Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 969. This is the fight you started (4)

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“Sto- Stop them! Stop them!!”

The sword warriors in black uniforms lower their posture and rush forward all at once.

Amidst them, crimson plum blossoms bloom.

The scene is so imposing that even those unfamiliar with the name Mount Hua feel a sense of dread. An eerie, blade-like force enveloped the pirate.

“Eu- Euaaaat!”

Those at the forefront jabbed and swung their weapons in a frenzied manner. As if to prove that the reputation of Eighteen Water Fortress of the Yangtze River is not a false name, their harpoon was really swift and sharp even in the midst of panic.

However, before their attack could fully extend, a sword flew in like lightning, knocking the harpoons upwards.

Chaeaeaeng!

With a piercing metallic sound, the harpoons were flung skyward.

'Keuk!'

It was just when the pirate clenched his teeth and tried to recover the harpoon quickly.

Swaeeeek!

From behind, a sword flew in like a streak of light.

'What?'

By the time he noticed, it was already too late. The pirate's eyes widened.

Puuk! *Puuk*! *Puuk*!

In an instant, three blades had pierced his body.

"Ugh….”

The pirate's body shuddered. What occupied his mind at that moment was the question ‘How?’ rather than pain.

Of course, coordinating with comrades is only natural. They too always try to observe their surroundings to attack as efficiently as possible, don’t they?

But this was on another level.

The moment the preceding swordsman knocked his harpoon upwards, a sword was already flying in from behind. If the actions of the one in front had been even slightly off from their thoughts, the person who had been stabbed by their sword might have been their comrade.

How could they launch such an attack? What confidence do they have?

‘Crazy... bastards…’

His thoughts could not continue.

Paaaaaat!

The swinging sword cut deeply into his chest. The swordsmen of the volcano rushed forward without even looking at the dead man.

Paaaaaat!

Paaaaaaaaaat!

The sword cut through the air one after another.

There were no flashy movements. There is no dazzling sword in sight. The swords of Mount Hua's disciples moved only to cut the enemies' breath, with no waste.

The swordsmen of Mount Hua, who displayed extremely efficient sword techniques with expressionless, stern faces, were astonishingly putting pressure on their opponents.

“Block them! Block them! They are few! Prevent the rest from landing here!”

As the pirate forces occupying Plum Blossom Island were horrified and faltered, one of the elders of water fortress shouted as if he was about to vomit blood.

“Press them with water and drive them to the shore! Don’t give them any ground to stand on!”

Strategically, it might have been an excellent decision. But isn’t a strategy only meaningful if it is ultimately implemented?

“Samae!”

"Yes."

Tat. *Tat*. *Tat, tat, tat, tat*!

Even before Baek Cheon finished speaking, Yoo Iseol started moving. The sound of her kicking feet became faster and faster, and soon she turned into a black line and swiftly pushed forward as the spearhead of Mount Hua.

"Hiik!"

“Die!”

Seeing her approach like a ghost, the pirates gasped and swung their spears. No, they tried to.

That instant.

Paaat!

Yoo Iseol accelerated twice as fast as her initial charge, arriving right in front of the pirates who had fully drawn back as far as they could.

No, from their point of view, it was a dramatic move that was more appropriate to say 'appeared' rather than 'arrived'.

And her sword was twice as fast as her steps.

Before the pirates could even express their astonishment, the space-splitting blade swept through them all at once.

Puuuut!

Blood spurted out like a fountain from the long split wound. The front row collapsed in an instant.

“Attack!”

Yet, the pirates too, as if to prove their mettle in countless battles, immediately trampled over their fallen comrades to attack Yoo Iseol.

"Not so fast."

But at that moment, a man who leaped over Yoo Iseol from behind created dozens of sword shadows in mid-air, sweeping through the pirates.

“Aaaaaaakh!”

“Aaaargh!”

The pirates who were struck by the sword energy out of nowhere screamed and were flung away.

Yoon Jong, who crushed the pirates targeting Yoo Iseol with one swing, kicked the ground as soon as he landed. To assist his Sago who is already charging forward.

Yoo Iseol stood up straight and dug into the crowd of pirates. She wielded her sword as if dancing.

Swaeaeaeaek!

The sword swung gracefully in the air and penetrated every part of the pirate's body.

Sogok! *Sogok*! *Sogok*! *Sogok*!

The person who had been cut on the thigh fell to the ground screaming, and the person who had been cut on the side of the neck was rolling around, clutching his neck. But their plight is much better compared to those whose hearts were split by a single sword strike.

"Die, you wench!"

A harpoon filled with powerful energy was hurled toward Yoo Iseol's solar plexus as if it were exploding. But instead of retreating, she took a step forward towards the harpoon.

And then came a marvelous swift sword strike!

Sogok!

Her sword cleanly severed the wrist of the pirate holding the harpoon.

Sogok!

Her sword, which leaped forward as if twisted, cut off the elbow in succession.

Then.

Kwaaaaang!

The moment her sword struck the harpoon for the last time, the harpoon, which was filled with strong energy, lost its direction and flew into another pirate who was targeting Yoo Iseol.

Kwadeuk! *Kwadeuk*!

The harpoon, still powerful enough to pierce through a human body, continued its trajectory, impaling yet another behind. The pirates, who had been pierced through like skewers, fell with eyes wide in shock and disbelief.

The three sword strikes that took place in the blink of an eye completely destroyed the opponent's offensive.

Her movements did not stop even for a moment.

Sogok.

From the throat of the pirate who had launched the harpoon, red blood spurted out.

Yoo Iseol, having neatly sliced the throat, crouched almost to the ground. After bending down to the point where she almost touched the ground, she then spun like a top from that position, slicing the knees of the oncoming pirates one after another.

“Aarghh! Aaaaagh!”

“My, my legs! My leeeegs!”

Chwaaaak!

Yoo Iseol, who spun as if sweeping the ground, propelled her body upwards and thrust forward three sword strikes. Pushing back the faltering pirates, she glanced ahead with indifferent eyes and flung her body to the side like a swallow running on the surface of the water.

At the same time, a black figure flew into where her body had been.

Paaaaaat!

Soon, a swift sword overshadowing a flash pierced the neck of the pirate in front.

Kwadeuk!

The sharp metallic blade sliced through human flesh and snapped bones. Before the sound even fully resonated, the withdrawn sword chased after those retreating.

The cold, settled gaze. The firmly closed lips.

It was difficult to describe Tang Soso's expression in any words other than sword warrior. Her sword swelled in an instant and swept the front.

At that moment, the pirates had to empathize. What kind of scene did those who dealt with water fortress see? Dozens of sword shadows emitted from her sword were like dozens of pirates thrusting harpoons simultaneously.

“Aaaahhh!”

Those who couldn't dodge in time were mercilessly swept by the sword energy. The pirates, who had holes the size of a child's fist in their bodies, collapsed on the spot, spilling blood.

Yoo Iseol, Yoon Jong, and Tang Soso.

Those three people created distinct cracks in the formation of water fortress, which was as dense as a forest.

"Push forward!"

And as if it were natural, the sword warriors of Mount Hua rushed into the crack created by those three.

The pirates, who could not escape the shock of the pouring sword energy, were brutally attacked by Mount Hua’s sword warriors who rushed in.

A horrendous scream of fear filled the air of Plum Blossom Island.

Sword warriors who rush forward with unchanging expressions solely to end the pirate's life. The pirates, completely overwhelmed by the momentum, kept retreating, guided by their instincts.

"Blo- Block them! You damned fools! Don't retreat, block them!"

The face of the elder who shouted commands ashen.

They have already proven their skills against Namgung Family. Suppressing opponents in confined spaces with a collective push was one of the specialties of water fortress, wasn't it?

But against them, such tactics were utterly ineffective.

Because they were strong?

That can’t be!

They had fought against the noble sword of Namgung Family, and had experienced turning even the elders into porridge. No matter how strong these young men are, could they be any stronger than them?

However, the scene unfolding before his eyes was very different from when they faced Namgung Family.

He couldn't believe it, but he actually understood the reason for all of this with greater clarity.

'What kind of creatures are they?'

It doesn't seem like they are dealing with Righteous Sects bastards.

It may be ridiculous, but these creatures are familiar with combat. They know too precisely how to fight when groups clash.

Perhaps even more so than water fortress, who fought countless wars.

Don't they look like worn-out veterans who have fought dozens or hundreds of wars?

What's more terrifying is that there's no hesitation in their swords. These kids, with barely a mustache to show, have no hesitation when they swing their swords to end lives.

What else can someone call those crazy people except sword demons?

"You fools! Don't try to kill, just hold your ground! Just once! Just break their momentum once!"

In a battle of the few, skill decides the outcome, but in a battle of the many, morale and momentum determine victory. If they could just stop Mount Hua's advance once, crushing them with numbers wouldn't be impossible.

"Get in formation! Hold your position, even if it means using the corpse of the guy in front of you as a shield! The ones to tire first will definitely be them!"

Once that high momentum breaks even once, Mount Hua too will expose their weakness of being outnumbered. Then just once! They only have to tie their feet once.

The pirates upon hearing the elder's command, clenched their teeth and pressed their shoulders against their comrades. They were determined to defend their ground as solidly as possible.

But their misfortune was that… not only Mount Hua had set foot on this Plum Blossom Island.

Swaeaeaeaek! *Swaeaeaeaek*!

"Huh?"

“That…?”

Green pouches flew one after another over the heads of the pirates, who had solidified their battle lines and resolve.

Then a moment later.

Poooooooong! *Poooooooong*!

Those pouches burst, spewing a cloud of black poisonous dust that enveloped the densely packed pirates below.

“Po- Poison!”

“Aaaargh! You damn bastards!”

"Cough! Cough! C- Can't breathe…!"

Finally, Tang Gun-ak, who stepped on Plum Blossom Island, gritted his teeth and exploded with a large lion's roar.

“It’s time to avenge Namgung Family! Do not let even one person leave this island alive!”

"Yes!"

The martial artists of Sichuan Tang Family followed Mount Hua's lead. Pouches coming out of their sleeves exploded one after another above the heads of the defensively positioned pirates, spewing toxic sand and dust.

Packed tightly, with nowhere to retreat or advance, they could do nothing but inhale the poison and clutch at their throats.

“*Kkeureururuk*!”

Foam and blood spurted from their mouths. Some rolled their eyes back in agony and collapsed, while others frantically scratched their throats until they bled.

It was the Cry of Hell itself.

The moment Tang Gun-ak shook up the enemy, a man from Mount Hua charged forward.

Kwaaaaaaaaaang!

Baek Cheon, who cut down and blew away five pirates with one swing, accurately spotted the survivors of Namgung Family beyond the pirates.

"I'll carve the path! Follow me with the resolve to die!"

“Yes!"

Baek Cheon gritted his teeth and rushed forward, and behind him, the sword warriors of Mount Hua and the martial artists of Tang Family followed with increased momentum.

Mount Hua and Tang Family.

It was the moment when the two sects responsible for holding the pillars of Heavenly Comrade Alliance revealed the power of the alliance to the world for the first time right here on the Yangtze River.

For anyone who lives in Kangho, for anyone who has held the one word of Chivalrousness in their heart at least once, it was a sight that made their heart shudder and marvel.

But across the river, there was a man who couldn't quite tremble in awe at the scene. His body quivered uncontrollably.

“…How….”

The eyes of Bop Jeong, Bangjang of Shaolin, swirled with shock and disbelief.

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