

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 2

I think you're crazy.'

Gu Chil looked at Chung-Myung with a serious look on his face.

"Did he get knocked out of his mind?"

I did get hit a bit hard.

Wangcho used to beat people a little too hard, but he really beat them up today. If you catch a dog on a dog day, you won't beat it like that.

Didn't those who would have tried to stop Wang Chow somehow not even think about stopping him under the influence of that spirit? So it's normal for a person to be bothered by now.....

"So you're saying I'm a beggar?"

"His body is fine, but his head is gone?"

The beggar is asking if he's a beggar.

Is there another case like this?

Obviously this guy is a little weird today. No, it's very strange.

I thought I would hit the ground running hard one day because I usually had a feeling of being lazy. I was caught because I was especially unlucky today, but it was similar to how I usually goofed around. If it wasn't today, I would have been beaten once.

If you can't eat with your own hands, you'll starve to death or get beaten to death. That's the rule of burrows.

Dogs or people come to their senses for a while after being beaten. That's normal.

But if it doesn't, it's now in front of course.

"I'm really living in a place like this? That can't be true."

".....no snow?"

"Huh?"

"It doesn't seem so hard to figure out what you're wearing."

Chung-Myung lowered his head. I can see the rags by putting all kinds of cloth together. It was a rag that you wouldn't even know it was clothes if it was thrown away.

The average person would nod back at this point, but Chung-Myung didn't know how to give up.

"You don't have a name?"

Gu Chil sighed low.

"Where's the beggar's name? I'll just name it roughly and sing it. You are the first three."

".....it sounds like a beggar's name."

Look, I'm not feeling very well.

"Of all things, beggars. I can't believe this is happening."

"....."

"Around the age of sixteen?"

"How does a beggar know his age?"

"He does, too."

There are more than one or two strange things.

From the way you talk to the way you behave, everything has changed. I can't believe it's a change caused by a severe blow to the head. Besides, aren't you asking me now that you don't know anything?

"Then what year is it now?"

".....I've seen all the beggars who count the days. You want me to be a beggar counting the sun?"

"You look like a real bum."

Gu Chil raised his hand and rubbed his eyelids. Being tired and hungry is always a beggar's life, but at this moment, I feel more tired than usual.

"Then let me ask you a question."

".....you've been asking until now."

“Do you know Heavenly Demon?”

Gu Chil distorted his eyes.

“What happened to Heavenly Demon earlier, and why is Heavenly Demon suddenly looking for it?”

“Answer first.”

“You know, everyone knows Heavenly Demon. It’s a pot that died a hundred years ago.”

“What?”

“Cannabis...”

At that moment Cho Sam rushed to Gu Chil and grabbed him by the collar.

“Heavenly Demon has been dead for a hundred years? A hundred years? Did you say a hundred years? What?”

“.....”

I think it’s really gone.

“I’m telling you.”

“It’s not a falsehood. It’s a lie.”

“What’s the point of lying to you? Good swimmers are no pijuktto. “Chung-Myung, glaring, soon let go of GuChil’s hand by the collar with a look of dismay. Then he suddenly started scratching his head.

‘Certainly crazy.’

That’s all I can think of when I look at that face. It seems to be mesmerized, and it seems to be lost in taste. Gu Chil first learned that a person’s face can express such a variety of “flustered”.

“A hundred years?”

“Do you want me to say it again?”

“.....it’s spinning.”

Chung-Myung looked up with a dejected face.

I thought it would comfort me a little if I could see the blue sky, but all I could see was the ceiling of the black hut. It's as gloomy as Chung-Myung's heart now.

"You mean it's been a hundred years?"

Now it's time to get annoyed, Gu Chil bawls.

"Why do you keep repeating what you said? It's been a hundred years! The Jungwon Forest Club faced Heavenly Demon at the top of Mt. 100,000 and eventually slit their necks." Yes, Daesan Blood Death is about a hundred years ago!"

".....I got it."

That's driving me crazy.

Chung-Myung looked at Gu Chil with a vain face.

I don't know if you don't know anything.'

The guy who threshed Chung-Myung with excitement a little while ago was the one who opened the door. That means that this guy in front of us is also one step open.

Isn't it usually called a hundred thousand degrees of openness?

But opening up is not the greatest thing in the world, and you can't feed and put 100,000 Mundo to sleep. Although it is rumored to be a good idea for the topic of beggar breakwater, there is a limit to funding.

Most of the 100,000 open roads were just beggars like Gu Chil, which is now on the horizon. Opening up gives these beggars the name of "no opening" or "no knotless beggars" and treats them appropriately.

This means that even beggars who roll around in the author are more knowledgeable about Murim's information than most people.

Then, it should be considered to be credible to some extent. There is nothing more to see if you know exactly that the group gathered from each faction at that time was on Daesan Mountain.

"Oh, crazy. A hundred years."

Five times a river and a mountain is a time of change.

Now you have to admit it. That he was reborn by borrowing someone else's body.

But...

Why don't you let me be born right after I die?'

A hundred years later, everyone who knew him would have died. Of course, even if it hadn't been 100 years, most of the people who had known him died in Daesan, but isn't this still different?

No matter how unattended Chung-Myung is, he cannot have shared the relationship only with the same fighters. Among those he knew were merchants and Yangmin. But a hundred years later, there's no chance they're alive.

I feel like I'm alone in the world.

'No matter what happens, it gets tangled up like this. If you do this, then even Hwasan.....'

"Huh? Wait a minute, wasan!"

Chung-Myung suddenly jumped out of his seat and screamed, and Gu Chil closed his eyes as if he had resigned.

Now it's not that surprising.

"Hwasan, what happened to him?"

"What are you talking about?"

"What happened to Hwasan?"

"Hwasan?"

"Yes!"

"What is Hwasan?"

".....Huh?"

Chung-Myung opened his eyes wide.

Don't you know Hwasan? Open beggar?

"Come on, don't mess with me. What's the situation with the Hwasanites?" "Hwasan ㅍ ㅍ?"

Gu Chil tilted his head.

You don't know?

You don't know?

The Hawaiian faction?

"You don't know one of the old file rooms, the Hawasan faction? Hey, this... .."

"Old file room? What are you talking about? There's no Hawaiian blue in the old file room."

".....no?"

"Sorim, shaman, Jongnam, Jeomchang, Gongdong, Cheongseong, ARMY, Haenam, Gonryun. Open. You can open the door like this."

"Hae, Haenam, that island chump came in with the old file room? Oh, no, wait a minute, that's not the point. Has Has Hasan fallen out of Gupa?"

Gu Chil sighed softly.

'Do I have to call a congressman?'

I guess we have to do something about it. It's gone even if it's gone.

"Hwasan, did he miss the old file room? No, let's just say that's possible! But you don't know the Hawasanites? They say rich people can go down for three years! Open beggar doesn't know the Hawasanites?"

If he had the spirit to call the person right in front of him a beggar, he would not starve to death anywhere. Even if I could be beaten to death.

Chung-Myung now jumped on Gu Chil, grabbed him by the shoulder and shook him.

"Does this make sense? Does this make sense?"

Gu Chil's head was stripped of its strength.

"You really don't know, Hwasan? You don't know the Hwasanites? Hwasan ^o — _≡?"

".....Hwasan."

"Yes, wasan!"

Gu Chil tilted his head.

"Come to think of it, I heard there was such a cult on the island."

Chung-Myung's eyes were wide open.

"Yes, on the island, yes island! Hwasan on the island."

"As far as I know, it's ruined."

".....What?"

I'm out of breath.

"I don't know if there was a Hwasan faction in the old file room, but I think I've heard the story that the famous Hwasan faction was ruined by the war. I don't know exactly. If you want to know more, tell your superiors....."

What the hell are you talking about? Is wasan going to fail?

Hwasan 〇 I? Hwasan's screwed up?

"What nonsense is this beggar talking about?"

Gu Chil looked up at the ceiling with slightly dampened eyes.

Even if you tell me everything you know, the only thing that comes back is swearing. That's why you shouldn't collect black-haired animals.

"No, I don't believe it!"

Chung-Myung pushed Gu Chil and jumped to his feet.

"I'm gonna have to check it out myself!"

Gu Chil screamed as he saw Chung-Myung running outside.

"Hey, if you don't do it properly by evening, Wangchow will kill you! Stop wasting your time and get to work!"

But Chung-Myung walked out without even listening to Gu Chil.

".....What's wrong with him today?"

Gu Chil, who couldn't understand Chung-Myung who suddenly changed, tilted his head.

* * *

".....Huh."

Is this the face of a merchant who lost his entire fortune?

Chung-Myung's face, sitting in a corner of the street, was filled with despondency.

At first, the idea was what Ungae would know if he recognized it.

Come to think of it, the power of the literary faction may be tilted because the great disciples and the great disciples of Hwasan were annihilated in the battle, which is now called Daesan Bloodsa.

In the meantime, you could be pushed out of the old file room.

But no matter how many times I think about it, how could Hwasan, who came to the world, become a beggar in just a hundred years?

It sounds like a beggar's door.....

Anyway, this beggar just doesn't know, and others thought they might know Hwasan.

But the result was the same no matter who was asked. You mean the mountain on the island?

– Hwasan ㅁ ㅂ? Is there Mufa in Wasan?

– I've never heard of such a door group.

Who the f*ck is holding a man's sleeve? Do you want to die?

Oh, except for the last one.

I don't know.

No one knows.

“Does this make any sense?”

What kind of literary group is Hwasan?

Although there are numerous checkpoints in the world, there are no more famous checkpoints in the world than Hwasan's. It is a little vague to say that it is the most famous inspection in the world, but no one could disagree that it is one of the three most famous literary groups in the world, along with shaman and Namgung Sega.

But you don't know?

“Huh....”

This was the most positive response.

– Hwasan^ㅁ ㅆ? I think I've heard of it. Isn't that a famous check? Heard you were knocked out by Heavenly Demon? Is it still there?

Is that was a disaster?

“What is this sound of a ghost washing up and forgetting.”

Rather, it would be more realistic that the imperial palace caught fire and the emperor fled in the wind.

I can't believe he's screwed! Hwasan^ㅇ ㅆ!

The last image of the long death penalty glistened in front of me.

Jang Moon-haeng, who was always smiling with a gentle face, was down with a bizarre face that was hard to describe.

Rather, I'm glad I'm alive again.'

If he had survived and heard the wonderful news, he would have vomited blood and died again by now.

“No, no, no!”

Chung-Myung jumped out of his seat.

“I need to see it with my own eyes!”

No matter how low the tide is, it's been around for hundreds of years. I can't believe it until I see it with Chung-Myung's eyes.

“We're going to Hwasan!”

Go, check it out!

Chung-Myung's eyes began to burn.

It was the moment when a huge event began that would cause a flat wind in the calm river.