

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 4

“The meat joint.”

A meat combination is a combination.

Heaven and earth, and all directions of east, west, south, north, south, all together.

Meat is the world, and the world is the meat is the world.

“Growl.”

It sounds grand and great.

So what kind of martial arts is this?

It’s a martial arts that you sell for five bucks in a row.’

It’s not cheap, it’s cheap for books. It’s the cheapest martial art in the world, selling for paper or barely getting a bite out of it. It’s cheap to put it mildly.

When Parakhoes on the streets learn martial arts to become strong people, this is the first book that they buy at the bookstore. This means that those who do not want to abide by the strict rules of conduits and uncrowned are taught to become masters by themselves.

In the past, when Chung-Myung was active in Gangho, it was called the Three Great Martial Arts of the Street.

When Chung-Myung was called the Three Prosecutors’ Office, the basic martial arts on the streets seemed to have changed to taegeukkwon, but that’s their job.

But why do you learn such cheap martial arts?

‘Cause it’s not cheap.’

Yukhap is Hawasan’s introductory martial arts. All those who enter Hawasan begin their martial arts with a joint venture.

The reason why the joint venture went around the streets was because a Hawaiian investigation boldly opened it to the public under the guise that curing should be for everyone in the world, not just for the conduit.

Unfortunately, however, the meat joint does not make a person strong just by learning it. It just has the effect of being a little healthy.

Those who did not see the desired effect despised the joint as poor martial arts, and cursed that it was revealed without the core in Hawasan.

Eventually, people who had just entered Hawasan found out that the first martial arts they learned were meat joint, and they became so badly recognized that they protested.

But Chung-Myung knows.

Mussels are never bad martial arts. Had the flesh been as trashy as public perception, it would not dare to retain the position of Hawasan's basic martial arts for hundreds of years.

"Everything has its use."

The meat joint does not increase the bearing exponentially. No, precisely speaking, the efficiency of gathering internal skills is less than a tenth of the basic balls of civilization.

However, the meat combination has a devastating effect to ignore its shortcomings.

To purify the body of a person who cooks immediately.

To put it simply.

"It's literally a foundation ball."

Foundation

foundation work

Mussels are the best martial arts for wiping the Danjeon and the body completely. But when others play football, they only wipe their power plants, so the effect is invisible to the eye.

What happens if other people run and just roll the floor?

It's a mess.'

Eventually, even Hawasan gave up digging deep into the meat joint. Since there is tradition and history, he/she only learned it properly as an introductory ball, and if he/she knew how to play roughly, he/she quickly moved on to a small hearing aid craft.

Chung-Myung in his previous life also did not cling to the ineffective meatball. I thought it would be a hundred times more profitable to get better at that time.

"It was a hundred times the loss. d*mn it!"

This is what he regretted most in his previous life.

At least twice as strong could have been if he had started another martial arts after completing the joint construction without rushing to other methods.

However, it was impossible to rebuild the foundation after building the tower. Then he had the opportunity to resolve his grudge.

This time I'm never impatient. I will complete it with great care. To make the tower bigger and more beautiful.

"Hoop."

Chung-Myung, who turned on the cusp, slowly recalled the composition of the meatball with his eyes closed.

The moment you feel like it, your energy moves.

Through breathing, the fresh air is sucked into his body. Those who enter the foundation work only spend nearly a month feeling the foreign language for the first time, but Chung-Myung did not need such a process.

The energy drawn in slowly travels around his body following the guidance of the meat joint and lands on the edge of his lower stomach.

From now on.

Of course, Chung-Myung just didn't want to learn the meat joint. It would not be bad to follow the path that the investigators have arranged, but those who have already walked on the same path cannot be satisfied with walking on the same path.

A little more gentle.'

Concentrate your mind and filter out impurities mixed with the energy gathered.

It feels like looking at all the threads of each strand in a huge fabric and filtering out the threads that are slightly out of place, filtering out the energy that is not perfectly pure.

The first one is perfect.

The size of the energy gathering is meaningless. What he needs now is not the power of impure men, but a perfect grain of energy.

I'm losing my energy. The narrower energy was cut smaller and smaller. After more than a half day, all that was left was a grain of energy.

The energy settles on the lower abdomen and creates a small space that is embarrassing to call it a Danjeon.

It's.

Chung-Myung opened his eyes.

“Hooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo”

My face is covered in sweat. The rags he wore were also stained with sweat and impurities from his body. It used to be dirty, but it means it's even dirtier.

“It's the first time I've worked so hard.”

However, it was rather refreshing than difficult. And I liked the result very much.

I patted my lower abdomen still. It's an ambiguous form to call it a power failure, but it's a successful first step towards a perfect foundation.

At the moment, it is nothing short of tenuous.

Looking through all the history of Kang Ho, no one would have made a weaker power failure than Chung-Myung.

But Chung-Myung knows.

This little power failure will lead him to another world. This small but complete energy rolls and rolls like a snowball, and it will soon create a huge landslide that no one in the world can stop.

Yeah, like....

“Heavenly Demon, like him.”

Chung-Myung's body trembled.

I feel a chill in my whole body thinking of Heavenly Demon.

I wasn't a human being.'

Overwhelming.

No, I couldn't put it all into words.

A group of people who visit the world are gathered to gather all the elite people. The group did not aim for the entire Magyo. It only jumped on one Heavenly Demon.

The result is a sheep-and-dog initiative.

To add a little bit of exaggeration, it is no exaggeration to say that he fought equally with the entire strong team alone.

'Maybe...'

Maybe I can reach it this time.

If you do everything you can one by one.

Chung-Myung jumped up from his seat."Well... .."

I'm staggering.

Chung-Myung's body, which stood half-way, bent forward helplessly.

"Uh....."

What is it? Did I work too hard and get anemia?

"Coughing!"

Put strength on your arms and lift yourself up. No, I tried to get it up. But the arm wouldn't listen to him.

"Huh?"

Shaking.

I can see the poodle twitching arms as if I had been struck by lightning. It is pathetic to see the thinness of the arms like branches shaking in winter.

"What's wrong with this?"

No? If you worked hard, your body would be too strong.....

"Come on, hold on."

Chung-Myung headed to his lower abdomen, his eyes on the floor.

The most gentle energy in the world is really gathered like ants.

Ant eye booger....

Even Chung-Myung, who was a plum blossom inspector, was so cool as to make him happy..... The amount was miraculously small enough to exhaust a child with a cool fist.

Which means?

“No, d*mn it! This won't help you use your body right now!”

Chung-Myung grabbed his head and rolled on the floor.

You should have thought about it before you should've made it! Think about it! It's up to you to think. Why aren't you thinking? Why?

I think I can hear the long death penalty's voice in my ears.

-Please think about it! Thoughts! Why do you think once you've done something? Don't use your head as a hoodie rack and think about it!

Chung-Myung's urgent personality, which made the word head and headband come out of the noble master's mouth, felt like an accident once again.

If I knew this would happen, I would've made it bigger!

“Do I have to go all the way to Hawaii with this body?”

How far is it from Infinite to Wasan? I mean, roughly.....

“Lee, Lee Chun-ri?”

My eyes are spinning.

Two thousand li?

The average man who has not mastered martial arts also finds it difficult to go 100 li a day. Icheon-ri, with their bodies to go? Well, this can't eat pijukto a child As much as two thousand li?

“Huh!”

Chung-Myung rubbed his face with both hands.

“A rotten life!”

But what can I do? Something that's already been made.

In fact, even if I knew, I wouldn't have made a bigger power failure. I realized what kind of obstacle it would be in the future to take a shortcut to make it easier for him.

I don't give up the future for the present anymore!

It's a problem because ... isn't that simple.

"Turn it off."

Chung-Myung wailed out of his seat.

".....What's in life?"

In the end, all of this was nothing but hardship Chung-Myung had to endure.

Hardship is how to make a hero!

"There's nothing we can't do with grit!"

Chung-Myung clenched his teeth and began to walk back to the coffin.

* * *

Splash!

"Turn it off..."

Chung-Myung, whose legs were loosened, fell on the ground.

There's something you can't do with grit.'

What a new realization at this age.

It was Chung-Myung who realized that there was force majeure in the world.

I can stand the pain in my leg. I could somehow bear the screaming of my body.

But there was one thing I couldn't stand.

'I'm starving.'

Nothing could solve the hunger of scratching the stomach.

In the past, he thought he was used to hunger. Training sometimes requires strict self-restraint. Eating something is an act of accepting external chi, but naturally you accept impure things. Therefore, those who perform strictly prohibit formalities. In the midst of the hard training, there was even a very cutting job. Chung-Myung was also a student of the Taoist Huasan, who was immune to hunger.

No, I thought he was.

But Chung-Myung didn't know.

What a big difference between what you can't do without it and what you can't do even if you have it!

There was a difference between heaven and earth between enduring even if there was food and starving because there was nothing to eat. Extreme hunger is not overcome by patience. I felt like Madu guys were cutting in the boat.

With terrible grit, he somehow succeeded in getting out of the coffin and entering the castle, but he had no energy to do anything more. We almost crawled all the way to that way.

'The first death crisis I've ever experienced in my life is starving to death.'

It's a ridiculous.

Who is Chung-Myung?

Three generations in the world... Oh, I'm tired of it. I'm starving.

Cheung-Myung groaned, feeling that the word "damage" had become a real threat, not just a modifier.

I'm not kidding, I'm really going to starve to death.

I tried to catch a mountain animal, but it was impossible to run and move properly how well he tapped his body.

No, the body was on the verge of starvation from the start of Infinite. Maybe he starved to death once already.

And now for the second time, I'm on the verge of starvation.

What should I do?'

You have to have money to get food, and you have to work to make money. But it was impossible to work with this body.

Then what the hell...

It was that moment.

Jjiggle.

The sound of iron from somewhere rang clear.