**Return of The Mount Hua** – Chapter 885. Those who are drunk on past glory is a dead man (5)

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In dealing with Gal Cheonrip, Un Gum never gave up his courtesy.

No matter how much his opponent was the leader of Evil Sects, he thought that if he was a swordsman, there was a courtesy to keep towards someone who stakes their life in a duel with a weapon. That was how Un Gum, the instructor of Mount Hua, taught the disciples.

However,

Now in Un Gum's eyes, any semblance of respect for the opponent had completely vanished.

He knew too well that there are people in this world who do not deserve even the slightest bit of respect.

And…….

The eyes of Mount Hua's disciples, who stopped their swords and looked at Gal Cheonrip, were even more fierce than Un Gum.

Stab your own comrade in the back?

At least in Mount Hua, that's an unforgivable act.

When a hundred swordmasters all glared with murderous intent, Gal Cheonrip flinched and looked around him.

"What's this?"

As if he didn't understand the situation, his pale face distorted with confusion. But there was no one willing to kindly explain the situation to him.

They just looked at him with icy eyes.

"What the hell is it, you bastards!"

When Gal Cheonrip shouted, Un Gum lowered his sword and slowly opened his mouth.

"You…."

A cold, indifferent voice pierced Gal Cheonrip's ear.

"...are not fit to lead."

Though the intentions may not have been good, after all, those gathered here had fought believing in Gal Cheonrip. If Gal Cheonrip had cared for them even slightly, he would not have been drunk on his own attack and stabbed his own allies in the back.

At Un Gum's cold words, Gal Cheonrip's eyes turned involuntarily to the side. The eyes of the Evil Sects, who had stopped their swords, were swirling with rage and murderous intent.

“……You stupid people."

It was beyond his comprehension.

“You idiots! Are you too stupid to understand? If I can't defeat that one-armed man, we all die! It's only if I win that you all have a chance to live!"

But instead of stabbing more than half of them with their sword, they are looking at him with those eyes?

‘You bastards who don’t even know what’s right!’

Isn't it about five at most?

Isn't it common for allies to get hit by ally’s swords in the heat of battle!

However, the Evil Sects who heard those words bared their teeth towards Gal Cheonrip.

"These hopeless idiots….”

"It is beyond redemption."

Just as Gal Cheonrip was about to curse, Un Gum cut his word off as if it was too hard to listen to him any further and began to approach.

A deep red sword energy wrapped around the edge of his sword.

"This..."

Un Gum, Mount Hua's disciples, and even the Evil Sects... they all looked at him with eyes filled with hostility. As if the whole world hated him.

Feeling cornered, Gal Cheonrip gritted his teeth violently.

No.

This is not right.

This wasn't the look he deserved.

Eyes filled with respect and fear. Eyes filled with jealousy and terror, from those who dared not even aspire to his position, looking upon an absolute being.

"You can never beat Jang Ilso."

*Eudeududuk*!

The emotions that appeared in his eyes every time he thought of Jang Ilso. Those emotions should be in the eyes of everyone here.

But….

“But why do you look at me with those eyes! Why! Whyyyy!”

A beast-like roar came out of Gal Cheonrip's mouth.

I can not admit it!

I can never admit it!

“I will kill you!”

Gal Cheonrip roared and charged toward Un Gum. Ferocious murderous intent. And storm-like momentum. The sight of Gal Cheonrip, with veins bulging on his face, eyes flipped inside out in rage as he rushed forward, was the epitome of dreadfulness.

*Kwagagagak*!

His chilling sword energy shoots out in a formidable manner. No matter how much one hates Gal Cheonrip, at the sight of the storm of sword energy he created, one must admit his skill.

‘These dog-like!’

Blood vessels began to burst in the eyes of Gal Cheonrip, who had pushed his internal strength to the limits. His eyes quickly turned red.

In Kangho, the strong are revered. Only the strong are justice.

The weak follow in fear of the strong. Qualification to lead someone? Strength alone is sufficient.

Didn't that Jang Ilso also build Myriad Man Manor with his strength and take hold of Evil Tyrant Alliance with his strength?

‘But what nonsense are you talking about!’

*Kwagagagak*!

The sword energy rotated even more fiercely. New sword energy created a trajectory on top of the stretched sword energy, and those dozens of sword energies irregularly intertwined, creating a ferocious storm.

In such a storm of sword energy that raged with such incredible power, a human body would have been reduced to nothing more than a piece of meat.

Meanwhile, Un Gum, holding a sword in one hand in front of the whirling sword energy, looked dangerously vulnerable.

But

*Squeeze*.

Gwak Hwe, watching the scene, clenched his fist quietly.

No one intervenes. No one is telling Un Gum to be careful.

Everyone just looks at Un Gum’s back with their eyes filled with firm trust.

If they are disciples of Mount Hua, if they have seen what kind of training Un Gum has undergone over the past three years, they all know. Worrying about the Un Gum now is nothing but disparaging the blood he has shed and the efforts he has made.

What they should have is not a worry.

It is faith in their instructor.

"Huuu."

Un Gum took a short deep breath.

It would be a lie to say he is not scared. The terrifying storm of sword energy could tear his body apart at any time.

If it were the past, he would not have dared to confront it and would have retreated, again and again. And then...

It seems like a scene is visible in Un Gum’s eyes. The sight of someone jumping forward and protecting him. A slightly smaller shoulder stands proudly in front of him.

Un Gum slightly curled the corner of his mouth.

He is.

He is standing here so as not to see that scene.

*Squeeze*.

His toes press firmly into the ground. Everything starts from the bottom.

Maintain a calm mind like a serene lake, and observe the opponent vigilantly with both eyes.

He can see.

'Internal strength is not everything. Techniques aren't everything.’

As fierce as ever, as tough as can be.

But it's definitely off.

At one time, these sword strikes would have interlocked like intricate gears, slaughtering the opponent. But not now. These gears have rusted, dust has gathered, and they turn with a creak.

The gaps that have opened and the twisted axis.

‘Yes, Chung Myung. I see.'

Gal Cheonrip would have no doubt that he had become stronger. As time passes, the internal strength increases, and the power of his dao becomes stronger.

But martial arts are not all about that.

No matter how powerful the mechanism is, if it is not delicately and consistently maintained, it will eventually rust and warp.

This attack is ultimately just a cogwheel forced to turn with its axis twisted.

Un Gum took a step forward.

Approaching the fierce storm seemed like the most reckless action, but Un Gum's eyes stepping forward were as tranquil as a lake.

*Uuuung*.

His sword, clad with his internal strength, trembled violently.

‘Can I be a role model for those children?’

To his shame, those children still call him an instructor. Even though there are more than one or two people who have surpassed him, they still show him unmistakable respect and admiration.

That fact sometimes gives him strength, yet at other times, it feels like a burden, oppressively heavy.

What should he show those children? How can he be of help to those consistent kids? How can he make himself not ashamed to be called their instructor?

Without a hint of fear, Un Gum took another step forward.

The pressure emitted by the dao made his hair stand on end, and his skin felt as though it would tear apart at any moment.

At that moment.

*Paaaat*!

The plum blossom sword in his left hand pierced through the storm of sword energy like a streak of light.

*Kagagagagak*!

As if an iron rod had been inserted between the fast-spinning gears, the dao, which seemed to be rotating precisely, suddenly shook violently.

*Paaaaaaat*!

The sword of Un Gum, quickly retracted, and emitted light once again.

Isn't it obvious what he must show those children?

The will to face fear head-on. And the will to stick to your true intentions without being deceived by glamour!

And!

'It’s nothing but a facade.’

If judged by the power at the sword’s edge, if evaluated by the depth of internal strength, if assessed by how splendid and strong the attack is, then the world would naturally regard Ruthless Dao Ghost as stronger than him. Un Gum would have thought the same.

But now he knows. That's not what martial arts is about.

His disciples have now properly set foot in Kangho. It won't be long before they too face crises and get shaken up.

There is only one thing he can tell such children.

'What you have to believe is.’

The sensation of the sword in his hand disappears.

However, only the heavy weight is distinctly felt. The evident weight in his hands is not that of a sword. It is his confidence and belief in himself that he has not been lenient to himself even for a moment in the past times.

‘It is only your own effort.’

Un Gum's sword becomes a ray of light again, piercing through the storm of sword energy.

One sword becomes two, and the two swords become three.

Soon after, Un Gum's sword, which had drawn seven sword shadows, pierced the gap between the red energy without shaking even an inch.

*Kagak*! *Kagagagak*! *Kagagagagak*!

The dao and sword intertwined creating a chilling noise.

*Udeuduk*! *Udeuk*!

Pain as if his wrist is about to break. The shock that twists the intestines.

Un Gum, forcing down a surge of blood rising to his throat, gripped his sword so tightly that

his knuckles turned white.

Observation (관(觀).).

Under any circumstances, one must always watch with both eyes.

Like a gear jammed with an indestructible foreign object, the sword energy spinning like a storm was greatly disturbed.

And Un Gum's Plum Blossom Sword, which had not rested for even a moment in three years, did not miss that very moment.

'Now!'

Flash of lightning. (섬전(閃電).)

The edge of the sword embodies effort.

The edge of the sword embodies time.

And the sword is just a person. It simply embodies the person.

Without a single grain of doubt, at the moment all is entrusted to the sword, the sword becomes the person, and the person becomes the sword (the Unity of Body and Sword/身劍合一).

*Paaaaaat*!

In an instant, the sword's energy turned into a streak of light, piercing through the swirling energy of the dao.

*Kagagagak*!

The twisted gears collapsed like an illusion before that powerful blow.

The red sword energy soared and the bright blue energy disappeared.

The sword, carrying time and effort, and fully embodying the person, violently repelled the haphazardly swinging dao. Then it fiercely burrowed into the body of the one who now stood wide-eyed in horror.

*Puuk*!

The bizarre sensation, as if the entire arm had vanished, was washed away, and the world returned to him. A heavy and profound sensation lingered at his fingertips.

'Also....'

If there's one more thing to believe in.

Un Gum quietly turned away. He could see his disciples clutching their fists as if they were about to shout out at any moment. And behind those children, he could see the figures of the instructors who’s even more emotional.

‘It's those standing behind you.’

Believe in yourself and trust in those with you.

That alone is truly enough.

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