

Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 979. There's no way not to believe it (4)

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Geugeugeuk.

The sound of the boat scraping against the shore could be clearly heard. Shortly after, a man in red clothes slowly descended from the halted boat.

“...Jang Ilso.”

Baek Cheon’s face was cruelly distorted.

Seeing the face of that man made his blood boil in reverse. He wanted to rush at him right then and there and plunge a sword into his neck. The other disciples standing beside him seemed no different with their shoulders heaving.

At that time, the image of Chung Myung came into Baek Cheon’s eyes. The moment Baek Cheon saw that quiet, motionless back, he let out the breath he had been holding.

At a not-too-far distance, a smiling Jang Ilso and an expressionless Chung Myung were looking at each other.

The moment the two people, whose attires and facial expressions were so contrasting, encountered each other, everyone on the island held their breath.

When Jang Ilso lifted his finger, the ring that had fallen on the ground flew into his hand. Jang Ilso slowly put the ring back on his long finger and caught a glimpse of Black Dragon King.

“...You’ve become a rag.”

His gaze landed on Black Dragon King's severed shoulder. Jang Ilso frowned as if he had seen something appalling. Then, he smiled softly and looked at Chung Myung again.

"What do you say, Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword? Do you really have to claim his head?"

Chung Myung gave a blatant sneer at Jang Ilso's soft voice.

“Claim it?”

Chung Myung’s foot pressed down on Black Dragon King.

“*Keuuuk...*”

A suppressed groan escaped from the mouth of Black Dragon King, who couldn't even resist.

"This?"

Jang Ilso shrugged his shoulders slightly exaggeratedly.

“You may not know how I feel because you belong to Righteous Sects where talent overflows like a cloud, but it is not easy to find someone like him in Evil Sects.”

“.....”

“I am in a position to pick up and use whatever I can, no matter if it’s a bug or an idiot. Don't you feel sorry for me?”

"Still good at running your mouth, I see."

“I’m glad you acknowledged it. It's my specialty, after all."

Jang Ilso laughed heartily.

"That’s why... Why don't you put up with killing?"

“.....”

“Black Dragon King, whose arm was cut off and became a cripple, is not particularly threatening from your point of view. So, if you just leave him here, I plan to pick him up and make good use of him."

“Why should I do that?”

Chung Myung’s cold gaze seemed to pierce Jang Ilso at any moment. After staring him down for a moment, Chung Myung smirked.

“No, no. I can do that."

He bared his teeth like an attacked wolf and glared at Jang Ilso. With all the hostility he could muster.

"If you're willing to pay that worthless neck of yours as a price."

“Hahahaha.”

Jang Ilso slowly stroked his white neck.

"My, my. I didn't know this neck was worth so much. So much that the world-renowned Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword covets it.”

A fierce madness flashed in his pale eyes. Anyone of faint heart would have been scared just by receiving that gaze.

"But that will be difficult. No matter how insignificant this neck is, it is too precious to exchange for the life of one bug-like bastard.”

Black Dragon King trembled under the feet of Chung Myung. Although he was barely able to breathe thanks to Jang Ilso's intervention, such treatment was too harsh for someone who once reigned supreme over the Yangtze River.

But he couldn't even open his mouth.

The moment he vents his anger, Chung Myung's sword will cut off his head at once. Black Dragon King, who personally dealt with Chung Myung a while ago, knows this. This guy did not hesitate to kill.

"Then speak up."

Chung Myung spoke emotionlessly, almost throwing out the words.

"Use that great mouth of yours. Why should I spare this guy. And why should I...."

His transparent gaze pierced Jang Ilso.

"Why should I spare you?"

Jang Ilso's red lips drew a chilling curve.

'It's chilling.'

It was no joke; facing those eyes made one's spine freeze in an instant.

'I thought he'd come back as a tiger at most.'

This is a monster rather than a tiger.

As Jang Ilso's white hands, hanging below the sleeves, tightened, the rings rubbed against each other and created a crackling sound.

Jang Ilso glanced down at his hands. His eyes momentarily darkened.

Adorning himself with jewelry all over his body allows him to understand his condition most accurately. The fact that his hand tightened involuntarily means he's feeling extreme murderous intent towards Chung Myung.

'Do I want to kill him?'

Right here, right now?

Is it worth throwing away everything he had planned so far just to eliminate him? Is Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword that much of a threat?

His mind hadn't finished contemplating Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword, but his instincts were clearly saying so.

No matter what happens, he must kill this Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword here and now, by any means necessary.

Instinct governs the will to live. Right now, his instinct is recognizing this small swordsman as a more pronounced threat than anyone he had encountered so far.

Jang Ilso chuckled softly and raised his hand to cover his face.

It was because he didn't want anyone to see the murderous intent that might show on his face. Though his face was hidden, a cold light flowed from the eyes revealed between his long fingers.

He wanted to cut it off.

He wanted to sever that neck, drench his hands in its blood.

But....

"A price..."

Naturally, Jang Ilso rejected the voice of his heart.

Acting impulsively, without regard for the consequences, moving only according to one's instincts. That was the behavior he most despised in those he considered no better than pigs and dogs.

"What do you want, Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword?"

"....."

"Tell me. What do you want. I'll listen to anything I can. Even if it's..."

A smooth, poisonous voice rang into Chung Myung's ears.

"Even if it is an extremely undeserved mercy to let you off this island without having to bow your head to the ground and beg for your life."

"This...."

The moment his words ended, a bright blue murderous energy erupted from the bodies of all Mount Hua's disciples. With bloodshot eyes, they stretched out their feet holding their swords as if they were going to attack Jang Ilso at any moment.

"Do not act rashly."

The one who suppressed the atmosphere that seemed about to explode at any moment was none other than Un Gum. As soon as he finished speaking, the anger swirling through Mount Hua's disciples disappeared like a lie.

Naturally.

Un Gum's words always carried weight, but especially in front of Myriad Man Manor and Jang Ilso, the weight was even greater. There is no one who can be more angry in front of Un Gum.

The sword warriors of Mount Hua who regained their composure closed their mouths shut. However, their swords were still emitting a chilling bright blue light and were aimed at Jang Ilso.

At that time, Chung Myung spoke again.

“Jang Ilso.”

“Hm?”

Chung Myung's gaze was excessively devoid of emotion.

“Don’t be mistaken.”

Jang Ilso looked at him with a deep smile.

"Mistaken? Me?"

"You know nothing."

At that moment, Jang Ilso's expression changed slightly. Chung Myung's words did not sound like nonsense full of bravado but seemed to carry significant weight.

Chung Myung continued.

"Do you wonder why you've stepped onto this island and yet your head remains attached?"

Jang Ilso remained silent, staring down at Chung Myung.

“Did you think I couldn’t kill you as a matter of course? That I would accept your offer just to save even one more person?”

Chung Myung smiled, showing his teeth.

"Stupid Evil Sects, thinking the world revolves around your whims."

At those rude words, Jang Ilso smiled brightly and lightly caressed his chin.

“Then what is the reason?”

“.....”

“May I ask what the great intention of Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword, who protects the Chivalrousness of Jungwon, for sparing the head of this vicious leader of Evil Sects?”

Despite all the mocking and provocation, Chung Myung did not react at all. He simply responded emotionlessly.

"Explaining to a fool like you is tiresome, but it's also the duty of a Taoist. Clean your ears and listen well, dork. The only reason I don't kill you is because..."

“.....”

"It's not within my authority."

Jang Ilso's eyes narrowed.

It was a very minute change in expression, but it was clear to those who had been watching Jang Ilso so far. It was the first look of doubt that appeared on his face, who had always been confident in his actions.

"...What do you mean?"

"Even a three-year-old child would know this."

Chung Myung rebuked coldly.

"I guess I need to spell it out for a moron like you. I am merely a sword of Mount Hua. There is only one person in the world who decides at whom Mount Hua's sword will be aimed."

"....."

At that moment, Jang Ilso's eyes shifted. Beyond Chung Myung, to the person behind him.

"If you want to return with your miserable life intact, bow your head and beg to Sect Leader. Because if it weren't for him, no one here can spare you."

Geugeuk.

The Dark Fragrance Plum Blossom Sword that was touching the side of Black Dragon King's neck scratched the sand. It was like a warning that he would cut off Jang Ilso's head right now so long he had Sect Leader's order.

A slight confusion flashed across Jang Ilso's face, which had always been as smooth as if it was a painting.

'Moving according to Sect Leader's command?'

What sort of nonsense is that?

Of course, he is from Evil Sects, and they are from Righteous Sects. He knows that, unlike Evil Sects where power represents everything, Righteous Sects have their own rules to follow. Hasn't Jang Ilso exploited that fact for his own massive gain until now?

But that's just the story for ordinary people.

There is no way that an ordinary, clueless Sect Leader could control something like Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword. Looking at it objectively, isn't Hyun Jong a person who isn't even on the level of ordinary?

However, Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword, which is arrogant enough to look down on even the heads of Ten Great Sects and Five Great Family that rule the world, and is so vicious that it

clearly shows his killing intent even in front of the leader of Five Great Evil Sects, is following Hyun Jong's orders?

It was so absurd that Jang Ilso almost burst into laughter. But the truth of that bizarre statement was quickly proven.

Despite Chung Myung's ridiculous words, no one in Mount Hua's eyes wavered. There wasn't even a hint of doubt.

That means they are taking Chung Myung's words for granted. It is not a simple improvisation, but it meant that Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword had been upholding that statement all along.

The moment he realized that fact, a cold sweat broke out on Jang Ilso's back. He didn't know how many years it had been since he felt this flustered and tense.

'Then I guess I have entered the tiger's den with my own feet.'

He had assumed that Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword would naturally be the one negotiating. That's why he was able to come here alone. The brilliant Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword would not be able to ignore the fact that Jang Ilso dying here would be a loss to Mount Hua.

But... What if the person to negotiate with was Hyun Jong?

Jang Ilso momentarily twisted his lips and laughed.

'Perhaps this will be my grave.'

He slowly straightened his back. Then, he walked confidently towards Hyun Jong, who was watching him.

Flutter.

The hem of his long sleeves fluttered wildly. Jang Ilso, having adjusted his robe lightly, performed a deep bow towards Hyun Jong. With impeccable courtesy.

"Jang Ilso of Evil Tyrant Alliance."

Jang Ilso looked at Hyun Jong with eyes like a waning moon.

They've already met each other before. Yet, he paid his respects as if meeting Hyun Jong for the first time.

"I greet Maengju of Heavenly Comrade Alliance, Sect Leader of Mount Hua."

Hyun Jong, letting out a low sigh, returned the gesture to Jang Ilso.

"I am Hyun Jong, Maengju of Heavenly Comrade Alliance and Sect Leader of Mount Hua. Pleased to meet you again, Paegun."

As expected, he was as polite as ever.

However, the chill of the hidden blades in those words swept across the hearts of everyone watching the scene.

[Note