

Chapter 1110

It sends shivers down my spine sometimes. (5)

Shoooooh!

Thin, darting needles [비침(飛針) — bichim] soared across the sky, leaving a distinct trail behind them. Baek Cheon's pupils involuntarily widened.

«Block it!»

The disciples of Hwasan panicked and swiftly drew their swords.

«Eurachaaaah!»

They poured out sword energy, forming an impenetrable defense shield.

Kagagagang!

Soon, the clash of steel resounded, and the needles struck by the swords bounced in all directions.

A swordsmanship so flawless that it could block even the falling rain itself! However, the needles shot by Tangga were sharp and fierce beyond comparison with ordinary raindrops.

«Ouch!»

«Ah, it pricked me!»

Screams echoed from various directions.

If they had prepared in advance, they could have created a denser sword barrier. However, due to the hastily deployed sword technique, there were tiny gaps, and Tang clan's needles inevitably found their way through.

Fortunately, the needles, having depleted their force while piercing through the sword's defenses, only scratched the skin without causing serious injury.

«These bastard pulled off a sneak attack?»

Sparks flew from Jo Geol's eyes.

Just thinking about yesterday, it was truly the most shameless nonsense that he could possibly utter, but strangely, Jo Geol didn't even think of such a fact.

“Kill them!”

“Knock them all out!”

The strength of bandits is sometimes evaluated by how high is the mountain they occupy. The bandits of Hwasanchae [like Surochae, Nokchae], who occupied one of the Five Great Peaks of the Central Plains, charged towards the Tang clan with blazing eyes.

No, they were about to charge.

“Crush them... g-gurgle...”

“Ugh!”

Thud!

“What's, what's happening?”

At the scream coming from behind, Baek Cheon turned sharply. His Sajils were foaming at the mouth and collapsing behind him.

Wide-eyed, Baek Cheon looked at their rapidly darkening faces.

“P-Poison?!”

No, what is this? Crazy bastards are using poison on their weapons?

An urgent shout erupted from Baek Cheon’s mouth, who was confused for a moment while comprehending the current situation.

“Enhance your inner strength to resist the poison! They’re using poison!”

Baek Cheon turned his head back towards Tangga. His eyes were bloodshot while he started to raise his voice to expressed his protest.

No, he was about to protest.

However, before anyone else could utter a word, someone intervened with vehement condemnation.

«Using poison in martial arts competition [비 무(比武) bimu], you cowardly scoundrels!

How disgraceful, resorting to poison! You vile and despicable wretches!»

Ha... haha...

Ah, true. That’s a valid point. Yes, that was what he wanted to say.

But... isn’t it a bit odd for you to say that, Soso? It seems like you’ve become a devoted disciple of Hwasan. However... isn’t your attachment a bit excessive, considering your brother is there too?

«Exactly! Using poison in a competition!»

«Cowardly!»

«Has Tangga lost all sense of honor?!»

Amidst the pouring praises(?), the Tang clan naturally responded with their best effort.

«Geeet dooown!»

Startled, the disciples of Hwasan lay flat on the ground in a panic, while throwing stars [썩창 — pyochang — like a shuriken] charged with inner strength, brushed over their heads.

Even if you just briefly look at them you will see that they are shiny and smooth, meaning they have been meticulously covered with poison.

«Hyeong-nim, where is this strange sound coming from?»

«It seems like dogs are barking.»

Rage filled Hwasan’s disciples’ eyes upon hearing these words.

«But what about these bastards?»

As they began convulsing, Tang clan’s people started giggling.

«Oh my, you seem quite furious.»

«The ones who preached this competition should be practical like real combat, yet they foam at the mouth over a bit of poison.»

«Well, let’s agree that we’re cowardly.»

«Since we're being cowardly, might as well do it properly. Disperse!»

As the leading members of Tangga shook their sleeves, a thick white mist billowed out. In an instant the mist was blown by the wind, engulfing Hwasan.

«What's this?»

«I-It's Internal Energy Scattering Poison! [산공독(散功毒)]»

«Don't breathe! It disperses inner strength!»

Words of disgust and anger involuntarily arose, but now wasn't the time to voice such sentiments.

Swoosh!

Throwing daggers pierced through dense and swirling mist. Hwasan's disciples, rolling on the ground to evade the frenzied assault, grimaced in pain.

«Argh! You bastards!»

«Kill them all!»

With a fierce expression, Ogeom, at the forefront, brandished their swords. Swiftly, they countered the barrage of daggers with Plum Blossom Sword Technique.

Of course, the poison used by the Tang clan wasn't deadly toxin that could kill people.

Moreover, the disciples of Hwasan inherently possessed high inner strength and, due to their transformed physiques from consuming Jasodan, had a considerable resistance to poison.

Therefore, if someone had only sustained one or two minor wounds, they wouldn't froth at the mouth.

The fallen ones hadn't even considered the poison — they focused solely on enhancing their inner strength.

However, that was beside the point!

“These guys are tarnishing martial arts!”

“Want to give it a try?”

“I didn't like these pretentious poison users who've looked down on people just because they're from a prestigious lineage! Those rural villagers from Sichuan!”

The Tang clan, upon hearing these remarks, also rolled their eyes.

“But are those punks any different?”

“It's more despicable for a martial arts sect that uses poison to suggest fighting without it!”

“Then you lot shouldn't use swords either! Complaining about cowardice while aiming at us!”

“Since when were you from a prominent martial arts faction!”

Enough resentment had been expressed. Enough had accumulated.

Then, there was only one thing left.

“Destroy them!”

“Strike them down!”

With murderous intent in their eyes, Hwasan's disciples surged madly towards the Tang clan. Witnessing this, Tangga simultaneously scattered dense poisonous fog and threw hidden weapons like a falling rain.

«They are charging like wild boars!»

«Trample them all!»

«Aaaaargh!»

Endless screams, pitiful cries, and the clashing of weapons began to echo throughout the training ground.

«Dieeeeeee!»

Jo Geol's sword struck the flank of an enemy, who had been trying to retreat.

Thud!

Naturally, it wasn't the blade but the flat side of the sword that struck, but wasn't it an established fact that when inner strength was infused, even a thin sword became harder than iron club?

The person who was struck was knocked back without even a chance to scream.

«You're useless up close!»

Having swiftly dealt with one person, Jo Geol promptly sought out the next target.

«Yaaarrgh!»

The moment Jo Geol charged towards the opponent that caught his eye, the targeted Tang clan's member swiftly threw themselves backward, releasing a barrage of daggers.

«It's no use, you fool!»

Jo Geol's sword moved like a venomous snake, deflecting the daggers. No matter how brilliant Tang clan's hidden weapons techniques were, it was nothing compared to Chung Myung's frenzied sword...

Swoosh!

However, at that moment, poison-coated throwing stars pierced Jo Geol's entire body.

“It's useless!”

Cow hair needles [우모침(牛毛針) — umochim] followed suit.

“Usele...ss.”

After blocking that there were poisonous sand [독모래 — dogmolae] and poison powder [독분(毒粉) — dogbun].

“Use,usel...ess.”

After barely avoiding that, this time the poison was scattered on the ground, and jet black metal beads poured down like rain.

“Aaaargh! You bastards!”

Jo Geol's eyes widened.

These guys fight so dirty. He didn't realize when they were on the same side, but there's no one dirtier than them when they become enemies.

Those guys who boasted about controlling poison and hidden weapons, acting like grim reapers with blood colder than snake's, now that the fight has started, they're running around, spitting, throwing, and spreading poison while retreating!

“Face me properly! Come at me properly!”

As he shouted in frustration, a Tang Mun Jeon [當門錢: a coin-shaped hidden weapon used by the Tang clan] flew towards his wide-open mouth.

Jo Geol used a recoil and dodged the Tang Mun Jeon. After rolling on the ground, he lifted his head, searching for the mocking laughter.

One of the Tangga's martial artists was chuckling. With a smirk that rapidly raised Jo Geol's blood pressure, he spoke,

“There's no wild boar that takes the lead like you.”

“Tang Jan!”

Jo Geol gritted his teeth, tightly gripping his sword.

«You, you... I have never liked you from the start.»

«Oh, really? As if I'd care if you liked me or not. If we were in Sichuan, you'd be groveling at my feet.»

«Oh, that's right. It would've been the case.»

«Huh?»

Jo Geol grinned.

«So it's really fortunate that I left Sichuan. So I could teach you a lesson. I wonder how it'd feel for the esteemed Tang clan's disciple to be rolling on the ground, crying and wailing after my sword shatters your skull?»

«But this bastard!»

«What? What can you do about it? You punk!»

Jo Geol brandished his sword and charged towards Tang Jan. At that moment, dozens of daggers poured out from Tang Jan's fluttering sleeves.

Clang!

Jo Geol deflected the flying daggers and relentlessly pursued retreating Tang Jan. However, he continued to retreat, scattering hidden weapons.

Unable to catch retreating Tang Jan no matter how close he seemed, Jo Geol erupted in frustrated scream.

«Aargh! You're fighting so dirty! Fight properly, you coward!»

«Thanks for the praise!»

«You... I'll definitely take you down!»

With eyes rolled in frustration, Jo Geol abandoned any reason and charged towards Tang Jan.

The situation was no different for others. Curses and loud voices echoed from all directions. Whatever deep-seated resentment existed, both groups, normally calm and collected, were now losing control and rampaging.

Chung Myung, watching the chaotic scene unfold from a distance, which could hardly be considered martial arts competition or sparring anymore, smiled contentedly.

‘This is a complete mess.’

He saw Baek Cheon running wild and Tang Soso, with eyes rolled back, grasping someone’s collar and punching their chin.

‘Guys... Well, of course, I do wish you’d fight with vigor... but honestly...’

‘I didn’t expect it to escalate to this extent.’

No matter what, there should be a limit, you guys...

At least show some dignity and consider the circumstances to some extent. Did he expect them to fight hurling insults like those pre-paid Sapa scoundrels? Huh? You guys?

«Um...»

Chung Myung glanced briefly towards Tang Gunak.

«Are you... alright? Should I...?»

«Hmm? What do you mean?»

«It seems a bit heated...»

Tang Gunak chuckled upon hearing that.

«I don’t think it’s something to worry about. Aren’t kids supposed to grow up while fighting?»

«...»

Excuse me? Instead of getting stronger by fighting, won’t you just end up getting hurt?

«If they keep going like this, they might get injured...»

«So, what do you want to do then?»

«We should may be stop it...»

«Hmm?»

At that moment, a fierce glint flashed in Tang Gunak’s eyes.

«Ah, are you planning to win and then back out?»

«...»

«While it might be a common practice in some places, it’s not in Sichuan. Understand? If you win and back out, you should be prepared for a dagger in your back while you sleep.»

Chung Myung was at a loss for words, contemplating,

‘This person isn’t normal either.’

The phrase ‘There’s no normal person who reached the highest levels’ was something Chung Myung habitually said. But the problem lay in the fact that he considered Tang Gunak comparatively better among them all. But this person ultimately inherited the blood of that crazy bastard.

«Uh...»

As Chung Myung absentmindedly turned his head, he caught sight of Yu Iseol kicking the face of a member of the Tang clan. Chung Myung couldn’t help but stop smiling brightly.

‘Now, even I don’t understand.’

Well then, I guess kids grow up by fighting, right
Hehe. Hehehe. Hehehehe!