Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 804. Hey! Grab some leftover alcohol there! (4)

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"This, this is….”

Heo Dojin's face horribly distorted. He was a Taoist and not one to show such a face to others. The fact that his feelings came up on his face meant that the situation was not as good.

Taat!

Heo Dojin rushed out as if there was no need for words.

Other sect leaders who understood the seriousness of the situation quickly followed suit.

The battlefield's landscape had changed. The fighting had already stopped. It was as if the fierce fighting over their lives until a moment ago had been a lie.

Heo Dojin's gaze slowly went up. Everyone in the water fortress was looking in that direction.

Atop the cliff.

From an unimaginably high place that felt as if it would break one's neck, a man was looking down.

Cloaked in black.

With a rough, long black beard that reached down to his navel.

And a red face and a mane of hair like a lion.

Together with his peculiar appearance, the shape of a black dragon was engraved on his chest. There was no need to ask who he was.

"Hahahahaha! What do you worthless people of the Righteous Sect hope to gain by coming all the way to this Yangtze?”

Namgung Hwang's face froze.

An overwhelming internal strength carried in the voice seemed to pierce Namgung Hwang's

skin.

'Was the Black Dragon King this powerful?'

He was well aware of his reputation.

But he thought of him as nothing more than a man from an Evil Sect. Compared to the Righteous Sect which has lived fiercely in competition with Sahyung and even with blood brothers, the Evil Sect is nothing more than a clumsy group of idiots with no integrity.

He wondered how great it would be to be the head of such a place...

Black Dragon King, who he saw with his own eyes, immediately awakened Namgung Hwang's thoughts.

It felt like waves of energy flowed through his entire body, enough to make his spine shiver.

"How dare you crawl into the Black Dragon Water Fortress, and even invade the Yangtze River. You fool from the Righteous Sect have lost your fear!”

Namgung Hwang, who was listening, shouted loudly.

"The coward hides in the distance and talks well. You fled, leaving your subordinates behind, and yet you still have something to say?”

Namgung Hwang's words may not make sense. However, it certainly worked to calm down the agitated warriors of the Namgung Family.

"Run away, you say....”

Black Dragon King repeated Namgung Hwang's words and laughed.

"Talk as you please. I'm not even tickled by the words of a man about to enter his grave anyway."

"This bastard!"

Then Bop Kye opens his mouth.

"Amitabha. This monk is Shaolin's Bop Kye."

"Hmph! How dare a mere elder, not even the Bangjang, speak to me! Shaolin's arrogance has reached the heavens!”

Bop Kye furrowed his brow slightly when Black Dragon King openly mocked him.

"Siju, I understand your argument, but what do you plan to do with us in this situation? Surely Siju alone cannot face us all?”

"There's nothing I can't do!"

Black Dragon King laughs loudly.

“Do I really need others to face you insignificant insects? My dao is enough.”

The Black Dragon King grabbed the sword at his waist. The hilt clanged and extended, soon forming a Guandao (언월도(偃月刀) Reclining Moon Dao).

Paaaat!

Black Dragon King, who swung his dao once in the air, laughed haughtily.

“Who will face me?”

Bop Kye took a step forward before Namgung Hwang could shout.

"Amitabha, this Bop Kye can be Siju’s opponent if Siju wishes."

"You? Euahahahahat!"

The Black Dragon King's laughter resounded loudly.

Black Dragon King, who bursts into laughter as if he contains the amusement, looks at Bop Kye with his eyes full of scornful laughter.

"Get out of here, you rascal! Adults are talking. If you want to face me, bring your Bangjang at the very least!”

Bop Kye flushed red for a moment.

When had a respected elder of the Shaolin like him ever been treated like this?

“Amitabha. Amitabha.”

Bop Kye tried to soothe his seething mind by chanting.

“If you want a worthy opponent, I will face you. Surely you won't say that I, the Emperor Sword Namgung Hwang, am insufficient?”

“Emperor Sword...”

Black Dragon King twisted the corners of his mouth.

"You pretend to be a tiger when you’re just looking comfortably in a fence called Namgung Family!"

"What?"

"What, did I hit the nail on the head?"

Black Dragon King glared at everyone with his big eyes.

“Of course, I can wipe out the likes of you by myself, but… If you think I'm not enough on my own, it wouldn't be bad to meet those expectations.”

"…What?"

At that time, two men slowly walked out to the side of Black Dragon King.

“Certainly, that wouldn't be bad.”

“If we're dealing with the lofty noble of the Ten Great Sects, it might be regrettable if it's just us, though.”

Heo Dojin hardened his face as he saw them appearing.

‘Those people...’

Of course, he had never seen them with his own eyes.

But he can still tell. There would be very few who have the qualification to stand alongside the Black Dragon King. And one of them just happened to match exactly.

"…Great Master…of Ten Thousand Gold."

“An honor indeed. I can’t believe the world-famous Heo Dojin would recognize me.”

On the left side of Black Dragon King, the Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold looked down at Heo Dojin with a cold smile.

“It's a business that can profit even if I take only one head, that is Heo Dojin. Then, why not come? Opportunities that benefit this much do not come easily.”

On the other hand, the person standing on the Black Dragon King's right had an ordinary face with no distinct features.

But Heo Dojin could tell. If the person he identified was truly the Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold, the only person worthy of standing across from him would be one individual.

A man who can never be identified by his appearance.

“Thousand, Thousand-Faced Gentleman."

"Thousand-Faced Gentleman? The man himself?"

Baek Hyeonja's face turned pale.

The Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold and Thousand-Faced Gentleman.

These are the heads of the Five Great Evil Sect, who lead the Black Ghost Fortress and Hao Sect, respectively.

That means that three of the Five Great Evil Sect are gathered here now.

‘Three of the Five Great Evil Sect?’

Indeed, it is a formidable force. Even if three of the Ten Great Sect and Five Great Family are gathered, they cannot guarantee victory.

"Se- Sect Leader!"

Baek Hyeonja unwittingly looked back at Heo Dojin. But even Heo Dojin was taken aback, as he had not expected this situation at all.

‘Why are they all gathered in one place?

This shouldn’t have happened. It had to be.

The four sects gathered here did not thoughtlessly push this far. They waged war with pirates of the Yangtze River for one reason.

Because the Evil Faction can never unite.

Even during the past war with Magyo, the Evil Factions were at odds until the end. Ten Great Sect and the Five Great Family only took advantage of each other; they did not fight, stabbing each other in the back.

But didn't the Evil Faction attack and growl at each other until the moment the sword of Magyo was lodged in their throat?

If Eighteen Water Fortress of the Yangtze River was attacked by the Righteous Faction, the Evil Factions should have rushed in like jackals to tear apart the weakened areas, not help them. That’s the true nature of the Evil Factions.

"But how...…”

At that moment.

A group of martial artists appeared at the top of the cliff. Those who stood at the end were glaring down at those below with cold eyes.

At a glance, they are martial masters who have reached their peak.

‘They even brought subordinates.’

When he realized that above their head was occupied by martial masters, an indescribable pressure flooded in.

But that was a pressure that could be withstood.

What truly suffocated Heo Dojin was the fact that they had revealed themselves there. It was hard to accept the reality that someone had drawn them into this trap.

"Who is it……."

There must be someone who brought these never-to-be-mixed individuals together like this.

"Who...!"

It was just when Heo Dojin was about to shout.

Jjalrang.

A very faint sound brushed against his ears.

A clear metallic sound, like that of a woman's jewelry meeting.

Ordinary people wouldn't even be able to hear such a faint sound at this distance, but to Heo Dojin, it was something he barely caught with careful attention.

But to Heo Dojin's ears, that little sound felt like thunder.

"Hmm."

A slightly high nasal sound flowed down the cliff slowly.

At that moment, Heo Dojin had to feel as though the hairs all over his body were standing on end. With bulging eyes, he stared at the top of the cliff as if he wanted to devour it.

Soon after.

A man revealed himself on the cliff.

Heo Dojin bit his lips tightly.

He saw it.

The sight of the Black Dragon King, Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold, and Thousand-Faced Gentleman make way for the man who now revealed himself.

Who in the world could make them willingly step aside?

Step. *Step*.

Finally, the man who completely revealed himself at the end of the cliff had an appearance that was exceedingly vivid.

A bloody red cloth with an engraved black dragon.

Skin white as snow that looked almost like that of a woman's.

A white crown on his jet-black hair.

And countless ornaments wrapped around his body and arms.

Heo Dojin knows the man. No, he had to know.

Although there are far too many people living in the world, a man with this appearance would not be common. And even more so, one who would dare stand there.

If there was one, that man was the only one.

"…Paegun."

Paegun Jang Ilso.

From the moment he revealed himself, the air inside the battlefield began to cool down.

It was different.

The dominance exuded by the Black Dragon King was strong enough to halt the battle here.

Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold's chill was reminiscent of harsh winter cold, and the too-ordinary yet alien presence of Thousand-Faced Gentleman was enough to irritate the nerves.

But the man, Paegun Jang Ilso, was different.

He didn't exude any extraordinary energy; he merely walked slowly and looked down from above.

Yet it felt as though his breath was being stifled as if caught in a spell.

It wasn't his strength as a martial artist, but his very existence as a human being that set him apart from the others. Even that loud and ridiculous attire didn't make Jang Ilso look silly; on the contrary, it made him seem untouchable, didn't it?

"It is my first time meeting you all, the esteemed people of eastern Kangho."

Jang Ilso cupped his hands together and slowly extended them forward. His waist naturally bent as well.

It's a common courtesy. It is a common courtesy that is as familiar as breathing to those who live in Kangho.

However, despite the familiarity of this motion, everyone here felt chills running down their spines, and their breath caught in their throats. Even with that simple greeting.

"I am Bangju of Myriad Man Manor, and also Ryeonju of Evil Tyrant Alliance, known as Jang Ilso."

A bright smile spread across Jang Ilso's bright face.

At that moment, Heo Dojin could see.

He could see that not a hint of laughter was contained in the eyes of Jang Ilso, who was smiling so pleasantly.

'A viper? No... That's an Imoogi.'

An Imoogi with poisonous fangs, coiling its large tail on this vast cliff, slowly scrutinizing the prey trapped in its snare.

With those cold and eerie eyes.

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