Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 668. Who does this concern? (2)

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Kwadang!

Yang Gyeong's body twitches as he spouts blood from his nose while lying face down.

As the people stared blankly at the scene for a while, their senses began to return slowly.

'What did I just see?'

'...Unbelievable.'

Iron Will Hero Yang Gyeong.

Although he’s not very famous throughout Kangho, he has his own reputation in Hunan. The Cheongbaek Sect that he leads as a Munju was by no means negligible.

But…….

'In one hit?'

'Wait, did he just kick a person's face with his foot?'

'Was Iron Will defeated so easily?'

'Is, is this even allowed?'

When people witness an incredibly absurd scene, they can't even begin to consider what's right or wrong.

The fact that Chung Myung defeated Iron Will in a single blow and that Mount Hua Divine Dragon, arguably the most famous martial artist from Mount Hua, had beaten up their guest without a second thought, completely baffled the onlookers.

"Hey... Hey, you crazy..."

Jo-Gol stuttered and opened his mouth seemingly unable to speak properly.

Behind him, Mount Hua's disciples couldn't say anything either and looked at Chung Myung

with their pupils trembling.

'That crazy guy.'

'As expected of Chung Myung. He really hit people without holding back.'

'What on earth did he eat growing up to become like that?'

Although the other disciples could be merely astonished, Jo-Gol couldn't afford that luxury.

"N- No... No, you punk... wow…. for real…"

Chung Myung said nonchalantly, watching Jo-Gol struggle to breathe.

"Sahyung."

"Huh? Uh?"

"Kick him out now and sprinkle salt on him."

"……."

"Don't let his bad luck rub off here. Tsk!"

'Yes, Chung Myung. I totally agree with you emotionally.'

'But...!'

"How can you kick out the person who came as a guest! You crazy bastard!"

"A guest my butt! I've never received that thing as a guest!"

"No, why don't you figure out what's going on before hitting someone! You bastard, why does your foot always move before your head?"

"I'm sure he's just spouting rubbish. Why should I listen to that nonsense, it's just making my ears hurt."

'That's true! What that guy did was indeed nonsense!'

'But that's... Wow….'

"A- Apologize quickly!"

"Why?"

"If you beat up a guest, you owe him an apology! It's natural as the host!"

Chung Myung looked at Jo-Gol with a face that seemed to say, 'What kind of new bullshit is this?'

"No, I'm the host, why should I apologize?"

"They're here to celebrate the founding of the Heavenly Comrade Alliance!"

"No, so that guy is the guest here to congratulate, and I'm the host, so why should I apologize?"

"……."

He had no idea where to start and how to explain it. In the end, Jo-Gol, unable to open his mouth, just stood there dumbfounded. Chung Myung calmly spoke once more.

"A guest or whatever, if they spout nonsense, they should get beaten."

To be honest, Jo-Gol wanted to clap hard for him. It feels like a refreshing waterfall flows inside his throat. (xoxo: means he felt refreshed)

But wasn't he supposed to fix the situation instead of enjoying it?

"You, you can't do that anymore!"

"Huh?"

He spoke with a blue, desperate face.

"Aren't they here to congratulate us on the founding of the alliance! Then we should treat them well and send them off for the sake of the alliance..."

"What?"

Chung Myung tilted his head as if it was really strange.

"Aren't you stupid, Sahyung?"

"……Huh?"

"We're the leaders, so why are we the ones who walk on eggshells?"

"……."

Chung Myung distorted his face.

"No, if we were to have to walk on eggshells, we wouldn't have created the alliance in the first place! If that's the case, we'd better just do what we want in Mount Hua! I've created the alliance to become more powerful, so why should I be conscious of others? It's an alliance I made to clobber those I don't like!" (H: Well, to be simple, that's true.)

'What? Was that really why you created it?'

'No, even if you made it for that reason, how can you say that in front of so many people, you crazy guy!'

"If they act up, just hit them! Kill them all!"

"……."

He thought he knew already. No, he thought he knew enough.

But from time to time, he realizes it quite often.

'This guy's crazier than I can imagine. He's completely insane.'

He couldn't tell whether this was something he did after thinking or did he only think after acting. The problem is that either way is scary.

"Ugh……*Keuuu*!"

At that moment, the Iron Will Yang Gyeong, who had been slammed to the ground, shakily got up.

It was absurd for a sect leader, even of a minor sect, to be kicked and sent flying by a third-class disciple. But now, not only the disciples of Mount Hua but everyone was no longer surprised by this fact.

Mount Hua Divine Dragon is the one who beats Wudang's elder in the first place.

"You… You!"

Yang Gyeong groaned, clutching his bloody nose.

It was a relief that he couldn't see his own face. If he had seen the large footprint-shaped

bruise on his face, he might have gone mad with rage.

"You... damn it!"

He stared at Chung Myung with bloodshot eyes. His ferocious aura made it seem as if he would attack at any moment, causing those around him to swallow nervously.

However, the person receiving that glare didn't seem to think much of it.

"What are you looking at? Can't open your eyes properly? Get out of here!"

‘O’ Yuanshi Tianzun. No matter how you look at it, this guy is not a Taoist.’

‘Please do something! Please!’

Yang Gyeong clenched his teeth, trying to suppress his anger. Just by looking at his trembling fists, it’s easy to guess how much anger he is enduring now.

"This!"

He yelled as if venting his frustration.

"This! Is this how Mount Hua treats other sects? This?!"

Chung Myung's eyes twitched again at his cry.

"Seriously, does this bastard really want to die?"

"Endure it, Chung Myung! You can't go any further!"

"You bastard, if you beat him more here, there's no turning back!"

"Grab him! Grab that guy!"

The disciples rushed in and grabbed Chung Myung and hung out.

"Let go! Why don’t you let go of me? Come on!"

Mount Hua Divine Dragon snarled as if he was about to burst out, and Mount Hua's disciples clung to him.

It was a very ordinary scene at Mount Hua, but for those who saw this spectacle for the first time, they couldn't help but doubt their eyes.

'Wasn't this a Taoist sect?'

At this point, even Taishanglaojun would want to turn back, right?'

‘Mount Hua Divine Dragon had that personality?’

'But why are they all clinging to him like a tangled vines?'

It was the moment when the true nature of Mount Hua, which could be considered the most famous sect in the world right now, and Mount Hua Divine Dragon, who was receiving the expectations of the entire Kangho as the best rising star, was revealed to everyone.

"No, let go. I won't hit him. Hey, I said I won't!"

"You'll hit him regardless!"

"When have I ever said I wouldn't hit and then hit? Did I ever say one thing and do another?"

"Countless times, you bastard!"

"Oh, did I?"

Yang Gyeong, who was looking at the doing of Mount Hua’s disciples in disbelief, eventually couldn't stand his anger and shouted as if to burst his throat.

"Are you trying to make a fool of me right now?"

At the thunderous voice, the disciples of Mount Hua looked back at Yang Gyeong.

"I will spread what happened today in Kangho! That Mount Hua persecutes the powerless! That they are so rude as to harass the guests who came to celebrate."

Chung Myung chuckled.

"Go ahead."

"Even if you regret it, it won't help! I will never accept an apology!"

"I said go ahead."

"I'm telling you, I’ll never..."

"Ah, can't you understand what I'm saying?"

Chung Myung narrowed his eyes.

"Do whatever you want, you yangban! Who stopped you?”

“…….”

Yang Gyeong flinched and lost his words. At this point, he thought that Chung Myung would naturally back off a bit, but instead, he became more aggressive, which caught him off guard.

'What's with this guy?'

If he had any sense, he couldn't be unaware of the huge mess he had caused. When someone makes a mistake due to a rush of blood to the head, they usually feel the consequences of their actions and shrink back.

But this guy not only caused such a huge mess but was also becoming even more aggressive instead of shrinking back?

"Ca- Can you handle the aftermath of this?"

"Why are you worrying about that? It's not your business."

“…….”

"How very kind of you, worrying about our affairs and all. Also! If you were so kind, you should have been kind from the beginning! Why are you pretending to be kind now, it's disgusting. I'll drain the blood from your head!"

‘Hoho’.

‘Our Chung Myung has become much kinder. He's only draining the blood instead of smashing heads.’

"Enough, just get out of here. Go ahead and do whatever you want."

As things weren't going as smoothly as he had hoped, Yang Gyeong looked back for help. He was trying to gather the opinions of the people gathered here.

However, everyone who made eye contact with him quickly pretended not to notice and avoided his gaze. As if they didn't want to get involved anymore.

'N- No... why?’

Weren't these the same people who had been raising their voices in support of him just a

moment ago? Then why are they turning away now?

This was because Yang Gyeong had overlooked one fact.

The people gathered here had already experienced Mount Hua’s power. The reason they could raise their voices earlier was that they assumed that Mount Hua would never be overly aggressive towards them, at least for the sake of saving face or for the event.

But that assumption was cleanly shattered by Chung Myung’s kick.

Mount Hua is no longer a small sect of Shaanxi.

They may not yet be at the level of the Ten Great Sects in terms of force, but in terms of influence, they were far beyond what most of the Ten Great Sects could compare to.

What kind of sect in the world can make the two clans who dominate the Outer region bend their heads?

"This……."

As the situation took an unexpected turn, Yang Gyeong, who was cornered, clenched his teeth.

"Then, should I consider Mount Hua to be siding with the Outer Clan rather than the sect in Jungwon?"

Then he took out his secret weapon.

If they were a sect from Jungwon, they wouldn't be able to answer this question easily. If it were said that a sect from Jungwon supported the clan of Outer region, it could be fatal to the reputation of the sect.

However, the response that followed completely deviated from Yang Gyeong's expectations.

"What are you going to do about it?"

“…….”

Yang Gyeong's eyes trembled.

"So, now, Mount Hua is...…”

"No, this yangban has been asking me annoying questions since earlier. What have you done for us that I should support you instead of Bingung and Yasugung?"

“…….”

"What's so important about Outer or Jungwon or whatever that is! Just try talking about barbarians or whatever in front of me one more time. I'll peel your skin off completely!"

"Thi- This extreme violence.…."

"What, violence? Ha, well said. Do you want me to show you what violence looked like?"

Mount Hua's disciples, who had loosened up a little, were startled again and grabbed Chung Myung.

"Ah! Please stop aggravating him!"

"Ca- Can't you see that you shouldn't be doing this now!"

"Run! Hurry!"

Mount Hua's disciples, who had understood that there was no point in trying to stop Chung Myung, desperately yelled at Yang Gyeong.

It was at the time when Yang Gyeong was at a loss, not knowing what to do.

"What's the matter?"

At the soft voice, everyone hurriedly parted to the left and right. And following that path, Hyun Jong slowly walked out.

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