Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 938. Are you looking forward to it? (3)

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Paaaaaat!

Bop Jeong's feet, which leaped over a dozen zhang at once, hit the ground again without a break. He effortlessly jumped over mountains blocking his path and crossed flowing rivers, moving forward continuously.

Behind him, a group dressed in Shaolin's iconic yellow robes followed.

Three hundred Shaolin martial artist monks.

Is there anyone in the world who would not be intimidated by such a sight? It was a sight that seemed to symbolize the power of Shaolin itself.

However…

The faces of the monks following Bop Jeong were all pale, not befitting their lofty reputation. Their legs, kicking off the ground, seemed like they might give out at any moment.

"Ba- Bangjang!"

Bop Kye, who followed Bop Jeong right behind, called in an urgent voice. But Bop Jeong didn’t even turn his head.

"Bangjang! The disciples can’t keep up anymore. We must slow down!"

Only then did Bop Jeong's head turn back. The emotion on his face was not concern, but deep blue anger.

"We can't slow down."

"There will be stragglers!"

"It doesn't matter!"

Bop Kye flinched involuntarily at the harsh tone of Bop Jeong's voice.

Bop Jeong's tightly bitten lips seemed to speak of his determination.

"Those who fall behind will be left behind. They can rejoin us later at the Yangtze River! Right now, the priority is to reach the Yangtze River as quickly as possible!"

"But…."

“It’s a matter of competing against time!”

"But Bangjang! Even if we could reach the Yangtze River at best, it would be useless if the disciples were exhausted and unable to fight!”

"I said it’s fine!"

Bop Jeong declared firmly.

"If the Namgung Family were not there, it might be different, but as long as Namgung is there, we don't need full strength. It’s enough to overpower Eighteen Water Fortress of the Yangtze River!"

"…B- But, still…"

"Stop talking and speed up!"

"…Understood!"

A fierce blue light blazed in Bop Jeong's eyes.

'We can't delay any longer.'

He had already made several mistakes. If the situation worsens, it might become irreparable. He couldn't stand by and watch Shaolin's reputation fall to the ground during his time.

Crisis always presents an opportunity.

The current situation was worse than the worst, but if Shaolin could reach the Yangtze in time to defeat Eighteen Water Fortress of the Yangtze River and rescue the Namgung Family, they could turn the situation around in an instant at once.

Even more so, Bop Jeong could not afford to miss this opportunity. He simply couldn't.

'Faster!'

All they have to do is arrive before Jang Ilso.

Strength is always relative. It’s impossible for Shaolin's force alone to oppose the entire Evil Tyrant Alliance. But if the opponent is just Eighteen Water Fortress of the Yangtze River?

Joining forces with Namgung, without waiting for Kongtong or Peng Family, should be enough to subdue the Yangtze River.

No, even if it is difficult to do that much, it is possible to get the Namgung Family to escape from the island without harm.

Then, all they have to do is wait for other sects to join and take care of the rest.

The most crucial thing now was to reach the Yangtze River before Myriad Man Manor.

"Hurry up, immediately!"

"Yes!"

The yellow line of Shaolin monks raced towards the Yangtze River.

* * *

"So, what I'm saying is…"

“…….”

As the words continued quietly, the swollen cheeks slightly twisted and puffed up again.

'…He’s about to explode, isn’t he?'

‘Still, we’re in the presence of Sect Leader, it can’t be.’

'No, he seems about to explode?'

But soon, the cheeks that seemed ready to burst slowly deflated along with the reddening of his face.

'He's holding back, holding back.'

'Ohh.'

'You have grown, Chung Myung...! This Sasuk is moved.'

Hyun Jong, who was looking at the face of Chung Myung, cleared his throat.

"So, wasn’t this beyond our control?"

“…….”

"I'm not asking you to go. That... Keuhum. Being Righteous Sects in name, it is still a bit... difficult to refuse something like this….”

Chung Myung's gaze slowly went down. A letter laid on the table caught his eye.

"So…."

"Yes, yes."

"Old man Tang… No, Tang Gaju-nim.”

"Exactly."

"Has requested our support?"

"That's exactly it."

Hyun Jong nodded, almost gleefully.

"And Sect Leader wishes to go?"

"*Keuhum*. It's not a matter of wanting to go or not. Isn't this something we've already agreed to?"

“…….”

"It's not a matter of benefit, but a matter of integrity. How can we refuse?"

This time, blood vessels began to appear in Chung Myung's eyes. Hyun Jong sneakily turned his head, looking up at the distant ceiling. Even though he was the Sect Leader and a figure of high stature, facing Chung Myung in such times was frightening.

"Keuugh…"

A groan escaped Chung Myung's mouth.

The situation was very simple. Chung Myung declared that they would never intervene in the affairs of the Yangtze. Of course, Mount Hua’s stance is determined by Hyun Jong, not Chung Myung, but as long as Chung Myung has a cause, even Hyun Jong cannot break his intention at will.

But now, a letter from the Yangtze River gave Hyun Jong a justification he did not have.

"More manpower…. is needed to evacuate Yangtze's residents?"

"That seems to be the case."

Chung Myung rubbed his face with both hands.

"Keuu, this mouth! This darn chattering mouth of mine is the issue!"

He began to slap his mouth with his hands. Baek Cheon watched quietly before slightly scratching his chin.

'This is how it turns out.'

Chung Myung once said that while discussing the affairs of the Yangtze River with Tang Gun-ak.

- Even if it's inevitable for some, there will be people living in the Yangtze River who would be willing to move to Sichuan if they get adequate support.

Tang Gun-ak was angry at returning to Sichuan, and abandoning the people he had cared for. So, as an agreement on the conditions for the Tang Family to withdraw from the Yangtze River, it was agreed that the people of the Yangtze River who requested to emigrate would be allowed to settle and live in Sichuan. Mount Hua was to actively support this.

Tang Gun-ak finally accepted Chung Myung's proposal and was in the process of moving the people of Yangtze River to Sichuan.

But….

"No! Does it make sense that they're short of manpower? It is the Sichuan Tang Family! Huh? Tang Family! It's not just some family neighborhood, yet they say they lack manpower?"

"…Hasn't the situation changed?"

"Ah, those damned Namgung brats! They're not helping at all! I should have wiped out their family name for good back then!"

Jo-Gol whispered to Yoon Jong.

"When on earth is the 'back then' he's talking about?"

"Probably the Yangtze River Disaster? No, more importantly, what good grief for a Taoist to say that kind of thing. As expected of Chung Myung."

Normally, Chung Myung would have glanced at such Yoon Jong, but Chung Myung didn't have the presence of mind to do so right now.

The situation on the Yangtze River is changing more rapidly than he thought. He expected the water fortress to occupy Plum Blossom Island, but when he made the plan, he couldn't even think of the existence of ‘that madman’.

With the emergence of this unforeseen variable, the situation had begun to change a month faster than he had expected.

In other words...

"Originally, we could have relocated everyone who wanted to leave over a month, but as you know, the situation in the Yangtze River has changed. The number of people who want to leave for Sichuan naturally increased as they learned that the situation has deteriorated."

“…….”

"We can’t deny our part in this, and... wasn’t this carried out in the name of Heavenly Comrade Alliance, not just the Tang Family? As Maengju of Heavenly Comrade Alliance, I can't just throw this responsibility onto Tang Gaju and pretend it's none of my business..."

"Sect Leader."

"Yes?"

"…Sect Leader just wants to go and help?”

"*Keuhuhum*."

Hyun Jong coughed loudly, his face reddening.

'As always, this man's eyes change the moment he hears about the common people.'

It is pathetic, but....

'That's his good part.’

Chung Myung appreciated Hyun Jong's such foolishness. No, he looked up to it. Being foolish out of ignorance is stupidity, but being foolish despite knowing better is admirable.

“So, first of all, responding to requests for support is….”

“…….”

Hyun Jong added, seeing Chung Myung’s still frustrated expression.

"We are not going to get involved in the war in the Yangtze River. Why don't we just get the people there to evacuate quickly? Do you think Shaolin or the other sects currently rushing to the Yangtze have the capacity to worry about that?"

"…That bald head can't pay attention to such things even on a normal occasion. Since he has no side hair." (x: It is a word play. ‘side hair’ is monophone with ‘adapting head/brain’, means having no flexibility/is stubborn.)

"…R- Right. There is no peripheral hair.”

Yoon Jong quietly asked Baek Cheon.

"Does Sasuk think the Sect Leader understands what he’s saying?"

"Does he?"

“…….”

Hyun Jong, who blurted out words that should never be said to a bald man, hinted at Chung Myung again.

"So, before the damage gets worse… shouldn’t we do something?"

Chung Myung heaved a deep sigh.

'I didn't expect this.'

This war is more likely to spread than expected. Then, who would suffer the most?

Shaolin? Water fortress? Namgung Family or Myriad Man Manor?

Not at all.

The greatest victims would be the common people living near the Yangtze River. The warring martial artists have their own objectives and willingly participate in the conflict, so their deaths are their own business. But what about the common people who get caught in the crossfire while just trying to live peacefully?

That's why Hyun Jong comes out like this. To reduce even one more unfortunate death that might happen.

"Chung Myung."

“…….”

"Chung Myung-ah."

“…….”

"Chung Myung-aaaaaaaah!"

"Ah! I got it, I got it!"

Chung Myung shouted irritably as if he had had enough. He then glared at everyone with a fierce look.

"Instead! No matter what happens, we are not getting involved in the Yangtze River's war! Absolutely not! Even if those bastards attack first, I am running away, not fighting! I'm not doing anything good for that big bald head!"

"Of course, of course! That’s understandable! This is purely about humanitarian aid for the common people! I have no intention of fighting either. Not even a bit!"

"Tsk!"

With a look of dissatisfaction, Chung Myung turned his head away sharply.

'Fools.'

The moment they heard that the common people were in danger, their eyes changed immediately. No matter how much he told them to think of themselves first, it seemed his words didn't even reach their ears.

However….

'Yes, that's how Mount Hua should be.'

This must be what Hyun Jong meant when he spoke to Bop Jeong. In order for Mount Hua to be Mount Hua, this request cannot be refused.

"Alright."

"Oh!"

"We'll go. Let's go! We just need to get people out of here!"

"Yes, yes!"

"Ei. Come on! What a situation..."

Before more groans could escape from Chung Myung's mouth, Hyun Jong urgently shouted.

"Hyun Young! Hyun Sang!"

"Yes, Sect Leader!"

"Get all the disciples ready! We are leaving for the Yangtze River immediately. Remember, the sooner we arrive, the more people we can save!"

"Yes, Sect Leader!"

The atmosphere in the room heated up.

And so... the decision was made for Mount Hua to head to the Yangtze River.

|Note