Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 782. Life is originally painful (2)

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"Mount Hua…….”

The face of Wudang’s Sect Leader, Heo Dojin, turned cold as if it were covered in thin ice.

Upon completion of the report, Heo Sanja swallowed dry saliva in response to the chilling aura emanating from him.

Heo Dojin grabbed the tea table tightly as if he were dying of anger.

Even after his crushing defeat in the last sparring match, he has not changed much. He just lowered his head, believing that what was lacking could be filled.

However, he seemed unable to maintain his composure at the mention of one word.

"They can't stay still for a moment. Mount Hua…. Mount Hua!"

Heo Dojin spat out his words, glaring at Heo Sanja.

"They've subdued the water fortresses?"

"Yes. Thanks to that, the residents around the Yangtze River are praising Mount Hua.…”

"They must be cursing at us."

"…And this is also due to Mount Hua. Perhaps because they stirred up, the recent momentum of the pirates is unusual. "

"Regardless of the reason, the result is what matters. As a result, Mount Hua is being praised again and we're being criticized, right?"

"…Yes."

Heo Dojin, who had been silent for a while, opened his mouth.

"Prepare the disciples."

"Yes?"

"I will go myself. I have to subdue at least one water fortress. If possible, a couple more."

Startled, Heo Sanja shouted.

"Se- Sect Leader. Are you saying that you're going to the Yangtze River?"

"Yes."

"However… Sect Leader. The ones who are making noise will soon forget about this. Is it necessary to waste our energy?"

"People may forget."

"…Yes?"

Heo Dojin retorted coldly.

"But there is Mount Hua. Did you forget? Mount Hua can make the fame that soared in that short period of time into its own, and use it to their advantage."

"……."

"If we leave them alone again, they might take control of the Yangtze River by pulling some absurd stunt."

"B- But...…"

Kwang!

Heo Dojin slammed his fist.

"If we ignore Mount Hua even after being humiliated like this, isn't that more foolish!"

"……."

"I wouldn't have done this if it were the old Mount Hua. But they're not the Mount Hua they used to be. It's a serious matter that their power has been strengthened. The problem is that Mount Hua created a force called the 'Heavenly Comrade Alliance'."

"……."

"There is no fool who would choose Mount Hua over Ten Great Sect. But if it's between Heavenly Comrade Alliance and Ten Great Sect, that's a different story! I If we give them

ground inch by inch like this, our positions will eventually be reversed."

"How could they possibly compare to Ten Great Sect?"

"They don’t have the chance yet. Not yet."

“…….”

“But the first time I heard the name of Mount Hua, I said the same thing.”

Heo Sanja slowly closed his mouth.

"But what about now? Mount Hua, who was a laughing stock when we first encountered them, is now pointing a sharp dagger under our jaws. Is preserving dignity more important when it comes to this?"

“…….”

"Enough talking, get ready. I'll go to the Yangtze River. We've lost the initiative, but it's not too late."

Heo Sanja knew that there was no fault in Heo Dojin’s words. In the first place, Heo Dojin has a different depth of thought. He will naturally see farther, deeper.

But despite this, Heo Sanja could not shake off her hesitation.

Because he couldn't easily determine whether this command was from Heo Dojin’s deep insight or from an ill feeling towards Mount Hua.

"Sect Leader. I'm...…”

It was then.

"Sect Leader!"

A loud voice was heard from outside the door.

"We're in the middle of an important discussion, come back later."

"Sect Leader... That, an envoy has arrived."

"I'll see him later."

"He’s an envoy from Shaolin's Bangjang."

".....Bring him in."

"Yes."

When the door opened, the envoy handed over a letter and left. Heo Dojin, who had opened the envelope and spread out the letter, twisted the corners of his mouth peculiarly after a while.

Heo Sanja, who was observing him, cautiously asked.

"May I ask what the content is?"

"They're sending their disciples to the Yangtze River."

"....Pardon?"

"They are going to subdue the water fortress. It seems they couldn't hold back this time despite their lofty pretenses."

Heo Sanja's eyes widened.

‘E- Even Shaolin?’

Does that mean Heo Dojin thought the same as Shaolin.

This means two things. That Heo Dojin’s judgment was not wrong. And…….

'Has that Mount Hua now become a sect capable of moving both Wudang which can be considered the leader of Ten Great Sect and Shaolin?'

It's a perfect time to use the phrase, 'a sense of overwhelming change.'

"If we keep procrastinating, we'll lose the lead to Shaolin. Get ready. I will personally lead the disciples to the Yangtze River.”

"Yes, Sect Leader."

Now that things have come to this, Heo Sanja could no longer dissuade Heo Dojin.

"I will prepare immediately."

Heo Dojin, who was left alone in the room as Heo Sanja hurriedly went out, stared down at the tea table with a fallen gaze.

'Mount Hua….'

We can't let them rampage any longer.

No more.

* * *

The whole world was realizing the changed status of Mount Hua.

Those who lived in the Yangtze River, those who heard the news from afar, and even those who heard the news and hurriedly moved can no longer ignore the movements of Mount Hua.

Originally, as influence grows, meanings that were not originally there attach to even the smallest movements.

Mount Hua's activities in the Yangtze River became fleshier and bigger.

But….

Mount Hua's disciples, who were actually the parties involved, couldn't feel their changed status at all.

No, let alone feel it….

"Arghhhh…."

"Da- Damn it…."

"What the hell are you doiiiiiiiing!"

Gwak Hee, who was pulling the cart, eventually fell flat forward. The cart he put down was literally piled up with rocks and soil.

"Wake, wake up! Chung Myung might be coming!"

"We're done for! He might order us to run circling the Yangtze River saying we lack stamina due to lack of practice."

"That doesn't make any sense, how can you run circling the Yangtze River?"

"When did that bastard ever make sense?"

Uh... That's definitely right.

Eventually, Gwak Hee groaned and pulled himself up. A long line leading up to the river came into sight.

“…Madman."

The instruction Chung Myung gave them was very simple.

- You just have to do one simple thing. Do you see that river over there?

- Yes, I see it.

- Fill it up.

- Yes?

- Fill it up.

- Yes?

Fill up the river.

Is this something a person would think of doing?

Of course, Mount Hua's disciples, who have been taught that there is nothing a man cannot do with effort and that if a man tries to do so, they can get rid of mountains, are human beings who will easily fill up the river.

The problem is that the river in front of them now is not an ordinary river but the widest and longest Yangtze River in the world. Even if the island they are on is in the middle, its width exceeds common sense.

"Why… Why are we doing this crazy thing?"

"…If you fill up a little bit of the land to the island, the waterway becomes shorter, making it easier to defend. It's also good for utilizing the range of the cannon. And what else did he say? If the river narrows in the middle, the current becomes faster, making it harder to attack with ships?"

"Who doesn't know that and asks? Where is the madman who solves it like this!"

"…He said he didn't think much of it either."

"Then why?"

"Sago said the river width was too wide, so Chung Myung said in response, ‘Then fill it up it is’."

"Sago… Sagooooooo!"

Why….

Why are you doing that! Why!

When did they ever see that punk solved a problem normally!

But what's even sadder is..."

"Huh?"

"... It actually seems to be getting filled?"

“…….”

That was even more depressing.

The mountain seen nearby from the land across the island has been cleared. The river, which seemed so vast as it was far away, gradually narrowed as it flowed and poured in, regardless of whether it was soil or stone.

'Don't you dare accomplish this, you crazy bunch...'

Those who ordered and those who accomplished the task just because they were told.

If they were going to do this, wouldn't they rather live as construction workers receiving orders from the officials, allowing three generations to live comfortably rather than living as Taoist?

"…At this rate, it will be over within a week?”

"No. As we go further, the river gets deeper. It will take at least ten days."

"Hey, you don't know. That guy Chung Myung wouldn't let it end just like that. He'll probably order something else because the soil could be swept away by the current. I bet it'll take a fortnight."

The disciples started to make their estimates quite skillfully.

Since they had been pulled around for physical labor here and there, their calculations were faster than most experts.

"Five days."

"What? Come one, five days is impossible. How could a human do that?"

"It's okay. You can do it."

"Ei. No matter what, that's... Huh?"

The disciples, who were loudly discussing while looking at the island across from them, slowly turned their heads back.

A demon... No, Chung Myung was standing there.

"Chu- Chung Myung...…"

"You can. Why not? You have time to get together and chat, but if you don't finish it in five days, then you're not human, right? Don't you think so?"

"…….”

"Go and work."

"...Won't you hit us?"

"Do you think I would hit people when I'm bored?"

Gwak Hee almost said yes for a moment, but he quickly shut his mouth with surprising agility.

"If you can't finish it within five days, I'll hit you twice as much."

"…….”

"Keep playing. Play as much as you want, just once. I'll let you know how cold the riverbed is."

"I, I'll work. Right now."

"Go!"

Gwak Hae and his group freaked out and hastily dragged the cart to the riverside.

"Tsk."

Two conflicting emotions occurred to the faces of the bandits who saw the scene.

One was a subtle joy from the fact that this damned human didn't torment them because they were bandits, but just tormented anyone he caught. And a clear sadness that came for the same reason.

'He has no blood or tears.'

'How awful!'

'He's not really human...'

Just as Chung Myung was about to dust off his hands and move again.

"Mount-Hua-Divine-Dragooooooon!"

"Ouch! My ears hurt!"

Chung Myung turned his head to the sound of a roar coming from far away. A familiar face was seen running towards him with all his might.

"Huh? When did that man come here again?"

Hong Dae-gwang came running with all his might and panting heavily in front of him.

"Oh, huft! Uh, I'm out of breath!"

"...Why are you here again?"

"Can the thread not follow the needle?"

"Who's the thread? A beggar who doesn't even have a thread to sew his clothes."

"No, not to that extent... N- No! This isn't the point! Mount Hua Divine Dragon! We're in big trouble!"

"Why? Why are you making a fuss again?"

"Sha- Shaolin and Wudang are coming to the Yangtze River! They say they've come to subdue the water fortress!"

"Oh?"

"And that's not all! Anhui's Namgung Family is also moving! And there's news that Qingcheng has also set off for the Yangtze River from Sichuan!"

"Shaolin, Wudang, Qingcheng...and Namgung Family."

Chung Myung twisted the corners of his mouth.

"It looks like their ass is on fire. Well… They can't just sit back and watch like they used to."

He expected them to move. However, they moved faster than Chung Myung expected.

Seeing that even Namgung Family is moving, it seems that the existence of the Heavenly Comrade Alliance was a significant pressure to them, more than Chung Myung had thought.

"What, what are you going to do now?"

"What do you mean?"

"Ten Great Sect and Namgung Family are coming to the Yangtze River."

"So what about it?"

"You, you need to come up with a plan!"

"Why should we?"

"Huh?"

Chung Myung chuckled as if he had heard some nonsense.

"They're not coming to fight me, they're coming to fight the numbers, so why am I taking measures? We're going to have to do something about it."

"……Huh?"

‘That’s right?’

"All I have to do is watch the show and eat rice cakes. I should just enjoy watching the kids fight. Kikikik."

Chung Myung laughed as if he was in a good mood for the first time in a while and walked away.

"...Why did I come here?"

Only Hong Dae-gwang's shoulders dropped weakly, who had been running until his feet were sweaty to deliver the news.

|Note