

Chapter 1055

I must have been crazy too. (10)

Kwaaaaaaah!

The rocks that were once scattered on the ground, despite their enormous size, couldn't withstand the tremendous air pressure and soared into the sky. Witnessing rocks larger than humans soaring into the air is an awe-inspiring sight in itself. But an even more remarkable spectacle unfolded behind them.

Kwagagagak!

As the tempest of demonic energy swallowed the rocks, solid stones were shattered into pieces and disintegrated in an instant.

The raging black demonic energy [마기(魔氣)], or rather, demonic force [마강(魔剛)*] was so devastating that it reduced the unbreakable rocks to dust in the blink of an eye.

If rocks could be treated that way, what about the human body? Venturing into that storm was nothing short of an act of suicide, something no sane human being would ever consider. However, it just so happened that in this place, not one but two individuals, both not in their right minds, existed.

Paaaat!

Jang Ilso, with his crimson robe fluttering, surged forward, and a sinister aura emanated from his eyes. In that instant, black blades of demonic force poured down upon him like thousands razor-sharp swords.

Kiaaaaaaaah!

The sound of demonic force tearing through the air resonated like an eerie lament.

«Hmph!»

Jang Ilso's unique skill [독문강기(獨門剛氣) — exclusive/unique power/skill], Unyielding Azure Slaughtering Flames, unfolded in its peak state, and the blue flames that erupted from both of his hands blazed fiercely.

The blazing blue flames collided head-on with the oncoming black demonic force.

Kwaaaaaaah!

Magang (魔剛) and Salgang [殺剛 — 살강 — evil power]!

The moment the power of demons [마(魔)] clashed with the power of evil [사(邪)] the energies, raised to their pinnacle, exploded in all directions.

Kagagagak! Kagagagak!

As if hundreds of knives were cutting into his hands, Jang Ilso's face took a grim look.

Kwaang!

He kicked the ground once more, leaped forward and extended both hands. The blue flames emanating from his body wrapped around the soaring demonic energy, like a dragon's tongue.

Kagagagak!

It was a spectacle where peerless swords clashed fiercely in mid-air, as if nothing in the world could compare. The power that Jang Ilso had refined to the utmost limit, born from his innate strength, twisted and bent Danjagang's demonic energy, even breaking it.

Twisted demonic energy turned Jang Ilso's splendid robes into tatters in an instant. However, Jang Ilso continued to advance without even glancing back.

His face, as pale as snow, conveyed a sense of malice beyond human.

Kagagagak!

Jang Ilso, with his hand thrust into the demonic energy, extended both arms in an instant, tearing the demonic force that had been sweeping him away and creating a vast space in front of him.

It was truly just a momentary gap. Tearing demonic energy was undoubtedly a remarkable feat, but the twisted demonic force would quickly fill that gap.

However, behind Jang Ilso at this moment was someone who didn't miss that fleeting opportunity.

Paaaah!

Chung Myung, who had thrown his body through the gap Jang Ilso created, raised his crimson blade towards the sky.

Kwaaaaaaa!

The fiercely soaring demonic force was harder and sharper than any steel, more so than any renowned sword. Chung Myung's fragile body seemed like it wouldn't even leave a trace in an instant.

Yet, within that storm, Chung Myung's blade drew a beautifully smooth arc.

From top to bottom.

The arc was just that, a simple semicircle. Nothing special, nothing grand. Like a sun hanging on the red-tinted edge of the sky, the crimson line smoothly cut through the storm of dark demonic energy.

Chyaaaaaaak!

Unyielding demonic force, never meant to be cut, split like silk fabric by the blade.

Between the torn and split space, a momentary exchange occurred between Chung Myung and Danjagang.

Danjagang's face showed a sudden flare of anger upon seeing Chung Myung's smile.

He had anticipated that they would break through demonic force, they were strong. It would be difficult to find formidable opponents for them in the Church.

But even if it was possible, the process shouldn't be this simple. His demonic force was a grace bestowed by the Heavenly Demon to the Church. It was a blade meant to punish those who defied the doctrine of the Heavenly Demon.

How could those unbelievers dare to defile the grace bestowed by the Great One?

Kwaang!

Danjakang's eyes emitted blood-red glow.

Despite the doubts that shouldn't exist within him, he remained a devout servant of the Heavenly Demon, ready to protect the divinity of the Heavenly Demon from the impure unbelievers.

«You dare!»

He extended his hand, and the repulsive force generated at his fingertips pushed Chung Myung and Jang Ilso back into the space they had tried to enter.

«Tear them apart!»

Simultaneously, the rotating demonic force began to violently spin, creating a spine-chilling sound.

Kwagagagagak!

Violent flow of demonic force plowed the earth and tore through the air. The black storm instantly overwhelmed and engulfed Chung Myung and Jang Ilso, who had momentarily hesitated.

Danjagang clenched his fist tightly. He could feel a definite sensation at his fingertips.

How could these people dare to mock him, with only this much skill?

But it was at that very moment.

Roaaar!

Something fierce bloomed.

At first, it looked like nothing more than red blood. If blood spurted from a shattered body, it would take this form.

However, it didn't take long to realize it wasn't human blood. It didn't scatter.

Beyond the break of sunset, a crimson sword energy, dyed entirely red like blood, bloomed like an illusion in the storm of demonic energy. The sight of the red sword energy blooming in the dark looked as if a giant brush stroke appeared in the air.

Even Danjagang momentarily lost his composure at the sight.

«A flower...?»

Like the plum blossoms that were scattered by the wind, the world was entirely dyed red.

The plum blossom petals fiercely blocked the flow of demonic force.

That sight... It seemed like a futile resistance. Frail flower petals would only be torn apart and swept away in that fierce storm.

Kwaaagagagaga!

As if to confirm that prediction, demonic force instantly crushed the blooming petals.

Thousands of petals shattered and vanished.

But they bloom again. Each one is incredibly frail, so small in the face of the malicious black demonic energy that it seems almost insignificant.

However, the flower petals gather. As if they know their own weakness well, they come together and confront the overwhelming force that comes at them.

Originally, martial arts existed to resist the strong from the moment a weak one was born. In other words, aren't martial arts about filling what is lacking and insufficient?

Hundreds, thousands of flower petals simultaneously bloom again, blocking demonic energy. A massive wall made of petals, and a rushing black storm covering it. It was a spectacle that seemed impossible in this world.

Whoooooosh!

The fierce storm struck the wall of petals. But the petals swayed as if they were about to be pushed away, yet they pushed back, distorting the demonic storm.

As demonic energy began to shatter, Danjagang's face stiffened.

'Pushed back?'

It was an incomprehensible sight.

Of course, he knew how extraordinary that swordsmanship was. It was the pinnacle of the Supreme sword realm, which completely revised his assessment of that sword. Rather than being flashy, it was more fitting to say it was ruthless.

But no matter how great it was, it made no sense for his demonic energy to be pushed back by something of this magnitude.

'Scattered? My demonic energy?'

Danjagang's face twisted in fury.

The moment those red petals touched, demonic energy he had unleashed seemed to dissipate as if pouring water on fire. It wasn't a matter of being overpowered. It felt like a fight that couldn't be won from the start.

'Opposites...?'

That power seemed to suppress his demonic energy. However, this, too, made no sense.

It was none other than Danjagang's demonic energy.

Of course, there must be a concept of polarity in the world. But in the face of an overwhelming power gap, couldn't even that polarity become meaningless?

Water is the opposite of fire, but a massive fire can easily evaporate water.

However... his demonic energy couldn't exert its power against such a force?

'What's happening?'

It was precisely at that moment when Danjagang's eyes were filled with doubt.

In the midst of the intense collision between the red and black energies, a single thread of blue flame blossomed. Its form was undoubtedly fire, yet it was colder than the northern wind and sharper than a blade. The blue flame instantly overwhelmed Danjagang's demonic energy, which had been blocked by the flower petals.

Kwaaaaaaaang!

A deafening noise that could shatter eardrums erupted.

Due to the tremendous aftermath of the collision of these immense powers, even the mighty Danjagang took a step back.

His entire body's demonic energy was in turmoil and began to boil. The pain he had never felt once since taking on the position of the Bishop had found him.

That familiar yet unfamiliar sensation momentarily distracted Danjagang's attention, causing him to miss the movements of the two people.

«Tsk!»

Realizing his mistake immediately, Danjagang swiftly raised his demonic energy. However, before it could fully manifest, a white blade suddenly sprang out in front of his face.

Danjagang widened his eyes and reached out his hand like a lightning. As he blocked the flying blade, a loud metallic sound resonated.

Kagaaaaah!

The white blade penetrated Danjagang's palm. With burning eyes, Chung Myung, who struck the sword from the air, clashed fiercely with Danjagang, who did not hide his anger.

«This...!»

Just as Danjagang was about to unleash his infuriated might on Chung Myung, a golden meteor shot toward his face.

Kwaang!

Danjagang's body was pushed backward, leaving a long streak on the ground. He didn't even spare a glance at the two enemies and instead looked down at his hand.

Thud.

Blood dripped onto the ground from his heavily slashed palm. The faint scent of blood grazed his nostrils, and his hand throbbed with a searing pain.

After staring at his hand for a moment, Danjagang slowly raised his head and fixed his gaze on those standing before him.

«Oh, oh. It seems the Bishop is flustered,»

Jang Ilso wiped the blood on his lips with a sleeve. His once pale skin now bore a crimson hue.

A single streak of blood trickled from Chung Myung's lips.

«Why? It seems there wasn't anyone in the Demonic Cult capable of giving you a proper fight,»

Chung Myung said, sneering.

«Nevertheless, don't be too disappointed. You'll understand now...»

Chung Myung raised his sword and aimed it at Bishop's neck.

«...What it means to fight for your life.»

Danjagang clenched his fist, as if holding the wound in his hand. Once again, his eyes started pouring out fierce bloody energy.

«You little insignificant creatures!»

Roaring, Danjagang looked no different from an injured beast.

«I'll tear you all apart!»

«Oh?»

A strange madness flashed in Chung Myung's eyes as he beheld this sight.

«Only now... you look like the Bishop I used to know. Hahaha!»

Holding the sword in reverse grip, Chung Myung burst into a bright streak of light as he launched himself towards Danjagang.

*I've literally read a paper about wuxia novels translators/translations and I still can't express 剛 properly. It's smth like power, prowess, but superior and tied to religious aspects. So it'll be force, like jedi force idk at this point.