Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 889. We'll see each other again soon (4)

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Hyun Jong, sitting at the head of the conference room, looked blankly toward the entrance.

Stacks of boxes and bundles were piled up high, almost reaching the ceiling.

Looking at the scene with his eyes wide open, Hyun Jong slowly turned to Hwang Jongwiwi, sitting next to him.

"All these are..."

"It's a gift."

"Gifts?"

Hyun Jong frowned.

After Mount Hua's fame, the gifts of landowners would fly from time to time. It was Hyun Jong who reluctantly accepted them due to the insistence of one old and one young man who argued it was foolish to refuse help during hard times, but he was always satisfied with his life.

However, he felt somewhat upset to hear that gifts were flying in at the Eunha Merchant Guild, not even Mount Hua.

"…Was there really a need to pile them up like that?"

Hwang Jongwi smiled pleasantly as he saw Hyun Jong forcefully swallowing the words to send them back.

"It's not what you're thinking. These gifts are from the commoners of Xi’an, sent to express their gratitude to Mount Hua."

"…People of Xi’an?”

"Yes. They are mostly harvested goods or items they sell in their shops. They may not hold great monetary value, but knowing they come from the heart, I thought Sect Leader would appreciate them, so I had them brought inside."

"Hmm, I see."

Hwang Jongwi could clearly see the corners of Hyun Jong's mouth rising slightly in his eyes. When he assumed that the rich and powerful sent the gifts, he couldn't hide his disappointment, and as soon as he heard that the powerless people showed their gratitude, he couldn't hide his proud heart.

'It's usually the opposite.'

This was what made Mount Hua an interesting sect

"It is something to be thanked for."

"Fortunately, it seems we weren't too late."

Hyun Jang nodded loudly at Hyun Sang's words.

At that moment, Hong Dae-gwang, who was sneakily glancing around from a corner, raised his hand. Instantly, a barrage of rebukes poured down.

"No."

Just one word was enough for everyone in the room to instantly realize who had spoken up.

"This isn't even a marketplace, but what are neighborhood beggars doing here?"

"Lo- Local beggar! I'm Buntaju of Beggar Union, you know!"

"So why is a yangban as important as Buntaju of Beggar Union here? Are you from Heavenly Comrade Alliance? Did Beggar Union leave the Ten Great Sects and join Heavenly Comrade Alliance without me knowing?"

Hong Dae-gwang smiled pleasedly.

'Even a neighborhood mutt will grow more solemn after three years, you brat.'

How could he remain so unchanged even after three years? It was almost embarrassing to even call it consistency.

"That, that's not the point.…."

"Wow, now you're even deciding what matters. Why don't you gather some beggars and break some pots or something?"

Hong Dae-gwang desperately ignored Chung Myung and asked Hyun Jong.

"Where have you all been? I went up Mt. Hua, but nobody was there..."

"Aah."

Hyun Jong casually responded as if it was no big deal.

"We did go to Bongmun for a while, but we had to move because it was too difficult to train inside."

"No, why would you....”

Instead of Hyun Jong, Hyun Young answered with a distorted face.

"Something breaks and gets smashed every day, what training would you do there?"

“…….”

Uh... That's true.

When Hong Dae-gwang visited, the place was in such disarray it looked like it had been raided.

"It's a good thing you moved it then, if you stayed there, you'd have to build a new building in Xian and Mount Hua. It's only true if there's at least a wall left. What kind of training are done to be so aggressive! Whoops!"

When Hyun Young clicked his tongue as if still infuriated by the thought, Hyun Jong smiled bitterly.

"There was such a problem, but there was also the issue of unwanted visitors despite our Bongmun, making it difficult to focus on training. So, we had no choice but to vacate the sect and retreat to a remote mountain for uninterrupted practice."

No sooner had he finished speaking than grumbles erupted from Mount Hua's disciples.

"Digging up grassroots."

"Hunting wild boars."

"What? Is building halls by chopping trees any better?"

Mount Hua's disciples averted their eyes as Hyun Young glared.

Hong Dae-gwang asked, still with unsolved questions.

"Then how on earth did you know that you arrived on time? Did you come out of Bongmun upon seeing refugees from Xi'an?"

"Hm?"

Hyun Jong looked at Hong Dae-gwang as if he didn't understand.

"What does that mean?"

"Yess?"

"Didn't you come up to Mount Hua and find us?"

"How, how do you know? There was no one in Mount Hua."

As soon as Hong Dae-gwang opened his eyes wide, Chung Myung's heart was swollen and something white popped out of it. Then it landed on the table on its two feet, proudly sticking out its belly.

"…that, that."

Hong Dae-gwang's face went blank.

The white creature, Baek-ah, perched atop the table, exhibited an unmistakably proud expression.… It was almost surprising to see such a clear display of pride on an animal's face. If it could talk, it would undoubtedly have said 'Ahem' right then.

"Look at that, that, ugh. Look how proud he is to only pay for one meal. Should have skinned it long ago, that thing."

When Chung Myung clicked his tongue, Baek-ah, who was sticking out its stomach to deflate, lowered its head with its large, black eyes now cast downward.

Baek Cheon burst into laughter.

"It has paid enough for the meal. If feeding it saves even one more commoner, I'd happily provide for it all its life."

"That shit eats as much as a cow! Is Sasuk going to earn the money for it?"

"…It's just an expression."

Chung Myung shook his head and turned his eyes.

"But… considering there are humans who can't even do their part."

Flinch.

"No. Even so. A man of the rank Beggar Union’s Buntaju couldn't sense the presence of a beast.... but what? There is no one? No one?"

“…….”

Hong Dae-wang, who had nothing to say even with ten mouths, stared blankly at Baek-ah. The stark white fur was too conspicuous, leaving him at a loss for any excuse.

Fortunately, Hyun Jong saved such Hong Dae-gwang.

"Mount Hua can't be left empty. So, I made this little guy to protect Mount Hua. We had to take the dogs with us since they needed feeding, but that creature could come and go as needed to eat."

"So... I missed seeing that creature, but it noticed me and sensed something was wrong, then informed Mount Hua about the situation?"

"That's right."

Hong Dae-gwang slumped into his chair, feeling defeated.

"I mean... To a beast..."

He couldn't bring himself to finish the sentence.

Regardless, it was thanks to that little mystical creature that a disaster was averted, so he should be grateful….

"Kii!"

The creature thumped its front paws on the ground in a way that was inexplicably annoying. Why was it so irritating?

"Anyway… It's a relief."

A marten saved the fate of Xi’an. This was something he understood but couldn't talk about.

"So, have you lifted the Bongmun now?"

"That's right."

Hyun Jong nodded his head.

"Even if Baek-ah didn't tell us the news, we were about ready to end it. Our Bongmun had gone on longer than expected; there was no need to drag it out any longer."

"But why did it take so long?"

Hyun Jong's face visibly soured at the question.

"…There was a bastard who said rice had to be cooked to become food, but it's a mystery what kind of sand that freaking rice is made of, that it wouldn't cook even after being boiled for three years. What could I do then?"

"Oh, is that my fault? It's Sahyungs' fault, isn't it? Well, you did improve a bit, somehow!"

I think they've improved a lot, though?

No, I think it's even a bit excessive, though?

Hong Dae-gwang trembled as he recalled the images of Mount Hua's swordsmen literally chewing on Evil Sects.

"Then Sect Leader."

At that time, Hwang Jongwi asked Hyun Jong cautiously.

"Have you achieved the purpose of your Bongmun?"

Hyun Jong's lips curled into a knowing smile.

"I'm not sure how to answer that, but..."

A firm voice escaped Hyun Jong's mouth.

"At least, I've returned with the confidence that no one in the world can dare to underestimate Mount Hua's strength."

It was a statement filled with evident pride.

Hyun Jong was never one to be easily complacent. He is always humble even in situations where others can put strength on his shoulders. For such a person to say so was evidence of the hardships and efforts Mount Hua had undergone in the past.

'No. I've already seen it with my eyes, so there’s no need for guesses.’

Especially considering that a certain evil spirit, who usually would have interrupted by now, remained silent, further proving this fact.

Of course, with his facial expression, he is constantly saying things like, ‘If you were to put strength your shoulder even though your skills have improved as much as a rat’s tail, you'll get hit somewhere and have your shoulder dropped?’, but the fact that he's expressing it non-verbally is remarkable, isn't it?

"Thank you, Sect Leader!"

"Thank you!"

Before departing for Namyang with Hwang Jongwi, Wei Lishan, who attended the last meeting, gave his congratulations.

Hyun Jong too, accepted their congratulations with a smile, not feigning modesty.

"It's all thanks to the desperate efforts of our disciples."

It was a heartwarming sight.

If only he hadn't heard Mount Hua’s disciples muttering.

"If we hadn't done it, we would have died. Is there anything we can do about it?”

"I'm just glad to be alive. That alone is enough."

"I'd rather be excommunicated and go home than do it again."

"I trained in my dream while sleeping last night. I woke up in the morning and wanted to jump into the well.”

“I went in and out once.”

Hong Dae-gwang desperately closed his ears and ignored the terrifying words.

‘Right, they used to be like this?’

Three years shouldn't be a long time, but why is it so new that he can't get used to it?

Once the atmosphere was somewhat relaxed, Hyun Young brought up the main point.

"We need to stabilize Xi’an a little bit more right now, but there won't be much work for Mount Hua."

Hong Dae-gwang, naturally blending into the meeting, casually asked Hyun Jong.

"Then what are you going to do after that?”

"Hmm."

Hyun Jong gave a slight smile and looked towards someone.

"That's something that fools over there would know best, wouldn't he?"

Hong Dae-gwang's gaze slowly turned to the side following Hyun Jong. Seeing Chung Myung plastered with a sullen expression, he couldn't help but feel uneasy.

"...But why have you been looking so grumpy since a while ago?"

"Me? Grumpy?"

Baek Cheon chuckled and tapped Chung Myung's head next to him.

"Don’t mind him, Buntaju. He just had his stomach twisted because we've just ended our Bongmun, yet he couldn't swing his sword even once at the enemies before him."

"I should have skinned those guys!"

“…….”

Indeed, this bastard hasn't changed at all.

"Anyway."

Chung Myung raised his chin slightly and said to Hong Dae-gwang.

"We've just come down from the mountains, so we need to catch up on what's happening. . Since we have Sangdanju and this beggar here, it should be easy to ask. Please, fill us in."

"Where should I start?"

"First of all."

The corners of Chung Myung's mouth curled into a smirk.

"Let's begin with what that guy, Jang Ilso, is up to right now."

A sharp, blade-like glint appeared in his eyes.

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