Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 827. Where are the others now? (2)

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Tang Gun-ak's icy eyes seemed to penetrate Namgung Hwang.

'Why is he here...?'

Why did Tang Gun-ak, who is supposed to be in the distant Sichuan, show up in this Yangtze River? And why now of all times?

Namgung Hwang's fingertips began to tremble faintly.

Of course, everyone here right now probably doesn't want to face anyone else. Because they know very well what they have done.

But facing Tang Gun-ak, not anyone else in this situation, was more terrible than anything else for Namgung Hwang.

Namgung Family of Anhui and Tang Family of Sichuan.

The two sects were the two main pillars that led the Five Great Family for many years. Naturally, Namgung Hwang and Tang Gun-ak competed, cooperated, and antagonized each other for a long time as Gaju of each family.

For Namgung Hwang, perhaps it is Tang Gun-ak whom he doesn't want to lose against, more than the Ten Great Sect or Evil Faction.

"Answer me, Namgung Hwang."

Tang Gun-ak spoke in an extremely cold tone.

“Where on earth is the Chivalrousness you spoke so loudly about?”

“…….”

“And yet you dare to claim yourself as Gaju of the Azure Sky Namgung Family? Can you still speak of the 'Azure Sky' (창천(蒼天)) with that mouth after begging the Evil Faction for your life?"

Namgung Hwang bit his lips to the point of bleeding.

It wasn't Tang Gun-ak's rebuke that caused him the most pain. But the fact that he couldn't offer a word in defense.

"Answer me."

“…….”

"Was your life that precious? Enough to throw the value of Chivalrousness on the ground?"

"……Tang Gun-ak."

Tang Gun-ak gritted his teeth. He wasn't mocking Namgung Hwang; he was genuinely enraged.

Although the Tang Family became a member of the Heavenly Comrade Alliance and the relationship became complicated, Sichuan Tang Family was still counted among the Five Great Family. The disgrace shown by Namgung Family, who can be said to be the head of the Five Great Family, made his blood flow upside down.

No, it wasn't just about the Five Great Family.

"Answer me, monk."

"...Amitabha."

Bop Kye, who faced Tang Gun-ak's piercing gaze, was unable to face him and could only close his eyes and whisper a chant.

Tang Gun-ak's momentum did not abate at all at the weak response.

"How pathetic."

His icy sarcasm cut through everyone present.

“I never would have thought that you, who have repeatedly emphasized that Chivalrousness is more important than life, would discard Chivalrousness like it was some worthless old shoe when given the chance to uphold that statement. And yet you think you have the right to speak of Justice (정(正)) and Righteousness (정(正))? After all that?"

Bop Kye's face flushed with shame.

Even if he had ten mouths, would he have anything to say?

Baek Hyeonja of Qingcheng, who was located in Sichuan and had some contact with Tang Family, spoke in a bitter tone.

"…Enough, Tang Gaju. This was all caused by Heo Dojin. Namgung Gaju and Monk Bop Kye are the victims of this."

"Victims?"

But a clear scoff was evident Tang Gun-ak's lips.

"Not raising one's voice means innocence?"

"That's…"

"Let me ask you one thing."

Tang Gun-ak glared at everyone with murderous intent.

"Why are you all alive now?"

"……."

Those words eventually made even Baek Hyeonja keep his mouth shut.

"To save your disciples? Fine. That's understandable. But then why are you alive and stepping on the ground with your feet? And without a single scratch, too!"

The voice of the exuberant Tang Gun-ak came out loud.

"While the young disciples of Mount Hua Sect bled and fought, what were you all doing? Who is it that should have been the first to shed blood and fight here!"

Namgung Hwang closed his eyes, taking a deep breath.

Saying that he failed to concentrate on the battle because he was looking at the situation is only a crude excuse to make.

He just didn't know throughout his life.

What it meant to fight for one's life, how difficult it truly was.

Of course, he may be able to force an excuse.

However, the wounds that covered the entire body of Mount Hua Divine Dragon hardened his tongue and weighed heavily on his lips.

"The world tolerates your violent ways because they believe there is Chivalrousness behind your swords. The moment you forget Chivalrousness for your own benefit...…”

Tang Gun-ak spat out with disgust.

"You're no different from common bandits. You fools."

“…….”

Silence lingered. Tang Gun-ak suppressed a sigh, biting his lip.

No matter how much he cursed, he couldn't undo what had already happened. Knowing this made it all the more frustrating.

Having managed to calm down, he clenched his teeth and declared.

"As the Gaju of Sichuan Tang Family, I declare that from today onwards, Sichuan Tang Family shall not be included as one of 'Five Great Family.'"

"Tang Gun-ak!"

"Shut your mouth, you damned fool."

When Namgung Hwang cried out in surprise, Tang Gun-ak swiftly covered his mouth with a growl.

"You came here with jealousy and envy, only to conclude with fear and cowardice."

With an icy glare, Tang Gun-ak scanned everyone before abruptly turning away.

"Leave this place. Now the Yangzte River is a land that you cannot step on."

Namgung Hwang's body was now trembling.

A terrible sense of humiliation and unbearable humiliation swirled throughout his body.

But what weighed on him even more was the loath toward oneself.

"…Board the ship."

"……Yes."

In the end, Namgung Hwang said weakly, and the members of Namgung Family responded softly and headed towards the ship anchored at the water's edge.

"Amitabha."

Bop Kye shook his head, letting out a deep sigh.

"…Let's go back."

The Shaolin monks nodded slightly and headed for the ship. However, among those who turned around, only one person stood with his feet firmly planted on the ground.

"…What are you doing?"

"Elder-nim."

Hye Yeon spoke with a neutral expression.

“I won’t go back.”

“…….”

There was a momentary surge of anger on Bop Kye's face.

He is now acting on behalf of Bangjang. To disobey his order was to disobey Banjang and the entirety of Shaolin. Hye Yeon couldn't have not known about it.

However, he stared at Bop Kye with an unwavering gaze. The anger that soared was short-lived, and Bop Kye instantly lost strength at the calm face.

Everyone crawled up the cliff to survive.

The only one who stayed behind to guard the others as they climbed was Hye Yeon.

In this horrendous hell, the only person who embodied Shaolin's teachings of Compassion (자비(慈悲)) and Altruism (이타(利他)) with his actions was Hye Yeon. Yet what right does Bop Kye have to criticize such him?

"…Do as you please."

"Amitabha."

Hye Yeon quietly bowed with Banzhang form. Bop Kye went to the ship without looking

back anymore.

Baek Hyeonja, who was left alone, hesitated to talk to Tang Gun-ak with a shadowy face.

"Tang Gaju…."

"Not now."

But Tang Gun-ak coldly cut him off without even looking at him.

"I don't wish to exchange words, so please go back, Sect Leader."

"……."

A deep sigh escaped from Baek Hyeonja's mouth.

'It hurts.'

Tang Gun-ak is a person who fully understands the heavy pressure of having to take responsibility for the lives of countless disciples. If even such Tang Gun-ak reacts with such disdain, how cold must the reaction of the people of the world be?

The mere thought sent chills to his fingertips.

"…I will see you again. I wish you good luck."

Baek Hyeonja, who left only the words with dismay, led his disciples to the ship.

Their steps, heading for the ship, were devoid of energy. Their appearance was quite different from when they arrived. It's only natural. They lost so much here.

The ship of Shaolin was the first to leave the narrow valley, followed by the ship of Namgung Family. Soon after, even the ship of Qingcheng turned its bow slowly, but only the ship of Wudang, who finished boarding first, remained anchored and motionless.

In front of Wudang's ship, a person stood looking in Tang Gun-ak's direction.

"That man…"

When Tang Gun-ak tried to step forward, Chung Myung grabbed his arm and dissuaded him.

"Just a moment."

He then approached the figure in front of Wudang's ship. Standing alone on the shore, Heo

Dojin stared intently at Chung Myung approaching and twisted his lips, smirking.

"Don't look at me with such a disagreeable face, Mount Hua Divine Dragon."

“…….”

"There's no losses for Heavenly Comrade Alliance. Especially since you won't miss the opportunity when the Ten Great Sect and the Five Great Family face criticism. Why not just be happy about it honestly?"

Chung Myung stared at Heo Dojin without saying a word.

"…Why? Any curse left to be said?"

When Heo Dojin asked, Chung Myung looked at him with dim eyes for a long time and opened his mouth.

"You moron."

It was a cold rebuke.

"If you made a choice, grit your teeth and stick with it. There's nothing more stupid than doubting a choice one made themself. I'm not gonna curse you more even if you put on such a thorny front, and getting cursed won't make you feel better anyway."

“…….”

"Yeah, you did the stupidest thing in the world. You're gonna live your remaining life regretting the choice you made today. And that responsibility will be held by not only you, but also Wudang and the whole Ten Great Sect as a whole."

Heo Dojin listened to Chung Myung without a change of expression. It was impossible to know what he was thinking from his inscrutable face.

"But at least, I...…”

It was Chung Myung who distorted his face and bit his lips. He blurted his words for a moment and said with a troubled face.

"I'll curse at you for being a moron, but I won't laugh at you and call you a coward."

“…….”

Heo Dojin's eyes shook for the first time.

Chung Myung sighed.

'Damn it.'

His feelings were incredibly mixed. He knew he was wrong, he was fully aware of the mistake... but he couldn't help but understand the emotions that drove that mistake.

Because it is something he has regretted countless times.

If only he had been a little more selfish, if only Cheong Mun had been a little more cunning...

"If you feel better now, piss off."

"Haa…."

Heo Dojin let out a faint, derisive chuckle.

His face remained expressionless. But for some reason, it looked slightly different than before.

"See you again."

"No thanks."

"We'll meet again. Someday..."

Heo Dojin turned and leaped onto the ship. When he got on board, the ship slowly turned its bow out of the narrow valley. Chung Myung looked up at the sky as if he had eaten something bitter while looking at the receding Wudang's ship, leaving a long ripple on the river.

He couldn't bring himself to blame.

If it were Cheong Mun, he would have scolded Heo Dojin without hesitation. But it wasn't Cheong Mun who was here, and Chung Myung could not do so.

'I still have a long way to go.'

It was the moment when Chung Myung who shrugged his shoulders and smiled was about to say something towards the sky.

Stagger.

"……Huh?"

'What's this?'

Why is the world spinning…

No, why is the ground rising?

"Chung Myung-ah!"

"Hey, you punk!"

Loud shouts echoed from all directions. But for a moment, all the noise became distant and muffled, as if listening underwater. And soon all sound disappeared from the world.

'It's dark.'

He couldn't see anything.

His body was sinking down endlessly.

'Cheong Mun Sahyung...'

Mount Hua's disciples who held Chung Myung, who had fallen unconscious, screamed and called out his name, but Chung Myung couldn’t hear a thing.

The desires of countless people and the true intentions of countless people.

Those who risk everything to achieve, and those who won't let go even if they lose everything.

The moment was approaching where a massive war, fueled by these numerous desires and thoughts, came to an end.

However, no one thought of this end as the true end.

This is just a starting point.

It was merely a small spark that, someday, would grow into a horrific flame, devouring and incinerating the world.

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