

Chapter 1043

Kill or be killed. (3)

The elite warriors of the Black Ghost instinctively drew their swords.

What unfolded before their eyes, were demonic cultist charging towards them in a frenzy.

What they heard, were haunting sound of beastly blood-curdling screams.

Their skin prickled from the eerie demonic aura emanating from the attackers, and the acrid stench of blood gushed into their noses.

Their senses were all sending out intense warnings, but there was no time to dwell on it.

«Heook! Heook!»

Their heavy breaths quivered on trembling lips.

And then it happened.

«Huaaaack!»

With deafening screams that may have been human or demon, the cultists swarmed the elite warriors of the Black Ghost Fortress.

«Kill them!»

Black Ghosts, in a testament to their reputation, showed that their fame was far from empty.

They boosted their momentum and met Magyo head-on.

Schwaaaaack!

Their daos [도(刀) — a chinese single edged sword], infused with powerful sword energy, slashed through the air at lightning speed.

With determination to cut down every attackers, their strikes were executed with incredible precision. Despite their tension, the sharpness of their swords matched their normal skills perfectly.

It was a powerful strike, a single stroke [일도(一刀)] with the determination to cut down all who came at them. Despite the tension in the air, the sharpness of their strikes was on par with their usual skills.

A lightning speed slash soared towards cultist's arm. It seemed that the arm could be severed at any moment.

‘What? Nothing special...’

The blade mercilessly struck cultist's arm without hesitation. However, at that very moment, the eyes of the elite Black Ghost, who wielded the blade, unnaturally widened.

Thud!

Despite his expectations of cutting through the arm and withdrawing the blade, it was firmly embedded in cultist's arm, defying all predictions.

‘What...?’

It felt like hitting a sticky rubber with a dull wooden knife. An eerie sensation, far from what one should feel when slicing a human's arm, sent a chill down his spine.

In no time, he witnessed it.

A cultist, seemingly unfazed by the blade in his arm, reached out toward him with a malicious pleasure in his eyes.

Before he could fully grasp the significance of this scene, the cultist's fingers dug into his skull.

Crack!

“Aaaarh!”

Demonic cultist's ferocious roar reverberated in his ears. A beastly sound. It was as if the pungent odor of raw, unprocessed flesh was about to permeate the air. An unprecedented killing intent.

“You wretched infidel!”

The cultist, his eyes exuding madness, withdrew his hand from the skull. His fingernail, clad in demonic energy, had torn into the person's face, ripping it to the bone.

Squish!

«Aaaargh!»

A desperate scream echoed.

It was a natural reaction. Anyone would scream like that when their face was torn apart.

«My, my face! Aaaargh! My faaace!»

Having lost both eyes, he instinctively raised his hand to touch his face, but even that couldn't happen as he wished. The cultist's hand, which had swung in succession, had torn into his throat before his hand could reach.

Whoosh!

Blood sprayed from his neck like a fountain, drenching demonic cultist's black robe.

«Gh... Gurple...»

«Hahahahahahah!»

The cultist, who had entirely surrendered to madness, was relentless. The fingers, infused with demonic energy, continued to shred the body of the person who hadn't yet breathed his last. Flesh mercilessly erupted, and blood splattered.

Fortunately or unfortunately, their comrades didn't need to be enraged by this gruesome spectacle. Without a moment to spare, more demonic cultists charged at them.

«The Second Coming of The Heavenly Demon!»

«Tan Thousand Demons Pay Homage!»

Chanting like screams, they recited the mantra, their voices boiling, a signal heralding the massacre's beginning.

Squish!

The sound of hands tainted by dark demonic energy tearing into flesh was so vivid amidst the chaotic battlefield that it sent shivers down the spine.

«Aaaargh!»

«Aaaaaaa! Aaargh! Aaargh!»

The mouths of those whose flesh was torn, and whose bones were broken, erupted in unending, agonizing screams.

«The Second Coming of The Heavenly Demon!»

«Die! Die! Die, you filthy unbelievers! Hahaha! Haha! Hahahahah!»

Blood pours like rain.

Torn flesh scatters from their bodies, and blood spurts out like a torrent. Amidst this blood rain[혈우(血雨)], demonic cultists exploded in madness. Their eyes, dyed in crimson from frenzy and flesh, ceaselessly sought more victims.

However, the Black Ghost was not idly standing by.

«These madmen!»

With curses on his lips, the Black Ghost elite warrior Mun Hyeong [문형(文滢)] thrust his sword. His blade, like a whirlwind, pierced through the eye of the charging cultist.

Squish!

Seeing the sword piercing through, Mun Hyeong exhaled with satisfaction.

«How does it feel?!»

Thud!

But in that moment, the cultist, whose eye was pierced, raised his hand and grasped the blade embedded in his face. Then, with his one remaining eye, he calmly stared at Mun Hyeong.

«Hmph!»

Mun Hyeong desperately pulled the sword away in an instant. However, his blade remained immovable in cultist's hand, as if pinned beneath a massive boulder.

«Ugh...»

Demonic cultist slowly removed the blade from his eye. He could have writhed in agony. Instead, he let out an eerie laughter.

«Ah... Ahhh...»

Completely terrified by the overwhelming sight, Mun Hyeong, his face drained of color, shivered and stepped back.

Squish!

The only price for panicking on the battlefield means nothing but death.

Thunk. Thunk! Thunk!

The hand that had pierced through his chest tore flesh, snapped bones, and delved deeper and deeper inside.

«Gurgle...»

Blood welled up from Mun Hyeong's mouth.

«The Second Coming... of The Heavenly Demon.»

Madness overflowed in one remaining eye of the cultist. The corners of his mouth curved into an unnatural smile, as if it could touch his ears.

«Ten Thousand Demons Pay Homage!»

Squish!

Demonic cultist grabbed Mun Hyeong's heart and pulled it out.

«...»

The heart, still beating, lay on his blood-soaked hand, quivering.

Mun Hyeong, not yet having drawn his last breath, stared blankly as his heart was released.

«Huhahaha!»

In that moment, the cultist wielded the arm holding the heart like a whip, striking Mun Hyeong's head. His head burst like a ripe watermelon.

All deaths are unfortunate, but at least for Mun Hyeong at this moment, it might have been a relief. He no longer had to witness this horrific spectacle with his own eyes.

«Heavenly Demons... supremacy.»

Demonic cultist slowly lowered his gaze. When he saw his own eyeball on the ground, he chuckled.

«Your blood... will soothe us!»

Crunch!

Without hesitation, he stomped on his own eyeball, then let out a triumphant roar and charged forward again. Demonic energy emanated from his body like smoke, and his one remaining eye continued to spew boiling red blood.

«These, these lunatics...!»

The elite warriors of the Black Ghost, who were weary of demonic cultists relentless onslaught, stepped back with exasperated faces.

Of course, they didn't meekly surrender to the enemy. Skill is something accumulated in the body, not in the mind. Even in a partially dazed state, their martial arts meticulously recreated the movements their bodies had practiced countless times.

But these movements remained incomplete.

Squish!

When the blows connected with the bodies of demonic cultists, rather than slicing through, they clung to the flesh. Their bodies, like melted rubber, seemed to grip the blades as if they were adhering to a hot iron.

'Dammit! What kind of martial art is this?'

The result for those who lost their weapons was usually the same.

Thunk!

Their heads were torn out whole and fell to the ground. With their heads gone, their bodies were no longer recognizable as human, and the cultists swarmed them like a pack of hungry predators.

It was akin to a pack of piranhas latching onto their prey.

«Die, you monsters!»

With all their might, they thrust their blades into the chests of demonic cultists. The swords ripped through their robes, and it was evident as they pierced flesh.

But...

Only a few drops of blood oozed out. Even the skin surrounding the point where the blade penetrated began to swell as if it had a mind of its own. Then, the blade, which had intruded into the body, began to be squeezed by the flesh around it.

«Khh... Huhuhu.»

Cultist looked at the one who had impaled a sword in his abdomen, his eyes gleaming.

«Uh...»

Blood flowed through the mask-covered mouth, but the cultist didn't pay it any mind. He extended his hand, driving his claws, sharper than a blade, into his wrist.

Crack!

His nails tore through the flesh with absurd ease and touched the bones.

«Gruuuh!»

A terrible agony as if one's insides were set ablaze. Faced with this pain, the elite warrior of the Black Ghost couldn't help but gasp in shock.

«Huhahaha!»

In response, demonic cultist burst into laughter and lunged forward, shoving his hand through the open mouth. Then, he grabbed the lower jaw and began pulling with an immense force.

Squish! Squish!

Unearthly bone sounds and unimaginable agony. The incomprehensible terror in the eyes of the one who understood what this pain meant was overwhelming.

«Aaargh... Uh... Aaargh!»

Squish!

The man's jaw was torn from his face, and blood gushed like a waterfall. His body convulsed in the face of the unprecedented pain.

Demonic cultist slowly withdrew the blade impaled in his abdomen. As the blade came out, the hole seemed to rapidly shrink. It was a miraculous sight that defied belief, even when seen with one's own eyes.

«Huh... Huhu...»

«... You dirty unbeliever.»

With a cruel smile, demonic cultist approached the convulsing man and raised the sword he had been holding. The end of the sword was aimed directly at the man's mouth.

«Ah... No...!»

Whoosh!

The long sword plunged into the man's throat.

Overwhelmed by pain as if his whole body was pierced by searing hot iron, the man finally rolled his eyes. In his ears, he heard the whisper of a demon.

«You shall never, never be saved. Filthy unbeliever.»

Aaaargh!

With those words, the cultist swung the sword and bisected the man's body in two, then threw the sword to the ground. He shouted,
«Kill them! Kill them all! Make them pay for not recognizing the greatness of the Heavenly Demon!»

«The Second Coming of The Heavenly Demon!»

Following that dreadful madness, an incongruously solemn mantra was chanted.

Fanatics who had lost their God.

Demons who had lost their place were unleashing their accumulated anger and hatred in a single moment.

Even as throats were cut, bodies pierced, and limbs severed, Magyo continued to rush forward, tearing into those in their path as if they would gladly sacrifice their lives as long as they could bring down their opponents. Their madness was such that they charged ahead, their eyes rolled back, unflinching.

«Aaaargh!»

«Sa-save meee!»

Some had lost their minds. Some stood against those who charged fiercely, gritting their teeth. Some turned and fled, showing their backs, while others, even with their arms severed, managed to thrust their weapons into the enemy.

But the result they faced was equally cruel.

Death. An absolute ending.

Even the corpses were not spared, leaving behind a brutal trail of death that stained the world. Clad in the armor of fanaticism and wielding the sword of the doctrine, the demons spewed hatred towards all living things in one horrifying moment.

Magyo. The dark name hidden in the abyss of Gangho surged like a blood-red flame.

The battleground was tainted by the darkness of the Magyo, and the land of Hangzhou was drowning in evil.