

## Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 15

“Hmm?”

Woon-gum, who raised himself, frowned at the bright light coming into the window.

‘These guys.’

Hawasan’s code of law is quite severe.

In the past, when Jeon-su continued due to the teacher’s relationship, the disciple had to wake up earlier than the teacher, say hello, and prepare breakfast.

Although times have changed and such a relationship is no longer continuing, it was the law for those in the white plum to wake up Ungum, the owner of the white plum house, and greet them.

But no one came to visit today.

“Oh, my god.”

I let you go for a while, and you’ve become lazy.

The sword rose from its seat, frowning.

Not coming to visit did not mean that only those who came to visit were asleep. If anyone was awake, someone would have woken up Moon An-jo, meaning that all the children in the White House were still asleep.

Come to think of it.’

Yesterday, I remembered that a new child had entered the white pipe.

“They’re…….”

The crybaby frowned slightly.

I already knew that children were doing weird things about hazing or something. You’ll have to quit as a teacher, but children in a group need a bond.

Jo-Gol he works without knowing the end, but as long as Yoon-Jong was around, he would be able to sort things out before there was a big problem.

However, the fact that Moon An-jo does not come in time may mean that yesterday’s welcoming ceremony was a little extreme.

The fortune-teller quickly changed his clothes as he narrowed his brows. Dressed up in a coat, a dagger around his waist, he hurriedly opened the door and went outside.

I'm gonna have to teach him a lesson first.'

The Ungum's determined steps headed for the White House.

It was the moment when I saw the white plum, I thought I should wake up the children who fell asleep.

"Go...."

"Gal!"

The sword, which tried to scream loudly, breathed in and stopped without being able to spit it out. At the same time, his eyes grow as big as a flame.

"What, what is this?"

I raised my hand and rubbed my eyes. There was a strange sight before his eyes.

What is it, hell?"

I had a strange idea for a while, but the fortune-teller came to his senses.

This is Hwasan! So what's happening in front of us is what's happening in Wasan.

But I couldn't understand why this scene was unfolding.

You're not looking at anything in vain.

The empty cloud sword, which had finished its eyes, looked at the view again with a wistful sound. But what it looks like hasn't changed a bit.

"Uh....."

A despairing moan is heard in the ear of the Ungum, who groans vaguely because he doesn't know what to react to.

"Oh, my God. Oh, my God!"

"Oh, my. I'm dying. Oh, my."

"Mom... ..take me home."

The Ungum stared blankly at the groaning children.

“.....”

Is this really the kids I used to know?

That's what a child is. Sometimes, that ignorance causes anger, and adultery causes disappointment.

However, children who maintain their innocence have a sense of liveliness that makes the viewer warm.

But there was not a trace of life in the children in front of them now.

What kind of kids are you wearing?'

Where are all the fluffy(?) kids he used to know, and only the crappy ones rolling around?

The fortune-teller looked everywhere with astonishing eyes."Turn it off."

"I'm going to die... ..I'm going to die."

The crybaby, which looked closely at the faces of the rolling children, blinked its eyes.

I think my sons are right.'

A little... no, quite a lot worse, but those black ones were obviously the Sons of the Ungum and celadon ships based in the White Plum.

What the hell did you do?'

What do you mean the kids who were so soft until yesterday end up in a house overnight?

Wood swords and pockets were scattered around the ragged children.

What's that?

The fortune-teller could see what he had to do. If you have a limit to guessing, you don't have to think hard. Don't you have more than a hundred mouths here to answer his questions?

"What the hell is going on?"

My head moves as soon as I open my mouth. The children, who were lying on the floor and groaning, looked at the Ungum in unison.

The half-dead children's eyes are alive!

"Sasukjo!"

"Sasukjo-nim!"

"Oh, my God!"

It sounded a little strange at the end, but for now it was clear that the children were welcoming him violently. He's about to shed tears.

It was unusual for him, whose mission was to control the children. No, it's not uncommon, but it's the first time I've ever seen those children so enthusiastically welcome me.

"Coughing! Homestead!"

"Why are you here so late! Why!"

"I've missed you so much, Sasookjo!"

What should I say?

Strangely, I was proud of the fact that the children, who had always been wary, welcomed me so violently. An unknown emotion is flooding in.

But soon the Woonggeom, who came to his senses, shook his head quickly.

'Oh, no.'

This is not the time to be moved by this.

Look at the bones of the children. The appearance of being covered with soil and sweat seems to have been at war. Looking at the pitifully trembling arms and legs, the heart of the fortune-teller is likely to turn over even more upside down.

"What the hell is going on here?"

The children, who seemed to be about to hold onto the sword and shed tears at any moment, hesitated and silent when the questions fell. However, he glances to the back.

"Do you read the room.

The eyes of the Ungum moved along with those of the children. There was Jo-Gol, sitting down and opening his mouth wide.

“Jo-Gol?”

“.....No. After that.”

“After that?”

The gaze that was fixed on Jo-Gol is more backwards.

“What about him?”

Ungum’s eyes, which seemed to have never been able to get bigger, overcome the impossible and expand a little more.

The new guy?’

Did I say my name is Chung-Myung? But what is he doing now?

The sword tilted its head. Chung-Myung was doing something bizarre. He is carrying a wooden sword on his shoulder, which has several large pockets.

“What’s that pocket?”

“It’s a dirt bag.”

“.....Why the dirt bag?”

I asked, but I thought I already knew.

purple

Among the upper floors, the exceptionally dry upper house hangs a dirt bag bigger than my head on the wooden sword and bends over it.

“Gasp.”

I felt like I was sweating and putting strength into the sword I was looking at.

As if he would fall down any minute, he stands up, shaking and trying to balance himself.

Click, click.

Drops of sweat dripped down my chin. My whole body was sweating, so I was emitting steam.

'Isn't that how he's gonna die?' Watching his red-hot face, his veins, veins, and distorted face like the devil of hell, the sword naturally strengthened itself.

There will never be another image in the world that is more firm than I am to express the word "hard." Chung-Myung, who is stretching his body, bends again with a groaning sound.

'You're gonna die, man!'

It's not because Ungum is a generous man. In fact, he is more disciplined than anyone else. The iron becomes harder as it beats, and the stronger a person trains. He was a person who would applaud rather than stop his disciples if they had a hard training.

However, even with such luck, Chung-Myung's training has gone too far.

'No, then why are these guys so ugly.....?'

You were training with me?

"Sar, sir! Help me."

"You're going to die."

Come to think of it, the children's whole bodies are soaked in sweat. It feels like wearing clothes that were washed out quickly because they were wet. It gives me goosebumps to think that all that damp water is sweat.

"So they weren't all asleep?'

You've been training since dawn, and you're saying this is what happened?

".....Since when have you been doing this?"

"It's the beginning of the grave."

You're saying he's been doing that for more than an hour?

".....why?"

It was a natural question, but no one answered it. Just.

If you say that, we'll die.'

I was just desperately putting on a face that said.

'No way?'

No, I don't think so. No way.

Does that make any sense?

The children here are the three great disciples of Hawasan. No matter how much Hawasan is not the same as before, they are trained in martial arts. Among the three great disciples, there were many children who had mastered martial arts for more than five years. Compared to those who have not mastered martial arts, it is inevitable that they will be far stronger.

And you're saying they can't handle that little kid and they're getting this?

Now, hold on.'

Isn't Jo-Gol, famous for his high position and good skills among the three great disciples, just breathing on the floor?

'Yoon-Jong <sup>○</sup> — <sub>□</sub> ?'

Ungum's eyes quickly found Yoon-jong, the great disciple.

"Huh....."

Objects that appear to have been Yoon-Jong are scattered on the floor.

What happened to her?'

Jo-Gol still maintains the skeleton of a human being, but Yoon-Jong is no longer a human being. Seeing Yoon-jong breathing hard with his face on the ground and his hips slightly raised, tears are likely to gather around his eyes.

"He....."

The sword opened its mouth and closed it again.

'No, it's good to train, but.'

Now I know what I did. Isn't it obvious when you look at Chung-Myung? The children must have come out from dawn and worked out their muscles.

Although Hawasan is a long-term inspection of speed and splendor, he also does basic muscle training. The basis of all martial arts is to start with the body.

"But what does it take to make healthy children get out of the human skeleton in just one sight?'

The sword raised his hand and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

When I looked away, the children were all looking at him with sparkling eyes. It is full of hope and belief that the Ungum will solve this situation.

Don't look like that with your eyes.

It's really a serious burden.

"Khhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh."

The Ungum, who calmed his mind by coughing, turned to Chung-Myung. First of all, we need to figure out how this is going. It is after that that that determines how to react."Bring that child."

It was the moment when the name "Chung-Myung" was firmly stuck in my mind.

And the current fortune-teller did not know that it would be the most important name in his life.