**Return of The Mount Hua** – Chapter 680. What is this place? (5)

Editor: Hoamzz

Co-Translator: Xoxo

"Hmm."

Jang Ilso smiled lightly at the four leaders approaching him.

This place is Mount Hua.

And now he's facing the leader of the four sects who look down on the world right in front of him. Moreover, behind them were the Elders from the Ten Great Sect and the Five Great Family.

It would be a situation that would make anyone who considers themselves to belong to Evil Faction feel uncomfortable.

But for Jang Ilso, there was no sign of nervousness, let alone discomfort.

As if this place was the front yard of the Myriad Man Manor, his facial expressions and gestures were overflowing with composure. (Myriad Man House -> Myriad Man Manor. House felt too underwhelming for their reputation.)

Hyun Jong's eyes flashed with a hint of interest as he watched him.

His lips were slightly distorted in contact. But it was difficult to guess what he was thinking with his expression. Eventually, Hyun Jong slowly opened his mouth.

"You are…."

"……."

It was a calm voice, but the strength drained out of Hyun Sang's body, which seemed unwilling to listen.

"There's a lot of eyes."

"…Un Gum."

Hyun Sang's gaze went from Un Gum's face to his empty sleeve.

Because of the Myriad Man Manor's people, Un Gum lost an arm and wandered through adversity. If things had gone wrong, he wouldn't be in this position now.

Yet, Un Gum was the one holding back Hyun Sang. With a feeling of burning inside, Hyun Sang bit his lip and glared at Jang Ilso.

Of course, Hyun Sang wasn't the only one showing hostility towards Jang Ilso.

Mount Hua's disciples all glared at him with their hands on the hilt of their swords. It seemed as if they were ready to rush and behead Jang Ilso as soon as they got the order.

The murderous intent that the determined disciples of Mount Hua simultaneously emitted was enough to startle even the crowd. However, Jang Ilso, who received that murderous intent with his whole body was quite nonchalant.

"I don't understand."

He tilted his head as if he really didn't understand and clicked his tongue.

"We. Myriad Man Manor is the only one who's suffered in the war against Mount Hua. Due to that incident, the Myriad Man Manor has been disgraced, making it embarrassing to even show our faces, while Mount Hua has been thriving on the reputation it gained at that time…"

He shook his head vigorously.

"I don't understand why you're so upset. With such a narrow-minded attitude, can you really call yourselves a Taoist sect? Hmm."

Hyun Jong took a slow deep breath.

Each and every word of Jang Ilso's was breaking his composure. But now he's not just standing here as the Sect Leader of Mount Hua. He was the Maengju of the Heavenly Comrade Alliance.

That’s why….

Hyun Jong stretched out both hands and made a bow.

"Nice to meet the leader of the Myriad Man Manor."

Then Jang Ilso also faced him and made a bow.

"Nice to meet you."

Hyun Jong, who greeted lightly, smiled nicely and asked Jang Ilso.

"It's quite a distance from the Myriad Man Manor to here, what brings you to Mount Hua?"

Then Jang Ilso's lips twisted slightly.

"Well, the reason is nothing special."

"……."

"Of course, I came here to congratulate the Heavenly Comrade Alliance on their founding event."

"…Congratulate?"

Jang Ilso nodded loudly.

"I, Jang Il-so, may not be a great person, but I don't consider myself a small one either. With such a big event in Kangho, it's only natural to celebrate!"

"……."

"Bring it!"

"Yes!"

As soon as Jang Ilso's words fell, the martial artists of the Myriad Man Manor, who had been guarding his back like escorts, came forward carrying something from behind.

'A box?'

There were three boxes on their shoulders, which looked quite large. The crowd couldn't hide their curiosity as they focused their gazes, sticking their heads out slightly.

*Kung*! *Kung*! *Kung*!

A box, large enough to fit a person with room to spare, made a loud noise as it landed on the floor.

"Open it."

"Yes!"

As soon as the order was given, the Myriad Man Manor's martial artist opened the lids of the

boxes.

"Oh!"

"Humm!"

At the same time, groans and exclamations burst from the crowd's mouths.

Treasure Trove (재보(財寶).).

The first thing that caught their eyes was the treasure-filled box on the far left.

Dazzling gold and various colored jewels filled the huge chest. The amount was so enormous that even the Elders of the Ten Great Sect, who pride themselves on their wealth, couldn't hide their bewilderment.

"Next."

"Yes!"

Before the shock had completely faded, the second box was opened. Suppressed groans faintly leaked from here and there.

"*Heup*!"

"That, that…"

Without even having to pull them out, the sharpness of the Divine Weapon could be guessed.

'…..Divine Weapons!'

'Goodness, so many of them.'

'They say the wealth of the Myriad Man Manor reaches the sky and covers the earth...'

In terms of value alone, the treasures in the first box might be worth more. But for martial artists, the value of Divine Weapon cannot be measured in monetary terms. Besides, isn't a Divine Weapon something that can't be obtained even with a fortune?

And they brought a whole box full of them...

*Seureureung*.

Standing in front of the chest, the martial artist of Myriad Man House lifted a Divine Weapon on the top and pulled it out lightly. The revealed blade made everyone's breath catch in awe.

At a glance, it is not an ordinary Divine Weapon.

The people swallow their saliva and looked at the third box. Considering how incredible the first two boxes were, they were curious about what could be in the last one.

Jang Ilso spoke confidently as if he wouldn't disappoint their expectations.

"Open it."

"Yes!"

The lid of the box was roughly opened. Then, an indescribable clear fragrance filled the noses of the crowd. Just by the scent alone, everyone could tell what was inside the box.

‘It's Elixir!

'All of them...'

Their dry saliva naturally went down.

These were unimaginably valuable items. If it weren't for the Myriad Man Manor martial artists surrounding the box, some of them might have already rushed to it. Greed flickered in the eyes of the crowd, unable to be hidden. Their hearts began to pound uncontrollably.

"These are gifts for the Heavenly Comrade Alliance's founding event."

Jang Ilso looked at Hyun Jong with a leisurely smile on his face.

However, Hyun Jong let out a soft sigh as if he was troubled by the wealth displayed by Jang Ilso.

"I appreciate Bangju’s intentions, but these gifts are a bit too extravagant for a founding event."

"Extravagant?"

Jang Ilso twisted the corner of his lips as if he heard something amusing.

"Maengju. I am Jang Ilso."

“…….”

"Giving such gifts is not extravagant for me. In fact, it's not enough to express my feelings for the Heavenly Comrade Alliance."

Whether Hyun Jong accepted his words or not wasn't important. What was crucial was that this scene had a powerful impact on the crowd.

"Moreover…"

Jang Ilso looked at the Elders of the Ten Great Sect and the Five Great Family standing behind Hyun Jong, with a sly smile.

"Congratulating only with words isn't a true celebration. If you truly have the heart to congratulate, you should offer something generous enough to be regretful. Isn't that natural?"

*Thump*! *Thump*! *Thump*!

After Jang Ilso finished his words, the lids of the boxes closed again one by one. The Myriad Man Manor martial artists pushed the closed boxes right in front of Hyun Jong.

"What do you think? Has my sincere heart in congratulating the Heavenly Comrade Alliance's founding event been conveyed?"

Hyun Jong looked at Jang Ilso silently.

Jang Ilso laughed at the unwavering gaze. Then, he spoke gently.

"Look, Maengju. Isn't it amusing?"

"……."

"Myriad Man Manor suffered great damage due to Mount Hua but still came here to offer gifts. However, the disciples of Mount Hua, who have gained great benefits from Myriad Man Manor, cannot forget their petty grudges and reject their guests."

The faces of Mount Hua's disciples were horribly distorted by Jang Ilso's words.

"And yet, as the Maengju of Heavenly Comrade Alliance, can you embrace all the sects under your wing?"

"This trash!"

Chung Myung couldn't hold back his boiling anger and shouted. Even Baek Cheon, who would usually be the first to dissuade him, remained silent this time. No, rather, he emitted an

unprecedented cold aura while gripping his sword.

Jang Ilso's mouth was bent even wider.

It was an obvious mockery.

The phrase "shameless" was meant for situations like this. Although he claimed to have come to congratulate, his words and actions were filled with ridicule and scorn.

It seemed justified for him to behave so arrogantly because he was Jang Ilso.

'...He's big.'

Baek Cheon chewed on his lips. He felt like his whole body was being weighed down since earlier.

He didn't know how cruel or strong Jang Ilso was.

However, he could feel the enormous pressure he had never experienced before. Jang Ilso, just by standing there, overwhelmed the numerous people gathered there.

It was truly an overwhelming presence.

'...This is Paegun.'

So far, there have been quite a few people who have intimidated Mount Hua's disciples with their name and reputation. But Jang Ilso was clearly the first one to suffocate them with his mere presence.

'Even the presence of the Bishop of Magyo can't compare...'

His hand trembled. Baek Cheon turned slightly and looked at Chung Myung's back one step ahead of him.

His back was completely still.

What was Chung Myung thinking right now?

At that moment, Jang Ilso opened his mouth again.

"I came to see how great Mount Hua and Heavenly Comrade Alliance are, but all I found was a disappointment. Ha, my interest has waned."

He glanced slowly around the breathless people, glancing at the vigilance. None of them

dared to meet Jang Ilso's eyes.

"I'm leaving."

It was when Jang Ilso, who snorted, turned around and walked out.

"About the congratulations..."

“…….”

With a soft voice trying to hold him back, Jang Ilso froze and glanced back at Hyun Jong.

"As Bangju said, it shouldn't be just lip service."

"Hoo?"

It was a calm voice, with no emotional agitation.

He was known as the Sect Leader of Mount Hua, but until recently, he was merely the leader of a third-rate sect. Jang Ilso's interest was in the fact that such a man came face to face with such a straight face.

"So I'd like to ask."

“…….”

"What do you, Paegun, want to see?"

Hyun Jong's eyes sank like a deep lake and Jang Ilso's eyes burned like a wildfire intertwined in the air.

"…Not bad."

Jang Ilso nodded loudly.

Then he turned to Hyun Jong and spread his arms as if to embrace him. The jingle of his numerous accessories could be heard as they collided.

"Did you ask what I want?"

"That's right."

"Hmm. What I want is..."

There was a meaningful smile on Jang Ilso's lips.

"How about this?"

“…?”

"If our Myriad Man Manor..."

His captivating red lips slightly parted.

"...wishes to become a brother of Heavenly Comrade Alliance, what would Maengju do?"

A chilling atmosphere and silence, as if a sharp blade was pressed against one's neck, descended upon Mount Hua.

**Previous Chapter** **Next Chapter**

|note