Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 814. Bring out your head, you son of a beast! (4)

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Namgung Hwang's eyes were filled with astonishment.

An immense energy was pouring down above his head. It was a scene as if his entire field of view was being engulfed in a dark hue.

"Keuk!"

Like lightning, Namgung Hwang unsheathed his sword and charged into the incoming surge of energy.

"I am Namgung Hwang!"

Accompanied by a mighty lion roar, Namgung Hwang's sword slashed the energy into two in one swift motion. The sun-like white Reinforced Sword Energy (검강(劍剛)) parted the black darkness.

"Haaaaap!"

Chwaaaaak!

The sight of Namgung Hwang, enveloped in white sword energy, cutting through the dark energy was enough to set the onlookers' hearts ablaze.

However,

"Bastard!"

As Black Dragon King's Guandao was lowered once again, an even more potent flow of energy burst out.

Chwaaaak!

"Haaaap!”

Namgung Hwang cut through the pouring energy as he roared like a lion.

The Black Dragon King's energy clearly showed why he was revered as the god of the

Yangzte River. However, Namgung Hwang also demonstrated why the Namgung Family was considered the greatest family in the world.

Unfortunately, however, this is not a battle to prove one's personal prowess. That was the key difference between the two.

Kwaaaaaa!

The black energy of Black Dragon King, which split left and right by Namgung Hwang's sword, poured down on the men below without losing any momentum.

"Do- Dodge!"

"Euuaaak!"

Suddenly caught in the shower of energy, the disciples of Shaolin and Wudang flew in all directions with blue faces.

But this place is on a cliff. Attacks that would have been easily avoided if they were on flat ground would inevitably be double-threatening here.

"Aaaargh!"

"Aaaaaakh!"

Those who couldn't escape were swept away by the energy, scattering their blood as they helplessly fell.

"Jin Hwe!!"

"Hye Myung! Hye Myung-aaaaaah!"

Shaolin and Wudang.

A leading sect that can be recognized as one of the best in the world just by its name.

However, it was not easy even for them to handle the energy emitted by the Black Dragon King, one of the heads of the Five Great Evil Sect. Those who climbed the cliff fell, shedding blood one after another.

With a single move, the Black Dragon King had accomplished what a torrent of arrows and flames could not.

"This!"

Namgung Hwang's eyes were bloodshot.

"Black Dragon Kiiiiiing!"

"Keuhahahat!"

King Black Dragon burst into hearty laughter.

"Worth a look at your expression, Emperor Sword?"

Namgung Hwang bit his lip till it bled as he looked down. Not only Shaolin and Wudang, but also the Namgung Family that was underneath them received damage from the energy of the Black Dragon King.

Upon seeing those groaning at the base of the cliff, a heat akin to swallowing hot coals surged within Namgung Hwang's belly.

But Namgung Hwang couldn't vent his anger at once.

Evil Sect.

Eighteen Water Fortress of the Yangtze River.

It was hard to say that Eighteen Water Fortress of the Yangtze River, whom he had been dealing with, was a strong sect even in empty words.

The level of pirates is not comparable to that of the Namgung Sword Squad, and the Chaeju of water fortresses was of course inferior to the elders of the Namgung Family. In fact, they are even inferior to their sword division leaders.

Therefore, deep down, he had somewhat looked down on them.

However, Black Dragon King's energy was enough to break Namgung Hwang's pride at once.

‘Black Dragon King.’

King of the Yangtze River, who dominates the waterway.

He is of a different class. At least he was completely different from other pirates.

Namgung Hwang's sword energy could split a mountain in one stroke and sever a river in another. However, Black Dragon King's energy couldn't be completely cut through.

‘How?’

How could such a person come out among those crude people?

The Righteous Sect fosters all the members of the sect to which it belongs, but in the case of the Evil Sect, people of different calibers trample over others to rise. It was a moment when he realized what the word meant.

"Namgung Gaju!"

Heo Dojin, who shouted like a thunderbolt at the moment, soared toward Namgung Gaju. Namgang Hwang, who flinched and came to his senses, clenched his teeth again.

‘Are you saying I was scared?’

As soon as he saw Heo Dojin walking past him, his whole body's blood surge backward.

"Heo Dojiiiin!"

Namgung Hwang yelled once more as he soared up the cliff.

Then Bop Kye quickly followed right next to him.

Heo Dojin, Namgung Hwang, Bop Kye.

Absolute martial artists representing the Ten Great Sect and Five Great Family climbed up the cliff at once to cut off the heads of the great masters of the Evil Sect.

“Euahahahahat! These young brats!”

A fiery fervor flared in the Black Dragon King’s eyes.

“If you want, I’ll be your opponent!”

Black Dragon King kicked the ground and flew himself down the cliff. The sight of that massive giant falling from the sky created a sense of daunting power beyond imagination.

"How dare you!"

It was the moment when Heo Dojin was gnashing his teeth and unleashing his sword.

"I'll be your opponent!"

With a chilling voice, a sharp sword energy aimed at Heo Dojin's neck.

Kagagak!

Heo Dojin, who gently swung his sword and pushed away the sword energy, have his eyes widened.

"Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold!"

Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold, who came down from the cliff before he knew it, stood vertically on the cliff as if he had attached glue to his feet, and looked at Heo Dojin in a relaxed manner.

"If it's the neck of Heo Dojin of Wudang, it's worth risking mine. It's a business with surplus no matter how much I think about it."

Heo Dojin's eyes sank darkly.

A merchant with no blood or tears.

A merchant from hell who trades everything.

A peddler walking the darkest paths.

There are so many words that describe the Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold, but only one floated in Heo Dojin's mind at the moment.

"The Evil Sects First Sword." (사파제일검(邪派第一劍))

"A cheap trick. Not even worth a penny."

Heo Dojin tightened his grip on his sword.

'Damn it.'

He glanced left and right.

In the aftermath of the fierce battle and Chung Myung's performance, most of the fuse were extinguished, but the fuses that have not yet been extinguished are burning toward the bottom of the cliff.

But there's no way to back out.

The momentum flowing from the Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold was telling him. The moment he turns his back, his spine will severed. This eerie killing intent and sticky

momentum hold him by the ankle and won't let him go.

No matter how much he is the Wudang's Heo Dojin, if the opponent is Evil Faction First Sword, Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold, he has to risk his life.

"Wudang Heo Dojin! I shall claim your life!"

"Fine. Let's see who bests who."

The Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold and Heo Dojin charged at each other as if the cliff were flat ground.

Kwaaaang!

Amidst the collision of Black Dragon King's Guandao and Namgung Hwang's longsword, Bo Kye soared above the cliff. His splendid Light Body Art had aspects that even surpassed those of Heo Dojin and Namgung Hwang.

'We must occupy the top! No more sacrifices can be made!'

It was just when Bop Kye clenched his teeth and soared up.

"The Nine Form of Lotus Flower (연대구품(蓮臺九品)) of Shaolin. Truly a reputation well deserved." (소림의 연대구품이라.)

At that moment, dozens of hand shadows appear above his head.

Bop Kye opened his eyes wide for a moment.

Launching dozens of palm strikes simultaneously isn't that big of a deal. Even a first-class disciple of Wudang Sect could accomplish that.

However, the story changes if each of those hand shadows takes different forms.

"Haat!"

Bop Kye's hands stirred the air. At the same time, the dozens of fist energy that unfolded from his fingertips bloomed like the hands of Thousand-Hand Guanyin (천수관음(千手觀音)).

Kwaaaaang!

The two palm energies intertwined and collided.

Bop Kye, who failed to overcome the aftermath, took a few dozen steps back.

“…….”

A light of astonishment was clear in the eyes of Bop Kye, and he saw a person walking down the cliff with hands on his back relaxed.

"But if it's Light Body Art, I'm not far behind either."

"……Thousand-Faced Gentleman."

The Sect Leader of Hao Sect, Thousand-Faced Gentleman, blocked him.

Bop Kye clenched his fists with a stern expression.

The palm of Shaolin is unparalleled in the world. The fist of Shaolin is also, needless to say, unparalleled. However, the aftermath of the recent clash left a clear pain in his wrist.

"…That's the famous Thousand-Faced Hand Technique (천면수(千面手))?"

"It's an honor. A real honor. Monk of Shaolin recognizes my unique martial arts."

Thousand-Faced Gentleman giggled as if he was having fun.

"But I don't think Shaolin's Guanyin Hand (관음수(觀音手)) is as good as I've heard. I don't know if the martial art is weak or the person is.”

"……Amitabha."

Bop Kye's eyes sank dimly.

"You will soon find that neither is true, Siju."

"Hahahaha. Do you monks also have a greed for superiority? Then go for it if you can!”

Thousand-Faced Gentleman leaped lightly into the air and spread his arms wide.

Then Bop Kye also rose upward with a Banzhang stance and a determined face.

Fist energy and palm energy.

A black shadow fell on the cliff as human-made hand shadows covered the blue sky that stretched over the cliff.

Absolute masters representing each force confront each other on this steep cliff.

Kwaaaaaaaang!

Kwaaang!

The cliff soon began to be covered with large explosions and debris of energy.

"This…."

"What is that……."

Each of those who climbed the cliff opened their mouths at the sight.

They have heard so many stories about the absolutes, but no one has seen with their own eyes the sight of martial masters like them fighting sincerely.

It's inevitable.

A hundred years have passed since Kangho was soaked in peace. It has been well over a hundred years since the Righteous and the Evil Faction waged war against each other.

The absolute martial master represents the honor of each faction. There is so much to lose in one defeat. Therefore, it is not easy to mix hands with each other.

But it's different now.

To survive, to protect each other's sect, they must take the enemy's breath away.

Kwareureung!

When reinforced sword energy met reinforced dao energy, and reinforced palm energy clashed with reinforced fist energy, the cliff shook as if it was about to collapse.

The aftermath of the tile collision did not even explode, but the entire cliff shook as if it would collapse at any moment.

"That's…… the realm of absolute."

Bitter laughter flowed out of the mouth of Mu Jin, first-class disciple of Wudang.

As soon as he saw the magnificent sight of the collision between the absolutes with his eyes, the shabbiness of oneself poured in like waves.

‘Was Sect Leader that strong?’

The clash of swords and the resulting fragments of energy tore into the cliff, leaving deep scars. The scene that he might not be able to make even when giving his all was drawn in a straight line with just energy fragments.

The sword of Heo Dojin was truly amazing.

However, the Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold's sword is not a single inch behind that of Heo Dojin.

The same is true of others.

It was truly a close match.

The clash between Black Dragon King and Namgung Hwang, and the competition between Bop Kye and Thousand-Faced Gentlemen were equally intense, neither yielding an inch.

Kwareureureung!

The cliff seemed about to collapse, shaking violently, and the shattered fragments of the cliff poured down like a landslide.

"Stick together!"

"We're falling!"

Mu Jin clenched his teeth and clung to the cliff.

To break through and head upwards? Not just ten lives, even a thousand lives wouldn't be enough!

‘What am I supposed to do in this situation….’

And it was then.

"Hahaha!"

A loud laughter, which completely didn’t match the current situation, caught Mu Jin's attention.

Mu Jin, who turned his head violently, saw it at that moment.

Chung Myung, along with Mount Hua Five Swords surrounding him as if they were escorting him, ran upward the cliff toward Jang Ilso.

"Is your neck well-polished, you damn bastard!"

Mu Jin's mouth gaped open in shock.

While everyone was captivated and paralyzed by the clash between the absolutes, only that Mount Hua Five Swords seemed to resonate with the flow.

As if they already belonged in that realm.

"Mou…Mount Hua Divine Dragon!"

At the same time as Mu Jin's unknowingly outburst, Chung Myung stormed up the cliff.

"Jang Ilsooooo!"

Chung Myung's sword, which flew like a bolt of lightning, swung over Jang Ilso's head.

"Haha!"

Jang Ilso let out a loud laugh and raised his hand to block the incoming sword from Chung Myung.

Kwaaaaaang!

The rings on each of his fingers clashed with Chung Myung's sword, creating a tremendous noise.

A distorted face of Chung Myung.

And Jang Ilso's face, filled with ridicule.

The eyes of the two men, who faced the sword with hands, clashed.

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