

Chapter 1259

He will take care of that, won't he? (4)

«Watch out!»

Faced with the crimson blade hurtling towards him, Changgwi's member had only two possible reactions: to retreat or to block.

'It's too late...'

Anticipating the inevitable, he raised his inner strength and thrust his sword forward to intercept the incoming blade.

Clang!

The clash between the charged blade and the sword resonated fiercely, the sound of metal grinding against metal piercing through the air.

«Ugh!»

A powerful impact reverberated through his arm.

Feeling the force behind the blow, the warrior, far from being intimidated, felt a surge of fierce determination.

'It's stronger than I thought!'

Though wielding a seemingly thin blade, the weight behind the attack was formidable, but considering the reputation of «Hwasan Geomhyeop,» it was to be expected. If anything, if it had been weaker, it would have been more surprising.

The crucial point is not that it's difficult to block, but rather that it can be blocked somehow. If you can block the blade, then dealing with the opponent becomes possible!

«Nothing...»

Empowered by newfound confidence, Changgwi's warrior raised his head to deliver a resounding battle cry. But in that moment, what caught his eye was a sudden flash of white light, now piercing towards his open mouth.

Clang!

Like a bolt of lightning, the sword flew through the parted lips. Its sharp edge scraped against his teeth, slicing through his tongue and reaching the base of the throat.

'Oh, no...'

Thunk!

A chilling sound echoed, followed by a brief silence.

In an instant, the body became limp, deprived of any strength.

The gaze of those who stood there, neither fleeing nor attacking, was fixed on their comrade, who had a sword protruding from the nape of his neck.

Thunk.

A single drop of blood trickled down the white blade and fell onto the pristine white sands.

Truly, it was an eerie sight.

Death had been witnessed by them countless times before. Whether it was the death of an enemy or a comrade, death had never been a particularly noteworthy event for those present here.

Yet, the death they were witnessing now was somehow different from any they had seen before. Explaining this «difference» would be too perplexing, but the chilling sensation creeping over their hearts, like water seeping into chilled veins, was a clear warning. This was undoubtedly a deviation from the norm.

With a swift motion, Chung Myung withdrew the sword lodged in the enemy's mouth and charged forward across the sandy beach.

«Block him!»

«Kill him!»

A sense of impending doom gripped the hearts of Changgwi's warriors. Yet, they were Maninbang. Fleeing in the face of the enemy was simply inconceivable.

Fueled by rage, Changgwi's warriors charged towards Chung Myung. Blue energy emanated from their drawn swords and blades.

Swish!

In an instant, dozens of swords and sword energies rained down upon Chung Myung like a deluge, aimed directly at his neck.

Chung Myung lowered himself almost to the ground, swiftly darting forward through the downpour like a nimble serpent.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The energy blades narrowly missed Chung Myung's toes, embedding themselves into the ground behind him as he propelled himself forward, bracing against the storm erupting behind him.

One of warriors seized the opportunity, sprinting towards Chung Myung with the intent to close the distance rapidly.

Having experienced countless battles, they instinctively understood that sometimes charging forward was the only path to survival. They knew all too well the irreversible consequences of being pushed back once momentum was lost.

The strike was swift and succinct, a simple yet effective sword technique. It didn't overly rely on complexity or flashiness but instead focused on swiftly dispatching the opponent without leaving any openings — a practical approach born from pure combat experience.

The blade, brimming with lethal intent, surged towards Chung Myung's neck, aiming to end his life in one decisive blow.

«Die!»

It was a maneuver that came close to being the perfect response. However, unfortunately for them, their opponent was none other than Chung Myung.

Thunk!

He suddenly drove his sword into the white sand of the beach. As if the speed he had was a lie, Chung Myung's body stood still and firm in place.

Squelch!

The sword that should have gruesomely cleaved Chung Myung's neck instead futilely sliced through the air and embedded itself in the white sand. The bright smile on Chung Myung's face, revealing his amusement, blinded the eyes of his opponent.

In an instant, like an arrow released from a taut bowstring, Chung Myung's Dark Plum Sword surged forth explosively, piercing straight through the abdomen of Changgwi's member.

With a rush of air, the cold metal penetrated his stomach. But before he could even register the sensation, the blade, like a fish darting through water, thrashed about inside his abdomen, tearing through his organs.

«Aaaargh!»

Unbearable screams erupted as the excruciating pain of his organs being shredded engulfed him. It wasn't just the agony of flesh being torn apart — it was the chilling force piercing his inner energy, scraping against his nerves one by one. It was a torment that felt like every nerve in his body was being severed.

In that moment, Chung Myung's eyes flickered, and without hesitation, he swiftly withdrew backward.

Thunk! Thunk! Thunk!

The blades emerged one after another, after piercing through screaming Changgwi's warrior. They stopped perilously close to Chung Myung's face.

The blood staining the blades splattered onto his face, bringing with it a searing heat and a thick metallic smell.

Changgwi's member, impaled on his comrades' blades like on a skewer, trembled uncontrollably with his mouth agape.

Yet, in Chung Myung's eyes as he looked upon him, there was no hint of sympathy. For in this same situation, if placed in the shoes of the ones who stabbed him, that man would not have hesitated to thrust his sword into his comrade's back.

With a swift motion, Chung Myung kicked Changgwi's member in the chest.

The sharp blades embedded in the body of Changgwi's member tore through his flesh in an instant, covering those behind him in a shower of blood and torn flesh.

«Hyaaaah!»

Despite the torrent of blood from their comrade's body, they showed no hesitation. On the contrary, they fiercely charged at Chung Myung.

Chung Myung gritted his teeth and gripped his sword tightly.

Paaah!

Dozens of phantom-like sword images emerged, slicing through the bodies of the charging warriors in an instant.

«Kuk!»

Before the pained groans had even subsided, Chung Myung, like a demon, lunged forward and thrust his sword into the foremost enemy.

In that moment, a venomous glare filled the eyes of Changgwi's member standing before Chung Myung. Disregarding defense, he aimed his sword directly at Chung Myung's throat. Thunk!

Dark Plum Sword pierced through his chest while his sword narrowly passed by a pristine white neck.

«Kraaaaah!»

Changgwi's member, with a pierced chest, emitted a fierce glare from his eyes and swung his sword swiftly towards Chung Myung's neck again. No, he tried.

In that moment, Chung Myung swiftly flicked his elbow, knocking aside the arm of his opponent holding his sword, then plunged his sword into Changgwi's member's chest, still charging forward fiercely.

«Now!»

«Strike!»

Witnessing this scene, the onlookers erupted into spasmodic shouts.

Though it was undeniably a gruesome sight, upon closer inspection, it was not without its merits. Withdrawing a sword from a person's body inevitably involved a waste of time. If one aimed for that gap, it wasn't impossible to thrust a blade into this monstrous creature's body.

«This, this...»

And even this stabbed warrior seemed to understand clearly what his role was. As if casting away all regrets in life, he gripped Chung Myung's sword embedded in his chest with both hands and slumped down. It was as if he vowed to accompany Chung Myung to the afterlife, even if it meant facing death.

Changgwi Unit wouldn't miss this opportunity. They exerted all their strength and rushed forward.

But then, before their eyes, a strange phenomenon began to unfold. The backs of the warrior, pierced by a sword, began to swell momentarily. Well, it was not his back swelling but rather his garments covering it.

«What?»

One of those charging towards Chung Myung, Jeong Tak, felt his eyebrows twitch momentarily. He noticed that despite being lodged in the chest, Chung Myung's sword was still moving ever so slightly.

With a deathly pale face, he shouted.

«B... Back down...!»

Before Jeong Tak could finish his sentence, Changgwi's member's garments exploded, and crimson energy burst out explosively.

Dozens, hundreds of small petals. The energy, resembling blooming plum blossoms, surged like a storm, engulfing them.

Screams of agony echoed from those swept away by the plum blossoms. Though small like flower petals, the razor-sharp energy tore through flesh countless times in the blink of an eye. All that remained were the rough gasps of those mercilessly mutilated.

Changgwi's leader Beom Chung stared blankly at the unfolding massacre. It was all because of just one step backward. All of this happened because of a mere step back.

Due to that single mistake, nearly ten members perished miserably at once.

«Y-you...»

Beom Chung, his gaze trembling, forcibly shifted his gaze from the blood-drenched beach to the figure of Chung Myung, or more precisely, to the member of the unit being held by him by his hair.

«Lead...er...»

Changgwi's member, kneeling with his hair held roughly, trembled like a leaf at the touch of the blade against his throat, desperately pleading with Beom Chung.

Each member of Changgwi was trained by him personally. Even faced with the messengers of hell, they wouldn't tremble or fear. Yet, the one held by Chung Myung now was gripped with fear.

What was he afraid of? Death? Or...?

«Indeed...»

At that moment, Chung Myung, holding the warrior's hair, laughed and spoke. The sight of his bright white teeth was eerie beyond measure.

«...This is more in line with what I enjoy.»

Swiftly, without a moment of hesitation, Chung Myung's blade sliced through Changgwi's member's neck.

«Aaargh!»

Cleanly severed, the neck spurted blood like a fountain, drenching the surroundings in crimson. As Chung Myung chuckled strangely amidst the fountain of blood, Beom Chung confronted him fiercely.

«This... this dog-like bastard...»

«No, not just one,»

Chung Myung corrected him, smiling wryly.

«It's more accurate to say they're all like dogs.»

At that moment, Beom Chung's expression shifted with realization. Chung Myung dove inward, disrupting the formation of Changgwi as numerous black lines rushed towards them at an alarming speed.

«Be careful. They're more ferocious than me,»

Chung Myung warned with a smirk, sending a chill down Beom Chung's spine.