Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 648. The more you win, the more enemies you will have (3)

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When you are at the bottom, there is no burden. There is nowhere further to fall and nothing to protect.

Burden only comes when there is something to achieve or when there is something to lose.

"Sasuk. I'm.....”

When Gwak Hee opened his mouth, Baek Sang raised his hand slightly and cut off his word.

"Oh, wait, wait."

"Yes?"

Gwak Hee's eyes were filled with questions about the out-of-nowhere behavior.

"Let me just say this in advance, don't expect me to give you a proper answer to your question or expect that talking to me will solve your problems."

“…….”

"I'm not such a great man. I struggle even just to handle my own things."

"…I really can't rely on you."

"You're supposed to live your life alone.”

At Baek Sang's words, Gwak Hee ended up smiling wryly. Baek Sang then asked.

"So you're saying it's hard to keep up, right?"

"It's a little subtly different.….”

"That's what it means, even if you look at it differently."

Baek Sang shrugged his shoulders.

"As I said before, everyone has those kinds of worries. You're not the only one who feels that way."

“…….”

"Think about it. The yangban named my Sahyung is dragging people forward while running like crazy, on top of that I can't even tell him to go easy. There's no way I could tell the person who is carrying ten times more baggage than I do to slow down, is there?"

"Tha- That's right."

Baek Sang distorted his face as if he were angry as he spoke.

"At least, the people you should follow are just sidekicks like Yoon Jong and Jo-Gol."

"Si- sidekicks?"

'Those Sahyung?'

Gwak Hee had never thought of Yoon Jong and Jo-Gol like that since they always seem so great. But Baek Sang's next words convinced him.

"The person I'm supposed to follow is Baek Cheon Sahyung, you know? damn it."

"Ah……."

At that moment, Gwak Hee deeply and sincerely sympathized with Baek Sang.

'I have it better.'

Compared to Baek Cheon, Jo-Gol and Yoon Jong are more humane. Of course, the story changes when you bring Chung Myung, but he's not one to be compared to anyone in the first place.

"And is Sahyung the only problem? Samae is a sword ghost, and now even Sajil bastards are swinging their swords like beasts...…"

"……It must be hard."

"You think it's just hard?"

Baek Sang gritted his teeth.

"I knew it would be like this, so I ran away to Finance Hall early on… but damn it, what's the point of running away? I thought I wouldn't have to train if I went to Finance Hall. But no, I still have to train, and Finance Hall is a separate matter…"

"……."

Of course, it was a joke that he ran away to Finance Hall, but it was true that Baek Sang was struggling with both training and the work of Finance Hall.

"In the meantime, Sahyung is busy training and abandoning everything he has to do as a Daesahyung. If there's any problem, the guys who should go to Sahyung come to me and complain that Sahyung is busy with his training."

"…I'm sorry."

Gwak Hee somehow became seriously sorry when he’s reminded that he is one of them.

"Tsk."

Baek Sang, who had his tongue clicked, sighed as he gulped down the liquor.

"But even so."

"Yes."

"That doesn't mean that I'm having the hardest time."

“…….”

His eyes glanced towards the banquet hall.

"As I said earlier, those people drinking over there are not cheerful because they have no thoughts. I'm sure everyone is feeling their own pressure."

Gwak Hee nodded quietly.

"Mount Hua is getting stronger at a really crazy rate. Sometimes, I get scared like you do. I’m afraid that at some point everyone will walk past me and I'll be the only one left here. I'm afraid I won't be able to meet the minimum expectations that the sect has on me."

"……Yes, Sasuk."

It fully represented the anxiety Gwak Hee felt.

It is certainly a good thing that the sect is getting bigger and stronger.

In other words, however, that means each person has more burden and weight to bear.

"Maybe the burden you feel will never go away. No, maybe it'll get bigger."

"Even more?"

"The more you win, the more enemies you have."

Baek Sang was calm as if he had been thinking about this for a long time.

"In the past, Mount Hua just had to follow the people before them. There was the Southern Edge Sect and Wudang above us, so we had nothing to lose even if we lost.”

“…….”

"But not anymore. Now that we have something to lose. And the other sect will start to keep

us in check and seek for an opportunity."

Baek Sang, who stopped talking for a while, looked up at the sky.

‘I didn't know that before.’

A prestigious swordsman who wields a sword with splendor. There were times when he only aimed for that brilliant appearance.

But now he knows.

What's behind that glamour.

And the fact that the Five Swords, who are building their reputation to the point of brilliance, is not just happy.

Rather, the burden they feel will be different from the burden felt by Baek Sang or Gwak Hee.

"Then what should I do?"

"Huh?"

“To relieve this burden….”

"What did I say?"

Baek Sang grinned brightly at Gwak Hee.

"I told you not to expect anything from me. I'm not a person who can give an answer to that."

“…….”

Gwak Hee's face quickly turned sour. He couldn't understand why Baek Sang grinned brightly so happily while saying that.

"There can't be an answer."

Baek Sang mumbled in a sullen tone.

"Just endure and bear with it."

"……What's with that."

"Is there any other answer?”

The small admiration he had remaining for Baek Sang on one corner of his heart vanished with a rustle of sound.

‘Was he always this hopeless?’

‘I don't think he used to be like that.…’

It felt like Mount Hua's Chung Myungization went too far. (It has been a while lol.)

"What's wrong with your eyes?"

"……No. Nothing."

"Your eyes are so cheeky.”

“…….”

Gwak Hee took a quick glance away.

Then, Baek Sang opened his mouth in a slightly different tone than before.

"In the first place."

"Yes?"

“I didn't think a guy with no sense of burden could become stronger."

“…….”

Gwak Hee flinched unconsciously.

That remark by Baek Sang was strangely penetrating into his ears.

"Not feeling burdened means not having any worries, and not having any worries means not being serious. Didn't you see how those who leisurely tempered their swords without any worries turned out today?"

"…That's right."

Of course, Wudang were not people who could be so easily underestimated.

However, the difference between Mount Hua, who have been struggling fiercely, and Wudang, who has learned sword with all the backgrounds guaranteed, was clear enough for everyone who was there to feel it today.

"It's always heavy. The people in front drag crazily, and the people on the back follow crazily."

“…….”

"But it's also the truth that we, who're stuck in the middle, came all the way here even while struggling.”

"…Yes."

"So worry more."

Drinking his liquor, Baek Sang slowly stood up and straightened his seat.

“Because worrying is worthwhile in itself. I don't know if we'll find a clear answer, but... anyway, there is nothing wrong with feeling pressured and worrying.”

“…….”

"I'm going. Tsk. I was enjoying a good drink but you just had to come."

“Are- Are you going?”

"I'm going to bed. I'm dying of pain where I got hit."

Baek Sang turned around and waved his hand without looking back. Gwak Hee, who was staring blankly at his back, unknowingly raised his voice.

"Sa- Sasuk!"

"What!"

Baek Sang turned his face back annoyedly. Gwak Hee bowed his head deeply.

"……Thank you."

"To hell with thank you."

Baek Sang, who waved his hands as if he was bothered, jumped down the roof without hesitation and trudged away.

It was not until he was no longer seen walking between the pavilion that Gwak Hee sank back down.

"…It's not wrong…….”

He hadn't found a clear answer, nor did he had his worry on how to move forward resolved. But as he contemplated Baek Sang's words, he felt like his heart became slightly more at ease.

Staring at the light leaking out of the banquet hall, he murmured calmly.

"We're all the same, after all."

Everyone is carrying their own burden.

"Eii."

Baek Sang, who turned his head slightly and looked up at the eaves, clicked his tongue lightly.

It's a good thing.

Until now, simply doing what was asked of him had been enough. But now he could no longer do that. As the tasks for Mount Hua increased, and as the other disciples besides the Five Swords had their own tasks to take on, these concerns would only increase and deepen.

And they will be stronger through those concerns.

"Tsk. Who did I think I was to ramble on...…."

"No. It wasn't that bad."

Flinch.

Baek Sang's body froze at the familiar voice that penetrated his ear. Standing silently for a long time, he asked in a bitter voice without looking back.

"Did you saw us?"

"Yes."

"…Since when?"

"From the beginning."

"From the beginning?"

His head slowly turned sideways. Baek Cheon was smiling in the pouring moonlight.

"……No. Why are you monitoring me?"

"I came out because I was wondering what's wrong with the lovely Sajil who's getting out with a long face."

"But you don't care when a lovely Saje leaves?"

"My Saje knows how to handle himself, why should I bother?"

"……."

Baek Sang's face turned red.

"You should've hinted that you're there, really!"

"Haha."

Baek Sang just laughed without answering, making Baek Sang even more irritated as he turned around in frustration.

"Ei!"

It was embarrassing because it felt like he had heard all his thoughts. His ears and neck was burning.

"Where are you going?"

“I’m going to my room!”

"Already?"

“Sahyung won easily without being beaten, but I was beaten! I will rest.”

"But we could have one more drink, couldn't we?"

"…Yes?"

When Baek Sang turned around, Baek Cheon was waving a bottle of liquor in one hand.

"It's been a while since the two of us had a drink. How is it?"

“…….”

Baek Sang, who scratched his head, sighed as if he couldn't help it.

"Instead, let's not mention what I said earlier."

"Well, you never know when alcohol might make you talk again."

Baek Cheon approached Baek Sang with a light smile and tapped him on the shoulder.

Just as he is desperate to support Chung Myung, the other Mount Hua disciples are doing their best in their respective positions.

As he realized this once again, gratitude filled his heart.

"Let's go."

"What the hell is this to the injured...…”

“I also brought your favorite flower liquor separately.”

"...It's the first time I've heard something that I like from you today."

Baek Cheon, who tapped Baek Sang's shoulder once again, walked slowly ahead. Baek Sang looked silently at his back like that.

"Aren't you going?"

"…I'm coming."

Smiling silently, Baek Sang ran towards Baek Cheon.

‘It's different.’

Right, so much has changed. Much has changed beyond comparison just a few years ago.

Even in the future, Mount Hua will change rapidly.

Maybe it'll be too different from what Baek Sang knew.

But there are definitely things that don't change.

Right, Mount Hua is Mount Hua.

"Come on, let's go!"

"Oh, don't pull!"

The two walked while quarreling and teasing each other as the bright moon quietly shone on their backs.

The light was exceptionally bright, making it seem like everything in the world was shining on this bright night.

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