

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 12

“Better die than die! You’d rather die than suffer!”

Chung-Myung’s face returning to the White Tube was rotten to the core.

There’s nothing in place.

The rich said they would go for three years even if they fail, but I think it was too much until a hundred years ago. Judging from the current situation soberly, except for the value of the name Hwasan, it is no better than a third-class civilization.

It’s not that there’s nothing to get better, it’s typical of the lower class.’

There is no money, the children are in bad shape, and there is a lot of their own dog poop philosophy that no one understands.

That’s the third-rate thing! There’s no third-rate?

Everything else is fine. Yeah, everything else is fine!

By the way!

“Where’d you sell the Twenty-four Plum Blossoms? You bastards!”

The transfer can be wrong. It’s harder than you think to learn martial arts only with a low grade.

You get caught in the mouth of a coin while learning martial arts only on a non-grade basis. However, it is quite common for martial arts to degenerate by advancing to a different interpretation from the intention of non-payment.

But I can’t believe the martial arts are gone. Oh, my God!

No matter how old they are! There’s still a grade and a history left, but I didn’t sell it to anyone else. I mean, does this make sense?

“Huh!”

Chung-Myung scratched his head.

“What the hell is this……. Where do I start?”

The term “total crisis” is used at times like this.

“Do I have to save Hwasan in this situation?”

When I look up and look up at the sky, the death penalty seems to smile.

If you tell me to, come on.

“Oh, my God!”

Chung-Myung, who grabbed a handful of dirt from the floor and threw it into the sky, headed for the white plum.

“Oh, my back.”

Maybe it’s because I’ve done too much Mabo, but my back hurts.

d*mn, you’re letting me finish my training for a little chat. If he were still alive in his previous life, they would have had to travel back and forth from the bottom of the hill to the top of the hill!

It’s better than too soft.

I’m starting to feel a little rushed.’

Chung-Myung smacked his lips.

For now, I was going to figure out how Hwasan works and think about where to fix it, but the more I get to know him, the more I get to know him, the more I am going forward.

It would have been much easier if Chung-Myung had moved on to this era with his body and identity in the past. It’s enough if you just hit the head of a writer and turn it upside down.

But now Chung-Myung’s status is the tombstone of the three great disciples. That’s from a beggar. Furthermore, Muhak is only a tenuous level.

Is it possible to change wasan from this position?

“Hooo

Just thinking about it makes me sigh.

Of course, if you take the time to change slowly, you don’t know how it’s possible. But the problem is that Chung-Myung is not a very laid back personality. If you keep watching it go around here, you’ll end up in bed with Hwasan’s disease before he changes.

I’m a shaman and Cheongseong. I’m sure he’s improving even at this momentarily.’

Generally, Mufas focus on reproducing the martial arts of Gaepajo called 'Jongsa'.

But Chung-Myung's idea was different.

The world is bound to evolve eventually. No matter how many researchers say that they were geniuses among geniuses, if many pan-gazers continue to study the achievements of geniuses, they will eventually surpass the level of genius.

In other words, as time goes by, Muhak will eventually develop.

The reverse perspective, called Sorim's non-mutual science, does not mean that the reverse perspective, which was first invented by Yukjo Hyenung, is passed down. Numerous future generations are developing at this time, making up for the lack of new interpretations. Yes, development.....

"Others are developing at this hour, forgetting that they are, let alone develop."

So how can you not turn your stomach?

Chung-Myung sighed deeply.

First of all...

My stomach is growling.

"....."

Chung-Myung looked down at his ship.

"Tsk."

Perhaps because he has lived as a beggar for a long time, his body is always full of food.

Come to think of it, you didn't have dinner.'

Everyone else finished training and went to eat, but Chung-Myung couldn't eat because he was punished.

There is nothing like fasting in bees before and now. It's not as annoying as not being able to push grain into a hungry body after training.

Chung-Myung entered the White House holding his stomach. First of all, I need to organize today's work.....

"Here it comes."

Chung-Myung, who went inside, slightly raised his eyes at the enthusiastic hospitality towards him. Dozens of disciples were sitting around the huge living room as soon as they entered.

“Hey, new guy!”

Chung-Myung’s eyes stare helplessly at them.

“You’ve met me, haven’t you?”

It was a guy called Agal. Seeing the tingling pain on his face, he didn’t seem to have been waiting with good intentions.

Chung-Myung, who sighed deeply, opened his mouth while looking at Agal.

“Why, Argall?”

Agal’s face heated up in an instantaneously.

“Are you crazy? Call it Jo-Gol death penalty!”

“The death penalty...”

Chung-Myung’s head heads to the ceiling. Looking at the old ceiling of the old wooden building, I felt like crying.

Oh, now I’m in a position to call these little things the death penalty.

But what can I do? You should’ve come early if you’re upset.

“Yes, yes. Jo-Gol death penalty. So what’s the matter?”

“If you’re new, you should have a hazing ceremony.”

“Yes?”

“Don’t worry. I won’t do it too hard. Apparently, it’s dry and twisted, and I’m afraid I’ll die if I hit it hard.”

I burst into laughter everywhere. Everyone seems to have done this many times because they seem to like it.

Well, I understand.

That's what group life is like. Through our initiation ceremony, we strengthened our bond and learned each other's faces. Most of the guys who are giggling around now would have gone through this initiation.

'Although the quality looks a bit bad.'

It's not that I'm dissatisfied with the hazing, but their attitude is a little annoying. I can't believe the men with the enemy at the conduit giggle like a city-runner.

Of course, Chung-Myung was a bit frivolous when he first entered Hawasan, but he didn't behave like them.

That's what an old man says?

I'm 80 years old!

"It's a hazing ceremony."

Chung-Myung nodded. First of all, it's important to meet these guys' needs and melt them down.

I'm sick of it, but what can I do? It's all one way to save Hawasan.

"Well, what should I do?"

Jo-Gol smirked.

"Metabolism."

"Yes."

"Do you want to be metabolized?"

Metabolism?

Chung-Myung turned his head and saw a guy called the Metabolite. One hand taller than the others, certainly looks older.

So he's the oldest of the three disciples.

"You take care of it."

"Yes, of course."

The pecking order quickly ended in Chung-Myung's head.

He's a long shot, but the big shot is Jo-Gol.'

This was the case with his distribution in the past. Although Jang Moon-hyung had a cause as a long-term writer, it was Chung-Myung who solved the problem when there. Long positions and influential figures are not the same.

Then let's roll this situation well.....

"Take it off."

".....What?"

Chung-Myung's head was turned to the side. Did you hear something wrong?

"Take it off."

"....."

Chung-Myung looked around. He can see the children filling the white plum. Everyone was looking this way with a smile as if it was funny.

Chung-Myung's eyes last turned to Jo-Gol.

".....I think I misunderstood..... No, I think so."

Chung-Myung forced the corners of his mouth up.

Let's not get carried away.

Let's not get angry.

If you get mad at these blue things, you'll be the same guy.

"Bur, are you taking it off?"

"Yes."

Jo-Gol smiled wickedly.

"That's how men get along. Come on, take it off. If you dance naked, get beaten up a little, you'll be reminded of your love for the death penalty."

The curled corners of my mouth soared to the point where they reached my ears.

"Just."

“Huh?”

“It’s just sad.”

Oh, I can’t pronounce it properly.

Chung-Myung, who coughed up his mouth muscles, struggled to open his mouth.

“What about you, Ungum Sosukjo?”

“Gwanju trains in the evening. So it’s better not to think that the governor will help you. We’re the only ones here right now.”

“I see.”

Chung-Myung nodded slowly.

“And even if there’s an official, he’s safe today. Now you have to live here from now on, do you think you can run away?”

Right. I have to live here from now on.

Thank you.

I was a little mistaken.

“So you’re saying there aren’t any saunas here?”

“He keeps talking. I can’t do this. Let’s start after you get hit. I didn’t like you at all.”

Jo-Gol jumped out of his seat and strode up and grabbed Chung-Myung by the collar.

“Once you get hit, you’ll have respect for the death penalty. It’s not that I don’t like you. You use the rod of love to guide a crooked priest to the right path. Do you understand?”

“Death penalty.”

“What, do you have anything to say?”

“Stretch your neck.”

“Huh?”

At that moment, Chung-Myung’s fist raised Jo-Gol’s lower jaw.

Bang!

Jo-Gol's body soared to the ceiling with the sound of something exploding.

Coozik!

Then it goes through the old ceiling.

It's hanging.

Jo-Gol's body, whose neck is very stuck in the ceiling, shakes still.

Stay still. Very still.

The eyes of the three great disciples popped out when they saw the scene.

"....."

"....."

Chung-Myung, who saw Jo-Gol stuck in the ceiling, turned around and approached the door.

"Uh, where are you going....."

Rattling!

Chung-Myung, who lifted the latch and locked the door, turned around with a bright smile.

"In human life."

"....."

"There are times when I worry about this and that. One of the most troubling concerns is what to do first. By the way....."

Wood duck. Wood duck.

Chung-Myung's head turns left and right.

"Thanks to you, my thoughts have become very clear. Yes, it's first to clean up the surroundings."

Chung-Myung lifted his leg and stepped down on the chair next to him. A wooden chair is broken into pieces. Chung-Myung grabbed the leg of the most intact chair.

"Hooooooooooooooooooooooooooooah.

And he said, grinding his teeth.

“But I’m a man of my own, and I’m a man of my own.”

The words raised hope in the eyes of the children.

My superiors...

“If you hear it, you’ll be disturbed. Never scream. I’ll double the screaming bastard.”

Oh...

We weren’t the top people. Of course.

“Let’s get hit first. Death penalty, you son of a b*tch*!”

Chung-Myung became a ghost and rushed to the three great disciples.