Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 778. Life is originally painful (2)

Editor: Hoamzz

Co-Translator: Xoxo

White smoke continued to flow from the small incense burner. Therefore, the interior was so full of white smoke that one couldn't even see ahead.

The sound of slow, languid breathing echoed through the room, accompanied by the horrible smell of alcohol.

A strange atmosphere that seemed not to belong to humans floated around the dimly lit room.

Step. *Step*. *Step*.

Then, out of nowhere, a firm sound of footsteps that did not match the atmosphere came from outside, and soon a short, cold voice broke through the door.

"Bangju, I have returned after completing the mission."

No answer came.

After waiting silently for a while, someone gave a brief command.

"Open."

"B- But, Bangju….”

"Open it."

"…Yes."

As the tightly closed door swung open, the white smoke that had packed the room rushed out.

Ho Gamyeong scrunched his eyebrows at the scent that stimulated the tip of his nose.

"Hm."

As the smoke began to clear, a sight of various people sprawled haphazardly, sleeping, became visible. Among the scattered alcohol and unconscious individuals, a small brazier incessantly puffed out smoke.

And there, in the center, lying unceremoniously on a large golden mattress was a person he was well acquainted with.

Ho Gamyeong let out a quiet sigh.

"Get up."

The individuals sprawled out were deeply asleep, they didn't even flinch at his words.

"Let's see if you'll keep sleeping even if your neck is cut."

Perhaps they heard that?

One by one, those who raised their heads found Ho Gamyeong standing in front of the door and trembled in contemplation.

"Ge- General...…”

"Get out."

"Yes!"

They were frightened and hurriedly got up from their seats. As they desperately tried to move, leading their staggering bodies as if they were not sober, they rolled across the floor, tangled among themselves, and made a great mess.

Ho Gamyeong, who confirmed that they were rushing out of the room, sighed and ordered.

"Remove the incense burner."

"Yes, General-nim."

The people who had followed him went into the room, carefully picked up the incense burner, and brought it out.

Then, as if they had done it many times before, they skillfully tidied the room, opening the windows and door for ventilation.

"That's enough."

"Yes!"

At the end of Ho Gamyeong's command, they quickly bowed and left the room in an orderly manner.

Ho Gamyeong finally stepped inside and stood in front of the golden mattress.

"Bangju-nim."

“…….”

"Bangju-nim."

"Hm?"

Jang Ilso, who was lying on the seemingly infinitely soft golden mattress, slowly raised his head. He squinted his eyes and looked around.

"Gamyeong."

"Yes, Bangju-nim."

"It's cold. Close the door."

Jang Ilso pulled up the blanket and covered himself thoroughly. A deep sigh came out of Ho Gamyeong's mouth again.

"Bangju-nim, if you keep behaving like this during the day, you will not maintain your dignity as the Bangju."

"…You nag as soon as you arrive."

"I've told you this before..."

"You don't know what you're talking about. I hate being bored. Even if I know I have to wait, I hate waiting."

"You have to get up."

"Ugh."

As Ho Gamyeong arrived, the sleeping Jang Ilso grudgingly got up and sat in his place.

Then the servants who were waiting outside cautiously walked in. Jang Ilso accepted the pipe one of them offered and put it in his mouth.

"You should not indulge too much in the 'Dream smoke’ (몽연(夢煙))."

"I know. I know."

"I'm not saying this out of concern for Bangju-nim. How can such smoke harm you? But it's different for others."

"I said I know. Hngg. You're getting more nagging as time goes by."

Jang Ilso waved his hand as if annoyed.

Then Ho Gamyeong bowed his head as if to apologize.

Meanwhile, the servants clung to Jang Ilso's side and diligently groomed him. They dipped silk in clean water in a large bowl to wash his face and carefully combed his disheveled hair.

It was when a servant was gently cleaning Jang Ilso's eyelid with silk.

"It hurts. Be gentle."

"Ba- Ba- Bangju-nim! I, I have committed a sin worthy of death...…."

At that moment, the pale servant shivered like an aspen tree and begged. At the sight, Jang Ilso let out a sneering sigh.

"Why are you shaking like that? What, are you afraid I'm going to eat you?"

"Fo- Forgive me! Please forgive me just this once. Please…"

"…Are you new?"

"Yes?"

Jang Ilso sighed deeply and shook his head.

"I wonder what the new kids heard outside that they always panic at the smallest things."

"What could they have heard? They must have heard the truth."

"Then there's no reason to be afraid. Hey, don't be scared. I'm a caring person."

"Yes! Yes, Bangju-nim. I'm truly thankful…"

Jang Ilso chuckled and lightly tapped the servant's head, who was crying out of relief. He then spread his arms wide. The servants waiting at the back removed the white robe he was

wearing.

“…….”

Ho Gamyeong gasped at the sight that unfolded before his eyes in an instant.

It was indeed a perfect body.

Jang Ilso's naked body, which was usually hidden under several layers of silk clothing and not easily seen, could not be described as anything but perfect.

The slightly lean body was harmonious as if sculpted by someone, and the firm muscles seated on the body with no trace of flab even made Ho Gamyeong, who had seen countless martial artists, marvel. No matter how many times he saw it, it was amazing.

But unfortunately, if anyone were seeing this body for the first time, they would pay no attention to such things. No, they would not be able to pay attention to such things.

Because their eyes would first be drawn to the scars that filled that body without a gap.

At first glance, it looked as if dozens of black snakes were tangled and stuck together. Scars like those clawed by a beast. Scars pierced by something sharp, and so on. Cut by a sword, sliced by a blade, scratched by a hook, ripped by a hand....

All kinds of scars that existed in the world were completely etched throughout that body.

Jang Ilso, who wore scars that even looked like deliberately engraved tattoos on his body, stared at Ho Gamyeong, slowly blinking his drowsy eyes.

It was a formidable pressure. Even Ho Gamyeong, who had been serving Jang Ilso for more than a decade, was forced to hold his breath for a moment.

The true face of Paegun Jang Ilso, is hidden behind the splendid silk clothes.

Each of his scars is engraved with the thorny path that Jang Ilso has walked so far. The path that Jang Ilso took, without any background or anyone to help, won the name of Paegun with his bare hands, established Myriad Man Manor, and even brought that Myriad Man Manor into the Five Great Evil Sect.

The servants who had gently wiped Jang Ilso's body with silk started dressing him.

Dressed in a long red cloth embroidered with golden dragons, a gold crown is put on his head. Then he wears jewelry on both wrists and fingers. Finally, when even the red lip rouge

was applied, the appearance of Paegun Jang Ilso which Ho Gamyeong was familiar with was completed.

"Hmm."

Jang Ilso, who leaned on the bedside slanting in his usual fancy outfit, glanced at Ho Gamyeong.

"So, what happened?"

"Mount Hua has annihilated the water fortress."

"Hahahaha."

Jang Ilso started to chuckle, covering his mouth lightly with one hand.

"I told you, those kids are impatient. I knew they would come, but I didn't expect them to move so quickly."

"Thanks to them, the event has been brought forward. Mount Hua Divine Dragon, who had destroyed Great Whale Water Fortress, even destroyed the Dark Snake Water Fortress." (Pretty sure it’s Blue Snake. But maybe they give a different name.)

"...So quickly?"

"Something different from what we expected happened. Mount Hua Divine Dragon brought the Nokrim, not Mount Hua."

"God, what did that guy eat to grow up?"

Jang Ilso shook his head slightly, guessing the situation from the few words of the report.

"He really is like a viper, a viper. If mishandled, he might bite me too. Hmm. Well, that’s good. What about the cleanup?"

"It was neatly processed."

Jang Ilso clicked his tongue and held out his hand, the waiting servant carefully handed him a glass filled with alcohol. Jang Ilso, who was clicking his tongue as if he was really sad, shook his head and sighed.

"Hmm. It really is a pity. Did you send plenty of money to his home?"

"We gave the family enough money to live comfortably for a lifetime."

"Well done."

Jang Ilso took a sip of alcohol and twisted the corners of his mouth.

"In reality, a human life is worth not a penny. But since they gave up their lives in exchange for a fortune, they won't feel too aggrieved. Right?"

"Surely that would be the case, Bangju-nim."

"If rumors circulate that they've come into money, flies might swarm, so send a few kids to supervise."

"I will do so."

Ho Gamyeong answered with a slight bow.

This is Jang Ilso's way.

He thinks little of sacrificing someone for his purpose. But he pays more than his due. And when he thinks the calculation is over, even that fact is neatly forgotten.

The idea of those sacrificed for this matter would have been wiped clean from Jang Ilso's head at this moment. Because he doesn't look back on the past.

"Quicker than expected, but cleaner than expected. Indeed, that's how Mount Hua Sect works. Hahahahaha!"

Jang Ilso, who laughed as if he was having fun, suddenly rose to his feet.

"Ho Gamyeong!"

"Yes."

"Send the prepared message!"

"Do you wish to implement it right away? I think we'll still have to wait a little longer."

"Yes, indeed, the more mature the alcohol, the better it is. But sometimes if it matures too much, it loses its fresh taste. There's always a right time for everything."

Jang Ilso slowly brushed his lips with the tip of his index finger.

"The lack of time will be made up by the time the message arrives. Now is the right time."

"I will do so."

"Hahahahahat!"

Jang Ilso's eyes flickered fiercely like lanterns in the wind.

"I've waited for a long time. For a long time.....for this moment. Now I'm sick of waiting."

Jang Ilso's red lips smiled, and the sound of his teeth grinding flowed out.

Nothing pained him as much as waiting. But still, he was the one who could be more patient than anyone in the world.

If his impatience prevented him from getting what he wanted, the pain of waiting would be nothing compared to the further torment. Jang Ilso was someone who hated to wait, but also someone who had to definitely get what he wanted.

And finally.

The time has come to end this long wait.

"Thanks to Mount Hua, the plan has been pushed forward by ten years. How can it not be beautiful?? That's right. That way, there's a reward for spitting out the guy who came into my stomach! Hahahahaha!"

The bursting laughter echoed through the entire place.

Even the jingling sound of the ornaments on his body added to the strangeness and peculiarity.

A faint smile also bloomed around Ho Gamyeong's mouth.

'The world won't even guess.'

No, even if they find out, it doesn't matter.

A large fire that burns a mountain for several days, dozens of days, starts with a small spark. Just throwing the spark into the dry bushes can burn the entire mountain.

Once the fire is set, what's important is putting it out, not who started it.

Soon, a fire will start.

The bushes called Kangho are dry enough to burn with just a small fire.

"We will proceed with the next plan."

"Hmm."

Jang Ilso's eyes glowed strangely.

"Gamyeong-ah, Gamyeong-ah."

"Yes, Bangju-nim."

"What is Mount Hua Divine Dragon doing now?"

"…He’s stuck on the island and not coming out."

"Keep an eye on him."

"Yes?"

At the unexpected order, Ho Gamyeong looked up and saw Jang Ilso s if guessing his intentions.

"I don't know what he will do. Don't miss even the tip of his fingertips, in case he turn our plans upside down."

A strange light came into Ho Gamyeong's eyes.

'Wasn't the role of Mount Hua Sect over?'

He thought they had left them alone because they had work to do. And now, they have no more work to do. So why is the name coming out of Jang Ilso's mouth again?

Jang Ilso is someone who never looks back at the past.

'Then...'

For Jang Ilso, Mount Hua is... No, has the name Mount Hua Divine Dragon not finished its role?

"Your answer?"

"...I will do as you said, Bangju-nim."

"Okay. Shall we go see some flowers today?"

Jang Ilso got up from his seat and walked out humming a tune. Ho Gamyeong's eyes, looking at his back, were somewhat subdued.

‘I don't know.’

He was too small an existence to fully guess the picture that giant would draw.

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