

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 56

“I got you, you son of a b*tch!”

Chung-Myung raised himself with a grin. The wrist-grabbing beast tried to pull his hand out with a bewildered face, but Chung-Myung could not have let go of it gently.

“Hey!”

The pleural fluid quickly raises the other hand and tries to hit Chung-Myung. But at that moment, the door opened wide and brightened up the area around the room.

It was Hwang Jong.

That's it's byeok.

He walked in with a stiff face and opened his mouth in a heavy voice.

“What the hell are you doing there? General?”

“.....”

Bonja Bok (子服), the superintendent of the galaxy who held Chung-Myung's hand, looks back embarrassed.

“Cow, Sodan!”

“I'm asking you what you're doing.”

Bonja Bok distorted her face.

“I'm just trying to figure out how the paint works.....”

The answer to that came from Chung-Myung, not Wang Jong.

“Oh, you're gonna check and kill me?”

Chung-Myung waved the hand of the Chancellor he was holding.

“There's some kind of misunderstanding.....”

“Misunderstanding? I like misunderstanding, too. Yay!”

Chung-Myung jumped to his feet.

Bonja Bok looks at Chung-Myung with big eyes.

“Boo, I’m sure you’re seriously injured.....”

“It must have been a misunderstanding. It’s this normal.”

“.....I was unconscious.”

“Oh, I haven’t slept well lately. It’s been a while since I slept well.”

Bonja Bok gnashed her teeth.

“You fooled me.”

“You can’t say that. You have to insist that it’s a misunderstanding. If you say that, it’ll show that you’ve decorated something.”

“Lee!”

Bonja Bok hit Chung-Myung with a left-handed left field. But Chung-Myung neatly escaped the hand and jumped off the bed, letting go of Bonja Bok’s hand.

Then I walked towards Wang Jong without looking back.

“Look, you said you’d come out, right?”

“...mmmm.”

Hwang Jong nodded with heavy eyes.

“I was half-hearted about what you said, but I have nothing to say about it. Of all things, the Chancellor who I most certainly didn’t believe was a felon.”

Hwang Jong’s eyes glaring at Bonja Bok were freezing cold.

Seeing that look, Bonja Bok realized that no excuse was meaningless. He stares at Chung-Myung with a stiff face.

“How did you doubt me?”

“I didn’t doubt it.”

“.....What?”

Chung-Myung shrugs.

"I never guessed who the scar was. I know I've only been here a few days. I thought he would come to kill me if I pretended to be able to heal him roughly and lay down in my wounds."

".....what if I didn't come?"

"I have no choice but to come."

Chung-Myung smirks.

"It's hard to kill the first one, but it's not that hard for two people. And if you kill me now, you can lay the blame on Jong Nam, so why would you miss that opportunity?"

"You kissed Jong-nam in advance, didn't you?"

Chung-Myung looks at Bonja Bok with a sour face.

"No, I don't."

Bonja Bok's distorted face suddenly went blank.

".....no?"

"Yes, they're just picking a fight. I was thinking about how to solve this problem, but it made the situation. Thankfully."

Bonja Bok bit her lips.

"Internal injuries! I don't know about anything else, but the congressman said he was hurt to the point where his wits were strict!"

"If it was hard to fool an ordinary congressman, I wouldn't even start. You keep asking me obvious questions." Chung-Myung shrugged.

"I think you have a lot of questions, but it's not important to answer your questions. The important thing is that you were set up, and I found a pleural fluid that killed Hwang Dae-in."

"Hahahaha."

Then all of a sudden Bonja Bok smiles and turns her head and looks at Hwang Jong.

"Sodanju, don't tell me you believe him?"

".....is there anything I wouldn't believe?"

“You don’t sound like a bright little wine. Isn’t there something important missing in that kid’s logic?”

“What’s important?”

Bonja Bok nods her head.

“Yes, the fact that I tried to hurt that child is no evidence of involuntary harm. Why would I do such a thing? How much has the landlord done for me? That’s why Sodan didn’t doubt me either, right?”

“Hmm.”

Hwang Jong was drooling.

It’s an obvious excuse, but it certainly wasn’t wrong.

“Then why on earth did you want to kill the small stamp? Why hide the fact that you’ve mastered martial arts?”

“Isn’t he misleading the small wine? Even the great masters failed to fix Danju. By the way, how can he fix Danju?”

“Then you should have convinced me!”

“If I persuaded you, would you have heard? I’m out of my mind. Other than a seduced man never listens to others! Killing him and killing him was the only way to bring the small wine to its senses! That way, I can continue my treatment for Danju!”

For a moment I heard a murmur.

Hwang Jong turned his head away.

Each of the servants, who gathered after hearing the disturbance, was talking with mastery. General Bonja Bok seemed to be saying that he was not so wrong. I couldn’t hear the sound of words, but the gaze and expression were.

As such, Bonja Bok’s words were convincing.

“Are you done talking?”

But then Chung-Myung took a step forward, breaking the ice.

“.....”

Bonja Bok stares at Chung-Myung.

“It’s true that I tried to kill you, but I’ve never harmed Danju. You, too... ..”

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

Chung-Myung shakes his hand lightly and cuts Bonja Bok off.

“No, no, no. I don’t want to know why, and I don’t want to hear excuses. Why bother doing such a thing?”

“What.....?”

“You’ll just have to beat him!”

Before anyone could stop him, Chung-Myung flew quickly toward Bonja Bok.

Then, aim for his head and stretch out the excellence.

Chung-Myung’s hands emit intense light with a crackling sound. Bonja Bok, who guessed the power in the flying hand, stretches out against Woosu and blocks Chung-Myung’s hand.

Argh! Argh!

Both hands cross each other and Chung-Myung retreats.

“Now, pay attention!”

And lift the superior water up.

“Well, that one!”

Everyone who saw his hand stretched out doubted his eyes.

The black handprints near Chung-Myung’s wrist are so clear. The handprints turned white and disappeared, and soon turned Chung-Myung’s entire wrist red.

Chung-Myung slowly opened his mouth as everyone watched the scene with bated breath.

“It’s called a dagger.”

Chung-Myung waves slightly. As if everyone should look straight.

“The man hit by the sweet horse that rose to the stage could not stand a single meal and died with his whole body dyed dark red. Of course this guy’s isn’t that bad, but it’s

not too much to kill. It's easier than easy, especially if your opponent is an ordinary old man who hasn't mastered martial arts." "....."

As soon as Bonja Bok, who was struggling, tightened his neck, Chung-Myung beat him without giving him a break.

"If you are the only one who can continue to inject short-horse power without any doubt, I believe you are not the criminal."

The horse was the decisive blow.

There is anger in the eyes of those watching. Don't you call it a hundred-and-a-half sight? No one here would trust Bonja Bok's words more than her own eyes.

The change in Chung-Myung's right hand is too similar to that of Hwang Dae-in, who is now bedridden.

"Hey, hey, you ungrateful son of a b*tc*!"

"How dare you kill Dan-ju and then do the act of a general!"

"I wouldn't want to beat him to death!"

Just as everyone's mood changed, Hwang Jong did not shake anymore.

"Cho-ong and ah-an!"

His angry voice rumbled through the top of the galaxy.

"Overpower the Chancellor right now! If you defy me, you can kill me!"

At the behest of Wang Jong, servants rush into the room. Then Bonja Bok, biting her lips, fired tension at the crowd.

"Argh!"

"Ugh! Ugh!"

Those who enter the room are enraged by Bonja Bok's tension and fall.

"Darn it, it's almost over!"

Bonja Bok glares at Chung-Myung with eyes filled with original poison.

"If it hadn't been for this kid!"

“I’m gonna make this kid feel bad.”

Chung-Myung stuck out his mouth.

I’m not even a baby, but I feel twice as bad because I’m being blamed for being a baby.

“In a little while, revenge will be over! If I knew this would happen, I’d rather take my life! I didn’t think about coaxing that stupid little sodan…….”

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

Chung-Myung shakes his hand.

“Well, of course there’s a lot of circumstances, but you can talk about it later at the government office. Let’s get it over with now. I’m a little sleepy because I just woke up. I should knock him down and get some rest of his sleep.”

“Hit him down?”

Bonja Bok set off the mine.

“Hahahaha! This young man is beyond self-indulgence. I don’t even know how you knew, but you dare say that the martial arts I’ve mastered is a trick, and yet you’ll knock me down? You’re the one who I don’t know.

“No.”

“……Huh?”

“How could I do such a thing? There’s someone else who would do that. There, there.”

Chung-Myung pointed somewhere in the back.

Then everyone’s eyes are on one place.

“……me?”

Isong Baek, who was staring blankly at the situation from the back, points his finger to my face.

“Me?”

“Oh, Jongnam’s hero is here to subdue Madu. Please take good care of me without hurting me.”

“Oh, no, me?”

“Then who’s here?”

When Chung-Myung opened his eyes wide and asked back, Isong Baek noticed the situation. Come to think of it, since Kimok Sseung dragged his students back, the highest number here is of course Isong Baek.

“My, why would I...”

As soon as Isong Baek asked, Chung-Myung pointed to the side with a slight chin. Turning to him, Isong Baek only then found Hwang Jong staring at him.

“Oh, yes!”

This is a chance to patch up his accident! Now that I look back on it, I doubt it was an accident, but anyway!

“Jongnam’s sword will deal with the villain!”

As Isong Baek rushed forward, pulling out a sword, Chung-Myung quickly cleared the way to the side and clapped. “Wow, heroism!”

I wanted to swear to shut up, but I couldn’t afford it for Isong Baek, who was just in battle.

Leaving behind the battle between the two, Chung-Myung slowly approached Hwang Jong.

“You’ve solved one.”

“.....isn’t it over yet?”

“I’ll catch you in a minute. He’s a great student, and he can’t be beaten by someone who hasn’t mastered martial arts.”

“What do you mean, you don’t get it right? If you were at this level earlier.....”

Then Chung-Myung reaches out to Hwang Jong so that others can’t see him.

His hands turn black and then turn white, and soon turn red.

“.....”

“I didn’t lie. It’s true that he’s mastered the sweet horse. I’m just showing you a little bit of where it’s going to show up later.”

“Huh....”

Wang Jong, who burst into laughter, couldn't resist and asks.

"Is the small stamp a real master?"

"Of course."

That's the most experienced master in the world.'

Yes?

I'm telling you.

A

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 57

The General is not long after.....

No, I was overpowered longer than I thought.

Isong Baek, who jumped confidently, was in sync with the general, and he had a death-or-death confrontation beyond one hour.

I don't know if it was a thrilling match for others, but for Chung-Myung, it was not boring but yawning.

'Should I have just beaten it up?'

But when I saw Isong Baek sweaty and super dead, I couldn't bring myself to say that. In the meantime, he has a proud smile on his face that he overpowered the general general.

Wipe off your sweat.....

"Phew, pleural fluid.....Coughing, pleural fluid..... I've subdued the pleural fluid."

Hwang Jong nodded trembling as he watched Isong Baek, who came to his front and spoke out of breath.

How should I say this?

I'd like to say something, but it's just a pity to see your shaky legs.

"Well done, the top of the galaxy won't forget Jongnam's help."

"Go, thank you.....Thank you very much.

“Get some rest.”

As soon as the horse ran out, Isong Baek sat there unable to answer.

If it were usual, I would have been grateful to Isong Baek for trying his best to suppress the pleural fluid. But now, to Hwang Jong, Isong Baek’s appearance was not even visible.

Hwang Jong glanced at Chung-Myung.

‘What the hell am I supposed to say about this situation?’

Has it only been two days since Chung-Myung appeared here?

Chung-Myung solved the problem that Hwang Jong had dragged on for nearly a year neatly in just two days.

Was it this simple to solve?’

No way.

Hwang Jong knows.

Everything in the world is nothing in the future. If this was so simple from the start, why has no one ever noticed the presence of a pleural fluid?

It’s like there’s an old hand hiding in that little boy.’

I don’t think so, though.

“I think it’s all settled now.”

“Why on earth did the Chancellor aim for you?”

“I don’t know.”

“Didn’t you do this because you guessed?”

“No, I don’t.”

“.....”

Hwang Jong is a little dazed.

Chung-Myung said calmly as if he could guess how Hwang Jong felt.

“It’s the government’s job to explain why, and all I have to do is solve the problem and get compensation. On that note, I’m sure you’re fully prepared?”

Usually, no matter how much you contribute, you can’t ask for compensation with such confidence. A person is basically a face-saving person.

But Chung-Myung had no more face to take care of. Now that I am in the position of the three great disciples of plum blossoms that fell on the floor at the plum inspection, what is there to take care of him?

No wonder it was absurd, but as if proving that Hwang Jong was not an ordinary person, he nodded still without changing his face.

“Of course, but you’re forgetting one. None of the problems have been solved yet. I never asked you to hold a pleural fluid. All I want is for my father to shake off his seat. Can you do this?”

Chung-Myung slightly poked out his stomach.

“That’s a double whinge.”

It was a very confident voice.

“If so.”

Hwang Jong replied in a stern voice.

“I promise to support Hwasan even if I have all the power at the top.” Chung-Myung grabbed Hwang Jong’s hand as if he was impressed.

Hwang Jong smiled as if he could guess Chung-Myung’s heart.

“There’s nothing to be thrilled about. “Of course...”

“Are you kidding?”

“.....Huh?”

Chung-Myung’s face is distorted.

“You have to reward me, not Hwasan! Do you think a bear can do the trick and a man can make the money?”

“.....”

Hwang Jong is speechless.

I thought he was twice as crazy as I thought.

* * *

Chung-Myung smacked his lips in front of Hwang Munnyak lying on the bed.

Now, if Hwang Munnyak is successful in treatment, everything will be solved here. Then you'll be able to whistle back to the gates.

Everything is done perfectly.

It wasn't that hard. In the process, I even like the fact that Jong Nam was bullied. I couldn't care less about it.

But if there is only one problem in the meantime.....

Honestly, I'm not confident.'

That's all I could do. But fixing Hwang Munnyak was, to put it bluntly, impossible or impossible.

If it was not Chung-Myung now, but Chung-Myung, there is no need to worry at all. No one knew that much about Mahwa, and no one had enough experience to overflow.

No matter how terrible Mahwa is, it's caused by Mahwa. Chung-Myung's history like "Daehae" is enough to erase all the magis.

But now Chung-Myung is not a plum blossom inspection.

All he has is a very small history that has become only a chestnut, instead of being more gentle than in the past.

There is no guarantee that this will remove all the spread of linen in Hwang Munnyak's body. On the contrary, if a maggie causes a seizure due to clumsy touching, Wang Munnyak, who is weak, will die instantly without screaming.

"Is this gonna work?"

It was something that no one could know without trying.

Chung-Myung smacked his lips again and approached Wang Munnyak.

If you don't know the result, there's only one thing to do.

If left as it is, Hwang Munnyak will die. Even though Chung-Myung says it's a tough life, isn't the root of it a Taoist? Lack of ability cannot leave a dying person alone.

“Don’t blame me if it goes wrong.”

If it goes well, it’s good for each other.

Chung-Myung took a deep breath and slowly reached Hwang Munnyak’s danjeon. And slowly pushed Hwang Munnyak into his body.

Chung-Myung, who was sleeping in the Danjeon, slowly flows out.

In the past, Chung-Myung’s history was like a flowing river. Sometimes it was a violent conflict, sometimes it was a sea that contained the world.

However, Chung-Myung’s climbing history is clearly different from that time.

Clear

It’s crystal clear. Like clean water flowing through the Simsan Mountains, it was clear without any impurities.

The clear energy flooded into Hwang Munnyak’s body, which was pickled in magi.

Wooooow.

Hwang Munnyak’s body has a slight twitch.

The shady magis dared not invade Chung-Myung’s history. I am busy backing down in surprise wherever I can find it.

“Whoa?”

Chung-Myung exclaimed in his heart.

It’s amazing.

I’ve had quite a bit of experience controlling maggie in my history. But this was the first time in my life.

Why is magi magi? It is called magi because it reverses the flow. Magi, which infiltrates another person’s body, destroys the body like a poison, antagonizes and pushes away all the energy.

But now, instead of rushing into Chung-Myung’s history, the maggies who filled Hwang Munnyak were busy running away like fire animals.

‘If you’re good at this.....’

It may be possible.

No, no, no!

“I’ve been through so much trouble collecting these! You should do this for me can do!”

Chung-Myung would have saved more than a decade’s worth of effort if he hadn’t been obsessed with purity and just kept it normal. He’s already had the experience of gathering near this sudden force.

However, the amount of experience that filled Chung-Myung’s power failure was less than a year old. At least, he was able to fill it up this much because he had a seolmaedan.

Now, however, only a year’s worth of history is pushing Magi’s great army away with a short-term stroke, just like Cho Ja-ryong of Jang Pan-pa.

‘This is something I didn’t expect.’

At first, I was just trying to lay the groundwork of immaculateness and perfection to get to a higher level than in my last life. However, as time went by, his obsession with purity grew, and his progress slowed down too much.

I was wondering if I should let go of this obsession now.....

If you think about it, it’s a given.’

Zen is basically the opposite of Magi. Zen, which contains the energy of fa(a, has the power to purify everything in the world. Chung-Myung’s energy is basically good energy. Among them, it is the most cordial.

So no magic can dare to approach it.

A terrible maggie begins to neutralize in no time.

Chung-Myung also loses his strength and goes back to nothing.

Chung-Myung’s history neutralizes Hwang Munnyak’s magic and begins to wash away the semaek as soon as it smells. They aggressively purify their bodies as if they would not tolerate not only magi but also small impurities.

As if you were washing your face with a beehives.

‘What’s going on here?’

Beehive washing is something that can be attempted only when there are several heavenly spirits and extreme masters. How difficult can it be to return a body that has already been piled up with tableware to a completely pure state like a baby's body?

Even though there are so many cilantro that most masters of hwagyeong need to be fertilized, and even if the dog asks for it due to the fact that there are so many poultices, they do not even try to find it.

But now Chung-Myung is throwing up a beehive over an old man who has been weakened by his own power.

Although the problem is that Chung-Myung did not intend it.

Wooooowooooowooooowooooowooooong.

Hwang Munnyak began to tremble with fineness. At the same time his body began to turn white and black at the same time. The area where Chung-Myung's history has been eroded is colored white, and the area where Magi is still eroding is dyed black as if ink is flowing out at any moment.

Magi was also desperately resisting intruders who invaded the territory.

"Stay strong!"

The body of Hwang Munnyak, who quickly reconciled to the battlefield, was screaming. Even though it is clear that he is unconscious, his whole body trembles and blood flows back to his mouth.

Chung-Myung clenched his teeth when he saw the dark red blood wetting Hwang Munnyak's upper lip.

This was not a fight between Chung-Myung and Magi.

Whether Hwang Munnyak would last until he removed all the magi was the key battle. 'I'll finish it at once!'

Considering Hwang Munnyak's physical condition, hesitating only adds to the burden. It's better to leave everything to heaven and gamble.

Chung-Myung, determined, lifted the spirits.

Push into Hwang Munnyak's body without leaving a last handful. Thick drops of sweat began to pour down Chung-Myung's forehead like rain.

In Hwang Munnyak's body, Chung-Myung's history began to heat up the magis. As caught, it is sucked in at random, neutralized, and even melted the impurities around it. At the same time, Hwang Munnyak's cramped veins expand like boulevard.

Magi, who had been fiercely resisting, lose their momentum and begin to flock to one side. Chung-Myung freaked out when he saw the direction.

"Oh, no! No!"

hair

The maggie, which has lost its place, is pushed in the opposite direction of the danjeon, where Chung-Myung injects the force. In no time, Hwang Munnyak's hair began to turn black and swell.

Like it's about to explode!

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 58

Magi clumped into Hwang Munnyak's head as if he was willing to fight.

'You can't just touch this.'

It's a pain in the ass.

Hwang Munnyak will have to greet the grim reaper neatly if he attacks clumsily and then crashes in his head. No, maybe by now the grim reaper is kicking his tongue behind Chung-Myung's back.

But what if I step down like this?

'That's more of a failure.'

Underneath Hwang Munnyak is perfectly purified. But that's not necessarily good news. The purified body will accept magi at a faster rate.

It is the same reason as spreading ink in clear water in an instant.

You'll die if you advance, you'll die if you step back.

The beleaguered Chung-Myung hesitated for a while, neither one way nor the other.

What should I do?

What should I do?

I want to rush right away if I have a temper, but it is too obvious what will happen if I follow my temper.

Chung-Myung, who had been agonizing over and over again, bit his lips.

I'm just saying.'

You can't do this or that?

Then I'll just leave them both alone!

Chung-Myung pushed his energy to one side. When a mouse is cornered, it bites a cat, and a soldier who hits Bae Soo-jin fights tooth and nail until the moment he dies.

But what if there's a chance to run away? The mouse runs away, and the soldier retreats, abandoning his weapon.

Now, here's a place to run.'

Chung-Myung opened the way.

There's nowhere else to run away from Hwang Munnyak's body. But one place. There's only one place to run away.

It's Chung-Myung's body.

As soon as they push their heads to one side, magis, of course, start to push out of the empty space. Soon after, he rides over on Chung-Myung's hand, which touches Hwang Munnyak's body. Chung-Myung's body is empty, making it more perfect to run away by sending all the history to Hwang Munnyak.

"Uh....."

I groan out of my mind.

The numbness of the arm came in and quickly spread to the whole body. With terrible pain, the eyes become blurred and unconscious.

"Kkkkkkkk!"

Chung-Myung recovered his history from Hwang Munnyak's body. Then he began to spread the history to his predecessor.

Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack!

There was a sound of waterfalls falling from the body. The magis, who have no place to go anymore, begin their struggle. But Chung-Myung's history, mercilessly enough to overshadow its neatness, suppressing the Magis like the occupation forces.

A situation in which every part of the body turns into a battlefield.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

There's a heavy drinking sound in my body. Every time a binge burst, unbearable pain tormented Chung-Myung. But Chung-Myung bit his lips with bloody eyes.

You lose consciousness here?

Don't be ridiculous.

The pride of plum blossoms does not allow.

Chung-Myung stood there and waited for the last binge. Chung-Myung's history hit the last straw.

(Screaming)

The roofing will burst.

The vision turns white and the consciousness dims away. Chung-Myung closed his eyes slowly. The history of completely overpowering Magi begins to swing the whole body with the victory.

One round. Two rounds.

As if he was satisfied with the history of finishing the 12th century in an instant, he went back to the power failure and turned his head calmly.

After the whole process, Chung-Myung opens his eyes.

"Turn it off. I almost died."

I'm not kidding, it was really dangerous.

This maggie is not affordable at Chung-Myung's level. A little mistake would have killed either Chung-Myung or Hwang Munnyak. This time it was really dangerous. I'm not gonna do this again.'

Chung-Myung rubbed his Danjeon estuary.

"But I think it's increased a little bit."

There is no reason for it to increase, but I feel like my power is full.

“.....it’s still a rat’s tail.”

It was a history of practicing the word that small peppers are spicy, but small ones are small ones. I don’t know when I’ll be able to fill it up like a jumbo shrimp.

Sighing, Chung-Myung turned his head and looked at Hwang Munnyak. My face is flushed, perhaps because my spite has disappeared. He seems to have recovered his health in no time.

I guess so.

It’s not just the poison that disappeared, it’s because I got a beehive. It may not be comparable to having a transmutation, but it would have increased life expectancy by at least a decade.

“Tsk.”

Chung-Myung approached Hwang Munnyak, kicking his tongue, thinking that he had only let others do good things.

“Uhhhhhhh.

Looks like he’s regaining consciousness.

His eyes trembled, and he soon opened them slowly.

Hwang Munnyak’s eyes, shaking around without focus, touch Chung-Myung.

Wang Munnyak soon opened his mouth with a dying voice.

“Who... ..”

Chung-Myung grinned.

“Fresh.”

“.....”

“No, the conviction?”

“.....”

Hwang Munnyak snapped helplessly.

“I must have died and come to hell.”

“.....”

What are you talking about?

* * *

After Huang Munnyak regained consciousness, the top of the galaxy quickly cleared up.

Bonja Bok, who assassinated Hwang Munnyak, apparently intended to kill Hwang Jong and even his children if the plan was successful. If all the blood in the Hwang family is slowly dying from the same disease, the public will believe that the Hwang family is cursed or has a strange disease, so it is a plan to avoid suspicion.

The plan actually worked pretty well. If Hwang Munnyak died suddenly, everyone would have suspected it, but after nearly a year of suffering, no one guessed it was murder.

Hasn't it even been notarized that Danga is not poison?

If Chung-Myung hadn't appeared, the Hwang family would have all been cut off and the governor would have gulped down the Hwang family's property as planned.

Meanwhile, the fact that Bonja Bok was the one who competed with Hwang Munnyak. She said a sad story that can't be heard without tears. That's none of my business.

“If you commit a crime, you'll get hit. There's no one in the world who doesn't have a story.”

The only thing Chung-Myung was interested in was the source of danmasu. However, even that was found in a body deep in the mountains on the way up the mountain.

Chung-Myung has gone flat.

Hagi, if the Magicians had done something, they wouldn't be so sloppy.'

No, he couldn't have handled things so carefully and gently. If it bothers you, they're the ones who knock it over.

Anyway, in conclusion, everything went well because we caught the pleural fluid, cured the disease of Hwang Dae-in, and confirmed that the Magyo was not entangled.

Thanks to this, Chung-Myung, a benefactor at the top of the galaxy, was treated as a valuable guest.

It's a very precious treat.

“Hmm.”

Hwang Munnyak sat down lightly.

“Father, you still have to watch your movements. It hasn’t been long since he got up after robbing his bed.”

“It’s okay, I’ve been lying down for a long time, but now I’m more energetic than I was before.” “Still...”

“There is nothing to worry about.”

Hwang Jong looked at Hwang Munnyak with questionable eyes.

It was nothing short of Hwang Munnyak’s voice now. You look like you’re going to leave for a place where you have to pick and fall down at any moment, and you’re full of energy.

“More than that.”

Hwang Munnyak looks up and looks at Chung-Myung.

“.....Chung-Myung Small Paint...Are you ...?”

“Yes. Didn’t you see her then?”

“It’s a little different than it was then.”

“Oh, he eats so well.”

Chung-Myung scratched the back of his head with his plump hands.

The eyes of those who saw the scene shook subtly.

The number of people doubled.’

“How well have you been eating for three days that your clothes are about to burst?”

“Buddha is the only one whose face is dripping with oil. It would have been great if we went to the fire, why would we go to Doga.’

‘There’s a reason why you’re saying that.’

Everyone shook their heads when they saw Chung-Myung, who was twice as big in just three days.

At least Hwang Munnyak was the only one keeping a calm complexion. As if to show what an old merchant he is.

“Let’s say hello first.”

Hwang Munnyak fell flat on his stomach on the spot. Surprised by this, Hwang Jong tried to raise him, but he stepped back without saying a word after receiving the stern look of his father, who raised his head slightly.

Hwang Munnyak, who had bitten Hwang Jong only with his eyes, bowed his head again and opened his mouth.

“Thanks to the small stamp, I saved my life. There is no way to return this favor.”

“Hey, wake up, wake up.”

Why is there no way to pay back? It’s a problem because there are too many.

At Chung-Myung’s words, Hwang Munnyak slowly stood up and smiled.

“I’ve heard the story from the servant. If it wasn’t for the seal, I’d be dead already. Even an animal knows the grace that saved me, but if you were born as a human being and forgot about it, you wouldn’t be as good as an animal.”

Oh, you’re so eloquent.

That’s right. That’s right.

Huang Munnyak looked at Chung-Myung and said.

“There’s no way in the world to pay off life expectancy, but I want to do everything I can. If there’s anything you want from your benefactor, please tell me without hesitation.”

“Oh, what you want.”

“Yes.”

“Haha, how can a man be saved and rewarded with the body of a doe? It’ll be a big trouble to know at the gate.”

“Boeun is not picky about people. I was asked by a provincial seeker. So if you pass on the grace, the people of the world will laugh at this wild mother. And it’s something I can’t allow myself.”

“I know how you feel, but..... I won’t allow it in the private sector. I’m here without permission for a private inquiry.”

“.....without the permission of a private inquiry?”

“Yes, it was so urgent that I didn’t have time to get permission for an inquest.”

Hwang Munnyak looked at the young doin in front of his eyes with moved eyes.

How can you not be moved when you say that you risked your life to save yourself?

“That much!”

“As I said, it’s urgent.”

Hwang Munnyak was moved and Hwang Jong opened his eyes wide.

You looked so relaxed.’

But I dare not speak in front of my father.

Hwang Munnyak, who had been nodding his head, opened his mouth with a pleased face.

“I’ll solve the problem for you. And a stamp. Tell me what you want, because I won’t let you know in the private gate. I will do my best to.....”“Did you promise?”

Hwang Munnyak slightly tilted his head at Chung-Myung’s voice coming in after cutting his own words.

“What?”

“I promised not to let you know about the case.”

“Oh... of course. I’m still a businessman, but I don’t think.....”

This time, even before Hwang Munnyak finished talking, Chung-Myung took a book out of his sleeve and opened it.

Wang Munnyak stared at the book and asked with a curious look.

“What about the book?”

“Oh, it’s nothing. I’ve lost my memory as I got older.”

You’re getting older?

You do?

Chung-Myung smiled and slightly shook the book.

“I wrote it down.”

“.....What?”

“You told me to tell you what I wanted.”

“I did.”

“That’s why I wrote it down.”

Ah.

So

.....the book?all of it’

Chung-Myung, who has saliva on his fingers and turned the pages of the book, smiles and rolls up the corners of his mouth.

“Well, can we get started?”

“.....”

“Now?”

“.....”

It was Wang Munnyak, who thought he had made a big mistake.

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 59

“Father.”

Huang Munnyak nodded slightly as he opened the door and looked at Huang Jong coming in.

“Are you feeling well?”

“Well, it’s hard to believe, but it’s really as light as a fly. It’s like ten years younger.”

“That’s... that’s a strange thing.”

“Members don’t know what it’s like, but Mac is alive and he’s been corrected like a young man.”

Hwang Jong was embarrassed in his eyes.

It is absolutely delightful and celebratory that Hwang Munnyak woke up robbing his bed. But it was bizarre that Hwang Munnyak, who had been lying down for many years, recovered in such a short time, and was healthier than ever before.

“Anyway, we’re cutting back.”

“Stop saying strange things.”

Hwang Munnyak shook his hand lightly.

“The ability of the small stamp is just great. It’s just the grace.”

Hwang Munnyak recalled Chung-Myung’s first words to him.

Fresh?

‘That’s not so wrong.’

If “freshness” refers to those who are doing things beyond human beings, there is nothing that cannot be said to be fresh to that child of Hwasan.

Isn’t that proof of his own?

“So what’s going on? You’re not just here to look after my safety, are you?”

“I can’t be proud of myself for being a good son, but I’m not a bad son. Isn’t it natural for a child to take care of his parents?”

“Don’t say anything, just get to the point. Time is not given for nothing.”

Hwang Jong lowered his head slightly.

Even though Hwang Munnyak was skinny not long after he got up, he had the clear eyes of a merchant.

You’re my father, aren’t you?”

Then it’s easy to bring it up.

“Father. No, Danju.”

“Say it. Sodayu.”

By changing the title, the conversation moves from the family to the top.

“I heard you ordered me to cut back on my business with Jongnam.”

“I guess so.”

“And haven’t you promised quite a bit of compensation to Hawasan?”

“You’re right.”

“Father, Jongnam is the loser of the West Bank and the leading civil servant of the island. It’s so dangerous to stay away from such places and join hands with the collapsing Hawasan.”

Hwang Munnyak nodded slowly, without any particular answer.

“It is only natural that Danju should be grateful to the small master. But the reward promised to him is too much, and it’s dangerous to have a deep relationship with Hawasan. If you’re really determined, please let us keep the deal with Jongnam as before.”

Hwang Munnyak lifted a teacup in front of him with deeper eyes.

He takes a sip of the tea and closes his eyes, not in a hurry and leisurely savours the scent of the tea.

How long has it been?

Huang Munnyak, who quietly puts the glass back down, opens his mouth with a more serious voice.

“Sodan liquor.

“Yes, Lord Top.”

“What is the nature of the merchant’s duty?”

“It’s him…….”

Hwang Jong, who was a little worried, opened his mouth.

“The duty of a merchant is to make the offset healthy by doing business that follows the right, and to contribute to the country and the world.”

“Hahaha.”

Hwang Munnyak nodded his head gloatingly.

“Sodan liquor.

“Yes!”

“You’ve got oil in your mouth. It’s very plausible.”

“.....Danju?”

Hwang Munnyak said firmly.

“The merchant’s duty is to make money. Merchants are chasing money, breaking the law, or sometimes breaking the law and reason, unless it is against the law. Don’t you think so?” Hwang Jong bowed his head down.

“.....yes.”

“If you want to do so much, do it with the money you earn. If you want to help others, you can help with that money. There’s no way a merchant can make money. It’s only efficiency.”

“Then what can I do.....?”

Isn’t the current choice even more strange if it’s as he said? I can’t believe you cut back on your business with Jongnam and increased your business with Hawasan.

If Jong-nam finds out about this, it is not strange to say that he will cut off the transaction with the galaxy top.

“Did you forget how I made money?”

“Of course I know. One.....”

The way Huang Munnyak made his money was simple.

It finds out the value of items that others do not pay attention to and distributes them, or finds and sponsors things that are still undervalued.

Whether it’s a door pie, other tops, or even thugs.

Hwang Munnyak has grown the top of the galaxy in that way, eventually creating the best top in the island.

“You mean you’re going to invest in Hawasan this time?”

“Yes, it is.”

“But Lord Top. There has been a clear basis for the investment so far. But I don’t see any reason to invest in Wasan.”

“Didn’t you see it yourself?”

“... do you mean the child?”

“That’s sir.”

“But.....”

Hwang Jong bit his lips a little.

Chung-Myung is amazing. There is no denying it. But that’s just the greatness of Chung-Myung. One’s competence does not lead to the greatness of the entire literary circle. And even more so if it’s that young.

“With that child, I can understand that Hwasan is going to improve. I understand that maybe you can be stronger than I expected. But Lord Top. No matter how many times I think about it, I don’t think that one child will make Hwasan stronger than Jongnam. Doesn’t that mean nothing?”

Hwang Munnyak grinned.

“Do you think so? I beg to differ.”

“.....Lord of the top.”

“Sodanju. Merchants should see the other side, not Hyun Sang. Once upon a time the top of the galaxy may have been an important place for Jong Nam, but now we’re just one of the most common tops for them. How much longer do you think we’re gonna get something out of Jong-nam?”

Hwang Jong looked at Hwang Munnyak with blank eyes.

I didn’t think that far. Come to think of it, isn’t Kimok Sung’s attitude overbearing?

No matter how much Huang Munnyak was in bed, he would not have dared to be so ruthless if he had any respect for the top of the galaxy.

“Jongnam has nowhere else to go. Of course I’ll have to move on, but it’ll be slow and slow. But not wasan. If Hwasan grows up as I thought, and we can maintain a good relationship with him, the benefits will be unimaginable.”

“One, Lord Top. I don’t think there’s any guarantee that Hwasan can be that big.”

Hwang Munnyak's eyes narrowed.

"It's paper."

"Yes, Father."

The title has changed again.

"You're saying stupid things. A merchant is not a person who waits on grounds. We need to create a basis."

"....."

"We're not waiting for Hwasan to grow up. We need to make Hwasan grow up. If we can succeed, we will be able to leap to the top of the middle five, not the top of the island."

"It's a tough job. If it fails, there is no turning back."

"Huh. You're getting healthier, and you're getting younger. Who cares if I fail? Then we'll just have to start over. You don't want to waste this property?" "....."

"It's a waste of time for me. That was so close. But I'm more afraid of the fact that I might not make more money than that."

Hwang Jong nodded.

His father has already made up his mind. There will be no point in further conversation.

"I'm still half-hearted. But if your father thinks so, I'll trust and follow. And I'll raise Hwasan so that I can clear this suspicion with my own hands."

"That's great. It's been a while since I heard that."

Wang Munnyak chuckled as if he was willing. But Hwang Jong's words are not over.

"However."

"Hmm?"

Hwang Jong frowned as if he could not give way.

"However, isn't the wealth and reward you have given to the little master too much?"

"That's the point."

“Yes?”

Huang Jong looked up at Huang Munnyak with questionable eyes.

Wang Munnyak grinned as if to answer the question.

“What do you think will happen to the small seal?”

“Are you talking about growth?”

“Yes.”

Wang Jong was agonizing over and over again, and then opened his mouth.

“Given that heart and determination, I will, of course, sit in a key position in the future. And at best, even the long writers of Hawasan.....”

Huang Jong was a poor speaker.

This is not something to be reckoned with.

“Anyway, he’s going to be big.”

“No. He’s already a big man.”

Wang Munnyak shook his head and continued.

“I’ve been a merchant all my life. I’ve met numerous giants and many masters, but he’s the only one who embarrassed and admired me so much. I somehow released money to find this weapon, but a dragon came into my eyes to prepare for the ascension, not the weapon. There’s no way not to catch it.”

“You mean that much?”

“You’ll find out soon enough. Those who are called the heavenly are incomprehensible by the mindset of ordinary people. Don’t try to understand, just watch. Then the time will come when you accept it naturally.”

Hwang Jong nodded.

I don’t understand everything yet, but if Hwang Munnyak does, I will.

But there is still one question left.

“Then why have you given him so much wealth?”

“He is basically a student of Doga. And he has his own sense of unity, enough to rush here in a single breath to hear that there is a sick person. Of course he did not come here solely out of consultation, but there is no doubt that he is good-natured.”

“Hmm.”

Hwang Munnyak has a slightly different subtle smile.

“Then the wealth and gifts he has now received will be an indelible burden on his mind. Especially at a young age, it must be more intense. If he could keep the shackles that he couldn’t cut off with that wealth, it would have been cheap.”

“Did it really come cheap?”

“.....it’s actually five times as much as I thought. He was like a viper.”

“.....”

Hwang Munnyak’s face is full of irritation.

“No, there’s nothing much a little boy wants! God d*mn it, if you knew how much it would tear, you’d just pretend to be sick and send him back somehow! I didn’t know you’d rip it off like that! I thought I’d cry because I’m young and I’d appreciate it if you threw it in moderation.....”

“Calm down, Father. I’m worried about who’s going to hear it.”

“Hmmm. Hmmm!”

Hwang Munnyak, who pushed his out-of-the-box true feelings back, smacked his lips several times and sighed.”By the way, if you appreciate us and accept us as friends who will go together forever, the top will have nothing to lose. In the long run, you’ll be able to earn multiple benefits.”

“I understand. We should be good friends.”

“Yes, of course. He’s a good friend.”

Hwang Munnyak and Hwang Jong smiled significantly at each other.

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 60

“Giggling. You caught a pushover.”

Chung-Myung burst into laughter.

“No, they don’t have a real sense of reality, they’re merchants. Just because I got you one, you’re giving me all this?”

Money!

Money!

Wealth!

Didn’t the old good man say that the more money, the better?

Although Chung-Myung had already become one of the richest people in the island by robbing the slush fund of Jangmun-sa, it was always fun to see his wealth increase.

“It’s hot, too.”

Seomseo said it was a giant statue, but it’s just the size of Janggang’s hand. I was just joking, but I didn’t expect you to give it all. If I took care of one class, I would have called for hurray.

Of course!

Of course, they wouldn’t have given Chung-Myung all this out of gratitude alone. Before Hwang Munnyak woke up, I’d have had enough heart, but once you’ve recovered, things change.

It’s human nature to change one’s mind before and after the other.

Nevertheless, it must be because there is a different ulterior motive that he gave so much without saying anything.

But even if they wanted something else from Chung-Myung, it didn’t matter from Chung-Myung’s point of view.

‘If you don’t do it, that’s all.’

If Chung-Myung was a seemingly young child, he might feel burdened by receiving this much wealth, but unfortunately Chung-Myung was not a child.

Rather, he is an old man who has worn out too much.

If they had known that, they would have thought differently.....

“Anyway, we’ve done a rough job of it.”

Hwang Dae-in was saved, and in return, he was promised support for Hwasan. As soon as he is ready, he will head to Hawaii with Chung-Myung. So I can say he's done everything he has to do here.

The only thing left is.....

Chung-Myung grinned at one person approaching him.

"Hey, are you feeling well?"

Isong Baek.

Isong Baek, Jongnam's great disciple, came up to the front of Chung-Myung lying on the wooden floor and looked down.

"What's going on?"

Isong Baek stared at Chung-Myung and opened his mouth.

"I'm going back to Jongnam."

"Oh, that's great. I thought I'd be lonely alone. Congratulations."

"Thank you."

Isong Baek showed no sign of turning around after saying that. Looking at him, Chung-Myung opened his mouth.

"Is there anything you want to say?"

Isong Baek smiled faintly at Chung-Myung's words.

"Painthouse."

"What?"

"I understand you set me up to solve this problem."

"What?"

"I can understand it because the results are good."

Chung-Myung got up and sat on the wooden floor. Then he smirked at Isong Baek.

"It's a little strange to say a trap. Wasn't it you who tried to trap me?"

Isong Baek grinned.

“That’s why you decided not to blame me.”

Chung-Myung laughed as if he were dumbfounded.

‘He’s got a weird personality.’

Kids these days seemed definitely different from the old days. All the pro-Nam guys I met before were anxious to show hostility towards Chung-Myung.

I didn’t even have time to check what the pro-South Korean students were like.

“So what do you want to say?”

“It doesn’t matter if you’re humiliated, if you’re in danger, or if you’re playing into the hands of a small stamp. It’s all because I’m not good enough.”

Isong Baek said with a stiff face. “But what bothers me is the blemish I shared with the small stamp before it happened. I still don’t understand what I went through then.”

Chung-Myung looked at Isong Baek with his eyes slightly narrowed.

“So what?”

“If I may, I would like to have another prayer with you. This bimoo doesn’t have any special intentions like last time. I sincerely ask you to pray.”

Chung-Myung scratched his cheek while looking at Isong Baek.

“Look at this.”

I thought I was picking up a fight again. It’s weird not to know that he’s been played into Chung-Myung’s hands if he knows everything that’s going on.

I thought I’d definitely run wild like a boar paid in advance, but Isong Baek was burying it and asking for rain.

I don’t think it means that I’m going to beat him up.’

It’s a pretty funny reaction.

“Hmm. What should I do?”

Bimu is comparing each other's martial arts in the first place. It may be meaningful for Isong Baek to do the choreography with Chung-Myung, but from Chung-Myung's point of view, there was nothing much to gain from Isong Baek.

So there's no reason to accept this request.....

"Well, sure."

There's no reason to say no.

Chung-Myung got up from his seat. Then he pointed his chin at the yard.

"Here?"

"Let's go where people don't see us."

"Oh, I'm scared. You're not trying to rub it, are you?"

Isong Baek sighed as Chung-Myung pretended to slit his neck.

"Saintiff, I'm not a fool. It's unbelievable, but I already know that the small stamp is superior to mine."

"Ho?"

Chung-Myung looks at Isong Baek with an interesting face.

"I didn't tell you. I want to know what I've been through."

Chung-Myung put on a subtle smile.

"You'll regret it."

"That's fine, though."

"Yes, well, fine. Then let's go."

When Chung-Myung took his foot off first, Isong Baek followed him with a stiff look on his face.

Isong Baek breathed low.

Feel nervous.

Although Isong Baek was not nervous even when he was working with masters and private servants, as well as the death penalty, his heart felt three times faster when he saw Chung-Myung standing in front of him.

'It's small.

Chung-Myung, who carefully re-opened, was still a child.

Now, of course, it's a little embarrassing to say child, but it doesn't change the fact that you're at least ten years younger than him. Jong-nam is his youngest.

At least one distribution difference.'

One distribution is the difference between teacher and disciple.

In principle, Isong Baek, a great disciple, can receive Chung-Myung, the three great disciples. Of course, it is difficult to receive a disciple at an age when one has to concentrate on training, so in principle, one can receive a disciple only when one is a great disciple, but in principle, it is possible.

In other words, now he's holding a sword to deal with his age.

But what?

What's this pressure?

I just recognized Chung-Myung as an enemy and put him in front of me, but the pressure I've never felt before was weighing on him.

Why am I so nervous?'

I feel like I'm facing the elders with a sword. Even though that child can't be that level.

Actually, I don't feel any examples from Chung-Myung right now. And I can't feel the firm will to knock down the opponent.

Just looking at Isong Baek with his wooden sword hanging down. Isong Baek bit his lips and strengthened his fighting spirit.

'I have to check with my own eyes.'

What he saw.

"You have a good feeling about it.'

Chung-Myung made an interesting face when he saw Isong Baek shaking with a sword.

Now Chung-Myung poses no threat to Isong Baek. But Isong Baek can't relax like a criminal in front of his eyes.

It's a pretty sharp sense.

"Maybe it'll be Jongnam First Sword in the future.'

When Chung-Myung was that age in the past, were there people of Jongnam's age who had similar senses?

Well, I don't know.

It was when I wasn't interested in others. I was busy enough just sharpening my own sword and avoiding the long death penalty.

But I can't think of anyone with that kind of sense, if I don't know what it is. Being sensible means you can see more, which leads to potential.

It's an atmospheric metamorphosis.'

It may not stand out much right now, but as you get older and train, you will start to step ahead of others. And in the distant future, it might be called Jongnam First Sword or Jongnam Sword.

But the only thing I feel sorry for is.....

"Of all things, I was born in an era when I returned.'

Chung-Myung lifted the sword.

Do you want me to teach you how to apologize?

"Are you coming?"

As Chung-Myung nods his head and aims at the sword, Isong Baek recoils and retreats slightly. Then he clenched his teeth and pulled himself forward.

A cloud of sweat on his forehead shows how hard he is now.

Isong Baek, who took a deep breath again and again, tries hard to open his mouth.

"May I ask you a question before I divide the sword?"

"Yes, by all means."

"Who the hell is that?"

“.....I’m Chung-Myung from Hawaii.”

Isong Baek clenched his teeth and said.

“How could you do that? The small sealer must have just learned how to use the sword.”

I’ve been cleaning up a hundred years until I’ve had my fair hair cut.

And even when I was your age, you grabbed my finger!

Chung-Myung smacked his lips.

I feel a little foul, but I don’t feel so guilty. Chung-Myung of the year was rather stronger than Chung-Myung of the present year.

It hasn’t been a long time since Chung-Myung started training, and he’s moving much slower to build the foundation.

In the past, however, Chung-Myung had already polished his sword for more than a decade, and had reached the point of no one dares to stand up to among the late indexers.

So there’s nothing to be bothered about.

“The world is always unfair.”

“.....”

“But it’s not that you don’t have a chance. The important thing is to believe in your own path, right?”

“If I believe in my sword, I can defeat you someday?”

“Come on. Don’t tell me.

Chung-Myung shakes his hand.

“When a snake tries to follow a stork, it tears its crotch.”

“.....”

“But it’s okay. You won’t be ashamed of not winning me. You’ll find it an honor to share the sword.”

“It’s madness. It’s absolute madness.”

Isong Baek's eyes sink slowly.

His face was gradually returning to that of a no man, perhaps because of the conversation, the tension had eased a little.

"Be careful, I know I'm not good enough and I'll do the best I can from the beginning."

"As much as you want." Isong Baek slightly twisted the sword sideways.

Chung-Myung squints at the movement.

"What is it?"

A small change in the black changes its texture. Jongnam is basically a law-seeking cult. There is no occasion to twist the sword. Showing the blade and the blade to the opponent at the same time is a method that is usually used in the p*n*s.

Okay.

It is the way of Hawasan.

"I'll deal with you with a peace of mind."

"Seolwhadenoplast?"

Chung-Myung tilts his head.

Was there such a martial arts in Jongnam?

Jongnam is known as the 36th Sword and the Tael Spectroscope.

Perhaps he invented something new in his absence.

"I'm coming!"

"Yes."

"Taaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

Isong Baek shouted out loud and jumped at Chung-Myung.

Chung-Myung looked at Isong Baek with a slightly glaring look.

Now, what do we do?'

You want me to crush another junior clean from the top? Or do you want me to teach you how to grow up?

Tsk, no matter how bad I am.'

It is not my preference to trample on such a child as Jongnam's elder or a great disciple. First of all, teaching.....

It was that moment.

Isong Baek's sword causes a heavy change.

Never quick but heavy, and colorful, if not flashy.

A different change from that of Jongnam, which Chung-Myung has known so far, unfolds in front of Chung-Myung.

And Chung-Myung's face, who saw the change, suddenly distorted like a demon.

"This..."

Chung-Myung's wooden sword swings strongly forward without any change.

Whoops!

In just a few days with heavy drinking, Isong Baek spewed blood and fell back.

But Chung-Myung wasn't satisfied with it and rushed forward without delay and grabbed Isong Baek by the collar. Then he pulls himself right in front of his face.

Seeing Chung-Myung's face quickly transformed into a demon, Isong Baek trembled without breathing.

"Where did you learn to do this?"

"Ku, ku, ku, what's that....."

"This..."

Chung-Myung bit his lips.

Lunar New Year's Day transplant?

What a load of crap.

That word may deceive everyone else, but only one. Chung-Myung is the only one who can't cheat.

The change is dull and clumsy, but the basic type of sword was the sword that Chung-Myung knew very well.

Plum Blossoms.'

The sword of Hwasan. The sword representing Hwasan.

A sword that is said to contain all the integers of Hwasan.

Twenty-four Plum Blossom.

The twenty-four plumage test, which has now been practiced even in Hwasan, is none other than Isong Baek's hand.