

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 41

“Turn it off!”

A dark cave.

A bandaged hand pushes into an empty cave, with no light coming in.

“Turn it off.....”

And soon a face popped up as if it couldn't be more distorted.

“Arghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Jaw! Jaw!

Chung-Myung, who reaches out his hands and grabs the floor, crawls into the cave.

“Hook! Hook! Hook! Plum Blossom Screening is crazy!”

What makes you want to live in a place like this? You've been trained in the mountains, and you've lost your head.

Oh, I can check the plum blossoms.

“Oh, my God, I'm dying.”

Chung-Myung lay down on the floor. I feel like I've somehow come up to the cave, so I'm strangely about to cry.

'It was a real blowout.'

It was never easy to climb a cliff with both hands broken, which could not be climbed even with a healthy body. If a person had a common sense and had an idea, he would have known that he was lacking and promised a future.

Unfortunately, however, Chung-Myung was a man with a brain but no thoughts.

“No! If we don't go up now, it'll take time again!”

Chung-Myung, who shouted like an excuse alone, lies on the floor with the sound of suffering again.

“Oh, my God, the old man is dying.”

No, I'm a child now. It's confusing once in a while.

Still, he succeeded in making a strong rope and entering the room. If the line was broken again this time, I would have really gone to see the King of the Underworld.

If so, the King of the Underworld would have had a hard time holding back his laughter.

I was just glad I didn't see it.

"Yes."

Chung-Myung, who forced himself to straighten his back, looked around.

I can't see anything.

I can't see anything because it's dark, not because I'm sick.

"Tsk. I think it's time to....."

Stretch out your hand and something gets caught in your fingertips.

"Right."

When you pull on what is held at the fingertips, the cloth lifts and brightens up inside. Looking at it shining, Chung-Myung grinned.

"Really, I didn't have a plan."

The light of the nightlife was really brilliant and clear.

You can't make a fire in the cave. Since the entrance is down, when you make a fire, the inside of the cave is quickly filled with smoke.

No matter how Chung-Myung is, he can't drink in that acrid smoke. It's possible, to be precise, but why should you do such a thing, which is not asceticism?

'Then you've got a nightlife liquor in you.'

How much is that?

'I snuck one of the prizes that came into Hwasan.'

At that time, so many things came and went that it was not noticeable at all even if they did something like that. He would have vomited blood in the long death penalty and the finance ministry later to set the books.

"What can we do about the past?"

It was Chung-Myung who realized how unprepared the plum blossom inspection in the past was.

Oh, that's me.

I keep forgetting.

Chung-Myung looked calmly inside the lit cave.

"Hmmm."

Inside, which was neither large nor small, was a bed to lie down comfortably, a small attic, and a chest.

And yet it is somewhat antique. There seems to be something about weathering over the years.

"Oh, this is how it works."

Realization came upon me.

What if Chung-Myung didn't come back to life and died, and then someone in Hawasan discovered this place a long time later? Wouldn't it have been crazy to think of it as a safe haven for the master?

What if you fell off a cliff and stumbled across it?"That's the cliff shoes. Cliffs."

It's actually just a place where you're stuck and drunk, and it would never have looked like that to the eyes of the future.

He probably did everything he could, thinking there must be a hidden secret in the cave.

"It turns out this is how all the cliff-shoots were built."

Chung-Myung grinned and walked toward the chest. And open the lid with a feisty touch. Dust, which had been piled up for almost a hundred years, rose acridly.

"Cough! Ugh! Cough! Cough!"

Chung-Myung, who waved his hands and pushed the dust away, looked inside the ark.

The first thing that catches my eye is a bottle of alcohol. When I saw various bottles of liquor, I drooled.....

No, no, no! Drinking isn't important right now.

Desperately pushing the bottle out of sight, Chung-Myung turned to a small box next to him.

This is it!

Chung-Myung grabs the box and pulls it out. It's a little bigger and heavier than I remember.

"Hooooooooooooooooooooooooooooah.

Chung-Myung, who inhaled deeply, opens the lid of the box with a careful touch. At the same time, a deep plum blossom scent spreads into the cave.

It feels like the plum trees in full bloom filled the surrounding area.

Click.

When the lid is completely opened, you can see a round danhwan filling the box. There is something small at the bottom of the box and five snow-white circles are placed on it.

"Wow!"

I'm so moved that I'm overwhelmed. Tears welled up around my eyes.

The ones on the floor are not just buffers to protect the single ring.

It's the Plum Blossom Squad.

"What a nut."

No matter how common the plum beds were. But I can't believe they stacked it up like that. Do you mean how greedy people are to do this? If Jang Moon-hyung had seen this, he would have grabbed the back of his neck.

"But you didn't plan on it. Death penalty."

It was Chung-Myung who made excuses for embarrassment.

It's not that I didn't plan it. To be exact, I couldn't touch the Jasodan. Like the Great Hall of Sorim, Jasodan was the highest quality medicine even in Hawasan. Therefore, no matter how old he was, he could not touch it carelessly.

The Jasodan is a product that can be taken out only when the medical center and the long-term writer have permission at the same time.

Other plum beds can be taken as long as you are an elder. Of course, you have to be a powerful elder among the elders to touch the platform, but who is Chung-Myung? Hawasan's highest number, plum blossom screening.

-Hwasan, you're the biggest trouble maker!

I feel like I'm hearing voices from somewhere.

"Whatever."

For now, it is important that we have the hospitality. With this, you'll be able to fix your body.

Chung-Myung took a platform out of the box and carefully closed the lid. It used to be a hangover reliever, but if you change your position, the value of the product changes. Now, for Chung-Myung, these pills were nothing short of nothing.

"Oh, I'm shaking."

Chung-Myung, who carefully laid the box down in the chest, looked dear at the platform in his hand.

The pure scent is constantly flowing out of the white pill. The scent alone made me feel better.

"You said people don't know how precious they are when they're around."

When former Hawasan was crossing the line of the world's most influential people, he didn't even look at the platform. The only thing that was prized was the Jasodan.

Isn't that why Chung-Myung was able to take care of plum blossoms so much?

It's not just Chung-Myung. Such an atmosphere prevailed within Hawasan. If it's obvious, it's of course. Who would pay attention to a lower command, when there is no shortage of better commanders? But now that I'm in this situation, I feel that Young-dan, who was nothing special at the time, is so many people.

"Oh, my God, how did I end up like this?"

I'd rather die than suffer.

Chung-Myung immediately sat there with his seat turned. It's enough to lament afterwards. For now, you have to recover completely. In the meantime, it would be nice if I could build more experience.

Chung-Myung, who turned on the cusp, threw a sled into his mouth. The Seolmaedan, which entered the mouth, melts without a break and crosses the throat.

The pure scent spread through my mouth.

But Chung-Myung began to feel the scent without a second thought.

Eating Youngdan does not automatically increase its history. The energy of the Youngdan must be completely made to its own, so it can be built up.

A subtle problem arises here.

When you're young, you can't fully absorb it even if you eat Youngdan. This is because they lack the ability to operate energy.

On the other hand, when you're old enough to handle energy?

But the effect is not complete. This is because it already has a lot of history. Youngdan is a way to fill in what is lacking. It doesn't add up to what's already full.

"If the history of eating Youngdan was full, Shaolin would have chewed up ten Daehwandan and become the best in the world."

Like this, zero or nothing is to fulfill a poor bet. The younger and weaker the better, but on the contrary, the younger subhairs cannot fully absorb the energy of the elixir.

But what about Chung-Myung?

I can suck it to the bone marrow!

Here is a child who is the only one in the world who has perfect energy management.

An experienced newcomer who is said to be a legend. No, he's a rookie with a great career.

"Whoa."

The sledding squad, which entered the ship, began to run on a blood vessel.

Wooooowooooowooooowoooooong.

I feel a lot of energy in my body. I feel proud of the huge energy I haven't felt in a while.

"Nervous!"

Filling the power strip with energy so that it won't break through the semicircle? It's nothing to Chung-Myung now. But what Chung-Myung has to do now wasn't that simple.

Incomplete birth control needs to be filled.

A thick, blunt ritual becomes sharp as a blade. But Chung-Myung went further from there. Chung-Myung, who sharpened his consciousness and sharpened it like a pointed needle, perfectly controlled the energy of the sledding group and pushed it into the power failure.

'Careful, careful.

Smooth and delicate like a baby.

In the image of Chung-Myung, who sank into the interior, his power failure emerged clearly as if he could hold his hand.

But Chung-Myung's goal is not a power failure. The deepest part of the danjeon. Where there is a source that humans have held since birth.

"No, you can't!"

Chung-Myung, who was about to lead the energy and push into the power failure, suddenly returned the swirling energy.

Impure.

Basically, Yeongdan was made to take only the good energy of the spirit medicine that exists in the world. In other words, it can be said that the tablets were refined to extract only pure energy.

However, there were too many impure parts of Hawasan's pride in Chung-Myung's danjeon. If the energy flowing in Chung-Myung's danjeon is clean water in the mountains, the energy of the Seolmaedan seems to be stagnant and rotten water.

Chung-Myung made a firm decision.

"I'm taking it out!"

If the government filters out the energy of the Lunar New Year, most of its medicinal effects should be discarded. It was not an easy choice. But there's no point in accepting all this energy. Hasn't he come a long way back so far to create the most complete and perfect foundation? You can't mess things up with an urgent mind right now.

'Leave the purest energy behind and throw it all away!'

The energy circled around Chung-Myung's body. Then it's being shaved off little by little. The impurities mixed in the snow bed were mixed with impurities in Chung-Myung's body and escaped from the body.

Soon after, Chung-Myung's body began to sweat thick and dark.

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'What a shame, really!'

The energy is chipped away. I tried to make the most of the parts I could use, but there was nothing I could use.

Just as the edible parts of a completely rotten radish are cut down, it is now at the point of extracting the most gentle history of the handmade sledding group. The energy that didn't reach the standard was ventured out of the body.

No one else would dare to imagine it.

Isn't Youngdan basically taken to improve the history? But now Chung-Myung is spouting Youngdan's history out of his body.

If those who manufactured the Lunar New Year's Eve had seen it, they would have run with bubbles in their mouths right away.

'It's me. I don't want to do this.'

f*cking foundation!

I've collected only gentle energy in Danjeon, but now I can't increase my history as much as I want. Even the energy of refined and refined Yeongdan is considered to be a great impurity.

The essence that I picked and collected in the same atmosphere as the ocean is only a handful.

Desperately leads the energy that is only a handful left and pushes it into the power strip.

Woooooowooooowooooowooooowooooowoooo

Soon, the energy of the essence merges with the energy of Chung-Myung, who was sleeping in the Danjeon, and begins to circulate throughout the body.

One week. Two weeks.

In an instant, twelve spirits are formed. The body of Chung-Myung, who turned on the cusp, begins to emerge as Ho Gong.

Chung-Myung's experience was out of the question, but as the energy was so pure, Hyun Sang, who transcended the amount of history, began to take place.

Wooooowoowooooowoowooooowoowoooo

Clear energy circulates the whole body and circulates again and again. Then, he began to filter out all the impure things in the body.

This isn't it.'

This was not what Chung-Myung intended.

Chung-Myung was just trying to recover from his innocence, but his energy went beyond his will and began to regenerate the body.

Both wrists that were broken quickly stick and heal. The bruises all over the body recover as if they had never been before.

Falling down.

The wastes that flowed out of the whole body could not wet the clothes, forming a stem and dripping down to the floor. Not only the great blood that I thought had been pierced once, but also the vein began to open wider and wider.

Chung-Myung unwittingly tilted his head.

'Cher..... a thousand barrels?'

Baekhoe is held.

The bottom.

The energy, which started from what is commonly referred to as the Danjeon, opened the interruption battle at the mouth of the chest wide and now even opened the upper battle.

I'm suddenly scared.

Everything in the world has a stage. A child has to crawl. If you try hard, you can walk, but isn't it possible for a child who doesn't have strength in his legs to fall down and break his head?

Chung-Myung was the perfect match.

'Stop it...'

Energy out of control doesn't know what to do. It is the coin mouth that energy goes out of control and destroys the body.

This is nothing short of the beginning of a mouthful. Even if the process itself is helping the body, no one knows what the end will be.

Chung-Myung tries to keep his spirits at bay. However, he rejected his will and ran to his own path.

God d*mn it, listen to me! That's my energy!

Chung-Myung once again used evil. Only then does the energy falter. He seems to have realized who his owner is.

But he's also for a while. The energy that was slightly wary begins to run again. Chung-Myung clenched his teeth. I'm stopping you!

Even if the body is damaged by refluxing energy, it should be stopped now. It was a moment when Chung-Myung gathered all his will to suppress his energy.

– So you're a warrior or a warrior?

Death penalty?

The voice of a long death penalty rings in my head.

The voice of the death penalty?

No! This is what he heard in the past from a long death sentence.

– Unmanned men are controlled But those who follow the rules are left alone. Hey, dude. Where did the logic of the world come from? If you build a bank to block the running water, the water will flow over the bank.

Chung-Myung's body is loose.

– Leave him alone. If you leave it alone, everything goes according to the rules. Twist nature with the will of man? A fool. People are also nature. How can there be no one in nature, wide and high?

The energy with Chung-Myung's permission runs through the body. The history, which had been raging, began to flow smoothly through Chung-Myung's entire body when it was released.

I flow in my body. The flowing stream grew thicker and thicker, soon becoming a river, flowing through the universe called Chung-Myung.

How long has it been?

Open your eyes!

Chung-Myung opened his eyes. A crystal clear glow flowed out of his eyes.

And...

Boom!

“Ouch!”

Chung-Myung, who dropped to the floor from Ho Gong, wrapped his hips around him.

“What? Why is it floating?”

I never imagined my body would float in Ho Gong. Chung-Myung rose from his seat, squeezing his tingling butt.

“Whoa, I almost died.”

It was dangerous.

If it had been a little out of step, it would have been impossible or lost its life. The fact that I fell off the cliff earlier seems to be aegyo.

But the price was clear.

“Hmmm.”

Chung-Myung waved his wrist lightly. The broken wrist is completely attached. Rather, it feels more solid than before it broke.

It wasn't just the wrist.

There's impurities left.'

It was a body that was thought to have been completely washed away, but more is seen as the level rises. I brushed off the impurities left in my body once again. Later, when you reach a higher level, you will see things that are not now visible.

But all this is nothing more than a secondary issue. What really changed was blood.

It feels like the whole body is open.

There is no blockage anywhere from head to toe. Originally, his bloodway was a small trail over the mountain, but now it is as wide as a huge pipe into the imperial palace. Adding to the lie, I feel like horses can run in blood and hawks can fly around.

“I’ve improved my skills.”

The strength of the body has increased. It’s very encouraging considering that it takes a year to increase the history as much as nails because it only collects such gentle and clear energy.

“The sun and the earth have fully recovered.”

So to put all this together.

“The bowl is bigger.”

For Chung-Myung, the body is a vessel for his martial arts. Small dishes can only contain limited amounts. The bowl clearly grew as it crossed the new wall through the sledding platform.

Right now, it’s only a rat’s tail, but this bowl will serve as a foundation for Chung-Myung to surpass the past.

Chung-Myung had a satisfying smile.

It would have been a disaster if it wasn’t for the death penalty.’

I don’t know if I’ve ever learned something from dying. The words of the death penalty, which used to be considered nothing but nagging, come to a completely different meaning. I suddenly realize it.

“I was just an inspection.”

It wasn’t Doin.

Hwasan is both an inspection and a door. There is the identity of Hwasan. But Chung-Myung is a vague person to call himself a do-in.

Will Chung-Myung really be able to bring up Hwasan?

“Hmmm.”

Chung-Myung scratched his head. This worry doesn’t suit Chung-Myung.

Let's do something for now.

"If it doesn't work, that's all."

Chung-Myung swirled to the ark. Every step of the way, I was embarrassed because my body swung forward more than I thought, but in the past, I was able to adapt quickly because it was a more natural movement.

Click.

Chung-Myung pulled a box of snowflakes and plum blossoms from his chest and pushed them into his sleeve.

"Tsk. That's too bad."

Now this is meaningless for Chung-Myung.

He was able to reorganize his body because the energy of the sale team was a medium, not because it itself contributed to his history.

Refined and refined Yeongdan is nothing more than impurity when brought to Chung-Myung's history. It'll be a little better by the time of the Jasodan, but it won't be much different.

Of course, it'll help as much as a rat's tail. But it's too much of a waste to write like that. Anyone other than him would have a much greater effect.

"Sad."

Chung-Myung smacked his lips. The situation works very cleverly.

"Ay!"

Thinking hard, he closed his eyes tightly.

What would you do if you didn't already own it? It has already had an effect that cannot be seen even with ten pills.

"I'm being greedy, and I'm ashamed of my hand. Chung-Myung, let's eat as much as we can."

Chung-Myung turns around without hesitation.....

Hurry up!

"Hmm! Hmm! Hmm! Hmm!"

A couple of bottles in the chest wind around Chung-Myung's waist.

This is not because I want to drink. This is due to pure curiosity about what a hundred-year-old liquor will taste like.

Chung-Myung, who had finished the wine and the box, stood at the entrance of the cave and glanced back.

"I feel weird."

It's probably because there's a trace.

In the much-changed Hawasan, this cave is still the same as it was in the past. So when I'm in this cave, I feel like I'm living the time I used to.

I miss it.

Missing.

Chung-Myung, who was looking into the cave silently, smiled and turned his head.

I'm gonna have to come and see you sometimes.'

I won't drink and play like before, but it's still a good place to come and rest when you feel heavy.

"Well, I won't be here very often. The past is just the past."

It is undeniable that he was Chung-Myung, a plum blossom inspection. But now he was not Chung-Myung, but Chung-Myung, the three great disciples of Hawasan.

He who is tied up in the past cannot move forward.

The past is just a milestone that will lead his life to the right place.

"Sure."

Chung-Myung threw himself out of the cave without regret.

Let's go!

The incomparably lighter body allowed a completely different movement when entering the cave.

His feet lightly kick the cliff up and up.

“Oops!”

Jumping up to the height of three chapters several times with one leap. Chung-Myung climbed a cliff in an instant and climbed to the top.

“Not bad.”

Take a deep breath. As the fresh air at the top penetrated my nose.....

“Uhhhhhhhhhhh!”

I feel nauseous.

Only then did he realize that his clothes were covered with thick filth from his body. Chung-Myung undressed, distorting his face.

“What the hell is this coming out of your body?”

Chung-Myung, who took off his clothes without any leftovers, sighs deeply as he lifts the clothes with his fingertips.

“Oh, my God. Nothing’s going well. Where’s the nearest stream?”

Once I wash these clothes, I’ll go back to Wasan.

Chung-Myung trudged down the mountain.

On that day, all the animals who had cooled their throats in the stream had to suffer for days and days.

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“Oh, it’s cold!”

The dawn of the mountain is distinctly different from the dawn of the flat land.

When cold air meets the humidity of dawn, it creates a chill that penetrates to the bone. Through the early morning air, the three great disciples escaped the white plum and headed for the smoke ground.

“I’m wide awake.”

“I’m awake, but I can’t. I can’t get rid of my fatigue.....”

“You should have said the right thing.”

“I’ve been crying all night.”

“Oh, really?”

While exchanging idle words, the three disciples took sandbags and stonebags out of the hut set up on one side of the smoke and mirrors.

“By the way, how long do we have to do this?”

“Well, maybe it’s until I tell you to stop.”

“Who?”

“Don’t you know?”

One person appeared on the faces of the disciples.

“Monster.”

He’s gonna drown in the shit.

Chung-Myung, though the same three great disciples, was already in complete control of the three great disciples.

Since the training was so difficult, there were some rebellious people in between. However, even that did not come out after the last person who resisted was stuck in the ceiling of the white plum.

That’s it.

Jo-Gol, the first rebel candidate, and Yoon-Jong, the ambassador, also train without saying much, how can they rebel against Chung-Myung?

In the first place, Jo-Gol and Yoon-Jong are of different degrees among the three great disciples. No one thought of surpassing them. From their point of view, Jo-Gol and Yoon-Jong are monsters, but there were more monsters in the world than that.

“But isn’t he a little strange these days?”

“What?”

“You don’t look well, and you don’t get training.”

“.....right?”

In the beginning, Chung-Myung participated in the early morning training and bullied the three great disciples in various ways, but recently he has not shown himself.

“Maybe that’s not true?”

“What do you mean?”

“There’s a rumor that you’re in the mouth of a coin.”

“No way.”

“No, no, think about it. You keep skipping training because you’re getting skinny and unhealthy day by day.”

“Well.....”

“Maybe he’s been lazy, but he’s not. Isn’t it strange that a guy who’s been training three times as often doesn’t look like that all of a sudden?”

“That’s very plausible.”

A subtle atmosphere was formed between the three great disciples who listened to the two’s conversations.

“Sure...”

And someone finally brought up something that shouldn’t be said.

“You don’t have to train, do you?”

“.....”

The faces of the three great disciples are quickly hardening.

In fact, it’s not the same now as when I first started training. At first, I was really forced to come to the training center, and every day was like hell.

But now I’m realizing that I’m getting stronger through the training. Although it was unfamiliar to practice by moving the body directly, rather than studying kendo and energy, the effect was clear.

The lower body stabilized and the sword path became clear.

Is there any joy in a man beyond being strong? I’m tired, but I’m learning the joy of training.

However, when I heard this, my heart, which has been pressing hard, crept up my head.

'You can't leave it out every time.....'

'No, for once.....'

'Actually, training is a little too much. I don't think it would be bad to reduce it a little.....'

Everyone's thoughts come together.

Without Chung-Myung!

The murmur did not die down until he stood on the smoke ground with training tools. As soon as the dawn training, which was taken for granted, is seduced, it becomes rather troublesome.

It was Hyun Sang who couldn't help but be human.

"Look, it's not coming out again today."

"What's wrong with you?" "Isn't it worth a try?"

The final word was the final straw.

In fact, there have been exactly three reasons why the three great disciples followed Chung-Myung without saying anything.

One is that even if all three great disciples rush in, they are not sure that they can take down Chung-Myung. No, because I can't knock it down, to be honest.

Second, Chung-Myung is protected by the white plum owner, Ungum. If there is a motive that cannot be dealt with, it should be solved through the upper line. But what's the best way to raise Chung-Myung's hand?

And lastly, Chung-Myung is surprisingly reasonable. When it comes to training, evil spirits rush people, but they do not bother anyone or make them do personal things just because they have power.

Thanks to this, Jo-Gol was more comfortable in terms of living than when he was disciplined by his three great disciples in the past.

But now one of the three reasons has collapsed.

Wouldn't it be worth a shot?'

'You're almost skin and bones.'

"Wouldn't we all be able to win if we all work together and fight together?"

The determined will began to linger in the eyes of the three great disciples.

Jo-Gol sighed as he watched the three great disciples buzzing around exchanging opinions.

"Death penalty."

"Leave it alone."

Yoon-jong smirked.

"You'll soon find out the reality."

It was then.

Squeak, squeaking.

Everyone's head turns to one side. The door to the white plum was opening. Now, all three great disciples are gathered here except Chung-Myung. That means there's only one Chung-Myung left in the White Plum.

So, of course, the one coming out of the White House!

The door opened wide.

And the three great disciples close their eyes and turn their heads in unison.

"Oh, my God!"

"It's blinding!"

Something brilliant is sweeping through my eyes.

All the people who sneaked their eyes back toward the door opened their eyes wide open.

Chung-Myung walks out. It's definitely Chung-Myung.

But the visible Chung-Myung was not the Chung-Myung they saw until yesterday. I'm sure Chung-Myung is Chung-Myung.....

"What's so soft about that?"

“Your face is dripping with oil.’

“Did you pick up wild ginseng somewhere?’

All three disciples doubted their eyes.

I’m sure you were skin and bones until yesterday, so you didn’t look strange even if you fell down and died? But Chung-Myung, now in front of his eyes, looked so healthy that he looked as if his fat was dripping.

It’s cracked.

I’m done eating. I’m just going to train.’

‘You had a good dream.’

The three great disciples felt that their dreams had flown far away.

“Hmmm.”

Chung-Myung, who walked to the Yeonjangjang and stood in front of the three great disciples, opened his mouth in a slightly somber tone.

“Guys.”

“.....”

“I can’t help feeling sorry for you guys. In the meantime, he was not well, so he had to neglect the training of his soldiers. In response, the instructor feels responsible.”

“.....Oh, no.”

“It’s all right, it could happen!”

“We’re fine! It’s really nice!”

Those who felt something strange was starting desperately shouted. But Chung-Myung only shook his head with a somber face.

“No, you train so hard without me, and I didn’t live up to it. This is obviously the instructor’s error.”

The atmosphere gets weird.

“This can’t be happening.’

“How could he say that?”

But it's not a good situation.....

“However!”

“.....”

Chung-Myung declares firmly with his big eyes.

“You can't undo it, but you can make up for it. If you lacked training, you'd have to train more!” “That dog bird...”

“Fried to death in dung water.....”

“I'd rather kill you. Rather!”

Little swearing poured out from here and there, but Chung-Myung didn't care a wink.

“So I hope you don't forget that the future of Hwasan lies in you and do your best in training. Then first of all.”

Chung-Myung chin up. Everyone's eyes look up.

I could see Yeonhwabong rising high.

“.....”

“Go.”

“.....”

“First come, first served, half come late, go again.”

“.....”

“Won't you go?”

At that moment, someone began to thunder out. The faces of the three great disciples, who confirmed the identity of those heading to Yeonhwabong at a formidable speed, are shocked.

“Metabolism?”

Yoon-Jong.

The great disciple of the three great disciples was running toward Yeonhwabong so that the soles of his feet caught fire. Someone is chasing after it quickly.

Of course it was Jo-Gol.

“No, death penalty, no loyalty!”

“Hey, run, run!”

“If it’s too late, we’ll have to go again! Run!”

Only then did the three disciples come to their senses and start running toward Yeonhwabong.

“No! How can you be like that in a day!”

“Do they know?”

“The death penalty! You said it was worth a shot!”

“A good man must see his time! Now is not the time!”

“Frozen to death! You’re such a baboon!”

“What the f*ck?”

“Death penalty, death penalty, fall behind! Run! Death penalty!”

The three great disciples climbed Yeonhwabong with all their might. Chung-Myung’s training doesn’t end with time. You can’t even eat until your quota is over. If you climb Yeonhwabong twice and fill your quota, you will have to walk with your arms, not your legs.

That’s why they’re all running so hard!

“Ghosts are indifferent! What are you doing not taking that!”

“You’re going to be haunted!”

Everyone ran and ran in tears of blood. I don’t know what it took, but Chung-Myung has no hope for them as long as he’s back in shape.

It was the moment when the first attempt at rebellion was neatly overpowered even before it began.

Chung-Myung grinned as he looked at the back of the three great disciples climbing Yeonhwabong.

“Very cute things.”

How dare you dream of rebellion.

The body, which became sensitive as it reached a new level, did not miss any of their conversations even inside the white plum.

“Well, that’s good.”

Since Chung-Myung used to do that.

Obedient people are bound to have limits. Such people may be preferred in Hawasan, but they are not Chung-Myung. Either he wasn’t a physically challenged man in the first place.

But!

There is nothing uglier than that if the complainant has no skills. What a warrior needs to gain the right to speak confidently is his ability first and second.

“That skill, I’ll make it for you.”

Chung-Myung grinned.

It is also important to regain the past’s uselessness, but no matter how strong he is, he cannot regain the past films of Hawasan. This is because the moon and blue do not depend on the power of one person.

Thousands of years of Murimsa Temple.

There were countless people who rose to the top of the world on their own. But their reputation may be passed on, but their successor does not leave a name in the world.

In the end, in order for a literary group to continue its reputation, all of them must be strong.

The reason why Sorim is called “the first and foremost” is not because there is a first and foremost person there. This is because Munpa-do, which has the best people in the world, cannot beat Sorim with Munpa-daemoon.

Hasn’t even Hawasan at the forefront of the past been said to be a disgrace compared to Shaolin?

'Not this time.'

Chung-Myung shined his eyes.

In the past, we had no choice but to follow the ways of masters and executions, but this time we could rebuild Hawasan from the foundation with his color. It will be a difficult and arduous journey, but the end will be higher and grander than it used to be. Of course, I doubt you'll like the long death penalty of the Hasan.

"If you feel wronged, come back to life."

Chung-Myung, who had been giggling for a long time, shouted with his hands in his mouth.

"The last one doesn't have rice today.

It was viciousness that the devil would cry for.

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 44

"Turn it off..."

Every time I breathe out of my mouth, dust flies.

Jo-Gol wriggled, unable to even think of spitting out the dirt that was coming into his mouth.

"Crazy."

I don't have any strength in my body. The sky is yellow and the consciousness is about to fly away. Would anyone else be chomping when he's in this situation?

He struggled to raise his head and looked around.

Extinction.

Not a single person could stand. No, it's not that they can't stand, but they're all gasping on the floor like dead bodies. Only Yoon-jong is sitting with his butt on the floor, raising his upper body.

Death penalty.

Respect rose from Jo-Gol's heart.

In fact, Jo-Gol is a little stronger than Yoon-Jong when it comes to skills. Jo-Gol is definitely ahead of Yoon-Jong in his sword-wearing talent and sense of victory.

"It's all over the place. Hey! Kids these days don't have a big deal. It wasn't like that when I was a kid."

'Cause you're the youngest, man?'

You're the youngest. You're such a child!

"That's it for today's training. You can eat and practice in the afternoon. Those who doze off or do something else during the training session will double their training tomorrow."

"Devil!"

"The Devil!"

Son of a b*tch*!

I swear desperately in my heart, but no matter how Chung-Myung is, I have no talent for reading others' minds. Unfortunately.

"Here we go. Keep your training tools in order."

The three great disciples sighed in unison as they saw Chung-Myung walking to the whirling white pipe.

Meat

I can see the meat.

Nowadays, Hawasan is awash with money and meat every meal. Even the first time I saw them coming in and out of the restaurant, they seemed to have hired a new person.

Meat is the three great disciples who used to light their eyes, but now no one has touched meat even though it has been a long time since they sat at the table.".....eat."

Yoon-jong said helplessly, but no one holds chopsticks.

".....I feel like throwing up if I eat."

"I don't like it."

"I can't believe I'm looking at the meat. It's time for me to die."

Everyone couldn't bring themselves to put something in their mouths.

"Metabolism."

“.....why?”

“Isn't this a little too much?”

Yoon-Jong had no answer. But that didn't mean the end of the day.

“It's... no, I mean, it's good for us to train. In fact, it's true that we haven't been focusing on training in the meantime, and I understand that it's better to train properly and get something from that time than to waste time clumsily.”

“But?”

“But it's too much training. There's no place in the whole body.”

The other death penalty seemed to feel the same way.

“.....you'll die at this rate, death penalty.”

“It used to be a little bearable, but these days it's really killing me.”

“When I enter the room, I fall asleep like a corpse. Every time I fall asleep, I'm afraid that I might die in my sleep.”

“I can't hold chopsticks. My hands are shaking.”

Yoon-jong sighed.

“Tell me.....”

“But wouldn't you at least pretend to listen to what the death penalty says?”

“It's an metabolism.”

Yoon-jong frowned.

But this is not a wrong word.'

In the past, Jo-Gol and Yoon-Jong pressed complaints. But now it's not just a job to deal with.

Yoon-Jong was at the end of his rope, too.

When fatigue builds up while training, it relieves fatigue so that the next training does not interfere, but Chung-Myung recently pushed people without giving them a chance to recover from fatigue.

I feel like I'm over the limit every day. Would Yoon-jong have been afraid to go out for the early morning training?

Yoon-jong glanced back at Jo-Gol.

"Walk."

"Yes, death penalty."

"What do you think?"

"Well....."

Jo-Gol drooled and everyone's eyes were on him. Among the three great disciples, Jo-Gol is the second only to Yoon-Jong, and perhaps more than Yoon-Jong.

"Honestly, it's a little too much."

"Right?"

"It's hard for me to hold up. The problem is that the intensity is getting worse day by day. I also welcome intensive training, but this is too harsh."

"...mmmm."

"The harder the iron is, the harder it gets, but the harder the human body is to be beaten."

"So what do you think you should do?"

"The problem is....."

Jo-Gol is twitching around the eyes.

"The bird...." No, Chung-Myung can't be unaware of this logic."

"Yes."

Yoon-jong groaned.

He was exactly on the same page. The training I'm doing doesn't make sense. But it doesn't make sense that Chung-Myung doesn't know that he's overtraining.

Because it's Chung-Myung.

"I think we'd better hang in there for now. If nothing changes over time, we should talk then."

"Well, then I won't put up with it."

When the conversation between Jo-Gol and Yoon-Jong ended, they all agreed. For now, it is important that you have been told that you will protest if this situation continues.

Whether the protest will work or not is another matter.

"Let's eat for now. Even if you don't go in, force it in. You have to train in the afternoon, but if you show a weak appearance, Sasukjo will beat you."

"Yes."

"Thank you for the food."

"Phew."

Everyone held up chopsticks with their weak hands. Jo-Gol clicked his tongue small as he looked at the pity. "Yes."

Jo-Gol struggled to head to bed.

I think I'm going to die like this.'

It's good to wash. Whether or not his whole body was covered in dust, he just wanted to rush to his bed and stretch out, but he wanted to praise himself for washing clothes and washing his body with a desperate will.

Thanks to this, the eyelids were full, and there was no strength left in the whole body. It's amazing to be able to walk.

Down.

Jo-Gol, who fell down on a hard bed, sighed himself.

It's training when you wake up.'

In fact, Jo-Gol had no complaints about Chung-Myung's way of training. I thought I could hold on no matter how harsh it was. Because in the end, all that training will make you stronger.

But lately I've been a little doubtful.

What if my body gets damaged first? Can the body continue this training?

But even before the question deepens, there is a flood of humiliation. Jo-Gol quits thinking and leaves himself in a rush of sleep.

“Death penalty.”

“...mmmmm.”

“The death penalty, wake up. Death penalty.”

“Hmm?”

Jo-Gol struggled to open his eyes. A human figure enters a dim view.

“Who!”

A heavy hand presses Jo-Gol, who is about to get up.

“Don’t make a fuss and get up quietly.”

“Chung-Myung?”

“Hurry up.”

What else did this crazy guy come into Jo-Gol’s room to do this night? How did you open the door?

“.....what’s going on?”

Jo-Gol struggled to lift himself up. I think I slept quite a bit, though, but I couldn’t get rid of any fatigue. Being heavy, irritation soared automatically.

At that moment, Chung-Myung offered him something.

“Come on.”

Jo-Gol frowned unconsciously when he saw a small pill on Chung-Myung’s hand.

“What is this?”

“Energy.”

“What?”

“Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

Jo-Gol, who unwittingly made a loud noise, shut up.

“It’s hard to get. I’m giving it to you because I’m the death penalty.”

“Gee, you’re really good?”

“Have you been deceived? You’ll get the hang of it just by smelling it.”

It is real.

For a while, a pure scent had been poking Jo-Gol’s nose. Nevertheless, the reason I asked back is that I cannot believe the situation at all.

What is zero medicine? It’s a medicine that enhances internal performance and cleanses the body. In Gangho, the mere rumor that the best medicine is somewhere in the world spreads blood and kills a person.

Even if it’s not that much of a medicine, it. If there is any effect that enhances endurance, the value far exceeds the same amount of gold.

But you’re giving that pill to someone else?

“I’m not poisoned.”

“No, it’s not that!”

Jo-Gol took a deep breath trying to scream.

“Why are you giving this to me? Why don’t you eat it?”

“Because the death penalty needs it.”

“.....”

“Hurry up and eat, before others know. And it’s absolutely a secret that I gave you medicine. It’s only for the death penalty.”

“.....you.”

Jo-Gol mouthed and closed.

Can I really eat this?

Jo-Gol, who has been struggling with extreme tiredness, couldn’t think as well as usual. Moreover, that pill seemed to be a real pill. As evidence, the tired body was reacting violently.

“Just eat it. I’ll take you to the door.”

“.....can I really eat it?”

“I’m giving it to you because it’s the death penalty.”

Chung-Myung bounced the pills in his hand. Before Jo-Gol could react, the pills that came into his mouth melted and passed through his esophagus. I could tell from my gut that this was a real pill.

“I’ll take care of you, but don’t rush into it. You can take at least a month to slowly absorb it.”

“Oh, I see.”

“Turn around, I’ll take you from now on.”

Jo-Gol looked at Chung-Myung with slightly moved eyes and turned around to turn his seat. Looking at his back, Chung-Myung smiled wickedly.

‘You have to water a thirsty person to be thankful.’

Chung-Myung was already curious about what kind of eyes the death penalty will show tomorrow.

Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 45

The next morning.

No, it’s embarrassing to say morning.

The door to the white plum opened wide.

“It’s morning.”

“Oh, I’m tired.”

“Oh.

Tooth

Go. I’ll die like this.

I’ll do it.

Everything.”

It was the beginning of a day that was not so different from usual, and it was no different from usual.

But obviously something was different.

There is a subtle force in the foot dragging like a dying sick man. And the voices complaining of fatigue were not the same as before.

And

There are unknown emotions in the eyes of sneaking next to each other.

“Well, I’m going to train hard today.”

“Well, yes. It’s hard.”

“Yes, it’s hard, but you have to work hard.”

Everyone headed to the warehouse without saying anything. Then lightly carry the training tools and go out to the curb.

Whoo-hoo. It’s light. It’s light.’

“It looks like your body is full of energy!”

“Is it okay if I’m the only one eating this?” I’m sorry about the death penalty.’

‘Huhuhuh. I never thought Chung-Myung would have liked me so much. Give me that precious young man.’

The death penalty is wary of the surroundings.

The death penalty will be disappointed to know that I’m the only one who’s been given the right word.’

‘I’m sorry, but Young-dan is not common, and only those who want to eat should eat.’

Is there anyone else who got it besides me?’

Each of us was spinning our heads. Chung-Myung told me never to reveal what I ate, so I couldn’t say it even by mistake.

Although each other had an awkward look on their faces, Hawasan’s three great disciples never dreamed that everyone here would have eaten Youngdan.

The reason?

It's too simple. This is because Youngdan is not a very common thing to get. It takes more than a thousand golds to get Yeongdan to feed all the three great disciples. Even if you have the money, there is no guarantee that you can save Youngdan.

By the way, would Chung-Myung be crazy to save all three of his disciples? They were the three great disciples who knew that they were not worth it.

"Give me that precious young man."

"Oh, my God, you're up in arms!"

Moreover, those who had taken Youngdan clearly realized the efficacy of the medicine. Hot energy keeps coming up from the inside of my body.

It has not yet absorbed all of Youngdan's energy, but at this rate, it is clear that fatigue will not only go away but also improve internal skills as soon as it is absorbed.

My motivation comes to life and my heart beats.

Tongue!

Then, the door of the white plum opened and Chung-Myung walked out. The three great disciples who confirmed Chung-Myung stood close together in line.

"Well."

Chung-Myung smiled pleasedly at the sight.

All right.

My eyes are sparkling. How sparkling it is, the eyes of the three great disciples shine brighter than the dawn stars seen in the sky.

Why wouldn't that be the case?

It is useless to take it from Chung-Myung's point of view, and it is ambiguous to bring and sell it, but it is a valuable medicine that cannot be obtained even if it is paid for from their point of view.

If I had known that the Youngdan given by Chung-Myung was not made by Eo Joongjung, but a plum blossom troupe with the history of Hwasan, the reaction would have been even more intense.

Turns out he was a good guy.'

Oh, it's a big distribution. The precious Youngdan.'

“Loyalty, loyalty!”

The three great disciples looked at Chung-Myung with hot eyes. Chung-Myung, who is so passionate, even faltered with embarrassing faces.

So that’s why the death penalty gave Young-dan to those who didn’t listen.’ Chung-Myung felt in his bones that dealing with people should not be done with just a whip.

“Well, let’s get a clean start today.”

“Oh!”

Chung-Myung pointed to Yeonhwabong with a chin.

“Go get it.”

“Eurachaaaaaaaaaaaaa!”

“I’m number one today!”

“Get out of the way, I’m coming!”

Chung-Myung grinned at the death penalty running to Yeonhwabong.

It’s gonna be easy for a while.’

* * *

It’s weird.’

The eyes of the sword narrowed.

In front of him, the three great disciples were wielding wooden swords as usual. It was not so different from what Ungum had seen so far.

But the sharp eyes of the fortune-teller found a clear difference.

The blade’s stabilized.’

The same swordplay is being developed, but the sharpness and stability have certainly changed.

The Ungum’s eyes on the three great disciples became dim.

‘The lower body has changed.’

I can feel the strength of my feet. As the foot is tightened, the upper body does not shake, and the upper body does not shake, so it weighs on the end of the sword.

It's good work.

If the tip of the sword is steady, doesn't that mean you can develop the desired candle accurately? Considering that the reason for practicing and sharpening the same sword countless times was to develop it perfectly in the end, it was a great change.

But there is one thing that bothers me.

Is that possible in such a short time?'

By calculation, they needed at least one more year to reach this level. It's a very minimal period of time frame. Realistically speaking, it is not strange at all even if it takes two or three years.

By the way...

"Burn!"

The sword divides Ho Gong.

What?

"Eurachaaaaaaaaa!"

The advancing angle to the floor echoes the ground.

"Huh?"

The Woonggeom unconsciously burst into laughter.

It is a good thing that the achievements of the disciples have increased. But I don't understand how the hell this happened.

"No way, that early-morning trainee?"'

The eyes of the sword turned to Chung-Myung, who was wielding the sword from the back.

"....."

That's all I can think of for a reason.

There is no need to dwell on it. It was after Chung-Myung came that the three great disciples suddenly rose. To be exact, it was after Chung-Myung began training with his three great disciples.

The gap between the eyebrows of the fortune-telling sword narrowed.

'Do you mean the training works that much?'

I didn't expect anything great and I didn't allow it. Chung-Myung has heard many reasons, but the reason why Ungum allowed training is because the three great disciples are willing to train themselves.

Of course, there was a realistic reason why Ungum himself could secure more training time.

'I just thought it'd be a good thing if I had a little more desire.'

Isn't it working beyond motivation? That's also to the extreme.

Moreover, the three great disciples were also engaged in training with an unmatched motivation as they realized that their skills were increasing.

"Huh."

I feel strange.

How long has it been since he ran the White Plum to see his disciples shining their eyes so valiantly.

I'm ashamed of myself.

I had no choice but to reflect on myself. The disciples go on training with low motivation, but did the fortune teller have such passion?

Didn't you have to be bothered with the job?

The crybaby sighed low. It is undeniable.

'Even though I knew that the disciples were the future of Hwasan, I was negligent in taking care of his future.'

The more I think about it, the more I feel ashamed. I'm ashamed of my disciples, but I can't help but think of the man who trusted him and entrusted him with this task."Taaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

The sword points to the sky in unison.

The Ungum nodded at the sight.

“That’s great!”

It was a heartfelt exclamation.

“Everyone’s got the edge of the sword alive.”

I don’t know what more to say. Ungum’s eyes turned to Chung-Myung, who was at the back.

It’s a strange thing.

Nothing much has changed about Hwasan. But since Chung-Myung came, something has been changing.

The financial problems that have plagued Hwasan the most have also been solved, and the three great disciples are also training with different passion than they used to. Besides, can’t you see that my skills are improving?

Is this all a coincidence? Or...?

Woon-gum, who was slightly agonizing, opened his mouth.

“You know, according to the rules, you’re supposed to learn the seven-string sword beforehand. One, I can see you guys are passionate about training these days. So, if you do as you do now, I will break the rules and pass on the Taeil sword in advance.”

“Oh!”

“Taetaeul Sword at the White Plum!”

As the three great disciples began to murmur, the Ungold sword smiled lightly.

I give rewards to those who work hard. Those who win the prize work harder. If this virtuous cycle can be achieved, these children will grow up to be prosecutors representing Hwasan.

“So don’t be lazy for a second in training!”

“Yes, my lord!”

“All right, well, this time you’re going to train a jinyuk joint.”

An energetic answer rang the smoke and mirrors loudly. The sword laughed happily.

It was then.

Someone comes up to the curb with a quick step.

“Do you have a fortune-teller?”

The sword who turned his head was surprised.

“Now, the long man?”

The Ungum, who hurriedly expressed his respect, looked at Hyun Jong with curious eyes. It was very rare for Hyun Jong to find the white plum’s soft armour. No wonder, isn’t it Hyun Jong who’s under construction?

“You’re doing a great job. I have a message for you. Can you spare me a moment?”

“Yes! A long writer.”

The Ungum turned his head and shouted at the three great disciples.

“You’re learning the Jinsukhap.....”

“Make sure you’re learning the Seven Hyun Sword.”

“.....”

Looking at Hyun Jong, who came in after cutting the horse, Woon-gum made a curious face. But he nodded, saying there must be a reason.

Leaving the children behind, Ungum waited quietly for Hyun Jong’s words.

“Lucky sword.”

“Yes! A long writer.”

“There seems to be a problem.”

“Yes?”

Hyun Jong takes a book out of his sleeve and hands it out to Ungum. The complexion was dark. The Ungum asked, accepting the book.

“This?”

“That’s the grade from the ark.”

“Oh....”

When Ungum, who was alternating between Hyun Jong and the book, saw Hyun Jong's chin gesture to read it, he hurriedly began to read it.

“It's a long story. Isn't ... a joint right?”

“Yes, it is.”

The dagger narrowed the middle of the forehead.

Yukhap is the martial art that was the basic ball of Hawasan. But now it has been replaced by a joint venture. No longer does the right to coalesce mean anything in Hwasan.

“But why did you.....”

“Have you seen it all?”

“Yes.”

“When I first discovered it, I only read it like you. It was so hectic and hectic.”

“.....Yes?”

“Check out the last chapter. There's a post on the back, too.”

“Oh?”

The fortune-teller hurried to reopen the rank. Soon, the face of Ungum, who saw the words written there, distorted mercilessly.

The hand of Ungum, who held the book, trembled.

Pass it on to the latter.

The latter is not to blame for developing and transforming Hawasan's martial arts. Muhak must constantly change and develop. However, the meatball is the basis of Hwasan and the skeleton of Hwasan. Transforming the meatball is no different than twisting Hawasan's spirit.

The latter must bear this in mind.

If there is a seed that transforms the meat, it would be better to be prepared when faced in the future.

