**Return of The Mount Hua** – Chapter 678. What is this place? (3)

Editor: Hoamzz

Co-Translator: Xoxo

"……Congratulations, Chung Myung Dojang."

“Aigo! How did you come all this way…?"

Chung Myung, who was about to rush toward the person in front of him and grab his hand, hesitated for a moment.

‘Huh? What's going on?’

‘Did a corpse just walk up to me?’

He knew this person. Yes, he was definitely someone he knew. But the look was too far from what Chung Myung knew.

"…Did you get beaten up badly somewhere?"

"…No."

"Then did you catch some kind of disease?"

"…I'm perfectly fine."

"Then why?"

Chung Myung tilts his head.

The person in front of him was Somunju of the Yuryong Sect… No, it is Du Yuncan who had become Munju of the Yuryong Sect.

He, who hadn't shown his face even during the Heavenly Comrade Alliance event, arrived at Mount Hua only after the event had ended.

And that too with a dying appearance.

"Ha- Has something not been going well lately?"

A rare sense of guilt appeared on Chung Myung's face.

Thinking about it, he had left the matters of the Yuryong Sect in their hands and had been too busy to pay attention for a while. It's because he had faith that Hwang Munnyak or Hwang Jong would do well on their own, but...….

"It's not going well."

"Hm?"

However, a bright light appeared on Du Yuncan's face for a moment. It was amazing that he could have such a gentle expression with dark shadows down to his chin, dry skin, and a pale complexion that seemed to vomit blood and die at any moment.

"It's a problem because it went so well, because it went well...…. I now clearly understand what Chung Myung Dojang meant when you said that a sect needs money to grow. When money started to accumulate in the Yuryong Sect, life completely changed."

"R- Right? Then why....”

Why's your face like that? You look like you can’t even swallow congee.

"……As I said, it's a problem because it's so good. At first, everyone was happy to work moderately and make a lot of money.”

“…….”

"But then, the work started to grow rapidly… no, rapidly is a strange word. It started to grow like a landslide."

"…Ah. Landslide."

"Yes… There's no other way to describe it but a landslide. So, the work… the work kept growing and growing like crazy… the work…"

A deep horror appeared on Du Yuncan's face. He looked like someone who was watching the work grow right in front of his eyes.

"It is not enough to mobilize all my disciples, to do the work day and night, to drag all the Elders out, and now even I am emptying the sect and carrying the goods…….”

Chung Myung was unusually quite flustered.

"You- You're the Munju, aren't you?"

"…...To hell with being the Munju."

“…….”

Du Yuncan let out a deep sigh as if he wanted the ground to swallow him.

"So… I was trying to participate in the Alliance event somehow, but suddenly, there was an urgent delivery… After completing the delivery from Beijing to Sichuan, I arrived here with the last of my strength."

"Where?"

"Sichuan……."

"So... You went from Beijing to Sichuan, and then you came all the way here?”

"It's not exactly like that. Before that, I had started from Hunan. From Beijing to Hunan, then from Hunan to Beijing, and then from there to Sichuan, and back here…"

"*Hiiik*!”

Chung Myung's eyes widened in shock.

‘No, is he crazy?’

"You’re going that far?”

"Express delivery requires paying a very high fee. There's no reason to use us unless it's a long distance."

"Ah, r- right. I know, but…"

Chung Myung once again looked at Du Yuncan's condition.

Now that he looked closely, it wasn't just a slightly wounded face. He had lost so much weight compared to before that his cheekbones were prominently visible.

"I, I didn't know you were suffering so much."

If Chung Myung were to be called the devil's incarnation, the devil in hell would weep and curse in anger. But even Chung Myung couldn't help but feel guilty in front of Du Yuncan's gaunt appearance.

"Can we, uh… reduce… the work…"

"Yes?"

"Well… Try to cut the work……. To put it mildly….”

"What do you mean?"

"…Yes?"

For a moment, a blue light flashed in Du Yuncan's eyes.

"How can you cut back on the work! Then won't the money decrease too? Money!"

“…….”

"Right now, the Yuryong Sect's warehouse is so full that it needs to be expanded! No, we need to build a new warehouse! Money! Money is pouring in like a landslide!"

"…You just said that work is coming in like a landslide."

"The work’s like a landslide! The money’s like a landslide too!"

Du Yuncan's eyes glistened.

The dignified martial artist he had seen the other day before was nowhere to be found. Now he was the very image of a money-crazed merchant.

"People say you don't know until you earn, *keuhh*! This is what happens when you have money! This is it!"

“…….”

"*Kyaa*! I should have worked sooner! I should appreciate the foresight of Dojang! In fact, the loss I suffered by coming to Mount Hua is not trivial. If I had the time to go to Shaanxi, I could have made two more deliveries, then the payment I should have received…"

Chung Myung looked at the money-crazed man and smiled broadly.

'I don't even know anymore.'

Lately, it seemed that the people around him were crazier than he was. None of them were in their right minds.

"Dojang!"

Then suddenly Du Yuncan flashed at Chung Myung with his eyes wide open.

Chung Myung flinched back, but Du Yuncan didn't give him a chance to retreat and grabbed his shoulder firmly.

"Let's expand!"

"…Yes?"

"I'll take in more disciples! We'll increase the number of people who can deliver, so let's expand the business a bit more! If we can deliver not only to Beijing but also to Nanjing and the Outer region, our earnings will increase!"

"N- No, wait a minute! You said you'd collect money in moderation and then revive the Yuryong Sect again…."

"Revival? This is revival, this is! Where is there a better revival than this! People who used to go crazy with just dried anchovies on their table now say they're sick of meat, revival? Revival?"

'Ca- Calm down, this yangban.'

"We're growing the business! Let's do it for the rest of our lives, Dojang!"

"I'll try my best."

"Thank you! Thank you so much! I've brought a lot of gifts wrapped up, so be sure to check them out!"

"……."

When Chung Myung, who was speechless, couldn't even say a word, one of the third-class disciples that had been watching from a distance approached and told Du Yuncan.

"Munju-nim, you need to see Sect Leader, so I'll take you there."

"Would you? Then I'll see Sect Leader, see you later, Dojang."

"……Yes. Well… When the guests leave, we plan to have a drink together, so please attend then."

"*Hngg*. Then it'll be more delayed. That's not possible… I can't jump one more time."

“…….”

"But since Chung Myung Dojang said so, I'll take the loss as an exception. Just please hurry."

"……Yes."

"Definitely!"

“…….”

"Alright."

Du Yuncan rushed off, urging the third-class disciples. Chung Myung, who was looking at his distant back, then turned his gaze to the sky, lost in thought.

Baek Cheon and Yoon Jong, who had already approached, put their hands on Chung Myung's shoulder and comforted him.

"It's okay, Chung Myung. It's not your fault."

"……No."

"Being happy is what matters. What else is there in life? Good things are good."

"Hahaha."

‘Yeah, well.’

‘That's a relief, then. It's a relief.……’

Chung Myung looked at the situation in the hall.

The situation seemed to be settling down now. The atmosphere was heated with drunk people raising their voices, but one by one, people were starting to leave.

In about an hour, all the guests who came would leave, and then the Heavenly Comrade Alliance's group feast would really end.

He felt like he had mixed feelings.

Anyway, now it was time to take a breather.

"Chung Myung-ah."

"Hmm?"

"You've worked hard."

Chung Myung glanced at Baek Cheon instead of answering. It was a common phrase, but his voice sounded more serious than usual.

"…Why are you bringing that up now?"

"Yeah, it's sudden. But isn't that the same as you not hearing what you should have been hearing all along?"

"……."

"Everyone in Mount Hua knows how hard you've worked. They're just too embarrassed to say it, but they're all grateful. I hope you know that too."

"Sasuk… Did you eat something wrong?"

"…You bastard."

Baek Cheon, who had been speaking quite seriously, suddenly scowled.

"Anyway, I should give you some praise!"

"Praise only has meaning if someone worthy gives it!"

"*Hnngg*."

Baek Cheon sighed deeply with a resigned expression.

"Anyway, let's wrap things up well. Once everyone leaves, let's get together and have a drink that will make our noses crooked."

"Wow, Dongryong is angry?"

"Don't call me Dongryong, you bastard!"

Chung Myung laughed while dodging Baek Cheon's attack like a slippery fish.

It's not like he achieved anything great, but his heart naturally softened and relaxed, thinking that he had passed one hurdle. crisis.

"Anyway, one thing is good now."

"What is it?"

Chung Myung grinned at Baek Cheon's question.

"Now, no one can ignore Mount Hua when someone meets us, right?"

"…I guess so."

"That's enough for now."

His head nodded as if he felt relieved just thinking about it.

"I've been holding back the urge to smash some faces all this time."

"…Have you ever held back?"

"……."

Chung Myung's face twisted at Baek Cheon's reaction as if he was hearing such a ridiculous statement for the first time.

"Do you want me to show you what not holding back looks like?"

"…Calm down."

Baek Cheon waved his hand with a slightly annoyed expression. Chung Myung smirked.

"Now, from this point on…."

It was just then.

"Huh?"

Chung Myung, who was about to speak, suddenly closed his mouth and tilted his head. He sensed an odd atmosphere.

'What is it?'

He narrowed his eyes and looked in the direction where he sensed it.

'Is it the gate?'

The places near where he was standing were still noisy. However, the people sitting on the mats near the gate had become strangely quiet.

No, rather than quiet…

'Bored?'

They looked like they'd seen a ghost.

Although everyone's faces were turned towards the gate, so it was impossible to know precisely, the glimpses they caught seemed to show that they were clearly scared of something.

But fear?

The people gathered here were known to be skilled with swords in Kangho.

Moreover, even the elders of the Ten Great Sect and the Five Great Family were present in Mount Hua now. It was a situation where conflict could not occur even if it tried.

So what on earth were they afraid of?

"Wow... It... it's here..."

At that moment, a groan-like sound someone let out clearly reached Chung Myung's ears.

With his eyes fixed on the gate, one of the trembling men opened his mouth with a face that seemed to have seen a ghost.

"My- My... Myriad…."

It was a voice filled with terror... no, disbelief at the unbelievable situation unfolding before them.

The voice, filled with numerous emotions, trembled for a while before it exploded and echoed

"My, Myriad Man... Myriad Man House! Myriad Man House is coming!"

That statement instantly turned Mount Hua silent.

Those who were drinking without knowing the situation looked as if cold water had been poured over them, and they quickly turned their gazes with shock.

"What, what did you say?"

"Who's coming?"

It was a name that should never be heard in this place.

However, those who checked the gate confirmed that their ears weren't mistaken. The people who were filling the mountain gate area were retreating back as if they had seen a ghost.

Then, the view opened up, and they could clearly see a group of warriors approaching.

"… Myriad Man House."

The groan-like voice someone let out softly echoed in the silent Mount Hua.

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

|note