Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 771. If you fall behind, you'll die! (1)

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Chwaaaa!

Large ships are lined up, cutting through the current of the Yangtze River.

The sky is as clear as ever. The cool river breeze. And the fleets moving forward, creating white foams.

It's a wonderful sight on the surface, but the reality is not so beautiful.

"Row faster!"

"Do these rowing bastards want to drown... No, do they want to be hung upside down on the ship?"

Bandits.

These burly fellows who originally should avoid water and loved mountains and forests were on board and wiping out the pirates.

"Row faster! If the ship is late, we'll also be caught in the crossfire!"

"Beat the drum! Speed up!"

"*Keuuung*!"

On the cabin floor, the pirates frowned and pulled the oars. Every move made their muscles bulge as if screaming in pain.

Thanks to this, the ship was cutting through the rough current of the Yangtze River and advancing rapidly.

"Oho, it's refreshing."

Chung Myung smiled broadly as he faced the wind. Basically, he prefers mountains to rivers, but on days like this, the river breeze didn't seem so bad.

Of course, this breeze... was closer to something created by people rather than the river.

"Hmm. Refreshing... Um... It’s refreshing..."

Irritation began to rise on Chung Myung's relaxed face. Then, it suddenly distorted.

"No! Can’t you even eat porridge! Why are they so slow!"

"...I think we're fast enough?"

"It was five times faster when I rowed."

"...This is the best we can do as ordinary people."

"Anyway, people these days lack grit, grit! Can't they row faster?"

Then, a bandit from Nokrim, who had been watching from the back, spoke carefully with a discouraged face.

"That… We're squeezing out the pirates, but we're short of people because there are a lot of injured people.”

"What are you talking about? What shortage of people?”

"So during the battle..."

"No, not that!"

"Yes?"

Chung Myung stared at the bandit with a meaningful look.

The bandit who received his gaze tilted his head with a puzzled look.

"Are you talking about us?"

"Then who else is there?"

"...We are bandits, you know?"

"Don't bandits have hands? Can't you even hold the oar?"

"Ah, of course, we have hands, so we can row."

"Huh?"

Chung Myung blinked at the bright answer. Why are these bandits so cooperative...….

"If it weren't for this condition."

"Uwaaaeeeek!"

"Kkuwaeeekk!"

"Ugh… My intestine... My intestine is coming up...."

"Sa- Save me...…”

“…….”

The bandit guys were all holding the handrails and throwing up what was inside.

"N- No, what kind of martial artists...…”

".....Seasickness is separate from that."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. You guys are so weak! Where's the Nokrim King?"

"He’s right there, though?"

"Where?"

"There, among the ones who are throwing up."

“…….”

Indeed, among the burly figures gripping the handrails, a relatively slender figure was mixed in.

"Uwaaeeeekk! *Cough*! *Cough*! Ugh... My lung disease is coming back... *Cough*! *Cough*! Uwaaeeekk!"

Chung Myung, whose spirits had plummeted, turned his head away.

"This guy and that guy...…”

There isn't a single person who's all right.

"Hehe. We were originally people of the mountain, so we didn't need to board ships. And even those who have boarded ships a lot would be hopeless if it is shaking this much."

"It's just that you guys are weak, isn't it?"

"Hey, look over there."

"Yes?"

"On the other side."

Chung Myung's gaze turned to the other side of the railing where Im Sobyong and the bandits were glued together.

"Uwaaeeeekk!"

"Kwaaeeekk!"

"I'm- I'm dying! I'm going to die at this rate!"

Each of Mount Hua's disciples was holding onto a railing and emptying their stomachs. Chung Myung buried his face in his hands.

No. Let's say those guys are like that.

Why is that bald head throwing up again? It's so frustrating!

"Uwaeeeek!"

At that time, Jo-Gol, who was almost ready to spit out his intestines, buried his head on the railing and muttered as if he had lost his mind.

"Uh... My head. It's spinning... Sahyung... I'm going to die before we even fight."

"I- I don't think it was this bad before."

"Please slow down, slow down!"

"Soso, do you have something like motion sickness medicine by any chance?"

"...Do you think I would?"

"Ugh."

Shouldn't they get used to it if they rode a ship?

Regrettably, the people gathered here were from Sichuan, where even if they washed their eyes and looked for a river, they wouldn't find one, and Shaanxi, where there was nothing but mountains.

Because they were martial artists, they could overcome a small amount of seasickness, but there was nothing they could do on a ship that was shaking so violently that even sailors would have a hard time.

"Island! Where the hell is that damned island?"

"Please……. Please let us fight."

"As long as I can put my feet on the ground, I can do anything! Please!"

One knows how precious only after they lose it. Mount Hua’s disciples were longing for the existence of land that had been taken for granted.

"Keuu……."

Then, Im Sobyong, turned pale blue from exhaustion and walked slowly toward Chung Myung.

"You……."

"Yes?"

Jo Seung, who had been holding his breath for fear of a splash, was startled by Im Sobyong's gesture and sprang up. Im Sobyong asked in a dying voice.

"Island... Where is the island? Is it far?"

"The exact location is…. I'm not exactly sure……."

"Don't you know?"

"N- No. I do know, but...…”

Im Sobyong's eyes were bloodshot at the lukewarm answer.

"Shall I peel your skin and sprinkle salt on it? I wonder how well you can dance?"

"Spa- Spare me!"

Jo Seung, suddenly remembering that this man is the Nokrim King, turned pale and bowed

his head.

"No, well, it should be visible from here……. O- Over there! There! Oh! Look over there!"

"Hngg, where?"

"Over there!"

Jo Seung, who found a lifeline, pointed ahead urgently.

Sure enough, something small was seen floating in the middle of the river in the distance.

"……But is that an island?"

"It looks small now because it's so far away, but it's definitely not small. It's actually larger than where our Water Fortress was."

"What?"

"It's actually bigger……."

"No, before that. What? It's too far away?"

"……."

"Uuuk! Uuuuk!"

"Ah! Don't vomit here! Disgusting!"

Chung Myung grabbed Im Sobyong by the back of his neck and threw him towards the ship's railing. Then, dusting off his hands, he looked at the island in the distance.

"Hmm."

The reeds were thick and they couldn't see the inside well, but if it was that big, it seemed like it would be enough for one Water Fortress.

"It's strange. An island in the middle of a river."

Chung Myung muttered while stroking his jaw before suddenly pausing.

"Hm?"

A small smile crept around his mouth.

"Oi, water ghost."

"……Yes!"

"It looks like someone is coming to greet us from there?"

"Huh?"

Jo Seung looked out toward the island.

"What?"

Sure enough.

Small dots appeared around the island in the distance. It wasn't hard to guess what these dots floating on the water might be.

The dots gradually became clearer, starting to resemble ships.

"I- It's a pirate ship! Prepare for battle!"

"Ba- Battle?"

"In this situation?"

The bandits' eyes widened in shock.

Fighting while seasick…… Yes, they could fight while vomiting, however unpleasant. But how are they supposed to deal with a headache and dizziness? They can hardly stand upright.

"Hnggg, I'm dying."

Only then did the bandits realize how advantageous their previous battle had been. A situation in which the pirates fight on the ground is tantamount to fighting sharks dragged to land.

Even a cat would leisurely devour a flailing shark.

But if the location was a river, the situation was reversed. Whether a cat or a tiger, in water, they would just be a meal for a shark.

'So that's why they couldn't carelessly mess with the Water Fortress.'

"Hnggg. I can't understand. That place is like a heaven made location tailored for a fortress."

Im Sobyong, who had approached again, said with a pale face.

"Why was the Water Fortress leaving such a place untouched?"

"That place is not suitable for a Water Fortress' base."

"Why?"

"Firstly, it's too conspicuous, isn't it?"

"…That's true."

"Also, the waters around that area are very turbulent because of the island. The current is at least twice as fast, and the waterways are mixed to create a vortex in an instant. No matter how skillful the helmsman is, the ship could sink in the blink of an eye. How could we establish a base in such a place?"

"But they did, didn't they?"

"……I also don't quite……."

Jo Seung scratched his head with a stupefied expression.

"Anyway, it's these bastards, right?"

Chung Myung's eyes lit up with excitement.

"First, let's turn them all into fish food! Everyone, prepare for battle....."

Kwaaaaang!

"Huh?"

At that moment, with a sound like a thunderbolt, the ship next to them was smashed to pieces.

"C- Cannon?"

Chung Myung opened his eyes wide and glanced at the ship approaching from the other side. The sight of black and white smoke billowing out was clearly visible.

"They're using cannons? Are they crazy?"

Gunpowder is a forbidden weapon by the Empire. In other words, the moment you use gunpowder, you become the target of the Empire's pursuit. Salt and gunpowder are the most gnashing things in the Empire, so they shouldn't mess with them.

That's why the pirates mix a small amount of gunpowder with their tools and then shoot a harpoon with it, but this was clearly a real cannon no matter how one looks at it.

"That..... it looks like a 'Hundred Thunder Cannon (백뢰포(百雷砲))'?"

Chung Myung turned his head in Im Sobyong's words.

"Hundred Thunder Cannon? What is that?"

"That… It is a cannon produced by a place called Byongnyong Sect in the old days."

"……If you say Byongnyong Sect, you mean it is a sect?"

"Yes. It was a sect that mainly used gunpowder."

"Are they crazy? There are people like that, but does the Empire just overlook them?"

"Would they just watch? That's why the sect failed."

"……."

"Still, the cannons and bombs they produced are still traded secretly. It seems that those pirate bastards have obtained them....."

Kwaaaang!

The head of another ship was completely blown away.

"Euuaaaa! I'm falliiiiing!"

"*Splash*! *Splash*! Save me! I can't swim!

"Wa- Watch out in the water! The pirates could be lurking! Climb onto a plank! Or climb onto the neighboring ship, you idiots!"

Chaos broke out in an instant.

"Ha- Harpoon! Don't we have a harpoon?"

"…Ei, it doesn't even reach that far."

Jo Seung, who had been waving his arms, blinked his eyes.

"Huh? They are slowing down.".”

"Huh?"

"It seems they are planning to destroy us one by one from this distance."

"No, those bastards! If they're martial artists, they should fight us fairly!"

"…They are pirates."

Fair play only comes into play when needed, but even that was meaningless in front of pirates.

Kwaaaang!

"Argh!"

When another ship was smashed to pieces, Chung Myung flipped his eyes.

"How dare these bastards?!"

"Oh?"

Im Sobyong looked back at Chung Myung with slightly moved eyes.

Only Mount Hua's disciples were on this ship. It means the destroyed ships only had bandits on them. Still, seeing him angry like that means that, doesn't it mean he really considers the bandits of Nokrim as his comrades?

"We're fine…….”

"These ships cost a fortune, these bastards!"

“…….”

‘Ah…. He had already included that in his assets.’

‘Impressive. I'm ashamed as a bandit myself.’

"Oh yeah! They're shooting a cannon, huh?"

At that moment, Chung Myung jumped onto the railing.

And!

"I'll let you know that there's a head on the ship, too! Eurachaaaa!”

Kwaaang!

He kicked the railing, shattering it, and began to fly out like a fired cannonball.

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