

# After Ten Millennia in Hell

Chapter 7 - Demon King's Rage (2)

'What's up with this bastard?' Han Tae-Hyun wondered inwardly.

He laughed at Oh Kang-Woo, who was crying out because of the spilled kimchi stew.

"Is he crazy?" Tae-Hyun said.

Tae-Hyun thought that his unnecessarily kind sister had invited a beggar to the house.

"Where did you find a hobo like this?" he asked.

"R-Run, Kang-Woo!" Han Seol-Ah shouted while ignoring Tae-Hyun's question.

Tae-Hyun was a summoner who was almost at Level 30 and about to achieve his Fourth Awakening. At almost Level 30, he was by no means considered a high-level summoner. However, he was extremely strong compared to the current Seol-Ah, and she didn't want to see her brother hurt the person who had saved her.

For a moment, Seol-Ah thought that maybe Kang-Woo could resolve the situation, but she then shook her head.

'Oppa unlocked a B-rank Trait in his Second Awakening.'

It was a Trait that people usually unlocked in either the Third or Fourth Awakening. The strength of a Player was determined by the rank of their Traits and level. Because of that, Tae-Hyun was considered more talented than normal people.

'Kang-Woo is in danger.' Seol-Ah looked at Kang-Woo frantically.

"Sniff, sniff. My k-kimchi steew..." Kang-Woo lamented.

He was seemingly unaware of how much Seol-Ah was worrying about him and just cried while gazing at the spilled kimchi stew.

Tae-Hyun frowned at the sight. "Hey, hobo. Stop crying, and stand up."

"..." Kang-Woo slowly turned his head toward Tae-Hyun, who had called on him rudely, and emitted a strong bloodlust.

"Ugh?!" Tae-Hyun backed off unconsciously the moment his eyes met Kang-Woo's.

'What?' Tae-Hyun was shocked.

Kang-Woo's eyes weren't the eyes of a human. He had a ferocious gaze similar to that of a wild beast or maybe a reptile.

'No.' Tae-Hyun's face turned pale.

Kang-Woo wasn't anything like a wild beast or reptile. His bloodlust was thicker and more frightening than that of a wild beast.

Fear spread through Tae-Hyun's body as if he were looking into an abyss.

'He's like a...!' Tae-Hyun searched for a word that matched those murderous eyes.

He didn't have to think for long.

"Demon..." Tae-Hyun muttered.

He had never seen a demon in real life, nor did he know a lot about them, but he somehow thought there was probably no better word to describe Kang-Woo than 'demon.'

"Huff, huff."

Whir.

Tae-Hyun panted as he gathered his mana. The thick bloodlust that had overwhelmed him gradually disappeared.

'I must have been mistaken.'

He glared at Kang-Woo. There was no way that hobo would be capable of emitting bloodlust that could overwhelm him.

Tae-Hyun shook his head to erase the bloodlust he'd just felt from his memories. He didn't want to admit that he had shaken in fear of a hobo who cried because his kimchi stew spilled onto the ground.

Kang-Woo, who was silently glaring at Tae-Hyun, spoke in a low voice, "Are you the one?"

"... What?"

"The one who dared to spill my kimchi stew?"

"Hah, have you lost your mind, hobo?" Tae-Hyun smiled and focused his mana on his fists.

He activated Flaming Touch, the Second Awakening Trait he had unlocked when he reached Level 10.

Fwoosh!

Blue flames enveloped his fists. The flames were so intense that it seemed like they were about to burn down the entire apartment.

Players had the unique ability to use the power of the Trait that they had unlocked as a Trait skill. This power was what allowed Players to fight back against the monsters that were flooding into Earth from the Gates.

Seol-Ah extended her hands while shouting, "Be careful!"

Then she shot an arrow made of light at Tae-Hyun's head.

The Trait she had obtained after awakening as a Player was Trace of Light, a D-rank Trait. It wasn't an offensive Trait; it was more focused on buffs and healing.

"Hmph," Tae-Hyun scoffed.

Paf! He easily obliterated the arrow with just a light swing of his hand.

Tae-Hyun wasn't so weak as to lose to a low-level Player who hadn't awakened an offensive Trait.

"Haap!" Tae-Hyun uttered.

Right after, he charged forth and fired the blue flames enveloping his hands at Kang-Woo.

Swoosh!

"Huh?" Kang-Woo merely tilted his head a bit and dodged the flames.

Then a black blade extended from the back of his left hand. Kang-Woo bent down and easily dodged Tae-Hyun's next attack aimed at his head, following up with a swing of his blade.

"Ugh!" Tae-Hyun groaned as he twisted his body forcefully to avoid the attack.

'He's not fast,' Tae-Hyun thought.

Although he could feel menacing energy coming from the blade, it wasn't moving swiftly. So, Tae-Hyun moved while focusing his attention solely on the blade.

Slam!

"Kurgh!" Tae-Hyun let out yet another groan.

Kang-Woo's foot had struck Tae-Hyun's solar plexus. The black blade had been bait right from the very beginning—a fake to place Tae-Hyun's attention somewhere else.

"Son of a bitch!" Tae-Hyun yelled.

He didn't receive a great amount of damage, but he cursed while swinging his fists.

Once again, Kang-Woo dodged Tae-Hyun's attack with minimal movements. After that, he punched Tae-Hyun twice in the face.

Whack! Paf!

"Kurgh! Urgh!"

Kang-Woo bent toward the staggering Tae-Hyun and swung his left hand. Seeing that, Tae-Hyun quickly moved his blue-flame-covered arms toward Kang-Woo's left hand.

Slam!

"Cough!"

Boom!

However, Kang-Woo seemed to have expected that. He immediately pulled his left hand back and slammed an uppercut with his right fist into Tae-Hyun, sending him tumbling to the ground.

"Huff, huff." Tae-Hyun looked up at Kang-Woo with a pale look on his face.

Tae-Hyun was stronger and faster, which meant that Kang-Woo had a lower level and stats than him.

Yet...

'Just who the hell is this bastard?'

Kang-Woo's fighting style was something Tae-Hyun had never even imagined. Most people would use their main weapon to attack, but Kang-Woo had used it as a fake and

used that momentary gap in Tae-Hyun's defense to counter. It was as if a swordsman had used his sword as bait and engaged in hand-to-hand combat.

"Aarrgh!" Tae-Hyun roared in a fit of rage and leaped toward Kang-Woo.

Nevertheless, the result was the same. Kang-Woo completely overwhelmed Tae-Hyun as if he were fighting against a child.

Paf!

"Cough! Wh-What the hell are you?!" Tae-Hyun exclaimed.

Kang-Woo had no openings. Tae-Hyun could feel the overwhelming difference in battle experience between them. Was this what it would feel like fighting against a warrior who had fought on the battlefield for decades?

Tae-Hyun was being beaten up by a hobo who had been crying over kimchi stew.

Smash!

"Aarrgh!" Tae-Hyun yelped.

The black blade pierced his left wrist.

"I-It hurts!!! It hurts!!!" he yelled.

"It isn't over yet," Kang-Woo stated coldly.

He twisted the black blade.

Crunch.

The chilling sound of Tae-Hyun's wrist bones being broken rang out.

"AAARRGGHH!" Tae-Hyun screamed.

He thrashed around like a fish out of water as the pain spread through his body.

Kang-Woo used his black blade to stab Tae-Hyun's right wrist next. The rage of the demon king wouldn't be appeased with the crippling of just one hand.

"There's still a long way to go before you pay the price for spilling my kimchi stew," Kang-Woo said.

"Wh-Why are you doing this?! It's just kimchi stew!" Tae-Hyun shouted.

"..." Kang-Woo froze upon hearing that. "What... did you say?"

He looked at Tae-Hyun as if he had said something outrageous.

"Did you say... it's just... kimchi stew?" Kang-Woo questioned.

He couldn't believe Tae-Hyun had said something so outrageous. That was something that should never be said. The mention of 'kimchi stew' did not go together with the word 'just.' Kimchi stew was much more sacred than that.

"Just! Kimchi stew?!" Kang-Woo raged.

Paf! Pow!

"Cough! Kurgh! Ahh! S-Spare me!!"

Kang-Woo's assault on Tae-Hyun became more aggressive. He kicked Tae-Hyun's head as if it were a football, instantly covering Tae-Hyun's face in blood.

"Cough! Ugh!" Tae-Hyun let out a painful groan.

Tae-Hyun's stats were higher than Kang-Woo's, yet he couldn't help but suffer in pain in this one-sided fight. Mind-numbing pain spread through his body.

"Huff, huff... Now, say that again. What did you say about kimchi stew?"

"Cough... K-Kimchi stew is... a sacred f-food..."

"Good," Kang-Woo said.

He seemed to like that answer, and he nodded with a smile.

Then he grabbed the hair of the terrified Tae-Hyun and spoke in a low voice, "Now, if you understand, say it one more time. Kimchi stew is what?"

"A... s-sacred existence," Tae-Hyun said while trembling.

Kang-Woo frowned. It seemed that he didn't like how Tae-Hyun had said it.

"Your voice is too low," Kang-Woo admonished.

"K-Kimchi stew is a sacred existence!"

"You're not putting enough heart into it!"

"Kimchi stew! Is a sacred! Existence!"

"Louder! As if you're praying to God! As if you're a man confessing your love to a girl! Shout it with more heart!"

"KIMCHI STEW!!! IS A SACRED EXISTEEEEEEEEENCE!!!"

It was a scream that was closer to a cry, yet it still didn't have the tone Kang-Woo wanted.

Kang-Woo shouted while shaking his head, "That's not it! It's still lacking!! Turn it up seven notches!!"

"Kimchi st—!! Kurgh! Cough! Cough!" Tae-Hyun forcibly raised his voice and ended up coughing.

Kang-Woo once again emitted bloodlust. "What do you think you're doing? Are you fucking with me?"

"I-I'm sorry, sir!"

"One more time!! Louder!! Squeeze your soul out!!"

"KIMCHI STEEEEW!! IS A SACRED EXISTEEEEENCE!!" Tae-Hyun squeezed everything he could muster into this cry.

Kang-Woo finally seemed satisfied with the answer, and he patted Tae-Hyun's shoulder.

"Sob sob, sniff..." Tae-Hyun began crying.

With his face covered in tears and snot, Tae-Hyun muttered, "Just what's wrong with this crazy bastard... Sob sob."