Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 886. We'll see each other again soon (1)

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Gal Cheonrip slowly lowered his head and looked at his chest.

A sword, emitting a faint white light, was embedded more than halfway through. Perhaps the end of this sword was protruding through his back.

Despair, fear, frustration, anger, and so on.

Countless emotions swept through his eyes for a moment. But among all those feelings, the predominant one would clearly be astonishment.

"You..."

His mouth opened with difficulty.

However, he couldn't continue his words properly because of his trembling jaw. In the end, a stream of red blood began to flow out first.

"You..."

The blood that welled up choked Gal Cheonrip’s throat.

Un Gum, intending to twist and pull out the sword, let go of the handle and faced Gal Cheonrip.

"There was a time."

“…….”

"There was a possibility that you would have accomplished what you desired.”

With his vision fading, Gal Cheonrip somehow managed to keep his gaze on Un Gum.

"If only you hadn't been content with that little achievement.”

“…….”

Un Gum, who was about to say more, soon shook his head.

What he wanted to say was, 'I am not such a great person myself, but shouldn't a martial artist not stop advancing until the moment of death?'

But such words were meaningless to this man. Gal Cheonrip is not worthy of being treated like a martial artist by him.

“Whether good or evil, death is fair. If there is an afterlife, atone for it and live.”

But until the end, he did not forget his duty as a Taoist.

Gal Cheonrip staggered backwards.

It's not because of the momentum of Un Gum. He was so close to death that standing in place became a struggle.

"I… am…."

The blood that surged up choked his words. The world did not grant him his last wish.

His head turned to the side with difficulty.

Not only the disciples of Mount Hua who surrounded him but also the Evil Sects he led, were watching his death with cold eyes. There was not even the smallest hint of warmth.

"*Guhh*…."

Gal Cheonrip's body slowly collapsed.

"You dog-like……."

Thud.

Finally, as he fell forward, Un Gum's sword drove even deeper into Gal Cheonrip's chest. It was enough to sever the fragile thread of life that was barely hanging on.

The body of Gal Cheonrip, whose breath had been cut off without his eyes even closing, began to cool down gradually.

Only then did a deep sigh escape from the mouth of Un Gum.

He was a strong opponent. If he hadn't been so rusted that he couldn't properly utilize what he had, it would have been a difficult battle.

But the victor was him.

"Instructor-nim!"

"Sasuk."

Those who had gathered around by then checked to see if Un Gum had been injured. It had been a short battle, but intense enough for the onlookers to be on edge.

"I am fine."

It was the moment Un Gum nodded to them.

Step. *Step*.

One person walked forward slowly.

The Evil Sects seemed to forget to breathe in his presence, collectively holding their breath.

Step. Step.

Approaching with unhurried steps, he flipped over Gal Cheonrip with the tip of his foot and retrieved the embedded Un Gum's sword from his chest.

Seuseuk.

The creepy sound of the sword being pulled out penetrated everyone's ears.

Chwaaak!

Chung Myung, who brushed off the blood from the sword, turned his head and looked around the Evil Sects, who looked nervous.

Flinch.

Those who saw Chung Myung's eyes were visibly faltered.

"Shall we continue?"

There are countless words in this world.

But at this moment, what words could be more fitting to utterly break their will to fight?

As the battle ceased for a moment and the boiling blood in their heads cooled, the surroundings became starkly clear.

Gal Cheonrip who died with his eyes wide open. And the cold, lifeless bodies of Soul-Severing Blood Hand and other masters who had lost their heads, and those who, though not dead, were groaning on the ground subdued...

And there was the swords warrior from Mount Hua, still exuding a chilling vigor, glaring at them.

The situation is all too obvious.

Tok.

The sound of a weapon slipping from someone's grasp and hitting the ground rang out distinctly in the now-silent courtyard.

Like ripples in a tranquil lake, they spread further and wider. That faint noise completely cut off any remaining will to fight.

Weapons began to drop from the Evil Sects' hands in succession.

These are people who took up arms without any major purpose in the first place. With no one left to lead and shout orders, there was no reason left to risk their lives.

"What a moron."

Chung Myung looked upon them with a gaze full of contempt. If it were up to him, he would have liked to cut down every single one of them, whether they resisted or not.

The ones he despised the most were those who were lively and rebellious when they had power but became cowardly, begging for their lives when the tables were turned.

Just as he gripped his sword tightly, someone tapped lightly on his shoulder.

As he turned around, he saw Un Gum shook his head gently.

"You've shed too much blood."

"...I know."

He clicked his tongue lightly and respectfully handed the sword in his hand to Un Gum.

Un Gum, who accepted the sword, turned his attention to someone approaching.

"Disciples, listen!"

"Yes, Sect Leader!"

Hyun Jong opened his mouth with a heavy voice.

“Deprive the martial arts of criminals, subdue them all, and imprison them. Their sentences will be decided later."

"Yes!"

"Take those who are injured to the physician. Be vigilant of the surroundings for possible remaining enemies and prevent any potential harm to the unsuspecting commoners!"

"Yes, Sect Leader!"

As soon as Hyun Jong finished speaking, Mount Hua's disciples moved in perfect unison.

The Evil Sects, who dropped their weapons and knelt down, turned pale at the mention of their martial arts being deprived. However, remembering the images of those people swinging their swords with murderous faces, they did not dare to rebel.

"Kkeuk!"

"A- Aargh!"

The terrible sensation of one's Dantian being shattered and internal strength dispersing.

However, they didn't even have time to groan due to the terrible feeling of lethargy as if all the power of the body was drained out. Vicious hands pinned them to the ground and tied their entire bodies with rope brought from somewhere.

Hong Dae-gwang, who was watching the scene, sat down completely as if his legs had lost strength.

Watching the swords warrior of Mount Hua subdue the remaining Evil Sects while Hyun Jong stood with his hands clasped behind his back, a sense of futility washed over him and he couldn't help but let out a hollow laugh.

"…Ho, hoho. This easily….”

With the emergence of Mount Hua, the swift decapitation of Soul-Severing Blood Hand and Gal Cheonrip, everything had unfolded at a breakneck pace.

‘Does this make sense?’

Hong Dae-gwang knows the true value of Mount Hua better than anyone else. He’s the very person who refused the position of the head branch of Luoyang and came here after noticing the value of Mount Hua, which had no reputation, skills, or anything yet at the time.

But the scene that unfolded before his eyes today was absurd even for him to see.

The awful demons who were so notorious in Gangnam.

Those people had fallen like third-rate thugs. Not at the hands of Shaolin, Wudang, or Southern Edge Sect, but by Mount Hua itself.

They've become stronger... It may be surprising, but it can happen. Until now, hasn't Mount Hua always surpassed Hong Dae-gwang's expectations? But the reason he is perplexed now is not simply because Mount Hua has become stronger.

Hyun Jong, who was watching the disciples subduing the enemies, turned away. And then he started walking towards Hong Dae-gwang.

Gulp.

Seeing him approach, Hong Dae-gwang swallowed dry saliva without realizing it.

As Hyun Jong walked toward him with unwavering steps, followed by the elders and the sword warriors of Mount Hua, Hong Dae-gwang's body tensed instinctively.

‘What's the difference?’

In the past, Hong Dae-gwang would greet Hyun Jong with a smile. Perhaps even complaining to him for being late.

But now Hong Dae-gwang had forgotten the pain in his whole body and was correcting his posture. As if he was greeting the sect leaders of Shaolin or Wudang.

If he were to express what he feels from Hyun Jong in crude language... It would have to be ‘Dignity’.

Standing in front of Hong Dae-gwang and the subsidiary sect of Xi'an, Hyun Jong slowly took in everyone with his eyes.

Despite not feeling any aggressive aura from him, his immense presence alone was overwhelmingly oppressive to those facing him.

"Sect Leader..."

In the end, it was the moment when someone who could not overcome the weight hurriedly opened his mouth to express gratitude.

Hyun Jong slowly, but clearly bent his waist down. Very deeply.

" Se- Sect Leader!"

“Why are you doing this!”

Those who saw this gasped and shouted. Some nearly rushed to help Hyun Jong up but hesitated to touch him, tripping over their feet, while others trembled, their faces draining of color.

From the bowed Hyun Jong, a low voice escaped.

"I am sorry."

“…….”

At that moment, everyone fell silent.

“The main sect arrived too late, and the damage to various sects was too great. I hope you can generously understand and forgive Mount Hua for not doing what it should have done.”

These unexpected words caused someone to bite their lip tightly.

"…Don't do this, Sect Leader."

West Moon Sect Nam Jamyong opened his mouth with a deep sigh.

"Had Mount Hua not come, all of us here would have perished."

Nam Jamyong, who was about to express his gratitude, bit his lips and clenched his fist. Then he said,

"Our West Moon Sect is a subsidiary sect of Southern Edge Sect. Originally, Sect Leader had no obligation to save us. Yet... Sect Leader bow your head for our sake like this. There would have been no blame even if Mount Hua, which is under Bongmun, did not come to our aid..."

Nam Jamyong, who trailed off his word, soon clasped his hands together and held them forward. And he bowed deeply with genuine gratitude and respect.

"…We are truly grateful for Mount Hua’s help.”

"Thank you!"

"Thank you, Sect Leader!"

Munju of Xi-an and disciples of the subsidiary sect all bowed in unison. Even those with injuries did not care for their own bodies as they expressed their sincere thanks.

Only then did Hyun Jong slowly straighten his waist.

"I am merely grateful for your generous hearts in overlooking our shortcomings."

At those words, the faces of Munjus were brushed with indescribable emotions.

'It's over.'

Hong Dae-gwang realized at that moment.

Perhaps Munju of Xi'an's subsidiary sects..... No, everyone of Xi'an's subsidiary sects will never forget this sight for the rest of their lives.

Sometimes a single word can captivate a person's heart more than mighty power. Just like this.

'Sect Leader has also changed from the past.'

Gentleness and tolerance. And an overwhelming presence that dominated the surroundings. There is no shortage of qualifications for the leader of the great sect.

He realized once again that Mount Hua had become a completely different sect from the past. After realizing this, Hong Dae-gwang's eyes naturally wandered in search of another person.

The person who brought about all these changes.

"Huh?"

At that time, Hong Dae-gwang's eyes narrowed slightly.

'What's that?'

Under normal circumstances, Chung Myung, who would have been busy running around here and there, or at least guarding Hyun Jong's side, was standing in the middle and staring off into the distance.

"What are you looking at?"

Baek Cheon approached Chung Myung and asked as if he had the same question as Hong Dae-gwang.

"What are you staring at?"

"Hmph."

Chung Myung let out a small snort and twisted the corners of his mouth with an odd expression.

“I was looking at how big the cubs had grown.”

"…Your cubs are right in front of you."

"No, not those cubs. The real little one."

"Huh?"

Baek Cheon asked back, not understanding, but Chung Myung turned around without answering.

"Let's get things sorted. I want to finish quickly and return to Mt. Hua."

"…Maybe it’s because it’s been a while since you’ve seen someone before, but you’re saying things that don’t make any sense.”

As the corners of Chung Myung's mouth slightly raised, Baek Cheon tilted his head with a puzzled face.

"It always seems like we’re a step behind, Sahyung."

"Hm."

There was a subtly sharp annoyance mixed into the sound of his snort.

"Aren't you disappointed?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You haven't confirmed how strong Chung Myung Dojang has become. Your younger brother....”

"If you have time to babble nonsense, go back and swing your sword instead. We haven't

lifted the sect's Bongmun yet."

"Yes, Sahyung. I will."

On the outskirts of Xi’an.

A group of martial artists turned without hesitation and quickened their steps onto a path unseen by the public eye.

The one following at the very end stopped and looked back.

“I will see you again soon, Chung Myung Dojang."

With a bright smile, Isong Baek gazed longingly at Xian’s subsidiary sect before turning and hastening his steps. Every step he took was full of energy.

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