

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 13

“Death penalty.”

“Yes, priest!”

“Give me a big hand.”

“Yes! I’ll do my best.”

I put a lot of strength into my hand that was rubbing my shoulder.

“What’s your name?”

“It’s Yoon-Jong!”

“Are you the ambassador?”

“Yes, I am!”

Chung-Myung’s head turned slightly back. Moon-Jong’s face, which has become a night owl, catches his eye.

“But I’m treating you because you’re the big brother.”

“Thank you!”

“Give me a hand.”

“Yes!”

Chung-Myung kicked his tongue and turned his head to the front again as the lines of Yoon-jong began to massage his shoulders hard.

The death penalty with their heads on the floor in line is noticeable.

“People... ..”

Everyone flinches when Chung-Myung opens his mouth. It was a strange sight to see the people with their heads on the floor wince.

“.....if you want to live a quiet life, you have to help. Don’t you think so, death penalty?”

“Yes!”

“We were thoughtless!”

Chung-Myung sighed.

Who was Chung-Myung?

It is the world's top three prosecutors. He was also recognized as the chief prosecutor of the world's top three prosecutors, and was nothing short of an informal world first, except for Heavenly Demon.

You don't need a history to deal with these little kids.

No matter how weak it is, Chung-Myung can't handle 3,000 people, not 30 children.

"I understand the initiation. But you have to do the initiation like a human being. There are things to do and things not to do at the conduit. Do you think people who want to be masters have to play so low?"

Everyone grumbled without answering.

"Why are you so old-fashioned?"

I feel like I'm being criticized by a private dorm.'

I don't feel like talking to my peers.

Chung-Myung clicked his tongue at those death penalty.

'I can't believe I'm doing this kind of thing.'

The more I think about it, the more ridiculous I am.

"Wake up."

As soon as the horse fell, the children rose like lightning.

"No matter how screwed up he is, this is what the cleanest kids in the city look like."

Chung-Myung clicked his tongue.

"I need to get my mind back on track!"

"....."

The children crept into each other's eyes.

'No, that's just crawling in.'

Who said he was a loser? Oh, my God.

'Oh no. We have to live together now.'

It was literally like a portrait house.

No wonder.

If you live with a master, you may have a place to run away, but the three great disciples must live in a white plum house. Where can a rabbit sleep comfortably if a criminal with a bad personality and a criminal with a bad personality come into the place where rabbits lived together?

"Tsk."

Chung-Myung burst his eyes once and opened his mouth.

"First of all."

"Yes!"

"Here's the death penalty I'm most familiar with the situation in Hasan, hand!"

No one opened their mouth.

But their gaze was obviously turning to one side.

"....."

Jo-Gol opened his eyes when he saw the eyes of the death penalty focused on him.

"Hand."

"....."

"So-on!"

Jo-Gol's hand goes up helplessly.

We'll see, you bastards!

Still, how many years have passed since you sold the death penalty? You have no conscience!

Jo-Gol gritted his teeth and reluctantly stepped forward.

With his head up straight, he looks down at Chung-Myung. Chung-Myung frowned when he saw his chin and his eyes falling down.

“Jo-Gol’s death penalty.”

“.....Yes.”

“No matter how hard the death penalty is, isn’t that head too stiff?”

“Well, that’s not it.”

Jo-Gol scurried up his hand and knitted his back of the neck.

“I’m stuck earlier, and I can’t bend my neck to see what’s wrong.”

“.....”

“.....”

Chung-Myung stood up with a small tongue.”Follow me into the room.”

“...yes.”

“Other executions, go to your room and rest today. No matter what I do, I’ll start tomorrow.”

“Yes.”

“Follow the death penalty.”

Chung-Myung flicked his fingers up and Jo-Gol followed him like a cow being dragged to the slaughterhouse.

As soon as the images of the two disappeared, the remaining three disciples flocked to Yoon-jong.

“Are you all right?”

“Do I look all right?”

“.....no.”

Yoon-jong caressed his chestnut eyes. The sad thing was, even the eyes now so nightly will be fine by tomorrow.

‘If it’s obvious, the dorms will take care of course.’

I can't do anything about going in a rush and snitching, but even if I try to show it, he treats and recovers his body on his own. By tomorrow morning, everyone will be fine as if they were beaten.

In other words.

'That's all you've ever thought about.'

The more I think about it, the scarier I am.

"What do we do now?"

"What can I do? What can I do?"

"Do you go to bed once?"

".....Do you want to do it?"

"....."

Everyone has become dumb as a bee. In their heads, Chung-Myung, who was running wild like a beast a while ago, came to mind.

'No, I can't do this.'

If you don't do it right, you're dead.'

Yoon-jong shivered. When I think of Chung-Myung, who was flipping his eyes and hitting the leg of the chair, my dry mouth automatically.

"By the way."

Then someone brought up something that no one thought of.

"Why was the priest Jo-Gol taken?"

"....."

"....."

* * *

"Sit comfortably."

".....I'll stand by."

“Don’t worry, sit down. I’m not going to hit you.”

“That’s not it.”

Jo-Gol mumbled a little and then opened his mouth.

“I’m stuck in the ceiling and I can’t bend my back to see what’s wrong. It’s comfortable to stand.”

“.....”

Chung-Myung coughed up.

“Sure.”

“Why did you call me.....”

“Let’s talk comfortably, death penalty.”

“.....Yes?”

“It’s strange that the death penalty uses honorifics to priests. Feel free to say it.”

“Yes.”

“Don’t be so hard on me.”

“Yes.”

“.....”

Chung-Myung smacked his lips.

Well, you’ll get better in life. It’s not just today.

“But why did you call me?”

“Oh, I have a few questions. I want you to answer in detail as much as you know.”

“Yes.”

Chung-Myung slowly opened his mouth.

“I know.”

“Yes.”

“Most of the children here are children of merchant families?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Hmmm.”

Chung-Myung tapped on the cheek with his fingers.

A merchant.

In the past, there was a lot of restraint from merchant families who wanted to enter Hawasan. However, Hawasan would not accept a merchant family member as a disciple if he could.

Because merchants are mean?

I don't think so.

As long as he's in a position, he doesn't think it's vulgar to be a merchant. The problem is that the children of the shopping district generally come to learn martial arts, not to become students of Hwasan.

What difference does that make?

In the case of beginners other than merchant families, they often enter Hawasan with a desire to bury their bones. After entering the school and training, he became a senior member of Hawasan and led him.

However, those who come from the shopping district remain disciples of their families, learn only the martial arts that are allowed, and then grow up and return to their families.

Although the secular world does not forget the status of Hawasan's disciple and cooperates with him, it cannot be compared to the disciples who remain in the main mountain. The disciples who went down to the world as disciples of the inner family are of great financial help, but it is the disciples of the main family who lead and protect Hawasan.'Most of them are shopping malls.....'

This means that the three great disciples, who seemed to have a large number, are all those who will escape from Wasan after they grow up.

It's an apricot with a nice light.'

The anger rose, but I also understood the long-written man's thoughts. No matter how many times they are told to get away, it is better to fill in the inner house than to have no disciples right away. If the number of students decreases, the price of wasan will be cut off.

“But why are the executions here?”

“What do you mean?”

“If it’s a shopping mall, I’m sure you have some information, and you know things aren’t good in Wasan. Why did you come all the way here?”

“Oh, it’s....”

Jo-Gol scratched his head.

“Actually, my family didn’t plan to send me to Hawaii. However, there were not many civilizations who could enter my family with the financial power. Despite the collapse of Hawasan, there are still many other folk songs in the world. I don’t know about the strong lake, but that connection gives me a lot of strength in the shopping mall.”

“Hmmm.”

According to Jo-Gol, it means that the children of the shopping district who are here are not much to see. I don’t mean anything bad. A merchant is eventually determined by the money he has.

If they had a lot of money, they would not have entered the collapsing Hawasan. He would have paid more money to go to the gate.

“Then it means that the families of the three great disciples have no money to lose. I’m sure you got the right money when you started, and you’re still living in a mess even though you got it.’

I had a throbbing headache.

It occurred to me that the long death penalty used to hold on to the books and wrap his head around the end of the year. At that time, he said that he was too obsessed with money because he was a master of death penalty, but now that I think about it, it is a remark that deserves to be beaten with books.

People need money to make ends meet. Just because you’re a doin doesn’t mean you only eat dew.

“Hmm. So.....”

“Yes.”

“You’re all going to learn how to fight properly and then go downstairs and go back to the family?”

“Usually so.”

“That’s why discipline is so messed up.”

There can be no affection for a place where you only come to hang a sign in moderately. That’s why we’re having this ridiculous initiation, and the death penalty is working together to make a big deal out of it.

“For now, I get it. Get out, death penalty.”

“Sure...”

“Oh, and.”

“What?”

“When does your routine start here?”

“It’s early in the morning (7 a.m.)”

“Tell the kids to get everything ready by the beginning of the grave (5 a.m.) tomorrow and gather in front of them.”

“Yes?”

“Mystery candle.”

“.....Yes.”

“And put the death penalty on the table and prepare what I say from now on.”

“We have to get together tomorrow morning, so what do you want me to prepare?”

“You don’t like it?”

“There’s no way I don’t like it. Please leave it to me.”

“Oh, I like your aggressive attitude.”

“.....”

After a while, Jo-Gol, who heard Chung-Myung’s instructions, left the room with a subtle look. And sadly, his room was next to Chung-Myung’s, so he couldn’t escape far away.

Chung-Myung, who heard the distant footsteps of Jo-Gol, sprawled on the bed.

'Cheonleot-gil is a step forward.'

I don't know who said this first, but he's a very comfortable person.

When are you taking a step back when you're going a thousand miles. Moreover, Chung-Myung's path was not just a thousand miles away. It is a long and rough road that requires a long way to go even after going to Guman-ri.

But it's still a step forward.'

And that one step will begin with these guys.