

# Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 1

I had a dream.

No, Chung-Myung didn't know if it was a dream, a memory, or just a flashlight. I didn't know if he was dead, dying, or not.

What you see is just the past.

A very childhood memory.

The way he first entered Hawasan.

A landscape where I trained with the death penalty.

And it was him who could not adapt to the rigid rules of the door and went out.

– You're a doer before you're a doer. You don't know that power without limits is just violence?

Obvious nagging.

I was sick of it.

Therefore, he became a disciple of Hwasan and did not fully follow his teachings. Although his natural talent was so outstanding that he earned the undeserved nickname of plum blossom screening, he was a heretic of Hawasan.

Why didn't I know?

Even if teaching doesn't fit the bill, even if it all feels boring... Everything about himself came from Hasan. How much I've been in awe of Hwasan.

It was a late realization and a late regret.

If I had put a little more weight on teaching, and if I could have been a little stronger, I might have changed this terrible ending. If it had been....

– Do you regret it?

Chung-Myung accepted the softly echoing voice.

This is the voice of the death penalty.

Long death penalty, his father, his brother, his family, his goal.

The one who wanted to follow but couldn't, so he had to turn a blind eye.

Yes. I regret it.

I regret it. Death penalty

– There's nothing to regret.

There is a subtle warmth in the voice of the death penalty.

But it wasn't Hawaiian.

...the death penalty.

– One.

I think I can hear the death penalty laugh.

Endlessly warm, endlessly loving.

– Still, it's Hawaiian.'

Argh!

Still, angry...

Like this?

Huh? Like this?

“Screaming! Argh!”

I feel a terrible rage in my head.

It hurts. It hurts so much.

What kind of pain is this? It didn't hurt like this when your arms and legs were cut off.

“天 子, Heavenly Demon?”

Isn't he dead?

His name instinctively raised both hands and covered his head. If he's not dead yet, we'll have to cut him off again somehow.....

“What's wrong with you?”

But it wasn't the voice of Heavenly Demon that came back, but the voice of anyone who heard it was chilling and twisted.

"Huh?"

When I open my eyes, I see a strange face.

"You're a beggar, aren't you?"

It's a beggar. It's an open beggar. The knot on the waistline is only one thing. In good words, it is the terminal beggar who is now open to the public, and in bad words, it is the upper beggar among the beggars.

A beggar with a grumpy face was looking at Chung-Myung.

"What the hell?"

I don't understand the situation.

Chung-Myung tilted his head and glanced at the beggar. The beggar's face starts to turn into irritation after seeing the reaction. It looks really mean.

"Heavenly Demon is freezing to death! This son of a b\*tc\* is very sleep talking. f\*ck you, motherf\*cker! Everyone else went begging, but why are you sleeping like that? Didn't I tell you I'd give you a hard time if I showed you one more slack? Is this speaker funny?"

The beggar spun the baton in his hand.

Wait a minute.

'I mean, that's..... are you threatening me?'

"Huh?"

A laugh burst out of my mouth.

I don't understand the situation, but it doesn't have to be interpreted according to the situation. Who is Chung-Myung?

Among the many and many inspections in the world, Chung-Myung is one of the top three. The world praised his sword as the essence of Hawasan's martial arts and praised it as a high epithet of plum blossom inspection.

In addition, the horse is no match for him, two of the three other prosecutors. Didn't even the Heavenly Demon acknowledge his sword as the best in the world at the last moment?

Even if an open ark comes, he won't be able to raise his head firmly in front of him.

But a threat?

At risk, fish, fish?

"Huh? Huh? Did you just laugh?"

A beggar looks at him with dumbfounded eyes.

"Hey, speaker."

"Hey?"

"I don't think I understand what's going on, but I'll put it down."

"Hahahaha. Hahahaha."

The beggar began to laugh as if he were absolutely dumbfounded. Chung-Myung also frowned at the sight.

How dare you react like that in front of yourself.

At that moment, the beggar suddenly hit Chung-Myung on the head with a battagubong.

Huh.

That's absurd.

How dare you do this to me, knowing who I am? I think we need to fix this beggar's habit today.

First of all, stop this slow club!

Chung-Myung lifted his right arm slowly. For now, grab that club and make the gap in skills.....

...Huh?

What?

"Slow?"

Why are my arms so slow?

The club is flying, but Chung-Myung's hands have yet to reach the club.

No, I'm sure you should be holding that club the moment you make up your mind. Oh, is the injury not better yet?

Then do your best.....

Huh? What's this?

Chung-Myung's eyes were wide open.

A club is seen flying toward his head in the middle of the view. And a small hand appeared at the end of the vision. A small hand moving toward the club at a slow pace.

It's so small and.....

Is it short?

What?

This can't be short. If it's short, you can't stop it.....

The beggar-wielding club touched Chung-Myung's arm and settled on the top of his head.

Cooooooooooooooooong!

I hear thunder in my head.

Down.

Chung-Myung's body, shocked by the collapse of the world, neatly fell back.

Flinch. Flinch.

Chung-Myung's body cramps on the floor.

Miscellaneous thoughts such as how the situation goes and how to deal with it disappear neatly from my head. All that remained was the pain of heaven and earth opening.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Chung-Myung rolled around with his head in his hand.

It didn't hurt like this when my arm was ripped off by Heavenly Demon!

"You son of a b\*tc\*!"

The beggar, who hit Chung-Myung on the head, now spat on his hand and started beating him in earnest.

“Find out what’s going on, figure it out? I’ll make sure you know the situation today! If he’s gonna go crazy, he’s gonna go crazy! Did you get hot? Falcon is the best medicine in the heat, man!”

The club flamboyantly slaps Chung-Myung’s body.

“Argh! Argh! Argh! Are you crazy? Can’t quit right now……. Argh!”

“Die, die!”

“Oh, it hurts! Argh!”

Chung-Myung’s cry began to change little by little due to the hectic beating.

Poof! Poof! Poof!

“You poor thing! I’m going to kill you! I’m going to open a murder today…….”

“Open up! Please open up, man!”

“Argh! Argh! Why can’t I block it? Argh!”

Poof! Poof! Poof! Poof!”Well… moderately……. No, no! Argh!”

There is no hesitation in the chorus.

“…….Save me…….”

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

“Sa, save me. Oh, oh, oh, oh, my God!”

It was Chung-Myung, who was beaten like a dog from the start, as if to suggest that the new life ahead would never be smooth.

\* \* \*

“…….Oh, it hurts my pride.”

Chung-Myung grabbed and pulled out the cloth that he had stuck in his nose.

“Ouch, aya.”

I feel a sour pain in my nose. Chung-Myung's face was stained with a sense of emptiness as soon as he saw the dirty cloth.

What do you mean nosebleed?

It's not even a nosebleed that's bleeding back from internal injuries, it's a nosebleed that's being beaten up!

Does this make any sense?

It wasn't just nosebleeds. There's not a single place in the whole body.

Not to mention the black, blue, bruised eyelids, it felt like there was no intact bone. Have you ever been beaten to the point of rusting like this?

I've never been hit like this even though I've been through all kinds of accidents in Hawaii, which boasts strict discipline, and I never thought I'd get that first experience through a street beggar.

"You're going to screw up....."

The touch of a beggar wielding a baton smelled like an expert. The beating, which left no part of the body behind, was almost an art form.

If it weren't for you, you'd clap for me.....

"You open-minded bastards. I'll dry the seeds."

It is simply outrageous now.

Chung-Myung, who could not overcome rising fever and irritation, lay down and struggled. But it's just my body that's in pain.

"No, more than that....."

Chung-Myung jumped up and approached the stream. And he peered his head forward.

I can see a young face that I've never seen before. When Chung-Myung distorted his face, the young man distorted his face, and when Chung-Myung sighed, the young man sighed.

".....what's going on here?"

Why do you see a young man's face in the water?

No, it's not. It sounds good. It is understandable that the face has changed. Anyway, isn't the younger the better? Too young to be young, but younger than older.

Moreover, no matter how much I think about it, this face is more handsome than Chung-Myung's. So it doesn't have much to complain about.

The part of the complaint is that the body has become younger together.

It's short.

His arms and legs are shorter than his original. This is not because the body shape is short by birth, but because it is the body of a child who has not yet grown.

In addition, growing up, the momttungeori pijukto not only not spoken, a bony skeleton. I'm still weak and hungry, so it's hard to raise a hand.

Oh, that's right.

Anyway!

"So..."

in conclusion

"It means I'm alive."

I may not be appropriate to say. No matter how much you look at him, he's not Chung-Myung. The old man, who was close to eighty, became a child's body.

The plum blossom inspection Chung-Myung is not alive, but the plum blossom inspection Chung-Myung entered the body of a beggar child. It's also with a whole memory.

"The ghost must be in a stately."

Is this what Buddhism calls reincarnation?

If I had known this, I wouldn't have joined Hawasan, I'd have joined Sorim.

Chung-Myung, who tried hard to ignore the sudden deepening anxiety, raised his hand and scratched his head.

"Ouch!"

My whole body throbbed as I moved my hands violently. The more I think about it, the more I get angry."It won't make a difference if you make a fuss about it."



It's not a dream, it's not an illusion.

I've suspected Heavenly Demon to have done the trick, but if he could do this vivid trick, Heavenly Demon would have already ruled the world.

I don't know how, but I have to admit that all this is real anyway.

Then, it is very clear what Chung-Myung should do from now on.

".....I need to figure out what the hell is going on."

Chung-Myung, who jumped out of his seat, started running again toward the beggar's den. No, I was going to run.

"Oops."

Couldn't take a few steps back and sank back into the seat.

"You hit me like a sore thumb, you beggar."

Chung-Myung's eyes began to burn.

"No matter what the circumstances are, I'm bound to be open."

Death and survival did not mean that the dirty personality would go anywhere.

He soon got back on his feet and waddled and walked to the den.