Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 629. I am fortunate to be a disciple of Mount Hua (4)

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It was a bit odd.

Even though he had been learning the sword for quite a long time and had gone through his own path, Un Gum has never done a proper sparring match with anyone before.

This was his first real sword fight.

What is his feeling in such a situation...

'I'm a little excited.'

If this were a sparring match to prove his skills, he might have been tense. But this fight wasn't about proving his skills.

It's just...

Un Gum stepped up onto the stage and faced his opponent.

"Mount Hua's first-class disciple, Un Gum."

"……."

On the other side, Mu Gak looked at Un Gum's empty sleeve.

"First-class disciple……."

Mu Gak muttered as if it was unexpected.

"I never thought I'd see a first-class disciple of Mount Hua participating in the sparring match."

Un Gum scratched his cheek with a slightly embarrassed face.

"I am a poor person who relies on the reputation of younger disciples, but you needn't worry about me not being able to wield a sword."

It was a calm voice. Mu Gak looked at such him and nodded.

An empty arm can mean many things. He had probably started off training with his right arm and then began learning the sword with his left arm at some point.

An unfamiliar name. Mount Hua's first-class disciples. And a left-handed sword. There was nothing that made him stand out or be highly evaluated either.

However…….

‘He's not someone to be underestimated.’

The momentum he exuded was enough to suppress all those factors.

It is as quiet as the mountain at dawn.

It felt like the term ‘Sword Warrior’ was embodied in human form.

Mu Gak sighed softly.

'No, no matter who the opponent is, it's the same.'

They can't lose anymore. Wudang was standing on the edge of a cliff now.

"I'm Mu Gak, Wudang's first-class disciple."

"Mount Hua's first-class disciple, Un Gum."

The two men, who pulled out their swords and saluted, pointed their swords at each other.

Kkuk.

Baek Cheon slowly looked down at his hand. Sweat was thick on the palm of his hand, which turned white with the color of his blood gone.

‘Un Gum Sasuk.’

When he looked around, the other disciples were also staring at the stage with an overly nervous faces.

“I should have gone out instead of Sasuk...”

Baek Sang’s voice trembled with regret.

It seemed that he could not forgive himself for showing hesitation and even making Un Gum step forward. Baek Cheon said firmly.

"It's not your fault."

"But……!"

"Even if you hadn't hesitated, Un Gum Sasuk would have come forward in the end. Don't think about useless things."

"……Yes, Sahyung."

Baek Cheon clenched his fist again.

It wasn't tension, no. It was worry.

But none of Mount Hua's disciples are worried about Un Gum’s defeat. Even if he were to lose miserably without properly swinging his sword, no one among the disciples of Mount Hua would dare to belittle Un Gum.

It was unlikely to happen, but if there was such a person, Baekcheon would not have tolerated it.

What they worried about was not the defeat, but the pain that Un Gum would have to face by confronting his sword which was worse than before.

Un Gum has lived a life of diligence without a day off. What did it mean to him that he lost his dominant hand and his martial art?

"Sasuk……."

Eventually, a groan-like voice that couldn't be endured leaked out.

It still remained vividly in his memory. The image of Un Gum, pierced by the enemy's spear, bleeding and falling.

Un Gum's empty sleeves are a product of their weakness and a symbol of the efforts of their predecessors who risked their lives to protect them.

Therefore, it was indescribably painful to watch.

To Mount Hua’s disciples, including Baek Cheon, Un Gum was always like a towering mountain. Even after becoming so strong, no one thought that they had surpassed Un Gum.

That's why the empty sleeve was too painful and sad.

"If only Sasuk hadn't lost his arm...…”

Someone's small murmur painfully pierced the ears of other Mount Hua disciples.

And then, Chung Myung, who had been sitting silently, turned his head and glared at them.

"These little chicks...…”

“…….”

"Sasuk is not someone to worry about. Just watch and stop talking nonsense!"

Turning his head without waiting for an answer, he fixed his gaze on Un Gum again.

It was just an ordinary back, not particularly large or small. However, Chung Myung breathed out a small breath as he looked at Un Gum's back which somehow caught people's eyes.

'It's still awkward.'

Un Gum thought as he tightly gripped his sword with his left hand.

There was a time when the sword felt like a part of his body.

It was a realm where the sword became him, and he became the sword.

However, his right hand, which naturally accepted the sword, no longer exists. The sword he was holding with his unfamiliar left hand still gave him a sense of incompatibility.

Perhaps this sense of incompatibility will never fade away until the moment of death.

The moment when he considered the sword as part of his body may never come back in his life.

"Huuu."

After taking a short breath, he stabilized his grip on the sword and said.

"Come."

Mu Gak nodded briefly.

Kkuk!

After hitting the floor, his body quickly flew toward Un Gum.

Kaaang!

The swords collided in the air. The heavy impact transmitted through the sword shook Un Gum's body.

Paaaat!

Mu Gak, who disturbed the posture of Un Gum by pressing down with force, quickly retrieved his sword and, at the same time, swung it again like a thunderbolt. The sword split into multiple branches and pierced Un Gum from all directions.

Kaang! *Kaang*! *Kaang*!

Un Gum cuts the flying swords and retreats backward.

He has to avoid the onslaught first. It's not bad to back down moderately when the opponent is gaining momentum.

However, Mu Gak did not intend to let go of Un Gum easily.

He came forward faster than the retreating Un Gum. It was a relentless movement like a

predator hunting for prey.

Piiing!

The edge of the sword resonated sharply with the sound of ripping the air. The razor-sharp sword, which is unlike the Wudang sword, was aimed at the center of Un Gum's body.

"*Heup*!"

Taking a short breath at the aggressive movement, Un Gum hit the flying sword upward.

Kwang!

The moment the sword bounced upward with a brief explosion, Mu Gak floated himself into the air following the power of the sword.

Then he fell faster than he rose and struck his sword at the head of Un Gum.

Chaeaeaeng!

Un Gum quickly lifted his Plum Blossom Sword and blocked the descending Pine Pattern Ancient Sword.

The swords met and pushed each other.

The left arm of Un Gum holding the Plum Blossom Sword was trembling like a cedar tree. The opponent held the sword with both hands and pressed down with all his might. It was not an easy task to withstand that force with one arm.

His teeth were clenched as if he would break them.

Geugeugeuk.

The swords produced a chilling sound as they rubbed against each other. And at that moment.

Hwaaak!

A water-like sword energy burst out from the clashing Mu Gak's sword like a waterfall. Un Gum's eyes were involuntarily wide open.

"Taaaat!"

Mu Gak, who had put his internal strength into his sword, pushed Un Gum, sending him flying backward. Unable to withstand that force, Un Gum's body bounced back and rolled on the ground.

"Great Sasuk!"

"Damn it! Sasuk!"

Unusual screams that did not fit Mount Hua's disciples echoed through the place. Un Gum, who rolled over several times in the midst of that scream, quickly stood up and took a stance again.

"Hmm."

Mu Gak, who gained a clear advantage in the exchange, stopped at the spot instead of hitting Un Gum one after another.

And he looked at Un Gum with eyes filled with sorrow.

“I guess…”

After a moment's hesitation, he said.

"You don't seem to be familiar with the left-handed sword."

Un Gum smiled bitterly.

"That's right."

"It's a pity."

Mu Gak shook his head as if he was sincere and his face was filled with sadness.

"It would have been a great match if you hadn't lost your dominant hand. It's a shame."

"It might be so.”

This was not a provocation.

It was really pure regret as a martial artist. But that's why it tore at his heart more painfully than provocation. Sometimes words of comfort without malice could be more difficult for a person than words full of malice.

However, Un Gum was calm without showing any signs of concern.

"But I'm not the type to be obsessed with what I've lost. If all I have is my left hand, I'll do my best with it."

"…that’s a good state of mind."

Un Gum and Mu Gak take their stance again.

Un Gum smiled unconsciously as he looked at Mu Gak which pressured him with a calmness that was akin to a lake.

‘I'm lying more and more.’

He doesn't have any lingering feelings?

No way.

There is still a lingering feeling. No, it's even deeper.

He still swings his sword as a skilled martial artist with his familiar dominant arm in his dreams. When he suddenly wakes up from a deep sleep, he habitually tries to move his right hand and becomes dazed.

A lowered martial arts.

A life that became unfamiliar.

People don't despair over things that never existed in the first place. It is only when they realize that they have lost what they had and can never regain it that they despair with all their heart.

Un Gum's gaze swept over Mount Hua's disciples.

Worried gazes, restless faces.

'Don't look at me like that.'

And among them, the most unfamiliar face was none other than Unam. Unam, who had always been the face of a calm Taoist, was biting his lips with a face he had never seen before.

'Sahyung.'

Yes. There was a time when it was like that.

Back in the days when they still clung to their dreams.

When he leaned against the wall, exhausted from training that lasted until dawn, Unam would occasionally come and have deep conversations.

Unam would one day become the Sect Leader of Mount Hua, and he would become the best sword of Mount Hua and regain the reputation that the sect had lost.

Right, they made such a promise.

Now it's a promise that the light has faded away from.

- Un Gum, I'm not going to be the Sect Leader.

'Sahyung...'

Yes, the light has faded.

Unam has given up his Sect Leader position for future generations, and Un Gum may never

be able to aim for the position of the greatest swordsman in Mount Hua again.

The ancestors who endured the long darkness and the descendants who are building shining reputations.

The Un Generation is just connecting the two in between.

"Go!"

Mu Gak's blue sword energy burst out, covering the stage.

It is truly vast and magnificent.

Looking at the vividness of Mu Gak's sword energy, it was enough to make one's eyes sting. The light is still shining brightly on that sword.

Unlike the one who had given up.

'Did I wish for it?'

Un Gum's sword started emitting red sword energy.

He knows too. That he can never recover what he had lost.

His brilliant days, his green youth and the confidence he had in himself.

His pure hope was that anything could be achieved through effort.

The pure hope that it will come true if you try.

That faded light won't come back to him.

However…….

'My sword is still here.'

Even if he has to wield it with an unfamiliar hand.

Even if he can never reach the place he aimed for.

The Plum Blossom sword, which he had wielded all his life, is still in his hand.

"Aaaaaaa!"

Un Gum, who let out a pent-up shout, rushed towards the sword energy that surged like an angry wave.

'What does that matter?'

Is being weak a reason not to try?

Does the lingering feeling of regret that clings to his ankles become a reason not to move forward?

‘Take a good look, Sahyung’

Just because it had faded, doesn't mean it had disappeared. Even withered branches can bloom flowers.

The red sword energy rising from the edge of Un Gum's sword bloomed like a grief towards the world.

He's still standing here.

Here…….

Right here.

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