Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 971. Consider this an honor, kid (1)

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“Hold on!”

Wrath filled Namgung Myung’s eyes.

The island was vast, and it was swarming with too many pirates.

That situation actually acted as a negative factor for Namgung Family.

From the pirate's perspective, the enemy pushing into the island is too strong. It doesn't matter whether that strength was real or because the momentum was suppressed. Because it is true that they are being pushed back.

However, compared to that, the survivors of Namgung Family are relatively easy to deal with.

The pirates, who did not dare to go to deal with Mount Hua and Tang Family who were rushing to the island, rushed towards Namgung Family like wolves trying to finish off a wounded deer.

However, Namgung Family didn't just roll over.

Even before Mount Hua arrived, they fought for their life, but now that they have reached hope right in front of them, they have gained new vitality.

“Hold on! Sogaju is coming!”

Namgung Myung shouted as if spitting blood. Namgung Family's warriors' eyes blazed with a fierce will to survive.

They had seen with their own eyes what condition Sogaju had returned in. If he wanted to survive alone, she would have done anything she could, but Namgung also came back here with them. With the sword held tightly in his hand.

Only to save those on this island.

How could they dare speak of hardship in front of such Sogaju? Regardless of Namgung's name, the pride of a person holding the sword did not allow it.

The sword of Namgung Family transformed.

Swords that were wielded with the determination to fight to the death, striving to take down even just one more enemy, began to transform into ones primarily focused on defense, to protect themselves.

Because they believed.

They believed that as long as they held out right here, Mount Hua, Tang Family, and Namgung Dowi would save them.

Those walking the path of martial arts sometimes experience moments when the spirit transcends the physical limits. That was exactly what the Namgung warriors were experiencing now. Their bodies had long surpassed their limits, but their spirits forced them to stand against the enemy.

And there was another thing that gave them strength.

Swaeaeaek!

Numerous thin blades as thin as hair rose into the air. The thin blades that had soared high in the sky all changed direction and poured down.

“Aaaarghhh!”

Desperate screams erupted from the pirates.

A sect that reveals its power in the presence of 'enemies.'

Techniques forbidden in martial arts sparring, extreme poisons, and secret weapons that had not seen the light of day for a hundred years were unleashed against the enemy called water fortress.

Swaeeeek!

A phantom-like throwing knife narrowly passed over Baek Cheon’s head. The throwing knife pierced the forehead of the enemy who was blocking his path and flew behind Baek Cheon in a large arc.

'It's so damn reassuring!'

Baek Cheon held his sword tight.

There were, of course, people behind him with swords and guarding him, but this was a different feeling.

That there is someone to help him, anytime, anywhere, without being bound by the constraints of distance.

That fact pushes Baek Cheon at least half a step further.

Paaaaat!

Baek Cheon rushed forward, scattering dust, and calmed his eyes as he fixed his gaze at the pirates blocking his path with frightened faces.

'With this look in my eyes, as I fight!'

Paaaaaat!

His sword swung diagonally like a streak of light.

“That damned punk swears for three days!”

The edge of Baek Cheon's sword, slicing through pirates and incoming harpoons alike, spun again, blooming dozens of plum blossoms.

The harpoons that flew at him in the form of throwing spears were blocked by the blooming plum blossoms and bounced in all directions.

And then!

“Taaat!”

The moment he stretched his sword forward, the plum blossoms that had bloomed were scattered and swept away the pirates ahead.

Mount Hua's Plum Blossom Sword Technique.

Hundreds of petals, which could not even be distinguished as real or fake, were fluttering as if riding the strong wind blowing over Plum Blossom Island, and were rushing towards the pirates.

In front of them, petals made of sword energy as vivid as one could doubt their eyes, and above, Cow Hair Needles (우모침(牛毛針)) rained down like a downpour. The word ‘to make matters worse’ should be used in such situations.

“Aaarghhh!”

“Sa- Save meeeeee!”

The moment the desperate screams of the pirates rang out, the swordsmen of Mount Hua who were following Baek Cheon all rushed forward and swung their swords.

Their sole purpose was to clear a path towards Namgung.

And in the midst of it all, Namgung Dowi struggled and grabbed his sword tightly.

'I- I also...'

Something needs to be done.

He is Sogaju of Namgung. He can't just watch their efforts from the sidelines!

But….

'What should I do?'

They are too strong. And they move as if they are one body. Within this perfect flow, Namgung Dowi was nothing but an outsider. The moment he steps forward, they will never move at the same speed as they do now.

Then what should he do?

'What am I supposed to do?'

Should he jump in to defend the pride of Namgung? Or should he put aside his pride and prioritize the salvation of Namgung?

Of course, it is the latter.

Is it really right for him, who can't perform even half of his ability due to injury, to stand in front just for pride?

"……"

Namgung Dowi looked blankly at the survivors in the distance with empty eyes.

'This is right.'

It was the moment when the strength seemed to slip out of his hand holding the sword.

Tok!

Someone strongly grabbed Namgung Dowi's shoulder.

Startled, he turned to find Chung Myung, his face set in a fierce frown.

"Do- Dojang!"

Since when?

He was certain that Chung Myung was busy trying to deal with those ships, but when did he arrive at Plum Blossom Island?

Chung Myung distorted his face and urged Namgung Dowi.

"What are you doing here?"

"I- I was just..."

Chung Myung berated Namgung Dowi as if he knew what Namgung Dowi was thinking just by looking at his face.

"You dumbass son of a beast!"

Namgung Dowi had never heard such harsh swear words in his life. He could tell nonetheless. This isn't just an attempt to make him angry, it's a sincere insult. His shoulders involuntarily shrank.

Chung Myung shouted again.

"Go!"

Chung Myung’s hand, holding his shoulder, strongly pushed Namgung Dowi.

“Do- Dojang! I!"

"I know, you bastard! Who here doesn't know you're a burden right now!"

Namgung Dowi bit his lip at that scathing shout. The hand pushing his shoulder grew stronger, and naturally Namgung Dowi had no choice but to speed up more and more.

“Listen carefully!”

“…Yes?"

"What one needs to stand in front isn't skill."

Chung Myung’s voice penetrated clearly into his ears.

“It is a qualification!”

“…...”

Chung Myung looked at Namgung Family with a cold gaze. Namgung deserves to be saved, and Namgung Dowi also deserves to stand in front.

Then, what he needed to do was crystal clear.

“Then you clear the path!”

At that moment, a reassuring voice like no other in the world intervened.

"I'll take care of the back!"

Tang Gun-ak's throwing knife flew past Namgung Dowi's head and landed in the chest of the pirate in front.

"Go!"

At the signal of Chung Myung's cry, Namgung Dowi turned around, kicked the ground, and rushed forward.

It was strange.

As he moved forward, each and every one of those who passed by him gave him a strong look.

As if they had been waiting for this very moment.

And those looks were enough to make Namgung Dowi, who was suffering from injuries, squeeze out the last bit of strength.

“Heuaaaattt!”

White sword energy was charged from the tip of Nangung Daowi's sword, which passed Baekcheon and rushed forward.

Kwaaaaang!

Emperor Sword Technique!

The sword of Emperor for and only moving forward. His sword is a sword to break through enemies and protect those following him!

The realization that Namgung Hwang realized at his end was passed on to his son. The future generations carry on what the predecessors achieved. Isn’t that what families exist for?

“Get out of the way!”

Kwaaaaaaaaaang!

White sword energy erupted from the vertically slashed sword. The pirates could not even resist and were swept away.

“Sogajuuuuuu!”

Namgung Myung's voice was filled with emotion.

The fact that a sword that only Namgung's direct lineage could learn was seen here held so much meaning.

He still doesn't dare compare to Namgung Hwang, but that is definitely Emperor Sword! It was a pure white sword, like the symbol of Namgung Family.

“Cough!”

Namgung Dowi’s body staggered forward for an instant.

Because he was exerting too much internal strength, his vision was getting dizzyingly far away, and his legs trembled as if he would collapse at any moment.

“D- Die!”

The pirates took advantage of that opportunity and came swinging their weapons. Showing weakness on the battlefield meant death!

However….

"Where do you think you're going!"

At that moment, a dark figure soared above Namgung Dowi’s head.

“Mo- Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword!”

The faces of those who recognized him instantly turned pale.

Paaaaaaaat!

Dozens of red sword energy poured out from the sword that Chung Myung wielded. And it accurately pierced the necks of those who attacked Namgung Dowi.

The pirates could not even scream and fell down with the same momentum they had.

Chung Myung landed right next to Namgung Dowi and lifted him up by grabbing his shoulders. However, before he could even put strength into his hand, Namgung Dowi lifted his head and straightened up on his own.

Kwang!

With the sound of a sharp stomp, Namgung Dowi's sword once again emitted a bright white flash.

There are people out there waiting for him.

So at least….

'I can't afford to complain of hardship!'

Kwaaaaaang!

Namgung Dowi, firing sword energy once more, staggered forward. He plunges his sword into the neck of the person approaching him, and somehow manages to get his body up, which looks like it is about to fall at any given moment.

Kung!

He could never take this step alone. He would never have been able to stand up to those who stopped him.

However.

At least at this moment, he wasn't alone. He could feel it. Someone was protecting his back. Someone was waiting for him to move forward!

'Move!'

Blood was pouring out of his nose and mouth, but Namgung Dowi's eyes held an unwavering resolve.

"I am!"

A cry filled with boiling blood burst from his mouth.

“Gaju of Namgung Family!”

Namgung Dowi's sword swung at the pirates blocking his path forward, creating a flickering dazzling light.

A faintly shimmering sword as if it would go out at any moment.

However, the sword energy never went out and collided with the pirates' harpoons.

Kagaaaaaang!

The sword energy that was supposed to cut down and destroy the pirates was hit by the harpoon and bounced off helplessly.

"Ah….”

A sad exclamation flowed from Namgung Dowi’s mouth. But then.

"Well done, kid."

A burst of explosive sword energy erupted from behind him. The red sword energy that was shot forward spread in all directions in an instant, and soon formed vivid red plum blossoms.

The plum blossoms swirled like a storm, sweeping across the pirates in front. Numerous screams of cut off lives echoed through the air.

And Namgung Dowi saw it.

A clear path opened through the pirates that blocked him and Namgung Family.

No further thought was needed.

"Run!"

Namgung Dowi gritted his teeth and kicked the ground.

Towards that path, the path he must take!

The gaze of Namgung Dowi, who ran along the path carved out with blood, met with someone else's.

“Sogajuuuuu!”

At Namgung Myung's voice, filled with emotion, Namgung Dowi fell into his arms with a white smile.

Kkwak!

Namgung Myung pulled Namgung Dowi into a tight embrace with all his strength.

"Well done, truly... truly well done. Sogaju... No."

He bit his lip and corrected himself.

"Gaju."

As if the emotional reunion was completely someone else's business, Chung Myung passed by the two and struck off one of the heads of the helpless pirate in one go. Then he shouted.

"Strike and kill them all!"

“Uooooooh!”

The sword warriors of Mount Hua finally reached Namgung and began to sweep away the pirates with fierce momentum.

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