whether it's stepping with feet or hands, right? Even if you look closely, if it's not a human being, how can I drag that along?»

Chung Myung turned his head slightly and asked.

«Isn't that so?»

«...»

«Isn't it?»

«Ughhh...»

But the response wasn't an answer — it was a groan, dying away.

Baek Cheon, covered in dirt, glared at Chung Myung with eyes filled with intense resentment.

Glug, glug, glug.

But Chung Myung paid him no attention, fervently drinking from the bottle.

«Ughhh!»

Taking the bottle out of his mouth, Chung Myung sighed deeply.

«That's why at least they should be made into human beings. That way, they might attempt something.»

«... You bastard.»

«That demon [not a 'ma' demon as in magyo, but a gwishin 귀신]... What on earth... Isn't that guy captured yet?»

«... No, I wish I'd just be taken away somewhere. This place is hell... Anywhere without that guy is paradise.»

Ogeom, more tattered than when they fought in Hangzhou, cursed bitterly with venomous resentment.

Behind them, or more precisely, in a more desperate state, Im Sobyong spoke with a voice fading into despair.

«No... I, I... No, why...»

Ogeom turned to Im Sobyong with puzzled eyes.

«Haven't you heard?»

«What...»

«Now, the factions under Cheonumaeng are moving along with Hwasan.»

«But that's...»

Yu Iseol interjected with a sullen face.

«Because we're friends. Equal treatment. Equal training.»

«...»

«That's why Nokrim also rolls. Like Hwasan.»

«I... I'm a patient...»

«Even the patients join.»

«Does... does that make sense?»

The fading voices of protest came not from the Nokrim members but from the Tangga who lay on the ground alongside them. The cloudy moisture formed in the eyes of those rolling in the dirt.

Hwasan Geomhyeop, Hwasan Geomhyeop, they've only heard about him. Well, they've seen him too, but thought that guy's insanity had nothing to do with Tangga.

Coming in abruptly from dawn, screaming, 'From today, I'm taking charge of your training.

If you feel unjust, go to the head of the family and complain!' What kind of law is that?

And where's Tang Gunak, who should intervene? What on earth have he been doing since morning till now, completely invisible?

Rebellion?

Of course, they tried. It was more timid resistance than rebellion, to be honest.

However, Tang Jan, who was supposed to calmly persuade Chung Myung, was kicked away and thrown into the chilly waters of the Yangtze River, rendering any talk of rebellion or resistance useless.

«Hey...»

At that moment, Namgung Dowi, lying stretched out on his back, quietly raised his hand.

«What?»

«May I ask a question?»

«Go ahead.»

Namgung Dowi glanced around discreetly before speaking up.

«When you gathered us earlier and said, ‘Now we’re going together,’ what does that have to do with this training? Oh, of course, Namgung clan has already done this training, so I don’t have any complaints. But the circumstances might be different for the Tangga and Noklim.»

«Oh, this?»

With a thoughtful

«Hmm,»

Chung Myung briefly contemplated, then nodded.

«If you want an explanation, I’ll give you one.»

This statement caught Ogeom off guard.

«An explanation... from you?»

“That guy?»

«Has the sun risen in the west?»

It was a reaction that could be very justified. Chung Myung only explains when he feels like it, and he tends to ignore when it’s bothersome.

If one was to expect Chung Myung’s usual response here, it might be something like, ‘If you want to criticize me I’ll give it back. Where does a guy, whose blood on the head didn’t even dry, get the guts to ask such questions?’ But would such a person willingly provide an explanation?

At the moment when everyone was engulfed in confusion, Tang Soso quietly said,

“You paid a lot.”

“Ah...”

With that single statement, Ogeom understood everything and nodded their heads reluctantly. Yeah, he did pay a lot. Whether innocent or guilty, this filthy world...

With a shrug, Chung Myung spoke,

“Realized it, huh?”

“... Yes? What are you talking about?”

Chung Myung forcefully slammed the liquor bottle onto the ground. His eyes blazed with intensity.

“Those Demonic bastards are anxiously waiting for the Heavenly Demon to return so they can set everything ablaze! That cheeky guy Jang Ilso is boasting about doing something in Gangbuk!”

“...”

“I was fixated solely on Hwasan.”

Chung Myung glanced around at the people groaning in front of him, eyes sparkling.

“With so much material available here.”

At first glance, it seemed like Chung Myung’s eyes were aflame with fervor. Well, it might actually be true.

“What does it mean going together?”

“... With one heart and one mind...”

“That jerk, that thing! Look at him spouting the same old nonsense as if he was someone from a distinguished household.”

Bam!

Chung Myung’s eyes flashed as he forcefully slammed his palm.

«Going together means sharing the responsibility! It’s about collective accountability!»

«...»

«In the past, I only focused on Hwasan. But when you think about it, there was no reason to! No, is it Hwasan’s fault that we couldn’t stop those demonic brats? You all have responsibility too.»

«Ah, no...»

Although what he said made sense... but...

Suddenly, in a fit of rage, Chung Myung burst into laughter.

«We should go together. Ah, we must go together. But why should only Hwasan’s kids suffer? Everyone should equally experience hell, briefly meet their departed grandfather, and fairly share the burdens.»

«Ah, no. That’s...»

«My grandfather is still alive...»

It was when Tangga and Nokrim people seemed to try to protest.

Clap, clap, clap, clap, clap.

Next to them, a resounding applause echoed.

The once dying Hwasan’s disciples, now regaining strength, rose to their feet beside Chung Myung, applauding him vigorously.

Then, they sent continuous praises with voices choked with unshed tears.

«That was a touching speech.»

«I’m usually not someone who sheds tears easily, but they’re flowing now.»

«I agree!»

Those bastards...

Though the Nokrim and Tangga people glared furiously at Hwasan’s disciples, the gaze of Namgung Dowi, who had posed the question, remained fixed on Chung Myung.

«Well... I mean...»

«Right.»

Chung Myung nodded.

«If people want to run together, they should at least be able to provide support. When the Bishop emerged in Gangnam recently, how many were there who could fight?»

Chung Myung’s gaze fixed on Tangga.

The members of Tangga lowered their heads.

Though Sichuan Tang clan was never subject to scorn based on skills, the recent Gangnam incident was a different story. Considering what had happened there, among the Tangga

members, apart from Tang Gunak, there was no one deemed suitable for active participation in Hangzhou.

This time, Chung Myung's gaze shifted towards Im Sobyong.

«One from Nokrim.»

Unlike members of Tang clan, Im Sobyong proudly raised his chin.

«All those bandits are the same! What more do you expect?»

Chung Myung, with a face filled with deep resentment, turned abruptly from staring at Im Sobyong to face Namgung Dowi.

«One from Namgung.»

«...»

«Even that was half-backed.»

Namgung Dowi bowed his head deeply.

Before the tragedy of Maehwa Island, if it had been Namgung clan with Namgung Hwang and the elders alive, the situation might have been different. But the current Namgung clan couldn't refute those words.

Although unjust circumstances existed, Namgung Dowi understood that this sense of injustice couldn't compensate for the lack of skills.

«However, what? Cheonumaeng? Cheoon Uuu Maeeng? Frieennnds?»

Chung Myung blinked rapidly.

«A friend freezes in times like this. In the midst of this, even if those demonic cultists come charging in, what'll happen? They'll probably say, 'For now, we'll fervently cheer from behind, so why don't you, Hwasan's folks, go and resolve it.' They'll just clap from behind. These guys!»

«...»

«Do you think I'll let that happen?»

Chung Myung's frenzy reached its peak.

«This time, I won't die alone! If I die, we die together, and if I live, we live together! When Hwasan falls, you'll all go down with it. That's friendship!»

- ...Chung Myung-a, that doesn't seem right...

«Ah, Sahyeong is noisy!»

Yoon Jong and Jo Geol glanced at each other for a moment.

«Did you speak up?»

«No?»

«...»

«Anyway!»

Chung Myung yelled abruptly, glaring fiercely.

«Tangga!»

The Tangga members flinched and hunched their necks.

«Namgung!»

Namgung Dowi bowed his head deeply.

«And those bandits!»

«...No. Please Don't discriminate — at least call us Nokrim...»

Despite Im So Byeong's protest, Chung Myung couldn't hear those words through his ears.

«I'll at least make you pay for your food before those scoundrels from Sapaeryeon or the Demonic Cult barge in, so just shut up and train as I tell you.»

«Um, um...»

At that moment, the successor of the Sichuan Tang Tang Pae meekly raised his hand.

«What?»

«Well... it might be difficult for Dojang to understand, but Sichuan Tangga is a martial arts school that focuses on both poison and flying daggers as its main techniques, so our training methods are different from those of regular martial artists. That's why we operate autonomously...»

As soon as they heard these words, the Tangga members looked at Tang Pae with eyes full of hope. However, Chung Myung shattered that hope in an instant.

«It's okay.»

«...Yes?»

«I said it's okay.»

«...Ah, no, but...»

«Since the head of the Tang clan agreed from the beginning, just stay quiet about it.»

Tang Pae lowered his head. Somehow, the patriarch hadn't been seen since dawn, and now it seemed he had made some arrangements during that time.

«There's nothing to worry about.»

Chung Myung looked at everyone with eyes full of enthusiasm.

«It might take me a bit of time to identify the problems, but once I do, I'm very experienced in solving them. So... within six months. Before that time passes, I'll make each and every one of you into humans.»

«...»

«Only then we will truly...»

A gentle smile spread across Chung Myung's lips.

«...be able to become friends.»

At that moment, the sole question in everyone's mind was whether the term 'friends' could indeed be used in such a manner...

«Now, let's begin...»

In that instant, Im Sobyong's hand shot up. His eyes gleamed with hostility.

«What? I won't accept any protes-«

«That's not it!»

Just as puzzled Chung Myung tilted his head, Im Sobyong erupted with a voice filled with malice.

«When will the Beast Palace and Ice Palace arrive?»

«...»

«They should become our friends too. They're also Cheonumaeng!»

Deeply impressed by the determination not to die alone, Chung Myung looked at Im Sobyong with genuine admiration.

«...Truly a member of the Sapa. Different caliber.»

Silently, everyone tacitly agreed with that statement.

«Well, leave that to me.»

With a smirk, Chung Myung stood up from his seat.

«Now, let's begin. The process of truly becoming friends. Hehehehe.»

Those who witnessed that smile realized they needed to seriously consider leaving the alliance. Very seriously.