Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 844. There's a limit to messing with people! (4)

Editor: Hoamzz

Co-Translator: Xoxo

The sword flew fast yet elegantly like a flash of light. If wind were to become a blade, it would be like this.

But what made the sword dangerous was neither its speed nor its elegance. It was the dense, intense murderous intent it carried.

Kagak!

The flying sword clashed with Chung Myung's sword and ricocheted off. But the repelled Plum Blossom Sword gracefully changed direction as if it had expected this, scattering dozens of sword energy into the air.

Chung Myung frowned.

Sword is something one controls with their fingertips. However, sword energy is something that has left those fingertips. There is a reason why you can't spar with arrows; you can't control an arrow once it's left the bow.

Scattering sword energy from the beginning shows a resolve to win, even if it hurts the opponent in the end.

"This is……!"

Chung Myung, who gritted his teeth, swung his sword. He created dozens of sword shadows in the air and shattered the flying red sword energy one by one.

"What the hell are you trying to do!"

What made Chung Myung angry was neither her murderous intent nor the indiscriminate sword energy.

It's Yoo Iseol's eyes glaring at him from behind that sword.

Those eyes that are emotionless yet subtly reproachful.

Whoosh!

Yoo Iseol kicked off the ground and rose.

Chung Myung's eyes dimmed. He has said several times that rising to the air is not a good habit. Unlike the ground, movement is restricted in the air. There is no need to restrict your own movements.

Swish!

Yoo Iseol's sword, swung in mid-air, produced dozens of plum blossoms, just enough to cover herself.

But just because there were fewer didn't make them any less dangerous.

The petals scattered around the air aimed at Chung Myung, flying vividly one by one by one.

Paaaaaat!

Among the fluttering petals, a sword with a red tinge of sword energy raised its tip like a venomous snake and rushed toward Chung Myung as if it were about to bite him. Like a venomous snake hanging from a branch of full-bloom plum trees, ambushing a passerby!

The sword, without a moment's hesitation, flew straight for Chung Myung's neck.

Kagak!

Chung Myung blocked her sword, pushing it aside and simultaneously dodging the incoming petals by flying backward.

But Yoo Iseol didn't seem to have any intention of letting him go.

Taak!

She kicked the ground and followed closely behind Chung Myung, who was trying to move away. Then, as if slashing through a sheet of white paper, she elegantly drew her sword across the empty air.

"Hmm."

This time, Chung Myung's sword struck the side of Yoo Iseol's flying sword, subtly pushing it aside. That small movement was enough to easily alter the trajectory of her sword.

Hwiing!

Yoo Iseol's sword passed right above Chung Myung's head.

As a result, Chung Myung's foot hit her completely empty side.

Pook!

The gut-wrenching shock poured down, but Yoo Iseol, rather than retreating from the blow to her side, pushed her body forward to disperse the shock and lunged forward again, slashing her sword down.

Chung Myung's body moved sideways.

Kagak!

The sword imbued with powerful force left a scar on the ground. Such swordsmanship, which persistently seeks the opponent while risking injury, could never occur in a sparring match between Sahyung.

"Haaaaaaap!"

From Yoo Iseol, a loud battle cry erupted, one that could hardly be heard from her usually. At the same time, her sword unleashed a storm-like sword energy. The powerful internal energy behind her sword relentlessly poured toward Chung Myung, as if it was going to destroy everything it touched.

The red sword energy created by Yoo Iseol embroidered the dark night.

Udeuk!

Chung Myung's hand gripped his sword tightly. His eyes now contained a ferocious energy unlike before.

Kwaaaaang!

The incoming sword energy failed to penetrate the swirling dark sword and shattered. However, at that moment, Yoo Iseol's sword fiercely wavered in mid-air once again.

The sword, which was shaken so much that its tip was blurred, blossomed a flurry of red plum blossoms in the air, and in an instant, they began to grow into dozens of blossoms.

Gradual Plum Blossom ((매화점점(梅花漸漸)/Hesitated between Gradual/Progressive).

The plum blossoms Yoo Iseol created scattered with the wind. Petals soaring like illusions targeted Chung Myung's entire body.

The deadliest flower.

Chung Myung had never seen a Plum Blossom Sword Technique flying toward him with such murderous intent. The corners of his mouth twisted.

Hwirik.

Swinging his sword to adjust his grip, he moved slowly.

In time.

Paaaaaaaang!

His sword drew a diagonal line.

A red line appeared among the fiercely flying petals. Petals touched by the line disintegrated, creating a significant gap.

Kwang!

At that moment, Chung Myung kicked the ground with explosive force and dug through the gap like a beam of light.

Yoo Iseol also charged toward him, as if she knew he would do so. And she swung her sword at a speed too fast to see, aiming for his neck.

However, Chung Myung neither dodged nor deflected the sword this time.

Kwaaaaaaang!

Chung Myung's sword clashed head-on with Yoo Iseol's sword with a formidable force. Blood gushed from Yoo Iseol's mouth.

Pook!

Chung Myung', who had blown away her sword, hit her solar plexus with his shoulder. Yoo Iseol's body fell while flying like a kicked stone.

Kung!

"……."

Looking at Yoo Iseol, who had collapsed, Chung Myung said softly, catching his breath.

"Your joke has gone too far."

No matter what the circumstances, it's unforgivable to unleash murderous intent and lethal techniques against Sahyungje. Of course, she would have done it knowing that she wouldn't be able to beat Chung Myung, but even so.

Then Yoo Iseol used her sword to prop herself up.

Her already pale face turned even paler, and blood oozed from her mouth.

"Joke..."

Yoo Iseol, who had regained her expressionless face, mumbled and stared directly at Chung Myung. Then she softly asked.

"How was it?"

"What?"

"Me."

“…….”

Chung Myung, furrowing his eyebrows as if he didn't understand the intent of the question, finally sighed and opened his mouth.

"…the sword is too light. But if Sago can make up for just that, Sago will be outstanding. At that age, there is no one who can compare to Sago.”

"How was it?"

“…….”

But it was the same question that came back.

Chung Myung looked at Yoo Iseol with a slightly distorted face. Since he didn't answer, Yoo Iseol opened her mouth first.

"Weak."

“…….”

"Severely so."

At her overly calm tone, Chung Myung ground his teeth.

"Sago aren’t weak."

"Weak."

"No, Sago. I know what you want to say, but Sago is….”

"Weak."

“…….”

"I'm too weak. To the point it disgusts me."

Chung Myung was left speechless. Yoo Iseol's eyes didn't waver a bit. That’s why he could tell. That her words weren't said in jest.

"I told you. We're your sword."

It seemed like she said something similar when he was fighting Jang Ilso too.

"But really? Are we?"

“…….”

Yoo Iseol shook her head.

"You fought better. Even more so when we’re not around. We were only a hindrance back then. We’re a burden… A hindrance you have to protect even while fighting.”

"Sago."

"Are we not?"

Yoo Iseol's eyes, staring straight at Chung Myung, were dark.

"I couldn’t do anything in this battle."

"That's because..."

It was not a battle that the level of her skills can match yet.

But Chung Myung couldn't bring himself to say it. This was because he’s not oblivious of how humiliating those words would sound to a swordmaster.

Besides...

"Sago is getting stronger fast enough. To the point where it's too much."

This was Chung Myung's sincere belief, without any lie or disguise.

They are already stronger than Plum Blossom Sword Sovereign was at their age. Compared to Plum Blossom Sword Sovereign, who paved the way alone, they built an incomparably excellent foundation.

They just haven't fully unleashed what they have, failing to show their true strength.

But Yoo Iseol wasn't easily convinced.

"Not enough."

“Excessive greed is not a good thing.”

At that, Yoo Iseol pierced Chung Myung with her gaze.

A short sigh came out of Chung Myung's mouth as he faced her gaze. Despite spending quite a long time together, Chung Myung still sometimes found it hard to guess what this expressionless Sago was thinking.

"When will I become strong then?"

“…….”

“In the distant future? Leisurely growing in the Mount Hua created through your bleeding and suffering?”

Chung Myung was speechless as if his lips were sealed tight.

Seureung.

Yoo Iseol sheathed her sword and said,

"There's no point in that."

“…….”

“A famous sword that cannot be used when needed is worse than a dull sword used at the right time. That’s just a decoration."

Yoo Iseol looked at Chung Myung with an expressionless face and asked.

"Why are you scared?”

"Scared?"

"Why won't you teach us?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. I'm…."

"You never taught us swordsmanship."

Chung Myung frowned.

"What are you talking about? Plum Blossom Sword Techniques and Plum Blossom Sword Finale—"

"If so."

Yoo Iseol interrupted Chung Myung. As if she didn't want to hear the obvious.

"Then why is your sword different from ours?"

“…….”

Chung Myung shut his mouth.

He realized that Yoo Iseol's words were not wrong.

"We've learned how to fight, how not to lose our will, how to confront. But…"

She slowly shook her head.

"But not swordsmanship."

“…….”

Chung Myung knows. He understands what that strange comment means.

Even if it's the Plum Blossom Sword Techniques, Chung Myung's sword and theirs are different. His sword is one he's mastered and embodied through real combat, thus it is merciless and cruel.

However, their sword techniques, though reinforced for practicality, are still connected to the original form of Mount Hua's Plum Blossom Sword Technique.

Therefore, while pushing them, Chung Myung did not distort the direction of the sword techniques.

"Not once have you given what you have."

"…It's not that I didn't give it."

"I want to blossom plum blossoms."

"……."

"Not a picturesque plum blossom, but a living one."

Yoo Iseol's gaze turned to the distant night sky. As she looked at the night sky without saying a word, she stared at Chung Myung again with a transparent gaze.

"I don't understand."

"About what?"

"About why you're so afraid."

Chung Myung's eyes grew fierce.

Yoo Iseol let out a small sigh after seeing Chung Myung's reaction.

"We're just us. I don't know what you expect from us."

"……."

Chung Myung remained silent for a moment. Just as he seemed about to speak, Yoo Iseol opened her mouth first.

"Sorry."

She apologized to Chung Myung and bowed slightly.

"Everyone has their own circumstances. I understand it too."

"……."

"......But if you won't help me, I'll do it even by myself. I have no interest in being a famed sword that shines alone after the war. That’s just a worthless ornament. What I want is a real sword. A real sword where it's needed to be, even if the blade is worn out and there’s cracks all over."

Her voice seemed to be etched with unwavering determination.

"Next time, it won't be like before. I'll protect you. Because I'm in your Sago.'

At the end of the sentence, Yoo Iseol turned away. And she moved away from Chung Myung without hesitation.

Chung Myung stared intently at her retreating figure, his face a complicated expression that was hard to describe.

He stared in the direction that she had gone without saying a word for a long time, before biting his lips.

"…Afraid, you say?"

Me?

He let out a hollow laugh. No, he tried to.

However, no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't laugh.

Even though he’s looking up at the sky, Cheong Mun did not let him hear his voice today.

Only the sound of the river flowing and brushing past the riverbank, and the faint sound of crickets endlessly filled the air.

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