Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 708. I have to check (3)

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Jin Yanggeon, covered in dirt, unknowingly scratched the ground as if to grab it. His pupils shook back and forth, not knowing where to look.

Kwaaang!

With the explosion sound in front of him, the debris of the pavilion was shot toward him.

"Hiiiiek!"

He was startled and fell flat on the ground. Broken walls and torn pillar fragments narrowly passed by, almost grazing the back of his head. The momentum alone stung the back of his head.

Jin Yanggeon's face was smeared with dirt and cold sweat.

He didn't ask for much.

He was just someone who wanted to swindle a bit, grab some money, and run away. Of course, swindling the Golden Sword Manor was not something one could attempt with a faint heart, but if a single act of courage could change the rest of his life, wasn't it worth a try?

'But… how on earth did it come to this?'

Looking at the destroyed front, he could see the Iron Spear Manor lying miserably on the ground and the dark red blood flowing from their bodies.

He shifted his gaze with trembling eyes. The corpse of the Iron Spear Manor Bangju came into view. With his neck twisted strangely, he died without even closing his eyes.

The moment he saw the dead eyes without focus, strength drained from Jin Yanggeon's whole body. He had barely managed to raise half of his body, only to sit back down on the spot.

"Why……."

His chin trembled involuntarily.

'Why did it come to this!'

Who would have imagined that such an absurd situation would happen because of one thing he did?

'The Iron Spear Manor...'

The Iron Spear Manor is a sect that exerts absolute influence at least in this Nanchang region. It was enough to guess their momentum just from the fact that the Golden Sword Manor couldn't handle Iron Spear Manor and asked for help everywhere.

In addition, since even the people of Myriad Man Manor gave help, it was right to say that there was no sect to handle the Iron Spear Manor in this region.

Therefore, Jin Yanggeon was able to cheat against the Golden Sword Manor, and in the event of a life-threatening situation, he entrusted his survival to the Iron Spear Manor.

But the scene unfolding before him now completely shattered his expectations and plans.

Paaaaat!

Sword energy burst out. The moment the sword energy, closer to majesty than to brilliance, flashed, the people blocking the way were swept back like fallen leaves in the wind.

"……."

Looking at the owner of the sword energy that emerged as the line of defense collapsed, Jin Yanggeon swallowed dry saliva.

'At, at that young age…'

No, it may not be appropriate to say that he is young, given that his haggard face couldn't be fully covered by the thick layer of dust.

However, it is also true that the sword energy and martial arts he demonstrates do not match his apparent age.

Didn't the Iron Sword Manor warriors, who seemed to have lived at least twice as long as him, not even dare to confront his sword energy and were helplessly pushed back?

The thought suddenly occurred to him that the ideal and prestigious swordsman image he portrayed while collaborating with Taehaeng Three Sword perfectly matched that appearance.

And it wasn't just him.

The others who lined up from his side were also extraordinary at a glance.

The female swordsman dodged the flying spear like a butterfly and the sword stretched from her fingertips like a beam of light.

She quickly found the gap, stabbed it like a ghost, and swiftly retrieved the sword to thrust it again toward the vital points of the person behind.

She was swift, precise, and flawless.

"Aaaaargh!"

The person who was pierced in the shoulder collapsed, screaming in pain. But before his body hit the ground, her sword pierced the side of the person behind him and was withdrawn..

Paaaaat!

It was unimaginable how much training she had gone through to be able to use such a simple, swift movement like cutting grass. It was more impressive than the scattering sword energy or the intense single strike that brought down several people at once.

"Hiiiiiek!"

Every time her sword pierced the Iron Spear Manor, Jin Yanggeon shuddered and retreated as if his stomach had been pierced.

'I must be crazy...'

What was he thinking, causing this kind of situation?

Once all the Iron Spear Manor men were down, it was clear who would be the next person to be pierced by that sword.

That is not even all.

"The fallen ones might swing their swords again so be careful-... I said be careful, you punk!"

The man swinging his sword on the right shouted and kicked a stone on the ground. The kicked stone flew quickly and accurately struck the jaw of an Iron Spear Manor warrior who was targeting the curly-haired man in front.

"Huh? I was sure I knocked him down, though?"

"You’re gonna die, really!"

"Eiii, It'll be fine if Sahyung watches out for me properly!"

The curly-haired man smirked playfully, took another step forward, and lightly lifted his body into the air.

"Eurachaaaa!"

Soon, red sword energy bloomed one after another.

"Ah…."

The sword energy that burst from the edge of the sword gradually took on a more distinct form and eventually turned into petals fluttering in the sky.

Jin Yanggeon’s eyes widened in horror.

'Fl- Flower petals!'

How could he not know?

It was the famous Plum Blossom Sword Energy of Mount Hua Sect, which now had an unparalleled reputation in Kangho.

'I thought it was just a metaphor because they said the sword energy was like flower petals!'

Who would have imagined that the sword energy would actually take the form of fluttering flower petals?

'Is- Is that really possible?'

At this point, he thought people had been fooled by the sword eneryg he had demonstrated. Of course, in this Gangseo region far away from Mount Hua, there were few who had witnessed the Plum Blossom Sword Energy of Mount Hua Sect.

Jin Yanggeon clenched his fist tightly and muttered in a dazed voice.

Now he finally felt the reality.

"Th- the real... real Mount Hua Sect..."

Now that he had seen that sword energy, there was no way to turn a blind eye anymore.

No, even if he hadn't seen that sword energy, how could only six people overwhelm Iron

Spear Manor this much if they weren't Mount Hua Sect?

Of course, there are almost 50 people who have fallen so far, but the number of Iron Spear Manor warriors still remains in the hundreds. However, their momentum was not the same as before. The well-trained warriors who had shown off their great momentum were now gathered in the center, huddled and panicked like a flock of sheep surrounded by wolves attacking from the outskirts.

It has been a long time since the Iron Spear Manor Bangju, which should have been able to control such a situation, had already become a twisted-neck corpse.

The end of this battle was now all too obvious.

And the fate of Jin Yanggeon to come was so clear.

'I- I have to run away.'

He had impersonated Mount Hua Sect. Even a three year old child could guess what would happen to him if he was caught by them.

Now that the Iron Spear Manor can't stop him, he has to run away from this place.

However..... Where to?

After hearing his news, they ran from that faraway Shaanxi to this place in a month, and even barged into the Iron Spear Manor with only six people, threatening them with a sword to hand him over, how can he run away?

It is clear that those crazy people will chase him to the ends of the earth wherever he runs.

'But still, somehow.....'

Jin Yanggeon got up and looked around quickly to find a way to escape. Then he flinched and slowly opened his mouth.

'That, that's a beggar....'

The beggars were sitting densely on the back wall where the battle took place, watching him. Jin Yanggeon felt his destiny crumbling at this very moment.

'The Beggar Union is already spread out.'

There may be a way to escape Mount Hua's hand. However, there is no way to hide from the eyes of the Beggar Union. This is common sense that anyone who lives in Kangho knows.

Jin Yanggeon was getting short of breath. At that moment he looked around in despair.

Kwaaang!

With a loud explosion, huge energy erupted upwards.

Kureurung!

As soon as the energy hit the roof of the pavilion, the tiles shook violently and poured down like rain. The energy scattered like arrows in all directions.

The power to blow up the entire roof at a single blow.

It was such a sight that it made one's heart stop, not just numb.

And the inhuman things that created that scene were now fighting like three tigers over territory, biting each other.

Khakang!

The sword and blade bumped into each other in the air.

Even against the heavy blade, the thin sword of the young swordsman did not yield an inch. Not just that.

Kagagagak!

The sound of metal and metal meshing with full force echoed eerily, and the sword began to push back the blade away.

With the sword and the blade between them, the two people's faces came close together.

The face of the person holding the blade with both hands and enduring it with all his strength became more and more distorted. On the other hand, Chung Myung, who held his sword, had no expression.

Beyond being cool, he just adds strength to his hand holding the sword with an expression close to indifference.

Udeuk!

Chung Myung's wrists twisted one after another. The edge of the sword, which was in contact with the blade, tilted forward and began to cut the throat of the blade wielder.

Sagak. *Sagak*.

It was more like scraping than cutting.

The slightly touched edge of the sword drew a red line on the thick neck. The blade desperately pushed it away, but it eventually drew another red mark.

In a very short period of time, about six red lines appeared on the blade wielder's neck.

"*Kkeuk*…."

The blade wielder's face turned pale.

Every time the sword touched his neck, he felt like he had stepped into the gates of hell and escaped. If the sword pushed in just one more inch, his carotid artery would be cut.

"*Kkeueuk*!"

The blade wielder was appalled and distorted his face.

'What kind of strength is this.....'

He reflexively turned his gaze.

He could see Chung Myung's slender wrist.

Of course, even through the clothes, he could feel that the swordsman's body was well-balanced and well-trained. But even so, it was only about half the thickness of his own arm holding the blade.

Then where on earth did this power come from?

"Hey."

Kagagagagak!

The sword scraped against his blade, digging in.

"You've been talking so smugly, why don't you talk some more?"

"This…."

It was at that very moment.

Kwaaang!

Another tremendous energy flew from behind Chung Myung's back. It was the same force that had blown away the entire roof of the pavilion just a moment ago.

Udeuk!

Gritting his teeth, the blade wielder desperately pressed Chung Myung. He was determined to hold Chung Myung down so that he could not avoid the energy.

The blade wielder, who was trying to draw even the last bit of his strength, paused for a moment. This is because he saw Chung Myung's face with one corner of his mouth pulled up.

It was a clear sneer.

Kwadeuk!

"*Kkeuk*!"

A tremendous pain shot up from the top of his feet. Chung Myung stepped on his foot and shattered all the bones.

In the moment when his body slightly flinched from the pain.

Seuruk.

The force on the blade, which was touching the sword, loosened slightly.

There was no way anyone who was pushing the blade with all their might could fight the change. Moreover, it was not easy to control his body as the bones in his foot were broken.

As his body was pulled forward, the sword entwined with the blade like a snake, shaking his center of gravity.

Round and round.

Before he could fully grasp the situation, the blade wielder's body rotated in mid-air, and soon landed on the opposite side of Chung Myung.

It was a movement completely unrelated to his will.

'What....'

As the bewildered blade wielder was about to firmly grip his blade again, Chung Myung kicked him hard in the chest.

Kwaang!

His body, struck by the blow, flew back like an arrow released from the bowstring.

Neither the pain felt in the chest nor the situation that he couldn't understand was important. What was important now was the energy flying towards his back.

Udeuk.

He twisted his body with all his might in mid-air. The sudden, aggressive movement made his spine scream.

"Heeuaaap!"

The full-strength blade strike hit the incoming energy.

Kwaaang!

A huge explosion occurred as the blade energy and the flying energy collided.

The one who had unleashed the force staggered back several steps, and the one who had launched the blade strike from mid-air crashed to the ground, spewing a bucketful of blood.

"This……."

In that moment, their faces distorted with pain and anger.

"Great Sasuk would be glad if I show this to Mount Hua kids.”

Chung Myung, with his sword resting on his shoulder, spoke with a smile that turned their insides upside-down.

"It's a perfect textbook on how not to do a joint attack."

"You son of a....."

At that moment, the figure of Chung Myung who had been tapping his shoulder with the sword leisurely suddenly vanished from the spot. Then, in an instant, he appeared right in front of the blade wielder, who had touched the ground.

'Heok!'

Surprised enough for his heart to jump into his throat, the blade wielder raised his blade above his head. It was to block the incoming sword. However, as the blade moved upward, creating an empty space, Chung Myung's foot accurately penetrated the gap. And he kicked his chin straight up.

Kwaang!

Absurdly, a loud noise erupted from the mere collision of a person's foot and chin.

The kicked blade wielder flew through the air, scattering blood, and crashed into the pavilion.

Kureururung.

In the end, the entire collapsed pavilion buried him.

Chung Myung, who watched the scene with indifferent eyes, spoke slowly.

"Sorry, but my mood isn't that great right now."

And he aimed his sword tip at the last remaining martial artist of Myriad Man Manor.

"You'd better keep your mouth shut."

The blood of Myriad Man Manor martial artist began to chill.

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