Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 883. Those who are drunk on past glory is a dead man (3)

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Uuuung!

Sword imbued with powerful internal energy fell over his head.

Soul-Severing Blood Hand frowned and stepped back a couple of paces. The sword that had barely missed his face stopped abruptly in mid-air like a lie and then rushed towards his neck with the speed of a flash.

‘Keuk.’

Twisting his body, Soul-Severing Blood Hand deflected the incoming sword with the side of his hand. The sword bent with a thudding sound, but the edge quickly returned to its original position, and the direction it flew did not change at all.

The sword grazed his shoulder and drew red blood.

A chill murderous intent flashed in Soul-Severing Blood Hand's eyes.

Uuuuung!

A sound like hundreds of bees taking flight at once filled the air, and a dense, blood-red energy erupted from his hands.

Paaat!

Soon, the energy of Soul-Severing Blood Hand flew toward Hyun Sang like a blood-red lightning.

Tuuung!

Then Hyun Sang his sword, deflecting the surging energy with his blade. However, this was all within Soul-Severing Blood Hand's expectations!

Paaaaaaaat!

Soul-Severing Blood Hand unleashed a series of over ten energy strikes. The blood-red aura threatened to engulf Hyun Sang entirely.

Hyun Sang's eyes darkened for a moment. His sword, which took a short pause, creates over ten afterimages and collides with the energy strikes from Soul-Severing Blood Hand.

Kwang! *Kwaaaang*! *Kwaang*! *Kwaang*!

The sounds of explosions repeated succession.

The fierce backlash pushed Soul-Severing Blood Hand back four or five steps back. He could hold on if he wanted to, but there was no need for him to push himself.

"……."

What caught his eye was Hyun Sang, who stood firmly in place without taking a single step back.

He must have felt the same backlash, but one side stepped back and the other stayed in place. Of course, this alone couldn't determine the depth of their martial arts, but it was clear who had gained the upper hand in this exchange.

The eyes of Soul-Severing Blood Hand were stiffened with tension.

Solid.

It was as if he had struck a massive wall with his energy. The sensation reaching his fingertips was as immovable as a mountain.

'Why has such a man been hiding all this time?'

He had never heard that Mount Hua had such a martial master. It is precisely depicting the saying 'awl in the bag'(낭중지추(**囊中之錐**)), and with such abilities, even within a sect like Mount Hua, one would expect him to have gained fame.

But that wasn't the only oddity.

"You."

Soul-Severing Blood Hand's voice grated like metal on metal as Hyun Sang met his gaze.

"…I think the substance of your sword technique you use is very different from that of your disciples, don't you think so?"

Hearing this, a smirk formed on Hyun Sang's face.

"It can't be helped. I don’t possess the same youth as those children.”

Mount Hua’s sword is extremely flashy and agile. Watching the children wield their swords is enough to take even Hyun Sang by surprise.

However…

When Hyun Sang was in his prime, there was no such swordsmanship left in Mount Hua. When the true sword of Mount Hua returned to Mount Hua, he was already of an age that made learning anew difficult.

Those children were like blank paper. Thus, they could take in anything. After all, anything can be written on a blank slate.

But Hyun Sang was not. He had already spent decades mastering a different swordsmanship.

How could one write anew on a paper already filled with writing? For him to completely discard what he had learned and fully adopt a new martial art was nearly impossible.

But…….

‘What does that matter?’

Hyun Sang did not despair.

He doesn't have to be like those children. It didn’t matter if his fingertips couldn’t produce the splendid blossoms of the plum flower. He was no longer someone who blossoms flowers. He was to be the solid roots, supporting the children as they bloom.

"A bit late and a bit dull, but instead, a bit more solid."

“…….”

The eyes of Soul-Severing Blood Hand sank.

He knew all too well from his long experience that such individuals were more troublesome to deal with.

And he did not have the luxury of time to calmly determine the outcome of the battle. The situation was becoming increasingly unfavorable, and if he delayed any longer, even if he won, he wouldn't be given a chance to escape.

However,

Udeuduk.

The sound of a joint loosening from the fingers of Soul-Severing Blood Hand rang violently.

That doesn't mean he’s afraid. The fact that he has this much skill and yet hasn't made a name for himself means, conversely, that he hardly has any real battle experience.

"No matter how old you are, if one hasn't faced real combat, they are still just a novice."

He slightly lowered his stance. He knew better than anyone when such individuals were most likely to panic.

"Such words should be saved until after you've survived, old man!"

Tuung!

His foot pushed off the ground hard.

Soon, Soul-Severing Blood Hand, almost crawling on the ground, rushed right in front of Hyun Sang. And then, touching the ground firmly, he twisted his body.

As soon as he turns his body, he immediately kicks the ground once again and shoots towards Hyun Sang. His eyes blazed with fierce blue killing intent as he moved aggressively in a zigzagging pattern like a snake, rushing forward diagonally.

Of course, when he saw those young ones' swords, it was clear that they had gone through hardships that were difficult to imagine. But training is ultimately just training. In real combat, where life and death can be determined in a split second, a moment of panic is bound to lead to a fatal mistake.

‘And as people get older, their ability to improvise becomes less powerful!’

Closing the distance with a bizarre movement, the hands of Soul-Severing Blood Hand turned a sinister crimson red, curving like the talons of a hawk. And it was stretched out, aiming for the ankle of Hyun Sang.

Swaeaeaek!

At that moment, Hyun Sang’s sword struck like lightning, targeting Soul-Severing Blood Hand's superb thrust at the ankle. It was intended to pierce through his hand and pin it to the ground along with the sword.

But Soul-Severing Blood Hand, as if he had been waiting for it, twisted his hand and pushed the side of the oncoming sword with his palm.

Kagagagak!

As the sword surface and hand came into contact, a horrifying sound, like scraping metal, erupted.

The raised energy sharpens even the edge of the sword. His palm was cut, blood spraying out. But as a result, he managed to plant the thrusting sword into the ground, not his hand.

At that moment, the eyes of Soul-Severing Blood Hand emitted a chilling light. In an instant, he turned his body upside down and swung his hands like a bolt of lightning.

Kwakwakwakwa!

Red palm shadow exploded upward from below. It was as if red blood was gushing out, piercing through the ground.

But more than the eeriness of the scene, the strangeness itself was more dangerous. Who, even those accustomed to battlefields, could have experienced a surge of energy storming up from beneath their feet like this?

With that one move, Soul-Severing Blood Hand firmly proved who he was.

Kwang!

Indeed, Hyun Sang seemed to have been unable to find a way to deal with the attack that seemed to spring up from below, so he kicked the ground, drew his sword, and launched itself into the air.

Even then, his sword furiously fended off the palm shadow chasing him.

But that was exactly what Soul-Severing Blood Hand had wanted.

Kwang!

Soul-Severing Blood Hand slammed the ground with his hands forcefully. And with the recoil, he shot up into the air like an arrow, pursuing the ascending Hyun Sang. He showed a strong determination not to give up the advantage once seized.

Those who run away and those who pursue.

At that moment, Hyun Sang kicked the air once, widened the distance between him and

Soul-Severing Blood Hand a little more, and raised his sword.

Uuuung!

The edge of Hyun Sang's sword, imbued with powerful sword energy, drew a clean arc from above to below.

The energy of the sword strike seemed capable of splitting a human body of bone and flesh in two with a single blow. However, the moment he saw that dangerous sword, pleasure filled the eyes of Soul-Severing Blood Hand.

'Caught you!'

Goooooo!

Utilizing all his internal strength, his hands soon turned not just red, but dark as ink.

“Haaaap!”

Soul-Severing Blood Hand let out a loud roar and rushed towards the flying sword. Then he crossed his hands and grabbed the sword.

Kagagak! *Kagagagagak*! *Kagagak*!

An eerie friction sound resounded, as if a sharp blade was scraping rust on iron. Hyun Sang's sword, caught by Soul-Severing Blood Hand, writhed in like a live fish in a fisherman's hand, literally shaving the palms away.

But even as his palms were gruesomely cut, Soul-Severing Blood Hand did not let go of Hyun Sang's sword.

'A swordsman is nothing without his sword!'

A sword strike thrown without a solid footing on the ground was bound to lose power. It might be sharp, but not strong. Thus, he could completely suppress it with his hands.

He had faced such an opponent time and time again. He never gets tired of seeing the faces of those who showed off their fancy swords with a relaxed look turning pale.

Kwadeudeuk!

Soul-Severing Blood Hand, having driven the blade further into his own bone to secure it perfectly, turned his gaze towards Hyun Sang. There is no way not to check what kind of expression he is making at this moment.

However… Soul-Severing Blood Hand could not afford such a sight.

What he saw was not Hyun Sang's face, but something blunt that quickly approached his face.

The eyes of Soul-Severing Blood Hand widen before he can even identify it. And as soon as he realized it was Hyun Sang's elbow, the huge impact on his face instantly sent his consciousness soaring into oblivion.

Kwaaaaaaaang!

Darkness.

The world turned black for a moment and then regained light. And what Soul-Severing Blood Hand saw was a blue, just a blue sky.

"Kkeuk…"

It was not long before the terrible pain came over his face.

'This…'

His instincts took over even before his thoughts could be sorted out. As he tried to twist his body to avoid the next incoming attack, his hands were pulled as if they had been tied to something.

'What?'

The moment his body, which had been tilted as if it would collapse at any moment, was forcibly pulled up, what caught his eye was the same elbow he had seen a moment ago.

Kwaaaaang!

Soul-Severing Blood Hand's body flew away like a shell fired from a gun. Bouncing off the ground, leaving a large mark, he sprayed blood in all directions before crashing back down.

"Co- Cough! Cough!”

Before he could even groan in pain, clots of blood forced their way up his throat, spewing out of his mouth continuously. In just two attacks, his insides were completely turned upside down.

"Keuu……."

He tried to lift himself off the ground with his hands, but his body fell down again. The cleanly severed cross-section of his hand entered his blurry vision.

"Cough! Cough!"

However, what bothered Soul-Severing Blood Hand was not the terrible pain felt from his completely sunken face, nor the shock of having the hand that had always protected him cut off.

It was this incomprehensible situation itself.

'How....'

He knows it in his head.

The moment he stuck the sword in his hand, Hyun Sang pulled his sword, dragged him in, and at the same time smashed his face with the elbow of his left arm, which was not holding the sword.

Since the sword was perfectly fixed into the bone, Soul-Severing Blood Hand had no way to escape.

Yes, he understands what happened. He gets what has happened!

But how could this old man have made such a perfect response in a moment? By nature, the moment the sword holder is overpowered by the opponent, his mind goes blank and he doesn't know what to do...

Tak.

At that moment, Hyun Sang descended in front of him and gazed at Soul-Severing Blood Hand with solemn eyes.

"It wasn’t a bad move, but you overlooked one thing."

“…….”

Soul-Severing Blood Hand, with a head ringing and wrapped in terrible pain, tried hard to lift it and looked up at him. His eyes were full of questions.

Overlooked?

Hyun Sang calmly opened his mouth as if he would solve his question.

"From my standpoint, your attack was neither bizarre nor irregular. Rather, it was dreadfully obvious. Unfortunately, there's someone in Mount Hua who doesn't mind biting a flying sword with his teeth to block."

"……."

"If you hadn't been in such a hurry, it could have been a good battle."

Hyun Sang shook his head lightly and lifted his sword.

"Your downfall was that you underestimated your opponent. And on the battlefield, those who let their guard down die first. Just like that guy said."

Soul-Severing Blood Hand's face twisted. No, his face was so damaged that it could no longer be distorted, so it would be more accurate to describe it as grotesquely distorted.

'It's obvious?'

His blood-soaked shoulders trembled finely.

'You're saying I'm the greenhorn who's not used to battle?'

A groan escaped Soul-Severing Blood Hand's lips.

"Ugh…"

The pain from Hyun Sang's words was greater than the physical pain felt in the body. Eventually, the groan turned into a beast-like howl.

"You... You piece of shit! Euaaaaaaa!"

Sogok.

At that moment, Hyun Sang's sword swiftly beheaded Soul-Severing Blood Hand.

Tok.

His head, still contorted in agony, fell to the ground and rolled.

"However, this will be a fitting end for you. Go to hell and atone for the sins you have committed."

After shaking the blood off his sword, Hyun Sang took a glance at the corpse of Soul-Severing Blood Hand who lost his head and collapsed, and turned away without a second thought.

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