Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 989. I didn't see anything (4)

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Namgung Dowi was not the only unfamiliar figure in Heavenly Comrade Alliance’s meeting.

'I wonder if I should even be here?'

Ciwu Beggar scratched the back of his head with an awkward expression.

His reason for following to this place was simple. He had declared he would leave on his own, making it impossible to return to Beggar Union, and standing there plainly didn't seem right either.

So, he planned to just hang around here for a while and then sneak out if he was being noticed and look for somewhere else to go.

That was until he received a direct message that morning.

The message, delivered directly, simply read, 'Stay there.' Along with the bold seal of the head of Beggar Union.

'Damn it.'

Ciwu Beggar pursed his lips.

'That bedridden yangban reacts quickly.'

Of course, he was no longer affiliated with Beggar Union, but he couldn't ignore the order of Bangju. Typically, a high-ranking member like an elder leaving the sect would mean a complete renunciation of martial arts. He has to lie flat on the ground for now to create a situation where he can quietly return later.

Well, it's good up to that point. Although it may be a bit of a difficult situation, it is affordable based on common sense.

The real problem was what happened next.

'So why am I here!'

Isn’t this the place where Heavenly Comrade Alliance holds a meeting? Why on earth would he sit in a place like this, not belonging to Heavenly Comrade Alliance and no longer belonging to Beggar Union?

He simply came because Sect Leader Hyun Jong called, and sat because he was told to. After that, several people came rushing in and it ended up looking like this.

What was even stranger was that none of these yangban found his presence strange.

'Is this really okay?'

Isn’t this Heavenly Comrade Alliance, Heavenly Comrade Alliance!

They’re now one of the top four... No, they’re a huge force within the top three of Kangho. Is it really okay for meetings in such places to proceed this way?

"The first thing we need to check is..."

At that moment, Hyun Jong opened his mouth. Ciwu Beggar also erased all his thoughts and listened to what he said.

“What the Ten Great Sects in Yangtze River is doing right now.”

Yes, that's right.

Ciwu Beggar nodded, agreeing without realizing it.

Since they just had a conflict with Ten Great Sects, it's best to check that part first. Clearly, Mount Hua’s Sect Leader was on point.

“Well, has anyone checked?”

“…..”

“…..”

At that moment, a strange enveloped the Great Hall.

Every time Hyun Jong gave them a look, everyone would slightly avoid their gaze or have bright eyes that said, 'Even if you look at me like that, I don't know anything!'.

“…Isn’t there any?”

“*Keuhum*.”

Tang Gun-ak cleared his throat with a red face.

“Maengju-nim has turned away so strongly that it is not easy for us to show our face in the Yangtze again.”

“…That’s right, but….”

At that point, Ciwu Beggar's mind was completely blank.

The meetings of the Ten Great Sects weren’t like this. First, whatever the agenda is, they are formal, they keep each other's dignity, and behind the scenes, each person's pride clashes fiercely.

Isn't the meetings of the Ten Great Sects a verbal competition with soft words hiding sharp intentions?

But what can he say about this meeting....

'Should I call this old-fashioned or humane?'

No, maybe it's both. This means that it is too humane it may seem sloppy.

"So, uh... no one knows what's happening with Ten Great Sects right now?"

"Should we send someone to check now?"

“…That might be a bit awkward, wouldn't it?"

“That’s true.”

This is the conversation between Hyun Jong and Tang Gun-ak, that is, the first and second-in-command of Heavenly Comrade Alliance, who overthrew the current Kangho.

'Is this really okay here?'

Hyun Jong, who ordered the advance to Plum Blossom Island, certainly excited even the hearts of Ciwu Beggar, who had grown old after experiencing all sorts of hardships...

At that time, Chung Myung, who had been stomping on Im Sobyeong, suddenly turned his head.

"Why would we talk about that among ourselves? There’s a beggar grandpa over there.”

As soon as he finished speaking, everyone's eyes were focused on Ciwu Beggar.

Ciwu Beggar, who received the stinging and hot gaze, coughed dryly one after another as if he were in trouble.

“But didn’t he leave of Beggar Union?”

When Baek Cheon brought it up, Chung Myung snorted.

"Left Beggar Union?"

"I heard so."

"And why were those beggar kids lurking around here even before dawn?"

"Huh?"

Chung Myung cracked his neck left and right.

"I thought they came to give us information... Were they stealing ours, perhaps?"

Chung Myung smiled brightly and stared at Ciwu Beggar.

“No, right?”

“… … .”

Ciwu Beggar’s body trembled.

'Mount Hua Chivalrous Sword.'

Of course, the sect that knows Chung Myung best in the world is Mount Hua. However, the place in the world that holds the greatest reputation for Chung Myung is not Mount Hua, but Beggar Union.

How many years has it been since beggars in the world shed tears over the anger and sadness that the beggars of Huayin who interact with Mount Hua vomit?

Cold sweat broke out on Ciwu Beggar’s back.

'What did that Hong Dae-gwang guy say?'

The great demon disguised as Righteous Sects? The leader of Evil Sects who wrongly determined his affiliation? A guy who would have become a legendary figure enough to be talked about for 500 years if he had committed himself to Evil Sects, but chose the wrong sect and ended up with flowers on his sword?

"Why no answer?"

Among them, it was these words that remained most strongly in Ciwu Beggar's memory.

- That bastard doesn't respect old people, he attacks them. He doesn't care if you're young or old. Don't stand there worrying about dignity only to get your head split open and regret it later, just take care of yourself.

At that moment Ciwu Beggar realized what he had to say.

“Look, Sohyeop.”

“…Yes?"

He solemnly looked at Chung Myung and opened his mouth.

"Though I currently belong to no sect, I was once an elder of Beggar Union. This does not mean that my rank disappears just because I leave the sect. I am an elder of Begar Union, and aren’t you a third-class disciple of Mount Hua?”

Chung Myung bent his neck left and right.

Udeuk. Udeuk.

Then he smiled and asked.

“And so?”

"And so!"

Ciwu Beggar's two eyes radiated bright blue light.

"I know a lot. Ask me anything! I'll tell you everything!"

"….."

Dignity is a luxury for beggars.

"Currently, Ten Great Sects is still not retreating from the Yangtze."

"…Why?"

"Hmm. It's a bit complicated, though."

Ciwu Beggar scratched his head.

"There are so many reasons, but I think there are two main reasons. The first is that water fortress and Myriad Man Manor have not yet moved back. Water fortress is still stationed its fleet on the Yangtze River, and Myriad Man Manor has disembarked but is encamped on the riverside. It is as if they can move to Gangbuk at any time."

"Hmm."

Hyun Jong nods his head heavily.

"So, it won't be easy for Shaolin to retreat. The Yangtze River Treaty has not yet expired, so they cannot advance to Gangnam, but if they leave, Myriad Man Manor may take advantage of that opportunity to move Gangbuk, is that it?"

Chung Myung chuckled after hearing that.

"Anyway, what a despicable guy."

It is best to treat wounds as quickly as possible. Whether it's a wound left on the body or a wound left on the heart. Wounds that are not treated in time fester and leave deep scars.

It seems that Jang Ilso was planning to hold Shaolin's feet a little longer. So that the wounds they suffered could fester a little longer.

"The second reason is that they have no justification to retreat."

"Justification, you say?"

"Yes. Maengju-nim. This... Well, I'm not sure if it's okay to mention this, but Bangjang of Shaolin...."

"What about Bangjang?"

As Chung Myung's eyes began to gleam again, Ciwu Beggar quickly changed his words.

“That Bangjang… That punk.”

Chung Myung nodded with a happy face.

“…Anyway, Bangjang summoned the entire Ten Great Sects before advancing here. However, only a few sects responded favorably.”

"That's right. That's why they asked us for help."

"It means his authority has already fallen as much as it could. But in such a situation, if they went to the Yangtze and returned to Shaolin while achieving nothing.... No, what would happen to their prestige if they were to return to Shaolin without literally doing anything?”

“…Hmm.”

Ciwu Beggar continued speaking with a bitter look on his face.

“Shaolin may no longer be able to claim to be the North Head of Ten Great Sects. After all, one can only claim a leader when there's actual power behind the name."

"I understand what you mean."

Ciwu Beggar looked at Hyun Jong and nodded.

“I think Ten Great Sects will probably not be able to leave this Yangtze until Myriad Man Manor withdraws. This is especially true since Peng Family would have also joined by now.”

“Hmm.”

Hyun Jong let out a thoughtful sound. It sounded like the war had ended, but the battle had not.

“Thank you, Ciwu Beggar.”

"It's nothing. In Heavenly Comrade Alliance, I heard that everyone has to pay for their own food. I suppose I should earn mine too."

Ciwu Beggar smiled and closed his mouth. As if his role was over.

Hyun Jong looked back at Tang Gun-ak.

“Tang Gaju-nim.”

“Yes, Maengju-nim.”

“What should we do?”

Tang Gun-ak thought for a moment, stroked his chin, and then said.

"In fact, we don't have a choice right now."

"Yes? What do you mean by that?”

"There are too many critically injured members of Namgung Family. They just barely stabilized, moving them hastily might reopen and worsen their wounds. By that time, they won't be saved even if *Daerasinseon* descended." (One of immortals in Taoism belief.)

"Ah…"

"At least my Tang Family should treat them here. So, we can't move for at least five days. So, we should treat the patients first and watch the situation slowly."

Hyun Jong nodded his head loudly.

"Thank you for your wise opinion."

"It was nothing."

Hyun Jong said while looking at the others.

"The purpose of us going to Plum Blossom Island in the first place was to rescue Namgung Family, so let's stay here until they can move on their own."

"Yes, Sect Leader."

"Instead!"

Hyun Jong's eyes narrowed. Of course, there was only one person he looked at like this.

"You must never leave this manor! Do you understand?"

"Ah, why!"

"Why? Why? Are you asking this because you don't know? What if Ten Great Sects is encamped right in front of you and you go out? You must be very still!"

"Ah, I'm not a kid…."

The moment Chung Myung grumbled, everyone who knew him well smiled broadly.

"Children are better."

"Yeahh, they're way better."

"At least children don't stick a knife in a monk's head."

"But these punk?"

Hyun Jong looked at Chung Myung as if he couldn't trust him, then turned his gaze to Baek Cheon. His gaze softened and warmed as if nothing had happened.

"Wow! Discriminating with eyes!"

"It's noisy, you punk!"

Hyun Jong, who showed another dramatic change in his eyes, earnestly requested Baek Cheon.

“Keep an eye on this guy so he doesn’t go out of the manor.”

“…Sect Leader, Yoo Samae, Baek Sang, Yoon Jong, Jo-Gol, and Soso should be added at least.”

“I’ll even attach a cloud sword to it.”

"I’ll add Un Gum to that."

"No, I said I won't go out!"

“Noisy!”

Chung Myung’s mouth jutted out even more.

Hyun Jong glanced at him with very, very, very untrustworthy eyes, clicked his tongue, and adjusted his complexion.

"And next..."

This time, Hyun Jong’s gaze landed on Namgung Dowi.

Namgung Dowi, who had been watching with a dumbfounded expression the whole time Chung Myung was being mistreated, was startled and quickly straightened his posture.

Finally, the most important words came out of Hyun Jong's mouth.

“We need to discuss Namgung Family’s joining Heavenly Comrade Alliance.”

Namgung Dowi swallowed dry saliva as tension rose throughout his body.

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