Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 915. Such a desperate struggle (5)

Editor: Hoamzz

Co-Translator: Xoxo

Shaolin.

Bop Jeong quietly observed the individuals gathered before him.

Ciwu Beggar (자오개(慈烏丐)) Neungsam (능삼(能三)), who attended the meeting instead of Beggar Union Bangju. Mountain Man Demon Conqueror (복마산인(伏魔山人)) Jongni Hyong (종리형(宗利形)), Sect Leader of Kongtong Sect. And Lightning Flash Quick Dao (섬전쾌도(閃電快刀)) Peng Ye (팽엽(彭曄)), who is Sect Leader of the Hebei Peng Family.

Each name was renowned in its own right.

However, considering the fact that Bangjang of the Great Shaolin personally announced his intention to invite, the number of three people is very shabby. No matter how powerful each one of them is.

Even including the yet-to-arrive leader of the distant Kunlun, and assuming the unpredictable Jaegal Family would join, it still totaled only five.

If it were the times when Shaolin's name stood as the North Star of Kangho, at least ten sect leaders would have gathered here.

Although Bop Jeong felt a boiling frustration and his heart was parched with anger, he did not reveal his emotions before them.

To avoid appearing weak?

No, that wasn't it.

Such feelings were already evident in the eyes of those present, making it unnecessary for him to express them.

“Is there no one else coming?”

At that time, Ciwu Beggar Neungsam asked tactlessly. Bop Jeong responded with a forced smile.

“The Sect Leader of Kunlun is on his way, and the Jaegal Family has also stated they will

join us shortly.”

“Kunlun and Jaegal Family, huh... Then the rest are not coming?”

“We have yet to receive definite responses.”

Giving a short answer, Bop Jeong glanced at Neungsam.

It was the Beggar’s Sect, after all. With their information network, they would know that these three were all that would gather. Nevertheless, he is scratching Bop Jeong's insides by deliberately bringing this up.

“I came because Bangjang said we needed to discuss it, but… Can we even discuss it just between us?”

Bop Jeong smiled as gently as possible despite the question.

“Those who are absent will have to accept whatever decision is made here. It shouldn’t be a major problem.”

“It would be nice if that happened, but… How should I tell this to our Bangjang?”

Instead of answering, Bop Jeong rolled the beads in his hands. It was one of his habits that came out when things were complicated.

Right now, he felt more disillusioned than angry.

How many years ago was it when a grand Murim Competition was held in Shaolin? At that time, no one doubted that Shaolin was the North Star of Kangho.

At that time, not only the Ten Great Sects and the Five Great Family but also all of the influential sects in the world wanted to visit Shaolin and form ties. However, the situation has changed drastically in just a few years.

“Never mind those who didn’t come. No use looking for the absent! More people would only add to the noise.”

Peng Ye spoke with a cold voice.

Bop Jeong looked at him with new eyes. It is a bad habit to judge people by their appearance, but every time I saw Peng Ye, he didn't look like someone from the Hebei Peng Family.

People who bear the surname Peng are famous for their large physique. Because his naturally large physique was an advantage in using dao, the Hebei Peng Family was able to become a

renowned sect that utilized dao.

However, Peng Ye's body was not only large, but actually slightly smaller than that of Bop Jeong.

This might explain why Peng Ye seemed to exude sharpness rather than the vigor typical of his family, reminiscent of a swordsman at the peak of his skill.

"More importantly."

Peng Ye looked at Bop Jeong with sharp eyes and asked.

"What are you going to do, Bangjang? You surely don’t intend to just let them be?”

However, he asked straight to the point as if he had inherited the Peng Family's unique impatient nature.

“We are gathered here to discuss that very….”

“There’s no time to delay. At this very moment, the members of the Evil Tyrant Alliance could be swarming into Kugang. If I give you time, it's going to be even more difficult."

But his point was undeniable. Because Bop Jeong thought so too.

However, someone seemed to have a different opinion.

“There’s no need to be so hasty.”

Sect Leader of Kongtong Sect, Jongni Hyong, calmly interjected.

"The enemy is Evil Tyrant Alliance. They are by no means negligible."

“I am aware, but…”

"Most of all, there is no guarantee that other Ten Great Sects will provide support in a timely manner. If the call spreads, everyone will have no choice but to participate in the war, but the damage may increase before proper forces are established.”

“But we can’t just leave them be, can we?”

“Rushing in might just end up provoking a powder keg. After all, they’re only at Kugang of the Yangtze River for now, aren’t they?”

Peng Ye, hearing this, coldly responded.

"What do you mean, Kugang of Yangtze, Sect Leader. It is Gangbuk."

“Is there a law that says Evil Tyrant Alliance cannot set foot in Gangbuk?”

“What kind of…”

Jongni Hyong, with a calm face, shook his head.

“Because of the Non-Aggression Pact for Gangnam, it feels like our territories are divided with Evil Tyrant Alliance, but originally, we never stopped them from entering Gangbuk. So why make a fuss about it now?”

Ciwu Beggar Neungsam, who was listening quietly, grinned.

"Sect Leader is right, but the problem is that the public doesn't think so."

“By that, you mean…”

“We make an official declaration that it's okay for those Evil Tyrant Alliance scoundrels to step into Gangbuk when we ourselves cannot cross into Gangnam, can we?”

"Hmm, that's....”

This time, Jongni Hyong was not able to argue.

"It is true that that fact is enough justification, but the reality is the problem here. Bangjang."

Neungsam turned his gaze to Bop Jeong.

"You have to be honest with me. I have come here, staking the lives of a hundred thousand Beggar Union members.”

"…I will."

If we take the lead, will the other Ten Great Sects and the Five Great Sects really follow up in time?”

Bop Jeong could not easily answer. To speak the truth would be embarrassing, and as a monk, he could not resort to lies.

"As expected."

Neungsam clicked his tongue briefly. It was not something to do in front of Shaolin's

Bangjang, but no one in the room seemed to mind at that moment.

"Then I'll ask you another question."

"What would that be?"

"Does Shaolin truly intend to lead this endeavor?"

"…Lead, you say?"

"Even if the others don't support you, it means that you are willing to lead the people here and fight against the Evil Tyrant Alliance at the forefront."

"Of course…."

Bop Jeong's voice trailed off. His tongue didn't move as his mind wished.

This is because the moment these words are uttered, there is no way to take them back.

The vanguard.

It is only now that he realizes once again how deep the weight of those meaningless words, those words he used so casually mention.

Watching him, Ciwu Beggar inwardly clicked his tongue.

'It's over.'

It is not that there is no way yet. If Shaolin fights fiercely with the Evil Tyrant Alliance before anyone else, there is no way that the other sects that were watching will have no choice but to move.

The fear of public condemnation and the possibility of Shaolin securing a victory while preserving its forces would mean the end of any opposition to Shaolin's dominance.

But Bop Jeong could not bear to draw his sword.

'What are you so afraid of?'

If this were the Bop Jeong he knew from the Murim Competition, he would have nodded his head and said that it was only natural. But now Bop Jeong hesitated. It means something weighing on his mind.

'To lead is not to point fingers from behind, but to run in front.'

If Shaolin had forgotten this truth, there was nothing more to be done.

"Then it seems we have reached a conclusion."

Ciwu Beggar shrugged nonchalantly.

"Let's concede the Yangtze River region and just keep them in check from advancing further."

"Ciwu Beggar. That’s an unthinkable proposition."

Peng Ye immediately rebutted. But Ciwu Beggar only shook his head stubbornly.

"Sect Leader. I’m an elder of the Beggar Union, not Bangju."

"…I didn’t mean to disregard you."

"That's not what I'm saying. This means that there are things that I can say because I am not Bangju that is responsible for everyone. I don’t need to save face.”

“…….”

"If we provoke the water fortresses here, there's bound to be a war."

"Why? They might back off."

"Black Dragon King might be. But would Jang Ilso do so?"

When the name Jang Ilso came out, Peng Ye shut his mouth.

The name of Paegun, Jang Ilso, remained a deep mark even among Righteous Sects that did not participate in the Yangtze River Disaster.

In addition, Jang Ilso is a person who possesses both a plan to lure his opponent into a perfect scheme and a frightening level of determination. Just hearing the name instilled discomfort.

“If Jang Ilso knows that only a few sects have come to deal with water fortresses, he will definitely try to take advantage of that opportunity. Do we really need to expose our weaknesses?”

Weakness.

The deep crack in the unity of the Ten Great Sects. This means that if they just take a step back and pretend to observe, it will be difficult for Evil Tyrant Alliance to guess the whole situation.

Even though he completely understood what was said, Peng Ye burst out in anger.

“What on earth are the other sects thinking? It is a matter of confronting the Evil Tyrant Alliance! Even if everyone fights to take the lead, it won’t be easy!”

Bop Jeong’s face was clouded with deep worry.

‘What’s the use of saying it?’

He sighed deeply and looked at Ciwu Beggar.

"Elder-nim."

"Yes, Bangjang."

"I'd like to ask you one question.”

"Please go ahead."

Bop Jeong, which had paused slightly, opened his mouth.

“If that Heavenly Comrade Alliance is willing to fight in this war, would Beggar Union you willing to fight alongside Shaolin?”

"…Did you just mention Heavenly Comrade Alliance?"

"Yes."

Ciwu Beggar furrowed his brows.

"Since Ice Palace and Yasugung Palace from the far north won't make it to Jungwon, Bangjang must be referring to the Tang Family and Mount Hua, right?"

"That’s correct."

Bop Jeong nodded his head.

"I haven’t received a response yet, but I’ve contacted Maengju of Heavenly Comrade Alliance. It’s not an impossible scenario."

"Possibility…"

Ciwu Beggar was lost in thought for a moment with a frown.

'Indeed...'

What he found most unpredictable was the movement of the Heavenly Comrade Alliance, especially Mount Hua. That bizarre sect where one can't get a clue what the hell they would do.

As common sense dictates, Heavenly Comrade Alliance, having no direct connection to Hubei or Hunan, had no reason to step forward and join in an issue even other Ten Greta Sects were avoiding.

However….

How about Mount Hua?

Given their deep animosity towards Evil Tyrant Alliance, it was plausible they might seize this opportunity to obliterate Evil Tyrant Alliance. It is impossible to say for sure that there is no possibility of a fight due to the unpredictable nature of the sect.

"…If only Heavenly Comrade Alliance would come forward, the situation would definitely change. There would be no need to merely observe the enemies then. Tang Family would surely join the fight too."

"Hmm."

Bop Jeong nodded quietly.

"In that case, we should wait for Heavenly Comrade Alliance 's response."

"If Bangjang wishes to confront them..… We must either change the minds of the other Ten Great Sects who have withdrawn or draw in Heavenly Comrade Alliance."

"…Amitabha."

Bop Jeong softly chanted a prayer.

'In the end, it's Heavenly Comrade Alliance.'

It is almost impossible to change the minds of those who did not come. In the end, what Ciwu Beggar said essentially meant that they must find a way to bring Heavenly Comrade Alliance into the fray.

Eventually, he couldn't help but sigh at the thought of having to plead to Heavenly Comrade Alliance, and Mount Hua specifically. But on the other hand, he was also happy.

This meant he didn’t have to make an immediate decision about Shaolin’s fate. Even the time spent waiting for Heavenly Comrade Alliance’s response and appealing to them felt like a blessing.

But….

Unfortunately, the course of worldly events does not always flow as one desires.

Creak!

Suddenly, the door burst open, and someone stormed in.

Bop Jeong said sternly, distorting his face.

"This is a place where Sect Leaders are present. How dare you act so rashly?”

"I- It is a problem! Bangjang!”

Bop Kye, pale-faced and panicked, shouted. The moment Bop Jeong saw his expression, he instantly sensed that something serious had happened.

“What’s the matter?”

“That, that is…”

Bop Kye’s words continued.

Bop Jeong's face quickly turned ashen.

“Why, why now! Why is this happening!”

A voice like a scream burst from his mouth.

|Note