

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 16

“Whoosh!”

Ungum’s eyes were blank looking at Chung-Myung.

“You’re just a normal kid, aren’t you?”

But this is never a normal kid.

Are you sure you’re okay?’

The thick coat is completely soaked in sweat. Sweat drops drop down along the sleeves even though I’m just standing still.

The face, flushed with blood, was about to burst, and the legs standing trembled to see how exhausted it was. Even his lips were trembling.

“Oh, will you sit down?”

Ungum, who considers manners and norms as his life, unwittingly recommended Chung-Myung to sit down.

This can’t be helped.

It’s the same reason that everyone wants to reach out when they see a puppy in the rain. I’m sure Chung-Myung looks a lot worse off now than a wet puppy.

“Oh, it’s okay. More water than that.....”

“Someone go get some water! Now!”

“Yes!”

One of the children, who was slowly reading the room, runs to get some water.

“Yes, the.....”

But the fortune-teller shut his mouth again.

What should I ask you?’

I sang it, but I don’t know where to start. It’s the first time I’ve had such a ridiculous situation.

“What the hell is going on here?”

So I had no choice but to ask the obvious.

Chung-Myung, who was asked by the Ungum, looked around and opened his mouth calmly.

“It’s not a big deal.”

“.....What?”

“From today, we were all going to do early morning exercises together, but I think I worked out a little too much without thinking about the first day. It must have happened because everyone was motivated.”

Are you full of motivation?

The Ungum glances at the children behind Chung-Myung. The children were shaking their hands desperately with their mouths shut.

However, Chung-Myung turns his head back and the hands of the children quickly fall.

“Look at this.”

It is absolutely absurd. I don’t know what the hell’s going on, but one thing is for sure. All three great disciples were intimidated by this one child.

A fortune teller is not a tactless man. It’s been almost a decade since I’ve only been with children. Now, just by looking at the children’s eyes rolling, most of the time we find out how the situation is going.

No, it’s weird that you don’t notice it when you see it even if you don’t reach that far.

“Hwasan’s disciples.....’

You’re scared of a new guy?

The sword’s head was slightly tilted sideways.

‘No, I don’t’

Come to think of it, these children’s skills are by no means low. Most uncrowned children of the same age won’t even look up in front of him.

Even if it rots, it’s still wasan.

So, those kids aren’t pathetic, this guy is weird.

“Did you say dawn exercise?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Hey.”

The Ungum said firmly.

“There is a rule of white plumage. Who told you to cut down on your bedtime and train?”

There was no change in Chung-Myung’s face even though he slightly mixed old age. She still keeps her calm and opens her mouth as if it is no big deal.

“Then I won’t do it.”

“.....Huh?”

“I thought training would help. But since you said no, I won’t.”

“.....”

Uh, this isn’t it.

The Woonggeom was a little embarrassed. This is not the reaction he hoped for.

“Su, you thought training would help?”

“Yes.”

“Why did you think so?” Chung-Myung’s eyes are young in bewilderment.

“That doesn’t help?”

“.....”

“.....”

A little awkward air passed between the two.

‘Yes.’

The Ungum, who made a deep groaning sound, warmed his mouth. Chung-Myung opened his mouth first as if he knew all the feelings of such a fortune-telling.

“I thought it would be enough for the Sasukjo to teach me, but I thought the disciples had their own way of trying. All martial arts come from the body, so I thought that if I could train the body, it could help the sword.”

That’s the right thing to say.

It was an opinion that had no place to point out.

“You’re right.”

The fortune-teller also readily acknowledged the fact.

“One, can you say that the training caused by coercion is right?”

“Pressure?”

Chung-Myung glances back and laughs.

“Hey, hoarder. Who am I to be so hard on the death penalty. When I said I would train, I just followed the death penalty because I wanted to join.”

That’s nonsense.

It was an obvious lie.

But in order to question this lie, you have to say, “Didn’t you bring the death penalty out of fear?”

By the way...

I can’t say that.’

This is the sound of dying altogether.

The three great disciples become idiots who were beaten and dragged out yesterday because they could not handle a new recruit, and the fortune-teller becomes a figurehead who teaches the idiot.

And doesn’t Chung-Myung beat up the death penalty and become a cowardly villain when he’s the youngest?

If you say that, everyone will be ruined.

“He.....”

Just as Ungum was about to find something to say, Chung-Myung quickly opened his mouth.

“As long as it doesn’t affect other training, it can be a good training method. The results will come out in at least a month.”

“Whoa?”

Though he talks about training with his mouth, his hidden intentions were slightly different.

A month

It means leave it alone for about a month. In other words, it can produce solid results.

“Look at this guy.”

It doesn’t sound like a young man’s horse. Isn’t an old-fashioned Kang Ho-in using a speech that hides his meaning in words?

The rhyme struck a hint.

“A month, maybe. But the training itself doesn’t seem that simple, so can children train for a month?”

“The will of the death penalty is so high that I want to emulate it. No one complained even though it was a hard training session.”

I tried rolling it once, but there was no one who could open his mouth. It means don’t worry because it’s been made so hard to talk about it off.

“No, where did this guy crawl in from?”

While the sword cannot hide its absurdity, Chung-Myung turns around and smiles at the three great disciples.

“Isn’t that so? Death penalty?”

“.....he, of course.”

“I can do my best. Hard.”

“.....I worked hard today as well.”

Chung-Myung turns around again.

“How can the will of the death penalty be so high that the results of the training are not good?”

The faces of the kids in the back are going to rotting.

I was speechless because I was amazed. But in the meantime, the Ungum’s head began to spin fast.

So Chung-Myung’s words mean that although a day has passed, he has already taken full control of the three great disciples, and that he will use his grip to train them without wasting it.

And if he had a different mind, it meant he’d have to wait and see for a month or so and it’d be over.’Come on.’

The more I hear it, the more absurd it is. Suddenly, where did this monstrous creature roll in and subdue the children?

But...

It’s not a bad story for me.’

The biggest problem he has as a white plum is that it is difficult to secure training time.

Hwasan is always understaffed.

Originally, the White House was not a place he could handle alone. At least ten instructors were needed. But now there are only three people who are committed to helping him.

As a result, the day went by just cleaning up the children, and his growth as an unmanned man was stagnant. It was self-evident that this would be a great help to him if he could take control of the children.

“One more question.”

“Yes.”

“It won’t be easy for you either, but why do you train from dawn?”

Chung-Myung tilts his head.

“I don’t understand what you mean, Sasukjo.”

“Hmm?”

There's no way this kid suddenly doesn't understand.

"To enter Hwasan means to learn the sword, and to learn the sword means to be strong. It is natural to train to be strong. It is the natural duty of the disciple who has been blessed by Hwasan to carve out the sword, and furthermore to spread the name of Hwasan."

"Well, yes."

"Of course, the teaching given by the Sasookjo will be strong enough, but I think we can speed it up if efforts are added. Wouldn't it be natural to save your sleeping time to try hard enough?"

".....right."

I was asking what more reasons are needed for the training process.

'I wondered what kind of wind Jang Moon-in, who said he would no longer accept his students, was newly introduced to the school.'

Wouldn't a man like this be worth raising?

I haven't confirmed my talent yet, but a man who is this motivated will be able to perform well even if he doesn't have talent. And even if you don't become a master, it's good to have a good influence on other children.

".....you seem to be having a hard time with your training."

"It's because it's my first day."

"You look tired, though."

"The more you roll, the harder you become."

The corners of the mouth of the sword trembled.

'This is an item.'

Doesn't it fit perfectly with the theory of the rhyme? I think it's okay to push him for a while if he has this kind of theory. Anyway, it was the same in the past that there was a hierarchy between children that was unrelated to distribution.

"What's important about dealing with the death penalty?"

"Polite, I will obey your words like heaven."

This means that he will maintain his hierarchy by respecting his superiors without looking down on them too much. I like each answer.

The Ungum nodded loudly and looked around. Children who do not understand how the situation is looking at the Ungum with trembling eyes.

“Hmmm.”

The fortune-teller, who blew up his embarrassment with a cough, slightly avoided his eyes and opened his mouth.

“It was very touching that you guys were ‘voluntarily’ training from dawn.”

“Household! Household!”

“Gwanju!”

There was a shout of embarrassment and consternation, but the Ungum tried to ignore the voice.

“If we continue to train steadily, we will be able to achieve good results. I think this kid knows how to train, so try your best.”

I’m screwed.

‘Wow, this is how you throw it away.’

‘Look at him avoiding his gaze.’

There was despair on the faces of the disciples who recognized the thoughts of the Ungum.

“Then make sure you don’t be late and come out to the morning training. Then I’ll leave you alone. The sword stopped while trying to turn around.

“Oh, by the way!”

Of course!

Still, you can’t just abandon a person when he’s giving you a white plum....

“You don’t have to say hello in the morning anymore because it will disturb your training. Training comes first. Oh, sure.”

The sword smiles and plans, and turns away.

The disciples reached out without realizing it, but the fortune-telling disappeared in vain like a mirage that could not be caught.

“.....”

It makes a noise.

At that moment, the screech of the neck rings.

It's Chung-Myung. He turned slowly. And he smiled.

Obviously, the blood on his forehead only makes the meaning of the smile unclear.

“Sasukjo, save me, please?”

“.....”

“And the death penalty, I'm not saying I'm going to kill them. Let's go inside before we eat. There's something I need to tell you in the white house.”

“.....”

“Come on.”

“...yes.”

It was a moment when dreams and hopes disappeared in Hawasan.

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“Did he say that?”

“Yes, death penalty.”

Unam's face was grotesquely distorted. The Ungum tilted its head at Unam's unexpected response.

“Didn't you know?”

“I don't know?”

“.....Huh. I thought the writer intentionally let the child in. Otherwise.”

“It's not a situation where we can afford to find the article. It's a kid who walked in on his own feet.”

“Because the long man said he was newly introduced.....”

The fortune-teller clouded the end of his words.

It is a child accepted by a long writer who said he would no longer accept his disciples. So I thought there must be a story. Isn't that why you're trying to do that even though there's such a storm?

But Unam really doesn't seem to know.

“If there's anything that only you know.....?”

“No, it's really a child who came on his own.”

“.....it's an article.”

Unam held the charges.

The more I think about it, the more bizarre it is.'

The child, who suddenly came all the way here, suddenly said he wanted to be a disciple of Hwasan, and is doing something less than a day later.

'That's too much to think about.'

I wondered if it was a ganja sent by the other Moon faction to ruin Hwasan, but it was too much.

First, Hwasan was no longer a civil servant worth anyone's effort to spoil, and secondly, even if he had that intention, it was almost impossible for that little child to have that ability.

If you're a child with that ability, it's better to raise him with all your heart and soul than to send him to Ganza to rot.

“If I do, wouldn't it be better to stop her now?”

“Let's leave it at that.”

“One, death penalty.”

“You didn't stop him because he had his own expectations.”

Instead of answering, the Ungum lowered his head slightly.

"I know your hard work. It's a natural duty as a ship to lead the disciples, but I also know that you're the only one who"

"That's not true. Capital punishment. I'm just....."

"It's all right."

Unam laughed softly.

"Everyone's having a hard time. I don't know what he's thinking, but you don't have to stop it if it helps you and Hawasan."

Ungum looked up and looked at Unam.

"I don't know exactly yet. The child...."

"Lucky sword."

"Yes, death penalty."

"The child is now a disciple of Hawasan."

The eyes of the sword shook slightly.

"Why don't I know that I'm a little more attached to the first child? However, even if he came later, he is a child of Hawasan who must be taken care of together as long as he has decided to write an enemy in Hawasan."

".....I was foolish."

The sword bowed its head slightly.

"If it's too much, you stop it. Don't you know more about the white plum than I do or the long man?"

"Yes, death penalty."

The crybaby rose from his seat.

"Then I'll be on my way."

"Go ahead."

When Un-gum left, Un-am poured tea into the teacup.

You're a weird kid.'

There's definitely an extraordinary.

He can't hide his presence for a day, so he must bring about drastic changes. Whether the change will be Hawasan's blessing or painting was unknown to Unam now.

Just one thing.

Change is needed.'

Now there needs to be a new wind in Hawaii. Floating in the open sea with no wind will only dry you to death or starve you to death. Even if you don't know where you're going, you have to sail for now. Even if the end of the voyage is an uninhabited island, it would be better than dying in the open sea.

Unam slowly took the car to his mouth.

He hoped that Chung-Myung's presence would be the wind that would move Hwasan.

Of course, it remains to be seen whether he will be so nonchalant even when he knows that the wind blowing is a typhoon.

* * *

"I feel like I'm going to die."

".....I'm already dead."

A wailing came from all over the place. Now, of course, those who speak of death were the three great disciples of Hawasan.

What, is this some kind of torture?'

I know it's an exercise to build muscle strength. And it's not like I've been neglecting weight training just because I'm a Hawaiian. Muscle training is not neglected, even in the sound of the foundation of all central martial arts.

But there's a degree to that.'

Yoon-jong lowered his head and looked at the table.

Stir-fried vegetables came out as a side dish, but my hands were shaking so much that I couldn't eat them properly, so there was stir-fried vegetables all over the table.

"Um... I can't even eat properly."

"I have to train my sword in the afternoon, and I'm afraid I'll miss it. It's a real sword, so if you swing it and miss it, isn't it going to be a hole in the back?"

"...fortunately, I don't think I can swing it with that much power."

"Is that a relief?"

Yoon-jong sighed.

'Tell me in front of you. In front of you.'

If you have any complaints, why don't you go ahead and argue? What's the difference between what you say behind the scenes?

"There's nothing I can do."

"Metabolism!"

There was a sound of Bolmen coming from all over the place. But Yoon-Jong just silently picked up the stir-fried vegetables.

What more can he do now that even the fortune-teller has sided with Chung-Myung?

"But if the death penalty doesn't speak to me at times like this....."

"Isn't that the position of ambassador?"

As soon as Yoon-Jong sighed and tried to speak, someone's shrill voice was heard.

"That's a hell of a lot to talk about."

The eyes of the three great disciples who were filling the restaurant go back to one place in unison.

"Jo-Gol?"

There was a moment of silence. Jo-Gol, who was eating quietly in the corner, checked the gaze gathered at him and opened his mouth in a sharp voice.

"Is he your errand boy? There's no one hiding to talk to. If you have something to say, go and say it yourself."

".....no, we....."

"If you're not going to be able to argue in person, just be quiet and eat. If you don't eat, you won't be able to last in the afternoon."

No one could open their mouth when Jo-Gol went this far.

Yoon-jong's eyes caught my eye looking at Jo-Gol.

That's weird.

If he knows Jo-Gol, he should now speak louder than anyone else about Chung-Myung. Aren't you the most vocal and strongest of the three greatest disciples in the first place?

When Jo-Gol secretly sided with Chung-Myung, it became difficult for everyone to open their mouths.

Like this.

Jo-Gol, who put down his chopsticks, gets up and approaches Yoon-Jong.

"Metabolism."

"Hmm?"

"Can I see you for a moment?"

".....let's do it."

Yoon-jong also left his chopsticks and stood up.

The remaining disciples tilted their heads as they looked at the two people leaving the restaurant.

"I don't know if I'm looking at something wrong....."

When he came out to the deserted place, Yoon-jong opened his mouth first.

"You look quite refreshed, don't you think?"

Jo-Gol raised his hand and rubbed his face.

"Do you see that?"

"You're not good at hiding facial expressions." "I didn't know that."

Jo-Gol smiled awkwardly.

"How could you roll and still laugh?"

".....the death penalty."

“Huh?”

“What do you think of the death penalty?”

Yoon-jong shut up. It was too serious a question to answer casually.

“That’s a tough question.”

“I’m going to go back to my parents’ house. But isn’t the death penalty willing to bury bones in Hawasan?”

“Right.”

Yoon-jong nodded still.

He’s already the one who’s supposed to be called. The other three disciples have yet to make a choice, but he will be the disciple of Jinsan under the auspices of Hwasan and share his fate with him.

“Do you think there’s a future in Hawaii?”

“I’m going to be haunted. It’s not something to say.”

“I thought there wasn’t.”

“.....”

It’s something to blame. But Yoon-Jong couldn’t bring himself to do that. Because his thoughts were not so different from Jo-Gol’s.

“Does that mean you’ve changed your mind now?”

“.....a little bit.”

“Different?”

“I was forced to do it, but I realized it during this training. I’ve never trained to push myself to the limit like this.”

I’m sure he is.

Yoon-jong nodded without realizing it. He’s never done this kind of training either. I always thought I was trying, but I’ve never pushed myself so hard that my hands and feet tremble like now.

“But he’s not exhausted, digesting more than twice the amount of training we do.”

It's not just a ship.

The number of times alone is twice as many times. If you include weight, the strength of the training will be much higher. Yoon-jong was shocked to see Chung-Myung train with a sandbag heavier than his own weight.

"It's possible because you're strong. But he'll never be older than I am. It's not because you're strong, but because you've been, you're strong, right?"

"You're right."

"I thought it was impossible for me to be strong in Wasan. I thought that I could not be a master who commanded the world, even if it was possible to show off my power in moderation."

"Jo-Gol."

"Listen till the end. Death penalty."

"....."

Jo-Gol swallowed a dry saliva and continued.

"But looking at him, I knew I was wrong. To put it bluntly, is there anyone at our age who can deal with him?"

I don't think so.

There will never be.

No matter how hard Yoon-jong was not the best of the three great disciples, he was confident in his skills. There is also confidence that it will not be pushed back too much even if it is attached to the disciples of the Old File Room.

But that monstrous guy flipped over Yoon-jong with one finger and threw Jo-Gol, who was stronger than Yoon-Jong, into the ceiling.

How could there be another monster like that?

"It doesn't matter which martial arts you learn. The important thing is how to learn. I thought the obvious truth was just a nice thing to hear. But looking at him, I can see that's true. Capital punishment. I want to do my best."

".....I feel the same way."

Jo-Gol nodded loudly.

“So the death penalty will comfort the children. Maybe this is an opportunity for our generation to change greatly. Even if it’s a little hard and ugly, we have to follow him now.”

Yoon-jong looked at Jo-Gol with subdued eyes.

Jo-Gol has good skills, but he was able to keep track of the flow because he was the self-restraint of the mall. If he were a merchant, he would be a merchant. If such a person talks like this.....”Let’s do it.”

“The death penalty!”

“You’re right. Jukdo is just the way they never will be resolved. I’m the one who decided to bury the bones in Hawasan. I can do anything to help Hawasan.”

Jo-Gol nodded at Yoon-Jong’s determined words.

“But it’s funny to think about it. Just because of the youngest who came in yesterday.....”

“I’m not usually the youngest.”

“That’s true.”

The two people, who smiled lightly, turned around. I’m done talking. Now it’s a question of how much we can appease our children.

“Walk.”

“Yes, death penalty.”

“Can we really be strong?”

“One thing is for sure.”

“Hmm?”

“If you don’t get stronger, you can train as hard as you can.”

“.....that’s a very comforting thing to say.”

The two exchanged words and went back to the restaurant. And until that moment both didn’t realize they had eyes on them.

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“I’ve got two of them.”

Chung-Myung, who was looking down from the eaves, lay down on the spot. There was a rice ball next to him.

‘Oh, I wasn’t such a benevolent person.’

Now that he’s in the restaurant, the death penalty won’t be able to eat properly because they’re too self-consciousness. At least let me eat comfortably. Wouldn’t that be human nature?

Chung-Myung tapped on the stomach and sighed.

It started out louder than I thought.’

Originally, I was going to die for a while and look around. But they didn’t just pull out the sleeping tiger’s nose hair, they stuffed fire skewers into their mouths.

So it can’t be helped, can it? There are things in the world that you can and can’t stand.

“What’s past is inevitable.”

It was fortunate that Woon-gum was a person who could communicate. I poked him and he understood me and pushed Chung-Myung. Thanks to you, things went easier than I thought.

Of course, we’ve prepared all the ways to deal with the situation when the prosecutor went in a different direction, but it’s true that it’s a little troublesome.

It’s smarter than I thought.’

Smart.

“.....Smart?”

Ungum is obviously a death row for Chung-Myung. But it’s also his great quality. Isn’t it a compliment to use the word intelligent to Sa Sook-jo, but to use the word intelligent to Jeung-jil?

“Yes, it’s complicated.”

I thought I would have to spend more time to organize it would be organized. I feel that his position within Hasan has not yet been clarified.

By the way....

“These two guys are definitely smart.”

Chung-Myung’s eyes turned to Yoon-jong and Jo-Gol entering the restaurant.

When people are gathered this much, there must be people who stand out. In Chung-Myung’s view, those two were the key disciples.

“I’ve got a good idea.”

It is quite admirable, is it not? Normally, this roll is killing me. Sound should not stop at the mouth, but is motivated, not complaining? This is something that even Chung-Myung has to admire.

Especially Jo-Gol.

It was great that the beaten man ruled out grudges and looked at the situation coolly. In the meantime, he is confident that he can become stronger if he follows Chung-Myung. If I have any money left, I want to leave it to him.

“It would be useful to raise them well.”

Chung-Myung smirked and bit the rice ball.

They’re them, but more importantly, Chung-Myung.

First of all, building a body is the first thing.’

The foundation was roughly stacked. There is still a long way to go, but the most dangerous section is over. So now we have to learn martial arts in earnest.

So what do you need most at this point?

It’s a perfect body.

Now that you’ve returned to your young body with all that knowledge, you can be strong with meditation or thesis.

You’re welcome.

“Muhak is honest.”

Theory is theory, reality is reality. No matter how high you know martial arts, you can’t exercise your power if you can’t physique it.

Training and physical conditioning cannot be done with the head. You must learn with your body by sweating.

What you need more than anything else to do that is muscle strength.

Hwasan's Black is swift and flashy?

In other words, Hwasan's sword should be swung in the direction of a hundred arms with only his wrist. The sword is colorful, not the body. How to have strong roots to produce beautiful and colorful plum blossoms. The root of martial arts is the body.

You can't just see what you want to see.'

The public is drawn to Hwasan's splendid sword. But thanks to him, I don't see the colorful plum blossomer wielding a sword to die.

Oh, d*mn it! What's so complicated? Can't we just stab him to death?

Why do you have to twist it three times when you stab it in the face? I'm gonna break my wrist!

The swan's legs, which swim smoothly on the water, flaps desperately. If Hwasan's fancy sword was a swan's body, the body that should swing the sword was a swan's leg.

So you have to be disciplined and disciplined.

Those children will be able to be born as a late-stage index with the strongest body in the world in about three years, even if they digest only the quarter of his training.

By then, Hwasan may not be the most colorful sword-wearing literary group in the world, but rather the powerful literary group that slaps Shaolin's ears.

Chung-Myung smiled and stood up.

The problem isn't the chicks, it's the superiors.'

The problem was that he couldn't roll the upper allocation, although the chicks would soon be able to get organized if he touched them. So I have to make myself strong.....

I sigh when I think of the fortune-telling sword.

It's not a bad quality.'

Looking at the energy emitted from the body, you can feel how hard the Ungum has been trying.

It is never easy for a person who has not been handed down a proper sword to reach that level. It would certainly be a good inspection if you could learn proper swordsmanship before it's too late.

But how can I give you this?'

Chung-Myung scratched his head.

This is embarrassing.

I wish I could throw it, but it would be a disaster. I don't have the confidence to deal with it. So you have to hand it over as naturally as possible so that it doesn't show. This...

"Yes."

Chung-Myung scratched his head.

I don't think I'm particularly smart, but I've been living my life thinking hard, so it was hard to find a solution in this case.

"Shall we go back for now?"

In order to find a solution, it is necessary to grasp the situation accurately for now.

Exactly what the actual martial arts is. And the remaining martial arts must be checked to see if they are being transferred properly.

* * *

Jo-Gol swallowed a dry saliva as he watched Chung-Myung cross-legged in front of his eyes.

'I think I'm wrong about that.'

Being strong? Training?

I like them all. I like them all.

But to do that, you have to keep living with him like this.

"Can you hold on to this?"

The more I think about it, the stronger I feel something is wrong.

"So..."

“Yes.”

“Say without honorifics, death penalty.”

“.....yes.”

“So this is it?”

“Yes.”

“Speak informally.”

“Yes.”

Chung-Myung frowned at Jo-Gol’s writing.

“Is this really all you have?”

“I’m telling you...Yo.”

“Speak informally... no, feel free to do as you please.”

You’ll talk down when you get used to it. That is not what is important now.

Chung-Myung grabbed his head looking at the paper that had not dried up.

“So that’s all the martial arts in the Scary Hall right now?”

Jo-Gol nodded silently.

“Oh, I’m going crazy.”

“.....”Chung-Myung hung down on the chair. Jo-Gol couldn’t even guess why he was like this, as always.

What the hell is wrong with her?’

Suddenly, he asked me to write down all the titles of the secretaries at the Scary Hall, and when I saw the list, I was sniffing.

“That’s it?”

Then repeat the same thing like a parrot.

‘No matter how you look at it, you’re out of your mind.’

That's what private education did. You have to throw away a lot of things to be strong.

But isn't this guy throwing away too much? I think we need to maintain the minimum of humanity.....

"Death penalty."

"Huh?"

"Anything but this? Isn't there a limit to where capital punishment can go?"

"I'm not allowed to read, but it's okay. That's all."

".....no."

Chung-Myung's gaze goes through the list again.

When I was told that I was going to learn the art of Taeulmijae, I guessed the situation to a certain extent. But this is too much, too much.

"No, what placenta is flying away?"

We'll pick out important swordsmanship.

Who can do this without deliberately trying to spoil Hawasan?

"So now the great disciples are learning Taeul-mi sword and Bok-ho Cheongyang sword?"

"That's what I know."

".....I'm so sorry."

Chung-Myung is scratching his head.

This is more serious than I thought.'

This is not enough.

Of course, it is true that people are more important than Muhak. But isn't there a degree to that? The enemy comes running with a well-defined sword, and if you ask them to fight by holding a branch on this side, they will be slapped even before handing it over.

At least it should be done. At least.

However, the Taeil Miri and Bokho Cheongyang swords were below the minimum.

'I wish I had the Seven Swords.'

Hwasan wouldn't be like this. The more I think about it, the more I get angry.

Chung-Myung struggled to calm down the simmering stomach, and suddenly Jo-Gol opened his mouth.

"From what I hear....."

"Huh?"

I didn't even ask, but I'm getting something.

"When the old Magician invaded, the library caught fire."

".....Is the library on fire? Oh, more than that, the Magician invaded?"

Why did the Magyo invade Hwasan? Wasn't Heavenly Demon dead and shattered?

Jo-Gol asked another question before answering.

"Do you know plum screening?"

"I know."

I know very well. Because no one knows me better than me. I know very well.

"Housekeepers say the plum inspection helped kill Heavenly Demon."

".....do you help?"

I cut his throat. What? You're helping?

Chung-Myung의 얼굴이 살짝 달아올랐다. 목숨까지 버리면서 이뤄 낸 업적을 이런 식으로 폄하하다니!

"그런데 뭐. 모를 일이지."

"뭘 몰라, 인마! 매화검존이 Heavenly Demon 목을 뺐는데!"

"Huh? Who said that?"

"Who said that? It's all... .."

What?

Chung-Myung's head slightly turned sideways.

Now, hold on.'

"I can't say for sure that no, because all the people who climbed the mountain died. So no one knows how Heavenly Demon died."

"....."

Yeah, they're all dead. Since Chung-Myung survived and cut off Heavenly Demon's throat.

So no one has seen it....., right, no one has seen it.

Yes, indeed.

Chung-Myung realized.

'No, then.....'

You've knocked down Heavenly Demon, giving up your life for the honor of Hawasan, which means no one recognizes? What kind of dog is this?

"Anyway, that's when Heavenly Demon collapsed in Daesan, and the remaining remnants of the Magical Church went crazy and pushed them down the middle ground. Even though he suffered a lot of damage, he came all the way up to Wasan and started a fire."

"....."

A cold sweat began to flow from Chung-Myung's predecessor.

But Jo-Gol, who did not notice such a change in Chung-Myung, nonchalantly continued.

"He said he didn't know why. I don't think there's a particular grudge in Wasan."

"Uh... well, it's....."

You don't know why. I think I know.

"Huh."

So, if you put this together.

The fact that Hwasan was smashed.

“Is it because of me?”

Yes?

Because of me?

“Hahaha.”

“Why are you laughing all of a sudden?”

“Hahahaha.”

Oh, my life.

Hahaha. Hahaha.

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 19

I had a rough idea of the situation.

The death squad that climbed the mountain was clearly wiped out. However, some of the people who protected Daesan must have survived. Mt. 100,000 is their home.

So it is no wonder that there was someone who saw Chung-Myung slit the throat of Heavenly Demon.

“Oh, my God!”

Chung-Myung threw the paper he held in his hand.

All the people who should be recognized were dead, so I couldn't see a single one, and I saw someone who shouldn't. What kind of dog is this?

Jo-Gol backed down in a pinch.

“Why are you suddenly angry.....”

“Turn it off.”

Chung-Myung rubbed his face.

Take it easy.

It's not something to get angry about Jo-Gol in front of you. You can always get angry later.

"So the Magicians stormed in and wiped out the Hawasan?"

"I don't think the damage was enormous. They've spent a lot of energy coming through the Sichuan stream to the island. But I heard that the hall was burned quite a lot. I heard that martial arts were lost a lot."

Of course, I understand.

Even if it was not properly transmitted, it would not have looked like this if it had only been in a state of emergency. Even if it's hellish to learn martial arts without a teacher, it's a hundred times better than nothing.

If even that rank is lost, it explains why Hawasan collapsed so quickly.

"I can explain....."

Why do you mean it's not cool and it's frustrating when it's clearly explained?

"Okay, I got it."

Chung-Myung rose from a non-chuck position.

"Where are you?"

".....walk—I need to clear my head for a while."

"He'll be here soon to check on you. I don't know if I get in trouble."

"Yes, yes, thank you."

Jo-Gol shook his head as if he didn't understand, looking at Chung-Myung, who was leaving the seat with a squeamish voice.

'He's a weirdo anyway.'

* * *

"Crazy."

There's a thousand dollars in my stomach.

Come on, freeze to death!

You risked your life, or literally took your life, and you cut off Heavenly Demon's head, and the rest of them ate it up and Hawasan went down?

What the hell are all these bullshit results? There is no justice in this world!

The more I thought about it, the more I felt inside out.

"Huh...."

Now it's hard to get angry at these pathetic people. It's all because of Chung-Myung. What would you say?

"No, what kind of loyalty are you, Mein?"

If Heavenly Demon is dead, he'll be crushed in a corner and live a decent life. He's coming to the island to avenge it.

Had Hawasan been attached to the Sichuan area, not to the island, the pillar roots would have been pulled out and left.

"I can't say it's a good thing."

Only the innocent hair was pulled out.

"Sigh."

Still, sitting alone on the eaves and looking at the sky where darkness begins to fall, I feel a little relieved.

'That's the way it is.'

Chung-Myung is really annoyed not because what he did was detrimental to Hasan. The reason he was angry was that all of his future people had to pay for what he had done.

If Chung-Myung had to live and deal with the aftermath of the work, he would have endured it sweetly.

But he died, and didn't the little disciples, who knew nothing, take the heat? Now it was hard to calm down thinking that Hawasan's look was the price.

"Well, what can I do?"

No one could blame Chung-Myung. Although Hawasan was in a bad shape because he killed Heavenly Demon, if he didn't kill Heavenly Demon then the entire midfield would have collapsed as well as Hawasan.

Chung-Myung had no choice. Chung-Myung will cut Heavenly Demon's throat without hesitation, even if he goes back to that time now.

But...

"Strangely uncomfortable."

Chung-Myung sighed deeply.

"Well, what's in the past is inevitably happened. If it's broken, you can stop it for me!"

It doesn't matter if he's responsible. Responsible or not, isn't what he has to do the same anyway? All you have to do is revive Hawasan.

"It doesn't make a difference. As long as the results are good!"

It's enough to bring it back stronger than it was before it failed. It may not be possible for others, but it is possible for Chung-Myung.

It's a bit difficult.

No, it's very difficult.

It may be more difficult in terms of difficulty than cutting off Heavenly Demon's throat, but isn't it important to be able to do it?

I'm in a hurry.'

For those who train, impatience is poison. It is a different matter to move on quickly and to move fast. You have to be more self-reliant and not in a hurry up.

"Come on, make yourself at home."

Let's find out what's broken apart from the fear that's lost. To do that, it's best to ask someone.

"Where's the long man? Get out of here now!"

Okay. First of all, to a long writer.....

No, this isn't what I said.

Chung-Myung opened his eyes wide and turned to where the sound came from.

The main gate?

I could hear a babble at the far-sighted front door.

“At this hour?”

The sun was setting. But visitors at this hour?

No, what did he say before that?

“Come out, the long man!”

Oh, I did. Long.....

“A long man?”

Chung-Myung poked his ear with a blank face.

“What did I just hear?”

Do you have a long story?

“No, which one of the crazies?”

Who dares to barge in at the front door of Hawasan and call out a long man with such insolence? It's inconceivable if it's former Hawaiian.

His fist would've stuck in his mouth before he could even bring up that frivolous word.

But now the guys at the door don't seem to be aware of what they're doing.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

There's a violent knock on the door. At the same time, the door, which had barely maintained its shape, began to rattle as if it were breaking.

“Hey, hey, hey, hey?”

Cooooong!

The front door finally falls back with a loud noise. The door that fell to the floor shattered, smoking dirt everywhere.

Chung-Myung looked at the scene with a blank face.

“Break the door?”

The front gate of Hawasan?

What the hell is going on?

“Let’s go in!”

About a dozen people who broke the door rush inside. Then, he runs straight to the residence of the long-winded man. It didn’t seem like a consistent movement had ever been done once or twice.

The tumult of the boat frightened out.

“Now, hold on!”

“You can’t do this!”

But his opponent was relentless.

“Get out of the way, will you?”

“Tell the long man to come out!”

“Huh, did you just touch your body?”

Chung-Myung’s eyes rolled over.

What’s going on right now?’

I can’t feel any sense of merit from those who broke through the door.

But the boats were struggling as if it was hard to dare stop them. Even every time a big man tapped out his stomach, the boats were pushed as if they had been shot. It’s not that I’m pushed back because I don’t have the strength.

Never! I felt determined not to bump into them no matter what.

“He…….”

Before Chung-Myung could even grasp the situation, those who stormed pushed the Unja ship and reached the front of the long-written man’s residence.

“Long-time man, come out now!”

“Don’t run away and come out!”

“I know you’re in there! I’ll never just go back today, so come out right away.”

Chung-Myung felt his head getting dizzy.

"Is what I'm looking at real life?"

Where is this place?

No matter how bad it is, it's one of the Hawasanites! But the Hawasanites, they're making such a fuss in front of a long-time writer's house.

"Oops!"

Blood spurted up on my forehead. But Chung-Myung can't get rid of his seething anger.

"What is he doing?"

"Huh?"

One of the Unja boats that dissuaded them turned his head violently and looked up at Chung-Myung.

"Get in there now! Why are the three great disciples wandering around this place at this hour?"

".....uh."

Chung-Myung turned his head from side to side.

Come to think of it, no one comes outside except him. Even though there are many people who have heard it since this much fuss broke out.

"Did this happen more often than I thought?"

If there is a disturbance, it is human nature to stick out your head. Nevertheless, the fact that no one is coming out as planned means that there is already a code of conduct for how to deal with such a situation.

There's no way that Chung-Myung, who just joined us.

"What are you doing?"

But even so, I'm not the one who's gonna do anything about them, you bastards!

"Long-time man, come out now!"

"I'm never going to leave like this today! It's no use hiding out there. Get out of here!"

"You don't know the numbers!"

Regardless of whether the Unja ship persecuted Chung-Myung or not, those who flocked to the front of the residence screamed and did not stop waiting.

Chung-Myung's neck is stiffening.

It was that moment.

Squeak.

The door opens with a slightly harsh noise. And Hyun Jong, a long writer of Hawaiian, walked out slowly.

When he came out, the boats that dissuaded the crowd paid tribute in unison. The long writer shook his hand slightly, bit them, and opened his mouth.

"Are these late hours of your life?"

Let's see.

Chung-Myung was amazed even though blood was rushing to his head.

Even if it's Hu, he's also lived many years. A low distribution and a late birth date do not mean a person's dignity is diminished.

Each movement and tone seems to flow out of the air. Thanks to this, Chung-Myung also feels a little less excited.

It's...

"What are you talking about when you know it!"

"Come down for now! Now!"

"Why are you pretending to be so relaxed?"

Yes, you're pretending to be relaxed.....

Oh, no, this isn't it!

Hyun Jong comes down with his face slightly hardened. Then he sighed low.

"I don't run away, I don't hide. Where do you mean I'm going if I leave Hawaii? So let's all calm down....."

"Calm down your anger!"

Chung-Myung's eyes popped out.

Even though Hyun Jong was saying something with good spirit, those crazy people were not even listening.

The weird thing is, though, that Hyun Jong can't say anything and is flustered. What did you do wrong? It's like...

'Huh?'

A word came to Chung-Myung's mind.

"Long man!"

A person who seemed to be the representative of the party pointed a finger and shouted.

"We've waited long enough! I can't wait any longer!"

"....."

Sun-gi disappears from Hyun Jong's face.

'Well, that's....'

Are you sure?

"When are you going to pay me back? It's long overdue! We can't stand it anymore!"

Chung-Myung looked at Hyun Jong with blank eyes.

Hyun Jong, who has changed from a good-natured doin to a debtor, opens his mouth in a vague manner.

"Shi, if you give me a little more time....."

Chung-Myung grabbed the back of his neck and leaned his head back.

'Kkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk.'

Are you in debt?

All you have left is a collapsing warlord, and you owe it to Munpa?

'Really.'

Tears formed around Chung-Myung's eyes. The sky became cloudy.

'You've got to have it's got to be. You crazy people.'

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 20

"How much longer do you intend to take?"

"There's a degree to which a man is brazen!"

"I've let you off the hook!"

Hyun Jong's face is full of water.

"I know, but....."

Then, the man behind the party walked quietly forward. As he stepped forward, others shut their mouths at once and stepped back from side to side.

Is he the boss?'

Chung-Myung glowed at the person who came forward.

It is a typical merchant's appearance. A slightly chubby face and clothes decorated with expensive silk.

'You look rich.'

The person who came forward opened his mouth. Chung-Myung still listened.

"Have you been at peace?"

"I didn't expect the princess to come in person."

A man called Gongruju smiled softly.

"I don't feel good to see a man of letters again for this matter. Please understand that this person tried not to climb Hawasan again if he could, but there were so many people rushing him that he couldn't do anything about it."

"I'm sorry."

Hyun Jong lowered his head lightly.

Then the princess opened her mouth with a slightly different voice than before.

“One long man. You have to understand other people’s feelings. The contract date has already passed a long time.”

“Hmm.”

The princess reclines her shoulders slightly. In Chung-Myung’s eyes, the gesture couldn’t seem so arrogant.

“We’ve already let him off the hook several times. Nevertheless, if you keep breaking your promise like this, I can’t let you off the hook any longer.”

Hyun Jong couldn’t say anything.

On the surface, it was a peaceful face, but Chung-Myung’s eyes showed Hyun Jong’s face wriggling subtly.

Of course it will.

As a long-time writer of Hawasan, none of the long-term writers have ever experienced the experience of suffering from debtors in front of civil servants.

“If it’s up to the contract, I’ll have to get paid for breaking the contract right now.”

The princess shook her head with a smile.

“We have also lived under the grace of Hawasan. I don’t want to be so harsh.”

“Princess!”

“We’ve already…….”

“Huh.”

Other merchants around him protested, but when the princess opened her mouth, she shut up as if she had planned. Then I sneak up on him.

“If you don’t know grace, you’re nothing more than an animal. Don’t just think of the grace you’ve given. Anyone who lives in harmony grew up with the grace of Hawasan. Don’t forget the work of your predecessor.”

“Hmm.”

“That’s right.”

Gong Lu-ju smiles broadly and opens her mouth to see if everyone understood.

“So I’d like to give you a little more consideration. I’ll give you seven days and seven nights from now on. If you don’t pay back the money you borrowed for seven weeks and nights, I’ll take the price as per the initial contract.”

“Go, princess, wait a minute.....”

“The Long Man.”

The princess shakes her head still.

“No more. My body that moves money. This alone is as convenient as possible. If the payment is not ready when I return seven weeks and seven nights later, I will confiscate all of Hawasan’s cabinet as promised.”

“Gasp!”

The princess turned her head to the sound that popped out of nowhere. Chung-Myung, who is covering his mouth in his sight, comes in.

“You looked ugly in front of the child.”

The princess reaches out her hand and wins the lottery.

“That’s all for today. Jang Moon-in. I hope we can see each other smiling next time. Of course.”As the princess turned around, the merchants who had followed her turned around together. Nevertheless, he did not forget to turn his head and stare at Hyun Jong.

Hyun Jong raises his head and opens his mouth as he sees them exit the prose with a dignified air.

“.....Huh.”

It’s a bit empty and a bit tired.

So it was a sigh that sounded heavier.

* * *

“So.”

Chung-Myung was resting his chin, with his legs crossed.

“A merchant of harmony?”

“I’m telling you.”

“Turn it off.”

Chung-Myung’s head is rattling back and forth. Do In-myeong slipped back when he saw it.

I don’t know what else he’s gonna do. I’m going to avoid it.

The reason why he is explaining this in front of Chung-Myung is very simple.

Returning to the White House with great momentum, he called in all the children of the mall and selected those who knew the condition of Hawasan. And finally, it is Do In-myeong who meets his standards.

Thanks to this, Do In-myeong explains to Chung-Myung what he knows and doesn’t know.

“Isn’t harmony the name of the town under Hawasan?”

Jo-Gol, who was listening to Do In-myeong together, asked.

“Yes, death penalty. I remember seeing it before when I was peddling with my father.”

“So Hawasan borrowed money from merchants in Chords?”

“I don’t think that’s.....”

Do In-myeong scratched his head.

Although it was Hwasan’s job, the three great disciples couldn’t have known it. At best, I can only guess from what is going on.

“The Gonglujju is the Lujju of Taehwaru, Chords. It’s the biggest base in harmony, and I heard that you’re working on various businesses based on it. He’s the master of harmony.”

“Hmm.”

“So if Hawasan had borrowed money, I would have borrowed it from him.....”

It’s suddenly.

“Huh?”

Jo-Gol turned his head away. And then soon my face turned white.

Chung-Myung’s neck was rattling like a broken wooden doll.

“Father, wake up, priest!”

“Tae, Taehwa-ru.....”

“What’s wrong?”

Jo-Gol freaked out when he saw Chung-Myung, who was mesmerized by shock.

Of course they won’t understand what’s wrong with Chung-Myung.

Wake up.

Chung-Myung, who suddenly jumped up from his seat as if he had returned to life, stared at Do In-myeong with scary eyes.

“Gasp?”

Then, at lightning speed, he rushed to the door and grabbed him by the collar.

“Is it true that he was the rouge of Taehwaru?”

“Well, I’m telling you.”

“The rouge of Taehwaru lends money to Hwasan and tries to confiscate his cabinet?”

“Gee, calm down, priest!”

“Calm down? You want me to calm down now?”

Hey, you bastards! Do I look like I’m gonna calm down?

Chung-Myung untied Do In-myeong’s hand by the collar, scraping his head wildly and tearing it apart.

“What’s wrong with you, priest?”

Chung-Myung couldn’t answer the question at all. The reason is simple.

Because I can’t explain it.

Because!

“Taehwa-ru is Hwasan’s!” Crazy!

Just because you’re a master doesn’t mean you live on grass. Small and medium-sized literary groups may not know how long they will continue with the money they receive

from local visitors, but it is impossible to maintain large literary groups such as Hawasan alone.

In the first place, those who are prosecutors or moussa are only interested in being strong by themselves, because they are not a penny to Moonpa's housekeeping.

It will take a lot of money to feed such insectivores as a group. Because of that, Hawasan had several operations in Chords. One of the sites is Taehwa Roo. But the owner of the taehwa lends money to hwasan in reverse and forfeits hwasan's cabinet with the debt?

It doesn't add up.

Yeah..... if it doesn't add up, it means something's wrong!

".....Jo-Gol's death penalty."

"Huh?"

Chung-Myung beckons in silence. Jo-Gol approached Chung-Myung with curious eyes. When Chung-Myung whispered something only Jo-Gol could hear, Jo-Gol opened his eyes wide and looked at him.

"That?"

"Can you get it?"

Jo-Gol stumbles a little.

"Oh, no. I can get it, but....."

"Then get it."

".....Really?"

"Do I look like I'm joking? Capital punishment?"

"Go, I'll get it."

Jo-Gol exits the room with a slightly nervous face.

What are you trying to do?'

Yoon-jong tilted his head while watching the scene. Jo-Gol's reaction is extraordinary.

But you didn't have to worry so deeply. Because Jo-Gol came back with something even before the strain was over.

He gives Chung-Myung what he has in his hand with a subtle face.

"Cheon?"

No, is it clothing? But why would you do that out of the blue in this situation?

Chung-Myung, who took the clothes that Jo-Gol had handed out, flung off the application he was wearing without hesitation.

"Oh?"

Then he quickly began to wear the clothes Jo-Gol brought.

Black clothing that sticks to your body.....

"What, what are you going to do?"

"I'll ask."

"Huh?"

Chung-Myung replies nonchalantly.

"If you ask your private servants, they won't answer you properly, and they'll tell you to stay out of it."

Of course, dude! Because that's the right thing to say!

"So I'm asking you myself!"

"Now, hold on!"

A cold sweat began to run down Yoon-jong's forehead.

So far, what Chung-Myung has done has happened in Hwasan. Therefore, there was a lot of room for trouble, but somehow it was possible to fix it. But what's about to happen isn't just Hwasan's job.

You have to stop him.'

If you're lucky, you might end up getting information moderately, but.....

That can't be true!

Chung-Myung is, so to speak, a man with no backing up. I can tell from what I've seen so far. He'll definitely cause trouble! You can hang your neck.

And if this guy goes down the mountain and causes an accident, the aftermath will be uncontrollable.

If you can't stop it here, it's Yoon-jong's responsibility. If the adults of Munpa find out what caused the accident, the ambassador, Yoon-jong, will not be safe.

But how do I stop him?

If I could stop you with a few words, I would have done it already.

Yoon-jong opened his mouth in a cold sweat.

"What are you, what are you going to do?"

"I'm asking you in person."

"What if I don't answer?"

"You don't answer?"

Chung-Myung tilts his head.

"That's not usually the case. They're telling me to stop because they're gonna answer."

What do you mean, stop it, you freak!

Yoon-jong racked his brains with all his might.

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

"Huh?"

"Yeah, you're a do-in. You're a student of Hwasan!"

I don't know why, but Chung-Myung seemed to be proud of his pursuit of Do and being a disciple of Hwasan. So what if you stimulate that part well?

"You can't do such a thing! That's why it's no different than the Black Island Bangs!"

Then Chung-Myung nodded deeply.

"That's absolutely true. Doin shouldn't do such a thing."

Surely this one move seemed to work. Yoon-jong's face lit up with a ray of hope."Oh, yeah!"

"But the death penalty! Listen to me!"

"Huh?"

"There's a saying! Don't worry about it. Kill the ministry when you meet the ministry, kill the investigation when you meet the investigation!"

"....."

"I know! To achieve a true sense of course!"

Chung-Myung last covered his face with a black mask in his hand. Then he shouted so proudly.

"Sometimes you have to know how to break the law!"

What are you talking about, you crazy guy?

"I'm coming! To find the true Tao!"

"....."

It was Yoon-jong who deeply realized that stopping Chung-Myung was impossible in the first place.