

## Chapter 1260

He will take care of that, won't he? (5)

With a stunned expression, Geum Yangbaek looked at the scene unfolding before him.

'They... are Maninbang...'

It was one-sided. Maninbang, feared even more than the four gods of death in Guangdong region, were being utterly decimated.

'How could this be...'

It had only been a few years since he witnessed Chung Myung's skill at the martial arts competition.

Of course, he knew Chung Myung would have grown stronger. It was only natural. If someone with that level of talent didn't get stronger over time, wouldn't that be even more strange?

But he never imagined it would be to this extent. Chung Myung's skill, as witnessed just moments ago, far surpassed what he had anticipated.

For sure, the sect, the most knowledgeable about how fearsome Maninbang truly was, was none other than Haenam. And also for sure, Geum Yangbaek had never seen Maninbang being so brutally overwhelmed.

«Sect Leader.»

What kind of martial arts had Hwasan Geomhyeop cultivated to achieve this...

«Sect Leader!»

Startled by the urgent voice calling out to him, Geum Yangbaek turned to see who it was. An elder was grasping his arm and shaking it desperately.

«Give the order, Sect Leader!»

«O-Order?»

«Can't you see over there?»

Only then did Geum Yangbaek fully register the situation around him. It was the sight of Cheonumaeng's members swiftly overwhelming Changgwi Unit with incredible speed.

«We need to go too!»

«Y-Yes, right! But the signal...»

It was at that moment.

Baek Cheon, who had been charging forward, thrust his sword high into the air. From the tip of the sword, crimson energy burst out like fireworks, scattering into the sky, painting it with countless plum blossoms.

Geum Yangbaek, who had been crouching down, immediately stood up at the sight.

The signal! Where else in the world could there be a more definitive signal than this!

«Attack! Quickly! We must seize the ships!»

«Yes!»

At the resounding roar of Geum Yangbaek, the members of Haenam sect who had been lying in ambush swiftly rose to their feet. However, before they could even take a step, Gwak Hwanso and other disciples, who had been lurking on the other side, were already charging forward.

«Faster! Rush them in one breath!»

«Yes, Sahyeong! Aaaaah!»

Geum Yangbaek kicked the ground with determination.

«What are you waiting for? Are you going to be slower than your disciples?»

At his shout, the elders gritted their teeth and increased their speed. The disciples of Haenam present here numbered over two hundred. But if it had been the same situation as a little while ago, no matter how overwhelming their numbers, they wouldn't have been able to recklessly charge at the enemy like this.

The fear of Maninbang had surely lingered in their hearts.

However, now the disciples of Haenam were rushing at Changgwi Unit with full force, as if in a competition, without a trace of fear.

The fear of Maninbang no longer existed. From the moment they identified and understood the person leading the charge, Maninbang ceased to be a fearsome entity to confront.

Even as they ran, they clearly saw the scene unfolding ahead: Cheonumaeng's warriors charging at Changgwi Unit.

«A-mi-ta-bul!»

With the endless chant of the Buddha's name, a golden light engulfed the coastline.

Kwaaaaang!

Part of the coastline exploded, and white sand scattered in all directions. Those struck by the golden light turned into bloody clumps, unable to even scream, as they were flung into the vast sea.

Splash!

Immediately, a massive waterspout erupted like a cannon.

«No, is this necessary, monk?»

Though Hye Yeon was the first to launch the attack, it was naturally Jo Geol who led the charge against the enemy.

«How delightful to see you, Maninbang bastards!»

At the forefront, Jo Geol swung his sword without hesitation.

Paaaat!

Dozens of rapidly splitting sword auras poured fiercely toward the bewildered Changgwi's members.

«Aaaargh!»

«This bastard!»

His swords swung with such speed that there was no time to react!

But the intense forward momentum for those swift swords immediately invited counterattacks.

«You clueless fools!»

Changgwi's members lunged forward, aiming their swords at Jo Geol's exposed upper body.

«Ha!»

Clang!

However, before their strikes could land, they were deflected by the gracefully flowing sword that emerged from behind.

«Think about your next move!»

«But, Sahyeong is blocking this!»

«Ha...»

With a sigh, Yoon Jong shook off the swords once more and deflected the sword flying straight for Jo Geol's neck. Despite the impending strike, that insane guy showed no sign of defense and continued to thrust his sword forward.

«Heheh! Behold the wrath of Jo Geol of Hwasan!»

«Aaaargh!»

With a scream, Changgwi's member impaled through the chest collapsed on the spot.

«Damn it! Attack! Above...!»

Mid-sentence, someone suddenly jerked their head upwards. They felt a shadow swiftly looming from the air in the area they were about to occupy.

«When... when did...»

Partially obscuring the sun, a slender figure descended gracefully.

And that was the last sight they saw before their demise.

Yu Iseol cleanly severed the neck of the enemy and spun her body before even touching the ground.

«Aaaargh!»

Her sword, which spun as if sweeping the floor, cut off the ankles of Changgwi's members around her.

«Aaaargh!»

After descending from above, target the lowest point. The simplest yet most effective sword technique, especially in the melee like now.

«Down below!»

«You damn wench!»

As Changgwi's members lunged menacingly towards Yu Iseol, who lowered her body to the ground, they heard a soft yet eerie sound echoing in their ears.

Sarararack!

Sensing something approaching, they instinctively recoiled, swiftly dodging. However, even in that moment, those who had diverted their gaze from Yu Iseol were unable to evade the cascading plum blossom sword energy raining down from the sky.

«Haap!»

Sararararack!

After the swift and decisive initial strikes, a flurry of plum blossom petals poured down from the sky like a rain of flowers, overwhelming Changgwi Unit who couldn't evade it in time.

Sarararack!

Screams of agony echoed, blending with the sound of the sword energy piercing through flesh.

«Retreat!»

«Don't retreat!»

Changgwi's unit vice leader, Heo Maeng, screamed until his throat felt like it would burst.

«You fools! There are only a few of them! Form ranks! Don't give them any openings!»

Heo Maeng knew how absurd his words sounded. The damn petal-like sword energy was incredibly effective against groups.

It was far more efficient in group battles than individual combat.

But at this moment, Heo Maeng had no choice but to give such orders.

Heo Maeng had seen the approaching Haenam sect, their determination evident in their fierce advance. If they couldn't reduce the number of these damn bastards before they reached this point, it was clear as day what would happen next.

«Charge, you bastards! Sink your teeth in and hold on tight!»

With venom in their veins, they leaped towards Tang Soso.

Whiiiiing!

But in that moment, small pellets rained down upon them from above. Then, with a deafening bang, they exploded.

«What... What's this?»

«It's poison! Back off, damn it!»

The pink smoke emanating from the pellets swallowed up the charging Changgwi.

«No, you can't. If my younger sister gets injured, father will kill me.»

Tang Pae clicked his tongue and leisurely tucked his hands back into his sleeves. With others leading the charge upfront, it made his job of attacking from behind much easier. In that regard, finding individuals like him who were so compatible was rare in the world.

«Truly, martial arts can be as delicate as this...»

Whoosh!

In an instant, Namgung Dowi's sword emitted a bright white gleam as it descended. The sword energy, the size of a house, swept away Changgwi's members blocking his path in one fell swoop.

Crash!

Accompanied by an ear-splitting explosion, the shattered bodies fell gruesomely.

«...There's no need for me to do anything. Yes, that's right.»

Tang Pae lowered his tail, somewhat defeated.

Honestly, wasn't that close to cheating? No wonder the elders were so proud, yet they never managed to defeat those ignorant fools even once.

And at this rate, it seemed unlikely that his clan could surpass Namgung in this generation. No matter how prestigious the lineage, how could they possibly defeat that monstrous guy? Paaaaaaah!

At that moment, Baek Cheon leaped forward. From the tip of his sword, a storm of red petals erupted, sweeping through the enemies like a vivid and beautiful fantasy.

His swordsmanship didn't pursue the dominance of Namgung clan's style, but it was more flamboyant and precise.

«Charge!»

Watching Baek Cheon's back as he roared encouragingly, urging everyone forward, Tang Pae couldn't help but shake his head in awe.

«Whether it's him or him... What's the point for talentless humans to live in sorrow?»

«Ugh!»

In frustration, he flung the dagger in his hand forward.

Beom Chung's face contorted in agony.

«Why...»

That was all he could say.

«Why are you fuckers here? Why!»

Unable to contain his rage, Beom Chung erupted with fury.

Even if the entire Haenam sect ambushed them unexpectedly, they wouldn't have collapsed so easily.

However, the opponents they faced now were too formidable and overwhelming for Changgwi Unit to handle alone.

From Hwasan Geomhyeop to the Five Swords of Hwasan, Namgung, Tangga, and the deity of Shaolin Hye Yeon – each one represented a master of their respective sects. With these individuals joining forces with Haenam, even a giant like Maninbang wouldn't know what to do.

«Why!»

When Beom Chung shouted again with boiling rage, Chung Myung laughed.

«Why should I even bother telling someone like you, a mere Sapa bastard, about that?»

«This...»

«Don't blabber. Just do what you're supposed to do. I'm tired of waiting.»

Chung Myung's sword pointed at Beom Chung, who clenched his lips tightly. What he needed to do now was crystal clear.

Beom Chung swiftly withdrew a long hollow pipe from his chest and pulled the string attached to its end.

Boom!

Flames erupted from the end of the pipe, shooting high into the air. With the signal flare ignited, the main force would now be aware of the enemy's intrusion. Well, they might have already noticed due to the volley unleashed by Baek Cheon, but this would make it even clearer.

«...Don't make me laugh, you brat,»

Beom Chung said, glaring at Chung Myung with venom in his words.

«I don't know what you're scheming, but now that you've set foot here, you'll all die! No matter what you do, you won't make it out alive to reach the Yangtze! Not only you, but everyone who set foot here will regret it...»

Paaaat!

At that moment, Beom Chung grabbed his face and staggered backwards.

Thud!

From the long, deep cut on his face, blood dripped down. Chung Myung casually waved his sword.

«Oops, sorry.»

«...»

«The words of a Sapa bastard like you make me sick to my stomach. Especially those who claim to be part of Maninbang or even a rat's nest,»

Chung Myung said with disdain.

«This...»

«Is that all you have to say?»

«Well...»

At that moment, Chung Myung's sword flew towards Beom Chung like a phantom.

Beom Chung reflexively raised his sword to block Chung Myung's attack.

Clang!

However, Dark Plum Sword effortlessly sliced through Beom Chung's sword and pierced straight through his neck.

Squish!

A chilling sound echoed as the sharpened blade cut through flesh.

Before Beom Chung could even react to the signal of death, a sinister voice reached him from behind.

«But since I'm a true Taoist, I'll still offer my condolences. Rest in peace, you wretched fool.»

That was the last thing Beom Chung heard in this world.