Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 868. This is the land of Mount Hua (3)

Editor: Hoamzz

Co-Translator: Xoxo

"You son of a beast!"

A roaring voice burst forth.

Located in Sanmenxia (삼문협(三门峡)), the leader of the medium-sized sect, Tiger Blockade Sect (벽호문(壁虎門)), Cho Myung-san, known as Thunder Raging Tiger (벽력노호(霹靂怒虎)), looked at the scene unfolding before him with a distorted, furious face.

He had rushed over without looking back upon hearing the news that evil-doers were swarming into Seobom Village (서범촌(西凡村)) and slaughtering commoners. From the moment he saw the burning village and the miserably fallen commoners, rage akin to a fire began to burn in his chest.

"How…."

Powerless commoners, regardless of age or gender, died horribly. Hot tears flowed from Cho Myung-san's eyes.

"How can these monsters in human skin commit such atrocities! Even tearing them to pieces wouldn't be enough!"

Tiger Blockade Sect is a small sect located in Sanmenxia and has never caused harm to commoners. They believed the reason for mastering martial arts was solely to protect and take care of those weaker than themselves.

The sight of commoners brutally killed was an unbearable shock to them.

"This…."

"Worse than a beast!"

As the roar of Thunder Raging Tiger rang out, those who were leisurely leaving the devastated village looked back at the disciples of Tiger Blockade Sect with wolf-like eyes.

The sight of them with blood splattered all over their clothes made even the brave disciples of Tiger Blockade Sect momentarily flabbergasted.

“……What's that?"

"Kekek, we got an outstanding hero here.”

Though sneering, their eyes were devoid of any humor and filled with madness.

The word ‘eerie’ probably exists to be used in situations like this.

“I can’t understand the thoughts of Righteous Sects bastards.”

Revolving Spear Ghost, holding a long spear, smiled and approached the disciples of Tiger Blockade Sect.

“If you had just pretended not to see us and ran away, you could have saved your life, but what on earth were you thinking by coming all the way here and making a fuss? Do you think swords won't be stuck to your neck?"

"That’s Righteous Sects for you."

“Stupid bastards.”

The others also began to turn back slowly.

"In any case... since the guests have come, we must treat them well."

Even though Gangseo Seven Murderer did not set the mood, the Evil Sects people took the initiative and began to approach the Tiger Blockade Sect, baring their teeth.

"Mu- Munju-nim."

"This…."

Looking at the oncoming Evil Sects while emitting bloodlust, Thunder Raging Tiger bit his lips to the point of bleeding.

"Gwan Hong!"

"Yes!"

"Lead the third-class disciples to Xi’an now! We must inform Xi’an of this fact!"

"Yes!"

"The remaining first and second-class disciples join me in stopping them!"

"...Understood!"

The disciples of Tiger Blockade Sect had a hunch. The fact is that their ability can never stop the enemies.

The momentum radiating from the enemies is already making their fingertips numb and their spines tingle. How can a small sect the likes of Tiger Blockade Sect handle such monsters?

Still, they could never back down.

The reason is simple.

If everyone fled, everyone would die. Someone should remain here and be the shield to the disciples who run away.

And more importantly...

"There could be people still alive in there! If we run away leaving behind commoners who need help to survive, won't we be too shameful for the 'virtue' we've been proclaiming all our lives?"

"Yes!"

"A martial artist proves himself by how he dies! Clench your teeth, everyone!"

At Thunder Raging Tiger's roar, fear vanished from the eyes of the disciples.

However, the sight only elicited a scoff from the Revolving Spear Ghost.

"To prove oneself by how one dies?"

Geugeugeuk.

A vicious smile appeared at the corners of his mouth as he scraped the tip of his spear on the ground.

"Then all of you must be trash bastards. Since you'll die a dog’s death here!"

He rushed to the Tiger Blockade Sect at once, as if refusing to yield the appetizing prey he had seen for the first time in a while.

"Block him!"

"Defeat the evil enemies!"

Starting with Revolving Spear Ghost, the other Evil Sects also charged in, laughing malevolently.

Thunder Raging Tiger began to muster all his internal energy.

'Even if it's just for a moment!'

He didn’t wish to win.

What he wanted was to buy even a little time. It was to buy time for the escaped disciples to survive and delay the arrival of these evil enemies to the next village by even a single moment.

‘I'm sure the Ten Great Sects will come to help! Definitely!'

With his resolve strengthened, Thunder Raging Tiger stomped down and swung his fist toward the flying Revolving Spear Ghost.

The unique martial arts of the Tiger Blockade Sect, the 'Raging Tiger Eighteen Blockade (노호십팔벽(怒虎十八壁)),' unfolded more perfectly than ever in Thunder Raging Tiger's life. His two fists, imbued with intense red energy, swung like the forepaws of a tiger.

However….

"You’re slow, old man."

Kwadeuduk!

The spear of Revolving Spear Ghost, which extended like a flash of lightning, easily penetrated through Thunder Raging Tiger's right fist.

Kwadeuk! *Kwadeuk*! *Kwadeuk*!

One after another, holes the size of a child's fist were drilled into the arm, elbow, and shoulder by Revolving Spear Ghost's spear, which was then thrust into Thunder Raging Tiger's chest in an instant.

"…Keuu…."

Just a single second.

Revolving Spear Ghost let out a mocking laugh at Thunder Raging Tiger, who had been

defeated so quickly that his lofty virtue was overshadowed.

"Well, if you spent time training instead of running your mouth, you might've held on a little longer."

It was the moment when Revolving Spear Ghost was about to mercilessly pull out the spear embedded in Thunder Raging Tiger’s chest,

"Cough..."

Thunder Raging Tiger Cho Myung-san grasped the spear stuck in his chest with trembling hands.

"Hm?"

It wasn't a move to counter Revolving Spear Ghost.

Cho Myung-san actually pushed the spear deeper into his own chest. Then he tightened his chest muscles and grabbed the spear tightly with both hands.

As if refusing to let it go.

As if to delay, if only for an instant, the moment when this spear would be swung again.

"…...This old man?"

Spitting out mouthfuls of red blood, Cho Myung-san tried to smile somehow. Even though that couldn't possibly happen with his miserably distorted face.

"D- Don’t... touch… commoners….”

Paaaaat!

In an instant, the spear of Revolving Spear Ghost sliced Cho Myung-san's body in half, passing over his head.

Thud.

"What an idiotic old man. Clueless to the very end."

Revolving Spear Ghost shook off the blood from the tip of his spear and turned his head. Those who had already overwhelmed the Tiger Blockade Sect were now indiscriminately slaughtering everyone.

Revolving Spear Ghost, who was looking for his share, clicked his tongue in annoyance. He couldn't even properly swing his spear at these pitiful beings.

"It's lukewarm."

He felt like his blood was boiling.

'…There are probably more people worth dealing with in Xi’an.’

While Revolving Spear Ghost was suppressing his burning feelings, One Kill One Smile Dam Hae, who was watching the situation from behind her, asked Gal Cheonrip quietly.

"Isn't this funny, Daehyung?"

"What is?"

"I thought all the Righteous Secst bastards were hypocrites. Didn’t those Ten Great Sects bastards also beg for their lives from the Evil Tyrant Alliance?”

"That's right."

"But those who can't even compare to the toes of the Ten Great Sects died while keeping their words, didn't they? I find it amusing that these are small and medium sects."

"It's the other way around."

"Yes?"

Gal Cheonrip smirks.

"That's why they're small and medium-sized sects. How will the sect grow when it does not turn its attention to things that are profitable and refuses to do things that could benefit it?”

"…I guess that's true."

"A growing sect should be sensitive to profit. Righteous Sects that truly believe in what they say, righteousness and all, have no choice but to end up like that.”

"Still, isn't it admirable?"

"Admirable, true. They certainly deserve respect. At least they're not like the hypocrites you know, saying one thing and doing another. But..."

Gal Cheonrip's eyes turned to the Tiger Blockade Sect who were screaming and dying

miserably.

Contrary to the words that came out of his mouth, his gaze did not show even an ounce of respect.

"They're just dumb. Throwing their lives away for meaningless matters. Even the beast flees when threatened... aren't they worse than beasts?"

"Kekeke. That’s right, Daehyung."

Gal Cheonrip took his gaze off the scene of the slaughter, which was almost finished.

To them, the Tiger Blockade Sect was hardly even a distraction. It is the same as pouring just one drop of moisture into the throat of someone who is dying of thirst.

'If we keep them on a tight leash, they might turn against us.'

Gal Cheonrip chinned toward the west.

"We've wasted too much time. It seems like everyone is getting more and more intoxicated, so let's go straight to Xi’an."

"Yes, Daehyung. Let’s."

A sinister smile appeared at the corners of Gal Cheonrip's mouth.

'Perfect.'

The preparations were now complete.

* * *

"Buntaju-nim."

The beggar who came into the office bit his lips.

"What is it?"

"The village burned down."

"…What?"

“The Evil Sect bastards killed all the people in Seogwan Village and set fire to the village.”

Udeuk.

The brush in Hong Dae-gwang's hand broke.

Hong Dae-gwang, who bit his lips to the point of bleeding, held his breath for a long time with bloodshot eyes.

"…Seogwan Village?"

"Yes."

"Is that all?"

"…We've only confirmed that they've annihilated Seogwan Village and moved to Seobom Village. It's said that the Tiger Blockade Sect went to Seobom Village to stop them, but..."

"…Tiger Blockade Sect."

Hong Dae-gwang closed his eyes with a miserable face.

It's a foolish thing to do. There's no way they can be stopped with just Tiger Blockade Sect. The difference in power is so great that it would be fortunate if at least one person could survive the moment they encounter each other.

But…….

How can he call those who rushed to throw away their lives upon hearing the screams of the commoners foolish?

“Remember that name.”

"Yes!"

"What about reinforcements? What happened to the request for support?"

"We sent it via Thousand Miles Flying Eagle (천리비응(千里飛鷹)), so we should get a reply by now."

"Damn it, it's too late!”

Hong Dae-gwang bit his lips.

'Before the message pigeon reaches here, those who received the message should have moved

first.'

If everything goes as planned, everyone will be running toward Shaanxi by now. Hopefully, they will arrive before the damage becomes even greater.....….

"Buntaju! Buntaju! A reply has arrived!"

"Where is it?"

"Here it is!"

"Bring it quickly! Over here!"

Hong Dae-gwang snatched the envelope that the beggar brought and quickly unfolded it.

Soon his eyes began to tremble slightly.

"This…."

"Buntaju! We've also received a reply from Shaolin!"

"…Open it."

"Uh? But I don't have the authority to…"

"Just open and read it, you son of a beast!"

The beggar, startled by the murderous shout that came out of Hong Dae-gwang's mouth, opened the envelope on the spot.

The beggar unfolded the letter, flinched when he saw the words written inside and looked at Hong Dae-gwang.

"…Read it."

"That…."

"Read it!"

The beggar clenched his lips. His young eyes trembled with bewilderment.

"…Support… not possible."

"Haha…."

Hong Dae-gwang chuckled bitterly and casually tossed the letter onto the desk.

The four letters "Support is difficult (지원난망(支援難望))" were clearly written on the letter that escaped his hand.

"Support is difficult?"

Kwaaaaang!

Hong Dae-gwang hits the desk at once and breaks it into pieces.

"What are these damned dog-like bastards talking about! Even at this moment, people are dying by the dozens and hundreds, and they say support is difficult? These… These people… These... These dog bastaaaaaards!"

An unbearable swear broke out from Hong Dae-gwang's mouth.

The target was the headquarters of Gaebang and Shaolin Temple, the northern head of the world. It was not something that should come out of the mouth of a mere Buntaju of Gaebang, but no one here could blame him for it.

"Buntaju… What should we do now?"

"…What should we do?"

"The headquarters says we should withdraw…"

At that moment, flames erupted from Hong Dae-gwang's eyes.

Puuk!

He kicked the inkstone that had fallen on the floor and threw it at the beggar who opened his mouth and gritted his teeth.

"You son of a b*tch. Even though we are idiots who can't even beg properly, the reason we can live without starving is because the people in this neighborhood trust us and help us. But since it's dangerous, you want us to step back first? Are you even worthy of being a beggar of Owijimun (오의지문(汚衣之門)/Dirty Clothes Sect)?"

"B- But... this is the order of headquarters…….”

"Ignore those senile, crazy old bastards! Damn it!"

Hong Dae-gwang said, barely suppressing his anger, as he flushed red.

“Right now, run to the villages along those bastards’ movement routes and evacuate all the people.”

"I- Is that even possible…"

"Do as much as you can, somehow! Tell the people of Xi’an to evacuate right now!"

"...Understood."

"Move!"

"Yes!"

Hong Dae-gwang bit his lips as the beggars ran out. Blood trickled down from his torn lip.

"Even after all this…"

Clutching his fist until it lost color, trembling, Hong Dae-gwang clenched his teeth and dashed outside.

His bloodshot gaze headed toward Mt. Hua is obscured by clouds.

Finally, with a hardened resolve, he ran straight toward the mountain path leading to the towering Mt. Hua.

|Note