

## Chapter 1066

Kill me, you say? (1)

It was like watching a mask made of glass shatter, producing a crashing sound. Intense hatred concealed beneath a facade of gentleness was surging to the surface. Heavenly Executioner's face changed instantly, and, seeing this transformation, Chung Myung burst into laughter.

Chung Myung had almost fallen for the well-constructed lie. The reason he wasn't fooled was quite simple.

'He's not the type.'

He knew what kind of person the Heavenly Executioner was.

The Heavenly Executioner he remembered showed no mercy, not only to the enemies but also to his allies. He was, as his name suggested, someone filled with a desire to murder and hostility towards everything.

Even if a hundred years had passed, his essence wouldn't have changed. So why would he, of all people, simply let everyone go because of such a reason?

'Ridiculous talk.'

If that's the case, there must be a reason for sparing them, even if he had to spout such nonsense.

And if you consider that reason, everything becomes clear.

«Why? Was I wrong?»

Chung Myung chuckled. It was a clear provocation, but Heavenly Executioner seemed to regain his composure swiftly. It appeared that a century hadn't gone to waste after all. But Chung Myung had no reason to be disappointed. He had already confirmed everything that needed to be confirmed.

All the questions that had been bothering him were now answered: How does the Heavenly Demon return to the world?

'He is no different from me.'

It was something he could guess, but he couldn't be sure about it. The answer to that question lied in the response of the Heavenly Executioner.

«Did he return?»

Chung Myung smiled and laughed.

«Curious, aren't you? Wondering what that really means, or perhaps...»

Chung Myung's knowing smile pricked at Heavenly Executioner mercilessly.

«It's just a belief without an answer.»

Heavenly Executioner's face was devoid of expression, but Chung Myung could read the emptiness in his face. The emptiness that fanatics feel when they lose their God.

Chung Myung , too, had returned from the dead. What's crucial here is that before he became aware of himself, he had lived in this world as Chosam.

Chosam became Chung Myung at some point.

The key point here is that even the Heavenly Demon might go through a process that's not so different from what Chung Myung experienced.

‘Perhaps the Heavenly Demon... might be living in this world as an unaware village bumpkin.’

The possibilities were uncertain. If the Heavenly Demon was to be attacked by Magyo, who wouldn't be able to recognize him as the Heavenly Demon, what would happen? Would he awaken as the Heavenly Demon in crisis, just as Chung Myung did, or would he remain lost as an anonymous commoner, slowly dying?

The outcome was unclear, but it was certain that the latter possibility couldn't be ruled out. However, judging from Heavenly Executioner's reaction, it seemed they wouldn't be able to find the Heavenly Demon until he awakens.

The Demonic Cult, in contrast to how they groomed Banseon Lama in Potala Palace [포달랍 궁(布達拉宮) — the outer buddhist sect they met once] to find Dalai Lama's reincarnation, had no way to locate the Heavenly Demon. They had no other option but to wait.

‘So Magyo won't be able to attack the Central Plains.’

Demonic cultists couldn't kill anyone without confirming the person was not the Heavenly Demon. Those who had been alive before the Heavenly Demon's resurrection were the only ones they could harm.

But how many of those people were left in the world? As time passed, Magyo would find themselves to be unable to kill anyone. They might end up in the horrific situation where they could kill the Heavenly Demon they were supposed to await with their own hands, a situation that Magyo couldn't allow.

This would be an unforgivable sin for those who followed the Church. Therefore, someone like Heavenly Executioner had urgently rushed here. To stop the slaughter led by Danjagang. In order to travel this far to stop a young Bishop, the weight of the two words, “Heavenly Executioner”, was too heavy. His intention was not to prevent Danjagang's deviations from the doctrine but rather to stop an act of slaughter itself.

Kuk, kh, kh, kh.

Cung Myung laughed at the absurdity of the situation.

“It must have been difficult.”

“...”

“Even though you have to say that everything living in the Central Plains must be killed and eliminated, you must never kill them. Is there anything more absurd than this?”

Heavenly Executioner's face contorted horribly.

“Yes, it must have been difficult to say. To claim that the Heavenly Demon might be living as a farmer somewhere is to deny the perfection of a God. It’s hard to understand the suffering of having to pretend to be perfect when you’re not.”

“Shut up...”

“Pitiful. Your act of devotion, which you thought was nothing but endless waiting...”

Chung Myung chuckled.

“Even in front of the enemies who killed your God, you can’t lift a finger. What a sad life.”

“Enooooooooough!”

Heavenly Executioner screamed with a contorted, menacing face, but Chung Myung remained unfazed and smirked.

While others may not understand, Chung Myung knows. The meaning of the Heavenly Demon to the cultists.

Even if the chances of killing Chung Myung would harm the Heavenly Demon were less than one in a million, even if it was as likely as picking one grain of sand from the vast desert, they dared not lay a hand on him.

A faith beyond reason. That is the essence of the cult.

«Are you angry?»

That’s why Chung Myung laughed. Those pitiful fanatics, who knew the Heavenly Demon so well and yet couldn’t see a bit of his true nature.

Step by step, Chung Myung approached the Heavenly Executioner.

He walked past Baek Cheon and past Un Geom, without hesitation.

And the faces of Hwasan’s disciples who witnessed this scene began to turn deathly pale.

‘That, that...’

‘This madman!’

But no one dared to intervene in the confrontation between these two enormous beings:

Chung Myung and Heavenly Executioner. For them, it was an impossible task.

Perhaps unaware of the emotions of those watching from behind, Chung Myung continued to walk nonchalantly.

Finally.

Chung Myung stood before the Heavenly Executioner, or to put it more accurately, they were face-to-face, almost touching.

Chung Myung gazed at the Heavenly Executioner from an incredibly close distance, and the corners of his mouth curled upward.

«Then go ahead and kill me.»

«Uh...»

«I said, kill me.»

Heavenly Executioner’s body began to tremble. It was the inability to contain the overwhelming rage that had surged within him.

Perhaps he had already crushed Chung Myung's head in his mind a hundred times or more. But his hand remained still.

He was the Heavenly Executioner, born with the fate of a murderer [they imply to his name Cheonsal — 살 — slaughter/murderer/execution] by nature, driven by the innate desire for blood and death. For him, restraining from murder was no different from a person quenching their thirst for water.

Heavenly Executioner had endured his insatiable thirst for over a hundred years, never taking a single sip of water.

A profound faith, or at this point, a more appropriate term would be a phenomenal faith.

«Why?»

However, this faith meant nothing to Chung Myung.

He whispered softly in Heavenly Executioner's ear, like Mara [마라(魔羅) — malignant figure in Buddhism] tempting a practicing Buddhist monk.

«Shall I kill you?»

«...»

«Hehehe.»

Heavenly Executioner couldn't even move because he was afraid that Chung Myung, who's life had already been in shambles, might die from his own efforts. He couldn't even impose his killing intent freely. Chung Myung continued to laugh at him passionately.

«Why? Can't do it?»

Heavenly Executioner's hand trembled. His trembling hand, to the point of being pitiful, moved vigorously for a moment and then returned to its place.

Tears of blood streamed down from the corners of his reddened eyes.

«You filthy... filthy unbeliever...»

«Is that so? I'm a filthy unbeliever, am I?»

Chung Myung laughed, exposing it.

«And you're nothing more than a damn idiot who can't even kill one filthy unbeliever.»

Chung Myung's mocking gaze locked onto Heavenly Executioner's two eyes.

«Isn't that right?»

He glared at Chung Myung with a distorted, demon-like face. Blood oozed from his red lips, not from biting them, but due to the intense anger that could not be contained, even causing him internal injuries.

At that moment, Chung Myung reached out and grabbed Heavenly Executioner's collar.

«Listen well, you idiot.»

Chung Myung forcefully pulled his head forward and growled while looking into his eyes.

“Don't blabber as if you're something when you can't even lift a finger, just disappear.

Breathing the same air as your disgusting cult is revolting enough.”

“Shut up... Ugh...”

After delivering his words, Chung Myung forcefully pushed Heavenly Executioner away. He, once again, retreated without resistance. His face bore a mix of anger, hatred, and shame, as he struggled to speak.

“You... You will surely...”

A venomous curse spilled forth.

“You will undoubtedly come to regret this. On the day He arrives, I will personally tear you apart, leaving no trace. No! I’ll make you beg for death with your own words! Without a doubt! I will go to any lengths! I will inflict agonizing pain upon you and Hwasan! Without fail!”

“...”

“No matter where you run in this world, I will track you down and reduce you to a wretched being, neither alive nor dead! Remember, disciple of Hwasan! You will come to understand the depth and intensity of the faith’s wrath in your very bones!”

Chung Myung seemed to hear the venomous words vividly, but even in the face of such a hellish curse, he merely grinned coldly.

“Oh, is that so?”

A glimmer of amusement danced in his eyes as he looked at the Heavenly Executioner.

«That’s your opinion, but there’s one misunderstanding.»

«...»

«No need to go through all the trouble of searching. Just in case the Heavenly Demon returns, and the day comes when you set foot in the Central Plains again.»

Chung Myung issued a cold declaration.

«You will be the first to face me and Hwasan.»

Heavenly Executioner’s eyes filled with hatred and Chung Myung’s chilly gaze clashed fiercely in the air.

«So now, go away, you foolish one. Tremble in the cold land where you can’t even find traces of humans, waiting for the Heavenly Demon to return, not knowing when. That’s the only way to prove your faith.»

With those words as the last, Chung Myung turned away without waiting for a reply.

Despite seeing Chung Myung’s back, Heavenly Executioner couldn’t even extend a hand to him. He was only shaking, as if he might explode at any moment.

«... What’s your name?»

In the midst of a profound hatred that felt like it could explode his brain, he managed to squeeze out a question. Without even turning his head, Chung Myung let out a peculiar laugh.

«Chung Myung.»

«... Chung Myung?»

«Why? Is that strange?»

«...»

«It's good for you, fool. You'll never forget it.»

Heavenly Executioner looked at Chung Myung's retreating figure with cold eyes and nodded his head.

«Our Church... will remember you.»

The menacing gaze that he had fixed on Chung Myung, like a demon from hell, gradually faded as if it had been an illusion.

Finally, the presence of the Heavenly Executioner completely vanished, and the disciples of Hwasan sat down on the same spot, powerless and drained.

Sighing, Baek Cheon, who had thrown away all pretenses and sat on the ground, looked at Chung Myung, who was casually walking towards them, with a soulless expression. It was a statement that represented everyone's feelings.

«That... that crazy lunatic...»

No one could bring themselves to refute that statement.