Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 710. I have to check (5)

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Thud.

The sound of a lifeless body falling, whose breath had already been cut off, rang out clearly.

It was a bit strange.

On a battlefield where people were shouting at each other and swinging their weapons, the sound of a person falling could be heard.

In other words, it meant that the flow of the fierce battle that had been unfolding until a moment ago had been cut off.

At the moment when the swords of Mount Hua's disciples, who had been fiercely pushed forward stopped, the Iron Spear Manor warriors turned their heads blankly, not even thinking of running away, let alone counterattack.

What caught their eyes were the appearance of Bangju, whose neck was twisted and dead, and the body of Heo Hyeong, whose heart was pierced and collapsed.

Their eyes, witnessing something that should never happen and should not happen, shook as they searched for a place to go.

The blood that flowed from Heo Hyeong's pierced chest quickly stained the ground red.

Although they were only looking with their eyes, it seemed like they could vividly feel the temperature of the cooling blood at their fingertips.

Having personally confirmed that Bangju and the guest he had brought had fallen so lifelessly, there was no longer any will to resist left in the Iron Spear Manor warriors.

Avenge their Bangju?

What a joke.

If they were people who had a sense of loyalty, they wouldn't be in Evil Sect. They are drawn to strength and profit, not loyalty and affection.

A leader who can no longer protect them holds no meaning.

'What should I do?'

It was right at that moment when they were shaking, unable to grasp the situation.

Step.

Chung Myung swung his sword to shake off the blood and started walking. Blood from Heo Hyung's chest made a small sound as it was stepped on.

The clear, eerie sound caught everyone's breath.

Step. Step.

With the sword held casually in one hand and lowered, Chung Myung's gaze naturally fell on Mak Wi.

Mak Wi's face, which was entirely exposed to that gaze, was pale and stiff.

He glanced at the fallen Heo Hyeong and then quickly looked back at Chung Myung.

'Heo- Heo Hyeong….'

It was an unbelievable event.

Heo Hyeong's martial arts were by no means inferior to Mak Wi. If they had to differentiate their levels, it would be just a thin piece of paper difference.

However, such Heo Hyeong had his breath cut off without even properly confronting him. It was not even because of great swordsmanship or being overwhelmed by an immense internal strength.

Just swinging, stabbing, and cutting.

The attack that could only be described as basic connected several times and Heo Hyeong's heart was penetrated.

How should this situation be explained?

If someone who doesn't know martial arts sees it, they would say it's amazing. If someone who knows martial arts quite well sees it, they would say it's astonishing.

But for those who are confident in their own strength like Mak Wi? Perhaps none of them would be able to find a way to explain this scene. Just like Mak Wi now.

Step.

It was the sound of footsteps made by Chung Myung that brought Mak Wi to reality, which was sinking deeper and deeper while he was in thought.

The low voice of Chung Myung came to Mak Wi’s ear, which caught him by surprise.

"What's so complicated?"

Mak Wi, who heard the flat voice, looked blankly at Chung Myung's face.

"You're going to die anyway."

“…….”

Instead of answering, Mak Wi gripped his blade tightly.

That's right.

After all, what's left is the result of one of the two dying anyway. How strong is that guy, and how can he be so strong? What does that mean in this situation?

This is usually the end of a life for those who use swords to put food on their plate. Those who live by swinging swords on their own will eventually meet someone stronger than themselves and die. Mak Wi also thought that this day would inevitably come.

'I didn't know it would be today.'

His pounding heart gradually calmed down. His face, which had been filled with fear, soon regained its composure and finally became as calm as a lake.

Step.

Chung Myung stopped his foot when he saw the expression.

Tong.

Mak Wi, who threw the scabbard on the ground, clenched his blade with both hands and aimed at Chung Myung.

"… Great… Spirit… Mak… Wi."

Because of the broken jaw, the pain came in whenever he spoke and the pronunciation leaked, but he managed to say it one word at a time. At least this name must be clearly conveyed.

"You…."

As if he understood the intention, Chung Myung's lips curled up slightly.

"Chung Myung."

"……Divine Dragon."

Mak Wi, who confirmed the obvious fact again, stared at Chung Myung with extremely serious eyes.

"The… Last… Give… Give all…."

Chung Myung's smile deepened.

"Try it."

If it had been the usual Mak Wi, he would never have tolerated such a disparaging attitude. But now he's not in the least emotional.

Perhaps because this match will be the last one?

No.

Because that man has the right to.

Kangho is a place dominated by the strong. The strong have the right to be arrogant. Mak Wi was one of those who knew this fact better than anyone else.

Tension wrapped around the air. He held the blade tightly to the point of breaking it.

With a cold head and a hot heart.

He put all the martial arts he had practiced throughout his life into the end of his blade now. What's important is not winning or losing. It's about unfolding a regret-free swordsmanship.

"Huuk!"

The feet that contained all his internal strength stomped the ground.

The sights in front of him were distorted in an instant. As the clear landscape twisted and stretched, only Chung Myung, located in front of him, became clearer.

It's an area he has never reached in his entire life.

It is lamentable that it was reached just at the last minute, but it can be a consolation that he reached it at least now.

Bureururu.

All the internal strength left in the Dantian was tied to the blade through his hand. The blade, which could not handle his enormous internal strength, trembled and screamed. The blade seemed like it could burst at any moment, but it didn't matter.

This blow is the last one anyway.

"Heeeuaaaat!"

A huge shout erupted from his throat. The energy clumped together like a small sun and spewed out heat. He pushed everything into it without leaving a single regret or a single ounce of strength and struck Chung Myung's head.

At the moment, Mak Wi was convinced.

This is the most perfect blow of his life.

Kwaaaa!

It flies toward Chung Myung's head as if it could split even a mountain. Shivers rose up all the way from the tip of his tailbone. A strong sense of pleasure swept through his mind as if pouring cold waterfall water into his head.

What Mak Wi saw in the greatest pleasure of his life was the corners of Chung Myung’s twisted lips.

Paaaat!

Chung Myung's sword, which had been stretched until then, soared like a ray of light and struck Mak Wi’s blade.

Kaaang!

As soon as the sword and the blade collided, Chung Myung's sword could not withstand the tremendous force on the blade and was flung back.

Mak Wi's eyes widened.

'I won...'

For a sword master to face a full-force heavy attack of blade head-on is tantamount to suicide. There's no way Mount Hua Divine Dragon wouldn't know that, but a moment of arrogance..…

And it was that moment.

Chung Myung's sword, faster than when it was flung back, swung around and struck the blade again.

Kaang!

Once again!

Kaaang!

Again!

Kaang!

Once, twice, and dozens of times!

The sword swung like flowing water and struck Mak Wi's blade dozens of times in the blink of an eye.

Kogok!

Each time they touched, the blade's power died a little, and soon it began to be pushed back.

Mak Wi, realizing that his blade had returned to where he had first raised it above his head, opened his mouth wide.

‘Tha- That's ridiculous.…’

How could he swing a dozen sword attacks in the time he took to swing the blade once? This was far beyond the common sense of martial arts he knew.

"Uaaaak!"

It was the moment when Mak Wi was about to press down again with bloodshot eyes.

Paaaaaat!

Chung Myung's sword, which moved like a streak of light, cut Mak Wi's wrist holding the blade.

Sogok!

With a clean cut, white bone was exposed from the severed wrist, and blood gushed out.

However, Chung Myung's sword didn't stop there.

Sogok! Sogok! Sogok!

Upper arm, elbow, shoulder, side.

Chung Myung's sword cut and cut again all over Mak Wi's body.

Sogok! *Sogok*! *Sogok*!

Thighs and ankles, side of the neck, lower abdomen.

Chung Myung, who quickly cut all the muscles of the body at once, rushed forward like a rainand stabbed Mak Wi's upper body several times.

Puk! *Puk*! *Puuk*! *Puk*!

In an instant, more than a dozen holes were pierced in Mak Wi's chest and abdomen, and blood poured like rain.

Puuuuk!

The final blow was to the heart.

Chung Myung, who penetrated his heart in one breath, calmly looked at Mak Wi while being hit by the blood that spurted from his body.

The only well-colored eyes on a blood-red face were dark and indifferent. Even Mak Wi, who had already crossed the River of Death halfway, felt terror in that unfathomable abyss.

".....Why?"

A groan-like question flowed from the lips that struggled to open.

He could barely say this much as his breath was almost cut off, but Chung Myung understood the meaning of the word.

Blood-soaked Chung Myung said, twisting the corners of his mouth.

"Martial artist?"

“…….”

"Don't act like you've lived properly at the end. You're just trash."

“…….”

"So die like a trash."

"…I…."

Paaaaaat!

Chung Myung's sword, which was pulled out of the heart, hit Mak Wi’s neck at once. As if the last words weren't worth listening to.

"*Ptoo*."

Chung Myung spat out the blood that had been pushed into his mouth.

A bastard who reeks of a terrible blood scent and thinks of it as a medal. A human butcher who killed not dozens but hundreds.

Such a man doesn't deserve to receive mercy.

'What's the difference with me?'

Swaeek!

Chung Myung chuckled, shook off the blood lightly, and sheathed his sword.

Then, without a moment's hesitation, he stepped on Mak Wi's corpse and walked towards the half-ruined pavilion.

Step.

Step.

The weight of his footsteps echoed throughout the pavilion.

Step.

As soon as he entered the pavilion, he saw Jin Yanggeon, who was shivering like a cornered rat.

The moment their eyes met, all the blood drained from Jin Yanggeon's face in an instant.

"I... I... am..."

His body trembles like an aspen.

How many people could remain calm while looking at Chung Myung, who was soaked in blood all over his body, staring at them with eyes as cold as ice? Jin Yanggeon was too weak for that.

Ppudeuk.

Then Chung Myung , who distorted his face cruelly and gritted his teeth, quickly approached Jin Yanggeon.

"Hi- Hiiek! I, I! I!"

Chung Myung grabbed his neck without hesitation and raised Jinyang Gon, who collapsed. Then Chung Myung slammed him against the wall in a single move.

Kwaaang!

"*Kek*! *Keek*!"

Jinyang Gon shuddered in pain from his neck and back. But what truly made him scared and painful was Chung Myung's gaze that seemed filled with intent to tear him apart and kill him at any moment.

"I, I was wrong! Please save-....."

"Tell me."

Jin Yanggeon, who didn't understand the meaning of the words, looked at Chung Myung with a puzzled face. Then, a voice that seemed to flow from hell poured out of Chung Myung's lips.

"Tell me, where did you get that martial art?”

"Ma, martial arts?"

Kwaaaak!

"*Kkeook*……."

Chung Myung's fingers dug into Jinyang Gon's neck. Jinyang Gon's face began to turn dark blue in an instant.

His hands instinctively grabbed his neck and scratched the hand that gripped his neck, but Chung Myung didn't even budge like a rock.

"Tell me. Before I kill you!"

Chung Myung's tightly bitten lips finally tore apart. A streak of blood ran down his chin and dripped to the ground.

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