

Chapter 1060

Your words won't reach them. (5)

The eerie crimson bloodlust pouring from Danjagang's eyes was chilling, combined with the demonic energy swirling around him. His face, devoid of reason, charging forward, was a manifestation of primal terror that struck deep into human instincts.

His mouth, wide open as if about to rip apart, produced a howl more akin to a beast than any known animal. Jang Ilso listened to the ear-piercing scream, and his lips curled up.

These creatures were indeed extraordinary.

Typically, so-called «strong ones» become self-aware of their status, whether they liked it or not. They evolve into either dignified individuals or two-faced hypocrites who lose their integrity.

However, you couldn't detect such self-awareness or pretense among the followers of Demonic Cult. What you could see in the form of that Bishop was nothing but raw savagery. It was as if they were proving that even humans were nothing but beasts.

Or perhaps, that was the true face of fanaticism. True believers are equal under their god, so there's no need for them to assert themselves.

«But still...»

His lips, which looked even redder on his pale face, drew a grim line.

«Isn't this a bit too ugly?»

Breathing out an eerie aura, Jang Ilso accelerated even more, continuing to charge forward.

The torn sleeves of his robe fluttered wildly in the raging wind.

«Kaaaaaah!»

The bishop's hands, as if they had swept away the last remnants of reason, gathered the demonic energy. Every wisp of demonic energy gathered in his hands was more powerful and destructive than the strongest attack of a supreme master, a mere brush against it would have shattered bones and torn flesh apart.

Danjagang rushed forward at an incredible speed while extending his hand toward Jang Ilso's head.

It was a rash attack, almost mindless. However, the malicious demonic energy swarming around his hands transformed that wild assault into a catastrophic storm of unparalleled magnitude.

In that very instant, Jang Ilso's hand shot out.

'I've seen enough to know what this is!'

Before Danjagang's raised hand could reach his head, Jang Ilso's palm struck first, shattering Danjagang's elbow. The surging demonic energy narrowly grazed Jang Ilso's head, as he fell to the ground.

Jang Ilso didn't waste a moment, taking advantage of the brief gap, he leaped forward again.

But Danjagang seemed to have predicted it, and swung his other hand to attack again.

‘That’s right!’

Jang Ilso maintained his forward momentum, and then he abruptly twisted his body in mid-motion, as if gliding on thin ice. His robe billowed, as he advanced.

But he wasn’t heading for Bishop’s arms — instead, he swiftly charged towards his flank.

‘Is it still there?’

No matter how much the Bishop denied it, there would undoubtedly be lingering traces in his mind. The image of Chung Myung, wielding his sword, and fearlessly piercing through his opponent’s defenses, was etched in his memory!

When faced with danger, humans instinctively seek to evade it. So, when Jang Ilso made his daring move, the Bishop instinctively tried to block him.

In truth, Jang Ilso had anticipated this reaction from the start.

Kwaaaaaang!

Demonic energy erupted, delivering a delayed shock to Jang Ilso’s back. It was an overwhelming hit, momentarily reversing the flow of his blood, yet he didn’t shy away.

Instead, he welcomed it and swiftly found his way into the Bishop’s exposed side.

‘So, this is how it’s done!’

Jang Ilso’s hands, now tinged with a bluish hue, relentlessly struck Danjagang’s side.

Kwaang!

Before the shock could propel the Bishop away, Jang Ilso’s fists, swift as lightning, relentlessly targeted the same spot.

He thrust over a dozen punches into the Bishop’s side with a single motion, then attempted to reach out once more but paused, slamming the ground instead. He clung to the Bishop as he was thrown out.

‘No!’

It wasn’t just about striking, it was about not allowing the enemy a moment to breathe!

Kwaaaaaang!

Danjagang, propelled out, swung his arm in mid-air. Coarse and eerie blade of demonic energy flew horizontally toward Jang Ilso. As if someone had scattered ink in the air with a giant brush.

Jang Ilso narrowly evaded it, almost sticking to the ground. The chilling aura that passed just above his head sent shivers down his spine.

But the more he experienced it, the more Jang Ilso’s face seemed to be filled with sinister joy.

«This guy’s even crazier than I thought, right? Hahaha!»

Jang Ilso burst into laughter, getting closer to the Bishop. He now understood why that mad Taoist fought in such a manner.

Jang Ilso had already fought Chung Myung at the Black Dragon Fortress once. He had faced Chung Myung’s fighting style, who fought as if he was gambling his life on it. At that time,

he had simply thought that a rare madman had appeared within an orthodox sect. However, after watching this battle against the Bishop and fighting firsthand with that method, he seemed to understand something.

‘It’s not about fighting like that!’

Chyaaaak!

The wide sleeves of Jang Ilso’s robe suddenly turned as hard as steel. Empowered by his inner strength, the edges of his sleeves became as sharp as blades and mercilessly cut through the Bishop’s hand.

‘That’s the only way to fight like that!’

This guy was strong. Unbelievably strong.

Especially his inner energy was so vast that it was unlike anything Jang Ilso had ever encountered. Before witnessing him in person, no one would have thought a person could handle this level of inner strength.

The Shaolin monk Lee Ja, which was said to be unparalleled in the world in terms of inner strength, would be no more than an ordinary monk if he was pit next to the Bishop.

But despite their enormous inner energy, their combat was shockingly straightforward. Their only method was to crush their opponents with their vast inner energy.

So, how should someone without that level of inner energy confront them? Chung Myung had all the answers.

To raise inner energy from the dantian and convert it into power required a certain amount of time. The more inner energy one had to raise, the longer it would take.

The key was not to give them that time.

If they clashed within a considerable distance, it was a losing battle. The destructive power of their unrefined martial arts far surpassed the purity of traditional techniques.

So, the only option is to relentlessly attack at close range, not giving them a chance to gather their inner energy.

However!

Kwaaaaaang!

Jang Ilso swiftly moved his waist back. Suddenly, the Bishop’s dark hand, flew in and grazed just right above his nose.

‘It’s easier said than done!’

This was merely a strategy.

The opponent’s inner energy was enormous. Even hastily raised inner strength could reduce a human’s flesh to a handful of ashes. So, what difference did this strategy make? It was like saying you should go in the direction the wildfire was spreading to survive on a burning mountain. It was a method only a madman who didn’t care about his life would take.

But it existed. It undoubtedly existed. Someone who could execute these insane tactics without a second thought.

So!

Kwaaaaaang!

With an eerie light pouring out of his eyes, Jang Ilso lunged towards the Bishop's arm.

Inward! Inward! Faster!

'If I can't do it!'

Jang Ilso's elbow embedded into Danjagang's forearm.

Thunk!

But the sound of bones shattering came not from Danjagang's arm but from Jang Ilso's shoulder. Demonic energy that grazed past his shoulder effortlessly dislocated it.

His face involuntarily twisted in agony. Yet, Jang Ilso quickly moved again, staying close to Danjagang.

'Wouldn't that be embarrassing?'

Rotating like a top right in front of Danjagang, Jang Ilso rammed his shoulder into Bishop's chest. The shoulder strike, infused with the rotational power, struck Dahnajang's chest with explosive force.

Kwaaaah!

Then, using the recoil, he slightly lifted his body and struck Dahnajang's chin with his knee.

Crack!

In an instant, he unleashed a barrage of continuous blows to Dahnajang's head as his blue energy shot toward Dahnajang like a waterfall.

«Ugh!»

The continuous strikes poured down like a rain in the blink of an eye, and Dahnajang, who had lost his senses, let out a groan.

Crack!

Accelerating through the air one leap after another, just like Chung Myung, Jang Ilso, his face ghostly terrifying, charged at Danjagang again.

«Kaaaah!»

In that moment, Danjagang let out a thunderous roar and swiftly launched a punch. It was faster than any of the strikes he had thrown so far.

Although he had allowed himself to become a beast, entrusting his body to the demonic energy completely, it seemed a strand of reason still remained. He reduced his inner energy and increased his speed, creating the perfect strike at this moment. As Jang Ilso accelerated through the air, there was no way to dodge or block this unstoppable blow.

'Still got your head on, huh?'

Yet, even as Jang Ilso faced Danjagang's punch, which seemed like it could pierce his face in an instant, he neither slowed down nor changed direction.

A suicidal act. There was no other way to describe this insane feat. Without a moment of hesitation, Jang Ilso rushed forward and, as if Danjagang's punch didn't exist, he raised his inner strength in both hands.

In that moment,

Kwaaaaaang!

Chung Myung, leaping above Jang Ilso's head like a flash of light, unfolded his sword. It was not the blade but the flat of the sword, and instead of cutting, it was a powerful strike! Danjagang's punch, which had been about to pierce Jang Ilso's face, was deflected. The punch's trajectory twisted, grazing past Jang Ilso's cheek.

Thunk!

In an instant, the skin tore, and bones crunched.

However, Jang Ilso didn't even blink and extended both his hands towards Danjagang like a lightning. The energy flowing through his hands created irregular blue streaks in the air. The most intense part of the irregularly drawn blue line, like a scar on the battlefield, was strangely beautiful in this brutal battle.

Kwaaaaaang!

Jang Ilso's two hands embedded into Danjagang's abdomen. Surrounded by blue flames, his hands tore through the Bishop's clothing and embedded two vivid palm prints [장인(掌印)] on his abdomen.

Blood sprayed from Danjagang's mouth, covering Jang Ilso's face. Stained with both his own and the enemy's blood, Jang Ilso grinned, revealing his white teeth.

«In the end, it's people who catch and kill the wild beast.»

Thunk!

Jang Ilso's palms struck Danjagang's chin. He was sent flying, and Jang Ilso, with his robe fluttering wildly, pursued him.

His face, now a mix of life, pleasure, and even fear, depicted an intensity like never before. 'This feeling!'

From head to toe, every inch of his body tingled with such an intense sensation that his eyes constantly sparkled.

'Feels amazing, doesn't it?'

He was now on the edge of the blade.