

## Chapter 1050

I must have been crazy too. (5)

The enforcers, who had lost their sanity, rushed forward like wounded beasts. And Chung Myung, like a shooting star, charged toward them.

«Noooooo!»

With his eyes rolled, Jeogli swung his sword downward. From the tip of his sword, a dark demonic energy blossomed like a cloud.

Kiiiiieeek!

Jeogil's sword cried out like a vengeful spirit filled with hatred. Just listening to it sent shivers down one's spine, as if the sword was wailing as much as the grudge Jeogil carried. However, there was not a trace of hesitation on Chung Myung's face as he faced Jeogil. All the words he had thrown a moment ago seemed like lies, and he met enforcer's descending sword without a hint of emotion.

Kwaaaaaaah!

The clash of swords in mid-air caused a loud explosion as black demonic energy and crimson sword energy scattered in all directions.

Screech! Screeeeech!

The swords pushed against each other. Chung Myung's sword, aimed at the opponent's throat, wriggled like a snake, ready to cut the neck at any moment if there was even a slight opening.

«Khaaaaaat!»

Jeogil, radiating deadly aura, pushed Chung Myung's sword. At that moment, Chung Myung didn't resist the oncoming force and tilted his sword to let Jeogil's thin rapier pass.

Kagagak!

The thin sword brushed against the blade of the Dark Plum Sword and sent red sparks flying. As soon as the swords made contact, Chung Myung, who had twisted his wrist to deflect the sword, swiftly swung the Dark Plum sword. They were within a short distance of each other, almost shoulder to shoulder. And in that close range, dozens of split sword energies poured onto Jeogil's body.

Kwaduk! Kwaduk!

The flying sword afterimages mercilessly pierced his body. However, Jeogil's body, as hard as steel, easily blocked the strikes of the Dark Plum sword, reducing them to slits on his clothes.

«Useless!»

Enforcer raised his left hand. Demonic energy covered his hand, taking a horrifying form. The extended demonic energy at his fingertips resembled the claws of a beast or a demon.

Kwaaaaah!

Jeogil's hand tore through the air, flying towards Chung Myung.

At that moment, Chung Myung also raised his left hand, as if it was only natural.

His fingertips trembled, splitting into multiple images, and in an instant, dozens of sword energies bloomed, forming a crimson barrier between Chung Myung and Jeogil.

This was Plum Blossom Scattering Hand [매화산수(梅花散手) — maehwasansu], a technique from Red Flower Investigating Barriers [홍화구벽(紅花究壁) —

honghwagubyeog], a renowned martial art in the world. It created a perfect wall of sword energy. Jeogil's extended claws reached out to just scrape the barrier.

«Kuk!»

For a brief moment, confusion flashed in Jeogil's eyes.

He tried to break through the barrier in one fell swoop, but it was not easy. The moment his claws grazed the wall, he felt not a solid resistance but an endlessly yielding and soft energy enveloping his hand.

The energy that had been pushed aside as he scratched at the wall rushed back into place as though it never left, creating an unsettling sensation.

The power felt strangely soft and flexible [유공(柔功) — flexible power], enveloping all sharpness.

The enforcer, unable to hide his confusion, was about to swing his sword again when the barrier suddenly gave way, and the sword flew toward him at an astonishing speed.

‘What?’

In the blink of an eye, an attack that seemed poised to pierce his throat completely startled Jeogil, causing him to twist his body to the side.

Scriiitch!

The blade passed right by his neck, leaving a shallow cut.

«Kuk!»

A burning pain shot through him, but he had no time to wail. The sword that had just grazed his neck abruptly stopped in mid-air as if time had frozen, then changed direction, hurtling fiercely toward Jeogil's head.

He instinctively opened his mouth wide and swung his hand forcefully.

Kaaaaaah!

The hand wrapped in demonic energy and the sword engulfed in crimson energy clashed. Jeogil immediately thrust his thin swords forward with his right hand, wildly intending to pierce through Chung Myung's chest.

It seemed like his body would be pierced at any moment.

But then, in that moment, Chung Myung slightly pulled back his sword and jabbed it towards Jeogil.

They would end up stabbing each other.

Chung Myung aimed at Jeogil's throat, while Jeogil aimed for Chung Myung's heart. In a situation where neither could back down, Jeogil clenched his hand around the sword with all his might.

At that moment, he saw it. A sinister grin that briefly crossed Chung Myung's face.

For an instant, an indescribable sense of horror passed through Jeogil's mind.

Enforcers don't fear their enemies. Enforcers didn't fear death. But they are still human.

Choosing to expose their throat and pierce the enemy's heart wasn't an easy decision, as a fellow human, to make.

In the end, the survival instinct inherent in humans momentarily exceeded the hatred for non-believers.

Jeogil reflexively twisted his sword, aiming to block Chung Myung's charging sword.

But in that moment, a strange sound erupted.

Papaparak!

It sounded like a fierce fluttering of butterflies. Chung Myung's sword multiplied, as if he already knew Jeogil wouldn't be able to reach him with his sword.

With great force, Jeogil's sword, despite its violent swings, passed through the space where Dark Plum Sword had existed. Simultaneously, the thousands of plum blossom petals formed by Chung Myung's sword energy pierced through Jeogil's entire body.

Kagak! Kagak!

In response, Jeogil belatedly swung his arms like in a seizure. However, there was no way he could block all the fluttering energy that danced in the form of thousands of plum blossoms.

Red wounds began to appear all over his body.

But what startled Jeogil wasn't just this splendid swordsmanship. It was an astonishment toward the human named Chung Myung that captured his mind.

'How...?'

The energy emanating from Chung Myung was so intense that Jeogil's whole body started to go numb.

Enforcers, including Jeogil, are demons. On the barren wastelands, they have practiced Demonic Arts and fought against each other. They have learned to coexist with hatred, strife, and malice, more than anyone else in the world.

Yet, the aura that Chung Myung was radiating was so intense that it sent shivers down their spines. This wasn't just the aura of an orthodox martial artist — it was an aura of profound malice and hostility. The enforcers couldn't fathom how Chung Myung, who had lived peacefully in this false world, could possess such a presence.

'Wha... What is this?'

Seruk! Seruk! Seruk! Seruk! Seruk! Seruk!

Jeogil's body was relentlessly attacked by Chung Myung's sword energy, which seemed determined to leave no part of him untouched. His head was filled with excruciating pain,

and yet, he managed to maintain consciousness. It wasn't the hatred towards his enemy that kept him focused; it was the chilling gaze he had sensed beyond the swirling plum blossoms. He could tell that a mere moment of distraction would result in his neck being mercilessly severed by Chung Myung's sword. Deep inside, an emotion took root. Try as he might to deny it, he couldn't escape the truth: this was fear.

'Am I really feeling the kind of fear I'd experience in front of the Bishop, because of this Central Plains' bastard?'

His face contorted with agony, and that was when two other enforcers reached them. They rushed toward Chung Myung and swung their arms, cloaked in dense demonic energy, with the intention to strike him.

«Dieeeeeeee!»

Jeogil's eyes flared open, but it was too late. Chung Myung's movement was faster.

Thud!

Chung Myung stepped on the ground and rushed towards the falling hand over his head. Just as the enforcer's hand passed directly above his head, Chung Myung's body plunged into the enforcer's chest.

Kuuung!

Chung Myung's shoulder collided mercilessly with the enforcer's chest. The force of the impact, combined with the rotation of his body, left a deep indent in the enforcer's ribcage. A torrent of blood poured out from his mouth.

However, Chung Myung's attack had only just begun. Before the enforcer's body could bounce off the ground, Chung Myung's spun like a top. He swiftly drew the Dark Plum Sword, and slashed the enforcer.

Paaaaaa!

The chest was torn open. It was such a severe wound that it not only cut through the muscles but revealed the bones. The enforcer was unable to even scream and was sent flying backward.

«This...!»

Another enforcer, who watched his fellow believer [교우(教友)] being brutally injured in the blink of an eye, emitted a bloody rage from his eyes. His gesture of raising both hands towards Chung Myung was sheer madness.

Kiaaaaaaah!

A surge of demonic energy, accompanied by a piercing wail, cleaved through the air, homing in on Chung Myung. The myriad inky lines drawn in the sky threatened to tear Chung Myung to pieces in an instant.

In that moment, Chung Myung thrust his sword into the oncoming storm of demonic energy. Parararak! Parararak!

Chung Myung's trembling sword tip gradually intensified its vibrations, and before long, it turned into a massive wave, pushing the oncoming demonic energy to either side.

A large opening appeared within the demonic web immediately.

‘What?’

The enforcer had no time for astonishment. Chung Myung promptly flew into the opening he had created. The panicked enforcer quickly attempted to withdraw his body, but in that moment, Chung Myung’s hand unleashed a thrust with his sword.

Paaaain!

The enforcer’s eyes barely caught sight of something swift just as Chung Myung’s sword had already reached the enforcer’s throat. It was a speed almost unbelievable to behold.

However, that enforcer was no fool. In that instant, he swiftly twisted his body to evade Chung Myung’s thrust.

Close call.

Chung Myung’s blade grazed the enforcer’s throat, just barely. Even in that brief moment, it was an astounding feat, enough to send shivers down one’s spine. The enforcer trembled as he attempted to fling his body backward.

Swaeaeaeak!

But Chung Myung, who had swiftly retracted his blade, launched himself forward at a speed even faster than the sword he had thrust. He extended his hand with a speed that made the word ‘lightning’ seem unfitting, seizing the enforcer’s head.

Kwaddung!

With a grip so strong that it felt like his fingertips could pierce through, Chung Myung firmly seized the enforcer’s head and pulled him closer.

The enforcer’s two eyes were entirely exposed to Chung Myung’s cruel smile.

Understanding what Chung Myung was about to do, an undeniable fear surged on the enforcer’s face.

«Ah, no....»

Kwak!

The blade that had touched the enforcer’s neck just moments ago now reached his throat as he was pulled toward Chung Myung. Chung Myung fiercely rotated his body.

Saaaah!

A simultaneously exhilarating and gruesome sound resonated.

Thud!

The enforcer, as if impaled into the ground, fell, and blood gushed from his neck.

Jeogil, with a somewhat absent expression, cast his gaze downward. The blood that spurted from the decapitated enforcer’s body stained the hem of his clothing.

Gradually, like in a trance, he lifted his head, witnessing a clear sight.

Chung Myung, holding the severed head in his left hand, had his sword lowered in his right hand.

Chung Myung tossed the severed head at Jeogil’s feet.

«If you look like that already, it will be problematic...»

«...»

«...because it's just the beginning.»

The madness in his eyes was even more intense than that of a demon. Chung Myung, charging toward the enemy once again, was smiling like a devil.