

## Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 26

The vibrancy was narrower than I thought.

It is only natural to do so. If he had the wealth to make a huge scandal out of a permanent iron, he would have been called the world's foremost.

".....you always whine about having no money. You've been spending money on making this stuff."

There's a deep surge, but what do you say? I can't argue with people who are already dead.

As he mumbled inside, Chung-Myung looked around.

There was a lot of stuff in the rain. What do I need to check first?

"Money!"

Chung-Myung blinks his eyes.

It should be here! The slush funds saved by Jang Moon-hyung! Gold shining brightly! Such wealth as brilliantly shining pottery.....!

"I should have."

Chung-Myung looks around and tilts his head.

What? Why can't I see it?

Chung-Myung opened his eyes wide and looked through the rain. However, no matter how much I wash my eyes and look for it, I can't see anything shiny, let alone wealth.

This can't be happening.

"Oh, no."

No matter how frugal Jang Moon-hyung was, he must have had a lot of money to spend!

It would be common sense to deal with the crisis in Hasan or to set aside a certain amount of wealth to use in an unexpected situation.

"But why don't you have any money?"

A great deal of sadness is coming in.

Ha, you son of a b\*tc\*. Didn't you have any slush funds?

Chung-Myung rubbed his face.

If there was a slush fund hidden by a long writer, it could have been used in many good places.

To revive Hawasan, go to the gill, go to the gillustration.....

"Oh, no, no, no! I'm purely for the revival of Hwasan!"

I think I hear someone kicking their tongue from somewhere.

"Sad."

Chung-Myung, who abandoned his lingering desire, turned his head. In fact, there is something more important than wealth.

"This is it!"

Books lined up on a bookshelf on one side of the non-dong wall.

Chung-Myung swallowed a dry saliva and approached the bookshelf.

"This should be right."

Pick up the book you see in the middle and go through the contents. There was a smile on Chung-Myung's face, who was reading each letter.

"Right!"

It can't be gone!

As expected, the books on display in the first book store were Hawasan's books, arranged one by one by one by the long-time writer. They were supposed to be in the re-election, but they seemed to have been made and collected to organize documents that only long-term writers could know, and to prepare for any possible situations.

There were books of the Chung-Myung era as well as those of its predecessors. With this, I can slap those bastards in the back of their heads.

"They're all dead!"

This alone is worth the trouble of opening the sinus.

And in the second book store.....

“Oh, my God!”

It’s a bad grade!

Chung-Myung almost screamed without realizing it.

There are actual Hwasan’s ranks here…….

“Huh?”

Chung-Myung tilts his head.

“These aren’t real kids.”

Chung-Myung has narrowed his forehead. It’s a bit of a class, but what’s here is a bit different from the martial arts you usually learn. In Hwasan, the ranks of almost dead martial arts are now collected one by one.

“Well.”

Chung-Myung scratched his cheek.

“What a wistful man you are you?”

I decided not to pass it on to future generations, but everyone must be Hwasan’s Muhak. It seems that it was uncomfortable for a long writer to completely scrap and eliminate such martial arts.

In case the loss of martial arts had a negative impact on Hwasan’s future, such martial arts were gathered here. If the first book proves the obligation of a long-term writer to Hwasan, this second book contains the long-term concern and affection of Hwasan.

“……long death sentence.”

Chung-Myung, teary-eyed, skimmed through his nose.

“Don’t worry, I’m sure I’ll get Hwasan back to normal.”

No, I’ll make it more prosperous than it used to be.

Chung-Myung smacked his lips and turned around.

There’s no grade, but it’s fine. After all, the important martial arts convictions are all in Chung-Myung’s head. It’s just annoying to write it down, but it doesn’t have to be a secret. It’s enough to make it up.

And finally.....

There was nothing in the third library.

There is only one rolled scroll in the empty library.

“What’s this?”

Chung-Myung reached out without hesitation and opened the scroll. And then I started to read it all in a minute.

// Modify

A long-written friend.

If someone is reading this, it may mean that the next generation of writers has been decided. Sometimes a line of writing conveys more than a hundred words, so I have to leave my meaning in writing.

The position of Hwasan’s long arm is by no means a position to lead him.

As the latter would already know, those who lead Hwasan are his disciples and children who are growing up in Hwasan. Long writers are just enough to protect and push them to do their best.

Now that you have become a long-time writer of Hwasan, I hope you don’t feel anxious to lead him. Hwasan is just Hwasan. No one can lead, no one can swing.

My wife.

Remember when you’re tired of the difficulties of reality and the heavy burden that weighs on your shoulders.

Hwasan’s spirits do not abate.

Hwasan is just Hwasan. Whether that spirit is declining or flourishing in the world, Hwasan is just Hwasan. As a long writer, what the latter has to protect is the spirit of Hwasan and its period.

So that the good men’s will can continue to the future. And raise our descendants and continue our will so that they will not change forever.

I leave you a heavy burden as a good man and a long-time writer of the previous generation.

Cheon Mun, the great Hawaiian pie in the twenty-day period.

“.....”

Chung-Myung still looked at the writing on the scroll.

I know.

This is not what Jang Moon-Hyung left for Chung-Myung. But it's a coincidence. The person who needs to read this is Chung-Myung, not anyone else.

“What a... nag.”

Chung-Myung sighed and put the scroll in his arms.

Others will have to be returned to Hawasan, but this scroll cannot yield to a long-time writer.

“Well, then...”

Chung-Myung grinned and turned away.

“I've got nothing more than I thought, but I'm sure this is good enough.”

For now, it is important to get the books. With that book, we can take back all the businesses in Hawasan. Then we can get out of debt that is now squeezing Hasan.

So at this point.....

Chung-Myung, who was about to go outside, stopped.

‘Wait a minute.

Something's a little off.

What's wrong with you?’

I can't pinpoint exactly what's strange, but I can't help but feel uncomfortable.

Why do I feel like this?

“Wait a minute.

Third stop?

Chung-Myung's head turned around.

Long death penalty.

So, the twenty-day-old writer of Hawasan, Cheon Mun, is a slightly necrophobic person. Therefore, Cheon Mun's room was always tidy. It's not just the level of clean people. All the furniture and bedding were arranged at angle, and even he couldn't stand himself without symmetry between left and right.

by the way

Two bookshelves full of bookshelves on one side, and one scroll on the other?

"No, no. That can't be true."

I know because I've been through a long death sentence! There can be no such thing for us!

Chung-Myung rushed to the empty library.

There's something!

There must be!

That awkward empty bookcase keeps bothering me. You put up a bookshelf to deliver that letter? The long death penalty Chung-Myung knows is never like that.

It wouldn't have been awkward if it wasn't Chung-Myung who came in here but a long-time writer of the future! But it's none other than Chung-Myung who's here now.

Chung-Myung grabbed the bookshelf. Then, without hesitation, he lifted it to the side and moved on.

'There can be no device out there.'

So there can't be anything behind the bookshelf. That side is covered with permanent iron. But what if it's down there?

Of course, the floor will be covered with a single iron. But?

Chung-Myung, who moved the bookshelf, touched the floor. And soon the quenched begins to attract.

"If it's the long death penalty I know, here it is!"

If there's an awkward place, it's a trap.

Wooooow!

But nothing happened. I wonder if I lack strength, so I pulled something out, but there is no change.

'No?'

It was the moment when I tried to give up because I thought I made a mistake.

Up and down.

".....!"

Here it is!

"Eurachachachachachachachachachachachacha!"

Chung-Myung pulled out his wet power and pulled the floor.

Rattling!

Soon, with a feeling of something falling out, Chung-Myung lost his balance and rolled on the floor.

"Ouch, ouch."

The stars flashed in front of me after hitting the back of my head a few times.

I hope you didn't say anything out loud.'

Instinctively, he turns his head towards the entrance. But there's no sign that the long writer has noticed. Although it is said to lead to a place of residence, it will not be easily recognized because it will be distant and soundproof.

More than that!

Chung-Myung jumped up and ran forward.

Something's definitely open.

Chung-Myung, who ran back to the spot, clenched his fist as he saw a hole in the floor.

"Of course it is!"

What kind of person is he?

"He's a very thorough man."

In case a person who is not a long-time writer opens the door and enters the room, the floor has been made double in case.

If you've been through a lot, you'll never imagine that there's another kind of sinus hidden in the sinus. Even Chung-Myung would have left without knowing what kind of person Jang Moon-sa was.

purple

Light is gushing out of that entrance!

The light!

As if to give Chung-Myung light, a subtle glow pours out.

Chung-Myung pushed himself into the hole exposed to the floor without hesitation. A small entrance that's tight enough even though it's still a small child's body. Passing through the entrance, there was a space so low that it was hard to straighten out.

There is...

Chung-Myung reached out. Then, he carefully covered the kite with difficulty.

"Whoosh, whoosh!"

The sound won't leak anymore, will it?

So...

Chung-Myung opened his eyes wide. Breathing is tight and the heart beats. Blood is rushing to my face and I feel like I'm about to burst.

But what about anything?"Hehehehehehehehehehehehe!"

I'm dying of joy!

Happiness is in front of him.

On one side, neatly stacked gold bars.

And various beams arranged at the other end.

And...

"Is this a gravestone?"



Unidentified jewels, even the rank of rain!

“Hehehehehehehehehehe!”

I keep bursting out laughing. Even though I tried to control myself, a silly smile flowed out of control.

“Hehehehehehehehehehehehehehehehehe!”

Yes, let’s smile! Smile!

“I’m rich now!”

Eventually, the twenty-day long story of Hawasan, Cheon Mun, wanted to avoid it at the expense of a fortune.

It was the moment when the fate of Hawasan passed on to the person who should not enter the most.

## **Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 27**

“Hmm.”

Hyun Jong sighed softly as he looked at the sunlight coming through the window.

For some, that sunshine may be a pleasant start to the day. However, for those who have a hard time living the next day, there is nothing more to blame than that sunshine.

It’s morning again.’

Eventually the day started again.

It’s already been two days. Until the date the princess said, all that remains is oil.

Oil. Just oil.

Hyun Jong closed his eyes.

“Oil.”

Failing to raise a hundred thousand in that short time, Hawasan will be deprived of all warlords and put out on the streets.

There are three things that make people live.

righteousness, and expression, and finally state.

To lose one's place to live means to live no longer.

Of course those who belonged to Hawasan will somehow find another life. But Hawasan will no longer be able to retain the name Hawasan.

Those who have a will and will may remain to carry on the name of Hawasan, but it's just a name. For many years, Hawasan, a prestigious man, was sentenced to death.

If the huge civilization, which had thousands of disciples, is reduced to about a dozen, and if it continues in the form of a home appliance warrior, can we say that it has not been extinct?

Those who have lost their residence have no choice but to disperse. There will be people who follow him for a while, but when they are at a loss for life, they will all find their own way.

That's how....

'No.'

Hyun Jong shook his head violently.

This is not the time to think weakly.'

There is still oil left. If you somehow raise money in it, you can protect Hawasan.

He is a long storyteller of the Grand Hwasan. Never give up until the day Hawasan disappears. Everyone else is entitled to give up, even if they can.

Hyun Jong raised his hand and rubbed his face.

Everyone who had a nail-sized relationship with Hawasan reached out. A book of Hawasan's circumstances is being distributed to the world. Among them, there may be one person who can help Hawasan.

If someone helps one person.....

Hyun Jong laughed unconsciously.

'Helping.'

If I had any intention of helping, I would have already helped. Even when there was nothing left to receive from Hawasan, there was no help.

But who even lends a fortune of 100,000 dollars to the now ruined Hawasan?

It's heavy.

You can't avoid it and you can't ignore it. However, Hyun Jong was overwhelmed by this weight that weighed on him day by day.

The burden of Hwasan's losing touch with his generation was unbearable in his sober mind. I prayed and prayed that tomorrow morning would not come in the ensuing sleepless night.

It was then.

"Long man!"

Hyun Jong hurriedly rearranged the chair.

No matter what his stomach is, he should not show this to his disciples. Even if Hwasan goes under tomorrow, he has to be remembered only for his noble self as a long-time writer.

"What's going on?"

"Well, I think you need to come out for a minute."

"Hmm?"

Hyun Jong tilted his head.

But I'll think for a while. Hyun Jong got up from his seat and went outside. Outside the door, the sword stood with a slightly frozen face. "Fortune?"

Hyun Jong narrowed his forehead.

It's not a cloud rock, it's a cloud sword. Isn't Ungum in charge of the White House now? If Unam came, it means something happened in Hwasan, and if Unam came, it means that there was a problem with the white plum.

But what happens at the White Plum that a long-time writer has to hear in personally.

Is that in the early morning like now?

"What happened?"

"Now, the long-winded man."

The face of the sword is strange. He seemed to be very surprised, very sick of it.

What the hell is going on?

It was very heart-consuming to teach children who did not understand words properly and who were not yet grown up. Being chosen as the right person for such a job tells how calm Ungum is.

But even such a fortune-teller is not keeping his composure at the momentarily.

“I’ll go and tell you the details. Jang Moon In! You have to go in person.”

“.....Get ahead of yourself.”

Hyun Jong followed the fortune-teller without saying a.kabuta.

It is not difficult to ask the circumstances. But it’s not too late to go and listen to it.

“Yes, long-time man!”

The Ungold sword spread the light and advanced. Hyun Jong followed suit without delay.

Where are we going?’

Hyun Jong slightly frowned. It is not the White House where the Ungum is headed. It was Yeonhwabong Peak, which connects to the back of the White Plum Hall.

What about Yeonhwabong?

However, the fortune-teller climbed Yeonhwabong with all his might if he did not intend to answer his questions.

We’ll find out when we get there.’

As I climbed Yeonhwabong halfway along Ungum, I saw the three great disciples sitting here and there on the side of the road.

‘Huh?’

What are those kids doing over there? And why do all the kids look like.....?

Hyun Jong opened his eyes wide.

Children were lying on the left and right sides of Thoreau climbing to Yeonhwabong Peak. Even though a long writer came, he couldn’t even raise his head and gasped.

“What is this?”

The fortune-teller was furious.

“Guys, can’t we have an example right now when the long man is here?”

“Let it go.”

“One, the long man.”

“More than that, what happened to the children?”

“That’s.....”

The sword turned its head away while reading the countenance.

“Chung-Myung! Where is Chung-Myung?”

Chung-Myung? Why does that name come from here?

Hyun Jong looked at the Ungold sword with a face that he couldn’t understand at all. I think Chung-Myung is referring to a new kid who just came into Hawaii, why would he call him?

“Here you are.”

The answer came before the question was answered.

Hyun Jong’s eyes opened when he turned his head to the side where he heard the answer instinctively.

“You, you, why, huh?”

From behind the tree walked Chung-Myung, a grotesque skeleton.

His face was whiter than a blank sheet, and his lips turned bluish. The black shade under the eyes is almost down to the chin.

In short, it is not the appearance of a man.

There seemed nothing strange about falling down and dying right away.

“What the hell happened?”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I’ve over-trained.....”

What the hell are you talking about?

If a man looks like that just because he trained, not a single person would have survived. You have to say something that makes sense.

Then the Woonggeom hurriedly opened his mouth.

“That’s not the point right now.”

Hyun Jong glared at the moment.

Doesn’t it matter?

“What are you talking about?”

I can’t believe you’re talking about this shit!The White House is the future of Hawasan. The three great disciples at the White House are not the only ones who will lead Hawasan in the future. But no one else said that.....

“You have to come here. Chung-Myung found something strange.”

“Strange thing?”

“Oh, come on!”

The attitude of the fortune-teller is so urgent.

‘No.....’

If someone else had shown this attitude, he would have yelled right away, but the person who is fretting in front of Hyun Jong is none other than Ungum. The calmest rhyme in Hawasan runs wild like a foal on its tail.

Hyun-jong eventually followed Chung-Myung and Ungum into the bushes as if possessed.

“What the hell is.....”

Hyun Jong’s words didn’t last much longer.

The ground dug into his sight and the old box beneath it came in. The entrance to the box was half open.

Hyunjong’s eyes are getting bigger.

can see

Something golden was shining inside the half-open box. There is only one metal in the world that emits that golden light.

But it wasn't just gold that caught Hyun Jong's eye. The book lying next to the gold.

The title of the book was even sucking Hyun Jong's soul.

☐ Hwasan Pahwahwahwaeon Business Department ☑

A d\*mn long title and the number attached to it.

"This, this, this.....?"

Hyun Jong couldn't get his act together.

Why do you mean this is coming from here? Why do you even mean it comes with that gold?

It is scary to approach the unbelievable reality. He is afraid that those things will disappear like a mirage if he reaches out for nothing.

"Yi, how did you find this?"

"That kid found it."

"That kid?"

Hyun Jong's head is turning. Chung-Myung looks like a walking corpse.

"Yi, how did you find this?"

Chung-Myung opened his mouth with a half-dead face.

"New, Dawn.....I'm going to the early morning training....."

"What?"

Listening to a mosquito-like voice, Hyun Jong tilts his head. Then the fortune-teller gave me a sneak interpretation.

"I think it means that I climbed Yeonhwabong for training at dawn."

"When did you start doing that at dawn?"

"It's been a while since we started. Since that kid came."

“Huh?”

Ever since that kid came.

How long has that kid been here?

‘Oh, no. This isn’t what’s important right now.’

You can weigh the details later.

“So you were climbing Yeonhwabong for early morning training when you found this?”

“To be exact, I was so tired that I was going to rest inside the bushes, but the seat was strangely hard, so I looked at the floor and something was sticking out. So I dug it just in case.....”

“Oh, my dear.

“By the way... ..the stuff inside is so..... it’s unusual, so I’d rather inform the superiors of the private sector than check it myself.I think it’s right to do it.”

“Tur, take your time. What kind of training are you doing to make a letter of return?”

“Training is..... the root of no man...”....”

“Well, I get it. You’re in love with her for a while! I’ll check it myself.”

Hyun Jong swallowed his dry saliva and approached the chest. Then he put his trembling hand into the chest. His hands touched not the brilliant gold that caught everyone’s attention, but the books next to it.

“Hwasan Pahon Pahon Business Department.”

Taking out each book, Hyun Jong murmurs as if he is out of his mind. A trembling hand told me how turbulent his mind was now.I didn’t even think about opening a book. If you open a book clumsily and this old book crumbles, you won’t be able to close your eyes even if you die.

“The Great Hawaiian Parcelor.”

This was clear from the history of Hawasan. It may not play a substantial role as a book, but it is a book that might be more important for the Hawasan writer.

Hyun Jong’s eyes, where he carefully put down the books he took out, came to the title of the book, which was laid down lightly.



“Chi, chi, chi.....”

His eyes twitch.

“Chi, Chilmae, the black book?”

My whole body is shaking.

“This is where..... This is.....”

“Come on, Long Writers!”

“Growl.”

Hyun Jong’s body, whose consciousness flew white, fell back.

“Long man!”

“Get a hold of yourself! Long story!”

Listening to shouts coming from all over the place, Hyun Jong grinned brightly until the moment he lost his mind.

What comes out of this ark is not just wealth and bookkeeping.

It was hope.

## **Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 28**

“Long man!”

“Jang Moon-in! Open your eyes.”

Hyun Jong was surprised and opened his eyes.

“Dream?”

I just woke up and found my chest still in front of him. Fortunately, it was not a dream.

“Woo, fortune-teller!”

“Yes, long-time man!”

“Call the children. Move that box to the Long Moon House right now! And have your ships guard the perimeter of your residence!”

“Yes, long-time man!”

“No, no, no! I’ll move it myself! Right now!”

Hyun Jong took a deep breath and calmed down.

Nothing is certain yet. In order to accurately understand the situation, we need to call in a financial footnote to see if those items are genuine.

but

It can’t be real!

Why were they buried in Yeonhwabong if they weren’t genuine? With so much wealth.

“No, no, no! No! Still, everything has to be clear.’

There was a cross between hope and anxiety in him. Has his stomach been so agitated in recent decades?

“Fortune!”

“Yes! A long writer.”

“Take your things and go down the mountain!”

“Yes, sir!”

Chung-Myung was seen in Hyunjong’s eyes when he jumped out of his seat.

“Chung-Myung <sup>ㅇ</sup> ㅏ!”

“Yes, a man of long letters.”

“Well done. Let’s talk about the details later!”

“Yes.”

When Chung-Myung stepped back without saying much, Hyun Jong hurriedly lifted the whole box. Then I asked Chung-Myung for the last time.

“Take the children and go to the White House.”

“I will.”

“Sure!”

It was not long before Hyunjong opened his eyes and began to climb down the mountain. The fortune-teller rushed after him. The remaining children at Yeonhwabong stared blankly at the scene.

“What’s going on here?”

“.....I know?”

In the midst of the confused children, Chung-Myung smiled.

‘That’s enough for now.’

The wealth and rank in the ark are only a small part of what was in it.

Why did you give me a portion?

It’s not Hwasan’s, it’s Chung-Myung’s..... No, not that!

You’ll get indigestion if you eat in a hurry.’

If you feed a person who is dying of hunger to nourish him or her, his or her body can’t stand it. As proof of that, isn’t that enough to take the breath of a long writer?

It’s not necessarily good to release a lot.

Now, as Chung-Myung judges, Hwasan is incapable of handling the stuff in his comments. It’s too much to ask a seriously ill patient to run right away. First of all, you have to start over.

Of course, Chung-Myung is a toddler, but from their point of view it’s never a toddler.

Then Yoon-jong approached Chung-Myung and said carefully.

“Priest.”

“Huh?”

“Since the governor told us to go down, shouldn’t we go back to the White House for now?”

Chung-Myung nodded.

“You should.”

“But what’s wrong with you, priest?”

“Well, that’s what happened.”

Chung-Myung shook his hand.

‘You don’t know what I’m talking about.’

Thanks to the use of the congenital stethoscope, my physical condition deteriorated every minute.

I should have used it less.’

It can’t be helped. In the past, a sense of quaint was close to perfection, but now it hasn’t reached that level. And now his body is different from his body in many ways.

Use only the right amount, first drawing out the sensitive energy of the congenital stethoscope with a new body? If that was possible, he would be called an atheist, not a censor.

“You look like you’re about to die.””I won’t die.”

“Really?”

“...want to die?”

Yoon-jong slightly turned away without answering.

What?

Shut up, did you really want me to die? I think it’s weird that he’s peeling his eyes off.

“You’re not dying, so don’t expect it.”

“What kind of expectation did you expect? Hmmm.”

Chung-Myung clicked his tongue.

‘What a month or two.’

Birth control doesn’t recover so easily. Even if you live in Jeongyang carefully, you have to suffer for two months to regain your original body. If not, take your pills.

“But how did you just find it? Seeing that the writer is surprised, it doesn’t seem to be an ordinary product.”

“If you live a good life, heaven will bend over and look after you. So be a good boy.”

“.....”

If Chung-Myung is blessed, others are already on the boat. But no one could bring themselves to say that.

Chung-Myung glanced down and looked at a long man running down Yeonhwabong.

If you've given him this much, he'll take care of himself.'

I'm not a fool.

“Come on, let's go down.”

“You should. But..... where are you going?”

“Why?”

“Don't we have to go this way to get down?”

Yoon-jong pointed down.

“What are you asking me?”

“But why do you go up there?”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk.”

Chung-Myung, who clenched his tongue as if he were pathetic, looked at Yoon-jong and said.

“Death penalty.”

“.....Huh?”

“To be a master, you have to be flexible in thinking. Don't think it's just one way down. It's one of the many ways to get to the top and get down.”

What the hell are you talking about, you nut job!

“Well, the long man is the long man, and we have to do what we have to do. Ten people who come in last today don't have rice. Run!”

Undoubtedly complaining, Yoon-jong's feet began to run toward the top. And the other kids ran to the top in a panic.

“That son of a b\*tc\*!”

What are ghosts doing? I'm not gonna take him!"

Chung-Myung, who was watching the children running to Yeonhwabong with all his might, smiled and turned his head.

"I gave you the first gift."

What else should I prepare next time?

There's still a lot of stuff out of the beadong. The wealth stored in the chest is less than ten minutes compared to the wealth found in Bidong.

Chung-Myung glanced up at the sky. It seems that the long death penalty looks at him with a distorted face.

"Hey, don't tell me I'm going to eat it alone."

Just enough. Just enough. What? In moderation

"Heehee."

Chung-Myung smiled and followed the children up.

\* \* \*

"It's genuine."

It felt like my heart was pounding. It is a natural answer, and the shock has not diminished a bit, even though it is already expected.

Hyun Jong couldn't hide his nervousness and asked back.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure. The books are obviously genuine, and we have secured the certificate underneath the wealth. Long story!"

"Huh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh..."

I know I have to say something, but I can't say anything. I had no choice but to make a hoarse sound as if it were deflating.

"Uh, how did this happen?..."

"There you go! There you go! Long story!"

“Huh...” Hahaha.”

I try to hold it in, but I keep smiling.

It's the world that doesn't know what's going to happen, but can these precious things be found at this time?

What if it was discovered a week later?

I don't even want to think about it.

'God has bent over and over again.'

No, it's not genius. Hwasan's predecessors, who were watching them in the line, must have helped him. Neither of them are very different words.

Hyunjong closed his eyes tightly. I can't hide this passion.

“So you can prove what's on the books?”

“These are certificates from the country. Of course I can prove it! You can bring back the harmony businesses including Taehwa-ru right now.”

“That's great, that's great.”

It's a miracle.

Maybe he's the one who'll be out in the street in a week. But with these certificates and ledgers, not only can we protect the offices of Hwasan, but we can recover all the low-pitched businesses.

It's a big hit, pure and simple.

Hyun Young, the finance footnote, chuckled.

“I don't think so, but even if all of this is fake, the crisis is over right now. Even if the wealth contained in the chest is not enough, it is well over 100,000 pieces. I still pay back all the money they ask me to pay back.”

“That's a relief. I'm so glad.”

“With this money, we can solve the financial problems of Hasan at once. And if they can confiscate their businesses, they won't have to worry about money.”

Every time I hear it, only good sounds come out. In Hyun Jong's ears, the voice sounded like the imprisonment of a tax-saving man.

“That’s not all.”

Hyun Sang, a non-footnote, smiled softly.

“I think the sword is also the original. I need to research a little more, but as far as I’ve checked, there are no special errors. And there’s Hawaiian Muhak’s unique pleasure, penance, and zenith.”

“Oh, oh.”

“And it’s also encouraging to see the grade of the Falling Sword. The Nakhwa sword is not a painful martial arts like the Chilmae sword, but it can completely fill in the steps before learning. It will be an intermediate process to move from a jin-yut-gum to a chil-gum to a chil-gum.”

“Well, I see.”

“Other than that, bamboo shoots, rock scents, and chilsungbo seem genuine.”

I’m completely out of my mind.

Hyun Jong consciously dropped the honorifics. If I talk a lot here, I think I’ll look ugly.

“The fact that the Chilseongbo, which had been in practice, was beyond description. Chilsungbo is the foundation of all Hawaiian martial arts. If you teach your children, they’ll be able to move on to a better position without disrupting the martial arts they’ve learned so far.”

“Isn’t it the same for us?”

“Of course. Long death penalty.”

“Hwasan’s scarlet. It’s Hongbok.”

At that time, Hyun Sang, who was reading the eyes of the long writer, opened his mouth as if he was trying to say something and closed it.

And Hyun Jong didn’t miss the hint.

“Is there a problem?”

“No, I don’t. I guess it’s old woman’s heart.”

“Did you get caught up in martial arts?”

“Not at all. This martial arts is genuine. I can put my neck on it and guarantee it.”



“Well, that’s a relief.”

When Jang Moon-in nodded, Hyun Sang also glossed over the situation with a smile.

“Did you say that the three great disciples discovered this?”

“Yes, this is Chung-Myung, who just joined the company.”

“You have to lower the table.”

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Thanks to the child, Hwasan.....”

“It’s not like that. “The Long Writers.”

Hyun Young, the financial footnote, cut off Hyun Jong’s words and came in.

“She’s just a baby. How long will it take to have a heart for Hwasan?”

“.....right.”

“Even if the child doesn’t recognize the value of this account and the secretary, he can’t have known the value of these wealth. As soon as I opened the box, I would have flown with the object without looking back. Or bury it and hide it.” A slightly vulgar word came out. This means that Hyun Young is excited. But there was nothing more wrong than that.

“I see. I didn’t think that far.”

“I’m proud of you. I’m proud of you. It’s a fortune that will shake the heart of anyone who decides to bury their bones in Hwasan. Even if I had seen this wealth, could I have told you right away.....”

“I’ll remember that.”

“.....Now, the long man?”

Hyun Young’s face was embarrassed. Hyun Jong burst into laughter looking at the face.

“I see. I’m proud of you. Yeah, I guess Hwasan got lucky.”

Hyun Jong smiled happily.

Although coincidences and coincidences overlap, the introduction of Chung-Myung led to the discovery of this ark. I never thought changing my mind and bringing in a child would save Hasan.

“Hyun Young.”

“Yes, a man of long letters.”

“It’s true that this account is correct, right?”

“You can hang your neck.”

“I see. Then there are people to call.”

Hyun Jong’s eyes were filled with heavy energy.

It’s time to punish those who avenged Hawasan’s kindness.

“Everyone involved, stop by Hasan.”

Hyun Jong, a great Hawaiian writer, straightened his shoulders.

## **Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 29**

“Well, with the mountains.”

Yujong San automatically made a sound of suffering.

Hawasan’s mountains were rough enough to make even the people in harmony cry.

At least there are escorts who help you climb the mountain, and ordinary people would not dare to even climb to the top of Hawasan.

The fact that he had to climb the rough mountain again in less than a week was making both Yujong San’s body and mind uncomfortable.

“Turn it off.”

“Cheer up, Yoo Jeom-ju.”

“I’m already working hard!”

Yujong San’s voice was annoying. The guards are pushing him, but it’s not easy to climb this steep road.

You have to climb the cliff of a slope that people cannot pass by, relying on an old rope. That’s why Hwasan can’t develop only when he develops.

‘If you get paid, you’ll never climb this rough place again.’

Because I don't want to see wasan anymore.

Barely climbed the cliff, a little flat came out. Gong Munyeon of Taehwa Luju looked back and confirmed that everyone had climbed and opened his mouth.

"Let's take a break here."

"Oh, my princess. That's a good idea. My legs are shaking....."

"The owner needs to exercise."

"Hahaha, I don't hear any lack of physical strength, but no matter how hard I climb this mountain, I can't get used to it. Yes."

"So ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh."

The shopkeeper shook his head and sat on the rock.

"By the way, Princess."

Huasan Daru's rouge infection approaches Gong Munyeon, who was slowly reading the room.

"What's wrong?"

"Why is the long man suddenly asking me to come to Hawaii?"

The eyes of those who were rubbing their legs were all focused on Gong Munyeon.

"Maybe they've come up with the money?"

Gong Munyeon smiled softly.

"Can't you can't do that. A hundred thousand dollars is not that small of a money."

Gong Munyeon put it bluntly.

"But if you're borrowing....."

"There is no one in the world who will lend 100,000 sheep to the failing Hawasan. A man with such a kind heart wouldn't have been so rich."

"Certainly..."

Yujong San shrugs his shoulders.

“What do you think, Princess? Why do you think the long writer called us?”

“You’re trying to make things right, aren’t you?”

“What’s going on?”

Gong Munyeon turns his head and looks at the top of Hawasan. There’s a Hawaiian up there.

“I don’t have any money to come out of, and it won’t work if I beg that I don’t have any money on the reimbursement date, so I think I’m going to call them in advance and figure out another way.”

“Huh.”

Yujong San clicked his tongue.

“You mean someone who doesn’t have the money to pay you back should come and go? I’ve never seen such a stiff debtor in my life. Yes.”

“It’s said you’re in trouble with your wealth. In the first place, other than the great writer of Hawasan. Don’t say anything too harsh.”

“The princess is very fast. Do you still want to think so well of someone who borrows money and hasn’t paid it back in decades?”

Gong Munyeon smiled awkwardly.

“Let’s keep our manners. Isn’t it too harsh to make the name Hwasan miserable until the end anyway?”

“The whole world will know the heart of the princess.”

“You have a different personality.”

“Don’t mention it.”

Gong Munyeon preached and paid tribute. Yujong San clicked his tongue inside as he saw it.

‘You’re sitting there for nothing.’

If you’re planning to repossess and evict the building anyway, what’s courtesy? I would like to thank the people who are being treated for their courtesy.

‘By the way...’

Yujong San looked up and looked at the top.

'There's no way you're gonna lose the money.'

I was always wondering if I could sell them at the right price just because I was going to receive them. Gong Munyeon bragged about it, but if it takes money, isn't it better to worry first?

But now Yujong San is not worried.

'Cause you're from Jongnam, you're sure you're interested?'

In the past, the whole world knew that Hawasan and Jongnam were visiting each other.

Now that the existence of Hawasan has been forgotten and Jongnam is rising high, it has become a faded story, but the resentment that has lasted for hundreds of years would not have easily gone away.

What's more, aren't the leaders of Jongnam now those who remember the days when Hwasan used to crush Jongnam? If the grudge still lingers, it is clear that those buildings in Hawasan will not be allowed to remain in the world and prove its history.

"I'm sure the princess intends to sell her war chest to Jongnam.'

Yujong San's heart warmed up.

One hundred thousand.

Among them, he has to receive as much as five thousand dollars.

What a big sum of money 5,000 nyang is. With a hermitage, an ordinary family can live on for a month. But it's not a hermitage, it's 5,000 golds!

With that money, you don't have to do business. Even if you spend moderately, you will be able to spend it for generations and generations and generation.

Now the long, long tug-of-war is over. At the thought of finally getting the money, Yujong San's heart began to flutter.

I wonder what a long man looks like.'

I can't help laughing at the thought of that solemn face being distorted. There was also a bit of bitterness, but Yujong San slinked down his rising compassion. Don't you have no family or friends in front of money?

"Well, let's stop going up."

“Yes.”

Everyone seemed to be having a hard time, but no one asked to rest a little longer.

The dead, blinded by money, began climbing Hawasan again.

“I mean, it’s weird here every time I look at it.”

Someone was being facetious.

“It’s just a building that’s falling down.”

There is a reluctance in the way you speak.

Falling buildings and walls. And the front door where the door came off.

It was obviously a ruined or already ruined Munpa. Nevertheless, there is something strange that catches the eye of viewers.

The weight of Hawasan, who has protected the island for hundreds of years.

I wouldn’t say, but everyone was sharing the same feeling.

But he turns a blind eye.

They are now here to take the breath of the Hawasan. If they don’t accept the long-winded proposal today, Hawasan won’t last just seven weeks and nights.

Hawasan’s reputation, which has protected the chord for hundreds of years, is finally cut off.

“Hmmm.”

“Huhuhuhuhm!

I know how heavy the job is. Everyone coughed in silence.

I don’t mean to turn a blind eye to the reality of money, but for those born in harmony, Hawasan is a meaningful place in many ways. With the situation of cutting off the breathing room of such a place with his own hands, he has no choice but to hesitate.”Let’s go in.”

Gong Munyeon is the only one keeping a nonchalant face. As he took the lead, everyone hesitated and soon followed him with an awkward face.

“Are you here?”

Entering the main gate, Unam greets them.

“Woonamjin. Long time no see.”

“I’m still not good enough to be called a true person. Please call me Unam.”

“If you do, I’ll call it’s a stamp. Do you mind?”

Unam smiled silently.

“There’s a man waiting for you. This way.”

“Well.”

Gong Munyeon slightly frowned.

“You look relaxed.’

When they came the other day, the ships blocked them with a pale face. However, the appearance of Unam now shows no urgency like the other day.

No matter how long the writer called them and knew they would arrive by this time, isn’t it normal to show the basic inconvenience?

Gong Munyeon stared at the back of Unam and began to walk after him.

I don’t know, maybe this is who he really is.

Maybe he admitted that everything was coming to an end and let it go. Therefore, it may not be the appearance of a person who is obsessed with money and uncomfortable as before, but rather shows the true nature of Hawasan.

You’re worried about me.’

Maybe it’s because the moment has finally come when everything you want comes true. Ordinary people tend to let their guard down as soon as they reach their goal, but Gong Munyeon is a person who gets more nervous at times like this.

As I walked along Unam, a long writer’s residence came out. And in front of him, there was already a Hawaiian long-written Hyun Jong waiting for them.

“I’m seeing a man of letters.”

When Gong Munyeon first took control, those who followed him bowed their heads in unison.

He seems to have engraved his words that he wanted to keep his manners on his way to the end.

“Welcome. Thank you for coming to the rough road.”

Hyun Jong, a long writer of Hawaiian, smiled softly and greeted everyone.

“I’m sorry to take up your time in the midst of your desperation. Please understand the difficulties you have to go down there in person, even though you know it’s polite.”

“Don’t mention it. We’re busy, but we can’t be busier than a long writer. Of course, we have to come.”

Gong Munyeon also received Hyun Jong’s words with a smile.

“More than that……?”

“Haha, what’s the rush? You must have had a hard time climbing the mountain, but a cup of tea……”

“The Long Man.”

Gong Munyeon cut off his horse in a polite but determined tone.

“It’s good to enjoy tea and have a chat. But we’re low-key merchants. I’d like to discuss work-related issues first, rather than customs.”

“Hmm.”

“They’re a group of people who hug problems that need to be solved, get indigestion even if they eat, and cough up when they drink tea. I hope you understand with a generous heart.”

“No, I was only thinking about myself.”

Hyun Jong burst into laughter and looked at the merchants still.

“Let’s get to the point without dragging our feet.”

“Thank you.”

Gong Munyeon smiled lightly.

“I brought you here today, not only to convey the position of Hasan.”

“If you were to put yourself in Hawasan’s shoes?”



Hyun Jong slightly noticed Gong Munyeon.

In the small movement, Gong Munyeon was able to figure out in advance what the next words would be.

“I’ve searched everywhere, but I haven’t found anyone to lend money to Hawasan. In other words, I don’t think I’ll be able to pay you back within the due date.”“Hmmm.”

Gong Munyeon frowned at Hyun Jong’s words.

“We’ve given you plenty of time. We have to earn money to become merchants. I can’t delay the deadline again.”

“That’s why I’m saying it.”

Hyun Jong made eye contact with everyone and opened his mouth.

“I know I can’t delay it any longer. But it’s impossible for Hwasan to pay back 100,000 dollars on the day of reimbursement. So please.”

Hyun Jong leaned down and took the ticket.

“I can’t pay all that money back, but I can pay some back. So if there’s anyone here who can personally delay the repayment date, please help us with Hasan.”

Everyone was embarrassed and stared blankly at the fact that the long writer had lowered his head.

The atmosphere began to flow strangely.

## **Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 30**

“Hmm?”

Far away, Chung-Myung, who was looking at the long writers and merchants on the eaves, glistened as if he was having fun.

“Are you coming out like that?”

Looking at the long writer with subtle eyes, Chung-Myung smirked.

I don’t know.

Is this what a long writer is doing to push them into hell or to give them one last warm heart even in this situation?

It can be interpreted either way.

But one thing is for sure, Hyun Jong, the current author of Hawasan, is not as simple as he appears to be.

“I guess so.”

Haven't you seen it?

The scene of a long writer sobbing while holding the door of the underground commentary.

He was the one who maintained Hawasan's long-winded appearance even though his insides were rotten. He carried the collapsing Moonpa on his back, but did not lose his gentleness and grace.

Chung-Myung squinted and looked at the long writer.

But that shouldn't be all.'

Patience has proved enough. However, it is not only character and patience that a long writer must possess.

Of course that's important. But Hwasan's..... No, there is something else that any writer who leads the Chinese literature must have.

It's coldness.'

That's the kind of place a long writer is.

Even if it is where the Taoists live, the essence of Hawasan is Mufa.

Regardless of his or her personality, he or she who leads the literary circle as a long-time writer must have a cool head. For the sake of Hawasan's film, you have to be able to trust yourself thoroughly to the benefit of the doubt.

Does Hyun Jong have a mind to read as a long writer?

Chung-Myung, lying on the eaves with his chin resting on him, raised his body slightly.

Wood! Wood! Wood, wood!

Then there is the sound of bone breaking in my back.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

Chung-Myung, who made a groan, grabbed his waist and fell flat on the eaves again.

'Oh, my God.'

Perhaps because I'm properly drained, there's no place in my whole body that's fine. Even though he was constantly working and grooming, he didn't think about returning to his birthmark.

In my head, I finished calculating that I could regain my original condition in one or three months, but it was a problem to endure three months. I'm so frustrated that I came into the body of a weak young man, but now I can't even use that weak body properly.

"Um... I'm going to have to come up with something."

Chung-Myung sighed deeply and lifted his head.

For now, his body is a later matter. We have to see how that situation ends.

"Did you ask me to delay the due date?"

Gong Munyeon frowned unconsciously.

I thought there might be something. He never looked down on Hawasan's potential. Dozens of literary factions emerge and disappear every day. It's never easy to go on for hundreds of years in that exorcism.

Now, Hawasan's situation is not as good as it used to be, but Moonpa, which has a long history, has that potential.

But...

"Is this what you call the potential?"

I can't stop laughing.

Am I overestimating Hwasan too much?'

Come to think of it, they wouldn't have been driven to this situation if they had left their potential. Gong Munyeon sighed deeply.

"I made it clear the other day that I can no longer delay the repayment date."

"Don't get me wrong. Bondo is not asking the princess right now."

".....Yes?"

Hyun Jong stared at Gong Munyeon and opened his mouth.

“I am fully aware of the position of the chord counterpart. That’s why Bondo is only asking you all directly now. Even if it’s 100,000 won, don’t you have a separate amount to receive?” “That’s true.”

“So I’m asking you personally if there’s anyone who can delay the repayment date.”

Gong Munyeon frowned.

“Thin numbers.”

I don’t know what this means.

“So you’re saying you can pay back those who can’t afford to delay their repayment?”

“That’s right.”

“Yes?”

Gong Munyeon opened his eyes wide.

“Hwasan may not be as good as he used to be, but it’s not that there aren’t very many people who give him a helping hand. I couldn’t afford all 100,000, but I was able to afford some. So with your help, Hwasan won’t lose the name. So please. For those of you who are looking after Hwasan today, we will surely repay him in his name.”

Once again, the man of letters has taken a swipe. His posture was low, but he felt confident.

Seeing that, Gong Munyeon frowned unconsciously.

“What nonsense…….”

“I know.”

Yujong San, who was watching the situation at that moment, cut Gong Munyeon’s words and came in. It may not have been intended, but it was inevitable for Gong Munyeon, who suddenly stopped talking, to raise an eyebrow.

“If I delay the reimbursement, you’ll be relieved?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Let’s be honest.”

Yujong San continues to talk with a bitter face.

“We know that Hawasan might go under tomorrow right now, and we know that he’s going to fail. By the way, if you’re asking me to postpone the repayment date by believing in the words of a long-time writer, you’re asking me to take the risk that I might not get the money.”

“.....it is, so to speak.”

“Does that make any sense?”

Gong Munyeon has put on a new complexion. It is true that Yujong San cut him off, but anyway he was saying something he couldn’t because of his face. It’s better for Yujong San to come forward.

Normally, Yujong San would have soothed the situation at this point, but Gong Munyeon remained silent this time. Now we need to push the long-winded a little more.

It’s all over now.’

On this occasion, Hawasan will end that long history.

It may be bitter for those who watch that the Mufain Hawasan is crushed by the power of money, not the force of the Tamun faction, but it is also more meaningful.

“Failor.”

“Yes, a man of long letters.”

“What can I offer you, Bondo?”

“.....Yes?”

Hyun Jong straightened his shoulders.

A cool wind is blowing from somewhere. Hyun Jong smiles brightly in the wind.

“There’s nothing left in Hawaii. Now all that remains in Hawasan is the honor of supporting the chords and islands for many years. The only thing I can call is Hwasan’s name, too.”

“Well.....”

“If you ask me what to believe, this is the only answer. The name of Hawasan. History of Hawasan. Is that not enough?”

Yujong San shut up if he had nothing to say.

The name of Hawasan.

History of Hawasan.

Yeah, maybe it's a meaningful word. Unless the people gathered here are merchants.

A name or history means nothing to a merchant. Money is the only thing that means to merchants. Does it make money or doesn't it make money? It's the merchants who put everything on that one.

But you want the merchants to collateralize their names and history?

"Huh."

Yujong San couldn't stop a burst of laughter. "You're too stubborn, are you?"

"Did you say forced?"

Hyun Jong still looked at Yujong San. The heaviness of his eyes forced Yujong San to withdraw unconsciously.

"Maybe it's forced."

But unlike his heavy eyes, Hyun Jong's voice from his mouth was only soft.

"But I want to try and force myself. Because Hwasan believes that the name left by Hwasan, who has protected the island and harmony for hundreds of years, is not in vain."

"....."

"I'd like to ask you backwards. What does wasan mean to you. Indeed, in the name of Hwasan, does not there exist such values in the history of Hwasan."

No one could open their mouth.

Hwasan.

Who dares to call the name light? And who dares to waste that history?

No one dares to belittle Hwasan's name, though it is now a name that has been faded away. Moreover, those who have lived with their roots in harmony will be even more so.

Therefore, no one was willing to continue the conversation.

Except for one person.

“I think it’s a little off topic.”

Gong Munyeon set out to refresh the atmosphere. Hyun Jong’s eyes are on Gong Munyeon. Unlike Hyun Jong’s empty eyes, Gong Munyeon’s eyes were as sharp as ever.

“In summary, if you’re going to personally push back the repayment date, and if you don’t, take the money here today.”

“That’s how it works.”

“All right.”

Gong Munyeon nodded.

“Originally, in the name of the Union of Chords, it should be opposed, but I’m a man of providence, so I’ll grant you permission. If anyone wants, you can postpone the reimbursement personally. One!”

Gong Munyeon looked back with sharp eyes.

“You have to take responsibility for that. The merchant association does not provide protection for those who delay the reimbursement date. Even if I’m being disbursed.”

It was a subtle pressure.

“You can choose. The person who will keep the reimbursement date is here. And if you think you’re going to delay the reimbursement, go over there.”

Gong Munyeon’s hand pointed to the side.

“Is this enough? A long writer?”

“That’s right.”

Hyun Jong nodded coolly.

“I don’t know what this means. However, I will respect the opinion of the long writer until the end. Isn’t it a respectable place to be a long-time writer of Hwasan, although it is now a disappearance?”

Hyun Jong grinned silently.

“Thank you for your concern.”

Gong Munyeon raised an eyebrow unconsciously. There is no change in Hyun Jong's attitude even though he made a sneak provocation.

'I'll break your attitude.'

Gong Munyeon, who took a moment, said with a quiver.

"How do you like it? Unfortunately, there is no one who can delay the repayment date?"

"....."

"Look."

Gong Munyeon pointed back. Hyun Jong's eyes follow Gong Munyeon to merchants. Those who met Hyun Jong's eyes turned their eyes slightly and avoided their eyes.

"Do you need more time?"

Hyun Jong did not reply. I just closed my eyes.

"No matter how long you wait, it doesn't change. Because no one will give up a fortune because of the name of the faded Hawasan. So let's stop now, Jang Moon-in. Stand aside with all your might. You've done enough to be a long writer."

Gong Munyeon, intoxicated with victory, opened his arms without realizing it."Now, with this....."

"Tsk."

It was that moment.

I can hear footsteps rattling behind my back. Gong Munyeon looked back without realizing it.

".....Staff owner?"

Yujong San was trudging to the side with his face as if he had chewed something.

It is the seat where those who will delay the repayment date will go.

"What the hell....."

Yujong San sighed as he saw Gong Munyeon's speechless expression.

".....look. What the hell are you thinking?"



Gong Munyeon's angry voice spread sharply everywhere.