Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 924. There's one, a madman (4)

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Bop Jeong, known throughout the world, bowed his head. This sight silenced even the disciples of Mount Hua who were watching.

'Bangjang of Shaolin….'

To their sect leader.

Perhaps it is a sight that should make one feel proud. It was only a few years ago when Mount Hua collapsed and the building was almost taken away. It was an incredible achievement that Hyun Jong, who had been nothing more than sect leader of such a declined third-rate sect, had now reached a position where he received a bow from Bangjang of Shaolin.

But no one here felt any sense of pride. They were just astonished and surprised by this unbelievable situation.

"Don't be like this, Bangjang. I don't know what to do."

"Maengju-nim."

Bop Jeong said, holding Hyun Jong's hand tightly as he tried to help himself up.

"I will not deny the fact that Shaolin sinned against Mount Hua. No matter how much we didn't have the resources, if Mount Hua had gone to Bongmun, we should have dealt with the Evil Sects flocking to Shaanxi."

"……."

"Please forgive me for failing to do so."

"…How can that be considered a fault?"

A faint groaning sound came from Hyun Young's mouth.

Shaolin and Mount Hua have been harboring ill feelings for a long time. Especially since the decisive blow was the incident Bop Jeong just mentioned. Until then, the issues could be attributed to differences in perspective, but in that incident, clear malice was felt.

If Shaolin had thought of Mount Hua as an ally, that incident would never have happened.

But Bop Jeong bowed his head, mentioning that very part first. If a person with a high status as Shaolin's Bangjang bowed in such a manner, Hyun Jong had no way to respond.

If Hyun Jong were to raise his stance here, it was clear that those who heard about this without knowing the deep situation would criticize him.

'It is frightening.'

Easier said than done. The logic is simple.

However, how could it be so easy for Bangjang of Shaolin, known as Kangho's North Star, to bow his head to someone? It may not be easy to simply bow your head, but is it really possible to prostrate on the ground like that?

It is an unimaginable blow. Even if it wasn't the gentle Hyun Jong on the receiving end, finding a way to respond would have been difficult.

"Mount Hua does not blame Shaolin. We know that Shaolin works tirelessly for the stability of Henan. How could we resent Shaolin?"

"…Maengju-nim."

"However… It's just sad and regrettable that there were victims at the hands of those vile Evil Sects."

Hyun Jong let out a deep sigh.

"So please don't do this, Bangjang. I cannot bear it."

Bop Jeong nodded and sat down again. Only then did Hyun Jong release his hand and return to his place.

At that moment, Un Am entered with the tea.

"Sect Leader."

"Yes."

Hyun Jong, somewhat relieved, accepted the tea set offered by Un Am.

"The order might be a bit reversed, but I will serve you tea."

"Tea brewed by Maengju of Heavenly Comrade Alliance, what greater luxury could there be?"

"…I'm grateful that you think so."

Hyun Jong began brewing the tea with a slightly pale face. Holding the familiar tea set seemed to calm his startled heart.

"Here you are."

"Thank you, Maengju-nim."

Bop Jeong took a sip of Hyun Jong's tea and smiled.

"The plum tea of Mount Hua is indeed exceptional. It seems to have a unique quality that surpasses any other tea I've tasted."

“It’s just that we couldn’t get as good tea leaves as other places, so we dried the plum blossoms that were scattered around the mountain. How could it compare to the finest teas of the world?"

"If it has its own unique characteristics, how can it be considered inferior to those exquisite teas?"

The atmosphere was slightly relaxed.

However, the perceptive ones still knew that Bop Jeong was taking the initiative and leading the situation.

'Indeed, Bangjangn of Shaolin...'

It wasn't particularly intimidating, nor was it a display of status. But that doesn't mean he's reprimanding people. Nevertheless, all those in the room couldn't take their eyes off Bop Jeong's every move.

Tap.

Bop Jeong carefully placed the teacup he was holding back on the table.

"Maengju-nim.

"Please speak, Bangjang."

"As I mentioned, the situation at the Yangtze River is not good."

"…Yes."

"The Namgung Family arbitrarily occupied Plum Blossom Island. There is no way that Evil Tyrant Alliance will tolerate the existence of the Namgung Family aiming a dagger right in front of their doorstep."

Hyun Jong frowned.

"Is the situation that urgent? In fact, the island named Plum Blossom Island is.....”

"Yes, it was definitely an island occupied by Mount Hua Sect."

Hyun Jong nodded quietly. Yet, for three years, there had been no issues.

"But Mount Hua and Namgung Family are different. Mount Hua had no intention of invading Gangnam, but Namgung is clearly provoking them."

The unspoken words were that the Evil Tyrant Alliance treats the Ten Great Sects and Heavenly Comrade Alliance differently.

However, Bop Jeong deliberately refrained from saying that. It wasn't beneficial for him or for Mount Hua.

"The Black Dragon King, having been attacked, will not remain patient. And… Paegun Jang Ilso, he too will surely move. If the two main forces of the Evil Tyrant Alliance act, eventually the entire Evil Tyrant Alliance will mobilize."

Bop Jeong paused, closing his mouth and looking around at everyone. His gaze that looked at each person was resolute and full of power.

“In that case, it is the common people who ultimately suffer.”

“…….”

"Embarrassing as it is, the Ten Great Sects are insufficient to control the Evil Tyrant Alliance. Therefore, Maengju-nim, please lend us your strength. If Heavenly Comrade Alliance joins us, I dare say the Evil Tyrant Alliance won't easily dare to invade Gangbuk."

"Humm."

Hyunjong hummed softly with a slight frown. The mention of the commoners weighed on his mind.

He also knows that Shaolin did not reveal all of their true feelings. And conversely, Hyun Jong cannot tell them all his true feelings either.

However, no matter what the hidden intentions are, the current Shaolin cannot control the Evil Tyrant Alliance. It is clear that the damage will be directed not to Shaolin but to the commoners. This was an undeniable fact.

Hyun Jong finally opened his mouth, which had been tightly shut.

"What I don't easily understand is....”

"Yes."

“Is it really difficult to deal with the Evil Tyrant Alliance with the power of the Ten Great Sects and the Five Great Family?”

This time Bop Jeong closed his eyes for a moment.

It was a statement he did not wish to utter, but hiding it now was not the right thing to do.

"It is due to my inadequacy."

“…….”

Hyun Jong did not probe further. He had already heard from Chung Myung.

'What should be done about this matter?'

The situation was simple. The sects currently following Shaolin are not enough to stop the Evil Tyrant Alliance from advancing north from the Yangtze River.

And the sects in Sichuan and northern Jungwon are not eager to shed their blood in a fight that is not in their own territory.

If the Evil Tyrant Alliance were truly so powerful that they could not even be touched, they would have been able to unite at least superficially. However, the problem was that the current Evil Tyrant Alliance was not strong enough for everyone to risk their lives.

Hyun Jong also does not want to fight with Shaolin. In addition, confronting the Evil Tyrant Alliance is something that must be done.

But everything comes with sacrifice. Is there any reason for Mount Hua to step up when no one else is coming forward?

Yes, if it weren't for the common people.

"Hmm."

As Hyun Jong's worries lengthened, Bop Jeong spoke again.

"It's not for the Ten Great Sects and the Five Great Family. Think of all the people of the world who will suffer in the event of war, Maengju-nim..…”

“All the people of the world?”

Just then, a sarcastic voice was heard.

Bop Jeong opened his eyes that he had been tightly shut. He knew that the real challenge was starting.

"That’s right, the people of the world."

"Ughhh. Shaolin is definitely different. He knows how to bow his head for the sake of all people in the world. To be honest, I was a bit surprised.”

Chung Myung smiles and looks at Bop Jeong. However, everyone in the room, including Bop Jeong, knew.

That smile was never genuine.

"But..."

Sure enough, Chung Myung's smile gradually turned into a sneer.

“Don’t you think the situation is a bit ridiculous to believe that literally?”

"…What do you mean?"

"To me, it seems like Bangjang himself is rather eager for war."

"Chung Myung!"

At Chung Myung's words, Baek Cheon was surprised. Even in his view, this was a remark that crossed a line.

Even Bop Jeong, who had maintained a gentle demeanor, had his face slightly stiffened.

"May I ask why you think so?"

"It's simple. What should be done to prevent the commoners from suffering?"

"….To stop the Evil Tyrant Alliance."

"You're wrong."

Chung Myung shook his head.

"It's not the Evil Tyrant Alliance that we have to stop, but the war itself. The common people aren't suffering just because the Evil Tyrant Alliance exists. At least not in Gangbuk."

"……."

"Unless you plan to push into Gangnam, the best way to protect the commoners is not to start a war. But Bangjang is only thinking about fighting and winning. Isn't that right?"

"How can I stop them from waging war if they are intent on it?"

"You're not seriously asking that, are you, Bangjang of Shaolin?"

Chung Myung's sneer deepened.

"If you really wanted to prevent the war, you shouldn't have rushed here, but to the Yangtze River. And you should have beaten Namgung Hwang and somehow forced Namgung Family out of Plum Blossom Island."

"……."

"If Namgung is satisfied with reclaiming Gangbuk and doesn't invade Plum Blossom Island, the situation Bangjang described as having a dagger at the neck wouldn't happen. Though Namgung has been humiliated by losing Plum Blossom Island, if it's returned, the war wouldn't have started."

Bop Jeong looked at Chung Myung with a dazed expression.

"Well, I understand. Doing that would bring all sorts of criticism to Shaolin. Saying that Shaolin is giving land reclaimed by Nmagung to the enemy, that Shaolin is afraid of the Evil Tyrant Alliance and avoiding the fight, that Bangjang of Shaolin is a coward..."

"……."

"But."

Chung Myung paused for a moment and shrugged.

"In return for Shaolin being criticized, they could save lives."

Bop Jeong's body trembled slightly. Because Chung Myung's last words pierced his heart.

"Why? It seems you hadn't even considered it, had you?"

Bop Jeong could not bear to answer. He certainly hadn't considered this approach. No, it didn't even exist in his head in the first place.

The reason came out of Chung Myung’s mouth.

"Well, of course, you wouldn't have thought about it. In Bangjang’s mind, Shaolin comes before anything else in the world. You've never thought about a situation where Shaolin is criticized for fixing what the Namgung Family did. And giving the impression that Shaolin fears the Evil Tyrant Alliance would have been unbearable for you."

"I just..."

"No, well… I'm not trying to blame you. Of course, Bangjang would feel that way. Honestly, it's really a nasty situation. It must feel unjust for Bangjang. It's not Bangjang’s fault. I totally get it. But..."

A cold gaze pierced Bop Jeong.

Soon after, the corners of Chung Myung's mouth twisted, revealing his white teeth.

"Then at least you shouldn’t pretend to care about the common people, talking about how 'the commoners suffer' and 'for the sake of all under heaven.' You hypocrite."

Bop Jeong eventually closed his eyes tightly.

But he couldn't block out the voice piercing through his ears.

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