

## Chapter 1268

Worry about Maninbang's bastards! (3)

«Chung Myung Dojaaaaaang!»

A tearing scream from behind burst out. The voice resonated clearly in Chung Myung's ears. But he didn't really care.

'Don't make a fuss.'

Glancing back, he saw that the departing ships were speeding up, moving further away from the island. They were rowing with all their might, soon securing a safe distance, but they needed a little more time.

Chung Myung gazed ahead at the countless Maninbang's warriors surging toward him like waves. Even he felt a shiver down his spine at the sight of all these people, who stood like a forest and ran with flashing eyes and ragged breaths.

If these Maninbang's warriors overwhelmed those retreating, the damage would be significant.

'We need to buy some time, don't we?'

It was an absurd idea. They weren't just any other opponents — they were Maninbang. No matter how skilled Chung Myung was, facing off against these many of Maninbang's fighters alone was impossible.

«Krrraahh!»

Chung Myung smiled as he watched them charging forward, screaming as if halfway losing their senses.

'It's been a while...'

His lips curled upwards, revealing sharp, white teeth.

'It's nice to keep it simple!'

There was no need to think.

Whether these damned fools knew what they were looking at, what they were experiencing, whether they truly understood, or how the balance of power in Gangho, like a swirling whirlwind, was shifting even at this moment — all those complex thoughts that had been simmering in Chung Myung's mind evaporated as if they had never existed, replaced by a flood of sensations.

The stench of blood, so strong it seemed to paralyze the nose, someone's shouting so loud it made the ears ring, the intense energy so palpable it made the skin tingle. And the enemies in front, enemies, nothing but enemies.

It was a sight Chung Myung was all too familiar with.

Step!

The sensation of his toes gripping the sand and pushing off surged through his entire body, erupting from the top of his head.

Thud! Thuud! Thuuud!

With each step, Chung Myung's stride widened and his speed increased. Holding his reversed sword tightly, he lowered his body and plunged into the midst of Maninbang like a small black island in a sea of waves.

Maninbang's warriors widened their eyes.

'Hwasan Geomhyeop!'

He was an absolute powerhouse that no one would have dared to face. But now, Hwasan Geomhyeop was alone. So, there was no reason to be afraid.

«Dieeeee!»

Those who unleashed a fierce battle cry, releasing all their pent-up energy to straighten their instinctively hunched shoulders, swung their swords with all their might. The sharp and fierce blades, filled with relentless hostility, descended in a straight line toward the small body of Hwasan Geomhyeop.

«Kwaaaaahh!»

Ignoring the harmony between inner strength and outer technique, their only thought was to tear their opponent apart. Their strikes hit the sandy beach, causing a massive explosion as sand turned to dust and white clouds billowed up.

'Where is he?!'

As his vision momentarily blurred, one of Maninbang's warriors twisted his face in agony. Their opponent was Hwasan Geomhyeop.

Even a brief loss of track could lead to irreversible consequences.

Though the fine grains of sand they kicked up pierced his narrowed eyes, Maninbang's warrior never blinked.

Instead, he widened his eyes and drew his senses as best as he could.

'Where...?!'

In an instant, his senses, honed through years of training, captured Chung Myung's movements and position to ensure his efforts weren't in vain. But the emotions displayed on his face were not relief or joy, but rather shock.

'Behind? When...?'

Thud!

At that moment, a sharp pain surged through his throat. Fear rushed in. Half-instinctively, as he tried to grasp his throat, a horrifying sight unfolded before his eyes.

A crimson line, as if drawn with a fine brush, appeared on the necks of his comrades in front, and soon, dark blood gushed out like a fountain.

The stinging pain, as if he had cut his fingertip while turning the pages of a book, grew increasingly more intense and hot, eventually enveloping him in a heat that felt like it could scorch him.

The heat spread from his neck to his shoulders. Only then did Maninbang's warrior realize what was causing the sensation coursing through his body.

It was absurd. He almost laughed out loud.

‘Blood... it’s... hotter than I thought...’

But before he could even finish his laughter, he faltered and fell.

Gyaahh!

Blood spurted like a fountain from the throats of a dozen or so people.

Those who had avoided the danger by staying behind widened their eyes in shock. The result was clear to see, but they hadn’t witnessed the process properly.

In their eyes, Chung Myung, who had been charging at them, suddenly disappeared, only to reappear again. It seemed as if their comrades who had rushed forward had suddenly fallen, spraying blood everywhere.

It was a scene that shattered the norms of martial arts.

People naturally feel awe towards those who achieve great heights with what they already know. But when faced with actions beyond comprehension, they can’t help but feel fear.

And for them, an even greater terror engulfed them this time, as Hwasan Geomhyeop appeared right in front of them.

«Ugh, ugh!»

If those at the forefront had harbored enmity in their swords, what filled their swords now was bewilderment and fear.

Chung Myung never missed these moments of hesitation and crumbling.

Paaah!

His extended sword sliced through the hand that gripped the sword at the wrist. The sword, which had been raised high, failed to convert that force into a downward strike and instead spun like a top, shooting upwards.

Swish!

Chung Myung’s sword swiftly severed the throat of someone who hadn’t even fully realized his wrist had been cut.

Paaahh!

Once again, blood sprayed. All that those behind could see was blood, blood, nothing but blood.

«This, this bastard... Argh!»

Before the scream could erupt, Chung Myung’s sword thrust into the mouth. It happened so quickly, it seemed as if Chung Myung’s sword had appeared in that place by tearing through space itself.

«Grrr...»

Before the soul of the one whose cervical vertebra had been severed could leave their body, the sword that had pierced through, cutting across the throat, lunged like a hungry snake towards its next prey.

Sssaaah!

With a sound like scraping ice rapidly with a blade, Chung Myung's sword cleaved through the air. Immediately, the bodies of Maninbang's members were swiftly severed.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

«Arghhh!»

«Aaargh!»

The sound of sharp blade cutting flesh and severing veins mixed with desperate screams echoed.

Blood splattered in all directions.

Paaahh!

Wherever Chung Myung passed, the sight of red flowers blooming like crimson mist unfolded. The blood that had soared towards the sky fell onto the sandy beach with a splash. The blue sea, the white sandy beach, the black waves covering the beach, and the spreading red blood in between.

Viewed from above, this scene might resemble a painting drawn on a canvas of the world by some divine artist.

But for those in the painting, it was far from a beautiful sight.

«Heg, heek...»

Those who had seemed poised to trample everything before them faltered.

Amidst the crimson hue that engulfed their surroundings, only the approaching figure of Chung Myung seemed clear.

Vision is the most direct and intense of all senses.

Those excited by the heat of their comrades' blood, those who had felt reassured by their overwhelming numbers, and perhaps even those who had harbored the futile fantasy of being the one to sever the giant's neck called Hwasan Geomhyeop...

In the face of this spectacle, all they could feel was the chill of their blood.

Thud.

The Sword Demon\*, who has dragged countless people to hell, approached them with his whole body soaked in blood. As his bloody sword scraped against the crimson-stained sand, it emitted a chilling sound.

«Uh...»

The movements of those who had been leading the charge came to a halt.

Thud.

Bloody droplets fell from the soaked ends of Chung Myung's hair.

He resembled a fiend risen from hell. The chilling gaze amidst the flowing strands of hair sent an unsettling sensation coursing through the hearts of the onlookers.

«Ah...»

Clash.

Though barely audible, the sound of someone's back colliding with another's shoulder held profound significance on the battlefield.

«Sto... stop...»

In an instant, as someone attempted to speak up, Chung Myung's sword swept through, painting dozens of sword images and cutting those who had come to a standstill.

Swish!

Like a dam bursting, those swept by the sword were thrown in all directions.

«Hu, hug...»

The only one within its range who managed to evade the sword strike was sent flying backward with a pallid face. No, he attempted to.

Clang!

But Chung Myung was faster. Before the man could fully extend his bent knee, Chung Myung's sword reached just before his throat. Despite his efforts to wield his sword with all his might, it was clear that his throat would be pierced faster.

However, in that moment, the man proved why he was a member of Maninbang. As the sword was about to pierce his throat, he grasped it firmly with both hands and managed to stop it.

«Kk... kkuhk...»

His quick thinking in the face of imminent danger saved his life. Just before the sword could completely pierce his throat, he successfully halted its advance.

“Kkuu...”

With bloodshot eyes, he desperately pushed against Chung Myung's sword.

But in that moment, the corners of Chung Myung's mouth turned up.

Squelch!

With the sound of skin and metal rubbing against each other, Chung Myung's sword began to inch forward.

Crack!

The hand, containing immense strength, split apart like paper, driving the sword deeper into the bone.

Creak! Creak!

Even the bone was gnawed as the blade penetrated deeper into the man's throat.

“Kku... rruk...”

Blood gushed from the man's mouth like a waterfall. Yet, amidst this chaos, his hand desperately clung to the sword.

It was a sight so horrifying that onlookers could hardly believe it. Yet, Chung Myung's eyes remained cold and indifferent, devoid of any excitement.

“Rruk...”

The man's body convulsed, trembling violently. Chung Myung's sword, though slow, was steadily piercing through the man's throat.

«Rruk...»

With every ounce of strength he had, the man's eyes burst with blood vessels, turning entirely red.

Tears mixed with the spurting blood, covering his face.

«S... spare me...»

His words were muffled by the foaming blood, barely audible.

But Chung Myung understood perfectly, looking into the desperate eyes of the man, he revealed a smile.

«Not even worth laughing at.»

Squelch!

In that moment, Chung Myung's sword was pulled back with incredible speed.

Simultaneously, the man's hands, desperately clutching his sword, were severed and flew into the air.

«N-no...»

Squelch!

Following that, what the man saw was Chung Myung's sword plummeting towards his head at an astonishing speed.

Kwaaaang!

As the sword collided with the man's head, a deafening roar erupted. It was not a slashing motion, but a crushing blow.

The man's head, upon impact with the sword's surface, exploded into pieces, with shattered skull fragments scattering like fireworks.

Thud.

The headless body collapsed like a rotten stack of straw.

A moment of silence ensued. An inexplicable chill filled the air, sending shivers down everyone's spine.

“...”

Chung Myung casually extended his sword again and resumed his stride.

«Uh...»

His body drenched in blood was not intimidating.

«Uh...»

Whether it was the wet sword that sliced through flesh, the blood dripping from that point, or the warm, metallic smell emanating from the bloodied body, it all carried the same sickening stench.

«Uh, uhh...»

However, those eyes were the problem. Despite having ruthlessly cut down numerous people, the coldness in those eyes, devoid of any hint of wavering, was simply unbearable.

«Uh... Uh, uwaahhh!»

«Aaaaargh!»

As someone let out a loud scream, those in the front turned around, seized by terror, and began fleeing in panic, cursing and scrambling away.

«What, what are you doing!

“Move! Get out of the way! You bastard!”

“Uwaaahhh!»

Driven by fear, those who lost their sanity swung their swords at those trying to restrain them. Those attempting to flee and those trying to block them collided haphazardly, creating chaos.

They were no longer martial artists of Maninbang — they were just feeble creatures driven by panic, desperate to escape from the bloodthirsty predator.

At the sight, a brief chuckle escaped from Chung Myung’s lips.

«More... than I thought.»

With a swift movement, he jabbed his sword into the backs of those attempting to flee.

«Pathetic? Huh?»

Once again, Chung Myung’s entire body was drenched in blood, even his once pristine white teeth now stained crimson.

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\*As always, everything that does not concern Demonic Cult (which is Magyo — ma — demon) does not contain hanja for “ma.” Here they use gwi, which had been constantly used across the novel describing any other demons/ghosts. So Chung Myung is Geomgwi 검귀 — sword demon (ghost/evil ghost).