

Chapter 1046

I must have been crazy too. (1)

The dog who bites does not bark.

Red Dogs were currently proving that old saying. Jang Ilso's dogs. They, who had embraced even that degrading nickname gladly, charged at their enemies like hunting dogs going after prey.

There was no sign of hesitation, just a determination in their sunken eyes and tightly sealed lips. They mercilessly swung their swords towards demonic cultists heads.

Swoosh!

The sinister blade, covered with eerie sword energy, struck demonic cultist's arm. The horrendous sound of solid bones and metal grating filled the air.

And at that moment.

Thud!

From behind, the second wave [ㄷ] 파(二波)] leaped up, stepping on the back of the one in front, and thrust a lightning-fast blow into cultist's head. It felt like an orchestrated movement, flowing as naturally as water.

It was a sight that vividly showcased just how brutally trained they had been.

“This...!”

A bewildered cultist attempted to pull his wounded arm back, but a Red Dog, who was ahead, swiftly turned the sword he was holding and caught cultists arm.

Clank! Clank! Clank!

One from the left, one from the right, one from above.

Like trained hunting dogs pursuing a tiger, three red lines extended from the lead Red Dogs, passing over the entire body of the cultist.

«...Ugh.»

Demonic cultist, who had wounds on both sides and one in the middle of their head, staggered backward for a moment.

Sweeeesh!

Then, a flying sword struck with a tremendous force at the his neck.

Kaa-ga-gak!

It was a sound more like sawing through metal than cutting a neck. The sword, halfway embedded in the tough skin, struggled to advance.

But right at that moment.

The Red Dog, flying like like a lightning, twisted in mid-air and struck the sword embedded in the cultist's neck with all his might.

Kaa-gang!

Finally, the cleanly severed head shot into the air. However, in the eyes of the Red Dogs who had handled a cultist without receiving damage, there was no sign of satisfaction from the victory.

‘Five.’

It takes five to handle one demonic follower without any trouble. With five Red Dogs, you could easily deal with any top-notch master. In other words, each of the demonic cultists scattered here possessed skills equivalent to a peak expert martial master.

The Red Dogs, their entire beings filled with unwavering determination, pounded the ground as they turned their attention to the next prey.

«Kiyaaaaaaah!»

Accompanied by a piercing scream, hands stained black lunged forward. The rough, turbulent demonic energy coursing through those hands, coupled with razor-sharp, viciously long nails, aimed for the throat.

However...

Kaaang!

Without a hint of hesitation, a swift sword clad in red aura deflected cultist’s attack without exerting great strength. The moment Baek Cheon’s sword met demonic cultist’s hand, the dark aura that had enveloped that hand was dissipated, and the palm of the hand bore the red sword seal.

Paaaah!

Following that, the piercing attack follows. Like an lightning bolt, Baek Cheon sword split into dozen sword images, enveloping the cultist’s entire body in an instant.

Swsh! Swsh! Swsh!

The sound of slicing through flesh pierced the ears.

«Kraaaah!!»

A furious roar erupted from demonic cultist’s lips. His bloodshot eyes alone were enough to send shivers down one’s spine.

Kak!

Baek Cheon pierced through his arm as it thrust forward, pushing it back. And with clenched lips, he took a step forward.

Paaaah!

Before long, a sunset colored line was etched in the air.

The intense line grazed past the cultist’s throat, and red blood gushed from the partially severed neck.

«Guh...»

Demonic cultist, with his cervical vertebrae partially severed, raised his hand as if trying to defend. Right at that moment, a black figure rose like an illusion above Baek Cheon’s head. Against the dark night sky, Yu Iseol soared through the air, swinging her sword. Naturally, her sword was aimed at the cultist’s neck.

Swish!

His neck was cleanly severed.

She pulled back her outstretched sword and swung it again into the air. With that force, she lifted herself once more. Before long, crimson plum blossom petals sprouted endlessly from the tip of her sword, sweeping the surroundings.

«Kreuk!»

«You piece of shit!»

Rough voices emanated from demonic beasts. Dealing with attacks raining down from above was never easy. Moreover, Hwasan's swordsmanship, which intertwined reality [실(實)] and illusion [허(虛)], unleashed a wide-range attacks that were particularly effective group battles.

The plum blossom sword energies from above pierced the bodies of demonic cultists endlessly.

«Sahyeong!»

“Let's go!»

And at that moment, Yoon Jong and Jo Geol, like flashes of light, leaped forward from behind Baek Cheon.

Although demonic cultists launched frenetic attacks in a fit of rage, the two didn't evade their opponents. Instead, they met the charging cultists head-on with powerful swords [강검(強劍)].

Kwaaaaah!

The battlefield, previously filled with the sounds of slashing, hacking, and cutting, now erupted with thunderous explosion. Jo Geol and Yoon Jong, who had effortlessly pushed back the cultists, gained momentum and continued to pushed demonic cultists left and right.

«Sago!»

Tang Soso, who had swiftly sprinted towards the path they had cleared, flipped her body, gazing at the sky as she extended her sword.

Yu Iseol lowered her sword, clashing with Tang Soso's extended blade. In response, Tang Soso quickly swung her sword, lifting Yu Iseol higher and higher.

Sararak!

Her sword once again emitted crimson sword energy.

Plum blossoms falling endlessly one after another [낙매분분(落梅紛紛)].

Twenty Four Plum Blossom sword technique drew myriads plum blossom petals under the black sky. As if red rain was falling, swirling plum blossoms showered over demonic cultists' heads.

«Kkuh...»

«Keuh...»

Those with their limbs pierced simply had to endure the pain, but those with their heads or throats pierced trembled uncontrollably, their bodies falling to the ground. The plum blossom leaves, imbued with transcendent energy [선기(仙氣)], didn't even allow resistance.

«This filthy unbeliever bitch!»

Demonic cultist cursed and pounded the ground, their focus naturally on Yu Iseol, who was descending onto the ground. Their intention was to tear her apart with hatred and anger.

But there was someone here to prove how wrong that choice was.

«Ah-mi-ta-bul!»

In the dark world, a holy, boundless golden light spread out.

A fist extended from Hye Yeon's waist, striking the ground powerfully.

Arhat Divine Fist [아라한신권(阿羅漢神拳)].

Arhat's power, capable of extinguishing all evil, engulfed the gathered demonic beasts like a tidal wave [해일(海溢)처럼]. The intense golden radiance seemed to illuminate the world like daylight.

«Kraaaaaah!»

«Aaaaaah!»

Cultists screamed in agony as the power [권력(拳力)] of his fist swept them away. The sensation of their accumulated demonic energy being shattered and crushed caused a pain beyond mere physical body destruction.

«This, this...»

Im Sobyong, who had been watching the spectacle, folded his fan and shook his head.

‘Even if their coordination is a bit rough, it's perfectly in sync.’

From what he had observed, they hadn't exchanged a single word since entering the combat. However, the moment they began to wield their swords, they moved as if they knew what to do in advance.

Even Hye Yeon, who was not from Hwasan, but Shaolin, was like this.

‘Is this what they mean by feeling secure with allies and dreadful with enemies?’

Well, then, it's a fortunate thing. Now he has become someone who can consider them as allies without reservation.

«But, well... I guess I should at least pay for my meal, or they won't let me hear the end of it.»

Shhkh.

Im Sobyong advanced gracefully like a crane, extended his fan and elegantly waved it. The cold energy [선기(煽氣) it's actually a fan energy but it sounds funny] emitted from the iron rods that composed the fan spread out like a swarm of butterflies.

Ka-ga-gak!

Demonic cultists charging at Baek Cheon were halted by this energy and hesitated.

«Now, shall we move forward?»

«...»

Baek Cheon charged forward without a word, and Im Sobyong and Un Geom followed as if guarding him.

‘Impressive.’

Im Sobyong’s lips trembled like he was restraining his laughter.

Baek Cheon’s figure leading the way, his long hair flying in the wind, was truly remarkable.

This must be what the world describes as the image of a hero.

If they had made even a slightly different choice, Im Sobyong and Nokrim could have been facing these martial artists. The thought alone sent a chill down his spine.

Meanwhile, Baek Cheon’s eyes weren’t filled with excitement as he expected.

Swish!

Baek Cheon, who effortlessly cut down charging demonic cultists, nibbled slightly at his lips.

‘It’s not that difficult.’

He was certain.

Their orthodox inner strength was a calamity for Magyo. Even the elite of the Red Dogs or the Black Ghost Fortress struggled to contend with demonic arts, yet it seemed as though Baek Cheon effortlessly cut through it.

Now he finally understood what the past three years of training were for.

Demonic beasts attacked in a relentless and unfathomable manner, but Baek Cheon could handle all their attacks.

He had already experienced this before. It wasn’t like the Northern Sea. These were attacks he had faced countless times during his training with Chung Myung. To those who endured his training for three years, this battle held nothing particularly special.

Even if you called the madness emanating from the cultists something crazy, it was still less overwhelming than the murderous aura Chung Myung spewed on them. Thus, the situation wasn’t particularly disadvantageous.

But...

‘There’s no way it’s just this.’

It’s not about overestimating the enemy’s power. Baek Cheon’s standards for assessing his opponents were extremely rigorous.

‘If it’s only this, there’s no way he’d react like that. There must be something more to it.’

Baek Cheon’s gaze shifted towards Chung Myung, who was charging at the front pressing demonic cultists in the distance. That extreme reaction couldn’t have been caused by merely facing opponents like these.

«Don’t let your guard down! Don’t be intoxicated by your swords!»

In response to Baek Cheon’s booming shout, Hwasan’s disciples immediately answered with voices full of determination.

And in that moment, Baek Cheon's sight caught the figure of Jang Ilso approaching Chung Myung.

Paah!

As Chung Myung struck down another demonic cultist's head in one swing, his face was showered with warm blood. He didn't even blink, intending to move on to the next target when a chilly voice settled in his ears.

«Don't get too carried away.»

Chung Myung turned around in silence. Jang Ilso, who had approached unnoticed, was standing there with a strange smile.

«You haven't forgotten who your enemy is, have you? Now is not the time to waist your strength against these little minions.»

Chung Myung stared at Jang Ilso with a cold gaze.

«...»

Jang Ilso scanned the surroundings with a sharp look. He probably had a good grasp of the current situation on this battlefield, along with Chung Myung, and perhaps, Im Sobyong as well.

«It's not the time to celebrate victory. They are barely a hundred strong. There are at least three hundred more. These guys are just the small fry scouting the perimeter. When the main force joins in, the situation will become even more challenging. But before that...»

Jang Ilso paused for a moment and then smiled brightly.

“We have to kill that Bishop. You've shown enough kindness. I appreciate the intentions of the Taoist who wanted to spare even the lowly Sapa, but it's not the time for that now.”

Chung Myung gazed coldly at Jang Ilso and spoke with a twisted mouth.

“Your intentions are so rotten I can catch the smell.”

“Hmm?”

“But never mind. Let's get along. Follow the lead.”

The two of them looked at each other and smiled chillingly. Jang Ilso turned his head and shouted.

“Gamyong!”

“Yes!”

“Stick with me.”

A sinister gleam filled Jang Ilso's eyes.

“From now on, we're going to cut that Bishop's head.”