Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 816. My kids are a little rough (1)

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Cold sweat suddenly broke out on Jo-Gol's back.

Jo-Gol, who had never lost his spirit even when dealing with the Bishop of Magyo, hardened his face to the point that it had never been before.

The tips of his fingers that gripped the sword were shaking slightly.

His lips paled unknowingly.

It felt as if a giant tiger was growling with his mouth open right in front of his face. The pressure made it hard to breathe, as if the moment the mouth closed, his throat would be ripped out and blood would spurt.

"Huuk..."

Having taken a short breath, he firmly gripped his sword as if to steady his heart.

‘This is Jang Ilso.....’

A viper?

He's not a man that can be described as such. He’s at least an Imoogi, or rather, he should be called an evil dragon.

And Jo-Gol wasn't the only one feeling that way.

'He's strong.'

Baek Cheon also watched Jang Ilso with tense eyes.

'The Bishop? No... It's more than that.'

Of course, the Bishop was incredibly strong. It is hard to deny that they were half-lucky to win against the bishop at that time.

However, with only one exchange, he knew for sure. That Jang Ilso is stronger than the Bishop.

The Bishop of the past was, so to speak, a natural disaster.

With an unbelievable amount of internal energy, he was likely to sweep everything in the world.

However, to draw a rough analogy, it was like a five-year-old child swinging a huge sword aimlessly. Although the amount of his internal energy reached the sky, he wasn't particularly refined.

But Jang Ilso is different.

'He's just strong.'

He's fast, precise, and even skillful.

What Chung Myung said when he first saw Jang Ilso crossed his mind.

- That's a monster.

Looking back, Chung Myung has never used that expression to anyone before. He dismissed it thinking Chung Myung was never sane anyway, but Chung Myung is a person who not only says whatever he wanted to say, but even pointed his finger at even Shaolin Bangjang.

He should have understood what it meant to hear this word from Chung Myung's mouth.

'He's clearly stronger than the Bishop.'

It is not too strange that there is someone stronger than the Bishop of Magyo in the world. Moreover, if the subject of the comparison is the Bishop who was already injured.

However, if one faces the object in front of their eyes, it becomes a separate issue from understanding it.

Baek Cheon caught a glimpse of Chung Myung's face. For some reason, he felt like he had to check what kind of expression Chung Myung was making now.

"……."

And soon after, strength drained from Baek Cheon's body.

Chung Myung is smiling. With a look of excitement.

That... just like Jang Ilso.

"Quite impressive?"

While adjusting the grip on his sword, Chung Myung spoke.

"You're quite arrogant for a lowly Evil Sect."

"Hmm."

"But I commend you for climbing up this far."

Jang Ilso sneered and smiled lightly.

"This…. To be praised by Mount Hua Divine Dragon, who is famous all over the world, I really don't know what to do."

Jang Ilso gave a low chuckle. The ornaments worn all over the body jagged sharply.

Chung Myung's canine teeth were revealed.

As expected, Jang Ilso's composure was excessively irritating.

It wasn't because Jang Ilso was relaxed with Chung Myung in front of him. It was clear that his composure came from familiarity.

It is a familiar occurrence to Jang Ilso.

To fight on this hellish battlefield.

To have people work together coming after his life.

To have people oozing killing intent and come at him with determination to kill him, even at the cost of letting all of their other enemies live.

It is familiar.

A leisure only someone who has fought hundreds, if not thousands, of battles could have. A realm only someone who has fought life-risking battles like eating meals could reach.

Right, like... Just like the Plum Blossom Sword Sovereign in the past.

Eudeuduk.

Chung Myung, who gritted his teeth, lowered his posture. His eyes sank cold and eerie. It looked like a little beast.

"You arrogant bastard."

His eyes were fixed on his prey.

"Hm."

Jang Ilso looked at Chung Myung and thought,

'How strange. Very strange indeed.'

These guys are weird.

To put it bluntly, they seem like they've lost their minds.

He has faced countless people so far. Among them are those who have worked together for decades in the martial arts world, as well as those who have professionally polished their skills.

But even those guys didn't make Jang Ilso feel this way.

Perfectly executed combinations?

The ability to naturally divide roles and precisely gauge one's and teammates' capabilities?

'Trivial.'

He's seen so much of it that it makes him sick.

What truly baffles Jang Ilso is the fact that these guys are willing to entrust their lives to the person next to them entirely.

Believing that someone will block an attack aimed at their head while they are attacking?

Right, well, it's possible if you insist.

However, not leaving even the slightest doubt in that movement is not the realm of trust, but the realm of madness.

'Just what did they do to build such a level of trust?'

And…….

'That bastard.'

Jang Ilso's eyes followed Chung Myung like a snake.

The strangest of all is that guy.

'I knew he was impressive, but...'

That sword is beyond the realm of understanding.

Words like bizarre and acrimonious cannot fully explain it.

The sword of Mount Hua Divine Dragon is somehow distorted. If he has to compare it, it seems like he is performing the most sophisticated swordsmanship in the world with a large ax, or holding chopsticks to perform Doa of Domination.

The swordsmanship, internal strength, and physique all seem to operate in their own unique ways, generating a strong sense of dissonance.

‘What if it comes together?’

What would happen if that sword were harmonized one day?

“...It gives me the chills.”

His entire body trembles.

Just by imagining it, he feels as though a massive avalanche is sweeping him away. A large grin spread across his face, and he began to sneer, revealing his teeth.

He... No, they are getting stronger.

They exchanged moves and it became clear. These guys will eventually be at the pinnacle of the Righteous Faction. There are as many as five in one sect. On the day they fully enlighten their potential, no sect in the world will dare to raise its head in front of Mount Hua.

So how could he not be thrilled?

He got the opportunity to tear that infinite possibility apart and crush them with his hands in advance and turn them into trash.

This is a pleasure that cannot be compared anywhere else.

“I thought they were cubs, but they're as good as tigers. But it won't be a good thing for you. I'm not one to let tiger cubs live.”

Tinkle. *Tinkle*.

As if to prove his murderous intent, his ornaments began to make a loud noise. The ornaments responded and swayed in response to the raised energy.

“Die here!”

Seuseut.

Jang Ilso vanished from where he stood. And before they knew it, he appeared right in front of Chung Myung.

Yoon Jong widened his eyes.

He was surprised not because of Jang Ilso's Light Body Art, but because Chung Myung's sword touched Jang Ilso's neck. As if he had predicted in advance that Jang Ilso would appear there.

Kagaang!

The bracelets tightly packed on Jang Ilso's wrists collided with Chung Myung's sword. His other hand swiftly caught Baek Cheon’s sword aimed at his back.

"Slow."

Jang Ilso twisted his wrist lightly, and the swords bounced off like toys.

Kwaang!

Immediately, Jang Ilso's fist was aimed at Baek Cheon. Baek Cheon quickly raised his sword to block Jang Ilso's power, but there was no way to stop the momentum. His body was sent flying like a cannonball.

At the same time, Jang Ilso, who flew after Chung Myung like a falcon, swung his claw-like hand down.

Chwaaaaak!

Chung Myung flung his body backward without a moment's hesitation. He narrowly avoided a direct hit, but five bloody streaks were torn across his chest and stomach.

The energy, which narrowly brushed through Chung Myung and hit the ground, was slammed into the cliff they were standing on.

Kwaaaaaang!

"Keuk!"

Through the clearing dust, Yoo Iseol rushed forward with her sword horizontally The sword with the Violet Mist Divine Art, which was operated with all its power, was stronger than any sword Yoo Iseol had ever shown.

However,

Kagagagak!

Along with the sound of metal rubbing against each other, her sword stopped in the air.

Yoo Iseol's eyes widened.

The moment the dust cloud cleared, she saw it. The sight of Jang Ilso’s hand clutching her sword nonchalantly.

"Hmm."

Jang Ilso, while stroking his chin, meticulously examined the plum blossom sword in his hand.

"That's a good sword."

"Iiiik!"

Pooook!

Jang Ilso's feet struck her stomach before Yoo Iseol could react.

Ulkok.

Yoo Iseol spat blood and was flung away, feeling like her insides had been overturned with that one strike.

"So good it’s almost a waste for small fries like you guys to use it."

Slowly, the dust cloud settled.

It was a perfect moment. It contains everything that Mount Hua's disciples have built up so far.

But that moment was so easily shattered.

Jang Ilso, who turned Mount Hua's moment to nothing just by digging between them, smiled like a tiger walking leisurely under the languid sun.

"There's only one person here who's fit to use a sword like this."

Step. *Step.*

As if he had been scratched by a tiger’s claw, Chung Myung, who had carved a scar on his chest, was walking toward Jang Ilso while clutching his sword in a reverse grip.

Jang Ilso laughed. As soon as he saw Chung Myung's cold eyes that had sunk like ice, it felt as if a current had run through his entire body.

'I don't understand.'

He himself couldn't even comprehend why he felt such a thrill.

Possibilities are, as the word suggests, merely possibilities. Until they're grasped by the hand and made into reality, they're no different from illusions.

So the present Chung Myung could never reach him. To put it bluntly, he's worth no more than a single piece in a game of chess.

Yet, strangely enough, he couldn't take his eyes off that figure.

The moment he looked away, the sword felt like it was stuck in his neck, and his whole body shuddered with a sense of danger as if his entire head would be ripped out soon.

"Ptui!"

What tore Jang Ilso's gaze away from the one person he had been focusing on was a low noise that came from behind him.

Yoo Iseol.

Yoo Iseol, who had been kicked away by him, spitting out blood with a stoic face and approaching once again.

'...Her insides should be entirely twisted by now, right?'

The attack was so severe that it wouldn't be surprising if it left her breathless. Yet, she gets up

so calmly?

No, even if she did get up, she hadn't lost the will to fight after such an attack?

And it wasn’t just Yoo Iseol and Chung Myung.

Step.

Baek Cheon, who flew away after being beaten by Jang Ilso, also walked back with a nonchalant face, and Yoon Jong and Jo-Gol were also closing in on him with determined eyes.

Like wolves circling to drive out a tiger that had invaded their territory.

"Haha... Hahaha... Hahahahahahahaha!"

Laughter burst forth from Jang Ilso once again.

To think he would feel his blood boil against these guys in such a place.

Not against Heo Dojin of Wudang, not against Namgung Hwang of Namgung Family, but against the brats of Mount Hua!

"Jang Ilso."

"Hm?"

Chung Myung smirked.

"You'd better be careful. My kids are a little rough."

"I've been waiting to hear that..."

Jang Ilso's eyes were filled with madness.

"What a pleasant thing to hear."

A massive surge of energy exploded from Jang Ilso's body. His red robe billowed, and all the ornaments on his body jingled as if they would break at any moment.

Even in the face of the overwhelming scene, the Five Swords did not back down at all.

Paaaaat!

Five rays of energy lunged relentlessly toward Jang Ilso again.

From their bodies emanated a twilight glow, blooming like the five petals of a red plum blossom.

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