

## Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 36

“.....”

Gong Munyeon quickly pulled himself together. Doesn't it mean that even if you're taken to a tiger's den, you'll live as long as you wake up.

“Moo, I don't know what you mean.”

“Ha, look at him.”

Chung-Myung snorted.

“He thinks I have a hole in my eye. Do I look like a man who doesn't recognize Taeul Shinsu?”

“.....”

Chung-Myung said with all his teeth.

“That's a coincidence. Coincidentally, the person who ran a base in harmony and pressed for debt to Wasan is learning Jongnam's martial arts, right? You've learned a lot about Taeul Shinsu.

A cold sweat fell from Gong Munyeon's forehead. I was so surprised that I couldn't feel the pain of being beaten.

God d\*mn it.

I had to put up with it.

Even if the neck is cut off, it is impossible to use Taeul Shinsu. Besides, in front of a man from Hwasan!

a capital error

But can I call this a mistake?

If the author hadn't driven Gong Munyeon so hard, and if he hadn't suddenly pulled out a real sword in front of Gong Munyeon, who was busy getting beaten, Gong Munyeon wouldn't have used Taeulshin even if he was dying.

If it is a coincidence, it is the worst coincidence, and if it is intended, it is hard to guess how deep the author's heart is.

“Did you spend it in Jongnam?”

“.....”

Gong Munyeon shut his mouth tightly.

No matter what I say now, it can't be an excuse anyway. If I could turn the situation around with a lame excuse, I would do as much as I could, but now it is impossible.

Then it would have been better to shut up rather than open your mouth and give more information.

“Huh? You're going to shut up.”

Chung-Myung approached Gong Munyeon, cracking his neck.

“Well, that's good, that's loyalty. I think it's a good choice. But there's one thing you're confused about.”

“.....?”

“Do you know what that is?”

“.....What?”

“I'm not going to tell you.”

“.....”

Jongnam is not a very easy place. Jong-nam has not been very emotional because he has been at odds with Hwasan since the past, but at least he has to admit that Jong-nam is a big fan of old file rooms.

There is no way that such a literary group would make a sloppy job of it. That's what Chung-Myung thought. The information that Gong Munyeon knows will be extremely limited, and even if more information is known, that information cannot be correct.

It's over if you know it's related to Jongnam. Isn't that what Chung-Myung or Hwasan needs to figure out?

Of course you don't have to tell Gong Munyeon that fact.

“Ha, you bastards. But the old crowd wasn't cheap, even though they were grim, but they're not even merciless, and they're trying to steal other people's doors with money? Is that a scam? It's a very good thing to do.”

Gong Munyeon could no longer keep his composure and shouted.

“Well, wouldn’t that be better for Hawasan?”

“Huh?”

“You know that! Hawasan is hopeless now, wealth? Money? That’s just an addition to Mufah. Having lost his martial arts, he can no longer be the former one. It’s just a difference between failing a little faster or failing a little longer!”

“Whoa?”

Chung-Myung listened to Gong Munyeon’s story as if it was funny.

“I was just trying to break the dying Wasan’s breathing quickly. It’s something that Hwasan should be grateful for. I’m sure anyone around you would know. That Hawasan couldn’t survive any more! The literature, which has lost its masters of martial arts, simply dies.”Who said that?”

“Don’t you understand?”

“No, who says that Hawasan’s martial arts was cut off?”

“.....”

Gong Munyeon looked at Chung-Myung with blank eyes.

If someone else had said this, I would have snorted. But the words that came out of Chung-Myung’s mouth had a different weight.

At least Chung-Myung, who you can see in Gong Munyeon’s eyes, was definitely a master of Hawasan’s

“These bastards are trying to cut off the well-being of Hawasan. And! If you live or die, you’ll die. Why are you guys trying to bury your well-off man. What authority do you have?”

“.....”

“Anyways, the muzzle-muckers bring all sorts of lame logic. Why don’t you just say that Hawasan was f\*cked to death. If you do that, I’ll admit it.”

I beat him up a lot.

Neighbors living nearby are more likely to bump into each other. Just as long-distance work is fundamental to diplomacy, adjacent doorways must be crossed. Hwasan and Jongnam had many similarities in that they had strong inner style, and they also used swords to each other was similar.

If a similar line of capitalism is located right next to it, one of them will die unconditionally.

In the past, Chung-Myung also beat Jong Nam when he was bored. It was exactly what happened to Chung-Myung after picking a fight in Jongnam.

“I’m not Jongnam’s man!”

“I guess so.”

“You seem to be mistaken, but I’ve just learned that trick by accidentally.”

“Oh, yeah. I will. Do you want me to tell you a very surprising.”

“.....What’s that?”

“I’m not a Hawaiian either.”

“.....”

“That makes sense.....”

“You, you son of a b\*tc\*!”

“.....”

Chung-Myung was about to spit on the floor.

Mask. That was close.

“Anyways, I’ll show you something interesting in return for showing you Taul-shin. It’s gonna be a lot of fun if you find out about this. It’d be sad if you didn’t recognize me.”

Chung-Myung slowly stuck out his sword.

“Tell the man who sent you clearly.”

Chung-Myung’s prayers have changed.

The playful appearance so far disappears. The bent waist straightened out, and the drooping shoulders regain their shape.

Perfect posture as if it were a picture.

Gong Munyeon, who saw it, opened his mouth without realizing it.

The wind seems to be blowing from somewhere.

With a clear wind, the scent of plum blossoms blooms like a fantasy.

“The plum blossoms give off the deepest scent when they bloom in the snow. Although it is winter now, the spirit of Hawasan is unbroken. When spring comes, plum blossoms bloom in full bloom.”

Gong Munyeon saw it.

Chung-Myung’s sword tip moves slowly.

Nervous.

The movement, which began with a tiny tremor, soon turned into a great tremor, and the great tremor soon turned into a sword’s trajectory, which was like a fantasy embroidered with the sky.

End of sword full of sky.

Vivid plum petals bloom at the end of the sword.

After the bleak winter, plum blossoms that heralded warm spring bloomed all over the mountain, and plum blossoms painted by Chung-Myung’s sword tips covered the world.

It’s an illusion.’

The wind is blowing.

As if flying in the spring wind, plum blossoms that covered the sky began to spread in unison. It was not long before the petals flew up to the sky and fell still on Gong Munyeon’s forehead.

The petals gently brushed Gong Munyeon and blew his consciousness like the wind. Until the end, he didn’t know what he was looking at.Flop.

Only the sound of Gong Munyeon falling to the floor, unconscious, rings hollow. The plum blossoms that covered the sky disappeared like a mirage.

Chung-Myung, who recovered the sword, turned around.

“Spit it out!”

Blood vessels flow back to the mouth due to excessive chi operation. Chung-Myung, who took off his mask and spat out a surge of blood, distorted his face.

I'm dying, really.

A broken body, even so, still lacks history. If it was him in the past, it feels like all the history of his entire body is being sucked away just by a sword that he would have drawn as a joke.

I like the foundation, but I'm going to die. Ouch.'

Chung-Myung rewears the mask thinking that he needs to come up with some countermeasures.

"Well, then."

His eyes went beyond Gong Munyeon, who fell to the floor, to merchants.

"....."

Merchants look at Chung-Myung with eyes as if they are seeing ghosts.

Why wouldn't that be the case?

I have never seen a flower that blooms plum blossoms in the sky with a sword. No, I was told that there were such dead people in Hawasan in the past, but I thought it was an exaggerated legend.

But the man who tore out the legend is standing in front of them now.

Chung-Myung is nothing short of a grim reaper for their part in trying to extort money from Hawasan.

"Who wants to be beaten up?"

"....."

"Who wants to go?"

"Me!"

"I'll just go!"

"Save me, please!"

He nods loudly as if he likes Chung-Myung.

"All right, very cooperative."

Merchants rushed out to the side. But of course Chung-Myung didn't mean to let them go so easily.

"Stop moving."

"....."

The merchants came to a halt in unison.

"How am I supposed to lead all these carts if you go away like that? Think about it, think about it!"

"....."

Merchants looked at Chung-Myung with eyes full of injustice.

You're saying we have to look at the convenience of the robber? No matter how backwards the world turns, there is no law like this.

But no one could bear to say no.

"You guys."

"Yes!"

"From now on, we each check how much wealth is in our carts. I'll put the last one next to him."

I didn't need any more words. As soon as the words were over, merchants rushed into their carts and began to calculate their wealth.

"That's 1,800 cats!"

"Two thousand and three hundred cats!"

"I'm eight thousand....."

"What, did you have so much money?"

"Does that matter now? You fool?"

They even bicker among themselves and run amok to report first.

Chung-Myung frowned while looking at it.

"Hey."

“Yes?”

“Did you include the cost of a cart and a horse?”

“.....”

“Calculate again.”

“Yes.”

Chung-Myung nodded when the calculation was done somehow.

“Then I’ll lend you a horse, and one of you go to the nearest battlefield and get the money. I’ll sell it in kind.”

Merchants looked at Chung-Myung with blank eyes.

They are also people who roll on the floor of money, but I have never seen such a person in my life.

“Get the money in a non-disclosure slip. If you mark it on the slip and get caught, you’ll be killed today. Okay?”

“Yes.”

You’re so meticulous.

“Go away.”

“.....well.”

“What?”

One of the merchants asked.

“What happens if the man who goes to the battlefield runs away?”

Chung-Myung smirks.

“What are you going to do when you run away?”

“.....”

“Do you guys have money?”

“No.”



“Your property has been repossessed, hasn’t it?”

“Yes.”

“Then what are you gonna do if you run away? If you want to get a review, you’ll have to come back.” .....then if you report it to the coffin.....”

“Try it.”

Chung-Myung lifted his leg and hit the floor.

Boom!

The floor cracks.

“Instead, report it and never come back. Run to the end of the continent. I’ll catch him even if I die. Never come back. Never.”

“.....”

Merchants abandoned reporting at the moment.

Come to think of it, they still have their own sixes in the chords. I can’t think of a way to run away from this lunatic. I don’t think the government can catch this guy.

“Let’s go.”

“.....Yes.”

Hawasan was gracious as a prestigious political party.

Nevertheless, there was only one reason why they were unhappy. Hawasan is benevolent, but not everyone in Hawasan is benevolent.

Even before sunset that day, a masked man with a book-thick slip in his hand climbed up the Wasan with joy. The wealth made from the sweat and tears of countless people was placed in such a greedy storehouse.

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Nothing has changed about Hwasan. The wind is still the same, and the antique halls are still the same.

It wasn’t just the Hwasan that changed, it was the man.

“Whoops!”

Jo-Gol is out of uniform. Sweat flows out as I grab the martial arts thrown off. After training from dawn, your whole body is soaked in sweat and you can't stand without changing your clothes.

"Oh, today's training was really tough."

"I don't know if I should do this early in the morning."

Jo-Gol smiled bitterly as he heard the words. His surroundings were full of clothes-washing motives like him. Together, they washed their whole bodies with icy streams and washed their sweaty robes clean.

Jo-Gol put on his new clothes and packed the laundry well.

"Let's go up."

"Yes, death penalty."

Celadon boats picked up their laundered robes and began climbing the Hawasan. Looking at it from behind, Jo-Gol had no choice but to think about it.

'That's a lot of changes.'

I wouldn't have dreamed of seeing this before. Celadon boats were not enthusiastic about learning martial arts, although they were Hwasan's Mundo. The same was true of even the metabolites, Yoon-jong or Jo-Gol.

But now, everyone has voluntarily left early in the morning to train. There was no end to complaints, but no one led to rebellion.

What do you call this scene?

It's like nothing to do with it.'

Jo-Gol was smirking.

Seeing the three great disciples of Hawasan, I can't believe I'm looking like an uncrowned figure. So until now, Hawasan has not been uncrowned?

"Why are you laughing like that?"

Jo-Gol turned his head to the sound coming from the side. Ambassador Yoon-jong was looking back at Jo-Gol with great success.

"Oh, the death penalty. ....It's a little embarrassing to say, but I think everyone now has a no-view."

“Is that so?”

“It’s a little strange, though.”

“No. I was just thinking the same thing.”

“Haha……”

Jo-Gol ended up laughing out loud.

Not long ago, Jo-Gol had never imagined training in Wasan by sweating. The training instructed by the White House was done without exception, but it was more of an effort than a quota.

Jo-Gol’s goal was to kill time moderately and then descend and return home. No, it would have been everyone else’s goal, not just Jo-Gol.

So can there be passion?

However, I think something has changed recently. Not only that, but the eyes of other death penalty have changed a lot.

I guess this is all about him.’

Jo-Gol’s face, which reminds me of Chung-Myung, is slightly distorted.

Chung-Myung was changing Hawasan. It’s obviously only a small wind now, but no one knows yet whether it will end up as a breeze or become a huge typhoon that will shake the entire city of Hawasan.

But in the cool future, it will surely have its effect.

Jo-Gol, who jumped up the mountain and entered Hawasan’s prose, straightened his shoulders. A corner of my heart was overwhelmed.

But the pride soon flew high into the sky.

“Hey, you can’t hold it there!”

“Fly, fly, fly! We’re going to push all the materials inside and then start! Are you deaf?”

“There! If you break there, you’ll have no pay for a month! It was so hard to climb up here. What are you doing?”

Jo-Gol stared blankly at the sight of Hawasan. It’s very busy and chaotic.”……”

His gaze shifts greatly from left to right.

What are these people?’

People I’ve never seen before are coming in and out of prose. Everyone had tools and materials in their hands for the first time.

“There. No, not there! That way!”

It is comforting to know someone among them. Unam was standing among the people and giving instructions urgently.

“..... death penalty?”

Yoon-jong, who was looked at by Jo-Gol, walks toward Unam with a blank face.

“Sasukjo.”

“Hmm? Is it Yoon-jong?”

“What’s all this about?”

“Oh.”

Unam smiled brightly.

Normally, I would not have explained one by one to Yoon-jong, who was only the three greatest disciples, but Unam was in a very good mood now. So there’s nothing I can’t explain.

“It’s the workers.”

“Worker?”

“Well, you know, aren’t the halls very old?”

“That’s right.”

It’s not just that it’s old.

It’s so old that it’s almost crumbly that something breaks and is swept away when the wind blows. At least the places where the disciples lived and where they trained somehow maintained their form. Most Cabinet offices were left unattended without minimal management due to a lack of manpower to manage.

“I’m going to take this opportunity to make a big pay. Re-establish the prose.”

“Yes?”

“Don’t just look and go and carry the material. The workers must have had a hard time bringing the materials all the way here. Most wood can be made by cutting nearby, but there must be wood that doesn’t grow here.”

“Yes?”

“Move fast, move fast! Come on!”

Jo-Gol gave a blank look to Unam, who was smiling and shouting.

Perhaps change is coming faster than he thought.

“What’s going on?”

Jo-Gol looked at the table with absurd eyes.

Hunger soared to the neck thanks to one more effort to carry the materials. However, the food on the table is more absurd than hungry.

“What is this?”

“.....Am I dreaming?”

“No matter how many times you look at it, it’s something called meat.”

Other death penalty reactions were similar. Their eyes were fixed on the table.

A great deal happened on the table.

The meat has come up.

“Do you mean there’s such a thing to be angry about?”

“The crystal of evil business that killed the living and ripped the body off is on the table of the holy Doga.”

“It’s a windfall!

“.....”

Jo-Gol let out a grin.

There was no particular ban on plantation or meat in Hawasan.

There is a discipline that recommends vegetarianism and bans meat-eating in the whole way that Hwasan succeeded it, but it has changed a lot in his generation. Vegetarianism is recommended, but meat eating is not prohibited.

But not forbidding cannot be the same as putting meat on the table.

It's been several years since I entered Hwasan, but this is the first time I've seen meat on the Hawaiian table.

"Can I eat this?"

"I think you put it on the table to eat."

Everyone looks at Yoon-jong's eyes. The decision maker is Yoon-jong unless the private servants are here.

Yoon-jong nodded with a wry smile.

"Let's eat for now. It's going to cool down."

"Yes."

Jo-Gol, once seated by Yoon-Jong, felt a sudden prickly stare and raised his head. All the death penalty is Jo-Gol..... No, exactly, I'm looking at Yoon-jong sitting next to Jo-Gol.

Knowing the intentions of the death penalty, Yoon-jong grabbed a chopstick and picked up a piece of meat. And the moment the meat goes into Yoon-jong's mouth. Papapapapapad!

Chopsticks fly into the bowl from all directions!

There were even guys who used gold threads to catch fish. Jo-Gol almost screamed at the sight. But his body was more honest than his head. Jo-Gol's chopsticks also flew into the bowl like lightning.

You can't eat if you're late!

"Get out of my way, my meat!

"Meat! Meat!

Yoon-jong closed his eyes as he looked at the fragments of the meat scattering everywhere.

Hwasan 〇 I.

His wasan is turning into something strange.

“Well, it’s a long life and a business.”

“You’re right.”

“They start construction all of a sudden, and there’s no meat on the table. Even two new uniforms were given out today, right?”

“I did.”

Yoon-jong opened his eyes as if he was thinking something. Jo-Gol, who was looking at the mysterious look,

“What are you thinking?”

“I think money is very good.”

“Huh.”

Jo-Gol stopped laughing.

I don’t know if it’s anyone else, but it feels weird to hear this from Yoon-jong.

Do it, it’s the same with the others.

“No matter how much money I had, I didn’t expect my superiors to change anything so quickly.”

“Do you think they should have kept their disciples poor? It couldn’t be helped without it.”

That’s right.

It’s not that meat didn’t come out because it’s against the law. It didn’t come out because the meat was expensive.

“I couldn’t do it because I didn’t have enough money, so I do it when I have money. But what’s so weird about it?”

Jo-Gol nodded.

“.....Didn’t you see Unam Sangho can’t help but smile?”

That’s right.

I saw it.

Jo-Gol, I swear, had never seen Unam smile so brightly in his life. It could be someone who doesn't know how to laugh. Have you ever thought about it?

What a laugh you have made of such a man!

What is clear is that the present-day Hwasan is on the road to change.

"Death penalty."

"Hmm?"

"What do you think will happen now?"

It was an incoherent question, but Yoon-jong understood what Jo-Gol meant.

"You know that, don't you? Hwasan is already changing rapidly."

"Yes."

"So we need to be prepared."

"Be prepared..."

"It's not just a matter of money. Didn't you see it, too. In the crate."

"Yes, there was a rain check."

I still can see the scene where Jang Moon-in was moving back saying the name of the warrior.

"Hwasan is changing. And it will change. We can't avoid change either. Therefore, we must strengthen our will and work hard. Then can't we see something different than we expected?"

Jo-Gol nodded.

"Is this all because of him?"

Jo-Gol could not help but suspect that the whole situation was caused by Chung-Myung's manipulation some time ago. I frown automatically when I think of the obvious performance.

"What did he do?"



“Do they understand?”

There was no subject, but it wasn't Yoon-jong who didn't know who it was referring to.

“What's certain is that he's not something we can guess ahead of time. You'd better get your act together. He could be swept away by the luck he creates with his clumsy determination.”

“Don't worry, death penalty. I'm Jo-Gol.”

“Yes, I did.”

Yoon-jong smiled and headed for the white plum. A slightly different idea lingered in Jo-Gol's mind, who followed him quietly. 'We can't have a clue.'

Jo-Gol's idea was a little different.

Maybe Chung-Myung can't handle not only them but also the elders and the elders. Maybe.

“By the way.”

“Huh?”

“Where is he?” I haven't seen you since this morning.”

“Didn't you hear that? A man of long letters found him today. Probably in the place of a long writer by now.”

“You're a long man? Why would a long writer look for him again?”

“Do they understand?”

Jo-Gol let out a low sigh as Yoon-Jong shrugged.

“I'm so out of my mind.”

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“.....are you all right?”

“Yes. Cough! It's all right.”

“Did you really like it”

“That's okay. Cough! Cough!”

“You don’t look fine.....”

Hyun Jong distorted his face and looked at Chung-Myung. Chung-Myung sitting in front of me was not a horse. I’m skinned and white-faced.

“How bad is your health?”

No matter how much I look at it, it looks like I’m about to die. See a stranger, his disciples pijukto not feed might ask why swearing and spitting on it will remain the same.

I don’t think it was like this when I first came.’

Hyun Jong turned his head with a subtle face and asked Unam.

“What did the medicine say?”

“They say they’re not feeling well.”

“Energy?”

“Yes, it is said that excessive training has damaged your energy and needs to be suppressed.”

“Huh!”

Hyun-jong looked at Chung-Myung with moving eyes.

“Dude, you’re training until you’re blue in the face. Why did you do such a stupid thing?”

‘That’s not it.’

Training is freezing to death.

Chung-Myung hasn’t had a proper training since climbing to Hawaii. What kind of training is this?

Of course that’s all the medicine party had to say. It’s true that my energy is damaged and my body is damaged. How can I imagine that a newbie who just started writing his birthright broke up? Even if Hwata was sitting in the medical center, it is not an answer that can be made.

Weird misunderstandings have arisen, but at times like this, we have to answer honestly.

"I'm sorry, Jang Moon-in. I wanted to learn the martial arts of Hawasan as soon as possible so I stopped....."

"Huh, good boy, good boy."

Jang Moon-in nodded as if he liked Chung-Myung more.

Chung-Myung did not lie. It's true at heart!

"Hurried rice makes you sick. What can you do only when you're sick?"

"I will be more careful, my pupil."

"Yes, yes."

Hyun Jong smiled pleasedly.

The child before us is literally Hawasan's Hongbok. It's nothing short of a rolling fortune. So how come it's not pretty?

"Yes, do you enjoy tea?"

"I don't really enjoy it."

Chung-Myung shrugged.

I don't know if it's alcohol.

Chung-Myung's taste is too much of a bath. Unlike alcohol that piqued the throat, tea was just grassy water.

Jang Moon-sa-hyung said that Chung-Myung was a hard man to become a master in the first place, but what can he do about his taste?

Is there a law that says long-time Hawasan should enjoy tea?'

In the past, long death sentences were also well versed in tea ceremony. And in Chung-Myung's view, Jang Moon-in, now, was not very good at riding a car.

Jang Moon-in hands out the car he carefully rode to Chung-Myung. Chung-Myung picked up the car with both hands.

"I'm sorry you don't enjoy it, but taste it, Bondo."

"Yes."

Regardless of the scent process, Chung-Myung gulped down the tea at once.

“.....”

Although there is a greater pleasure in enjoying the scent than the original taste of tea, it seemed that tea to Chung-Myung meant nothing more than hot water.

Looking at it with a sad face, Hyun-jong asked as soon as Chung-Myung put down the tea cup.

“How do you like it?”

“It’s cold.”

“.....”

There was a subtle disappointment in Hyun Jong’s solemn face, but Chung-Myung was just honest in his duty.

“Well, yeah.”

Hyun Jong, who blew up the awkwardness with a cough, gently releases his expression again.

“I called you back here to give you a compliments on this. Thanks to you, Hawasan was able to get out of the woods. You’ve done a great job.” “I haven’t done anything.”

“How could you not have done anything? If it weren’t for you, we’d be on the streets by now.”

“I just happened to walk past it, and I just happened to get stuck in the box.”

“Huh. It’s a coincidence.”

Hyun Jong shakes his head still.

“There is no such thing as a coincidence. Everything is just a consequence of a connection.”

Chung-Myung nodded still.

I’m just saying, but Hyun Jong’s words hit the nail on the head.

‘There are times when he’s so sharp.’

“Didn’t she? Unam?”

“Yes, Jang Moon-in. And even if all of this was made by accident, the ball that caused the accident is not small either. Besides, I didn’t want to be rich, but I informed the long-term writer, so how can I say, “How can I say?”

“Yes, yes.”

Hyun Jong swept away his beard as if he was willing to.

“Do it.”

Then, look at Chung-Myung with warm eyes.

“It’s only natural to reward those who have done their best. Hawasan is about to award you. That’s why I called you.”

“Did you say a prize?”

“Yes, is there anything you want?”

Chung-Myung is a bit worried.

What do you want?

“It would be a lie if you could pass on that wealth and not regret it. If you need wealth, I’ll give you proper wealth.”

“Wealth is fine.”

“Hmm?”

Hyun Jong opened his eyes slightly wide.

“Did you say you didn’t need wealth?”

“Yes, they feed us and give us clothes anyway, so what’s the use of wealth? It’s not like there’s anything to use in the mountains.”

“Hahaha. Yes, it is.”

Hyun Jong smiled.

It’s a pottery.

It is not easy to abandon one’s greed for wealth, however useless it is. You don’t have to spend money now, but you don’t have to spend it in the future, do you?

He doesn't seem to be a child who can't guess such a thing, but he's a child who practices no desire to refuse wealth. It was a bowl to embrace the province.

However, Chung-Myung's inner thoughts were completely different from the warm interpretation of Hyun Jong.

"How much is it to doin'?"

a secret warehouse for a long writer Now, the secret warehouse used by Chung-Myung, not the long-time writer of Hwasan, is piled up with wealth that would turn his eyes upside down and faint if Hyun Jong saw it.

Chung-Myung is already the richest man in harmony.

You don't have to receive any small sum of money from a poor writer.

"Then what do you want? It may help you pre-learn martial arts that you can't yet learn in four rows."

"I don't mind not studying."

".....Huh? Is this okay?"

"Yes."

"Did you find martial arts meaningless?"

Chung-Myung shook his head again.

"It's not like that. Although the disciple does not know everything, I think there is a meaning to all the martial arts that the good men of Hawasan will learn in accordance with the line of succession."

Hyun Jong opened his eyes wide.

"Really?"

"Yes. Didn't the writer just say that the hasty meal will upset you?"

"I did."

"I think the same goes for Muhak. I'll learn what's right for me and make sure to move on even though it's slow."

"Yes, you're right. You are absolutely right."

Hyun Jong nodded constantly.

The more we talk, the more I like it. Doesn't a young child still know what province is and what reason is?

"Where did you come from?"

It was Hyun Jong who was so willing that he couldn't hide his laughter, but of course Chung-Myung's idea was completely different. I'll have to give you credit. Dude!

Chung-Myung, who was worried about how to hand over other things other than the martial arts he delivered this time, was troubled.

It would have been convenient if I had handed it all over at once. However, the human mind has a strange side, so if you give both gold and silver statues at the same time, it devalues the value of silver statues.

Who will learn the sword if you give it both the Twenty-four Plum Blossom and Chimaes sword? As Hyun Jong said, you'll get indigestion if you eat in a hurry.

'You have to pay attention to every single one of these things.'

Long death. I'm sorry.

I'm sorry that I listened to it in one ear and spilled it in the other when Jang Moon-sa nagged me. I should have known how hard it was for him.

Half-way through the eyes of a long writer, I can see how hard it must have been for the long-time writer, Cheon Mun. And Chung-Myung would have taken up much of the trouble.

I should have listened.

It's hard to atone for the already dead Cheon Mun, but Chung-Myung was determined to be good to even the long-time writers.

"It is good that you are not greedy, but it is a little difficult for me now. Okay, so you don't need anything?"

'It's necessary.'

What can I do for Chung-Myung in the only thing left?

Chung-Myung, who was worried, opened his mouth.

Once you can secure some freedom of personal freedom, the radius of movement widens. It is more urgent than anything else.

“The long-time disciple does not slacken in learning martial arts.”

“I can tell from the looks of you.”

“.....”

Chung-Myung, who had a small cough, continued.

“But I think there’s a limit to just learning Muhak in this clean measure. I want to see the wide world once in a while. Please let me go down to the chord whenever I want.”

“Hmm.”

Hyun Jong slightly narrowed his forehead.

“I understand your intentions. That is against the rules of Hawasan. Your contribution is good enough, but then you’ll be afraid of anyone complaining about equity. Let me think about it.”

“Yes, a man of letters.”

“Do you have anything else?”

Chung-Myung, who was worried, opened his eyes wide.

“Long man!”

“Hmm?”

“As you can see, he’s not feeling well.”

“Yes, we’ll know if we have eyes.”

“The drugstore says it’s been deflated.”

“Yes, I’ve heard of it.”

“So, could you please drop me off?”

“.....English?”

“Yes, the English language of Hawasan. Isn’t there usually something like that in Moonpa?”



Hyun Jong burst into laughter.

“Hahaha. Yeah. You need Youngdan. Yeah, I like Youngdan. Is there anything more to supplement the body?”

“Yes, I am!”

“Hahaha. Yes, Youngdan. Yes. If it’s your work, it’s enough to be judged. Yeah, well...”Yes, sir.

Hyun Jong is looking at Chung-Myung. Then he spoke in a soft voice.

“Did you say you wanted to go down to the chords once in a while?”

“.....Yes?”

“Of course, it’s against the rules, but I can do you that much considering your contribution. Listen to Unam.”

“Yes, long-time man!”

“Hwasan’s student Chung-Myung does not get permission from others when he goes down to the chord in the future.”“Yes!”

“However, Chung-Myung must keep the chords in mind that everything he does in the chords cannot escape that responsibility. Do you understand?”

“Yes, I see. By the way.....”

Chung-Myung tilts his head.

What about Youngdan?

“Also, it should not affect the training in the harmony.”

“.....”

“Hahaha. Yeah. Then get out of here.”

“Oh, no, long story. Youngdan.....”

“I have high expectations for you. Keep your head above water.”

“.....yes.”

“Yes.”

“Precious. “The Long Writers.”

Hyun Jong grinned as Chung-Myung bowed his head and trudged out.

“I’ll never eat and die, you son of a b\*tc\*!”

I’d rather die than suffer.

Rather than sick.

## **Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 39**

Hyun Jong, Unam, and Hyun Sang, a homeless owner, remained in the room of Jang Moon-in, where Chung-Myung left, facing each other.

“What do you think?”

Unam smiled at Hyunjong’s question.

“It’s a pottery.”

“That’s how you felt.”

Hyun Jong smiled gladly.

It is true that Chung-Myung looks pretty. Why not? Thanks to Chung-Myung, Hawasan escaped the crisis of extinction. The enemy did not invade, the internal strife did not occur, and only because of the money, we were able to escape the most disgraceful situation in which Hawasan, a history and tradition, lowered the signboard.

Therefore, it is not enough for Hyun-jong to carry Chung-Myung on his back.

But now this assessment is not due to such beauty.

“Even as a child, words are wise. Sometimes it’s rough, but considering the age, it’s understandable.”

“Right.”

Unam’s thoughts deepened at the addition of the long-winded writer.

When I’m talking to Chung-Myung, I don’t feel like I’m talking to a child. It wasn’t just the way of speaking. I can’t feel the unique hitting of a child in Chung-Myung.

How should I put this?

Am I the only one who feels good?’

It smells like Doga.

This feeling could not be explained by logic. The scent of a door in a child.

I can’t explain it unless it’s a pottery.’

Unam raised his head slightly.

“It’s thoughtful, not like a child. There is also a side to consider before speaking. He is intelligent in many ways.”

“Right.”

“As long as you’re sure it’s no good.....will have the capacity to lead the next generation of Hawasan.”

Hyun Jong nodded silently. Then I turned my eyes and looked at Hyun Sang.

“What do you think?”

Hyun Sang, who had only been watching the situation so far, drooled.

“Don’t you know that I don’t know how to see people?”

“Hey, don’t you still have a feeling?”

“Feeling...”

Hyun Sang closed his eyes still.

Time goes by slowly. Hyun Sang, who had been in thought for a long time, slowly opened his mouth.

“The child is not like a child.”

“.....”

“I know that often children who have lived rough lives and thoughtful children show that. But that means you’re mature for your age, doesn’t it mean you’re like an adult?”

Hyun Sang, who asked for consent slightly, continues.

“But he’s not precocious, he talks like an adult and acts like an adult. To the point where I want to bring out what’s in it.”

“Do you mean black inside?”

“That’s not what I meant. But...”

Hyun Sang shortened his words.

“I see.”

Hyun Jong nodded.

“I know what you’re all thinking, but don’t put too much weight on it right now. As you can see, isn’t he a child?”

“Yes, a man of letters.”

“We’re not the ones who use people, we’re the ones who nurture people. If you’re a great talent, you can show them your talent, and if you’re a kid with a problem, you can lead them to fix it.”

“You’re right.”

“Unam.”

“Yes, a man of letters.”

“How is the construction going?”

“It’s not easy to fill up the materials because of the rough mountains. We’re cutting down the trees as much as we can, but we can’t help the time it takes to dry and trim the cut trees. It will take some time.”

“I see.”

Hyun Jong, who swept down his beard, asked with a serious face.

“Didn’t you disapprove of me for caring about the appearance of money?”

“That can’t be true, long-winded” Please understand. Hawasan should be born again now. When a person makes a new promise and makes a new will, he or she purifies his or her clothes and straightens his or her body. This is no different for the Moon faction. This was considered most certain to convey a new meaning to the Mundo.”

“The will of the long man is right.”

Hyun Jong nods his head still.

“Priest.”

“Yes, long death.”

Hyun Sang slightly lowers his head.

“Finish the newly acquired interpretation of Muhak as soon as possible. One, there should be no laxity. Depending on how you pass on the martial arts to your disciples, the fate of Hwasan will change.”

“I’ll make sure there’s not an inch of weakness.”

“I’m counting on you.”

Hyun Sang slightly hardened his face when he saw Hyun Jong, who seemed to be lost in thought.

‘Should I say it?’

No. Never mind.

Maybe it’s just old women. Long death sentence is now envisioning the future of Hwasan, which will last a thousand years. I can’t get you to care about nothing.

‘However...’

Hyun Sang sighed softly.

When I discovered B-rated, I was so shocked that I didn’t feel strange. However, it is hard to get rid of the curiosity these days as it is looking through the process of interpreting the payment.

“The paper is too clean to call it a book that’s at least 100 years old.’

And there were traces of ink smudging in places.

If Hyun Sang’s suspicions are correct, this grade is not from a hundred years ago. It’s a relatively recent grade someone has created.

But who the hell?

Who can produce the actual martial arts in Hwasan? It doesn’t make sense in common sense.

If there was anyone who could do such a thing, it would be better to come with a salary than to make it so that it could be discovered. Then all of Hawasan's Mundo will hold him like a king.

That means there's someone in Wasan who needs to be helped but not revealed.

Hyun Sang shook his head.

That's too much. That's too much.

I thought there might be a conspiracy, so I reviewed and reviewed martial arts, but this is genuine no matter how many times I look at it. There is nothing wrong, there is nothing wrong. There's nothing special about it even if you wash your eyes and look for it.

Let's go over it one more time.'

If it's strange, it won't be too late to tell you then.

\* \* \*

"Eh, I'm not even gonna pick up the beggars!"

Chung-Myung kicked a stone.

"What have you done that you don't have any English left!"

I can guess from the look on the face of a long writer. It was clear that there were no plum blossoms left in this literary group.

It is absolutely hopeless.

If you didn't have the money to manufacture the Jasodan, now that you have the money, the answer is...

'Wait for now.'

But Jang chose to change the subject instead of telling him to wait.

That means that not only is there no Yeongdan in Hawasan now, but also the method of making Yeongdan has been put into practice.

"There's not one thing that's fine!"

I'm so frustrated.

No matter who deliberately plotted to destroy Hwasan, there can be a variety of destruction in such various areas.

No martial arts, no spirit, no people, no money?

“I’m not screwed up. Well!”

What would you do if you were angry? This is all my karma. Chung-Myung patted his lower abdomen, smacking his lips. Ha, this is a pain in the ass.’

My body doesn’t recover as easily as I thought. I thought I should be prepared for side effects because it was a child’s body whose musculature was not yet completed and he used his birthmark in a situation where he had little history.....

The problem is, it’s not as much.’

My body doesn’t recover more than I thought.

Perhaps there was a habit of implicitly using the body of the past and the level of the past.

That’s it.

If Chung-Myung had been told that a child would use birth control, he would have grabbed not only the child but also the people around him who couldn’t stop him and hit the cheek.

That’s how dangerous it is.

But that’s the way it is with people. There’s nothing left, but I used to think it might. And it’s a disgrace.

The problem was that Chung-Myung was the one who humiliated his defeat. Since the body is not recovering, training is not easy, and training is not easy, so martial arts does not increase.

The degree of suffocation was too much to take as the price of rekindling Hwasan. If this continues, we’ll have to attend at least half a year in Jeongyang.

“Half a year frozen to death!”

What if it’s an old man’s body? Half a year at this young age is so deadly. Half a year now is like a decade in the distant future.

I’m not just trying to recover and be comfortable. Now Chung-Myung is building a perfect foundation. But isn’t the human body the earth?

A child grows and changes. As such, there is a reasonable time. If you miss this period, there is something you can never make again. Shouldn't your body build the basics when you learn martial arts on its own?

"I have to find a way."

Chung-Myung is troubled with a serious face.

"First of all, we have to have Young-dan....."

The decline in energy can only be cured by energy. If it is not solved by taking it easy, you should take a large amount of energy at once to fill the birthmark.

Then there are two ways.

They need to eat precious young dan or get help from stomata such as grid power.

However, there is no way that Chung-Myung can get someone to give him a solid power, nor can he get Youngdan.

Youngdan is not something you can buy just because you have money. Besides, isn't Chung-Myung a child's body now? Unable to leave the chord, it was almost impossible for him to save Young-dan.

to have no solution

"Oh, come on, you don't even have dog poop for medicine! What the f\*ck is there no such thing as an Englishman on his doorstep? f\*ckin' y'all, y'all, y'all, y'all!

Young-dan rolled on the floor, adding a little lie to the former Hawasan.

Jasodan was common enough to eat at least one Mundo in a lifetime, and Seolmaedan was so common that it would fall into a prize even if he had to set up a ball somewhere or practice hard.

And plum blossoms?

"It wasn't even medicine."

Plum beds were too common to be treated as medicine. Chung-Myung wouldn't have asked for plum beds if it wasn't for the current condition.

It would be helpful to Chung-Myung today, but for Chung-Myung at the time, plum beds were just useless herbs that would not make him feel better.

Would Chung-Myung have used plum blossoms as a hangover reliever in the past?



The effect was great.'

When you drink secretly and your hangover is not completely relieved by transportation, if you take a pill of plum blossoms, your stomach will be sore! It's been released. It's not worth it as Youngdan, but as a hangover reliever, the best thing in the world was plum blossoms. Of course, if Jang Moon-sa knew that, he would have followed Chung-Myung with bubbles in his mouth.

So I'm going to hide my plum beds.....

"Huh?"

Stand tall.

Chung-Myung's body, which was swirling, stopped.

"Getting rid of hangovers?"

His head turns to the morrow.

"Why didn't I think of it?"

Here it is! Youngdan!

No, no!

There will be! Youngdan!

Huasan's troublemaker Chung-Myung...I mean, the former wasan's troublemaker, Chung-Myung's Youngdan!

"Sometimes bad head helps!"

Chung-Myung giggled and started running toward the prose with all his might.

## **Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 40**

Chung-Myung raised his head with a grim face. His jaw, clenched in clenched mouth, bends a little.

A little more.

A little more.

And a little more.

“.....”

It was only right before he broke his neck that Chung-Myung could look where he wanted to look.

A cliff that's shaved.

Chung-Myung's eyes were filled with terrifying cliffs, which were endlessly high and could not be seen from the clouds.

“.....crazy.”

A laugh is coming out of my mouth.

People living in Hwasan call this cliff a “sweet disorder. In Hwasan, the most rugged of all the Oaks, the highest and most dangerous cliff is Dan disability here.

And in the middle of this perilous cliff was Chung-Myung's search now.

Hwasan's a lot of Bizzy.

The most secretive of all. Very few in Hwasan as well. Only a few of them know!

“Well, I'm the only one who knows.”

At the center of this cliff is a small cave that cannot be found without climbing directly.

Dan disability is a place where Mundo's light training is prohibited due to its danger. However, Chung-Myung enjoyed light-air training in the sweet disorder because he was a green frog that was not supposed to be done.

Then, he accidentally discovered that there was a small cave in the middle of a sweet disorder, and since then, he has used it as a private hiding place.

“It's been a lot.”

For example, drinking alcohol to avoid the long death penalty, or biting meat to avoid the long death penalty, or taking a nap to avoid the long death penalty.....

“Long death sentence.”

Why did you keep me alive?

You should've beaten him to death.

As I changed my position, I could see why Jang Moon-sa-hyung yelled at Chung-Myung. If Chung-Myung was in that position, he would have beaten her to death.

But now Chung-Myung wanted to beat his old Chung-Myung to death without having to change his position.

“No, you crazy.....”

I feel like my neck is going to bend.

A sane man wouldn't even think of using the middle of a cliff like this as a shelter. You can do this because you're about Chung-Myung.

And the damage was being done by Chung-Myung now.

If it was Chung-Myung, the plum blossom inspection, it would be possible to climb this cliff with just a couple of runs, but it is impossible for Huasan's three great disciples, Chung-Myung, to climb this cliff.

Why is a sweet disorder a sweet disorder?

No place to step, no place to grab. How smooth the cliff is makes the viewer feel refreshed.

This cliff used to be like this.

This is not because Chung-Myung cut the cliff in the middle in case others find the cave.

“.....I've had it. Really.”

You feel like you're trying to kill yourself. Who in the world would ever experience this?

“Whoa.”

With a deep sigh, Chung-Myung soon looked up at the cliff again with determined eyes.

“But I'm coming!”

There's no back.

Chung-Myung will answer if anyone asks why he climbs a cliff.

“There's a spirit tablet! d\*mn it!”

If you remember Chung-Myung clearly, there are plum beds and sleds in that cave!

Because that's where Chung-Myung used to sleep after drinking. It is a place where plum beds are laid down to relieve hangovers.

I really didn't have a plan.'

No matter how much you said you got kicked, it's still Yeongdan, but you put it in a cave to relieve hangovers. It's not the job of a sane man.

But it's true that Chung-Myung now has a chance.

Chung-Myung looked at Dan's disability with a determined face and turned around. Then he strode into the forest on the other side."Whooooooooooooooooosh.

Chung-Myung took a deep breath.

"No matter how much I think about it, it's crazy."

Chung-Myung was now standing at the top of a single disorder. It came back to the opposite ridge. He had a long rope woven out of vines in his hand.

No matter how many times I think about it, it's impossible to climb from the bottom of a single disorder to a cave. It's hard to climb up that shiny cliff, and it's also too high.

It is too harsh a cliff for Chung-Myung, who is still only a child, to climb.

But what if I go down from the top? It's a lot easier than climbing from the bottom.

If there's only one problem.....

"It's about ten times as dangerous."

Sneaking down, Chung-Myung gulped his dry saliva unconsciously. I can't see the bottom. All I can see is a cliff that has been carved and a cloud hanging in the middle of it.

I stepped back still.

And grabbed the heart.

"Oh, my. I'm shaking."

It used to be a walking place like a garden, but now it's like an entrance to hell. How many people can think of walking down here with a single rope in their right mind?

But there are things in the world that you want to do and things that you have to do. This was the obvious latter.

“Once dead, twice dead..... No, I die twice.”

Chung-Myung once tied the rope in his hand tightly to a nearby stone. This line is his lifeline. Pull the rope several times and take a deep breath and stand at the end of the cliff.

“Sigh.”

It’s really hard to save the Hawaiian people. I don’t know why I should I?

“Darn it!”

Chung-Myung, who uttered abusive language, boldly began to climb down the cliff.

It was never easy to climb down a shiny cliff. It’s hard to find a single finger. Chung-Myung relied on himself in a speck of dust and stuck to the wall with suction when there was no gap.

Cheers pour out of Chung-Myung’s mouth, who has been whining down the cliff for a long time.

“Oh, shit! If I’d known, I’d have learned how to fly!”

It’s a martial arts that I didn’t learn because I thought it was a catch, but it’s too bad to catch it because of the situation.

It was then.

Crack, crack, crack!

The lightly stepped stone crumbles and falls down.

Talk. Talk. Talk.

Chung-Myung stared blankly at the falling stone. The rock bounces into the cliff burrows into the thick clouds.

And after a long time.

Toeok!

“.....WOW.”

It takes a long time to fall from here to the bottom. If it falls, there’s no body left. the real thing

Chung-Myung, who shuddered once, gulped down his dry saliva.

Chung-Myung, who was never afraid of the world's Heavenly Demon, but that's when his opponent was Heavenly Demon. Even if it's the same death, it's a no-brainer to fall off a cliff.

Let's say you died here and went to the next world.

How would the death penalty see him who died in a crash again? You'll be relegated from the hero who killed Heavenly Demon to the fool of the world again. It's an absolute no.

"Yes."

Chung-Myung shrewdly began to play with his hands.

At first, it was a little awkward, but after a few repetitions, it was Chung-Myung climbing a cliff like a lizard on a wall.

'It must have been down there.'

Chung-Myung, who was going down, frowned. There is a huge cleavage between Korea and China on the cliff.

We can't go inside.

It means you have to jump.....

"Whoa."

Chung-Myung, who took a deep breath, looked down with determined eyes."I'm a plum blossom-

You can't be intimidated by this!

Throw yourself down boldly. At the same time, I felt my body slightly lifted up, and a cliff rushed in front of me.

"Euracha!"

In due course, he reached out and grabbed a slightly protruding stone. Chung-Myung shouted, hanging from the cliff.

"Oh, I'm shaking!"

But thanks to you, it's a lot of distance.....

A stubble.

“Huh?”

Chung-Myung’s head went up high. His eyes are filled with protruding stones he is holding.

“No, right?”

Crunch!

“.....”

No, it’s...

Let me help you. You have no conscience.

Crack!

The stone broke in an instant. Chung-Myung’s body began to fall down.

“Oh, my God! Oh, my God!”

Chung-Myung desperately stirred his arms and legs in Ho Gong.

What if I fall from here?’

Dead. The results are so clear that there is no room for reconsideration.

“Are you going to die?”

This Chung-Myung is going to die?

It was then.

Tongue!

Suddenly, I felt a strong shock from my waist dance, and Chung-Myung’s body floated to Ho Gong.

“Huh?”

A rope came into Chung-Myung’s sight.

‘Yes!’

Tung! Tung!

It takes a couple of bounces to make the movement less frequent. Chung-Myung, hanging from the rope, lamented deeply. And after a while, I burst out laughing coolly.

“A man must be prepared!”

If I hadn't tied the rope down, I would have been dead. I was not sure if it would hold up well because it was a rope made of vines, but fortunately, it seems that one of the small Chung-Myung's bodies could be maintained.

Chung-Myung turned his eyes away.

'There is!'

Chung-Myung's eyes sparkled.

I can see a bulging part not far from where he hung. There's a hideout down there where Chung-Myung used to come in and out. I guessed roughly the length of the rope, and that's what it looks like!

“Oh, God help me.”

Chung-Myung took a deep breath and grabbed the rope. For now, you have to stick to that cliff. To do that, you have to rebound.....

“Oops!”

Chung-Myung began to shake his body. At first, the rope, which had no movement at all, began to shake back and forth as it continued to shake.

“Make sure the angle is right.”

Vroom.

Vroom.

Chung-Myung's body, clinging to the rope, repeatedly drifted off the cliff and approached. The width is getting bigger and closer to the cliff.

“Eurachaaaaaaaaa!”

I reached out and grabbed the cliff, but maybe because the rock was so smooth, I couldn't grab it at once with just my grip.

“Once more!”



Chung-Myung kicked the cliff and floated back. Now when I get back to you, with both hands.....

Knock knock knock knock knock knock!

“Huh?”

Chung-Myung’s head rises like a thunderbolt. And his gaze was incredibly accurate in finding the part he wanted.

The vines are half-cut and endangered.

“Ay.”

That’s not true.

Usually, you’ll hold out until you get to the cliff, and when you get to the cliff, the rope will break.....

Crack!

“...it can’t be! Aahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Chung-Myung’s body falls down with the momentum that gave him a rebound.

“Oh, my God! I’m going to die!

He was able to stay close to the cliff because he gave a rebound. Chung-Myung, who has pulled all of his strength, puts his hand into the cliff.

Crunch!

Chung-Myung’s body crashed quickly, breaking bones lightly.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

The wrist can’t handle the weight of the speed. Chung-Myung thrust his other hand into the cliff with desperate force.

Crunch!

But the result was the same.

“Oh, my God! It’s not a reed, it’s a piece of bone. It breaks so easily! You f\*cking body!”

We're gonna have to cooperate to get a life! Chung-Myung shook both arms and legs desperately. It was like swimming in Ho Gong, but I was able to get close to the cliff to see if it worked.

"Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa"

If you can't get your hands done, get your whole body!

Chung-Myung sticks like a frog to a cliff. Both feet scratched the cliff and hugged it with both arms instead of broken hands.

"Argh! It's hot! Oh, it's hot!"

The whole body rubs and feels the heat. But it worked in its own way. The rate of decline is greatly reduced.

Now, if you find anything sticking out of here!

Chung-Myung, who looked down, smiled pleased.

There's no way there's such a thing as a protruding.

This is a sweet spot.

But I could find a better place if there was a law to die. A much safer place than a protruding stone.

"Huh. It's land."

It's the ground.

It's a quick crash.

Chung-Myung's smiling body was stuck on the floor.

Cooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooong!

"Gasp."

Due to the recoil, the general jumps up and down to Ho Gong.

Boom!

Dust scatters in all directions. Chung-Myung's whole body trembled, buried in the dust that flew.

“You’re... fat.”

I was able to avoid immediate death due to the slow speed caused by sticking to the cliff. However, it seems that the whole body has been destroyed. There’s no place that doesn’t hurt.

“Turn it off.”

Chung-Myung, who had been struggling for a long time, managed to raise himself and stared at the cliff with red spiteful eyes.

“.....I’ll climb by all means, you d\*mn cliff!”

Misreading.

Oh, my chin fell out.