Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 884. Those who are drunk on past glory is a dead man (4)

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Tuk!

The severed head of Soul-Severing Blood Hand rolled on the ground, detached from its body.

Despite the battlefield being filled with screams and the clashing of weapons, the sounds spread with eerie clarity.

Those who turned their heads as if bewitched to see the beheaded corpse had eyes trembling as if struck by an earthquake.

‘Soul-Severing Blood Hand...….’

This is a battlefield, so it is not surprising if someone dies.

However, it was no one else but that Soul-Severing Blood Hand who was decapitated by the sword of the nameless swordsman. Those who know how great he was are bound to be shocked beyond description.

"Ugh..."

Unless they are an idiot, they can't help but realize that the situation has already reached the point of no return. These people of Evil Sects are more sensitive to the situation on the battlefield than anyone else.

There are two reasons why they have been able to hold out so far.

One is that even if you try to run away, there is nowhere to run.

Another reason is that there was a final hope that the war’s momentum (전세(戰勢)) could be overturned at once by someone's actions.

However, Soul-Severing Blood Hand, the martial master who is supposed to lead the battlefield and play a role in turning the momentum around, has lost his head and is lying on the ground, freezing cold.

Despair filled the eyes of the Evil Sects.

While Gangseo Seven Murderer and several other renowned martial artists were still standing, they too were struggling desperately.

The sight of Gangseo Seven Murderer being pushed back by an unknown swordsman from Mount Hua poured cold water on the hearts of those who grasped the situation.

It was obvious where the eyes of those who could no longer find hope were directed. The reason they were able to gather here. And finally, the last hope they could bet on.

However, the scene before them brutally crushed their last bit of expectation.

Kwang!

The clashing sword and dao created a tremendous roar as they were repelled at the same time.

It was a tense clash in which neither side could find a winner. However, anyone with even the slightest understanding of martial arts will easily guess that there will be some who will not be satisfied with the outcome of this clash.

Gal Cheonrip's face contorted.

"This bastard!"

Gal Cheonrip, who fiercely kicked the ground and shot like an arrow, swung his sword again.

Kwaaa!

A sound that seemed to tear the air apart echoed. It was truly an all-out slash with incredible speed and power.

However, soon the sword, which drew a clear arc from bottom to top, collided head-on with the flying dao of Gal Cheonrip.

Kwaaang!

Once again, there was a loud explosion, and Gal Cheonrip's body reeled back like a reed hit by a typhoon.

Tadak! *Tak*!

His feet, unable to withstand the force, stepped backward several times.

Gal Cheonrip's eyes were bloodshot in anger.

Of course, Un Gum, who prevented his attack, also pushed back a similar distance. But the fact was rather humiliating for Gal Cheonrip.

"Ugh..."

Gal Cheonrip bit his lip until it bled.

Dao wielded with both hands collided with a sword wielded with one hand, and they matched evenly. Considering his dao was at least twice as thick and three times as heavy... it was as good as a devastating defeat.

Because this wasn't a loss of internal strength or swordsmanship, but a pure defeat of physical power.

'How can that one-armed man be so strong...'

It's said that those who have only one arm tend to have greater physical and gripping strength because they must do everything with that single arm, as opposed to those who use both hands.

But isn't that the story of those who have not learned martial arts?

Those who possess internal strength wouldn't experience the same inconvenience with one hand as ordinary people do. So where on earth does this strength that defies common sense come from?

"…Had you mastered dao, you would have reached the peak."

At Gal Cheonrip's words, Un Gum shook his head slowly.

"This is not innate. It is learned."

"...Being a swordmaster?"

Un Gum smiled faintly.

When he thought he had to re-establish martial arts from scratch, it was only one sight that came to his mind.

When he first engraved the name Chung Myung in his head.

That guy was torturing his body with a large boulder attached to him.

It's as if he were disregarding the common sense that swordsmanship should be agile.

At first, he thought it was just a way to forcefully lead his Sahyung who were older than him. But as far as he knows, Chung Myung has never stopped training his body since then.

Right, it was right before his eyes.

This person, who had never felt like he had any talent and was infinitely weak and small, has now reached a level that he could not even imagine. When he sees that shining path so clearly, how can he not walk along?

And the things he gained while walking that path now remained at the edge of his sword.

"Shouldn't you check it for yourself?"

A murderous intent blazed from Gal Cheonrip's gaze.

“You’re talking too much!”

And in an instant, he kicked off the ground and narrowed the distance. He had confirmed that this one-armed left-handed swordsman was stronger than expected. Normally, he would have taken his time to explore his opponent more leisurely.

But now was not the time to afford such luxury.

One reason was that what that arrogant bastard said before the fight started was burning his insides, but the bigger reason was that he couldn't drag out time any longer.

He had clearly seen the fool, Soul-Severing Blood Hand, have his neck cut off without having a chance to use his strength properly. If he dilly-dally here, those mongrels would eventually lose their will and surrender.

If that happened, Gal Cheonrip would not even get a chance to fight. He doesn't know about them, but there's no way that Mount Hua would spare him since he was the instigator of this mess.

"*Dieeeeeeeee*!"

Paaaaang!

The dao, engulfed in red sword energy, tore through the air towards Un Gum.

This time, Un Gum couldn't even think to confront it and hurled his body to the side to avoid the strike.

Kwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaang!

The ground where the strike landed exploded outwards. It was just a matter of hitting the ground, but a huge hole was dug in the hard ground, big enough for one person to fit into.

It is so powerful that some who are watching it can't help but gasp. It was also a blow to prove that the nickname ‘Ruthless Ghost Dao’ was not given for free.

However, there was no change in the eyes of Un Gum, who had just avoided the attack. He simply fixed his gaze on Gal Cheonrip with a cold expression.

"This punk!"

At that moment, Gal Cheonrip’s dao was swung horizontally with a chilling sound of cutting through the air

A slash so powerful it made one question if it was even possible to block such a strike with a thin sword.

Gal Cheonrip was also confident that this damned one-armed man would not dare to face his dao.

However, at that moment, Un Gum planted his foot on the ground and swung his sword fiercely toward the incoming blade.

‘Foolish!’

Was it a mistake due to the overpowering thought that he had the upper hand in the first clash? To any observer, it was a reckless act.

Kwang!

Soon, a massive collision resounded. As expected, the sword bounced off. Gal Cheonrip was internally happy and gave strength to his hand holding the sword. He intends to cut Un Gum in half like this!

But it was right then.

The sword that was knocked away came swinging back with even greater force than before.

Kwang!

During the momentary falter of the dao, another sword strike followed.

Kwang! *Kwaang*! *Kwaang*!

In the blink of an eye, more than a dozen sword strikes burst forth, completely killing the momentum of Gal Cheonrip's dao.

Gal Cheonrip's eyes bulged as if they would split open.

'Wha- What?'

How fast must the sword be to do that?

No, this was not merely speed. This is an impossible feat unless you completely relieve the shock that spreads through your body the moment the sword and DAO collide, and then use that force to swing the sword in reverse.

Paaaaat!

As soon as Gal Cheonrip's do was bounced off, Un Gum’s sword turned into rays of light, casting about a dozen red sword energies.

Facing the sword energies flying towards his entire body, Gal Cheonrip’s thoughts abruptly stopped. This was not the time to be astonished by the opponent’s skill. Those sword energies were targeting none other than his very life!

Swallowing a gust of wind, he twisted his body quickly, moving his dao. He struck down the flying sword energy in one go and swung his dao again with a feeling like he was going to spit blood.

'This can't be happening.’

This shouldn’t be happening.

‘I'm Gal Cheonrip!’

He was the one who must lead everyone to Qinghai and become the leader of Evil Sects.

Yes. That’s how it should have been. What he lacked was not skill, but recognition. Having realized that fact, albeit belatedly, he should now be able to seize them.

Fame. Honor. Glory. Power.

All of that!

'Ultimately, it should have been this Gal Cheonrip who reached the same status as Jang Ilso.

I'm not one to be held back by some nameless swordsman in a place like this!'

Paaaaat!

And at that moment, the sword energy thrown by Un Gum penetrated through the fierce energy and split Gal Cheonrip's side.

Dugeun!

As a sharp pain flashed through his side, a surge of red bloodlust soared in Gal Cheonrip's eyes.

"This, this son of a bit*h!"

With a face twisted like a demon, Gal Cheonrip let out a beast-like roar.

"Euaaaaaaaaa!"

The blue energy that Gal Cheonrip unleashed whipped around like a storm.

It seemed like a reckless flurry driven solely by malice. However, it was an attack that proved that if there was speed and power, even irregular energy would be a powerful move.

The storm-like energy, emanating from Gal Cheonrip, instantly engulfed Un Gum.

Kagang! *Kaang*!

Un Gum swiftly retreated backward, fending off the incoming energy. The energy, laden with intense malice and murderous intent, chased after Un Gum like a demon from hell.

"Dieeee!"

The energy attacked even more fiercely. As if it was determined to grind Un Gum to dust this time.

"Keuk!"

For the first time, a groan escaped Un Gum's lips. As if responding to that sound, the storm of energy, now with added force, seemed to swallow up the space itself as it stretched forth.

However, Un Gum was not the only one who encountered the instantaneous explosion of energy.

"Heuk!"

One of the Evil Sects, who was struggling fiercely against the disciple of Mount Hua who was constantly pushing him, turned around, forgetting that he was fighting when he felt an eerie sensation behind his back.

And then.

"Euuaaaaaak!"

The energy released by Gal Cheonrip had overwhelmed many of the Evil Sects from behind.

"Aaaaakh!"

"This son of a… Keuaaak!"

Those who were suddenly struck by the energy from behind let out desperate screams.

There was no need to elaborate on what became of those swept away by the storm of energy without a chance to even plant their feet. Red blood was scattered along the direction in which the dao was swung.

"Heok!"

"Crazy guy!"

Mount Hua's disciples, witnessing the person they were facing being torn apart by the energy that came from behind, turned pale with shock and retreated.

The Evil Sects also hurried to leap out of the way.

Hwiiiiiiing!

With a horrifying sound, the rotating dao came to a halt. And the scene that finally revealed itself was too gruesome for the word 'horrific' to suffice.

The ground was soaked in blood. The flesh and pieces of clothing visible here and there were mangled to the point where it was difficult to even guess who they belonged to.

"Huuk. Huuk… Huuk!"

Gal Cheonrip, with his dao plunged into the ground, gasped for breath. His face was pale as a sheet from the sudden exertion of enormous energy.

Everyone looked at him, speechless.

It was then that Gal Cheonrip clenched his teeth, about to say something.

"Even beasts..."

It was Un Gum.

Un Gum, having witnessed the carnage wrought by Gal Cheonrip's energy, had eyes streaming with blue killing intent.

"...do not bite their own pack."

“…….”

"I will grant you a death befitting you."

Un Gum stepped forward, crushing the pool of blood beneath his feet.

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