Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 853. It just came out? (3)

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Baek Cheon's face was tense.

Across from him stood Chung Myung.

Every time he stood opposite Baek Cheon, he would always show signs of annoyance with a half-loose face.

But not now.

Holding the sword in a neutral stance, Chung Myung emanated heavy pressure. And the eyes staring at Baek Cheon sank cold.

'Is he serious?'

Baek Cheon steadied his quickened breath.

He didn't think he could win, but he also didn't want to lose listlessly.

He tensed the tips of his toes as if gripping the ground, and relaxed the strength in his wrists.

'Give it all I've got!'

And at that moment, Chung Myung began to move.

Paaaat!

Without any time to be surprised, Baek Cheon leaped into the air. There was no other way to avoid the sword energy sweeping across the ground.

And at that moment.

Paaaaaat!

Chung Myung immediately jumped over the colliding plum blossom sword energy and rushed toward Baek Cheon. The sword, raised high in the sky, shone brilliantly under the sun.

Swaeaeaeaek!

The sword was struck down at once.

Startled by the force of the descending sword, Baek Cheon hurriedly lifted his sword and barely managed to block the sword.

But at that very moment.

Just before the swords made contact, Chung Myung bent his wrist and pulled his sword inward.

'What?'

At that moment, in Baek Cheon's eyes, the image of his sword cutting through the air and the handle (劍把) of the Dark Fragrant Plum Blossom Sword pointed at him were etched into his eyes like a fine print.

Paaaaat!

With furious momentum, the hilt of the sword flew toward his eyes, and everything seemed to darken.

Tteok.

"……."

Tak.

The face of Baek Cheon, who landed on the floor, was soaked in a cold sweat.

Chung Myung's sword hilt was right in front of his eyes. If it hadn't stopped at the last moment, his eyes would have burst without a doubt.

Seureureung.

Baek Cheon, who was staring blankly at Chung Myung, who sheathed his drawn sword, wiped the sweat from his face with his sleeve. And then he politely bowed down.

"....I have learned much."

"I have learned much."

Chung Myung, who gave a light bow, turned around and looked over at other disciples who

watched the par. Every single disciple of Mount Hua Sect was there, surrounding them and watching the match.

"Did you see?"

“…….”

"What did you feel?"

Mount Hua's disciples looked at Chung Myung with vague faces. Although they had watched the spar from start to finish, it was difficult to readily articulate what they should have seen in this fight.

"That... we still have a long way to go?"

Hearing the answer hastily cobbled together by Jo-Gol, Chung Myun chuckled.

"Well, that's not wrong either."

Chung Myung continued after a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"What I wanted to talk about is a matter of method."

"Method?"

"Yes, method."

Slowly nodding, Chung Myung looked back at Baek Cheon.

"As much as I hate to admit it, your skills are exceptional. You could be considered a top swordsman wherever you go in Kangho."

This is Baek Cheon, who won against Wudang's second-class disciples and helped in the fight against Jang Ilso. Now, even for Baek Cheon, the term "rising stars" doesn't suit him either.

Objectively speaking, Chung Myung's assessment could be considered modest.

"But does that make you strong?"

Chung Myung posed the question and shook his head.

"No, it doesn't."

It was a difficult statement to understand. Skilled, but not strong.

"This is a fundamental issue that exists in Righteous Faction’s swordsmanship, and even more specifically in Taoist’s swordsmanship. Taoist swords exist for the sake of enlightenment. The sword itself cannot be the end goal."

Chung Myung draws his sword again.

"That's why it's honest."

The sword that was lifted is slowly lowered.

"Of course, the Taoist sword also contains a series of methods to defeat the opponent. But like those Evil Sect and Demonic Cultists, they don't exist only for that purpose. Essentially, Taoist swordsmanship is a means to cultivate Taoism."

"Ah..."

Jo-Gol nods his head.

Come to think of it, when they were facing each other, Baek Cheon focused solely on his sword, while Chung Myung used plum blossoms to attract attention and swung the sword energy downwards, aiming for the legs.

The same was true in the final moment.

While Baek Cheon tried to compete fairly with the power of the sword, Chung Myung didn't meet that force and aimed for Baek Cheon's eyes with the sword handle.

This is a method not taught at Mount Hua.

"Real combat is cruel."

Chung Myung's voice subsides.

"Of course, Mount Hua's sword is great in itself. But there's something we can't deal with using Mount Hua's sword. No sect in the world teaches how to handle an opponent who clings to your leg as they fall or one who lunges at you with the intent to stake their own life."

“…….”

"The limitation of a sword that exists not for battle but for cultivation."

Baek Cheon slowly nods.

He too felt it sharply when he faced Jang Nilso this time. He even felt helpless in the face of

the evil intent (악의(惡意)) of using all the means at his disposal to inflict even a single wound on the enemy's body and rush to his death.

“You can’t deal with Myriad Man Manor or Evil Tyrant Alliance with something like that.”

And… The same goes for Magyo they will have to fight against in the future.

Mount Hua of the past used their trained swords honestly. Even in the early days of the war against the Magyo.

But as the war dragged on and battles piled up, their swordsmanship began to change, little by little. To survive, to defeat enemies, it became more practical and more aggressive.

If those who lived through that war had survived, Mount Hua's swordsmanship might have changed significantly. However, whether for better or worse, those changes did not get passed down.

"Then……."

Yoon Jong opened his mouth with a stiff face.

"Do we have to learn that now?"

Chung Myung's face hardened slightly when he heard it.

‘I was scared...’

The meaning of Yoo Iseol's words was here.

It's more of Chung Myung's sword than Mount Hua’s sword, to be fair. Chung Myung's sword was forged through many battles. And even if it is passed down to future generations, there is no guarantee that the essence of Mount Hua will not be disturbed. It is a unique sword technique.

That's why he hesitated to pass it on.

Although he supplemented the shortcomings of the Plum Blossom Sword Technique he felt, it was close to fundamental. He didn't pass down a sword imbued with malicious intent solely for killing the opponent.

Initially, the sword of Mount Hua was like that, and the Mount Hua Sect Leaders in the past ensured their disciples didn't lose their way. It was because they knew that the spirit of the sect could be shaken even if a little bit of killing intent was buried at the edge of the sword.

But now what Chung Myung is trying to do is the opposite.

Chung Myung, who worked so hard to reestablish Mount Hua's spirit, is now doing something that might cloud Mount Hua's spirit.

Chung Myung bit his lip slightly and said nothing. Then, after a long while, he slowly nodded his head.

"Yes, you have to learn."

But there is no other way.

If they can all reach the pinnacle (극의(極意)) within three years, there's no need to pass down this kind of swordsmanship. If the situation wasn't so urgent, he could have leisurely led them all to Mount Hua's right path over decades.

But the situation has changed drastically.

War came much sooner than expected, and there's no way to completely avoid it.

Then there's only one thing Chung Myung has to do.

'Do not repeat the same mistake.'

What is wrong can always be corrected. Even if the spirit declines, it can be revived.

As long as there are people.

As long as there are people to carry on the will, Mount Hua will eventually find its rightful place. After all, Tao is like water.

What Chung Myung has to do is not pass on lofty Tao that he doesn't understand to Mount Hua.

It's ensuring that those with the will do not disappear. Ensuring that even one more Sahyung survives.

"Real combat swordsmanship..."

Baek Cheon spoke with a peculiar smile.

"That sounds interesting."

Chung Myung said with a curt face.

"Don't take it lightly. Real combat swordsmanship is called that for a reason; you can't master it just by swinging a sword alone. You'd rather say it's better to die stabbed on a battlefield."

"Then it's even more interesting."

Baek Cheon raised his sword.

"No need for all the explanations. I'm prepared anyway. Wouldn't it be better to swing the sword one more time instead of wasting time talking about it?"

Chung Myung looks at Baek Cheon silently.

Baek Cheon had just experienced a terrible defeat. Perhaps the moment the sword flew into his eyes, he felt terror akin to death. Because Chung Myung intended it that way.

But now, not a single trace of hesitation can be seen in Baek Cheon's eyes.

"……."

The corners of Chung Myung's mouth rolled up slightly.

'Maybe I worried for nothing.'

He realizes anew.

They are not Chung Myung.

Even if Chung Myung mastered a demon-like sword in such extreme conditions, there's no reason they should do the same.

They are more like Taoists than Chung Myung, and they are much more in line with the Righteous path than Chung Myung.

It's nothing more than an arrogant idea to worry about misdetermining Mount Hua's future.

It is all of them who determine the future of Mount Hua.

"So what should we do?"

"…Well, it's simple."

Chung Myung smirks at Baek Cheon's question.

"You just have to die about a hundred times today."

“…….”

"Then you'll swing your sword stubbornly just to stay alive."

Geuguk.

Chung Myung, who scraped the ground with his sword, glared at Baek Cheon with a demon-like face.

"Talking is easy. Shall we see if you can practice it with your body?"

"Go ahead, you bastard."

"Don't wet your pants!"

Chung Myung charged in, emitting an intense aura.

A vague smile formed at the corners of his mouth.

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