

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 14

The next morning.

Wooooow.

Chung-Myung stayed still and controlled his body.

Power failure.

Danjeon, which was small and insignificant, was now in place for some time. And the energy accumulated in it has grown to a size that can be recognizable.

Whoosh whooooo.

In the midst of the intake, the gathered energy resonated and purified his body.

Clear energy.

As Chung-Myung, who has lived with him for decades, the transparent and clear energy that he has never seen before is gathered in his Danjeon. Right now, it will be difficult to exert great power because the size of the history is not large, but if these clear energy accumulates and builds up, it will exert greater power than any other history in the world.

“.....when.”

Chung-Myung, who finished his work, distorted his face.

Freeze to death to exert great power. When are we waiting for this? I'm afraid we're going to ruin it.

Chung-Myung, who pressed down on a burgeoning canvas, began to analyze the situation.

Let's get this straight.'

The problems of Hawasan are riddled with a myriad of them. The problem is that I can't use up all the paper in Wasan. However, the most important issues were three.

“No money, no martial arts, no talent.”

Then we're screwed.

It was terrible even when I was vaguely thinking about it, but when I organized it, it turned my stomach more violently.

So what's the biggest problem among them?

Talent.

Chung-Myung's idea was simple and clear.

Money can be earned, and martial arts can be given what he has. Of course

Where the hell did you get this martial arts?'

It may not be normal to turn it over naturally without hearing it, but it is only a matter of process.

But even with Chung-Myung's power, In Jae-man couldn't do anything about it.

He can't run out to the streets to save Hawasan and kidnap children with good qualities. And qualities don't come out on the surface.

If that happens, the elite will be searching through the children with their eyes on them.

So we need to use the ones who are here.'

Chung-Myung clenched his fists.

What difference does it make to blame the poor? The first priority is to make good use of what is there.

It is clear that the qualities of the three great disciples are not so good that they do not look good, but if they are lacking, they can be filled in, and if they are broken, they can be fixed.

"Of course I didn't have a disciple."

It reminds me of the old days.

When it was time for him to get a disciple when he was old enough, Jang Moon-sa asked him.

-Chung-Myung ○ t.

-Yes, long death.

It's time for you to receive your disciples. How do you think you should teach your student?

– Is there anything difficult about that?

How?

-You just have to beat it. When a dog is beaten to death, it walks on its hands. It's a human cub, but it's worse than a dog.

I'll talk to you later.

And Jang Moon-sa never brought up his disciple again.

"I didn't expect to receive so many students at once."

Chung-Myung's mouth corners rolled up. If anyone had seen that smile, they would say it was a wicked smile.

* * *

".....I'm getting sleepy."

"Why are you telling me not to get together at dawn?"

"Metabolism, isn't this too much?"

Yoon-jong closed his eyes still.

'Just be quiet. You bastards.'

Hawasan's discipline is rather strict, but these children are not yet completely free from worldly times. Even if it is not a prestigious house where the masterpiece lives, everyone was not used to enduring inconvenience and persevering because they were children of families living in their own regions. This is why he complains only half a day after being clubbed.

Yoon-jong looked up slightly and looked at Jo-Gol. At least Jo-Gol is keeping his mouth shut if he has grasped the air.

Well

It's not that the others didn't quite get the hang of it. So even with all the complaints, you must have gathered at this crack of dawn.

Yoon-jong stared at the white plum with a dreary gaze.

Where's that monster coming from?'

Be in the eye.

Chung-Myung wields his chair legs in a demon-like manner and immediately throws away children over 30 years old.

Brrrrrr.

Thinking about it makes me chills.

“.....but who the hell is he?”

The words were speaking for everyone.

“You were counting without answering.”

“I haven’t even touched it.”

“There were more than thirty of them. Would you be able to do that if you were a housekeeper?”

I don’t know.

However, one thing is certain that none of the three great disciples can imitate similarly.

“The fact that a kid who just started yesterday is that he’s learned martial arts somewhere else, right?”

“Hey, no matter how hard it. It’s not like we’ve been playing until now, does it make sense?”

Everyone was confused by the incomprehensible situation.

Even Yoon-jong, who is older and has lived in Hwasan for the longest time, can’t understand the situation now, so would other children be surprised?

“Why don’t we go for it again?”

“.....”

I don’t know who said it, but this raised the mood.

“Is it possible?”

“Maybe it was because we were embarrassed last night.....”

“What if I fail?”

“.....”

It was a cold family. Everyone turned their heads. Jo-Gol, who was in a floating position, was talking with his mouth open.

“If you don’t want to be beaten to death, just shut up and do as you’re told.”

“.....Jo-Gol’s death penalty.”

Jo-Gol, the best of the three great disciples, was shaking.

“Crazy people.”

What?

You want me to hit you again?

You have to be beaten up and stuck in the ceiling before you can say that’s what you can’t say. Jo-Gol was also confident in his skills. Jo-Gol is a description that any literary group would call a genius, even though it is called Hawasan, which has lost its edge compared to the past.

In the end, Muhak is something people learn. Even if there was not enough teaching and good martial arts, he was confident that he could deal with most of the prestigious disciples.

That confidence flew over Hwasan to the vast ocean with a punch stuck in his jaw.

That’s not a guy who can judge by common sense.

“But why did you ask me to prepare this?”

The three great disciples tilted their heads looking at the strange tools in front of them.

“I know. I don’t know what it’s for.”

A long wooden stick and a big, strong pocket that will make a person’s head fit. And

“Why do you want me to prepare sand and gravel? What’s wrong with the ring?”

“Can you tell?”

As everyone was muttering, the door burst open.

“.....”

It’s getting quiet.

The babbling mouth closes in unison, and everyone's eyes are focused on the door. Soon Chung-Myung trudged out.

However, the look is full of annoyance and irritation.

"Why are you bothering me?"

"If you're bothered, don't make me gather!"

Chung-Myung, who stopped with Tulleena, looked up and looked around everyone once.

"Are you all here?"

"Yes!"

"Be quiet. They're waking up."

"....."

Crack, crack.

Chung-Myung, who twisted his head once from side to side, opened his mouth. "Anyway, aren't we going to live together in the future? I don't know what's going to happen, but maybe we'll be together for the rest of our lives on death row."

'I'll go home even if I die.'

We're going down. We're going down by all means!

It was a remark that even those who decided to bury their bones in Hawasan as a true disciple after receiving the slogan changed their minds.

"But I think you guys....."

Chung-Myung grinned.

"Too weak."

"....."

"....."

The most insulting and disgraceful word for those who master martial arts is "weak." Even those who think they should learn how to play fair and go back and live as merchants can't stand this.

“Yes.”

However, the problem was that there was no room for contradiction.

It was said by a person who knocked down people over 30 by himself, but did not even touch them, let alone hit them. Even if the sky is red, I can't deny it.

“Well, I think so, too. War is not everything in life. By the way, you guys are the ones who decided to learn martial arts in Hawasan. Then you should be strong. Don't that right?”

“.....”

“So from today, you will train with me every dawn. It's good, right?”

It can't be good. Dude!

Someone raised their hand when they saw Chung-Myung talking shamelessly.

“Tell me.”

“Do we have to do this?”

Chung-Myung looked at the person who asked the question with a sour eye and turned to Yoon-jong.

Soon-jong, who was frozen, mumbled and opened his mouth.

“Not everyone was there at the time.....”

“Oh, right.”

Some of us didn't get hit.

There are also those who did not attend the ceremony. I've heard of it in words, but some people can't understand the situation by themselves.

“Can anyone who doesn't want to go in?”

“But you're new, why do you keep talking down to me? You have to be polite, though.”

Chung-Myung nodded as if he was right.

“Yes, people should be polite. In that sense, I have no intention of becoming strong and training. Hand!”

When a hundred people come together, there must be one or two people who don't have a clue. When those two raised their hands, some more people, who were slowly reading the room, raised their hands.

About a dozen.

"Good, good. War is not everything in life. Come on, you guys go inside."

"Can I go?"

"Sure."

The faces of Yoon-jong and Jo-Gol turned pale.

'You stupid bastards. It's not "Go in", it's "Go in"'

"You're walking into hell on his own. You're an old man. Look out for those bastards."

The children, who didn't know anything, smiled brightly and went into the white plum. And Chung-Myung smiled brightly and followed.

Like this.

The door closes neatly.

"....."

No one had the heart to open their mouth and watched the white plum.

Contrary to expectations, no screams or shouts were heard.

but

'That's.....'

Yoon-jong saw it clearly. The large white plum hall is swaying slightly. It was obvious that you didn't see what was going on inside.

After a very short time.

Squeak.

The door opens slowly again.

And in it, the children sprinted out with all their might with faces as if they had seen a ghost. Then, he went back to his original position and stood close to him in a floating position.

“Tsk.”

Chung-Myung, who came out with his head turned, opened his mouth again.

“Someone who doesn’t want to train.”

“No!”

“Be quiet, I told you. They’re waking up.”

“None.”

“Growl.”

Chung-Myung claps as if he was moved.

“The instructor is very pleased with your desire to be strong. The future of Hwasan is bright. So I will make you strong at all costs.””

“Let’s get started.”

Yoon-jong closed his eyes as he saw the sun coming up far away.

I don’t know if the future of Hwasan is bright, but their future is bleak.