

## Chapter 1063

Is this how it's done? (3)

«Chung Myung!»

«Damn it! You bastard!»

Hwasan's disciples ran towards Chung Myung.

«Come in... don't run like that, okay... My body hurts...»

The vibrations he felt in every step were enough to make it feel like his body was being torn apart, but it seemed the words did not reach the ears of Hwasan's disciples. Jo Geol, who had run the fastest, aggressively grabbed Chung Myung.

«Hey! Are you okay? Huh?»

He shook Chung Myung violently, his eyes wide with concern.

«Where did you get hurt? Are you alright?»

«Hang on!»

«Hey! Why aren't you answering?»

«This crazy bastard! You are gonna kill him»

«Huh?»

Only then did Jo Geol realize that Chung Myung wasn't answering. It was nearly too late. Jo Geol released him and coughed awkwardly.

«No... I was just worried...»

Chung Myung, who was on the verge of death, barely conscious, looked at Jo Geol with lifeless eyes and said with great effort.

«...Please... go out and die. Please...»

Baek Cheon and Yu Iseol sighed and supported Chung Myung, holding him under his arms.

«Are you okay?»

«Do I... seem okay?»

«No.»

«...I can't even lift a finger.»

These words weren't just casual remarks. It felt like all of his strength and vitality had been drained from his body. Right now, even if he was to confront Jo Geol, he would have no choice but to stick his neck out to be killed gracefully.

The only consolation was...

«Ryeonju, are you okay?»

«...He said he was dead.»

That most threatening person here seemed as frail as Chung Myung.

“Cough.”

Each cough from Jang Ilso was accompanied by a burst of fresh blood from his mouth. His pale figure appeared so fragile that it wouldn't be surprising if he dropped dead at any moment.

«... What a tenacious bastard.»

Chung Myung found himself muttering a curse under his breath, reflecting on the recent events. Even though he had a sword through his throat, the Bishop attacked. He knew that demonic bastards, especially Bishops, were totally crazy. Experiencing this again, after such a long time made him nervous.

If the thrust through his throat hadn't mitigated the force of the attack, right now both Jang Ilso and Chung Myung would have been obliterated without a trace.

«... This crazy bastard attacked without any hesitation.»

And the disciples of Hwasan looked upon tattered Chung Myung with a mixture of emotions. One emotion was reverence, and the other was pity. It's nothing short of astounding that they finally managed to kill and eliminate the Bishop who didn't seem like a human at all, but the cost is too great. With a little exaggeration, Chung Myung's body now resembled half-sliced meat. It's almost miraculous that he's still clinging to life.

Baek Cheon immediately placed his hand on Chung Myung's lower abdomen and pushed Jin-qi [진기(眞氣)]\* in.

«Kuuk!»

Then, black coagulated blood poured out of Chung Myung's mouth.

«... Oh, I'm really on the verge of death.»

«You cursed bastard.»

Baek Cheon pushed Jin-qi in and ground his teeth. There was no other way, but even so, it couldn't be a good feeling to watch Chung Myung being torn apart like this.

At that moment, Un Geom, who was silent till now, spoke.

«It's not over yet.»

Upon hearing these words, the disciples of Hwasan all raised their heads.

«Beware of the remnants of Magyo! We don't know what they might do.»

Hwasan's disciples, who had been momentarily startled, swiftly changed their demeanor and blocked the path between Chung Myung and demonic cultists like fierce predators. However, contrary to their predictions, demonic cultists stood as if they had turned into statues.

«Bishop... Bishop...»

«Your Eminence...»

The followers of Demonic Cult gazed at the darkened earth with a look of despair as if they had lost the world.

The defeat of Danjagang. It was a result they had never once considered. Since they had never imagined it, they had no way to handle it. They just stared at the aftermath of the battle as if their souls had left their bodies.

«Bishop... Bishop...»

Jeogil sat down as if his legs had given way, he clenched his fists, tearing at the ground.

«This...»

Thud, thud, thud.

His tightly sealed lips split open, and blood flowed. His gaze, filled with intense hatred and anger, fixed on the nearby enemies, specifically Chung Myung and Jang Ilso.

«This... even if I drink it, it won't quench my thirst... these damn heretics crawling like dogs!»

A bloodshot rage filled his eyes.

«I will kill... I will avenge the Bishop! I will kill them! I swear!»

As Jeogil, his eyes ablaze, rose to his feet, a sinister aura rapidly emanated from the previously lifeless demonic cultists. Observing this transformation, Hwasan's swordsmen drew their swords in unison.

The Red Dogs that had arrived also stood in front of Jang Ilso, growling like loyal hunting dogs guarding their master.

«Ugh...»

Chung Myung, who had been supported by Baek Cheon and Yu Iseol, twisted his face and spoke.

“First, I..»

However, at that moment, Baek Cheon felt it. Chung Myung's body, which had been as supple as soaked cotton, suddenly stiffened.

‘Huh?’

Chung Myung's gaze quickly turned back. In his eyes were disbelief, astonishment, and some distorted emotions.

«This, this bastard...»

«Chung Myung?»

Kwaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Before that question could be fully resolved, a massive explosion erupted. The disciples of Hwasan, who had been on guard against demonic cultists, turned in horror to look behind them.

And they saw it too. Black demonic energy erupted, blowing away piles of earth and sand all at once, as if it were the remnants of a collapsing mountain

Sweat trickled down Baek Cheon's back.

«No, it can't be...»

«Kraaaaaah!»

It sounded like the howl of a demon imprisoned in the dungeons of hell. In the swirling black demonic energy, someone who should never have been there revealed their presence.

«B-Bishop...»

Baek Cheon's face lost its color.

The bloodshot eyes and the desperate screams that emanated from him were horrifying. Danjagang's whole body was black, as if drenched in ink. He howled like a beast, revealing his withered upper body.

A look of disgust flashed across everyone's faces when they saw that.

«Oooohhh!»

The Dark Plum Sword, which Chung Myung had thrust diagonally into his neck, was still firmly lodged there. Danjagang, who had been screaming and screaming again, clenched the sword in his throat.

Thud. Thud.

Even amid the thunderous noise generated by the surging demonic energy, the sound of the Dark Plum Sword being pulled out of his throat was crystal clear.

Thud!

At last, he completely removed the sword from his throat and tossed it to the ground.

«Uh...»

Yoon Jong tightly grasped his right arm, which held the sword, as it trembled uncontrollably. At that moment, Chung Myung, who had muttered something, struggled to rise from the ground.

«...Did I fail?»

It seemed he hadn't quite severed his neck bone by a gap of just a sheet of paper. With Danjagang's unnatural resilience and immense inner strength, he could preserve his life despite the severe wound.

«Sasuk, my sword...»

«Don't talk nonsense! You crazy bastard!»

Baek Cheon and other disciples of Hwasan, overcame profound fear rising from deep within and continued to block Chung Myung path even more firmly.

'No more!'

Chung Myung can't fight anymore. It can't go on like this. So now, they must protect this damned man. Without exchanging a word, everyone tightly gripped their swords with the same thought in mind.

Danjagang, now transformed into a shape that could hardly be called human, raised his head and emitted a sound so desperate that it was almost heartbreaking. It resembled the wailing of a child who had lost its mother.

«Why! Why do you not look back at us! Why!»

Danjagang's demonic energy erupted violently.

«Heavenly Demon!»

His voice was now so harsh that it seemed to scratch at metal.

«Even though there are those who have been waiting for you so eagerly, why! Why do you turn away from us! Heavenly Demon! Why!»

'Crazy...'

Tang Soso was astonished and found herself unconsciously clamping her mouth shut. Even with all known languages at humanity's disposal, it seemed impossible to fully describe that madness. It was hard to consider it as any emotion a human would possess.

«If this isn't enough! If even this plea can't reach you!»

Danjagang's bloodshot eyes shot a piercing gaze towards Chung Myung.

«Can you understand? Our agony! Our pain! Can the likes of you understand?»

Chung Myung grabbed Baek Cheon's shoulder and stepped forward.

«Chung Myung!»

His legs were trembling so much that taking a step was almost a struggle. But he stubbornly pushed them forward.

And as if it was only natural, Jang Ilso also found himself stepping forward with him.

As if it had to be that way. No matter what circumstances they faced, when the enemy was in front of them, there was only one thing to do.

«We were a bit lacking.»

«It seems so.»

«There is no other way.»

Chung Myung and Jang Ilso simultaneously revealed their thoughts.

«If we survive... We'll have to fight and kill him again and again!»

«Hehehe.»

Hwasan's disciples and Red Dogs didn't back away this time, but positioned themselves to the left and right of the two, as if to say they would fight together now.

As a result, Danjagang's demonic energy grew thicker and thicker.

He instinctively understood. He had pushed his demonic arts beyond the limit, and he would never be able to return to his former self again.

He would likely be forever ensnared in this madness, becoming a maniac who slaughtered everything in his path.

But if by some chance his fervent voice could reach the Heavenly Demon, he would accept even that fate without resistance.

Danjagang summoned the last of his remaining strength, and formidable demonic energy enveloped his body, soaring into the sky.

«Kkuk...»

In the face of this overwhelming majesty, subdued groans unconsciously escaped the lips of Hwasan's disciples.

‘Still, a power like that...’

Just as Baek Cheon was trying to steady his trembling jaw by biting his lips, it happened.

«Huh?»

At first, he thought he must have seen it wrong.

In the turbulent black whirlwind of demonic energy, something faint and pale appeared on the backside. He was so overwhelmed by fear, he considered it might have been a hallucination.

But the next moment, Baek Cheon realized he hadn't been mistaken. Right behind Danjagang, within the tempestuous storm, a man stood like a ghost. He was clad in white traditional attire, and it was impossible to tell when he had suddenly appeared or how long he had been there.

It was truly an alien sight.

As Baek Cheon, who couldn't grasp the situation, stared blankly as if in a daze, the man in white traditional attire behind Danjagang flashed a faint smile.

«This is why I...»

It was only then that Danjagang, who had instinctively turned his head upon realizing someone was behind him, or at least he tried to turn...

However, before he could fully move his head, the man in white pierced Danjagang's back with his hand.

Thud!

«Aaargh!»

A scream of agony erupted from Danjagang's lips. Before long, he lowered his eyes, filled with shock, and looked at his chest. A very pale hand, piercing through his blood-soaked chest, was visible.

«Guh... G-guh...?»

His voice trembled as if he couldn't believe the situation. Danjagang, who was still staring at this hand in disbelief, finally turned around, trembling in fear.

When he made eye contact with the man who had plunged his hand into his back, a massive sense of dread began to spread across Danjagang's face.

«This...»

His voice trembled unbelievably. It was a sight that was almost unimaginable based on his appearance so far. But his voice trembled so distinctly that even the disciples of Hwasan could understand.

«Bi... The Second Bishop... [ㅇ](二)주교]\*\*»

The man referred to as the Second Bishop lightly clicked his tongue and interrupted Danjagang.

Thud!

The man's arm delved even deeper into Danjagang's chest, causing his mouth to open wide as if it was about to tear apart.

Danjagang, who had been exhaling powerful demonic energy regardless of his significant injury, was now being casually subdued by a man who had suddenly appeared from nowhere. Baek Cheon, who still didn't fully comprehend the situation, momentarily turned to look at Chung Myung.

What he witnessed left him even more astonished.

Chung Myung, who had never shown a moment of hesitation before an enemy, had a face that had turned deathly pale.

«He...»

From Chung Myung's lips, a voice that seemed entranced by something escaped.

«Heavenly Executioner\*\*\* [천살(天殺) — cheonsal]...»\_\_\_\_\_

\* 진기(眞氣) — genuine qi:

the combination of the innate qi and the acquired qi, serving as the physical substrata and dynamic force of all vital functions, also known as true qi.

\*\* 이(二)주교 — in hanja it says that it's basically a number (二 = 2), 주교 — bishop. So I guess it's his rank. The Second of all Bishops. I don't think it's a surname Lee.

\*\*\* His whole title in the next chapter. I wanted to call him Heavenly Slaughterer at first. But the context deemed otherwise.