Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 789. Live like a dog or die like a wolf (4)

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Kung!

Black Dragon King glared at Jang Ilso angrily reminiscent of an enraged tiger as he climbed the last stairs.

"You little punk…. You've got some nerve. To come all the way to this Hangzhou so carefreely."

If it were an ordinary person, that glare alone would have stopped their heart. But the opponent was Jang Ilso.

Jjoreuruk.

Even under that ferocious gaze, Jang Ilso calmly poured himself a drink and smiled.

"Please, have a seat."

"……."

"Didn't you come all this way to have a conversation?"

"I might have come to slit your throat."

"Hahaha!"

Jang Ilso, who laughed heartily at Black Dragon King, slowly stroked his throat. The jewelry on his wrist jingled lightly.

"I didn't expect this neck to be so valuable. Enough for the Black Dragon King of the world to come this far. This life as Jang Ilso doesn't seem to be in vain."

The eyes of the Black Dragon King narrowed slightly at the sight of Jang Ilso, who spoke softly and smoothly.

'Snake-like bastard.'

Living as a people of Evil Faction is like enduring all kinds of slander in the world. This is because, unlike the Righteous Faction guys who maintain a fair and upright appearance on

the surface and try to set up a minimum justification, the people of the Evil Faction do not care how to defeat their opponents.

Those at the level of one of the Five Great Evil Sect's heads are ones who have risen to that position by breaking through struggles that ordinary people can't even imagine with their own limbs.

But…….

Black Dragon King's cold eyes swept Jang Ilso.

This man is different from those people.

Eighteen Water Fortress of the Yangtze River, Seventy-Two Stronghold of Nokrim, and Hao Sect.

All these sects are places that have their own history. The heads of the Five Great Evil Sect of the time took over or robbed the forces that had been inherited from their predecessors. Of course, one can never say that the process was easy, but it certainly differs from climbing from the bottom.

But that wasn't the case for Jang Ilso.

The man literally climbed up from the bottom to establish Myriad Man Manor and even elevated it to the level of the Five Great Evil Sect.

That's why, despite being the youngest and least experienced among the sect leaders, no one dared mock him when the title was bestowed upon his Myriad Man Manor.

Thinking about what might be hiding in that bright, smooth smile made his stomach churn.

"Now that you realize the value of your neck, I don't think it'll be unfair if it's cut off."

"Offering my head isn't that difficult."

"……."

Jang Ilso grinned and continued.

"But if you take my head and return, how do you plan to deal with the Righteous Factions that are turning the Yangtze River into a wasteland?"

"…..You!"

It was the moment when killing intent shot out from the eyes of the Black Dragon King, who was furious.

"You're right."

Suddenly, a voice came from the side, making the Black Dragon King swiftly turn his gaze.

'When did...?'

A middle-aged man with an ordinary impression was showing up before he knew it.

Despite his distinctive goat beard, he didn't leave much impression. A middle-aged man with an extremely ordinary appearance, who one might pass by dozens of times on a busy street, was sitting in a chair at an empty table.

"Raising your voice, anyone can do it. But getting things done is another matter."

"... Thousand-Faced Gentleman (천면수사(千面秀士))."

Black Dragon King bit his lip.

No one knew the man's real name.

No one even knew his true face.

The face he displayed was just a facade. If he wished, he could disguise himself with any face, even altering his voice and physique.

The reason is simple.

Because the man is Thousand-Faced Gentleman, the head of the Hao Sect at the time.

"May I have a drink?"

Jang Ilso grabbed the empty glass by his side without saying a word and placed it in front of him.

Jjoreuruk.

And then he poured a drink and smoothly slid it towards the Thousand-Faced Gentleman.

Even though it flew through the air, not a drop of spill flowed from the full glass.

Upon receiving the glass, Thousand-Faced Gentleman gulped down without delay and slammed the cup on the table.

"Good. Is this to your taste?"

Black Dragon King sneered softly.

"You usually hold your breath and pretend to be cautious like a rat living in a cat's den, but you drink well when others serve you drinks."

"If it was a cup from Black Dragon King, I might have thrown it away."

"…What?"

The Thousand-Faced Gentleman smiled warmly.

"But I can trust the alcohol that Paegun gave me. At least, Paegun isn't a person who would risk losing big gains just for small profit."

"Thank you for your high regard."

"My pleasure."

"These bastards..."

Black Dragon King shook his beard and gritted his teeth.

Thousand-Faced Gentleman still smiled and looked at him.

“Black Dragon King, you need to calm your anger. Isn't the most urgent person here right now Black Dragon King?"

"Are you laughing at me?"

"Not at all."

Thousand-Faced Gentleman shook his head lightly.

At the same time, his expression changed completely. His face, which had seemed so soft and generous until a while ago, was nowhere to be seen, and his eyes, which were as sharp as a blade, were fixated on Black Dragon King.

“It means the situation is not as good as it is. If you're going to act rashly, don't interrupt and get lost."

"You rat-like bastard!"

At the moment Black Dragon King was about to burst into rage, Thousand-Faced Gentleman spoke to Jang Ilso again.

"Nokrim probably won't come... Ah, have you tried calling him?"

"It would be a pointless endeavor."

"I suppose so."

Thousand-Faced Gentleman nodded as if he knew it.

He is the head of Hao Sect. Hao Sect is a place that shares world information along with Beggar Union. There's no way they don't know that Noklim’s heart has already turned around and joined the Heavenly Comrade Alliance.

“I thought it would be like this, but I never thought they would wear a dog collar by their own hand and enter a dog house. Is it because Paegun bullied Nokrim too much?"

It is a reference to the war between the Myriad Man Manor and the Nokrim in the past.

"If that's all they amount to, then there's nothing that can be done."

Jang Ilso laughed heartily.

"And it's not entirely my fault. If Thousand-Faced Gentleman didn't have a dagger behind him, wouldn't I have defeated Nokrim long ago?"

"Then we would have been the next to be defeated. Or perhaps the pirates would have remained and taken advantage."

Thousand-Faced Gentleman laughed playfully.

That's how Evil Faction works.

A battle of everyone against everyone.

Yesterday's enemy is today's ally, and yesterday's ally is not necessarily today's enemy.

In the first place, there is no such thing as allies in Evil Faction. Even at the moment of fighting together, there are only enemies and other enemies. If there is a war, of course, you must target the opponent's back. Not targeting it is negligence, not cowardice.

Therefore, the Five Great Evil Sect only fought sporadic battles while defending each other's

territory. If a full-scale war erupted, someone would surely be targeting someone else's back.

"And what about other places?"

"I've sent out letters."

"Hmm."

Thousand-Faced Gentleman shook his head.

"Waiting further would be meaningless. So, for what reason have Paegun called us?"

Black Dragon King gritted his teeth.

"I haven't said I'd listen yet."

"Then leave, Black Dragon King. We won't stop you."

Thousand-Faced Gentleman clicked his tongue.

"Vying for dominance here is pointless. Right now, everyone's feet are on fire. No, perhaps the dagger is already thrust toward our necks. And..."

Thousand-Faced Gentleman’s eyes at Black Dragon King was like a blade.

"I'm sure the pirates know that better than anyone else."

“…….”

Black Dragon King bit his lips and held back his anger.

"So? Are you suggesting that we open some banquet and suck up to those arrogant bastards?"

"That would indeed be a valuable opportunity."

Upon hearing another unfamiliar voice, the Black Dragon King turned around.

A person was slowly ascending the stairs.

The exposed face showed no emotion.

No trace of feelings, even the complexion was pale, devoid of blood. Yet, that gave intense pressure on the observer.

The man in a blue robe, upon reaching the top floor, spoke in a cold voice.

"The important thing is how we benefit from this gathering. If you're not going to roll the abacus, it's meaningless."

"…You damned."

Black Dragon King cursed the man, but Thousand-Faced Gentleman nodded in agreement.

Of course, the benefits he thinks and the benefits the man thinks will be a little different. The man divides everything in this world into gains and losses.

Not everyone in the Evil Faction is true to their desires.

Sometimes, they endure for a greater cause or hide themselves and camouflage to set a perfect trap.

But the man is different. There is nothing but immediate gain in his head.

Of course, there are countless money-driven people in the world, and naturally, merchants would be the ones most obsessed with money. Those willing to sell their soul for glittering gold, not hesitating to go thousands of miles for it. Hence, merchants are commonly called money ghosts.

However, those truly knowledgeable of the world do not use the term "Ghost" for such people. Because there are other people who are genuinely obsessed with money.

Those who would do anything for money.

Those who follow the principles of the world stake their lives on yellow gold, but those who mock even the principles of the world stake their lives on “Real Gold (금(金) /Money).”

Gold is merely a luxury.

The real gold that controls people is not gold but salt.

Therefore, in any country, it is common not to allow merchants to handle salt alone. The act of touching salt is often treated the same as treason.

Those black ghosts who dare to defy all these risks and involve themselves in the illicit secret salt (밀염(謐鹽)) trade.

It's Black Ghost Fortress (흑귀보(黑鬼堡)).

And this man here is Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold (만금대부(萬金大夫)) Kong Yawol (공야월(孔夜月)), the head of the Black Ghost Fortress.

Myriad Man Manor. Hao Sect. Eighteen Fortress of the Yangtze River. Black Ghost Fortress.

The heads of four of the Five Great Evil Sect gathered on the top floor of this Hangzhou establishment, Chwihyang Pavilion.

Anyone with even a slight knowledge of Kangho would have had difficulty breathing if they saw this scene.

"Money ghost……."

When Black Dragon King tried to say something, the Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold shook his hand briefly.

"Save your useless words, Black Dragon King. I'm a busy man. Let's hear your business first."

"……."

"Paegun, tell us why you brought us here. Tell us why you've called us here. If you prattle on about pointless matters, you'll pay dearly for it. Wasting my time is a grave sin."

Paegun replied with a strange smile.

"If there's one thing you lack, Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold, it's grace and leisure."

"Anything that doesn't yield money is of little use to me."

"Please, take a seat."

Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold glanced at Jang Ilso, but didn't show any signs of objection. He simply sat down across from Paegun, as directed.

Thousand-Faced Gentleman also approached and sat in a prepared seat, and Black Dragon King, who had been standing until the end, stomped up with a displeased face and pulled out the chair roughly. Then he growled before sitting down.

"If you talk meaningless nonsense, I'll kill you, Jang Ilso!"

"Meaningless nonsense, you say.…"

Jang Ilso gently brushed the glass in front of him with a soft touch and smirked.

"Maintaining fame is crucial."

His gaze reached Black Dragon King.

"Money, of course, is invaluable."

This time, he looked at the Great Master of Ten Thousand Gold.

"It's no exaggeration to say that nothing is more important than information."

Lastly, he directed his gaze at Thousand-Faced Gentleman and poured himself a drink.

Jjoreuruk.

The sound of the pouring drink eerily echoed in the silent uppermost floor of Chwihyang Pavilion.

"But all of that..."

Jang Ilso twisted his lips, holding up the cup. His smile, unlike before, was a clear sneer. His eyes, which drew an arc, shone as pale as moonlight.

"...is relevant only while one's head still remains attached, isn't it?"

The atmosphere on the top floor became ice-cold in an instant.

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