

Chapter 1057

Your words won't reach them. (2)

The distance between them was close enough that if they reached out, their hands would touch. For a martial artist, it was a distance that could be described as distinguishing life and death. However, even with the enemy so close, Danjagang's gaze was not fixed on the enemy, but on his own shoulder, visible through the torn clothing, where the blood was dripping from a wide-open wound.

With every beat of his pulse, the agonizing pain spread outward from the wound. Yet, more intense than that pain was the fact that his shoulder had been cleanly cut. When flesh touches a blade, it gets cut. This is an utterly natural fact. However, for Danjagang, it was never supposed to be natural.

'So easily...?'

The meaning of this wound was significant. It meant that his body, harder than cold steel and tougher than Heavenly Silkworm Thread [천잠사(天蠶絲)], was now no different from an ordinary body before that sword.

The wide-open shoulder began to close on its own. The injury that had exposed the red flesh rapidly knit together, erasing the wound at an unnatural and incredibly fast recovery rate.

Witnessing this, Chung Myung muttered under his breath,

«Demonic Corpse Arts [고루마공(骷髏魔功) — gorumagong]?»

It was a quiet voice, but Danjagang heard it clearly. He glared at Chung Myung.

«How do you know about that...?»

«Having a body that doesn't die even after being wounded is quite convenient, but...»

Chung Myung grinned.

"Do you know how the one who mastered that technique before you died?"

Before Danjagang could answer, Chung Myung's sword cut through the air.

Pah-aah-at!

The crimson energy surged straight for Danjagang's throat as if it had its own will.

Kah-gah-kang!

Danjagang raised his hand to block the energy, and Chung Myung rushed towards him. At the moment they faced each other, a chill ran down Danjagang's spine.

Chyaaaak!

A sword strike that tore through the air and descended. But Danjagang, who had experienced this situation before, deployed his demonic energy without a hint of relaxation. Perhaps another attempt to disrupt his defense with a deceptive sword move!

However, at that moment, Chung Myung's sword accelerated once again from the air and struck down with incredible force.

Kwaaaah!

Danjagang's knees trembled as he focused on the changing sword. One after another, the gigantic hammer-like sword strikes rained down onto his demonic energy.

“Ugh!”

Ultimately, a groan escaped his lips. Each collision between demonic energy flowing from his hand and the sword sent an unknown force deep into his body. It was an immense pain like pouring ice-cold water directly into his veins.

‘Is my demonic energy... dispersing?’

What kind of martial art was this, that it could easily disrupt demonic energy to this extent?

Thud!

Disrupted flow of demonic energy finally affected his body. As Danjagang's posture crumbled, Chung Myung's sword pushed him flying backward. At the same time, Chung Myung, who had struck the ground continuously, clung to Danjagang like a lightning.

‘No way!’

Demonic energy, rising like a cloud, began to encircle Chung Myung. It was an intention to overwhelm the opponent with strength, as it was impossible to predict the opponent's moves. Then, in an instant, Chung Myung brought the sword behind his back, and with a powerful swing from left to right...

Pah-aah-aah-aah-ah!

It sounded like a whip cracking. Simultaneously, everything in the vicinity where Chung Myung's sword had passed began to warp. It was as if he was crumpling a piece of paper with a drawing on it.

Finally, one red line emerged.

A clear line, as if painted with the tip of a brush. When Danjagang's demonic energy touched that line, it split in half as if it was a lie.

With a single stroke, Chung Myung severed the demonic energy encircling him and immediately rushed towards Danjagang, exuding madness from his eyes.

It was a battlefield where life and death hung in the balance, and the enemy was more formidable than ever.

However, at this moment, what Chung Myung was feeling was not pressure but an indescribable pleasure.

Pah-aah-aah-aat!

The sword extended faster than usual, flying straight toward Danjagang's face. In a desperate attempt, Danjagang raised his hand, but Chung Myung's sword seemed to change direction as if it already knew, avoiding his hand.

Chyaaaak!

The tip of the sword that dug into Danjagang's wrist split his arm from the wrist to the elbow.

Blood began to splatter from the shallow wound, and this spectacle unfolded in front of Chung Myung's eyes in slow motion, capturing every detail.

'Not yet.'

Not yet! It's not enough! Not yet!

'I...'

Maehwa Geomjon was faster than this, stronger than this. This level couldn't quench his thirst.

The inner power that had been accumulated drop by drop surged from his dantian. Every step, every swing of the sword revived the forgotten sensations at his fingertips.

'More!'

Demonic energy rushed in with each breath, creeping into every inch of his body. Pain coursed through him as if his body had been twisted. His eyes were filled with blood, veins pulsing.

Resisting demonic energy and constantly swinging the sword had already left Chung Myung's hand mangled, with the bones at his fingertips soon to be exposed.

However...

Kwaaaang!

The moment the sword clashed with Bishop's hand, it was clear in Chung Myung's eyes. The distinct look of confusion in Danjagang's eyes. His expression only further fueled Chung Myung's pleasure.

'You wouldn't understand.'

How many battlefields had he traversed? How many cultists had he killed, and how many Bishops had he faced? A Bishop who hadn't experienced a war hundred years ago couldn't possibly comprehend.

'More!'

Pah-aah-aah-aah-aah-ah!

It still grew slowly. The strength at the tip of the sword was weak compared to his former self, almost incomparable. However...

Kah-gah-gah-gah-kah!

Chung Myung's sword pierced demonic energy once again and etched a long wound on Danjagang's cheek.

'That's not all!'

The current Chung Myung was still not on par with Maehwa Geomjon, but he wielded a different weapon now. The most pure energy dwelled at the tip of his sword.

'It's breaking through.'

Gathering the purest energy in the world, refining it, and refining it again, it was beyond comparison with ordinary Taoist Energy [선기(仙氣)]. It was sharp enough to tear demonic energy apart.

The one wielding the sword may have weakened, but that sword itself was an unparalleled masterpiece. The sharpness emanating from that sword had become another weapon for Chung Myung.

«Haa!»

At that moment, Danjagang exerted more demonic energy. As he did so, the swirling black fog seemed to engulf Chung Myung like floating spirits.

Just the touch of it could make one's body twist, and the flesh to rot, but that menacing aura was now sharpening Chung Myung's senses to an incredible level. He felt a shiver run down his whole body.

'More!'

Pah-aah-aah-aat!

The tip of the sword drew an illusion.

Kwaa-gah-kah! Kwaa-gah-gah-kah!

Chung Myung brushed aside demonic energy entirely and lunged toward Danjagang's hand. When his face was almost within reach, Chung Myung kicked the air with his outstretched toes once again. His body gained even more speed.

Thud!

Danjagang's hand passed over his shoulder. It was just a graze, but the flesh from his shoulder to his back fell off as if torn away.

A dizzying pain ensued, but before that pain could reach his consciousness, Chung Myung had plunged into Danjagang's embrace.

If he was weaker than in the past, there was only one way to overcome it. To go on a rampage more extreme, to act more dangerously, than ever before.

Pah-aah-aah-aah-aah-aah!

The sword, wielded with the ideal trajectory at close range, deeply sliced into Danjagang's thigh. Given the proximity and the toughness of Danjagang's physical body, it felt more like tearing flesh with a saw than cutting through it.

The moment the sword's tip touched Danjagang's bone, Chung Myung swiftly pulled the sword back, causing his body to move slightly backward.

Kwaaaah!

Danjagang's hand slashed at an incredible speed, but Chung Myung's head was not there anymore. If Chung Myung had swung the sword to the full extent of his ambition, his head would have exploded with this single strike.

However, you couldn't find fear on Chung Myung's face, even though he had narrowly escaped death with just a sheet of paper's difference.

He was standing on the edge of life and death with a split-second decision. What dominated his head wasn't fear but rather joy.

The indescribable pleasure that could only be felt when impending death rapidly retreated. Fully surrendering his body to this feeling, Chung Myung rushed toward Danjagang.

Thud!

The hand that held the sword experienced an overbearing power, but his body felt lighter than ever. In this place, there was no one he needed to protect, no one he had to watch over. He had no reason to focus on the battles unfolding behind him or the rapidly changing circumstances.

He had only one thing to do.

Cut off the head of someone in front of him.

Chung Myung's face was drenched with vitality and joy, since he had been freed from the burden that had pressed on his shoulders for so long.

Seeing that exultant expression, Jang Ilso rushed toward Danjagang alongside Chung Myung.

If there had been a moment to take a breath, by now, he might have burst into laughter until his throat would burst.

'Crazy bastard.'

Jang Ilso was always aware that he wasn't entirely sane himself. But Chung Myung, in a different sense, was completely insane.

The gap between life and death. Hwasan Geomhyeop danced back and forth on that precarious edge with a single choice. It was something that someone in their right mind could never do.

Of course, anyone aiming for the top had to be willing to bet their own life, but that crazy Taoist had far exceeded that level.

The sword Jang Ilso held was now wildly out of control, acting on its own. No, should it even be called a sword? It was more like an arrow that had left the bowstring. An extreme weapon that would be meaningless if it couldn't pierce through the enemy.

'Could it ever come this? Me supporting someone from behind?'

His inflated pride had twisted, but even that frustration was oddly enjoyable. Jang Ilso, his eyes gleaming with fervor, raised his Blue Battleground Slaughtering Flames to match Chung Myung's chaotic attacks.

'Not yet!'

His hands were stained blue.

In that moment, Chung Myung's sword transformed brilliantly, sending out a shockwave of sword energy toward Danjagang. At this moment, every fiber of Chung Myung's being was directed toward Danjagang. Anyone who considered Chung Myung as their enemy would want to reach out and attack him.

However, Jang Ilso suppressed his urge with extreme patience.

'Not yet!'

Kwaaaah!

Crimson energy burst from the sword, and a rain of sword energy arrows was unleashed toward Danjagang. Subsequently, the furious Black Dragon-like demonic force charged at Chung Myung. Or at least, it tried to.

‘Now!’

Thud!

Rushing forward, Jang Ilso closed the distance in an instant and struck Danjagang’s exposed flank with extreme force. His appearance was akin to a wild beast leaping out to seize its prey.

Kwaaaah!

Danjagang staggered backward. Chung Myung followed up with a cold remark.

«Too late!»

«...Quite the greedy one.»

In a brief exchange of glances, the two men raced towards Danjagang like a pack of wolves hunting a tiger.