**Return of The Mount Hua** – Chapter 783. Life is originally painful (3)

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"It’s done!"

"Euaaaaaa!"

"I think I'm going to cry!"

Mount Hua's disciples sobbed and looked at the completed dock ahead.

The so-called dock was nothing more than a mound of stone, rocks, and soil that filled in a bit of the river... No, that's what made it all the more impressive.

"…I thought my back was going to break.”

"God… I've always casually said that we could flatten a mountain... but I never thought we'd actually do away with an entire mountain..."

Upon hearing the words, the eyes of the disciples of Mount Hua turn to the back simultaneously.

An entire small hill that had been adjacent to the dock was now completely gone, leaving an empty space. The dirt, stones, and rocks that made up that hill had all been dumped into the river.

"....There's something satisfying about this."

"But it also feels quite sad."

Mount Hua’s disciples, who looked at the dock with slightly complicated and strange expressions, shook their heads in unison.

The sadder fact was that a similar event must have been happening across the river at the same time. So, there would be two docks and two missing hills...

"It looks like they're almost done on the other side, too?"

The gaze of Mount Hua’s disciples turned toward the island. The bridge stretching out from the island across the river was almost complete. The bandits of Nokrim stuck together and did

it. They had connected ships to each other and laid large pieces of timber across the top to form a bridge.

"…Is it a human idea to put a wooden bridge on an island!"

If the rocks, soil, and stones of the hills were buried under the water, where would the trees have gone?

The trees that they had pulled out were trimmed (?) by the hands of the bandits of Nokrim and processed into timbers and used to make bridges.

"Even though they tied up a lot of ships, it can withstand that weight well."

"It's bound to be really sturdy."

"What's the point if it's sturdy? A single fire arrow could burn it all."

"Do- Don't say such bad things!"

"This bastard is bringing bad luck!"

“Will there be another Battle of Red Cliff? On that day, there will be a battle in Kugang."

“…….”

Everyone shivered at the image of the burning ships in their minds. But Gwak Hee snorted at the words.

"You're dreaming. He's not that kind of punk."

"Huh?"

"Do you think Chung Myung would let something that he invested his money and effort burn so easily?"

"Well, for one thing, not a penny of his money was spent here, and as for effort, it seems like all he did was run his mouth?"

Gwak Hee flinched at the words and became speechless.

"A- Anyway, that won't happen. I heard that the Tang Family brings special medicine and paints it on the ships. They say it’s medicine that doesn't catch fire?"

"…Is there such a thing?”

"There's nothing the Sichuan Tang Family can't do. It's also a place where Hancheol swords are made.”

"That's true."

Everyone nodded at once, as if the Sichuan Tang Family itself was reasonable.

"So, are we done now? We tied up all the ships, built all the docks, and even set aside separate boats to carry people."

"It seems the pirates are still not finished."

"Why?"

"....They still haven't found the cannon."

“…….”

"It's gone?"

When Chung Myung squinted his eyes, the pirates flinched.

The cold river water trickled down their chins. Even an Asura from hell would have felt pity for them when they saw a mouse drowning in the water, but this Taoist in front of them was more dreadful than any Asura from hell.

“No, do these pirate bastards do nothing but go into the water and suffocate! It's not even a needle! It's ridiculous that I can't find those big cannons!"

"Do- Dojang-nim. We've scoured all the way down to the river bed.... We just can't find it...."

"It's true! Please believe us. We've searched everywhere in the sunken ship, and there really isn't!"

Chung Myung's eyes started to blaze with anger.

"You didn't find them?"

"Yes. R- Really. We tried our best, but...…”

Looking at the pirates' wretched figures, it seemed they had not just done their best, but even put their souls into the effort. Their faces were devoid of vitality after nearly a week of

staying underwater, sweeping the riverbed, and they looked like they had starved for almost a month with their hollow cheeks.

Unfortunately, however, it didn't work for Chung Myung at all.

“What will you do if I find it?”

“Excuse me?”

"What are you going to do if I find it?"

“Tha- That’s...”

"Hey, come out!"

‘Huh? Who's he talking to?’

At the sudden remark, the pirates looked around, unaware of what happened. At that moment, Chung Myung's top wiggled and soon something white like a cotton ball popped out of his front.

*Tok*.

When it got off the ground, Baek-ah stood up straight and cried loudly.

"Kiiii!"

Of course, objectively, it wasn't that loud.

“Did you hear that?”

Baek-ah nodded his head gravely.

"Go find it."

*Hwek*!

The white marten ran with lightning speed and dived into the water.

The pirates blinked their eyes at the sight.

'What the heck?'

'What did I just see?'

‘Why would a marten go into the water? It's not even a seal?’

Anyway,

These Mount Hua Sect people, whether human or beast, none of them are normal.

But the real surprise came a little later.

*Paaaat*!

Suddenly, something dark sprang out from the water.

"What?"

"A dragon?"

"Sna- Snakehead! Why is it so big?"

"But why is a Snakehead jumping out of the water... Huh?"

*Flap*! *Flap*!

The Snakehead that was pulled out of the water was floundering. When they looked closely, they saw Baek-a pulling a Snakehead ten times bigger than itself from behind and dragging it to the shore.

‘The master catches the Barbarous Snakehead...’

‘And the pet catches a snakehead fish.’

How can they be so similar...

Whether it makes sense that such a small marten can catch such a big Snakehead was no longer the problem.

"No, but this bastard? I told you to pick up the cannons, but you're just going to get your food?”

When Chung Myung shouted, Baek-ah was shocked and shook its head vigorously. Then it stretched out its adorable paw and pointed to the water.

"Ah, you found it?"

*Nod*, *nod*.

"Take the kids and fetch it."

*Nod*, *nod*.

Baek-ah ran with a ‘tododok’ sound and quickly climbed the pirate's body and sat on his head. It then straighten its back and sticks out its front paw . It was almost like a momentum that of a general.

"Kiiii!"

“…….”

To anyone watching, it was clear that the marten was saying 'Let's go, slaves.' (H: Pirate 1, I choose you!!)

'Like master, like pet.'

'Just what’s with that marten...'

"Aren't you going?"

"We- We're going!"

"We're going now! Right now!"

When Chung Myung ran toward the pirates as if he was about to kick their butt again, the pirates panicked and jumped into the water.

Hyun Jong, who was watching from a distance, groaned.

'It’s clear that he's tormenting them.'

It is impossible to bully people as a Taoist, but the problem is that they are pirates. Of course, those who lived by robbing others and making others cry blood should be punished, so it was difficult to scold Chung Myung who was punishing them.

"Sect Leader."

"Hm?"

"I think Chung Myung is right. The preparations are almost finished, but there's no sign of the pirates."

"Isn't that them over there?"

"......I meant besides them. I thought other water fortresses would attack us....."

"It will be tough."

Hyun Jong murmured and sighed.

They also heard the news from Hong Daegwang.

"The head of the Ten Great Sect, Shaolin and Wudang, and Namgung Family, the head of the Five Great Family. And then there's Qingcheng....."

Hyun Jong's face hardened as he stared blankly at the river.

"Although it doesn't feel real because I've heard their names so often lately, it's an equivalent force to half of the Ten Great Sect moving."

Hyun Sang said after a moment of silence.

"I'm not sure what Sect Leader is trying to say."

"Hyun Sang-ah. Haven't we been seeing Shaolin quite often lately?"

"That's right."

"Then, have you ever seen them prepare to battle?"

Hyun Sang, who was about to say something, closed his mouth.

Only then did he understand what Hyun Jong was trying to say.

'Shaolin has taken to the battlefield.'

The terrible weight of that statement started to weigh heavily on Hyun Sang.

"Shaolin and Wudang are pressuring the Yangtze River from above, and Namgung Family and Qingcheng are moving from the left and right. This vast Yangtze River is surrounded by three sides by the attacks of the four sects."

"Sect Leader…."

Hyun Jong nodded his head.

"It's been a hundred years since the war with Magyo."

“…….”

"There was a big and small disturbance, but the leaders of the Ten Great Sect and the Five Great Family never moved at once like this."

Hyun Sang nods heavily.

"I can't help but think about the meaning of this event."

Hyun Jong stared at the river flowing with a complex gaze.

A cup filled to the brim will eventually spill. There is no such thing as eternal peace.

Not only that, but everyone in Kangho predicted that this tedious peace would someday break.

'I just hope it's not now.'

A low sigh came out of Hyun Jong's mouth.

"That being said...."

"Yes?"

Hyun Jong glanced aside. His eyes were on Chung Myung, who pointed his finger at the river.

"I can't figure out what he's thinking....."

"What can we do? That's how he is."

"Hngg."

There was nothing he could do about it, but.... It was Hyun Jong who couldn't help feeling frustrated and worried.

* * *

"Cha- Chaeju!"

“…….”

Chaeju of the Whirlpool Current Water Fortress (와류채(渦流寨)) and Nam Jok's (남적(南積)) cheeks were shaking.

"Cha- Chaeju! We are being pushed back!"

There was no choice but to be pushed back.

They were water fortresses that did not even make it to Eighteen Water Fortress of Yangtze River. But those who are pushing in from there now were none other than the famous Wudang Sect.

The sight of the disciples of Wudang Sect, dressed in white martial arts uniforms, rushing in unison was like a massive wave crashing on a stormy day.

"This… This…."

Blood rushed to Nam Jok's eyes.

"These damned Taoists! Why are they suddenly attacking us? They never even showed their noses to the Yangtze before!"

"Chaeju! You need to make a decision!"

"Damn it! Run! Tell everyone to scatter and run!"

Even though they hadn't yet entered the Eighteen Water Fortress of Yangtze River, he was still the chieftain of a water fortress that had made a notorious name for themselves in the Yangtze River. Such a man had made such a discouraging decision. However, no one opposed Nam Jok's words.

It's not because the male enemy is vicious. It was because everyone knew that no matter how bravely they fought, it was impossible to handle Wudang who were pushing forward with determination.

"Retreat! Retreat! Damn it! Everyone ran away!"

It was just when Nam Jok was screaming with all his might.

"You're doing something meaningless."

A faint voice came from behind his back.

"……."

The flinching Nam Jok turned his head instantly.

Before he knew it, someone had approached and stood behind his back silently. A swordsman in a martial arts uniform with the emblem of Wudang Sect drawn on it and a sword in one hand.

"You…."

"One must always pay for one's sins eventually. Just go."

"You son of a..…."

*Sogok*.

One swing. It was only one swing.

A casual stroke had cleanly sliced Nam Jok's neck as if it's a joke.

"Kkeureuk…."

With his neck cleanly cut, Nam Jok staggered back, clutching his throat with both hands. His eyes, bloodshot, were filled with shock.

But all of Nam Jok's suspicions disappeared the moment he heard what the man who had cut his throat said.

"I am Heo Dojin, the Sect Leader of Wudang."

"……."

Nam Jok's body slowly collapsed.

At least if someone in the afterlife asks who killed him, it was the last thought before he die that he could reveal that name proudly.

*Flop*.

There was no warmth in the gaze of Heo Dojin, who had cut down the Chaeju with one stroke of his sword. He wielded his sword relentlessly and cut down the shivering pirates one by one.

*Seureung*.

After a while, Heo Dojin, having sheathed his bloodless sword, coldly addressed his

disciples.

"Do not kill those who do not resist! We are Taoists!"

"Yes!"

"But show no mercy to those who resist! Annihilating evil is also a duty we have to shoulder!"

"Yes!"

With a loud answer, Wudang's disciples began to sweep away the pirates. Watching this scene, Heo Dojin's eyes darkened further.

|Note