

Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 975. Consider this an honor, kid (5)

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The side where the sword had cut started throbbing, and then a terrible pain struck him.

Black Dragon King is by no means a fool. To some extent, his actions and harsh words were intentional. Contrary to his external appearance, his reasoning usually coldly faces reality.

But now, if it weren't for the sharp pain in his side, he would have wondered if this situation was a dream.

'I couldn't see it.'

Neither the figure of that person nor his sword.

'Complacency?'

That's not even funny.

Black Dragon King had resolved to give it his all. In a situation where so many eyes were on him, he needed to show overwhelming strength to turn the tide of the battlefield in favor of water fortress. There's no room for complacency when tasked with such a goal.

Yet, he saw nothing. Absolutely nothing.

'How....'

Cold sweat ran down his back.

Then that means the man's speed is really beyond what he can perceive, but isn't he just a brat who's barely twenty?

'Nonsense!'

That is impossible.

It was even more difficult to accept because Black Dragon King was not foolish.

There are always limits to everything in the world.

A tiger that tears apart a bear the size of a house or crushes a rock can exist. Such a tiger may exist once in a thousand years or once in 10,000 years.

But a tiger that flies and strikes lightning surpasses the realm of "tigers", doesn't it? People can imagine a mountainous tiger but not a flying one. That's 'common sense.'

To accept Chung Myung's martial prowess as it appeared means believing in the existence of a tiger that soars through the skies and casts down lightning.

Duguen! Duguen!

His wound and instincts screamed to retreat from the opponent.

But his reasoning shouted not to show weakness here.

In the fierce battle between instinct and reason, Black Dragon King couldn't decide how to respond.

Hwirik.

Chung Myung, who had switched his grip on the sword, walked towards Black Dragon King.

Flinch.

Unknowingly, Black Dragon King tried to step back but desperately restrained himself. Black Dragon King of the world would retreat against such a brat? Even if he were to rip Chung Myung to pieces and kill him, it was a shame that would never go away.

'What am I thinking!'

He gritted his teeth.

What does it matter whether the opponent is strong or not?

He can't back down anyway. The moment he retreats, he loses the right to be called Black Dragon King. Water fortress will be torn to pieces, and he will live with finger points at him for the rest of his life.

Evil Sects can be ruthless. But they should never be a laughing stock.

Kuung!

Black Dragon King gathered his courage and struck the ground with his guan dao. Then, gritting his teeth, he aimed at Chung Myung with both hands on his dao.

“Huuuuk!”

Forget everything.

Forget how skilled that person was in the past, how he became so strong in just three years. None of that matters in this fight.

There's only one thing he has to think about. How to kill that guy!

“You puuuunk!”

When you don't know your opponent's strength, the best you can do is defend. But Black Dragon King instead rushed forward. He decided that he should not get caught in the opponent's rhythm.

The sight of him charging explosively with the massive guan dao was so intense that it seemed capable of cutting off an opponent's breath by its presence alone. The line drawn in the air by the ink-colored sword energy coming out from the edge of the dao strongly captured everyone's attention.

However, his momentum did not seem to have any effect on Chung Myung. Even as he watched Black Dragon King rushing furiously, Chung Myung's eyes were no different from the first time.

There was no change even in the way he approached him. It was as if Black Dragon King could not be seen in his eyes.

Kwaaaang!

The stretched out force seemed to shake the entire island. Along with the advance strong enough to make the cut waist spurt blood, Black Dragon King swung down his raised dao with all his might without wasting any force.

Paaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat!

At that sound, chills ran down everyone's spine.

This wasn't about momentum or internal strength. His internal strength wasn't leaking outwards but was entirely concentrated in his blade. Therefore, the shockwave was produced solely by Black Dragon King's physical strength.

His well-trained body, elastic like rubber, spun furiously, channeling all its force into the blade. Just the process itself was creating a storm.

And the dao, which contains all the strength and internal strength of the body, falls as if it will split heaven and earth.

A single strike (일도(一刀)) so powerful that even Baek Cheon, who was watching, had to clench his fists and tighten his entire body muscles, rushed towards Chung Myung's head. It was an incredible speed.

'You punk!'

But at that moment, Black Dragon King's eyes filled with puzzlement.

The dao was falling as if to tear the head into pieces, but Chung Myung showed no reaction. He made no movement to dodge or block.

He just looked at Black Dragon King and the falling dao indifferently with observing eyes.

And it was that moment.

The sword that was hanging down suddenly shot up like a thunderbolt. Towards his dao falling towards Chung Myung's head.

Black Dragon King reflexively amplified the amount of internal strength being pushed into his dao.

Kuung!

The sound came from within Black Dragon King, not from outside. The moment the sword and dao collided, a profound shock that perfectly matched the word 'blunt force' penetrated him.

But that was it. The power behind Chung Myung's sword was too weak to stop his dao.

'Just this!'

He tightened his grip on his dao with the intention of tearing Chung Myung apart from head to toe in one go.

Sure enough, Chung Myung's sword, which was in contact with the sword, bounced away helplessly like a leaf caught in a storm.

But at that very moment.

Paaaaaaaat!

The sword that had been repelled flew back like a beam of light and collided with Black Dragon King's dao.

Kuung! Kuung! Kuung!

Inside Black Dragon King's ears, not from outside but from within, deep and massive thuds erupted in succession.

The source of these explosions was none other than the dao he wielded. His dao vibrated at an incredible speed, making his body resonate as if it were a large drum.

'Th- This...!'

Black Dragon King saw it clearly.

The scene of a mere sword that could not be simply dismissed as such drawing numerous trajectories in the short distance between the dao and Chung Myung.

It was like a meteor shower. A meteor shower rises from the ground to the sky.

Like the flickering of stars in the night sky, the sword energy that traced a fantasy-like trajectory was literally striking Black Dragon King's dao.

The power contained in each sword is incomparable to that of Black Dragon King. However, before the force from the collision with the first sword strike could dissipate, the second sword strike struck his dao, and before the force could be transmitted to his body, the third sword strike flew in.

Dozens of consecutive strikes continued like that.

The moment the power of the consecutive strike, which seemed to have split the moment into dozens, gathered in the center of the dao, everyone's mouth was wide open.

Kwaaaaaaaang!

Black Dragon King's dao was repelled.

A guan dao reaching nearly three meters in length. The sight of guan dao, wielded by none other than Black Dragon King with all his might, colliding with the thin sword and bouncing back, felt unrealistic.

Yet, the one who would feel this shock most acutely was undoubtedly Black Dragon King himself. His eyes bulged as if they would split open.

Kwang!

Before the shock could even reach his head, Black Dragon King stomped on the ground. Since the dao had lost his control, his instincts first realized that it was dangerous to be within the man's strike distance.

But his opponent is Chung Myung.

Almost as soon as Black Dragon King kicked the ground and retreated, Chung Myung followed him like a ghost.

Sogok!

It wasn't long before Black Dragon King's thick pectoralis muscle was cut open by the sword of Chung Myung with a simple, as if meaningless cut. The sensation of being cut was distinctly felt.

But there was something more horrifying than that.

The distorted eye corners, the lips curled up to the extreme, the newly exposed white teeth through those lips, seeing this, Black Dragon King felt as if his entire body's blood had turned ice cold.

Black Dragon King, who could not bear it any longer, screamed as if in a fit.

“Euaaaaaap!”

The repelled dao flew towards Chung Myung's head once again.

But at that moment, Chung Myung's sword swiftly penetrated the wrist of Black Dragon King, who had grabbed the center of guan dao.

Kwadeuk!

The steel-like muscles were torn, and the sharp metal dug into his bones. However, a chill colder than the sensation of being cut was what truly penetrated Black Dragon King's heart.

But

“Ooooooh!”

Black Dragon King is Black Dragon King. He swung his guan dao without paying attention to the sword that was digging into his wrist. As if he would tear Chung Myung apart even if it meant cutting off his wrists.

But at that moment, Black Dragon King had to realize.

There definitely exists someone crazier than him in this world.

Kwadeuk!

Something stopped the guan dao from swinging even halfway. Black Dragon King opened his eyes wide as he confirmed something that was blocking his guan dao.

'Hand?'

Chung Myung, who had swung his sword sharply into Black Dragon King's wrist, grabbed Black Dragon King's guan dao with his left hand.

Of course, the hand cracked and blood spurted out like a fountain. But Chung Myung's eyes, seen through the blood, remained chillingly calm.

Udeuk!

Without hesitation, the sword pulled out from Black Dragon King's wrist and immediately released dozens of sword shadows.

Black Dragon King reflexively tried to pull his guan dao. However, the hand clung to his dao and did not let go easily, as if it were glued on.

'You piece of shit!'

Black Dragon King raised his internal strength and unleashed dao energy. Chung Myung's hand holding his dao began to be swept away by the dao energy and torn apart.

But Black Dragon King also had to pay the price.

Sogok!

A bright red line was engraved on his upper arm.

Sogok!

The sword shadow that burrowed into his thigh cut through all his muscles.

Puuk!

The sword that penetrated his side punched a pitch-black hole big enough for a child's fist in his steel-like abs.

Intense pain began to spread throughout his body.

“Eu- Euaaaaargh!”

He could clearly see the sword digging into his abdomen again. Black Dragon King's eyes were bloodshot. Gritting his teeth, he concentrated his internal strength on his abdomen and clenched the sword that had dug into his abdomen. And he pushed the guan dao towards Chung Myung.

'If you don't have a sword!'

Chung Myung let out a crooked smile as he saw the blade of guan dao towards his face.

Shortly after, something Black Dragon King could never have imagined happened.

Chung Myung let go of his sword that was stuck in Black Dragon King's abdomen.

'Huh?'

Black Dragon King's mouth opened, shocked to the point where his heart almost leaped to his throat.

Chung Myung stretched out his tattered hand and grabbed guan dao that Black Dragon King had thrown. The sight of the flesh on the back of his half-dangling hand being torn apart, unable to handle the pressure, was clearly visible.

But the next moment, what Black Dragon King saw was Chung Myung's knee flying toward his face.

Kwaaaaaang!

Black Dragon King was thrown back, spewing blood.

The moment he flew like a broken kite and landed on the sand dune, a dead silence fell over the entire island.

“Cough!”

Black Dragon King, spasming briefly, coughed up blood.

Trembling, he propped up his upper body, and the sight of Chung Myung's sword still embedded in his abdomen was visible.

"...Mad... Madman..."

Where in the world is there such a man?

Even Evil Sects don't fight like that. No matter how vicious, they do not throw their bodies around in such a manner when fighting.

This was literally the act of a madman.

Through his shock-blurred vision, the sight of Chung Myung looking down at his tattered left hand entered his view. Looking at his hands without saying anything, he shook off the blood flowing in his hands as if it were annoying.

"Sword."

As soon as Chung Myung finished his word, a white sword flew toward him. He reached out, grabbed the flying sword, and smirked.

"Good."

It was Dark Fragrance Plum Blossom Sword that was first thrown to this island. Jo-Gol had cleverly retrieved it.

Chung Myung nodded, as if he liked the feeling of the sword in his hand.

After regaining his sword, he glanced at Black Dragon King again and moved his feet.

Took. Took.

With every step he took, blood from his left hand dripped, dotting the white sand. In a different sense, it was a chilling scene.

"Get up."

A voice colder than the chill of the north wind flowed from Chung Myung's mouth.

"Don't make a fuss over a few holes in your body."

You know war? You guys?

A twisted smile appeared on his lips.

"I'll show you. Not the child's play war you took part in, but what real war is."

Those who saw the clear madness in Chung Myung's eyes for a moment lowered their gaze inadvertently.

[Note