

Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 1001. Once again. (1)

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“E- Elder-nim!”

In an urgent voice, Wudang’s elder Song Hwa (송 화(松和)) Jinin asked with a pale face.

"What's the situation?"

"We're being pushed back! No, we can't even grab their ankles!"

"This, this is..."

Cold sweat streamed down his forehead.

'Why of all places here?'

He could feel it. To this very place, separated only by a mountain.

The killing intent as if his entire body was being pierced with thousands of needles, and the thick demonic energy constricted his breath.

“E- Elder-nim! The countermeasures...!”

Song Hwa’s fingertips were shaking.

Measures? Of course, measures must be taken. Song Hwa was the person in charge here, after all.

But what plan could there possibly be?

All available forces had been deployed here. Thirty first-class disciples of Wudang were even called in from Wudang headquarter to prepare for any unexpected situation.

Each one of them is someone who is able to unfold Taegeuk Wisdom Sword (태극혜검(太極慧劍)), and they are the elite of the elite who can perform the Yangui Sword Method (양의검법(大兩意劍法)), the pride of Wudang Sect. Yet, even they couldn’t make the enemy falter for a moment, only helplessly shedding their blood.

But where are the measures beyond this?

“I- If this place is pushed, the rear will be completely exposed! Elder-nim!”

"I know!"

Song Hwa raised his voice irritably.

The place they are guarding is the last line of those who launched the attack. If this place collapses, the escape route for those who entered Great Mountain (대산(大山)) will be cut off. If so, it is all too obvious what will happen then.

Even if it means risking their life, no. They have to put their life on the line to prevent it.

But...

"What exactly... should we do?"

Sweat began to pour down from Song Hwa's face.

The being approaching from across the mountain wasn't something that could be stopped with just resolve.

"How do you expect me to stop a bishop!"

Song Hwa yelled as if in desperation, gripping the handle of his sword.

In the first place, he had never even heard of a bishop being able to come here. If there was even a slight thought of that possibility, they wouldn't have been ordered to guard the rear with just under fifty men.

It was that moment.

Kwaaaaaaaaa!

A massive energy surged from beyond the mountain.

The moment Song Hwa witnessed that dark energy, he involuntarily stepped back five paces.

But there was no need to be ashamed. The other disciples around him reacted similarly.

"...Ugh."

That was a disaster (재해(災害)). The beings who serve Heavenly Demon closest, too dreadful to even speak of.

"How could there be as many as ten of such being...."

If the existence of Heavenly Demon was something that could not be controlled by human power, then these bishops were tangible threats that could dig their nails into their throats.

A whirlpool of dark demonic energy rushed like a blade. An uncontrollable groan escaped Song Hwa's mouth.

"Re- Request reinforcements!"

"Elder-nim!"

"Quickly, request reinforcements now! Tell them a bishop is here! We can't hold on even for a moment longer! Immediately!"

"We- We've already requested reinforcements! But..."

Song Hwa knew what came next without even hearing it.

There are no forces left in the main mountain to provide support against that bishop. Who in the world would leave behind the power to face a bishop and launch an offensive?

"Aaaaaaaah!"

At that moment, the image of Wudang disciple being torn to pieces clearly caught Song Hwa's eyes.

Literally pulverized.

Wudang's disciple, swept up in the vortex of dark demonic energy, was dismembered, not leaving a single piece intact, and scattered across the dark mountain.

"Ah..."

Song Hwa's jaw began to tremble involuntarily.

Even if he tried to endure it, it was impossible. What can one possibly do against a demon that isn't even a human?

"Retreat..."

"Yes?"

Words that should never have come out of Song Hwa's mouth came out. He immediately covered his mouth with both hands.

It was an unthinkable act.

He can't even imagine how big the damage will be if this place is breached. If they hesitated to spill their blood, that spared drop of blood would have to be repaid with thousands more.

He knew. He knew that!

But....

"Uup."

He was shaken by the sudden overwhelming feeling of nausea.

Staying here meant death. Not just for him, but for everyone.

This is a dog's death.

If their lives could change something, he would be willing to give them up in an instant. But what can their lives change?

Even the dying! Even those who are about to die! Even with the lives of those not yet dead! They can't stop that demon's steps even for a moment!

Why must this meaningless sacrifice continue?

“Aaargghh!”

At that moment, another life was senselessly lost.

Kwaaaaaa!

In the meantime, the swirling vortex of demonic energy was clearly advancing towards his place. Slow but certain death was inching closer to him.

Song Hwa's eyes were filled with terror.

No matter how much a Wudang elder he is, his name is so insignificant in front of the bishop. That demon probably wouldn't even feel the difference between him and the first-class disciple he was dealing with.

"Uh..."

His hand holding the sword trembled uncontrollably. He tried to draw his sword, but his Pine-Patterned Ancient Sword (송문고검(松紋古劍)) stuck to the scabbard as if it had been glued to it today and had no intention of coming out.

“...Retreat.”

"Huh?"

Song Hwa bit his lip with bloodshot eyes. The words he had once suppressed came out again.

"Re- Retreat..."

It was that moment.

“Elder-nim! Elder-nim!”

A shout of joy was heard from behind. When he turned around, he saw someone running towards his place with all their might.

“W- What!”

"He's here! He has come!"

“H- Him?!”

No name was mentioned. They hadn't even heard a nickname.

However, Song Hwa was immediately able to clearly see who the ‘him’ the disciple was talking about.

There is no other way.

There was only one person in the world who could bring hope to those who faced that bishop.

"Hyu. Every time I see it, it's terrifying."

Song Hwa violently turned his head.

Before he knew it, a man was crouching next to him and looking across the mountain.

The casually tied hair, the black martial outfit, and the white embroidered dark green robe over it.... No, apart from all that, it was not difficult to guess who this person was just from his enormous presence that took one's breath away.

“Da- Dark Sovereign....” (암존(暗尊))

Dark Sovereign Tang Bo. A reaper from Tang Family who sometimes stirs fear more than Magyo, even to those on his own side.

He was looking in the direction of the bishops with a cold smile.

"Are you the person in charge here?"

When Dark Sovereign asked without even turning his head, Song Hwa trembled. But only for a moment, Song Hwa then nodded his head vigorously.

“Yes, that’s right! Sir Dark Sovereign!”

"Call back the kids."

"Huh?"

When Song Hwa asked blankly, Tang Bo frowned.

“No, that’s enough. You're too dumb to even accept an offer to save your life."

"...What does that mean?"

It was that moment.

Step.

Song Hwa's heart sank at the sound of footsteps behind him.

Of course, Dark Sovereign Tang Bo is undoubtedly a master Song Hwa cannot dare to approach. Isn't Tang Bo the embodiment of hidden weapons, called the greatest master produced by Tang Family in the past hundred years?

However, if the opponent is that bishop, even the name of Dark Sovereign fades. There is no way his disciple would have become so elated just because Lord Sovereign had come.

That means...

Song Hwa looked away trembling. And then he looked blankly at the person coming towards him.

The black martial outfit. A blood-red plum blossom pattern engraved on his chest.

His hair was tightly tied back, but it had fallen loosely and was wildly unkempt. However, what caught Song Hwa's attention wasn't his attire.

Eye.

It was seeing those chilly eyes through the strands of hair falling over his forehead.

Song Hwa muttered as if he was in pain without realizing it.

"Plum... Blossom Sword Sovereign."

Right. There is only this person. It was the only name they could shout against that demonic bishop.

Step. Step.

Plum Blossom Sword Sovereign Chung Myung stood in front of him and spoke.

"The situation?"

At the cold voice that came, Song Hwa suddenly came to his senses and quickly answered.

"W- We are fighting a battle against the bishops to delay their advance, but it is not enough on our own. Plum Blossom Sword Sovereign!"

When Tang Bo heard those words, a sigh leaked out of his mouth.

"Delay my ass, what nonsense."

"...Yes?"

At that moment, yanked him forward. grabbed Song Hwa by the collar and yanked him forward.

Song Hwa couldn't even scream and froze on the spot.

"You."

"....."

"Are you an elder of Wudang Sect?"

Song Hwa quickly nodded.

“Tha- That’s right....”

“And what are you doing here?”

“...Yes?”

A terrifying killing intent flowed from Chung Myung's eyes.

“Your disciples are dying over there, why are you just watching from the back, you piece of shit?”

“.....”

Song Hwa froze without even making a sound.

It felt like an angry beast sinking its teeth into his neck and growling. It felt like if he moved even a little, the sharp fangs would cut through his blood vessels and suffocate his life. A feeling of fear constricted his breathing.

“If you have no countermeasure, you should at least step up and fight together. Are you too precious to risk your life, so you make your disciples take arrows while you watch from behind?”

“I, I....”

“You sick bastard!”

Pook!

Chung Myung hit Song Hwa on the chin.

Song Hwa fell down screaming, unable to raise his head and trembled slightly. Chung Myung looked down at him like one would at a bug, then turned around and walked forward.

Tang Bo clicked his tongue.

“Know that you survived thanks to those kids. If they hadn't been in danger, it wouldn't have ended like this for you.”

“.....”

Tang Bo, who sneered at Song Hwa, soon ran towards Chung Myung, who had gone ahead.

“Ah, Hyung-nim! Let's go together. What's the rush?”

Plum Blossom Sword Sovereign and Dark Sovereign.

The two moved toward the swirling demonic energy without hesitation.

As if sensing their presence, the demonic energy became even more violent. Yet, witnessing this scene, the two didn't flinch; instead, they sneered even more derisively.

“He’s alone?”

"Seems like he brought around twenty or so with him."

“Alone it is.”

"...Let's go with that."

Seurururung.

Chung Myung slowly drew his Plum Blossom Sword. Tension spread throughout his body, causing a chill. The power of the bishop was intense enough to send a warning even to his physical body.

“...Heavenly Murderer (천살(天殺))?”

"Looks more like a Mad Spirit (광혼(狂魂)) to me."

"Doesn't matter. They're all dead either way."

Chung Myung lowered his sword and spoke harshly.

"When you killed the last one, did you lose consciousness for a week?"

"Stop talking nonsense. It was exactly one week!"

"Same difference. Be careful this time, or you might actually die. So, don't interfere and stay back."

"Ha, as if you forgot I fixed your arm when it almost fell off last time? I'm worried your head might actually fall off this time around."

Chung Myung chuckled.

As they drew nearer, his grip on the Plum Blossom Sword tightened.

"Well, can't help it then."

Chung Myung bared his teeth.

"Let's cut off that bastard's head first and then continue our talk."

Tang Bo, pulling out a throwing knife from his sleeve, giggled and nodded.

“I agree with that.”

The two simultaneously kicked off the ground.

Two dark blue streaks of shooting stars plunged into the storm of dark demonic energy.

That day.

Another bishop died at the mouth of Great Mountain.

|Note