Return of The Mount Hua – Chapter 692. Impersonating what? (2)

Editor: Hoamzz

Co-Translator: Xoxo

"Tsk."

Chung Myung looked at the shabby building in front of him with a displeased expression.

It's not too big or too fancy. No, to be exact, the roof tiles were missing here and there, and there were holes in the walls. It wasn't bad enough to be considered a ruin, but it was certainly suitable to be called an abandoned building.

Ordinary people might see it as merely an abandoned building. However, to the beggars, it was no different from a palace.

"Anyway, these days they're too well-fed!"

Where does a beggar sleep with a roof?

When he was active in Kangho, even beggars with a piece of cloth were the envy of others!

‘No wonder they lack discipline, huh?!’

"Tsk."

Chung Myung, with an uncomfortable face, clicked his tongue and moved on. Then he muttered to himself.

That's right. If it were others, they would have scolded the beggars, but Chung Myung has a big heart. He was different from the old-timers, wasn't he? Different from the old-timers!

"Is the beggar old man here?"

He pushed aside the fabric covering the entrance instead of the broken door and poked his head inside.

"Huh?"

But soon Chung Myung's eyes widened in surprise.

What kind of sight is this?

There's a common image that comes to mind when thinking of a beggar's den.

The beggars lying on the floor, covered roughly in a cloth, and the empty, desolate room. Being a beggar was the busiest yet the most idle job in the world, so that was a natural sight.

But now…

"Did you take care of that?"

"Argh! I'm not in a position to handle this right now! Please, take care of it yourself!"

"No, if I could, I would have done it! I'm not in a position to do this either, am I?"

"Carrier pigeon! Where is it? Did someone eat it? Why can't I see it?"

"I sent it a while ago."

"What, you punk? How could you send it! I said this side was more urgent! Do you want to run all the way to Nakyang?"

"…S- Sorry."

'What's going on? Why is it so busy?'

Inside the building, beggars were literally bustling about.

There was no way that there were so many beggars in Huayin, so they probably gathered other beggars in Shaanxi as well. The problem was that all of these beggars were running around, unlike typical beggars, sweating and working hard.

At least some beggars were sitting in front of a collapsing desk. However, the documents piled up on those desks seemed to be reaching for the sky, and the hand holding the brush was fiercely covering the paper at the speed of a first-class expert unsheathing a sword.

"Did the wandering martial artist pass by? I didn't see him!"

"I saw him! Just write it down!"

"Which way did Paewoldo go?"

"I told you twice before! That yangban went over to Hunan!"

"Are you sure?"

"What can I do if I'm not sure! I can't even check again!"

"*Hnggg*."

Surprisingly, no one paid attention to Chung Myung.

Looking at the situation, they didn't even have the time to turn their heads.

"… At least show some interest…"

Chung Myung's face soured.

It's no wonder, he had hardly ever experienced such disregard in his life.

In the end, Chung Myung once again spoke loudly.

"Excuse me!"

"Oh, who are you!"

"Uhm….. Beggar Old Man! Is Hong Dae-gwang Old-……."

"I'm busy, ask someone else!"

"……."

'Oh my god. I can't believe I'm being ignored by a beggar.'

'I've never felt humiliated like this before.'

Clearly, he and the beggars were not a good match.

Just as Chung Myung was about to lose his temper and yell, a voice rang out.

"Ah, you're here?"

"Huh?"

Suddenly, Chung Myung turned his head in a welcoming voice. One of the busy beggars noticed him, put down the pile of papers he was holding, and quickly ran over.

"Chosam!"

Watching the beggar who called out Chosam's name and ran over, Chung Myung realized a

little late and acknowledged him.

"Are you Gu Chil?"

"Did you forget my face?"

"No, it's not that…"

Chung Myung said as he scratched his head.

"You've grown a lot."

"Ah, yeah. A little? Hehe. Since coming here, I've been eating well, and my height suddenly grew."

"Right, it looks like it."

When they first met, he looked like a small child, but now he looks quite tall. But well, he just looked like a taller beggar now.

"The old man must be feeding you well."

"People of Huayin are so generous that I don't get hungry. And maybe they heard rumors that I was close to you, they even gave me meat."

Chung Myung's eyes narrowed as he watched Gu Chil smile warmly.

"You're still a beggar. Stop doing this and come to Mount Hua."

"…I- I'm fine."

"What do you mean fine? You're not fine at all, being a beggar."

Gu Chil laughed awkwardly as cold sweat ran down his forehead.

"I feel more comfortable like this. I don't even know if I can adapt well to a place like a Taoist Sect."

"It's better than being a beggar."

"Hehe. I think being a beggar suits me better."

Chung Myung still squinted his eyes as if he couldn't believe it. But Gu Chil's resolve was firm. He never wanted to follow Chung Myung to Mount Hua.

'They say you'll die if you go to Mount Hua.'

Beggar Union is the place where the most information circulates in the world. As a result, the beggars generally knew how much each sect trained.

Out of the countless sects in the world, Mount Hua had a notorious reputation for driving people extremely hard.

'I won't go even if I have to die!'

No matter how harsh the beggar's life was, it was said to be better than being a disciple of Mount Hua. So, would Gu Chil go to Mount Hua out of his mind?

"A caterpillar should eat pine leaves."

"Ugh."

Chung Myung looked at Gu Chil with a disapproving look and soon nodded.

"Alright. But if anything happens, be sure to tell me. Really, be sure."

"Of course! We're friends. I don't know if I can still call myself your friend, though…"

"You cute brat."

Chung Myung grinned at Gu Chil, who was a little hesitant.

And then.

"No! We're so busy, why are you chatting there! Hurry up and help with the work!"

A sharp voice flew in. Gu Chil was flustered and stammered.

"Ah. N- No, that's not it…"

"Gu Chil, you've been slacking off lately! Do you want to be scolded like before?"

"No! That's not it…"

"Are you not going to come here right now?"

Chung Myung's eyes sharpened when he saw the beggar with an arrogant face yelling.

"But that bastard?"

"Who the hell are you..…. *Hiiiiiiiiikk*!”

The surprised beggar dropped the bowl of rice from his hand.

"Cho- Chosam… No, Mount Hua Divine Dragon!"

Jong Pal's face turned white as if he had seen a ghost in an instant.

No. In fact, from his point of view, Chung Myung is much scarier than a ghost.

"What? Scolded? It seems you aren’t beaten enough yet?"

"Aigoooo!"

Jong Pal lay flat as if he were going to dig into the floor.

"Spa- Spare me! I didn’t mean it!"

"I was about to hang you upside down to peel off your skin, but I took pity and let you live. What? Scolded like before? Hey, this son of a beast!"

Ppaaak!

Chung Myung's shoes hit the back of Jong Pal's head.

"Argh!"

Jong Pal, who screamed and clutching the back of his head, rolled around on the ground for a few moments before quickly getting up and prostrating himself again

"I'll correct my behavior!"

"You better be!"

Suddenly, the gazes of the beggars who were busily moving around gathered at the scene. After a moment of silence, everyone's mouths gaped open..

"Mo- Mount Hua Divine Dragon!"

"*Hiiiiik*! What the hell is he doing here…!”

"Wangcho! Hurry up and look for Wangcho!”

The pale-faced beggars retreated en masse. Their appearance, pressed against the wall, looked as if they had encountered a tiger.

"…What's wrong with these yangbans again?"

"Ha... Hahaha... Haha..."

At Chung Myung's question, only awkward laughter flowed out of Gu Chil's mouth.

'My friend.'

‘If you ask me that, wouldn't I be in a tight position to answer?’

‘I can't honestly tell you that the beggars of Huayin are more afraid of you than a tiger because they've heard so much about you and know your personality well.’

"No..."

"We were wrong!"

"I'm sorry for not recognizing you right away!"

"Please spare our lives!"

Chung Myung's face trembled as voices begging for their lives instead of food erupted from all around.

"No, who got angry? Why is everyone...!"

"*Hiik*!”

"Run for now!"

"The- There's Beggar Union behind us!"

Chung Myung watched the beggars causing a commotion and then smiled broadly.

"Gu Chil."

"Huh?"

"…Get out for a second.”

“…….”

"Get out, if you don't want to die."

"...Thank you."

After Gu Chil escaped, the sound of pigs being slaughtered echoed in the building for a while.

"Tsk."

A moment later, Chung Myung clicked his tongue at the beggars who sat in a rather modest group. Although everyone was on their knees, this was relatively fine considering Chung Myung's interference.

"Everyone's acting like they've seen a ghost when a Taoist came. Wouldn't that make the person angry?"

"Y- Yes. Of course. It's our fault!”

"Right? It's infuriating, isn't it?"

"Of course! Of course! How can you not be?"

"Right, I'm angry...….”

"Of course! Of course!"

"Hey, you!"

When Chung Myung took off his shoes, the beggars quickly scattered and then swiftly regrouped.

"Tsk."

When one of the beggars carefully brought the shoe back, Chung Myung put it on again, taking a deep breath to control his anger.

That's right, what's the point of getting angry at the beggars? There's nothing that would change, is there?

Chung Myung sighed and asked.

"But why are you guys so busy?”

At that, the beggars quickly gave Gu Chil a hint.

They didn't want to mingle with that person if possible, so they had Gu Chil, who had some connection with him... No, Gu Chil, who was less likely to be hit even if he spoke, answer the question.

"It's because of the Heavenly Comrade Alliance's founding gathering this time, a lot of people went here."

"Right."

"We have to make a list of all the attendees."

"Huh? Why?"

Gu Chil scratched the back of his head.

"That…… where did the influential people of Kangho go and how did they move, all of this becomes precious information."

"That becomes information?"

"Of course. There are so many people who want to buy that kind of information with money."

"…They sell everything, huh."

It's not that it doesn't make sense.

As Gu Chil said, the fact itself could become information, and the movements of the sect would help to determine the situation of Kangho.

The beggars, who handle information, wouldn't want to miss even a single of such movements.

"So, we're really busy writing down information about the yangban moving around here and sending it to the headquarters."

"...We brought in the work, and you guys are making money off it?"

"Hehe. We're helping each other out..."

"Then you have to pay the fee."

“…….”

"Well, that's not what I want to talk to you about. So, where is the beggar old man?"

"Buntaju is out of work for a while now...…”

It was then.

Chwarararak!

The entrance curtain was swept open, and Hong Dae-gwang, with a frown, strode in.

"No, these beggars are crazy! Instead of doing your job, you're just playing around and lying down? You're all dying to be annihilated... Huh? Mount Hua Divine Dragon? When did you come?"

The erupting outburst suddenly subsided. He even became friendly.

'You... that cunning human.'

'Do that much for us too! Just half!'

The beggars knew how persistent and terrible Hong Dae-gwang was. But seeing him suddenly treating someone kindly and laughing, they couldn't help but be dumbfounded.

"I came to ask something... No, never mind that. Old man!"

"Huh?"

"I asked you to take good care of this guy, but he's going around stretching his neck! How are you supposed to manage your kids?"

"That guy? Who...…”

Fire blazed up in Hong Dae-gwang's eyes when he saw where Chung Myung pointed.

"No, but this bastard! Even after getting beaten like that, you still don't learn! Do you have a thing for being beaten up, you son of a beast!"

Hong Dae-gwang's stick shattered into pieces as it hit Jong Pal's head. A loud noise rang.

Thump.

Hong Dae-gwang, who stepped on the fallen Jong Pal a few times, shouted.

"Lock this bastard up and don't feed him for three days!"

"B- But, we're short on hands..."

"Then wake him up, make him work, and don't feed him for three days!"

"……Yes."

"Tsk."

Hong Dae-gwang quickly loosened his face and looked back at Chung Myung.

"Ah, I'm sorry, Mount Hua Divine Dragon. I managed him well, but it seems like he got spoiled while I was away. I'll continue to manage him properly."

"Please do it well, really. If not, I'll come here and reside."

"…Would you rather beat him to death now?"

"That would make things easier. No, you can't."

"……."

Hong Dae-gwang quickly coughed loudly and opened his mouth, realizing that devils aren't only in hell. He had to answer quickly and send this devil out of this place.

"So, what brings you here?"

"Let's talk inside. But my throat is a little dry."

"What are you doing, you beggars! Go get some alcohol! Alcohol and duck meat! And also braised pork and fish soup!"

"Kung Pao chicken too."

"Yeah, Kung Pao chicken too! Hurry!"

Chung Myung chuckled and headed inside.

"Huh?"

At the same time, Gu Chil looked up and saw Chung Myung as his sleeves were pulled. Chung Myung gestured with his chin since Gu Chil was staring blankly.

"What are you doing? Come in. You should eat too."

"N- No. I'm fine. Everyone else is working."

"Oh, is that so?"

Chung Myung looked around the beggars and said,

"Then eat here. It's been a while since I've seen your face."

"No! It won't make a difference if one person is missing!"

"Gu Chil, please! Please go and eat comfortably! I beg you!"

"……."

Chung Myung snickered.

"Did you hear that?"

"……."

"Let's go."

"Uhm…"

They say that if you have a good friend, everything is easier, but...

'Is this really having a good friend?'

Gu Chil thought it was something subtly different and hesitantly followed Chung Myung.