Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 840. There's still Chivalrousness (5)

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Step. Step. Step.

Chalbak.

White silk shoes step into a puddle of blood.

The man frown with displeasure as the flower shoes were stained with splattered blood.

"...This is why I hate blood."

The man who shakily pulled his foot away raised his head and looked ahead. Joy soon fell on the face where the irritation had spread.

"But... I do like the color red."

The world has turned entirely red.

The earth is soaked in endlessly flowing blood, and above it lie bodies covered in it. Moreover, flames that are consuming the battlefield rise high, even turning the black sky red.

The only thing not red in this place is the man himself.

"Keuu… Uuuugh….”

Jang Ilso, wrapped in a white robe, turned his head toward where the groan was coming from.

A man with one arm and leg severed is squirming and groaning in a puddle made from his own blood.

Jang Ilso walked slowly towards him. Then he crouched down and lightly pushed the man's forehead with his index finger.

"Jang... Jang Il..."

The man's body was shaking like an aspen tree.

Even though there would be nothing else to fear for the dying, terror filled him as if he had

come face-to-face with a demon from hell when he met Jang Ilso's eyes.

"Scared?"

"Heu… Heuu…."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. You see, I wish you had listened when I spoke nicely. Then I don't have to lose my force for no reason, and you would have enjoyed glory."

"……."

"What does it matter what happens to such a small sect? I wish you had just come under me and lived a life of pleasure. How foolish."

Tears of blood flowed from the man's eyes.

It's true that they had flatly refused the offer from the Evil Tyrant Alliance to give up everything and become their dogs with a single word. But who could have imagined that they would commit such a brutal act just because they had rejected that one proposal?

They're all dead.

Not a single ant or baby bird that had been in the manor survived.

A crowd of demons from Myriad Man Manor had suddenly swarmed in, killing, slicing, and trampling over everyone in the manor. Everyone who had been talking to him with a smile until a while ago died at the hands of these demons.

"Gah…"

Mosong (모송(牟松)), the Bangju of the Ghost Face Manor (귀면방(鬼面房)), also known as Ghost Faced Black Fox (귀면흑호(鬼面黑狐)), had his face grotesquely twisted.

"Why… why like this… why…"

"Ah, I know, I know."

Jang Ilso grinned.

"I know what you want to say. You want to say that you didn't intend to put up much resistance?"

"……."

"'If they had just come to threaten us, we would have knelt down at any time. No, no. Even if they had said they would treat us a bit better, we would have licked their boots.' Isn't that what you want to say?"

Mosong's trembling head nodded slowly.

Seeing this blood-soaked middle-aged man nodding in fear was unpleasant, but Jang Ilso seemed to find it enjoyable and laughed brightly.

"My poor friend. Consider this for a moment. That's your perspective. If I were to take every piece of advice to heart like that, I'd spend all my time meeting the leaders of all the Evil Sects in the world, wouldn't I?"

"……."

"There's a much simpler way, you know. I'll let you know, so listen carefully."

Jang Ilso put his mouth near Mosong's ear and whispered softly.

"It is nothing more than a wretched spectacle in a conveniently chosen spot. The corpses are laid out without any attempt at concealment. Don't you think the rumors would spread like wildfire even before the corpses rot? The Ghost Faced Manor who rejected the wicked Jang Ilso's offer was massacred without leaving a mouse cub. It's likely that any other sects that decline the offer will meet a similar grim fate."

"Ugh…ugh…"

Mosong's body trembled visibly.

Jang Ilso lightly patted his trembling shoulder.

"Do you know why I'm telling you this?"

"…Why… why…?"

A fine smile spread across the elegantly dressed Jang Ilso's face.

"I'm just grateful."

"……."

"I have no ill feelings towards you. You haven't done anything particularly wrong. From my point of view, there was just a sect of a suitable size in a suitable place."

From Mosong's eyes flowed bloody tears mixed with hate, pain, and sorrow, but Jang Ilso seemed to feel no emotion at all.

"Thanks to your cooperation, things will proceed twice as smoothly. So rest in peace. My business will be more prosperous... Hnggg, actually no. That would be a bit difficult. Your body holds no significance unless it rots here."

"Ugh... Uaaaaaagh!"

Unable to contain his fury any longer, Mosong lunged at Jang Ilso with his bared teeth as if to bite him. But, as expected, he failed. Jang Ilso calmly grasped Mosong's charging face.

And then clenched his hand as if about to crush it.

"Keuu…….Keuaaaa.…."

Mosong gripped Jang Ilso's wrist with his remaining hand. No matter how much he struggled, Jang Ilso did not flinch, rather, he slowly tightened his grip on Mosong's face.

"My, my. You just don't understand. I was trying to let you go peacefully."

Jang Ilso said, almost purring, with a childish smile on his face.

"You still don't understand why you're dying, do you?"

Udeuk. Udeuduk!

"Kkeu... Kkeuuu...…."

Mosong's eyes burst, all the veins popping. He scratched Jang Ilso's arm like crazy, but Jang Ilso didn't move as if it didn't even tickle him.

"It is a mortal sin to have no strength and no awareness. Even people like me have to be cautious in this world. Just what did a weakling like you place your faith in? If you believed that the world would bend to your will despite your weakness, you would find yourself with no voice even in death."

"Kkeuu!"

Pok!

Eventually, a dreadful sound rang out followed by a short groan, and Mosong's body slumped.

"Tsk."

Jang Ilso rose and dusted off his hands as if they were dirty.

"Ryeonju-nim."

Ho Gamyeong approached him and quietly saluted him.

"The clean-up is complete."

"Hmm."

Jang Ilso glanced around.

“It’s still a little lacking. Let's make it more messy. And scatter the corpses here and there.”

"As you wish."

"Yes, yes."

Jang Ilso nodded with a gentle face.

"Gave money around in the neighboring areas. Apologize for the scare and tell them that things will be different under Evil Tyrant Alliance's rule."

"...Is that really necessary? These worms will have no choice but to do what they are told to do."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. Gamyeong-ah. You tend to make shortsighted remarks when things are going smoothly. War is all about fewer enemies and more allies. There are already too many enemies, so there's no need to create more. Even if they are the most insignificant people.”

Jang Ilso shook his hand and quietly added.

“If I can sway them on my side for a few pennies, it’s cheap.”

"As you command."

"Yes, yes."

Jang Ilso said, gazing at the scattered corpses, lost in thought for a moment.

"Are the others not making a move yet?"

"Yes, they seem to be watching for now."

"Stupid fools."

By now, even the leaders of the Five Great Evil Sect would be getting confused.

"They must have been busy bouncing abacus on what seat they were going to ask for within Evil Tyrant Alliance. How much they can grab for themselves."

"Isn't that the case with anyone?"

"That's why they are still stuck in this Gangnam, digging through dirt with such shallow schemes."

Jang Ilso clenched his lips. The smell of blood emanating from his fingertips stirred his focus.

"Those guys are just well-fed pigs."

Livestock trapped in a pen think only about what they'll eat that day. They'll never get out of that pen.

To become a wolf, one mustn't be satisfied with the prey they've caught. The moment the hunt ends, one must think about, target, and sink their teeth into the next prey.

"Ryeonju-nim… even though we've dealt with Ghost Faced Manor this way, not everyone will follow Ryeonju-nim, no matter the warnings."

"I’m aware."

Jang Ilso waved his hand as if it were insignificant.

"There is no need for everyone to comply. Crush those who do, and kill those who don't."

"... Are you talking about killing all those who don't follow?"

"Why? Is there a problem?"

Ho Gamyeong closed his mouth at Jang Ilso's calm inquiry.

Jang Ilso is the only one who is capable of this.

He is the Ryeonju of the Evil Tyrant Alliance, and also a hero of the Evil Sects who exploited the Ten Great Sect and exacted a humiliating treaty from them. All the Evil Sects in the world

are paying attention to Jang Ilso.

However, even if they push based on its achievements, at least half of the Evil Sects in Gangnam would refuse to be a part of the Evil Tyrant Alliance.

And he plans to kill them all?

"Tsk, tsk. Gamyeong-ah. Your thoughts are written all over your face."

"…I apologize. There are times when I can't keep up with your thoughts, Ryeonju-nim."

"Whether sooner or later, it's bound to happen. What's the difference between killing them now or later?"

"……."

"We must push them, even if it's too much. Every time the Evil Sects unite, the outcome has always been the same. We've always lost to the coalition of the Righteous Sects."

"…That's right."

"But now, the Righteous Sects can't unite."

Jang Ilso bared his teeth.

"What's important is not the Gangnam ceasefire. What's important is that distrust has been sown among them. They blame each other and then hate each other. Under such circumstances, they can't gather under anyone's flag."

"R- Ryeonju-nim."

"This is the one and only opportunity. If not for this moment, I too would just be another pig lingering in this Gangnam. Before their spilled blood dries up, before the scabs form over their wounds and they heal, I'll establish control over Gangnam and expand northward. If that comes to pass..."

Udeududuk.

Jang Ilso clasped his fist.

"I will have the world at my feet."

Ho Gamyeong shuddered and prostrated himself on the spot.

"It will surely be so, Paegun!"

"Tsk. This one, always so sycophantic."

Jang Ilso casually waved his hand.

"There's nothing so remarkable about it. That's the story when things go well. Just a slight misstep and I'll be nothing more than a fool who died for his greed. Then you too will ultimately die pathetically."

"It doesn't matter."

"Hm?"

Ho Gamyeong grinned.

"If I am to meet such a fate alongside Paegun, then I can die smiling."

"……."

Jang Ilso, who was staring intently at him, grinned.

"How sentimental."

Turning his body, Jang Ilso spoke again in a chilling voice.

"Get it sorted. We have to sweep a few more places by the end of the night."

"Yes!"

Jang Ilso slowly moved his steps.

'The dice is thrown.'

He too didn't start with absolute certainty. This is a test for himself, and a challenge against fate.

But one thing he knows for sure.

There are times when you have to plan everything and move, and times when you have to step into the dark fog where you can't see even an inch ahead.

What he needs now is the will to take that one step.

'Nothing can stop me.'

The same goes for anything else in the world. A world filled with peace-loving idiots who only care about their own well-being cannot stop him. Never.

"However..."

If there's one stumbling block...

Jang Ilso's eyes turned southward. Towards a far-off place not visible from here.

He smiled eerily, showing his teeth.

"But the same goes for you, Mount Hua’s sword ghost punk."

The stream flowed into the river, and now it was a rough tumult. This flow will no longer stop anyone in the world.

Even Jang Ilso.

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