Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 813. Bring out your head, you son of a beast! (3)

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Oil rains down from the sky, and black arrows shoot endlessly from below.

The Fist Force of Shaolin's monk moves back and forth from the cliff like a golden dragon, and the Sword Curtin drawn by the Wudang swordsman covers the cliff face with a pale mist.

‘What the hell is this?’

Baek Cheon's eyes trembled.

During battle, maintaining a calm mind is imperative, but anyone who saw this spectacle with their own eyes could never blame Baek Cheon.

Not only Baek Cheon and Mount Hua's disciples, but even the martial artists of Myriad Man Manor facing them, could not take their eyes off it.

The word overwhelming couldn’t be described enough.

Strength and strategy.

Righteousness and Evil.

All the elements that make up the battlefield of Kangho violently collide. Just as Jang Ilso predicted, there was neither reason nor righteousness here.

All that existed was a terrifying will to kill and malice. And a fierce desire to survive by any means necessary.

The smell of boiling oil, the stinging scent of blood and gunpowder, and an indescribable, foul stench combined to make one's head spin.

'This is the battlefield...!’

Something heavy and sticky seemed to cling inside the body. Breathing became difficult, and the mind stayed foggy throughout.

Baek Cheon has also been on various battlefields along with Chung Myung. Though his skills might still be lacking, his experience was certainly not.

But it wasn't like any battlefield that Baek Cheon had been through.

The magnitude of the opposing forces is different, and the will behind the conflict is different. And above all, the malice directed at each other was of a different dimension.

“Climb! Climb up!”

The disciples of Shaolin and the disciples of Wudang, their eyes filled with bloodlust, gritted their teeth and climbed the cliffs. Even when scalding oil touched their flesh and scalded their skin, they clenched their teeth and struggled upward.

And those of the Evil Faction, watching this, poured oil even faster.

No, now it was not just oil.

When they saw the Righteous Faction rising higher and higher, they became desperate, and without waiting for orders, threw bundles of firewood, channeling energy into piles of boulders.

Poook!

All of the stones that the Sword Curtain was not able to remove hit the monk's forehead as he climbed the cliff.

The head cracks and blood is dripping down. Staggering once, the monk gritted his teeth and looked upward.

"These... demons!"

His face resembled a fierce ghost more than a human's. He grasped a protruding rock on the cliff and climbed again. There was no longer mercy or gentleness in his face, only overflowing malice against the enemies.

This is the real battlefield!

When one's life is at stake, one's nature comes out.

If so, this battlefield was the place where human nature was laid bare. Here, neither the righteousness nor justice they so loudly proclaimed existed.

'No, it isn’t!'

Not yet. This could not yet be called a real battlefield of martial artists.

"Sasuk!"

"Yes."

Yoon Jong shouted in an agitated voice as if he had felt the same thing.

They had seen this several times. This was just the beginning. The real start of the martial artists' battlefield was...

"Move!"

With the roar of Jo-Gol, Namgang Hwang and Heo Dojin began climbing the cliff at a dazzling speed. And one step later, Bop Kye also jumped up the cliff like an ascending dragon leading the elders of Shaolin.

Baek Cheon looked high above and quickly searched for someone with his eyes.

"Give up your neck! You bastard!"

With a roaring voice, Chung Myung raced down the cliff like a venomous snake. Finally, he began to move in earnest.

'This is it!'

Baek Cheon clenched his teeth.

So far, it had been more like a battle between soldiers than a martial artists' battlefield. But what truly distinguished the fight between martial artists and soldiers was this very element.

The absolute martial masters.

The existence of an absolute martial master who turns the battlefield upside down with a single sword strike and changes the terrain with one swing of their fist.

Their movements determined the course of the battlefield.

'Chung Myung-ah!'

He saw Chung Myung rushing down the cliff and the Myriad Man Manor martial artists descending to target him.

The moment he saw this scene, Baek Cheon’s mouth moved before his mind.

"Sasuk! Great Sasuk!"

“Yes!”

“Please take care here!”

As soon as Un Gum and Hyun Sang's answers fell, Baek Cheon swung his sword loudly at the Myriad Man Manor in front and roared.

“Iseol! Yoon Jong! Jo-Gol!"

"Yes."

"Yes, Sasuk!"

"We're ready!"

"I- I’m!"

Back Cheon answered Tang Soso's urgent cry without delay.

“Soso, support the main forces! Don’t let anyone die!”

"Yes!"

"Let's go! Escort Chung Myung!"

"Yes!"

Baek Cheon and the four others leaped off the cliff without a moment’s hesitation.

Baek Cheon, who jumped down a dozen zhang at once, touched the tip of his foot to the cliffside.

Chiiiik!

Just as he slightly reduced his speed!

Taaaat!

Baek Cheon kicked off the cliffside and rushed forward at breakneck speed.

"Go, Sahyung!"

"You bastards, this is the power of Mount Hua Sect.”

A series of loud cheers erupted from Mount Hua's side at the sight of Five Swords running along the cliff in unison.

There might be many who are better than them in terms of Lightness Art. But it’s different when it comes to cliffs. Which sect in the world would learn to move on a cliff for granted?

"This cliff is nothing compared to Mount Hua!"

Baek Cheon soon ran across the slippery cliff as if it were flat ground, chasing after Chung Myung.

Above Chung Myung, who was engaged in a fight, a falling warrior from Myriad Man Manor appeared. It was too late for Baek Cheon to run and stop them.

But there was nothing to worry about. There is one person in this place who possesses Lightness Art that cannot be compared to anyone.

"Samae!"

"Yes."

At that moment, Yoo Iseol, who was running behind Baek Cheon, kicked the cliff and soared. Baek Cheon maintained his speed and extended his sword forward.

Yoo Iseol, who rotated her body, landed on Baek Cheon's sword. The moment her foot touched the blade, Baek Cheon swung his sword, sending her flying forward.

Swaeaeaeaek!

Charging Yoo Iseol seemed like a bird gliding down the cliff.

"Dieeeee!"

Meanwhile, the Myriad Man Manor martial artist, who had almost reached above Chung Myung's head, swung their swords with all their might. They were desperate to attack Chung Myung, even if it meant falling down together.

But Chung Myung only looked forward and charged.

"This guy!"

It was the moment when they put more force into their dao, thinking that they had been

ignored.

Paaaat!

Yoo-Esul, who flew in at once, drew her sword and rotated. The reddish light emanating from the edge of her sword swept away the Myriad Man Manor martial artists targeting Chung Myung.

"What!"

The sword energy, which flew unexpectedly, frightened the Myriad Man Manor martial artists and scrambled them. One of them managed to block the attack with a hastily retrieved sword, but Chung Myung had already run past them.

"You punk!"

The Myriad Man Manor martial artists swung their swords at Yoo Iseol with bloodshot eyes, but after kicking the cliff a couple of times, she instantly rose above their heads and shot back forward.

"Wha- What?"

The Myriad Man Manor martial artists opened their eyes wide.

'On this cliff?'

Kicking off the ground and leaping over someone's head isn't a big deal. Although moving at an unseen speed is commendable, it's more difficult to find someone among those gathered here who couldn't show such skills.

But isn't this place on a cliff?

Kagak! *Kagagagak*!

Those who were falling down hurriedly embedded their swords into the cliffside to stop their descent. They somehow managed to stabilize themselves, but by then, Chung Myung and Yoo Iseol had already distanced themselves.

"Chase, chase them….”

"Where are you going, you bastard!"

At that moment, Yoon Jong and Jo-Gol, who had been following them along the cliff, charged at them with fearsome momentum.

The Myriad Man Manor martial artists' eyes widened.

'N- No...'

Sogok!

The ones who had barely managed to stabilize themselves by stabbing their swords into the cliff couldn't properly respond to the attack coming from behind. Those in front were pierced through in an instant, spraying blood as they fell to the ground. Those behind gave up on resisting and hurled themselves downward.

Yoon Jong and Jo-Gol, who quickly took down a dozen people, passed by and shouted at Baek Cheon, who was already running ahead.

"We'll follow right behind!"

"Got it!"

Baek Cheon clenched his teeth and ran. His eyes showed Chung Myung running through the cliff and Yoo Iseol running above him as if she were escorting Chung Myung.

"Don't let Chung Myung stop his feet!"

As if to respond to his shouts, Fist Force rising from the bottom flies one after another above Chung Myung's head.

Hye Yeon was also perfectly assisting their movements.

"Th- That..."

The disciples of the Ten Great Sect, who clenched their teeth and climbed up the cliff, could not hide their dismay at the sight.

They’re familiar with the reputation of Mount Hua Five Swords. However, they were considered to be only second-class and third-class disciples.

And these people were running along the cliff as if it were flat ground, lightly jumping over protruding rocks like flying squirrels, and even displaying such techniques on a cliff.

Unless they had ten lives, how could this be possible?

Jin Hyun clenched his teeth.

'Damn it, Hua Righteous Sword.…!’

When he first saw him in Jongdogwan, the difference between him and Baek Cheon was not that great.

But the display Baek Cheon was showing now was something he couldn't even dare to imitate. While he was barely climbing up the cliff, wasn't Baek Cheon practically flying like a bird?

‘What the hell is causing this huge difference?’

His eyes were bloodshot.

But the anger he felt was nothing compared to what Namgung Dowi was feeling.

"This…."

Namgung Dowi, who was looking at Chung Myung from below, didn't even know that blood was oozing from his tightly clenched lips due to the sensation of his blood rushing in reverse throughout his body.

"Mount Hua Divine Dragon!"

Chung Myung was really darting around the cliff as if he were a divine dragon. However, isn't he pathetically clinging to the cliff, making his nickname 'Demolishing Mountain Sword' completely irrelevant?

"Euaaak!"

In a fit of rage, Namgung Dowi climbed the cliff with aggressive movements.

"Dowi, calm down!"

"It's dangerous!"

The elders of the Namgung Family shouted hastily, but Namgung Dowi wanted to retort even louder.

‘Dangerous?'

Does that mean they aren't in danger?

How can they take care of their own safety when the rising stars of the small sect dominated this battlefield?

"Azure Sky Sword Squad, follow me! We are going to protect Gaju-nim!"

"Yes!"

The young warriors of the Namgung Family responded with voices filled with fighting spirit. Although they didn't say it out loud, their eyes were also burning with determination. It was clear they shared Namgung Dowi's sentiments.

"We will never yield to Mount Hua Sect! Prepare for danger and speed up!"

As the warriors of the Namgung Family increased their speed, they began to intertwine with Wudang.

And then.

Taaaaat!

"Uoooooo!"

Namgung Hwang soared like a dragon, kicking off the cliff.

'Young fools!'

Mount Hua's performance was also evident in his eyes.

Those who haven't even lived half his life are risking theirs; as the head of a sect, he could not discuss safety.

"Jang Ilsooooo!"

Just as a massive lump of oil poured from above, Namgung Hwang swung his sword and knocked it away, right before he was about to burst above the cliff.

"Look at this greenhorn showing foolish bravery!"

The cliff that seemed to touch the sky was suddenly covered by a dark shadow.

As if a black sun was rising.

'Black, Black Dragon...'

"Take this!"

Black Dragon King's Guandao was swung in one breath. Dark energy poured out like a waterfall.

Kwaaaaaa!

Like a spear from heaven, the Black Dragon King's energy tore through the cliff and flew straight towards Namgung Hwang.

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