Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 895. I'd rather die than not get it (5)

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"Well."

Chung Myung let out a long sigh and lightly scratched his cheek.

"…I was planning on just having fun and relaxing for now."

"Don't joke around."

"It's true."

"……."

When Baek Cheon looked with indescribable contempt, Chung Myung waved his hand with an irritated face.

"What are you looking at me like that for? It's not up to me to decide."

"Huh?"

"It's up to 'those bastards.'"

There was no one who knew who 'those bastards' that Chung Myung was referring to.

"…Evil Tyrant Alliance"

"Yes."

When Baek Cheon grimaced, Chung Myung nodded lightly.

"That is certainly true, but…."

Yoon Jong said, tilting his head.

"But according to Hong Buntaju, Evil Tyrant Alliance might also become immobilized due to internal conflicts."

"That won't happen."

"Huh?"

Chung Myung shrugged.

"I'm sure there are internal strife. But it won't slow him down. 'Cause he's not the type to be held back by such things."

Everyone's heads nodded in unison.

They also know that the heads of Five Great Evil Sects are out of the ordinary. Haven't they already seen with their own eyes the power they have on the Yangtze River?

These are the people who did not lose an inch against the heads of the Ten Great Sects and the Five Great Family who commanded the world. No, in a way, they were rather overwhelming.

But…

'Would Jang Ilso be held back by them?'

Even if he got caught in the ankle, he wasn't the kind of person to let it slow him down. Jang Ilso would cut off whatever held him back and continue on his path.

Baek Cheon's face hardened after thinking this far.

He doesn't think this way because he can look down on the heads of Five Great Evil Sects. This conclusion was drawn because Jang Ilso's presence was so much greater than theirs.

"If it's Jang Ilso, then for sure…."

Chung Myung nodded and spoke indifferently.

"And, think about it. If we, the Beggar Union, and all Righteous Sect know this, wouldn't Jang Ilso, who is in the heart of it, know as well?"

"…Of course, he would."

"That's right. He knows. And he'll be prepared if he knows. There's no way he wouldn't think of what I am thinking."

Baek Cheon looks at Chung Myung with new eyes.

It is clear that Chung Myung hates Jang Ilso more than anyone else in Kangho. Yet, hearing him now, Baek Chun thinks maybe the person Chung Myung recognizes the most in the

world is Jang Ilso, too.

'It's a bit irritating.'

Who else could make such words come out of this cursed man's mouth?

"And he's already made a move."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

When Jo-Gol asked with his eyes wide open, Chung Myung grinned.

"Was it just a coincidence that those guys from Evil Sects invaded Shaanxi this time?"

"… Are you saying that was Jang Ilso's intention as well?"

Yoon Jong shook his head.

"That's a bit far-fetched. I've interrogated those Gangseo Seven Murderers, but Gal Cheonrip had nothing to do with Evil Tyrant Alliance. And he's not the one to listen to Jang Ilso in the first place."

Chung Myung stared at Yoon Jong then shook his head.

"Sahyung."

"Huh?"

"Sahyung is kind, but being too kind is the problem."

"…Is that an insult?"

Considering who was saying it, it definitely wasn't a compliment. Never.

"Directly manipulating events is an amateur move. A true expert creates situations so that events happen without one having to do anything."

Chung Myung took another sip of the fresh bottle and continued.

"Considering how vast Gangnam is, if Jang Ilso wanted, he could have cut down those guys before they even reached Gangbuk. And we've occupied the Yangtze River, it's even stranger that we miss them."

"…...Then Jang Ilso sent them to Shaanxi on purpose?"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

Baek Cheon asked with a curious look. Chung Myung just shrugged.

"I don't know that."

"……."

Then everyone's eyes narrowed. There was a subtle contempt. Seeing their reaction, Chung Myung's face contorted in frustration.

"No, I'm not a mind reader. How am I supposed to know what that crazy bastard is thinking!"

"I thought you knew."

"They say crazy people get along with each other."

"Everyone in the world doesn't know, you should know."

"…Damn things."

Chung Myung gulped down his drink as if his throat was burning.

In fact, he passed it off as if it were a joke, but his eyes were darker than before. As if unsaid words had sunk into his eyes.

'Jang Ilso…'

He put down the bottle, wiped the corner of his mouth, and opened his mouth again.

"All we need to know are the certainties."

"The certainties?"

Chung Myung nodded.

"He will make a move."

The room fell silent.

This is a fact everyone knows. Wasn't it because they had guessed the fact that they were able to endure the difficult training?

Baek Cheon nodded in agreement.

“We'll have to be prepared before then. So that we can deal with whatever nonsense Jang Ilso does."

“Well…”

Chung Myung glanced and chuckled at Baek Cheon's words.

“We've prepared to the point where we got sick of it, haven't we?”

"Right."

“…It’s not just sick of it; we were practically vomiting from it.”

“Ah, Sahyung, are you talking about that time you threw up?”

“Even you threw up, you son of a beast!”

Yoon Jong kicked Jo-Gol. However, Jo-Gol, having grown significantly over the past three years, now had the boldness to talk back even while getting hit.

“I just spilled a little bit, but Sahyung vomited up everything you ate for breakfast!”

"When did I ever, damn it!"

Yoon Jong protested with a flushed face. But there was no one trying to make fun of Yoon Jong for it. After all, during those harsh training sessions, such incidents were nothing more than minor events that could be laughed off.

"It's more about organizing than preparing."

"Organizing?"

"Yes. Organizing."

Chung Myung slightly curled the corners of his lips.

"We'll have to sort out this messed-up situation first so that it'll be easier to deal with that bastard Jang Ilso when overturn eye and rushes at us. First of all... we need to do something about those f*cking Ten Great Sects first."

As Chung Myung spoke of the Ten Great Sects, his face boiled with fury, making Hy Yeon

flinch and avert his gaze.

“So, no need to rack your brains about it from now on.”

There was a certainty in Chung Myung's voice.

“Because soon, it will be time to fight until we get tired of it.”

Everyone stiffened their faces and nodded.

As the atmosphere died in an instant, Chung Myung lifted the bottle in his hand and shook it lightly.

“So, let’s drink for now.”

"That's not a bad idea."

"He says the right thing sometimes."

The atmosphere quickly heated up again. Chung Myung, who leaned back on the wall, chuckled to himself as he saw everyone empty the bottle as if competing with each other.

‘They deserve it.’

In the past, Chung Myung would have already criticized the young chicks for only showing off their fun activities, but such words do not suit them now. These are people who have endured training that cannot even be described as harsh for the past three years without a single complaint.

Even for Chung Myung in the past, it would not have been easy to withstand at their age. Of course, he would have done it, but...

- Who? You? Youuuuuuu?

"Ei, this guy."

"Hm?"

"…No, nothing."

Chung Myung quietly distorted his face.

Anyway,

After all, those who pushed themselves so harshly deserved a break commensurate with their efforts. It wasn’t just that Chung Myung wanted to drink the stolen warehouse liquor...

- Dude, you're talking gibberish.

"No, this yangban seriously!"

“Why do you keep doing that?”

"……No."

Couldn't even complain, Chung Myung sighed deeply.

'More than that...'

Suddenly, a chilling feeling flashed in his eyes.

He’s definitely plotting something.'

It seemed unlikely that Jang Ilso would simply start a war by crossing the Yangtze River. Because Jang Ilso is the type that somehow created a battlefield that is advantageous to him and will try to wield that battlefield to his will.

The recent silence of Evil Tyrant Alliance clearly means that he is preparing something. A decisive move to clear up the internal strife of the Evil Tyrant Alliance and lead the war with the Ten Great Sects to victory.

"...Well, anyway."

Chung Myung, who muttered quietly, twisted the corners of his mouth.

No matter how ingenious the strategy, it's meaningless without sufficient strength behind it. That was something Chung Myung painfully learned at the Yangtze River.

Now, in reverse, Chung Myung.... No, Mount Hua will teach Jang Ilso that lesson.

"…Sasuk. That guy grinning in an unpleasant way?”

"Just ignore him. He's probably having another one of his fits. It's been getting worse lately."

"It'll be hard to see him as human if he gets any crazier."

No, it's just... Let's just have Chung Myung tell us.

Yes.

* * *

“All compensation has been completed.”

"Hmm."

"The bodies of those swept away by the Evil Sects bastard in the village have been taken care of, and the survivors have been transferred to a neighboring village. We’ve promised support in the name of Mount Hua and Eunha Merchant Guild, so they won’t be treated poorly."

"That’s good."

“It is said that Wei Lishan Munju, who went to Namyang, is also returning after handing over the body.”

Hyun Jong, who was listening to the report, quietly nodded.

This is the end of Mount Hua's work in Xi’an. Although it took a bit longer than expected, this thorough approach allowed for a cleaner resolution.

"Sangdanju-nim."

When Hyun Jong addressed him as Eunha Merchant Guild, Hwang Jongwi straightened up with a slightly nervous face. This is because he had a hunch that an official statement would come out.

"Yes, Sect Leader."

Hyun Jong looked at Hwang Jongwi and began to speak.

"You have done a lot of hard work."

"I- It was fine."

Hwang Jongwi waved his hands in embarrassment, but Hyun Jong smiled warmly and continued.

"My words are not just for this incident. It is difficult for me to lift my head after knowing how much suffering Sangdanju-nim went through during Mount Hua’s Bongmun.”

"Se- Sect Leader."

Hyun Jong Jong bowed slightly towards Hwang Jongwi.

"I am always grateful for your unwavering support toward the lacking Mount Hua."

Hwang Jongwi was taken aback and hurriedly tried to dissuade Hyun Jong.

"Why are you doing this, Sect Leader! What do you mean by lacking? How can you say that! Mount Hua is by no means lacking."

At that, Hyun Jong lifted his head slightly.

"Did you say we weren't lacking?"

"Of, of course."

Hyun Jong turned his gaze somewhere. Then he looked intently at one place and asked again.

"…Do you really think so?”

“…….”

Hwang Jongwi could not bear to open his mouth for a moment.

This is because at the end of Hyun Jong's gaze, there were Mount Hua disciples who were all banging their heads on the floor.

"Ugh…."

"Head…."

"Jo-Gol, you bastard... Who told you to use internal strength? Do you wanna die?"

"...You’re nitpicking again..."

Hyun Jong exploded with a lion's roar.

"Can’t you hit straight, these punks!"

The people here were not Mount Hua’s disciples who calmly returned to the Eunha Merchant Guild at dawn and got caught. They were the wretches of the world, who had drunk all the liquor and passed out, only to return in the morning, reeking of alcohol...

'Idiots!'

'How can not a single one get up?'

'To think I trusted these as Sahyung.'

Hyun Jong's angry voice fell toward Five Swords's back, which is staring dagger at each other.

“The problem hasn’t even been resolved, yet? Alcohol? Alcohooool? You sneak alcohol out of someone else's warehouse and drink it? Are you a Taoist even after all that? Are you now!"

At that moment, Chung Myung, still head-down, raised his hand

"What now?"

"Right… hehe. We did wrong, but technically, isn't Eunha Merchant Guild part of us..."

"What, this punk?"

The moment the mouth was opened, Hyun Jong tried to run with his eyes overturn, then Hyun Young and Hyun Sang hurriedly grabbed him from both sides and held him down.

"Sect Leader, calm down!"

"People are watching, Sect Leader!"

"That's the problem!"

Hyun Jong shouted like a thunderbolt and stared at the elders as if he were going to eat them.

"People are watching, that's why I'm like this! I can’t live because I’m too ashamed!”

"Hmm."

"He used to make trouble on his own, but now.....”

At the words, Baek Cheon and everyone winced and closed their eyes.

"...After enduring for three years, I thought he would have gained some sense, but he’s even worse than before! Worse! What will become of Mount Hua!"

Hyun Jong, who was exhausted from losing his temper, sighed and turned his head. And he lowered his head while holding Hwang Jongwi's hand.

"I'm truly grateful for your support alongside our unworthy Mount Hua..."

“…….”

Seeing the face full of sadness and injustice, Hwang Jongwi can't bear to say anything. He had no choice but to just keep his mouth shut.

Hyun Jong, who gave him an apology for stealing the alcohol and an apology for showing off their ugly side in a somewhat mixed manner, raised his head.

"Hyun Sang, Hyun Young."

"Yes, Sect Leader."

"Prepare immediately."

"Yes?"

"We’re returning to Mount Hua."

Hyun Sang looked at Hyun Jong with a delighted face.

"Now that our task is done, we should go back to Mount Hua…”

"I'm too ashamed to stay here any longer! Pack up now! Right now!"

“…….”

"Quickly!"

"……Yes."

And so, the return of Mount Hua Sect was abruptly decided.

|Note