Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 765. Sasuk! I keep hearing hallucinations! (5)

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Indeed, it was a Swift Sword.

Just when he thought something was flashing, it crossed the distance and was almost touching his neck. The pirate at the forefront twisted his neck in surprise.

Seuseut!

His skin was slashed away with an eerie sound like thinly sliced meat.

Before the sharp pain he felt in his neck, he felt relieved that he had avoided that sword. But that relief came too soon.

Seuseut!

The moment he heard what sounded like a viper flicking its tongue, he instinctively rolled his body to the side.

"Kkeuk!"

But even that reaction seemed late as he felt a burning pain in his neck again.

The sword, which he had barely escaped, was quickly pulled back and scraped his neck again.

Chwarararak!

The thin sword danced nimbly like a snake, relentlessly biting at his retreating body.

Sogok! *Sogok*! *Sogok*!

In an instant, his entire body was covered in cuts and blood.

The sword, which cut through his thigh and side almost simultaneously, defended and bounced off his weapon before rushing towards his chest.

The moment when the pirate felt death and opened his eyes wide.

Kakang!

A harpoon flying from the back cut off Chung Myung's sword.

'I- I'm alive....'

Paaaat!

However, the sword that had bounced was extended again.

Paaaaaaat!

The harpoon barely deflected the sword again as it flew towards him like a bolt of lightning, but each time the sword returned even faster.

"Argh!"

A suppressed groan broke out. A harpoon wrapped in enormous energy hurriedly blocked the front of the sword.

But at that moment.

Round and round.

The swiftly flying sword slowed down and spun right in front of the harpoon, making a detour.

'Huh?'

Puuk!

"……."

The pirate opened his mouth wide and stared blankly at the sword lodged in his heart.

'Impossible...'

Tolssok.

He had many thoughts and many things to say. But a man who is out of breath can't carry on anything.

"You…."

The pirates, who saw their comrades' lives cut off in front of their eyes, turned beet red. In particular, the face of the pirate, who blocked Chung Myung's sword, was distorted and

looked terrible.

"Why?"

Chung Myung asked, twisting the corners of his mouth.

"Do pirates even have comradery?"

"You... Son of a..."

The pirate gritted his teeth as if he would rush in at any moment, but despite his fierce expression and vicious voice, his feet did not move an inch.

Because he remembered clearly how the sword that had been stabbing like lightning, momentarily slowed down and turned away from the harpoon.

It's easier said than done.

It takes several times more force to stop a sword that is stabbing with full power midway. And to transition from a Swift strike to a Soft (유(柔)) rotation along the spear? This is even more difficult than just stopping.

The sheer amount of work alone gave them a good idea of how a Sword Demon (검귀(劍鬼) /Sword Ghost) their opponent is.

'On top of that...'

To the naked eye, he is reckless, but there's not even a little warmth at the swordsmanship. The coldness that pierces the heart in a single stroke is virtually murderous.

Living his whole life as a pirate and having killed enough people, even he cannot kill people so decisively without any hesitation.

'It's impossible to deal with him alone.'

His comrades also briefly exchanged glances, perhaps thinking the same thing.

Those who are here are the best powers of this pirate band. Each of them was capable of leading a band of pirates and going out to plunder alone.

It is impossible to imagine how much the damage will increase if they cannot prevent this man.

"We have to kill him here!"

At his desperate shout, Chung Myung only smirked.

“Just you guys?”

"You punk….”

"Punk, you say... The world has improved a lot. Even pirates are talking big in front of me."

It would’ve been unimaginable in the past.

"Well, that’s good."

Chung Myung grinned.

"We can make it like that again!"

"Here he comes!"

As soon as Chung Myung rushed like a tiger after his prey, the pirates clenched their teeth and brandished their weapons.

'First, we have to hold out.'

Although it is impressive to stab and attack head-on, now is not the time to think about such showiness.

The opponent's sword is so bizarre that it's appropriate to say it's ever-changing. If you recklessly confront such a sword, you won't know when or how your neck will be cut and die.

'Does he think we're inexperienced, having only survived Kangho for a day or two?'

If flashy sword art is the best, there would only be such sword art remaining in Kangho. However, the reason why such a sword is hard to meet is that flashy swords often lack inner substance.

If they gradually block without hurrying, they will inevitably show a gap. And their Amiza was the best weapon to pierce such a gap.

'Just once! All I have to do is find a gap once!'

Everyone held off Chung Myung's sword with similar thoughts.

Red plum blossoms bloomed momentarily and rained down on their heads.

"Keuk!"

If they were ordinary pirates, they would have not been able to handle even this and shed blood, but they were quite competent.

No, if you think about it, they can actually be considered the elites of the Five Great Evil ect Eighteen Water Fortress of Yangzte River. If they were at the point of being knocked out with a single sword strike, they would not have dared to use the name Eighteen Water Fortress of Yangzte River.

Kagagagak!

When the flying plum blossom sword energy clashed with the spear, a nerve-grating metallic sound echoed. Although it looked as light as a scattering petal to the eye, the power contained in each sword energy was not to be ignored.

'Is he a monster?'

Not negligible, in other words, he's not overly threatening. But the problem was that there was not only one or two sword energy emitted by Chung Myung. Does it make sense that hundreds of sword energy that shoot out at the same time are all this powerful?

Moreover, the amount of falling petals kept increasing.

Like rain, or even, a waterfall.

‘A- As long we hold on....’

The muscles of the arm that gripped the Amiza swelled as if about to burst. From the wrist to the elbow, it shivered as if it was struck by lightning.

'Hold on...'

But no matter how much they endured, the number of petals striking the harpoon did not decrease, but rather, increased. The petals, which had been pouring like drizzle, now fell like rain.

'Ugh...'

Their wrists twisted, and their Dantian (Energy/Qi Core) began to shudder.

Water droplets are insignificant, but the small water droplets gather and form a stream, eventually creating a river. In the same way, although a single petal isn't very strong, the force

created by hundreds and thousands of these petals coming together was tremendous.

Twenyty-Four Plum Blossom Swordsmanship, Falling Plum Blossom Becomes Rain (낙매성우(落梅成雨)).

The pirates, who could not stand the pouring rain of plum blossoms, were confused to escape belatedly. They realized that if they stayed like this, they would only die from the rain of the plum blossoms.

But that's exactly what Chung Myung was aiming for.

"Aaaargh!"

As they forcefully emitted their energy and hastily retreated, the enemy widened his eyes.

A dazzling light flashed through the rain of plum blossoms, and they felt a burning pain, as if they had been struck from chest to the gut.

"…Kkeuruek."

Seven Plum Sword, Plum Blossom Flash (매화섬(梅花閃)).

Their knees loosen and their vision gradually blurs. It wasn't difficult to intuit their situation.

Death.

Inevitable death was coming.

Chung Myung looked down at them with emotionless eyes.

They were dying, but they would not be particularly lonely. They would clearly hear the screams of their comrades around them because their senses hadn't died yet.

It is questionable whether there would be loyalty to each other as a pirate, but it was a good thing to rejoice as they went to hell with those they had been within their lifetime.

Tolssok.

Tolssok.

At the same time, three people... No, three bodies which were now reduced as a corpse, fell to the ground.

The rain of plum blossoms disappeared as if it had been washed away, leaving only the thick

smell of blood in its place.

The spectacle, more fantastic than a fantasy, leaves the indescribable scent of plum blossoms on the tip of the nose.

Meanwhile, cold sweat trickled down from the back of Chief Dragon (두자룡(頭子龍)).

He is recognized as one of the top five martial masters in this pirate band. Nevertheless, he couldn't even figure out how to interpret what happened in front of him.

The only certainty was that the person he was facing now was an unparalleled martial master unlike any he had ever encountered.

‘Thi- This is Mount Hua Divine Dragon.…’

The opponent didn't necessarily declare his name, but unless one is a fool, one couldn't fail to know who he was.

'Isn't rumors always can't follow even half of the facts?'

Of course, he thought it was a rumor mixed with the Righteous Factions' unique exaggeration. It is the characteristic of the Righteous Faction to give any appropriate new rising star a dragon or phoenix title and treat them as legendary geniuses.

But this guy is different.

Unlike some idiots who can't even make half of their reputation when they go into action, this guy is the real deal. A literal Sword Demon.

"There's nothing to worry about.”

At that moment, a light voice rang in their ears.

Chung Myung was smiling, showing his white teeth.

"I'll kill every single one of you. It's just a matter of who dies first.”

There wasn't a single time they had been scared by threatening words.

But that word was enough to freeze their heart.

The reason is simple. Because it's not a mere bluff or threat. The man merely conveyed his thoughts as they are, without a single exaggeration.

‘Chae- Chaeju.’

Chief Dragon's eyes, who thought they were not their match, momentarily try to turn to the side, but they are fixed on Chung Myung. Turning one's gaze away while facing a martial master like this is as good as screaming to cut one's throat.

"Hmm. Then... Who...."

Then Chung Myung started to speak but looked back in a sudden turn.

At the sight, Chief Dragon bit his lips to the point of bleeding.

It's impossible to turn your gaze away from the enemy. It was the ultimate negligence and carelessness.

But he can't rush at the sight.

Despite his teeth trembling from the sheer disrespect, and his organs twisting, he couldn't even dare to attack the enemy's complacency by attacking his back that revealed gap.

The difference in class. Chung Myung's sword had already completely shattered their morale.

"This, this……."

At that time, a voice mixed with annoyance and grumpiness erupted from Chung Myung's mouth.

"Hey, Sasuk, Sahyung bastards! Can't even handle that one thing, damn!"

Chung Myung turned completely around and started to run back the way he had come.

“…….”

The enemy suddenly becomes distant in front of his eyes. The enemy he must catch and kill is showing his back and moving away.

However, instead of chasing that back, Chief Dragon had no choice but to put his harpoon on the ground to support his trembling body. His hair, soaked with cold sweat, was stuck to his face.

"Sho- Shouldn't we chase him?"

At his subordinate's question, Chief Dragon's lips, which he had bitten, tore, and blood

dripped down.

"....You must all fight to lead our subordinates. It's impossible among yourselves."

Strictly speaking, it should be among ‘us’, not among ‘you’, but not spitting out those words was his last remaining pride. The pride that has been shattered and is now difficult to find even its shape.

"Bring anything, guns or gunpowder!"

"B- But that's.....”

"Do as told! I'll take responsibility! I don't care about anything else if I can kill him."

"Yes!"

Chief Dragon, who had watched his fast-running subordinates for a while, looked down at his own hand. Watching him tremble like an aspen tree, unbearable killing intent rose.

'Damn it....'

It is called a dragon because it is an entity beyond human power.

It was a fact that he, who had revered the dragon of the Yangtze River all his life, realized only now.

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