

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 21

chord chord (??)

縣).

It is one of the largest villages on the island, which houses Hawasan, one of the Oaks.

In the past, when Hawasan made his name in the Dead Sea Bay, the chords were full of energy. The peddlers visited the chords in a row without knowing the end, and those who wanted to see the wasasan continued to walk.

Thanks to this, those who live in harmony did not have to worry about making ends meet just by the name of Hwasan.

But when the moon is full, it tilts.

Harmony began to lose its vitality as Hawasan lost its reputation.

Taehwa Roo was the main base that still represents harmony. And there were now a dozen merchants on the top floor.

“Hahahaha.”

A big laugh burst out.

“The man seemed very embarrassed. Did you see that face?”

“It’s understandable. Anyway, this side has issued an ultimatum.”

“It’s too much to do! A hundred thousand gold coins they took! With that money, you can buy a few bases! I helped because of my predecessor’s relationship, but if you have a conscience, you should have already paid it back.”

“Of course, of course. That’s human nature.”

Rouge of Taehwaru. Gong Munyeon nodded still. Then a person put on a nice face.

“I’m a merchant chasing Lee, but I’m not so comfortable because I feel like I’ve dealt too much with the place where the relationship has been connected from my generation.”

“What do you mean, princess! You have done as much as you can. Didn’t you give them the benefit of the doubt even though they broke the reimbursement date several times in the first place?”

“Yes, that’s enough for no one to blame the princess. Why not praise the princess for her mercy?”

“I’m glad to hear that.”

The princess saved her breath and drank. But inside, he laughed at those who sat in front of him.

“That’s comfortable.”

I can’t believe I can live with such a simple mind.

‘Hwasan’s potential is formidable.’

Hwasan’s real power does not come from force. The most vigilant thing in Hawaii is the history they have built up.

After hundreds of years of such a cult, there are people who build relationships whether they like it or not. It is more difficult to find people who have no relationship with Hwasan, at least within the island.

You never know when you’re around.

Hwasan’s presence is now spotless, so there will be more people who don’t care much if it disappears.

But the important thing is next.

As soon as you get the hang of it, there will be more and more people looking for a “reason. If they don’t show their cause properly, harmony can be smashed in an instant.

Most of the people who are connected to wasan have status and status, not the ones who go out of the field.

‘But I’m sure it’s okay.’

I muted slowly enough not to get indigestion even if I eat.

If it has been boiled for this long, it should be said that it has become as soft as a duck whose flesh is torn by just using chopsticks.

“But my princess.”

“Yes.”

“What are you going to do by taking away the office of Hwasan?”

“Well.”

The princess smiled lightly.

“The cabinet is more meaningful than you might think. It may seem like an old cabinet, but it’s a good deal.”

“I don’t quite understand.”

You fools

The look almost changed slightly, but the princess succeeded in stopping the face from being distorted.

“The power of the name Hawasan still remains. If you use it as a moderate tourist destination, many people will visit Hawaii.” “One.....”

Yujong San, who sells silk in harmony, looked sick.

“How much would it cost for a man to hear about that rough Hawaiian. Would you rather get something else than a cabinet?”

“I don’t deserve it.”

“Hmm.”

The princess rolled up her lips.

“There’s nothing to worry about. I don’t want to say it out loud, but there’s a place where you can buy a lot of money even if it’s nothing.”

“You mean there is a place like that? That’s how much I love was there.....”

“The opposite, isn’t it?”

“Oh....”

Yujong San nodded as if he understood.

A literary group who wants to erase the existence of Hwasan even by buying the remaining cabinet at the expense of extra money. There are only a couple of places that come to mind.

“So don’t worry about that. I will definitely collect your money.”

“Hahaha, what do you mean worry? We always believe in the princess.”

“Of course! The merchants of harmony, of course, should trust and follow the princess.”

Gong Luju, or Gong Munyeon, nodded with a smile on his face.

But inside, it was completely different.

‘You can’t go for these things and the big deal.’

Harmony is a dying land.

It was a worthy enough place when Hawasan rose to fame, but now there is nothing left in the chords. Thanks to the siphoning off of Hwasan from his predecessor, he now has only a shell left.

And it was strangling the chords.

In the first place, harmony is not the main point and it is not crowded. Nevertheless, the only reason why harmony became famous and developed was because there was Hawasan here.

The chords can’t be maintained if Hawasan disappears completely.

‘You have to clean up and leave before it’s too late.’

If you can sell Hawasan’s cabinet and get your hands on a huge sum of money, it’s no wonder you’re reborn as a merchant. First of all, to do that.....

“Hmm?”

At that moment, Gong Munyeon turned his head away.

“Who is it!”

As soon as he shouted, the guards who were guarding the base run out of the base.

“Who’s there? Who’s there?”

“Who’s here?”

Gong Munyeon said nothing, and waited for the guards to return.

It was not long before the guards opened the window and returned.

“No one was there.”

“.....”

When Gong Munyeon didn't answer immediately, Yujong San smiled and said.

"Gongruju, isn't this the top floor of Taehwaru? Do you mean someone is coming here?"

"Yes, and if they were, they would have found it. It doesn't even have wings. How could you hide here?"

Gong Munyeon nodded.

"Was he nervous?"

No wonder. It's not long before his long-cherished wish comes true.

"I guess I was tired. I want to enjoy it more, but I think it's right to end it here today."

Everyone stood up, accepting what he said. Gong Munyeon gave them a rather tired-looking smile.

But the nerves that had once bristled did not subside.

I think I need to rest a little.

* * *

"Hmm!"

Yujong San stumbled along the street.

"That's great!"

The alcohol seems to have gone in a little too far. The excitement hasn't stopped for a while.

Why wouldn't that be the case?

'That's a lot of money.'

The money we get from Hawasan is a hell of a lot. Since a long time ago, interest has piled up on interest, and the amount of money that was lent for the first time has grown to just a speck.

If you can recover that money, it's nothing to play for the rest of your life. The princess is an unreliable man, but she is as accurate as she is about money. Doesn't Yujong San just get paid for whatever he's up to?

"The moon is bright..." What? There's no moon? Come on. That's it."

Yujong San smiled and looked around. It's creepy, it looks just right to be mugged. On a day like this, you should go to a boulevard, not a corner like this, but you came to a place like this in the spirit of alcohol.

My my.

I was short-minded. If a robber with a knife appears in front of you at a moment like this.....

"Hang on."

"....."

Yujong San closed and opened his eyes.

Someone was blocking the dark alley. Black night happiness and black mask. It's...

It's like a drawing of a robber.'

He was small for a robber, so he didn't feel a lot of pressure, but he felt a clear doctor in that outfit.

No, but do they usually rob in that outfit? Robbery is something you have to do in secret if you can, and that's obvious.

I'm a robber!'

Isn't that what you're wearing?

Yujong San opened his mouth with a grin.

"Is this some kind of robbery?"

"I don't care about money."

The nocturnal man stepped forward.

"As long as you answer what you ask, I'll let you go."

"Whoa?"

Yujong San smirked.

"It's not that I don't want to give you an answer, but I'm in a bit of trouble.Yes."

The nocturnal raised his head slightly at his words.

“There’s a lot of family with it. It’s not easy to walk around alone.”

Let’s go.

Several groups appeared around Yujong San with a small pasong sound. Soldiers wearing swords. I think he was a guard at the top.

“I’d like to answer, but I don’t think they’d be happy to hear me answer. Unfortunately.”

The nocturnal man looked at Yujong San without answering.

Yujong San, who was out of excitement, drooled and closed his mouth. Instead, the guards open their mouths.

“What do I do, kill?”

“Hmmm.”

Yujong San stroked his beard.

“Didn’t you mean that you came to me for a purpose, not just to grab anyone and rob them?”

“I think so.”

“Then you must hear the purpose. Get him, so he can talk.”

“Yes!”

It was the moment when the guards were about to rush forward.

“Wait a minute.

The nocturnal man raises his hand to stop them.

“Huh?”

“I don’t want to cause any trouble if I can. Once again, just answer the question and you’ll have a good ending. I mean.....”

“How long are you going to listen to this crap? Bring it in!”

“Yes!”

The guards surrounded the nocturnal with a protective force.

You idiot.

Yujong San turned his head when he saw it. He doesn't really like violent scenes.

Those are the ones who paid a fortune to sign a contract. They're not the ones who're supposed to do this. Therefore, there was an aspect of hands that was more excessive than general escorts. So this time again, in an instant.....

Boom!

That's right.

Whoops!

Oh, my. That's too much.

Whoops!

Yujong San frowned. It was too much for the hand.

"Didn't I tell you to let me speak?"

"Oh, really?"

"Yes, I am.....Huh?"

Who just answered that? Yujong San looked up and looked forward.

"....."

He sees the guards falling down with foam in his eyes. And the nocturnal man who must have smashed the guards with a single blow was approaching him with his head down.

"People need to understand what they say. Strangely, he doesn't understand what I'm saying."

"....."

The nocturnal man nods his finger.

"Come here, come here."

"....."

Yujong San approached the nocturnal person as if possessed.

“Once again, if you answer well, nothing will happen. Do you understand?”

“Yes!”

The answer came out on the dot.

“Come on, then.”

“.....Yes?”

What?

“If I had answered at first, I would have just asked, but I tried to fight, so I should have been beaten.”

“Yes?”

“Don’t worry. I’ll let you talk.”

“.....”

It was a day of darkness in Yujong San’s life.

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“.....How left.....Mida.”

“Won’t you pronounce it correctly?”

“...im.....because it didn’t explode.”

“Hmm.”

Nocturnal. Chung-Myung crossed his legs and fell into thought.

“I know.”

“Yes.”

“You lent me more than 100,000 dollars to Hawasan?”

“.....yes.”

“What?”

“Yes.”

“10,000?”

“.....”

“Sipmaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa?”

Yujong San wanted to cry.

What do you want me to do, man?

If you have any complaints, you have to solve them through conversation. Why bother people like this when it's crazy to hit people like a dog out of course.

“Hey.”

“Yes!”

“I don't think I'd be able to sell it to you right now, let alone a hundred thousand, but you lent me a hundred thousand to Hawasan?”

“Oh, it's....”

Yujong San, who clearly figured out what Chung-Myung was using as a problem, replied with a big smile.

“That's what rings are all about. If you lend money with a high interest rate, the interest will continue to increase unless you pay back the principal. Hehe. As it rises and rises, the interest becomes so huge that the principal is nothing. If you swallow it then.....”

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

“Oops!”

Yujong San grabbed his head and rolled on the floor.

“Showing off, man.”

“Yes.”

Chung-Myung sighed deeply.

Well, is there no point in blaming him?’

Perhaps Hawasan's debt was not built up in his day.

I'm sure he is.’

It's meaningless to borrow a lot of money now. The time when real money was needed was when Hawasan collapsed. Because I need money to get a basket to plug in the sand.

"By the way."

"Yes."

"Did you say you were the shopkeeper of the Chordship Point?"

"That's right."

"When did you buy the Chordship Point?"

"Huh? What do you mean? That store has been owned by my family for generations."

"...was the owner?"

"Yes, as far as I know, my great-grandfather built a harmony store."

Chung-Myung grinned.

'No way.'

The same is true: Chordship Artillery was one of the businesses of Hawasan.

Hmm?

Was all the best businesses in Chords owned by Hwasan?

Of course.

It's no wonder. In the first place, harmony was just a village with a few fields until Hawasan settled down.

With the arrival of Hwasan and the increase of visitors, the village was created, and it developed into a large prefecture as Hwasan released money to create various businesses.

The business of touching some money in chords is basically Hwasan's.

So, what, the harmony store was going to start with your great-grandfather?

Considering his age, his great-grandfather would have been around Chung-Myung's age or younger. I remember going to the Harmony Point to get rid of the children's uniforms, but the owner froze to death.

'It smells bad.'

Let me see.

"I need a few answers."

"..... Feel free to ask."

"Then who runs Hwaseondaru?"

"It's a cruise."

"Of course it belonged to your family a few generations ago, didn't it?"

"That's what I know."

"Of course the top five and the chords do, right?"

"Yes, they're all very good at harmony."

Chung-Myung grinned. I know roughly even if you don't ask me any more.

So the guys who ran the business while Hawasan's boss was cut off and ruined all of it?

"Oh, my."

I tried to hold it in, but I kept smiling.

There are two reasons why Hawasan does not run businesses directly and entrust them to agents.

The first is that Hawasan, no matter how much he is a secular sect, is ultimately a province. It is impossible to look good for others to run a base and sell silk at a common store. And the other thing is.

– Chung-Myung[○] †. What Hwasan wants is not to monopolize wealth, but to live well together. Aren't the people in harmony neighbors, if not belonging to Hawasan? If we live well together and we are full together, what could be better?

Good things freeze to death.

'This is a person. Long death penalty.'

There is only one reason why scriptures and good people emphasize that people should be able to return their kindness.

Because man is a being who does not repay his kindness.

No, I'm glad you didn't pay me back. A person can put a knife on his benefactor's back at any time if he or she benefits.

At best, I gave him grace so that he could make ends meet, but instead of repaying it, he took advantage of the crisis and carried the business.

Then I'll know my sins and live with a silver spoon. Put a hook in Hasan based on the business?

"Era!"

Boom!

Chung-Myung kicks Yujong San with all his might, and Yujong San's huge body rolls like a ball.

"Oh, my God!"

Chung-Myung sighed as he looked at it.

What's the point of hitting him?'

Maybe Yujong San doesn't even know what's wrong with what he's doing. Because he thinks the harmony target is really his family's business.

How am I supposed to do this?'

Chung-Myung couldn't help but be troubled.

I want to hit these guys right away, kick them out of harmony, and gulp down businesses again, but this is not so simple.

Hwasan is a prestigious political party.

Now that the name of prestigious has faded, however, the image of Hwasan, who Chung-Myung wants to revive, does not deviate much from the prestigious political faction.

What if it's a safa? Those who are called the prestigious political faction threaten other businesses with power without justifiable reasons?

On that day, Hwasan's name falls to the ground.

"It's twisted, but it's dirty."

I know exactly how things went, but the solution is difficult. We must find a way to regain business without threatening it with power and without losing its cause.

It's easy to say!

"Turn it off."

Chung-Myung, who scratched the back of his head, glanced around Yujong San.

"Hey, so....."

It was then.

"Stop!"

"Huh?"

Chung-Myung turned his head to the voice from behind.

"Huh? Are you awake?"

One of Yujong San's escorts, which had just been blown away, came to his senses and aimed at him.

I thought I hit it pretty hard, but I've already regained consciousness, it seems stronger than Chung-Myung thought.

"You son of a b*tc*!"

The escort gritted his teeth.

"Cowardly attack!"

Surprise?

Did I?

Chung-Myung looked at the escort with an absurd face.

"Hey, you came at me first."

"You coward!"

"Oh, yeah, well, let's just go with it."

I don't want to pick a fight with him. Let's just say yes.

“Who is it?”

“Huh?”

“I don’t think he’s a minor in obscurity, but identify yourself.”

The absurdity has grown a little more.

You think I’d wear a mask if I knew who I was?

“What are you going to do with yourself?”

“I need to know who died on my sword.”

“.....you just fainted after being hit by me.”

Then you’ll have to pretend you’re dead even though you’re unconscious. Why do you stand up and earn a beating? Did all the kids get stupid during my reincarnation?

“If I hadn’t let my guard down, I wouldn’t be beaten by such a thing as you. I’ve been escorted for a while, and now I’m humiliated. Do you know who I am?”.....”

“This adult god is the Trench Island Jeongbin. Even if you don’t have any knowledge, you’ve heard the name of this body, right?”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I’m not as knowledgeable as you think.”

“.....”

Trench also opened Jung Bin’s eyes wide.

His name is widespread in the island’s western provinces, although he is now on a short guard duty to make money. And you’ve never heard of this name?

“You cheeky bastard.”

Jeongbin grabs Do and aims at Chung-Myung.

“I’ll give you a chance to say that name before you die.”

“Ha.....”

Chung-Myung sighed deeply.

Why are there so many crazy people in the world?

“Hey, but I don’t think that’s what the escort would say. I’m closer to the person you’re supposed to escort?”

“Now I’m good at escorts.”

Oh, yes. I’m sorry.

You were a hot person.

“Be prepared!”

Trench also rushed toward Chung-Myung wielding a do. Chung-Myung clicked his tongue at the sight.

His history is clearly stronger than Chung-Myung. And neither strength nor speed is Chung-Myung comparable. By general standards, Jung Bin is so strong that even comparing himself to Chung-Myung is rude.

Is Chung-Myung weaker than Jeongbin?

You welcome!

Strength, strength, speed.

Such is not a measure of strength. It may be a measure for ordinary people, but it does not apply to Chung-Myung.

Doesn’t he have the experience of swinging a sword all his life and the memory of plum blossom inspection?

“Oops.”

Chung-Myung’s sword swings slowly. Compared to Jeong Bin’s strong performance, it seems that it is hard to catch even a fly.

Snap!

However, the powerless sword clings to Jeongbin’s strong flying province.

“Huh?”

At that moment, Jung Bin opened his eyes wide.

As soon as Chung-Myung’s slow sword sticks to the drawing of the province, a huge weightlifting is suddenly delivered through his arm.

“Argh!”

Jeong Bin’s spirit soared into the sky as his grip burst out.

“Learn more.”

Chung-Myung’s sword embroidered the sky brilliantly. It’s not a vivid plum blossom, but a blurry flower blooms in Ho Gong.

Flop.

Jeongbin’s body collapsed to the floor like a rotten tree.

“Tsk.”

Chung-Myung kicked his tongue and retrieved the sword.

If I don’t have power, I can use the power of the enemy.

A kid who can’t handle his own strength is no match for Chung-Myung even if 100 people flock.

“Know the subject…….”

It was that moment.

“I knew it!”

“Huh?”

Turning his head, Yujong San was looking at him in great surprise.

“Oops!”

Chung-Myung realized his mistake at the moment.

Anyway, Yujong San is a human who lives on harmony. Chung-Myung may be able to guess where he came from just by his clumsy flower petals. Of course, if you had an idea, you’d have guessed it to some extent already, but it’s not like giving clear evidence.

“As expected, you’re from the famous gate. I expected it, but.”

Chung-Myung’s face in the mask is distorted.

Do you want me to rub it?’

Or make sure you never open your mouth.....

“That neat, fancy sword! High level of airlessness and above all, a gentle feeling of goodness.”

What, do you feel good?

You can't do that.

As soon as Chung-Myung hesitated to find a way to deal with it, Yujong San shouted with confidence.

“There's only one place in the neighborhood to raise a man who's still young and capable of that! Right away!”“Oh, no....”

“Large Southmen!”

“.....”

Chung-Myung looked at Yujong San with blank eyes.

Jong-nam? Why Jong-nam here?....

What?

“Are you from Jongnam?”

“.....Huh?”

It was thought short, it was quick talk fast.

“Yes, it is!”

“Of course!”

Yujong San lies down on the ground.

“Please open the door. I'll answer anything.”

“.....thank you.”

Thank you very much.

My my.

Hahaha.

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“Why is it so late?”

Jo-Gol looked out nervously.

The sun is setting in the distance and Chung-Myung has not returned yet. If Chung-Myung does not return by morning, the adults of the private sector will know that he is away.

Then it's going to be crazy.

It is a felony that Mundo escaped from Hwasan without permission. What if I get caught in Chung-Myung's black night clothes?

It's hell.

I never wanted to see that.

“Calm down.”

“But the death penalty.”

Yoon-jong shakes his head.

“You're not that stupid. I'll be back before it's too late. As long as there's no accident.”

And no matter how many times I thought about it, I didn't think anything would happen to that monstrous guy. It'll be a little late at best.

“But you don't know people's business, do you?”

“Right.”

If it's a human being.

As soon as Jo-Gol pulled his head out of the window, the door burst open.

“Tsk.”

Jo-Gol and Yoon-Jong's heads turned around.

“Priest!”

Chung-Myung was opening the door and coming inside.

Chung-Myung, who has a mask in one hand, takes off his night clothes as soon as he closes the door. Then I started to change into a uniform.

“Everything’s fine, right?”

“That’s what we’re going to ask. Is everything all right?”

“What’s the big deal?”

Chung-Myung grinned.

“I’ve been treated well, and I’ve been given money.”

“Who, who?”

“What’s your name? You... Anyway, there is. The owner of the store.”

“Huh?”

Jo-Gol and Yoon-Jong open their eyes wide. Chung-Myung grinned as he recalled their reaction.

‘That’s not funny. I’m much.

Yujong San, who guessed that Chung-Myung came from Jongnam to clean up Huasan, easily released all the information Chung-Myung did not need.

Nevertheless, he made every effort to imprint his name on Chung-Myung.

‘Come on.’

It’s good that things work out so easily, but on the other hand, I couldn’t help but feel bitter.

On Yujong San’s list of prestigious factions in his head, it is clear that Huasan is missing. Even though I saw Chung-Myung’s inspection with my eyes, I couldn’t think of Hwasan.

No matter how much plum blossoms are in practice, Yujong San, who has lived in harmony all his life, should know that Huasan used plum blossoms as a long-term weapon in the past?

Considering Hwasan’s current history, he may have thought that there could be no one with that ability at an early age, but the bitterness was not going away.

“Bitter things are bitter things, and I’m comfortable with that.’

I started this work with the determination to expose my identity, but it would be a good thing if it was completely hidden.

“What happened?”

“.....Tsk.”

Chung-Myung waved his hand at Jo-Gol's question.

“It's not like they can do anything on their own. Arthur.”

“.....you're a baby.”

“That's enough, just get them together. We need to train.”

“Today, too?”

Chung-Myung glared.

“Listen, death penalty.”

“Huh?”

“Whether it rains or snows, it's windy. I don't miss a single day of training from today! It's snowing heavily and there's a cold snap! There's no such thing as a day off when Hawasan collapses!”

Jo-Gol nodded with a stiff face.

The sea is ready!

Isn't this why he decided to help and follow Chung-Myung? If you can train and be strong, you can do anything. Training without rest was rather what he hoped for.”Sort them right. Then you....”

“Oh, I'm not going.”

“Huh?”

Chung-Myung turned his head and looked at Yoon-Jeong with a dim face.

“You know how to train, right?”

“.....right.”

“Do the same thing.”

“And you?”

“I have something else to do.”

Chung-Myung swung his hand and Yoon-jong sighed.

“Okay, let’s train ourselves today. But this is the only time.”

Yoon-jong looked a little serious.

“Don’t forget that this training is possible because of you. If you don’t intend to end it in moderation, you should come out.”

“I know.”

The reason why the three great disciples of the Baekmaegwan are training hard without making a sound is because Chung-Myung is opening his ax eyes in front of him. No matter how much Yoon-jong is a metabolite, there was a limit to replacing Chung-Myung.

“Sure.”

When Jo-Gol and Yoon-Jeong left the room, Chung-Myung lay down on the bed.

“Now what do we do?”

to have a headache

His justification.

It won’t be difficult if you can sweep it without looking around, but there’s no way not to be conscious of other people’s eyes as long as you have a sign called Hwasan.

Chung-Myung이 저지르는 일이 Chung-Myung의 악명만을 쌓는다면 망설일 이유가 없다. 하지만 지금은 그게 불가능하다. 그 누구도 Chung-Myung이 혼자 일을 벌였다고 생각하지 않을 것이다.

Chung-Myung의 나이에 그런 일을 혼자 벌인다는 건 상식적으로 불가능하니까.

다들 Hwasan이 Chung-Myung을 내세워 일을 벌이고, 어린아이의 뒤에 숨는다고 손가락질을 할 것이다.

그건 Chung-Myung이 원하는 바가 아니었다. We have to find a cause somehow.

“Justification. Justification..... Turn it off.”

Chung-Myung tore his hair out.

“This doesn’t make any sense! d*mn it!”

In the first place, all those businesses belong to Hwasan. And now I have to pay back the money to those who gulped down the business of Hwasan! My stomach is exploding and I feel like a thousand dollars!

All you have to do is prove that those businesses are essentially Hwasan’s, and that they manipulated the books and swallowed them while his superiors failed to return. If that’s the case, it’s only a hundred thousand? I’ll pay you back.

No, you don’t have to pay me back. Because the money originally belongs to Hwasan. The owner takes my money and spends it, and this guy is freezing to death.

So somehow all you have to do is prove that those businesses belong to Hwasan. That will solve everything.....

“If that had happened, I wouldn’t be doing this.”

Had it been for the books, Hwasan wouldn’t have been sitting on his hands. When he was around, the children under the wing of Hwasan were very smart.

If there was evidence, there is no reason why it could not be recovered.

According to the situation, when the Magyo invaded, the books were all gone.....

“Is this because of me?”

My stomach hurts. My stomach.

Chung-Myung rolled over the bed.

“No, Jang Moon-sa, you need to keep those important things safe! Safely!”

How much money did it cost? Put it in your place roughly.....

“Huh?”

Chung-Myung jumped out of his seat.

Roughly?

A love-hate?

“Can’t you?”

What kind of person is Jang Moon-sa? Do you mean he keeps such books roughly?

‘Let’s remember.’

Chung-Myung was not interested in that at all. I know it takes money to roll the literary circle, but I thought that a true unmanned and a true doer should not dwell on the alien.

Looking at the children eating only grass in Hawasan now, I feel like I want to chase myself from the past and break my muzzle, but Chung-Myung at that time was anyway. Therefore, Jang did not show Chung-Myung the books. While sorting out the books, Chung-Myung often slipped away when he came.

“.....Push it?”

I try to revive the blurry memory again.

There were no more than three books in the Long March Room. There will be dozens, if not dozens, of books to run Hawasan. Then where did they keep all the books?

There’s another place!

There was nothing to store such as that in the room of the long writer.

He is said to be a long-winded man of the great Hawaiian faction, but he is also a doin. The room of the long writer was nothing short of simple. If you try to fill the chest in the room of a long writer, you won’t be able to put anything else in.

Besides, I’ve seen him open the box a few times, but there’s no bookkeeping in it. So where is the account?

“So was that true?”

I’ve heard before that there’s a secret warehouse in Hasan that only long-term writers can enter. It was nothing short of a rumour, but it was quite a famous story.

Chung-Myung at the time would have been able to find out the truth, but I didn’t check it because I wasn’t particularly interested.

‘Wait. Come to think of it.....’

There are a few things that come to mind.

Sometimes weird things come in because Hawasan is a prestigious representative of the island. For example, things that people should not learn, such as the rank of the

masters of Magongseo and the national convention. Sometimes legendary swords and treasures were obtained.

So where did they all go?

It is not a re-election. Chung-Myung couldn't have missed it if he was in the re-election.

But that doesn't mean it's sold out. There were some things that would go crazy in the strong lake when it was released. Chung-Myung couldn't have not heard it if Jang Moon-hyung had sold such things.

Then what?

'There is!'

There is a warehouse where books and treasures are collected.

It's not far from here.

I couldn't have emptied Hawasan to get in and out of the warehouse, so I'm sure there's such a place in it. A warehouse that no one can know.

But is that possible?

That no one knows how to build a warehouse in Hawasan, where martial arts are swarming like mosquitoes, and they don't get caught?

Chung-Myung stormed out of the door.

There is only one place where that is possible.

For now, the entrance must be in the residence of a long-time writer. It's impossible not to get caught if there's an entrance outside the house.

A place where no one can enter without permission from a long writer. Such a place in Hawasan is the only place for a long writer.

"The place of a long-time writer has not changed from the past.'

What does that mean?

Chung-Myung, who ran outside, opened his eyes wide.

There is a gentle ridge behind the pavilion where the long writers live.

"If you build a warehouse, you can't help but notice it.'

However, there is one way to avoid the eyes of others even if a warehouse is built.

It's to build a warehouse in the ground.

If they had dug the ground and built a warehouse underneath the living quarters, they would have been discovered by sensitive masters. But what if you built a passage and built a warehouse under that mountain?

"Nobody knows unless it's a ghost."

Chung-Myung smiled grimly.

'There it is.'

It's a strange thing to think about.

Usually, other members of the clan had a pavilion in the center of the clan where the long-lived people lived. That way, I can look everywhere.

Isn't it strange that the emperor lives in the corner of the palace? But the living quarters of the long-time writer is deep in the city. And there is nothing after that.

That's all there is to it!

Chung-Myung grinned at the small hill behind Jang Moon-in's residence.

"We're going to do a treasure hunt that doesn't even exist."

I felt the long death penalty bubble in the sky.

"Understand, Long Death. Shouldn't we save Hawasan first? If I can, I'll hand it over to a long writer without touching it."

If I can. If I can.

After I pack what I need to pack.

If you don't like it, come back to life.

"Giggling."

Chung-Myung smiled triumphantly back.

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 24

"Turn it off."

Chung-Myung sat on the floor.

“.....I’m dying.”

This is not an easy task. Even a small hill was a mountain. It can’t be easy to go through the mountains.

Moreover, it felt like stealing while taking advantage of the dark night to avoid the eyes of private lodging or private lodging birds.

‘Oh, my God.’

I can’t get used to this body at all. In the past, Chung-Myung would not have lost a breath even after three days and nights of light attack. However, this weak body often gasps even if it moves a little.

It was the same when I went down to the chords and questioned Yujong San. It was ten times harder to go down and up the mountain than to deal with the loud swordsman, so what would you say?

Moreover, what Chung-Myung does now was not an easy task.

“Hooo

Chung-Myung, who touched the floor, took a deep breath and pushed energy into the ground.

What are you doing in the middle of the night?

“Yeah, d*mn it.”

The warehouse will be down here. But the problem is I don’t know where it is down here.

There’s only one way. I’m just checking one by one.

Thanks to this, Chung-Myung was now crawling through the mountains, pumping energy from point to point to point to find an empty space. If there is an empty space under the mountain, it must be a warehouse.

It’s easier said than done.

It’s easy to say....

“This is where you find a needle in the desert.”

Chung-Myung sighed heavily.

In the past, he would have been able to cover a small mountain like this with energy with just one hand. But now, he was limited to shooting long enough, at the most, a finger.

“Oh, my God, I’m dying!”

And it’s not like you can keep firing that kind of energy. His inner circle, which should be called brother, quickly came to the bottom, even though he had only used it a few times. Every time I do that, I’m re-energizing my energy and shooting it for the tenth time.

“What if he doesn’t have it, then he’s just gonna lie?”

I’m tired, so I can’t stop thinking. Chung-Myung blew up the mind penetrating into his head.

Arthur, where there is a will, there is a way.

“There must be!”

Considering the nature of the long death penalty and everything else, the books must be kept in a safe place. And this is the only safe place.

We need to catch straws. But this hope is more like a floating log than a straw. There’s no way I won’t!

One more time!

“Oops!”

One more time!

“I’m dying!”

One more time!

“Something’s empty. It’s none of my business. Oops.”

Once...

No. Wait a minute.

“What’s empty?”

Chung-Myung opened his eyes wide. Squeeze your energy for confirmation and shoot once more.

'There is!'

I felt something disparate. There's something empty down here. It still has a weak history, so it is not known who created that space or whether it naturally created an empty space.

But it was clear that something was empty.

Then what?

"Spit it out!"

Chung-Myung spat on the floor and stood up. Then he grabbed the pickaxe next to him.

"You have to check with your eyes!"

Now it's a battle of grit.

"Huh!"

One shovel.

"Turn it off!"

Two shovels.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Three shovels.

Splash.

Chung-Myung just collapsed in the pit. The dirt came rushing into my mouth, but now I don't have the strength to spit it out."You're dying. You're dying."

Bloody body.

My arms tremble and my legs tremble just by digging five sheets. My back was hurting like a knife hit me.

Learning martial arts is familiar with suffering.

But pain from hard training and wounds, pain from labor, diverts. Unfortunately, Chung-Myung was not used to the pain of labor.

Even if you're used to the pain of labor, it's not something a child can do.

Digging a healthy land is hard for even a healthy adult male. Besides, it doesn't work the trick. It's something you have to do purely with strength and grit.

"Spit it out!"

Chung-Myung, who spit out the soil that came into his mouth, glared.

Let's see if you win or I win!"

But if you give up here, won't the name Plum Blossom Screening cry?

"Euracha!"

Chung-Myung again vigorously started picking a pickaxe.

If there's a space down there, I'll definitely get there!

Push! Push! Push!

"Eurachachachachachachacha!"

Push! Push! Push!

"Huh?"

Like this?

Chung-Myung quickly lowered his posture. Then he started peeling off the dirt with both hands. After digging out the soil several times, something hard is touched on the fingertips.

Bricks?

Chung-Myung's face is distorted. It feels strange to touch the fingertips. I feel a crack in the middle. It's a brick.

It may be a good sign that there is something built of bricks underneath these mountains. It means someone created an artificial space.

But Chung-Myung's idea was different.

If this was the Bidong of Hawasan, it would not have been poorly equipped with bricks. I'm sure they've kept a little tighter around in case someone breaks in.

By the way, brick.....

'Let's dig through it for now.'

Chung-Myung suppressed his disappointment. Nothing is certain until you see it. For now, the first thing to do is to check with your eyes.

Smooth.

When the soil was removed, the clear brick pattern was revealed. It was not clear because of the low level of martial arts and the darkness, but it became clear that there was something underneath it.

Let's see.

Chung-Myung grabbed one of the bricks carefully.

It's been a while, so the bricks are tightly interlocked. Pull the bricks with force. But at the same time, be careful not to collapse.

Snarling.

A brick comes up top.

That's right!

Chung-Myung, who carefully took out the bricks, pushed his face into the hole that was exposed below.

'Now, here....'

Chung-Myung, who checked the below with increased safety, slightly frowned.

There's nothing down there. All you see is.....

'No way...Oh! The hallway?'

The fist is clenched automatically.

I didn't find it wrong. I found it right, but it just came a little to the side by side. The place he found is not a sinus, but a path leading to sinus. It has not yet been able to detect the exact separation of path and sinus due to lack of ability.

But finding the corridor is finding the way to Bidong!

'Good!'

The moment Chung-Myung looked up and tried to lift up the bricks.....

That's buck.

There was a low sound of footsteps from the inside.

'Huh!'

Chung-Myung almost screamed in surprise. Someone is walking this way through the hallway.

"The Long Man?"

He leaned his head back and hurriedly covered the brick he had pulled out. But there was a bigger problem.

Oh, my God!

Light was leaking through the cracks created by pulling out bricks. Chung-Myung hurriedly covered the bricks with his body and lowered his breathing to perform the homing technique. "Why now?"

You might get caught if you nod. What would you say if a long man found him digging through the mountains and reaching here?

Never get caught.

That's it's byeok.

The sound of footsteps walking in the dark hallway is getting closer. It wasn't a very quick step.

'You're a long man.'

The appearance in the dark clearly showed that he was a long writer.

Fortunately, Jang Moon-in felt no abnormality and passed by where Chung-Myung was looking down. But there was no sign of relief. This is because the long writer stopped walking soon.

'There's a wall.....?'

As the eyes get used to the complete darkness, the inner appearance is more evident. A large wall is seen in front of where the long writer stopped walking.

No. It's not a wall.

It may look like that, but it can't be a wall. The end of a long corridor is called a door, not a wall. The long writer stands still and looks at the door.

You knew that.'

I expected that to be the case.

There would have been no way for others to know the existence of disagreements that Chung-Myung did not know, but it was highly likely that only Jang Moon-in knew. Jang Moon-haeng may have delivered it to the person who will be the long-lived leader of the future in case of an emergency, or he may have stumbled upon it while writing his residence.

But the odd thing is why was it that Hawasan was in this state if he knew there was disagreement.

I'm sure there were books made by Jang Mun-sa and treasures in Bidong.

It was then.

The long writer raises his hand and stammers for the wall, or the door. For a long time as if I was touching something precious.

What are you doing?'

It was a move that I couldn't find out the meaning of.

Nevertheless, the reason why I don't want to complain about the appearance is because I can feel a different atmosphere from usual in the writer.

Fumbling through the door, he bowed slowly. Then he doesn't move in that position.

Only then did I know.

I'm not trying to do anything.

That's the look of a man who can'

Chung-Myung unwittingly bit his lips as he looked back at him.

to be small

And shabby.

The back of a great Hawaiian writer should always be wide and warm. But now his back feels as shabby as that of the old countryside.

A back that couldn't be seen by anyone. It's because there's no one here, so you can show that back.

I can feel the long writer's back shaking little by little against the wall.

'Ah.....'

I thought I knew.

So you couldn't open it.'

Chung-Myung bit his lips gently.

My back hurts. It's so cold and painful.

The collapsing Hawaiian faction.

Muhak is declining and wealth is falling. Those who press for debt become increasingly vicious, and the enemy's blades become sharper and sharper.

How desperate would it be to lead Hawasan alone in such a situation?

How miserable would it be for a long writer to see his whole life's dedication to the collapse?

Nevertheless, I cannot open my heart to anyone. A long writer is something that should be trusted by his or her literary class. He is not a man who can rely on others.

Even if everyone collapses, they should support this place firmly like a giant tree with a wide range of roots on the earth.

So...

So in a place like this, you alone soothe the pain and sorrow.

Holding on to the door of disagreement that won't open. Chung-Myung looked down at the back of a long writer. As if to engrave it in his eyes.

A long writer who has not moved while holding the door still raises his head.

Staring at the door, he then breathed a low sigh and turned away. And slowly went back out of the hallway.

Chung-Myung held his breath until the long-winded man's gas completely disappeared. Then he lifted the bricks and jumped down the hall.

".....Tsk."

I saw a scene I didn't really want to see.

'My fault is great.'

Not only that, but the good men's fault was great. The future of Kang Ho is important, but the future of Hawasan was also important. It is important to resolve the immediate crisis, but the children who will be left should have been considered.

"It's not too late."

If there is a fault, you can take it back. Chung-Myung will now return their lost years.

"Well, then...."

I turned my head and looked at the door.

"Let's open this d*mn door first."

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 25

"Before that, let's start with the surroundings.

We can't make a room for CHENLEYEOL.

Chung-Myung turned his head away. It is to check if other institutions do not work when the door is opened.

A long death sentence may have caused the signal to go off when someone other than himself opens the vibrancy. He's a very careful man.

I don't see anything.'

Chung-Myung's eyes were fixed on the top of the corridor, confirming that the device was missing.

There's a hole in the child's fist. It's not just one, but one at a time.

"Tsk."

Originally, there would have been a nightcap. It wasn't a dark corridor that didn't have a single light like now, but a bright corridor where the nightlife shone.

Every time I ran out of money, I pulled it out and sold it one by one. Every time that happened, this corridor would have gotten darker and darker.

What did the long writer think when he saw the hallway getting darker every time he came in? Don't you think the future of Hawasan is as dark as the hallway gets?

"Turn it off."

Chung-Myung scratched his head.

"It would have been better if I didn't."

It's heavy. It's heavy.

I knew that. I'm not a fool.

Just because Jang Moon-in or his disciples do not show such a figure, it does not mean that he could not even guess what he was thinking. Everyone will not be able to sleep properly by now due to the weight of the name Hawasan and the pressure that he may fail in his own generation.

You've been under that pressure all your life.

It's not fair.'

He's not the only one who's done it. In fact, it's true that he raised the reputation of Hawasan by calling it plum blossom inspection, but because Hawasan's great story went back to the decision of the long writers and elders, not him.

Where is this unfair case that Chung-Myung has to do all the cleaning up after all the work done together?

Chung-Myung approached the door, kicking his tongue.

That's enough complaining. Shall we open the door first?

"By the way... how do I open this?"

Chung-Myung tilted his head.

There's no handle on the door. It was only possible to guess that the long line in the middle was the door, but without it, it was safe to say that it was just a wall.

“And what are these lines?”

The long split in the center is a sign of the door interlocking. Then what are these lines that are all over the place? It looks like someone practicing swordsmanship against the wall.

“...is the door correct?”

Chung-Myung, who touched the wall or the door, still pumped his energy inside. However, he had no choice but to step down soon.

“Crazy.”

I can't get out of my energy. This cannot happen to ordinary rocks. There's something scary right behind this rock.

“Long-lasting season.”

It is at least a hand thick.

“.....is the money going to waste.”

It must have made a warehouse out of that expensive permanent iron and surrounded it with rocks.

“That's why he couldn't even think of opening it.”

Whatever the season of eternity is.

Smelting with a sword is the best metal in the world that can produce the world's greatest sword, and when armor is made, it can produce the best jewelry that can never be penetrated.

The same weight is a treasure trove more expensive than gold. But I can't believe you're making that kind of permanent iron.

“Hahaha.”

Depending on what you think, the long-winded man may look stupid. I can't believe I've left this expensive metal alone. But Chung-Myung could see why the long writer couldn't touch this phlegm. Late iron was literally the hardest metal in the world. Cutting this is impossible even for Chung-Myung now.

If it is a permanent season with a thickness of one kilogram, Chung-Myung, who used to inspect plum blossoms in the past, can barely cut it off. Therefore, if we want to cut down on this silk, we need to bring in the best masters in the world.

But will such a person withdraw after seeing this treasure?

'That can't be true.'

If the toothless Hwasan has the treasure, he is guilty of death. The powerful don't let the weak sell the treasure justly. I'll take the treasure at all costs.

Hwasan could have been annihilated if he clumsily attracted outsiders.

'The choice of the long-term man wasn't bad. Bringing in masters to solve the crisis right now is like bringing in criminals to avoid wolves.'

What is inside is also important, but the permanent season is a treasure in itself. This amount of permanent life is equal to a thousand gold.

"The problem is, I can't cut it either....."

Chung-Myung's face is slightly distorted.

If he was in the past, he could be cut off with his bare hands in this late season. He checks plum blossoms no matter what anyone says! At the height of the sword.....

"Never mind!"

Let's not talk about the meaningless past.

Chung-Myung raised his eyes and watched the promiscuous patterns carved on the wall. If this is the door and Jangmunsa used to come in and out of it, there must be a way to open it.

The long death penalty level was not higher than that. So as long as we figure out a way.....

"Huh? This?"

Twenty-four Plum Blossom?

The pattern on the wall, no! Kendo!

Some of the swordsway resemble the Twenty-four Plum Blossom. And when the clue was lifted, I could recognize the identity of the other patterns.

"It's a killer. This is plum blossom. And this is a joint right."

From shallow to dark patterns.

There are inscriptions in one place that cannot be mastered unless one of Hawasan's disciples.

'That's why the long man can't open it.'

Plum Blossom and Plum Blossom are not handed down to Hawasan of Tanggeum. People who know martial arts can follow Turo, but it's impossible to make martial arts based on Turo alone.

"This depth is....."

Chung-Myung sighed.

"It's a self-deprecating machine."

Based on the self-lowering machine, it follows the six-way, bamboo shoots, and the twenty-four plum blossom test, followed by the plum blossom test.

That was the way to open this door.

If you unfold the sword along the Touro exactly, the door seems to be opened on its own. I don't know how they came up with such an institution.

I solved the clue.

There is only one problem left.

".....how am I supposed to unfold this?"

If it's Chung-Myung from the past, it won't be a problem. No, even non-Chung-Myung elders could have opened the door without any difficulty. However, Chung-Myung was nothing but a child who did not learn the art of twenty-four plum blossoms properly.

The form of the sword can be followed. However, it was impossible for him to put his strength into this sword and spread it out at once.

"Whoa."

Chung-Myung sighed deeply.

How can you not do something?'

Make the impossible possible. There's nothing in the world that can't be done. It's just difficult.

Chung-Myung gritted his teeth and put his hands together in the danjeon.

“.....I really don't want to.”

It's not as if we had a life-and-death enemy in front of us. I don't want to overdo this. But this was the only way I could think of.”Think you're recuperating for a month or so.”

Chung-Myung grinds his teeth. He then operated the internal history and tapped the genital stethoscope, which is located in the deepest part of the power failure.

A congenital stethoscope.

The power that everyone has since the birth of a human being.

It's a different force from the history.

Even if you lose all your strength, you don't die. It's just a great sense of helplessness, and it doesn't interfere with your life. This is because history is a force artificially created by humans in the first place.

But the congenital stethoscope is different.

Human beings who have lost their genital vibrations can no longer sustain their lives. In other words, a congenital tremor is a vital force that sustains human life.

Those who are in the state of Muhak can use the genital stethoscope as if it runs in history. But a congenital tremor is the power to sustain life. If you use it, you must be prepared for it.

If you consume too much, you face death.

Even if consumed properly, the energy is greatly damaged and you cannot live a normal life for a few months.

I'm going to use just a little bit. Just a little bit.

It's meaningless when Chung-Myung dies to save Hwasan. Now Chung-Myung was perhaps more important than the whole of Hwasan.

Talk talk.

It stimulates the congenital stethoscope very carefully. It shouldn't come out too much. Just enough! Really, just enough!

The stimulated congenital vibrations began to stir. The genital oscillator that rises pushes into the power failure.

A little more than I thought.'

Chung-Myung blew up his thoughts and grabbed the sword.

Is it possible?

It has to be possible!

It creates a magnificent force by mixing birth control and resistance, and turns the resistance to the whole body by following the operation method of the self-lowering machine. The history of the unfamiliar route shook the whole body.

“Gasp!”

Scream pokes its lips out.

Terrible outrage ensued, but Chung-Myung rather glowed his eyes.

It’s only once! You have to do it at once.’

His fingertips are young in purple black.

I didn’t learn martial arts normally. It was just a clumsy reproduction of the meritorious and unfamiliar bodies that the head remembered.

So there’s no second time.

Chung-Myung’s hand travels Ho Gong like a light.

A purple trajectory dug into the wall.

That play, that play!

The sound of scratching against the wall rings a serene homologue. It’s integrity that must be unfolded at once, but it’s slow because of the limitations of the body and the history.

“Ugh...Ugh!”

I’m having a splitting pain in my Danjeon.

But Chung-Myung didn’t stop and swung his hand. As the excessive movement continued, the muscles began to hurt as if they were breaking, and the face was burning as if it were bursting.

“I’m the Plum Blossom Checker!”

If you don’t have the ability, at least fill it up with coming.

After biting his tongue at the ceremony to fly away, Chung-Myung finally unleashed the whole struggle.

Stand tall.

His hand stops at Ho Gong.

Is that enough?

My legs were shaking and my heart was out of breath, but now I can't afford to care about my body. If it doesn't open like this, it's a real disaster.

It was then.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

I thought I heard a strange sound of metal, and then I snapped! There was a sound of something opening.

In time, a huge door moves slightly forward about half the way.

"Ah!"

It's open!

I thought the door would open by itself due to the movement of the engine, but only the lock seems to have been released.

But somewhere. Now in there.....

"Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Suddenly Chung-Myung bent over, grabbing his belly.

Blood like blood flows from my mouth. Blood pours out through the throat with a force that cannot be swallowed back."Tzut."

Chung-Myung wiped his mouth with his sleeve.

It seems that his body has been severely damaged due to the use of more than he thought.

At least two months of internal injuries are required at this rate.

"Ha... It's so hard to save the Wasan faction."

Chung-Myung, who spat out the blood in his mouth, kicked his tongue and pushed the disagreeable door hard.

Squeak!

Disagree doors, which had been closed for a long time, opened wide from side to side.

“Well, let’s see what the long death sentence has hidden.”

Chung-Myung walked into Bidong with a significant smile.