Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 691. Impersonating what? (1)

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"Basically, sword formations are…"

The heavy voice of Un Gun spread through the training field.

"One could say that it's a method for efficiently combining attacks."

All the disciples who lined up listened to Un Gum with their eyes shining. After the recent events, there was no one who did not admire Un Gum, the head of White Plum Dormitory who was already respected by the disciples even before it.

So, it was unimaginable for anyone to look away.

"Basically, a swordsman's sword follows a certain trajectory. As they train more, the trajectory becomes more refined. Therefore, in actual combat, leading the sword according to the predetermined trajectory is the best way."

Un Gum continued, looking at everyone.

"However, when several people fight together and the space becomes narrow, it becomes difficult to unfold the sword according to the trajectory they originally used."

The disciples nodded in unison. They had already experienced this painfully during the battle at Daebyeolchae.

When they had to stand so close together that their shoulders touched, they couldn't properly swing their swords for fear of hurting the person next to them. There were even several instances when their swung swords collided with their comrades' swords instead of enemies, creating a crisis.

"Sword formations are not for facing the enemy while crouched down. Rather, they are a means to fully demonstrate one's skills in a confined space. So, I ask you all to do your best in this training."

"Yes, Gwanju-nim!"

A loud answer rang out. Un Gum smiled broadly at the enthusiasm-filled atmosphere.

'Excellent.'

There were countless ways in which Mount Hua had changed from before, but from the perspective of Un Gum, the head of White Plum Dormitory, the first thing to mention was the disciples' willingness to learn. It was truly a delightful matter.

"First, my Saje and I will demonstrate, so seven of you form a team and follow along."

"Yes!"

"There is no specific set of martial art that are used to utilize sword formations. Once you become skilled, you can use the sword you're most familiar with according to the operation of the sword formation. However, when first learning, it's difficult to use a sword technique with a complicated trajectory, so for now, only use the Seven Plum Sword."

"I'll keep that in mind!" "We'll keep that in mind!"

"Good."

Un Gum, along with his Saje, stood in the shape of the Big Dipper.

"Out of the principles of martial arts that consists of Mugeuk (무극), Taegeuk (태극), Three Realms (삼재), Four Images (사상), Five Elements (오행 (五行)), Six Harmonies (육합(六合)), Seven Stars (칠성 (七星)), Eight Trigrams (팔괘), and Nine Palace (구궁), the Seven Star Sword Formation of Mount Hua follows the principle of Seven Stars."

Then Jo-Gol raised his hand in a flash. Un Gum nodded his head.

"Tell me."

"Why specifically follow the principle of the Seven Stars?"

"…Well, that…"

Un Gum's face, which had been hesitating for a while, turned slightly red. Then Yoon Jong poked Jo-Gol's side mercilessly.

"Ouch!"

Jo-Gol bent over and groaned, but no one looked at him with pity.

'Anyhow, that guy's mouth.'

'If Chung Myung isn't here, that one becomes a nuisance.'

'He's asking for trouble. How dare he put Gwanju-nim in a difficult situation?'

The second-class disciples had a fire in their eyes, and the third-class disciples glared at him as well.

"Ahem."

Un Gum coughed awkwardly and said.

“The ancestor who founded the sword formation may have their own intentions, but my understanding of martial arts is still insufficient to fully grasp their meaning."

"That's all right, Gwanju-nim!"

"There must be a reason for it!"

"Whether it's the principle of the Seven Stars or not, as long as we learn it, that's what matters! What's so important about it!"

It was truly a tearful display of family love.

Feeling left out of that family love, Jo-Gol murmured, blinking slightly.

"…I was just asking."

"Shut up."

"Don't you dare!"

And at the end of the day, he shed tears.

'I've heard all these things before.'

‘Chung Myung. So this is how you felt.’

‘I'm sorry.’

"Ahem."

Un Gum cleared his throat loudly and picked up his sword.

"Look carefully, everyone. I will show you several times, but don't just watch casually."

"Yes!"

As the disciples shouted in unison, Un Gum began to slowly move his sword. At the same time, the swords of his Saje who formed the formation moved as well.

'It's in harmony.'

‘It's moving like one.’

'But...if we do that, won't it just be the same as swinging a sword normally, just in a different position?'

Several swords moved in perfect unison.

In fact, up to this point, there wasn't anything particularly amazing. For the Sahyungje who had trained together all their lives, matching the speed and direction of their swords was no big deal.

Whether it's third-class or second-class disciples, aren't they already doing similar training every morning?

However, the power of the sword formation was revealed from that moment on.

Hwiik!

Un Gum's sword, which was leading the group, began to speed up. At the same time, the previously flawless moving swords began to gradually lose their synchronization.

'So soon?'

No, that's not it.

It wasn't that they were losing synchronization, but rather that they were moving differently. As evidence, even though the ones forming the sword formation were showing different sword techniques, their paths did not overlap at all.

'Is that possible?'

‘Amazing.’

Mount Hua's disciples looked at the scene with astonished eyes.

Having already experienced group battles, they knew how difficult it was.

'So this is the sword formation.'

Everyone fully understood Un Gum's words that sword formation was actually necessary to demonstrate one's true abilities.

However, the changes in the sword formation did not end there.

The ones wielding their swords began to switch positions.

"Huh?"

"Th- That....."

As Un Gum, who was in the lead, steps back, Un Am, who was in the back, jumps forward, and then the group seemed to mix up again, narrowing the distance before widening it again.

The sword formation that depicted the shape of the Big Dipper changed into a circle, then into a straight line, and once again into the shape of the Big Dipper, displaying an array of dizzying transformations.

However, within all that, the swords did not stop, and their paths did not overlap, as if by magic.

The eyes of Mount Hua's disciples became more and more serious.

They sensed that mastering the sword formation was not as easy as they had thought.

And it was clear how hard it must have been for the first-class disciples who trained the sword formation for the purpose of passing it down even though they are already busy enough with their personal training.

Un Gum, who had retreated to the back, swung his sword powerfully and stepped forward.

Then, the Sahyung around him moved with dizzying footwork. It was as if they were drawing the trajectory of the Plum Blossom Sword Technique with their bodies.

Baek Cheon's mouth opened up without realizing it.

'Incredible!'

This perfectly?

Just as an exclamation was about to burst from his mouth, Un Gum opened his mouth first.

"This is the Seven Star Sword Formation (칠성검진). Everyone, pay close attention....."

And at that moment.

Ttaaaakkkk!

A tremendous sound rang out. Everyone involuntarily closed their eyes.

"……."

When they opened their eyes a moment later, a wooden sword touched the left knee of Un Gum, who was in the lead.

No...

It might just look like it's touching now, but for it to touch, it must have... Uh... Uh...

Un Gum's eyebrows flinched.

The owner of the wooden sword scratched the back of his head awkwardly.

"F- Forgive me, Saje. I'm sure it went well during practice...…."

"……."

As Un Am apologizes with an embarrassed face, Un Gum forces his trembling lips to open.

"It's... It's okay, Sahyung..... It can happen."

"Does it hurt a lot?"

".....I'm fine."

The disciples who were watching had cold sweat soaking their heads.

'It must really hurt.'

'Wow, that sound... It's deadly. That's one deadly sound.'

'He doesn't change his expression in the midst of all this. If it were me, I would have rolled around on the spot.'

Even though it was a wooden sword, he had been struck by a sword swung with full force. There couldn't have been any pain. However, Un Gum was suppressing the changes in facial

expressions as much as possible. Everyone couldn't help but admire his mental fortitude.

But then.

"……Pfft!"

A suppressed laugh came out of Jo-Gol's mouth covered with his hands.

"This guy?"

And even before the laughter came to an end, Yoon Jong's fist mercilessly hit Jo-Gol's jaw.

"Argh!"

The second-class disciples swarmed toward Jo-Gol, who had fallen on the spot.

"Step on him!"

"Are you crazy? Laughing?"

"His condition is getting worse day by day!"

"Step on him! Step on him more!"!

Yoon Jong, who was slightly widening his eyes and watching the scene, sneakily stepped back.

‘I think I can see some third-class disciples between the second-class disciples that are stepping hard. Uh...’

Soon after, Yoon Jong averted his gaze and turned away from the scene.

"*Keueu*… What am I supposed to do when I can't help but laugh....."

Jo-Gol, covered in dirt, protested with a wronged expression, but when the feet of those surrounding him were lifted again, he had no choice but to lie flat on the ground.

"I committed a sin worthy of death!"

"As long as you know."

Tears welled up again in Jo-Gol's eyes as his Sahyung clicked their tongue and moved away. With a pitiful face like a puppy in the rain, he staggered over to Yoon Jong and asked.

"Sahyung."

"Why?"

"Don't you think everyone's been too harsh on me lately?"

"Gol."

"Yes, Sahyung."

"If everyone says the same thing and acts the same way, shouldn't you at least suspect that you might be the one who's wrong?"

"What does that mean?"

"......Never mind."

This guy is crazy in a different sense than Chung Myung.

Un Gum, who was slightly turning back and taking care of the area that had been hit, coughed loudly and looked at everyone.

"As you've seen with your own eyes, practicing sword formations is several times more dangerous and difficult than practicing alone. If you don't concentrate, you can get injured in a split second. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Gwanju-nim!"

"Good. Now, pair up in sevens and stand according to the direction of the Big Dipper."

As soon as the order was given, the disciples spread out and paired up.

"The tip of the sword should point in the direction each position indicates."

The first-class disciples ran around to modify the form of the sword formations. After going through that process, a rather impressive sword formation was completed. The overwhelming atmosphere was quite remarkable as more than a hundred disciples stood, each drawing a sword formation.

"Hmm."

Un Gum nodded pleasedly.

"Let's start by unfolding the Seven Star Sword Formation. Although each of you is standing

in different directions, it will be difficult to fully extend your swords at this distance. Be aware of your Sahyung on your left and right and unfold your swords as narrowly as possible."

"Yes!"

"Begin!"

Hwiik!

Led by Baek Cheon's basic sword technique, the disciples of Mount Hua began swinging their swords in unison.

The sight of the disciples unfolding their swords in different directions resembled a massive flower garden.

'Good.'

A proud smile bloomed around the mouth of Un Gum and Un Am.

Perhaps this was common in Mount Hua’s past. It was an overwhelming feeling to know that the scene was coming back to life in this era.

'They're doing well.'

Despite it being their first time unfolding the sword formation, they were all drawing their swords brilliantly. Of course, it was the simplest and most basic form, but a sword formation is still a sword formation. The fact that the swords didn't get tangled meant that they were now truly Sahyungje who could understand each other's thoughts just by breathing...

Ttaaaang!

“…….”

"No, you son of a beast! You shouldn't have come this far!"

"No! Isn't it because Sahyung twisted your sword all of a sudden?"

"You're slow, that's why it looks like I twisted it!"

"What?"

The soft smile in Un Gum's eyes twitched.

"Argh! Hey! Why don't you swing your sword properly? Are you blind?"

"I swung it first, but isn't it because Sahyung pushed your arm in?"

"But who are you talking back to right now?"

Once it started, the sword formations that filled the training ground collapsed one after another.

In fact, it was quite possible. It would be even stranger if they did well with their first-ever sword formation.

The problem is...

"Did you hit your Sasuk's head?"

"I, I didn't mean to, Sasuk!"

"It's not intentional? It seems like you didn't listen to Chung Myung. The important thing is that you got hit, not why you got hit!"

"……."

"Ah, swing your sword properly, Sahyung!"

"Oh, really? Let me show you what it means to swing it properly!"

"Come on, you bastards!"

Un Gum eventually closed his eyes tightly.

'It's not sparring time.'

When people get hit, they should first think about why they got hit. However, these guys seemed to need to return the favor first, regardless of the reason or the situation.

There was no time to stop them. Swords flew in every direction, and fists were swung wildly. A sigh, squeezed out from the depths of his heart, escaped Un Gum's lips.

'I can't believe this is a Taoist sect.'

It was such an unbelievable situation.

"Gum-ah."

"Yes, Sahyung."

At that time, Un Am smiled brightly at Un Gum.

"…Cheer up."

“…….”

"Then we'll be going."

“…….”

Un Gum’s sigh grew deeper as he saw the first-class disciples swiftly leaving the training field.