

Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 721. I have returned (1)

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Paaaaat!

The scenic view is fading.

The disciples of Mount Hua were moving forward, running like a black thunderbolt across the mountain.

Baek Cheon's gaze was constantly fixed on Chung Myung, who was running at the forefront.

"Sasuk."

Only at the call of Yoon Jong did Baek Cheon turn his head slightly. Yoon Jong's expression was slightly nervous.

"Why do you think Myriad Man Manor let us go so easily?"

"....."

Baek Cheon agonized with a slight frown. He didn't have a clear answer to this question either.

"I don't know."

"We've already waged a war once. If I were them, I would never have let us go....."

Although Jang Ilso visited Mount Hua to celebrate the founding of the Heavenly Comrade Alliance, it doesn't mean that Mount Hua and Myriad Man Manor have reconciled.

They are still enemies.

Baek Cheon laughed bitterly.

".....How could we possibly know the thoughts of a man like Paegun?"

Indeed, it was bizarre. Generally, the impression of a person tends to fade as you meet them repeatedly.

No matter how strong their presence is, once you meet them several times, you become

accustomed to them. Familiarity breeds comfort, and comfort strips away intensity.

But Paegun Jang Ilso was the opposite.

The impression when they saw him this time was more intense than when they saw him before. His smiling face, his calm gestures, everything remained unforgettable as if they were etched in front of their eyes, and it was chilling as if it had stuck to the back of their head.

This was the first, or second time in their life that they have seen someone with such an intense presence.

"We were lucky though."

"...I'm not sure."

"What?"

Baek Cheon's gaze turned to Chung Myung's back.

If it were not for this situation, and if there was no distance between them when they faced Jang Ilso, would Chung Myung have retreated without crossing swords like he did now?

No. Probably not.

He doesn't know how to back down when he's facing someone he's identified as an enemy. He may have hesitated for the safety of the group..... Even so, he wouldn't have backed down as easily as he did now.

If there's a reason, there's only one.

Baek Cheon's eyes turned to the bundle that Chung Myung had around him.

'He couldn't bear it.'

He's not the type to be afraid of death. What he feared was that the remains he had barely recovered would be left behind in this distant land again.

To avoid that situation alone, a humiliating deal was accepted.

Baek Cheon could hardly imagine what Chung Myung might be feeling now.

"What relationship do you think they had?"

Jo-Gol slipped into the conversation. He was out of breath from running fast, but he couldn't

resist his curiosity.

"If he's a disciple from the thirteenth generation, then he participated in the war with Magyo in the past, didn't he?"

".....He must be."

Baek Cheon clearly saw that every part of those white bones was dyed black. Haven't they already witnessed such a thing? It's a typical phenomenon that occurs when hit by the Demonic Arts.

"What could Chung Myung possibly have to do with such a person?"

"...could he be his descendant?"

Jo-Gol frowned at Baek Cheon's words.

"Of course, marriage is not prohibited in Mount Hua, and it is true that you can freely marry.... but in the midst of the urgent war....."

"You're saying weird things. If he was a disciple of the thirteenth generation at that time, he would have been at the elder level. He would be old enough to have seen his grandchildren."

"Oh....."

Jo-Gol nodded as if he had understood.

"It wouldn't be strange if Chung Myung were a descendant of him. Since he first came to Mount Hua, he tried to explain his relationship with Mount Hua."

But Jo-Gol tilted his head again as if there was still something he didn't understand.

"Then why did Chung Myung come to Mount Hua?"

"Hm?"

"For others who leave Mount Hua by their own will, it might be awkward, but if he's a descendant of such a person, then....."

"I don't know."

Baek Cheon shook his head.

"Just because his ancestors gave their lives to Mount Hua doesn't mean their descendants will

stay with Mount Hua until the end."

".....That's true."

"Maybe he couldn't come back for a long time because he felt guilty about leaving Mount Hua even though he was a descendant of such a person. It wouldn't matter much to Chung Myung, who is a very distant descendant."

This time, Yoon Jong frowned.

"But no matter how devoted a person may be to his filial piety, can they mourn like that after finding the remains of an ancestor who passed away a hundred years ago?"

"....."

"This is the first time I've seen Chung Myung like that. No..... I couldn't even imagine that he could behave like that. This is absolutely....."

"....."

Baek Cheon didn't understand it at all either, so he just looked at Chung Myung's back.

There was no way to know.

What kind of story did Chung Myung have? Why did he have to show such an appearance?

But.....

"Sajil is just Sajil."

Then Yoo Iseol opened her mouth.

As the three men's gaze poured down, Yoo Iseol, still expressionless, continued to run forward, only looking ahead.

"Do anything change if you know?"

"...No, Sago. It's not like that."

"Regardless of his story, he's my Sajil."

When Baek Cheon heard that, he had a small smile on his lips.

She's a weird one, but every now and then, she hits the core point that eases one's heart.

"That's right."

Baek Cheon coughed once, then picked up his words.

"Yes, the same goes for me. Regardless of his story, he is my Sajil. Whether he's a descendant of those who turned their backs on Mount Hua, or a descendant of someone who committed a great sin and fled Mount Hua, or a murderer who killed hundreds of people and fled to Mount Hua"

"Sasuk. Please reconsider the last one."

"Have you lost your mind?"

"....."

'Uh, was that too much?'

"*Keuhum*, anyway."

Baek Cheon made a firm cut.

"No matter what he says, I won't be surprised. I don't want to worry about it either. I'm already overwhelmed with him as he is, let alone worry about his story."

".....That's true."

"So stop thinking nonsense. First of all, we need to go back to Mount Hua."

"Yes."

Yoon Jong quietly answered and subtly glanced back at Chung Myung's back.

'A descendant of those who fled.'

In fact, thinking like that is most reasonable.

But Yoon Jong knew. No, in fact, everyone probably knew.

The story behind Chung Myung is not that simple.

Perhaps the sight they saw this time is the cause of the strange heaviness that Chung Myung occasionally showed.

'We're still lacking.'

Yoon Jong bit his lips slightly.

If he thought they were trustworthy enough, Chung Myung would have certainly told his story. And yet there is no word, which means they are still lacking.

So Yoon Jong decided not to pester Chung Myung.

'Someday...'

If Chung Myung came to completely trust and rely on them, then he would surely tell them his story.

Definitely.

"Don't fall behind, Jo-Gol!"

"Yes, Sahyung!"

Mount Hua's disciples rushed out with their own thoughts.

Chasing Chung Myung's back.

* * *

"Hmm."

When Mount Hua's disciples were completely out of sight, Jang Ilso lifted the corners of his mouth as if amused.

"The soul....."

Jang Ilso, who chuckled again as if amused, covered his mouth. A mocking voice seeped through his white fingers.

"Carrying a smelly piece of bone and talking about a soul! I thought you were a guy with a good head..... Anyway, you're a very amusing guy."

"Bangju!"

Ho Gamyeong couldn't hold back and raised his voice when he saw such Jang Nilso.

"We can't let them go like this! Don't Bangju understand? That guy is a tiger cub!"

"Gamyong."

Jang Ilso frowned as if it was bothersome and clicked his tongue.

"Why are you so agitated. What's so great about a tiger cub."

"Bangju!"

Ho Gamyong clenched his teeth, on the verge of exploding.

"Anyone who sees a tiger cub wants to raise one. But at the end of the day, they're most likely bitten and killed by the grown-up tiger cub."

"....."

"Of course, Bangju is no ordinary man, but that tiger cub is not ordinary either. Maybe his fangs will get stuck in Bangju someday! By then, it will be too late to regret the decisions made now!"

Despite Ho Gamyong's fierce and earnest cry, Jang Ilso's expression remained sullen.

"So?"

"Allow me to pursue him! I will kill him and come back! Bangju, if Bangju loses your safety while looking at the grand scheme, what could be a bigger mistake? Even now, that guy....."

"Gamyong."

Ho Gamyong, who was talking, closed his mouth in surprise.

Jang Ilso's voice was unusually cold. No..... rather, it seemed to be simmering low.

"Did you say safety?"

"...Bangju?"

Jang Ilso slowly looked back at Ho Gamyong.

Ho Gamyong, who saw his eyes trembling with madness, unknowingly held his breath.

"You're right. Someday, I might get my throat bit by that tiger..... No, that monster."

“.....”

"I know. If anyone has any sense, they would kill him here. It's stupid to let a tiger cub with a grudge loose in the field. No matter how weak and frail, we should destroy him down to the root."

"Then why.....”

"Gamyong."

Jang Ilso's tone was as gentle as ever, but it seemed to carry the roar of a beast within.

"What is safety?"

“.....”

"The moment a man holding a sword worries about his safety, he loses his right to wield it. Once you start climbing a cliff, there's no way back down. It's also impossible to stop halfway. One who clings to the cliff can only climb!"

Jang Ilso stretched his arms wide. The wide silk sleeves fluttered majestically. There was no one else in the world who could make such exaggerated gestures look so fitting.

"Tell me! Who am I in your knowledge? Who am I to you? Do you want me to be like a pig, stuck in a small room, refusing to climb higher for the sake of my life? Or do you want me to be like a wolf, risking my life to climb the cliff, even if it means falling to death!"

"Bangju"

"Answer me!"

A loud voice echoed. Jang Ilso glared at Ho Gamyong as if he was about to tear him apart.

"Who am I!"

Ho Gamyong closed his eyes.

It wasn't a facade, it was a bone-deep conviction.

"You are....”

A groan-like voice is coming out.

"...Paegun.... Paegun Jang Ilso."

That statement was enough.

Jang Ilso, who had been clutching his own face as if to tear it apart, bent at the waist and laughed softly.

'It's not yet time.'

An unbearable laugh kept seeping out.

'It's not yet time to turn the tables. Not yet.'

Mount Hua Divine Dragon still has a role to play.

Safety? Life?

Of course, they're important. There's nothing he wouldn't do to protect his life.

But value is more important to him than life.

The thing he can least endure is merely prolonging a worthless life that doesn't change.

'It's not enough.'

Five Great Evil Sect?

Myriad Man Manor?

Paegun?

Such words were not even worth laughing at.

He can never be satisfied with just that. He was born that way. Even if he swallowed the whole world and contained it in his belly, he would not be satisfied.

He could do anything to satisfy this terrible hunger. Even if it means cutting his own throat with his own hands.

Jang Ilso licked his lips slowly with his red tongue.

'It's just the beginning.'

Jang Ilso laughed out loud, recalling Chung Myung's eyes that had been staring fiercely.

Ho Ganyeong and the man of Myriad Man Manor, who looked up at such him, had indescribable fear and awe in their eyes.

[Note