

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 3

Gu Chil was seriously concerned about what absurdity was.

This is because Chung-Myung, who had left the hut with a grotesque scream, came back angrily and began to say nonsense.

“I’m going to Hawaii.”

“.....”

“It’s a little absurd, but listen to me.”

Still, he wanted to give a high score in that he knew it was absurd.

However, the thought disappeared neatly as soon as I heard the following words.

“You can just leave, but the reason why you come back and say this is because I think I owe you a favor.”

You do know.

There was no reason to listen to the crazy man’s nonsense, but the reason why I had to sympathize with this nonsense was because Chung-Myung’s face was so serious.

“I pay back twice the grace, ten times the grudge. Remember the name Chung-Myung of Hawasan, for I will return this favor in the future. I will return this favor to you on the day we meet again.”

That’s a very cool thing to say.

It would have been great if it wasn’t for a poor little beggar with black eyes and chapped lips.

Unfortunately, Gu Chil’s appreciation of Chung-Myung’s wonderful words was very simple.

“...it’s bullshit.”

Chung-Myung’s face is slightly distorted.

“Of course it sounds strange to me right now, but remember this. Someday this word will change your destiny.....”

“Wangcho was looking for you. I’m going to kill him.”

“Really?”

The two eyes met.

“.....”

“.....”

“Khhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

There are various morons in the world. Just because someone you know joined the ranks doesn't mean it's a big or strange thing.

Of course, it's very strange that people suddenly change overnight.

“Anyway, then I'm off!”

“.....take care of me. Or I'd really beat him to death.”

“I'm coming, but remember! It is Chung-Myung of Hawasan. Remember this name!”

Chung-Myung turned around and exited the pit with a dignified step.

Gu Chil shook his head unconsciously at the sight.

Everything happens in my life.

That might not be a bad choice either. If Wangcho catches you like that, you'll be beaten to death this time.

“What should I say to Wangcho.....”

At that moment, the giant slime that was blocking the entrance to the hut was pulled back, and Chung-Myung walked back inside.

“.....”

Why are you here again?

Before Gu Chil even asked, Chung-Myung asked confidently.

“Hey!”

“Huh?”

“What's that beggar's name?”

“Who?”

“The one who hit me.”

“Oh... Wangcho? I think it's called Jong Pal.”

“Jong Pal? It sounds like a beggar. Give it to him. I'm going to kill you next time I see you.”

...will not let it go.

The grasshopper.

“Then I'll really go.”

Chung-Myung swirled out again. Chung-Myung comes back inside when he thinks it's a very fiery day.

“Oh, come on!”

“Hey.”

“What? Why? What else?”

“Which way do I have to go to get to Hawasan Island?”

“.....”

“.....”

No matter how many times I think about it.....

I'm sure this dude is crazy.

* * *

Chung-Myung ran and ran.

There is no one in the world to take a dirty little beggar to the island. What to believe is strong..... Two legs and tiredness that seemed to have been strong in the past. The only thing that ... was a heart. Since when has Chung-Myung been riding horses or wagons?

In the past, he never rode a horse. He was not so laid back as to move on a slow horse.

If he combined all the distances he ran in his previous life, he would be able to circle the midfield ten times. Therefore, he ran to the ground without any doubt.

And lay on the floor before just a few.

“Gasp! Gasp! Gasp! Gasp! Gasp! Oh, my. I’m dying.”

I didn’t think it was a child’s body.

The two steel-like legs were turned into bony sticks, and the heart, which seemed to never tire, was violently protesting against unexpected overwork.

What are you talking about?

It means that the heart is likely to pop out of the throat.

“No, what kind of body is this?”

What a mess, just a few jumps!

Did I run one hour or two! It’s just the tip of my tongue and I’m out of breath! How low is the condition of the body to produce this result?

“Yes.”

Looking at his body carefully, he deserved it.

Nutrition is too poor before discussing innate qualities. Literally pijukto not treated properly by a body.

You’re going to the island with this body?

It’s a dream story. I was about to die of exhaustion before I arrived in Wasan.

The world’s plum blossom inspection is so tired of traveling that you die? Even if you meet someone you know in the afterlife, you will be laughed at for three or four days.

“If we’re going to the island, we’re going to take care of this rotten body first!”

The best way to keep your body healthy?

It was already owned by Chung-Myung.

“Huhuhuhuhuh.”

A significant laugh came out of Chung-Myung’s mouth. I can’t stand it no matter how hard I try.

“Giggling.”

The martial arts are all blown away, the body is at its worst, and Hawasan cannot tell if he is screwed or turned upside down, and is likely to die of hunger.

This was the only consolation that made Chung-Myung laugh in this crappy situation.

“So you can learn how to do martial arts from now on.”

You can start over.

Others can't even imagine how great this is.

Those who didn't make it to the top regret their lives? That, of course, is also true. But even those who reach the top have regrets.

If I had done it then!

If I had laid the foundations better when I was a little younger!

If the master pulled his ear and dragged him away, he would have pretended to train without running away!

He stole alcohol hidden by the death penalty and didn't get caught.....

Oh, except for the last one.

Anyway!

“I can do it again.”

In the past, Chung-Myung was an inspection of Jigo called the Three Great Prosecutors' Office. But that didn't mean he was happy with his martial arts. Rather, as he became stronger and had a deeper eye for martial arts, he could see better than anyone how inefficiently he trained and how much he had grown in the wrong direction.

Foundation

Master, death penalty, cowardly death, that d*mn foundation!

수련을 하던 시절에는 그 망할 기초론자들이 앵무새처럼 외쳐 대는 기초라는 말이 죽도록 지겹고 싫었지만, 스스로 고수가 되어 보니 왜 기초가 중요한지를 절실하게 이해할 수 있었다.

The foundation is the foundation after all.

A strong ground and a solid foundation are required to build a high tower. How much higher you can climb depends on how hard you work on the foundation. But I don't know that in my childhood. I don't understand no matter how many times I hear it. And even if you understand, you can't do it.

Why?

'Cause I'm a human being.'

I'm digging dirt on the floor to lay the groundwork, and what if the death penalty has already built three stories of towers next to it? Wouldn't anyone be in a hurry.

Besides!

"I'll tell you to lay the groundwork, but when you do, you'll only save and praise the ones who go ahead!"

f*cking s*xual orientation!

Of course I understand. After all, master is a man, private residence is a man.

Everyone knows that it can be successful only when I lay the foundation, but while my disciple is struggling to lay the foundation, the disciple of the death penalty shows amazing swords or goes out to win a friendly arena.

That's all right. Master can put up with it somehow. Hwasan is where the Taoists live, and the Taoists are patient.

However, as soon as they have a drink with each other that evening, basic training should be considered half-finished.

And when someone starts bragging about his student at a drinking party? It's all over.

Those who are proud of themselves are bound to wrap their disciples in a list that will never be seen again, and those who have nothing to boast about should hold on by grabbing their thighs. And the irritation and anger all fall on his disciple the next morning.

– My priest's disciple has already made two plum blossoms!

– I hear the bastard's student has entered the subliminal phase! I've never lost to him! Who's to blame for losing his student farming? This is!

– No, no, no, no, no. We're short of power! No, no, no, no, no, no!

What kind of basic training is that? I'm busy learning another herbivore right now.

This was a chronic disease of the capital faction, in which martial arts were handed down due to priestly relationships.

“However!”

Chung-Myung is different now!

Chung-Myung doesn't need to be impatient. There's no teacher who'll push him. I've already seen which way I should walk to go higher, so I just have to go steadily along the path I know.

Basic?

When others dug the ground and dug the floor, Chung-Myung intended to tear down the mountain and fill the beams to form a plain. On that vast, vast plain, a huge tower that no one has ever built before!

‘The first time is important.’

Hawasan's martial arts is both the Taoist and the Jeonggong.

The fistula is slow and weak at first, but it becomes stronger at a rapid pace as you train. If the potter or the mower gives immediate strength as soon as they are mastered, the potter has a weak start, but at the end of it, it has given more depth than other martial arts.

To put it simply.

It's like rolling a snowball on a snowy mountain.’

Roll a small snowball from the top of a snowy mountain. At first, something as big as a nail turns into a fist, and as you roll, it grows exponentially. A small stone becomes a huge avalanche that cannot be stopped by manpower at the end.

What Chung-Myung needs to do now is to create a certain rock that can be the center of snowballs. And we must find a mountain side that will never stop rolling.

“Well, then.”

Chung-Myung, who was immediately wrong in the cabal, suddenly looked around.

You don't know what's going to happen in the middle of Guandao. Cheung-Myung, who rose nonchalantly, went into the forest. It's a very dangerous thing to make a first power failure. External stimuli should be avoided as much as possible.

That may not be the case, but isn't the story of masters who got stung by bees while driving a car a joke?

'This should do it.'

Chung-Myung, who found the shade of a large tree, repaired the floor and turned his seat on it.

"Well, what do you want me to learn?"

There's a lot of neo-Confucianism in his head. All of Hwasan's Muhak, the history of Hwasan, is with him. There are more than a dozen methods of internal deliberation he knows.

Self-deprecating energy that visits the world.

The plumage method, which is optimized for plumage examination.

The zodiac, which boasts the sharpest energy.

The solar energy that contains everything to go up.

In addition, he has a number of other tricks in his head that are not enough just to express excellence. If not limited to Hwasan's, the number of tricks you can learn doubles.

But Chung-Myung was not worried.

It's so obvious what he needs to learn now.

"Meat."

Chung-Myung's voice rang crystal clear.