Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 810. Nice to see you again, disgustingly so! (5)

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In the desolate space of a sheer cliff where only rocks can be seen, reddish-red plum blossoms bloomed like an illusion.

At the spectacular sight, the Myriad Man Manor warriors screamed and swung their swords madly. But it was as futile as trying to block a surging wave with a blade.

Sasasasak!

The flying plum blossom sword energy slashed flesh dozens, hundreds of times in an instant. The body, which had stopped breathing before being cut into half, collapsed to the ground only long after the plum blossom sword energy passed.

Kwang!

Chung Myung, who hit the ground with all his might, rushed toward the Myriad Man Manor warrior who hesitated for a moment.

Powerful momentum and terrifying speed.

However, Chung Myung's eyes were as cold as a thousand years old ice of the North Sea.

"Ugh!"

At the sight of Chung Myung rushing fiercely between the scattered plum sword energy, Myriad Man Manor warrior was perplexed and frozen in an instant.

That moment determined the end.

Chung Myung was not one to miss that split-second opportunity.

Paaaaang!

His sword flew as if tearing through the air, and slashed the throats of Myriad Man Manor warriors in one stroke.

The moment the round head spun and floated into the air, Chung Myung kicked the headless corpse away.

"Iiik!"

The Myriad Man Manor warriors gnashed their teeth.

Disrespecting a comrade's corpse was intolerable. If they could retrieve it, they must, and if not, they must avoid it with tears in their eyes.

But that's the standard of the Righteous Sect, and what Chung Myung aimed for.

"Don't underestimate me, you little punk!"

The Myriad Man Manor warrior swung his sword at his flying comrade's corpse. The corpse split in half, spewing blood, and bounced away.

'How...'

Puk!

At that moment, a plum blossom sword pierced the Myriad Man Manor warrior's neck.

"Keuk…."

The Myriad Man Manor warrior looked at Chung Myung with bloodshot eyes as if he could not believe it.

A gap where he draws his sword from top to bottom to slash the corpse.

Chung Myung, who hid behind the corpse, threw himself into the empty space as soon as the sword fell.

"……."

Chung Myung’s face smeared with blood was visible, and his vision began to blur in an instant. Chung Myung's eyes, which he saw clearly for the last time, contained not a hint of emotion or hesitation. The Myriad Man Manor warrior understood why he had died.

Paaaat!

Chung Myung, who swung the sword through his neck and pulled it out, revealed his white teeth.

"You puuuunk!"

The Myriad Man Manor warriors, thoroughly excited by this sight, swung their swords at

Chung Myung with terrifying screams.

But.

Chaeng!

The flying sword was blocked by a series of flying swords before it even reached the vicinity of Chung Myung.

"This…!"

Tuung!

Baek Cheon's sword, deflecting the Myriad Man Manor warrior's swords in a single blow, scattered the plum blossom sword energy.

A face that shows no excitement.

Unlike the swift, flashy sword, Baek Cheon's face was utterly cold. He looked worthy of the title of a swordsman.

"Iseol! Jo-Gol!"

"Yes!"

"Cover Chung Myung's left!"

"Yes!"

"Yoon Jong, follow behind Chung Myung!"

"Yes!"

Baek Cheon's eyes quickly followed Chung Myung after pushing back the enemies with the plum blossom sword energy.

Kwang!

Chung Myung who stepped on the advance, rushed forward again. At the sight, the corners of Baek Cheon's mouth crept up.

That was not 'I'm going alone.'

It was 'I'm going first, so follow without delay.'

Chung Myung doesn't give a glance at the enemy's sword flying towards him, even while knowing it's coming. He naturally believes that Baek Cheon will block that sword for him.

"There's no strategy, but..."

Baek Cheon revealed his teeth and smiled. Confidence filled his worn face.

His sword gleamed in the sunlight.

"Don't put mercy in your hands! The enemy is of Evil Sect! If you hesitate, our side will die!"

"Yes!"

A loud answer rang out following Baek Cheon's request. The disciples of Mount Hua ran forward without hesitation.

Kagagang!

The first sword strike deflected a flying spear.

Sogok!

The sword that swung in succession cleanly cut through the enemy's throat.

"*Kkeureuk*…"

Along with the grotesque sound of blood bubbles rising, the body of the Myriad Man Manor feels like a rotten straw. But before the corpse could touch the ground, Chung Myung's body passed it and rushed toward the next enemy.

"Wh... What?!"

Myriad Man Manor.

Could there be a place that has fought more battles than them throughout the world?

While the other sects were immersed in peace and only protecting their territory, the Myriad Man Manor expanded its territory by waging a war to fight and annihilate each other in that chaotic land of Guanxi.

Even if they are not the strongest in the world, no one can deny that they are the most skilled in battle.

Guanxi’s War Ghost (전귀(戰鬼)). It's the epithet of Myriad Man Manor.

But the Myriad Man Manor saw it today. What a true War Ghost is.

Seeing Chung Myung, the war ghosts that wouldn’t bat an eye even as their heads are about to fall off unconsciously winced.

Fear is not something to be understood or felt.

The body reacts first before the head understands. A stiff body delays the reaction, and the delayed reaction makes Chung Myung's sword even faster.

Paaaat!

Chung Myung, who cut the neck of Myriad Man Manor warrior at once, had a grotesque smile on his lips.

"This, this!"

"Attack him!"

The Myriad Man Manor warriors with spears all rushed toward Chung Myung.

Because Chung Myung rushed without looking back, his front, rear, left, and right were surrounded by the enemy. To be isolated as a vanguard from the main force in battle means imminent death.

The Myriad Man Manor warriors were also the embodiment of the battle after fighting for hundreds of wars. They couldn't be foolish enough to miss that opportunity.

"Taaaaat!"

Weapons came at him countless times. Swords and dao, and even spears. Weapons of different lengths aimed to pierce Chung Myung's body at that moment.

"What?"

Chung Myung's body suddenly disappeared on the spot.

Kagagagang!

There can be no way to retrieve the weapon that’s already swung and almost reached its

target. Weapons loaded with internal strength collided head-on with each other and bounced back.

"*Kkeuk*!"

A powerful recoil transmitted to the hand. The internal strength that flowed up through the weapons began to reverse their own internal strength.

At that moment.

Paaaang!

They felt a terrible pain in their thigh with the sound of a whip ripping through the air. The intense pain spread.

"Euaaakk!”

"Argh! My legs! My leeeeeeeegg!”

Chung Myung, who had avoided the flying weapons by lying on the ground, had spun his body and released a circular sword energy. The failure to properly see Chung Myung's body and the moment of impact behind the numerous weapons and their enveloping energy was a mistake.

The Myriad Man Manor warriors who had their legs cut off fell over and wriggled and screamed. Chung Myung, still in a lowered stance, charged forward like a snake.

Sogok! *Sogok*!

The sword of Chung Myung, which rides over the fallen like a serpent, moved constantly. Chung Myung, who cut off the necks of the fallen, rushed forward leaving the rest alone.

"D- Die…!”

The movement was utterly practical and bizarre. Even in taking human lives, there was not a shred of hesitation, not even as much as a fingernail. The brutality of slashing the necks of those who lost their legs and were no longer able to fight made even the Myriad Man Manor of the world disgusted.

"Kill that bastard!"

With someone's shout, the warriors of Myriad Man Manor raised their morale again. But it's not Chung Myung who would leave them alone.

Kwaang!

Chung Myung stomped on the ground and flew like a phoenix.

Paaaat!

Proper distance is required for the Plum Blossom Swords Technique.

There are usually two ways to create distance. One is to retreat oneself, and the other is to make the enemy withdraw.

Red bloody flowers bloomed in front of the eyes of those who could not bear to run straight into the momentum of Chung Myung and hesitated.

"Aaaaakh!”

"Keeuuaakk!"

The plum blossom sword energy covered all the enemies in front.

Even screams were a luxury for those standing in the front. They died in blood without time to open their mouths.

They surely understood one thing at the moment they faced death.

What it means to give distance to the sword master of Mount Hua Sect, and the price that must be paid.

Tolssok!

Tak!

Chung Myung stepped on the ground at the same time that those who had lost their breath fell to the ground.

Chung Myung's gaze slowly turned to the side as he stared at the Myriad Man Manor.

At that moment.

Jang Ilso's gaze stared at this place from the cliff on the other side and Chung Myung’s gaze that transcends blood and death met in the air.

The Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold shook his head with a tired face.

"...That's inhuman."

"Why is that guy on that side?"

"That's awful."

Thousand-Faced Gentleman and Black Dragon King couldn't take their eyes off Chung Myung.

Strong?

He is, but that’s not it. There are plenty of strong people.

However, such spite was such that even those who had overcome numerous battlefields had never seen it before.

"...He must be killed."

When the word came out of the mouth of the Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold, Jang Ilso licked his lips slowly. The tongue that brushed and wrapped around the red lips was like a snake.

"What are you doing?"

"Yes?"

"Light the fire."

Everyone was captivated by Chung Myung, except Jang Ilso.

“There’s nothing to be captivated by in this farce. They can't reach here. Blow up the cliff and bury those below!”

"Yes!"

Those who came carrying torches set fire to the previously installed fuse.

Hwareureuk!

The oil-soaked cloth caught fire instantly, and dozens of flames like red snakes started to descend along the cliff.

At that moment.

Taaaaat!

Chung Myung kicked the ground and leaped.

The warriors of the Myriad Man Manor flinched in fright, but the direction Chung Myung flew to was not where they were.

"Huh?"

The stunned warriors of Myriad Man Manor’s mouths hung open for a moment.

Chung Myung had suddenly hurled himself off the cliff.

"What’s that?"

Those at the edge of the cliff urgently looked down.

And then they saw it.

Tadak! *Tadadadadak*!

The sheer cliff. Chung Myung was running fast along the side of the steep cliff where there was no room to step.

Awe flickered in everyone’s widened eyes.

“That... What is...”

Tadadadak!

Chung Myung ran straight ahead towards the burning fuse. He looked like running on a flat surface.

On one hand, his Dark Fragrant Plum Blossom Sword.

On his lips, a wicked smile.

It was an indelible sight in the minds of all the martial artists here, as well as all the warriors of Myriad Man Manor.

“Stop him! You turd! What are you watching!”

Then for the first time, a loud shout burst from Jang Ilso's mouth. The shocked warriors of Myriad Man Manor gritted their teeth and flew down the cliff.

And it wasn't just from Myriad Man Manor's side who were awakened by Jang Ilso's rant.

"Jump! Now! We have to turn that light off!"

"Yes!"

Shaolin and Shudang, who had been deprived of their souls in a fierce battle on the cliff, rushed to the cliff and began to climb.

"Darn it! Don't fall behind! The only way to live is above!"

Following this, Namgung and Qingcheng began climbing the cliff with all their might.

an abyss of the fatherhood

Those who want to kill and those who want to survive.

At the mouth of the flowing Yangtze River, a fierce battle between Jeong and Sa began in 100 years.

|Note