Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 657. You can rest as much as you want when you're dead! (2)

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"Over there! Stack them up there!"

"Yes, Elder-nim!"

"Have all the tableware arrived?"

"I just checked. They seem to have arrived properly!"

"Then have the third-class disciples wash them once. It must be meticulous as it touches the human mouth!"

"Yes!"

Hyun Young's eyes darted around here and there.

‘Phew, it's so hectic.’

They had hosted guests during the previous Hwajong Conference, but there were fewer of them, and they didn't stay at Mount Hua, so there wasn't much to worry about.

But this time, a much larger number of guests are visiting Mount Hua compared to before. Since they are all influential people who cannot be ignored, there was no place where attention wasn't needed from one to ten.

"Elder-nim! I've sent the kids!"

"Good, well done."

With a quick nod, Hyun Young opened his eyes slightly and organized his mind.

'So that takes care of the tableware...'

However, there was a bigger issue than hastily procuring items.

"Hey, hold it! Hold it!"

"Hold it tight there! People might get hurt if it falls!"

"…Hurt? From something like this?"

"……Huh?"

Hyun Young let out a bitter laugh as she watched those carrying stacks of lumber up to the main hall.

They were currently renovating the guest rooms. It would be a dangerous and difficult task for ordinary people, but each one of them was like a human giant, so even the heaviest lumber was easily carried.

Thanks to their consistent training, each of the disciples did the work of twenty strong men.

The problem is...

Kwadangtangtang!

"Hey, you! I told you not to put it here, you idiots!"

"Huh? Sasuk you told me to bring it here."

"You idiot! I told you a hundred times that the wall isn't there! I drew lines on the floor, so why do you ignore them and build the wall elsewhere! Why!"

"Thi- This wasn't it?"

"Argh! Damn it!"

Hyun Young quickly turned his head away.

Baek Cheon's desperate scream was heartbreaking, but unfortunately, he couldn't help him. If he had to worry about everything up to that point, even twenty bodies wouldn't be enough.

"And you, you punk! At least stay hidden somewhere out of sight. Why are you drinking alcohol here! You're not even helping!"

"Sigh…. When i'm in between people, you swore at me for being in between people. When I'm on the sideline, you swore at me for being on the sideline. Just what do you want me to….."

"Dieeeeee!"

Hyun Young glanced at the front of the hall with a pitiful face.

'Hang in there.'

What can he do? If he’s the eldest disciple, he has to put up with it.

"How's the preparation going?"

At that moment, Hyun Young quickly turned around and bowed slightly to the voice coming from behind.

"You're here."

"You look busy."

Hyun Jong, who had already come close, smiled broadly.

He looked over the way things were going and said with a subtle look.

"But Hyun Young."

"Yes, Sect Leader."

"...Is it really necessary to do this much?"

"Yes?"

For a moment, Hyun Young turned his head and stared at Hyun Jong. Hyun Jong flinched as he looked at the clear horrors in his eyes.

"No, I mean, it's just a few days of staying, is it necessary to....."

"It's the few days that are the problem, the few days!"

Hyun Young raised his voice with his eyes glaring.

"It's not like only one or two people are coming, so we need to at least have the basics, but this damn sect doesn't even have utensils or chopsticks for people to use when they eat!"

"Why don't we have....."

"Why don't we have it! It's because we sold them all!"

“…….”

Mount Hua. which was once a great sect, naturally had various tools for holding events.

The problem is that they sold them all during the time when the power of the sect was declining. With no food to eat and starving to death, was there a reason to keep utensils for guests who wouldn't even come?

"Everyone is a martial artist, so they'll manage most things on their own, but we still need to prepare at least the basic supplies. There are more than one or two things to do now. To feed all these people, we need to expand the kitchen, and of course, we need to build more dining rooms. On top of that, we have to renovate all the worn-out guest halls that have gathered dust and are crumbling."

"All, All of them?"

"I'd rather just tear everything down and rebuild it if I could....."

"Ca- Calm down."

"Tsk."

Hyun Young looked at the people working in the guest hall with dissatisfied faces.

"We’re in a hurry, so I'll just renovate it moderately this time.”

Hyun Jong secretly patted his chest and smiled awkwardly.

'But it seems like they're doing a lot for that.....'

Just looking at the guest hall, where one side of the wall was completely torn down, the word 'moderately' didn't seem appropriate.

Hyun Young whispered as if he had read Hyun Jong's mind.

"I thought we just needed to keep up appearances, but once the work started, it's not that simple. It bothers me a lot to think that each of these put Mount Hua’s face at stake, Sect Leader."

"Hoho. What's so important about reputation? It's the heart that matters."

"I know."

Hyun Young scratched his head.

"But we can't look too inferior compared to the Sichuan Tamg Family and the other sects since you'll be the leader of Heavenly Comrade Alliance, Sect Leader. I heard from the kids who went to the Tang Family that it was spotlessly clean there."

"They weren't Taoist Sect. If a Taost Sect is too extravagant, they will be criticized."

"But people will still point fingers at us if we seem lacking. We should not be overly prepared, but we should not be lacking either."

Hyun Young, who had been looking at the main hall, continued speaking.

"If we were only gathering with sects with whom we have relations and connections like Tang Family or Ice Clan, I would not have gone this far. But in this event, not only them, but all the sects in the world are gathering, right?"

"That's right."

"I don't want to give them any room to ridicule Mount Hua. You may think it's pathetic to be obsessed with appearance, but please understand my feelings, Sect Leader."

"Yes, yes. How could I not know your feelings?"

Hyun Jong nodded his head. It’s not like he didn't know that Hyun Young wouldn’t do something just for his own benefit.

"But that..."

Hyun Jong glanced at the guest hall, blurring the end of his words.

"Where’s the nail that was here?"

"I used it over there?”

"That... Why would you use that in there, you punk, why! No, this crazy guy. Why did you nail a doooooor?! Don't you have eyes? Does your eye socket not have any hole on it? Do I need to drill a new one for you?"

"I'm, I'm sorry..."

“…….”

Hyun Jong asked while looking at Hyun Young with trembling eyes.

"…Will it be all right?"

"…We'll manage somehow."

Things don't always go as planned in life.

"So, like this?"

"I told you it should be vertical, you punk! Make sure the long side is on top! How many times do I have to say it for you to understand? What should I do?"

"Uh…… Then like this?"

"Turn it half, half onlyyyyyyyy!"

Yoon Jong couldn't hold back his anger and grabbed Jo-Gol's collar, shaking him violently.

But Jo-Gol still didn't seem to know what he had done wrong.

"Even if you look at it, it's the same wood, so it should be fine if you just roughly nail it in, right?"

"Urg- uuurgh."

As Yoon Jong staggered, clutching his chest, someone else was in pain nearby.

"Sa- Sago! You can't nail it there!"

"Why?"

"This isn't a place to nail. It's a door! A door! It's a place that opens! The door needs to be open for people to go in and out."

"Here?"

"Gi- Give it to me. I'll do it! I will!"

"Then I'll do here."

"It's not there eitheeeeeer!"

Everyone was overflowing with enthusiasm.

For some reason, Mount Hua's disciples were all concentrating on demolishing and repairing

the main hall with great vigor.

Unfortunately, however, motivation does not necessarily lead to good results.

"Sasuk! Should I bring more wood?"

"Stop bringing it! Stop! I told you to stop bringing it!"

"Then what should we do now?"

"Don't do anything! Don't do anything! I told you not to do anything earlier!"

Baek Cheon's face twisted in agony.

There are experts in every field. And it was Baek Cheon who painfully realized the need for those experts on this occasion. When he tried to work with dozens of beginners who were ignorantly strong and motivated, he couldn't help but feel more suffocated at them instead of the work itself.

"These useless things, only good for wielding swords..."

"Well, a sword warrior only needs to be good at swordsmanship."

"Why are you still here! Go inside, please!"

When Chung Myung, who was sitting next to him and sipping alcohol, looked at him, it felt like pouring oil on a burning fire.

"Just do it roughly, roughly. Do those sword-wielding guys really need a nice place to sleep?"

"...I'll take care of it myself."

Chung Myung smirked at Baek Cheon's weak voice, which seemed half burnt.

'Even though they say that, they all look excited.'

It's understandable.

In fact, it was common for Chung Myung to have Elders of each sect visit Mount Hua.

During the heyday of Mount Hua as the center of Kangho, it was easier to see unfamiliar guests' faces than to see the faces of fellow disciples within the sect.

But that was the case for Chung Myung.

The current disciples have only played house together in the collapsing main hall. So how amazing and proud would it be for them that the Elders of each sect, including the Ten Great Sect and the Five Great Family, are coming to congratulate Mount Hua?

'They don't know any better.'

They should have some idea of what these people are thinking when they come here.

"Will this be finished by today?"

"As long as you don't nag, it's possible."

"Yoo Sago is hanging the door upside down, you know?"

"Uwaaa! No!"

Chung Myung shook his head as he looked at Baek Cheon and rushed away.

'What does it matter.'

What's the big deal if they can't build a building properly? As long as they're healthy, that's enough!

Chung Myung glanced at the scene of Mount Hua, which was seen beyond the broken wall. Comparing it to the day he returned to Mount Hua, it was almost laughable how much had changed.

Soon, prestigious sects from all over the world will gather here.

Most of them would visit with the twisted intention of 'Let’s see how great this Heavenly Comrade Alliance is with my own eyes'... but the important thing was that they had no choice but to come eventually.

'Should I help out a little now...'

It was when Chung Myung was about to get up.

"Elder-nim!"

One of the third-class disciples who had gone to wash the dishes burst into the hall with a pale face.

"What, what is it!"

"Is it an attack?"

"It’s, it's not that!"

The panting third-class disciples shouted at Hyun Young.

"They're here!"

"Huh? Who?"

"The Tang Family! Sichuan Tang Family are climbing up the mountain now!"

"Al- Already?"

Hyun Young turned his head with a surprised face.

How could they have arrived here so soon after the message had arrived? There's a limit to being impatient!

"We're not ready yet!"

Hyun Young's face turned pale. Looking at the scattered items in the half-demolished main hall, he panicked and grabbed his head.

"Let’s at least clean up what's visible...!"

But it was a meaningless shout.

"The Sihcuan Tang Family has arrived!"

"*Eeek*! Se- Sect Leader!"

"Y-yes. Let's go!"

Hyun Jong also panicked and hurriedly ran towards the entrance.

As the gate opened wide, they could see the people of the Tang Family lined up in front of it. Hyun Jong, who found Tang Gun-ak at the forefront, quickly approached and grabbed his hands.

"Tang Gaju-nim, how did you get here so soon?"

Tang Gun-ak smiled brightly.

"Have you been well, Sect Leader?"

"Thanks to your care, Tang Gaju-nim, there were no major problems."

"Haha. I haven't done anything."

While the two were having a pleasant conversation, Chung Myung trudged over and stood next to Hyun Jong.

"Have you arrived?"

"Long time no see, Mount Hua Divine Dragon."

"You came early, didn't you?"

"If I were a guest, I would have come later."

Tang Gun-ak's eyes turned to the back of Hyun Jong and Chung Myung. Unsurprisingly, he nodded slowly, as he looked at the chaotic scene. Then he said.

"I came to lend a hand."

"…Yes?"

"Tang Pae."

"Yes, Gaju-nim!"

"Put the artisans to work. Finish it perfectly before the guests arrive."

"Yes, Gaju-nim. Let's go, everyone!"

"Yes!"

The workers of the Tang Family, who were lined up in the back, each pulled out their tools and poured in.

"…what?"

"Huh?"

The disciples of Mount Hua looked dumbfounded at the scene with wide eyes.

"You don't have to worry. I expected this situation so I brought skilled artisans with me."

Watching Tang Gun-ak smiling, Hyun Jong realized. This was the feeling of having the support of a thousand soldiers and horses.

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