

## Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 46

“What is this?”

The Woonggeom looked at Hyunjong in horror. Hyun Jong was looking at the distant mountain as if he had no choice.

“Meat.....”

As if my head is tangled, the situation is not organized.

The meatball is the basic ball of Hawasan, which has supported him for many years. Just as those who first catch the sword learn the right way to write, and those who first learn to memorize the celestial alphabet, all of Hawasan’s martial arts begin by learning the meat properly.

But the years have passed and the times have changed. Hawasan is no longer able to maintain a slow burst of meat. You have to learn a little faster and move on faster.

Isn’t that why everyone put their heads together and invented a jinyukhap?

Unlike the Jynx sword, the Jynx sword can be learned faster and practical.

“Wasn’t it a conclusion that all of us need a long-term jinnyut in Hawaii?”

“Right.”

“But it’s....”

Hyun Jong breathed a low sigh.

“That’s why I’m here to hear your opinion. As you have said, it was the will of Hawasan that redefined the Jinsukhabgum as the foundation of Hawasan. But isn’t what your ancestors said important, too?”

“.....”

The Ungum nodded unconsciously.

It’s not to the point of importance. The words of the good man are the milestones of the future. Every civil servant tries and tries to follow the path of a good man.

But how can you deny such a clear will of the good man?

“Hmmm.”

“What do you think?”

“How did I...”.

“You are the teacher of the children of Hawasan. I can't help but consider your opinion when it comes to the ball. Don't think about anything else, just say it candidly.”

The crybaby sighed deeply.

It's hard.

Whether to follow tradition or choose change has always been a hot topic for people to think about. Because it is not a question with an answer.

“The reason why we created the Jinsuk Hapkam is because we didn't have much time in Wasan.”

“Right.”

The degree takes more time after all. Who doesn't know the excellence of meat? But at that time, Hawasan had no time to slow down and raise his pupils. Can't we take a road that takes more time when Munpa might issue a signboard tomorrow?

“That's why I ask. Can Hwasan see the future now?”

Hyun Jong frowned.

It was also a difficult question.

‘Future.’

Hwasan has only solved one of the problems he has accumulated. Although the problem was the most urgent and serious one, there are still a number of problems left.

“It's not easy to answer. Understand that you cannot answer clearly.”

“The Long Man.”

The sword opened its mouth as if it had made up its mind.

“Then I disagree.”

“How come?”

“Because it's not easy.”

The crybaby sighed.

The jinyuk and jinyuk swords come from one root, but they are completely different martial arts. In the first place, the foundation of martial arts itself is different. If the meatball is slow and slow, but it's hard to press down, the meatball is fast, slow, and cheerful.

"Children learn fast. Already those children have accepted the pack of jinyukhap. It's hard to teach such children meat again. At any rate, there may be consequences that are neither one nor the other. Above all, a stable lower body and seriousness are needed to achieve the harmony. It's too late now."

The sword shook its head.

"I'm sure the good man wouldn't have said anything unnecessary. If possible, I'd like to follow the good man's words. But it's practically impossible." "Do you really think so?"

"Yes, a man of long letters."

"What did he say was the most necessary thing to enlighten meat?"

"Strong lower body and true....."

The sword blinked its eyes. Hyun Jong turns his head and looks at the children who are training.

"Strong lower body?"

"....."

"Serious?"

"....."

"That's a great training, isn't it?"

That's not what I did.

That... that's what he did.

Ungum's eyes reached Chung-Myung, who was swinging the wooden sword from the back.

'No way?'

No, it's just a coincidence. However, this is far too much. Chung-Myung is not a shaman, and how can you predict this situation in advance?

"I don't think it's that hard for these kids to learn the meat again."

".....He, though..... children will be confused."

"Isn't it our job to rule over the mess and lead it right, Ungum?"

The Woon Sword nodded dazedly.

"It's the children who are confused? Or is it you?"

"Now, the long-winded man. Can I have a moment of your time?"

"Hmm?"

"I want to ask a child."

"Child?"

"I'm not the one who learns. In order to truly know the way, I think it is better to ask the child who will learn martial arts directly."

"That's a good idea."

Teaching is something that flows from top to bottom, but it is the children who accept it. It is also important what children think.

"Then, Yoon-Jong....."

"Chung-Myung 〇 ㅏ!"

Before Hyun Jong could say anything, Ungum sang Chung-Myung loudly. Chung-Myung, who was wielding a rough sword, flinched and looked this way.

"Come here."

Chung-Myung lowered the sword at the words of the Unsword and swirled along.

"Did you call me?"

"I want to ask you a question."

"Yes, sir."

The fortune-teller paused a little and opened his mouth.

“Which do you think is better, going slower but higher, or going faster and more clearly?”

Hyun Jong, who was listening next to him, slightly expressed disapproval. The question itself is too pedantic. Too much for a child to accept.....

Oh, right. It's Chung-Myung.'

That child certainly has a special side, so he may understand and come up with an answer.

And Chung-Myung bowed his head with a deep frown. Then, he looked up and looked at Ungum, as if he had sorted out his thoughts.

“It's right to go high.”

“How come?”

“Because it's Hawaiian.”

“.....”

The sword looked at Chung-Myung with a stiff face. His eyes were twitching as if to show the shock he had received with this answer.

Because it's Hawaiian.

“Hahaha.

The Woon-gum turned his head and looked at Hyun Jong's face. Hyun Jong closed his eyes. I can't tell everything from the expression that was revealed, but it wasn't that hard to guess what he was thinking.

It doesn't matter if the answer is right or wrong.

The important thing is that the answer came from the child's mouth.

‘Yes, we were Hwasan.’

What they lost.

Proud of Hwasan.

The piyeon of the distant past is now flowing out of the mouth of Hawasan's youngest child.

"If you're a decent literary person, you're right to choose the latter. But Hwasan is not like that. We cannot compromise with reality to regain the glory of the past and to make Hwasan's name known all over again."

It was a question that didn't. However, the child is answering after finding what the Ungum is hiding. It's a controversy that adults would be ashamed of. "Did you mean you couldn't compromise because you were Hawaiian?"

"That's what I think."

"I see."

The sword nodded.

"Go back to your seat."

"Yes."

Chung-Myung sighed as he moved away. But before he opened his mouth, Hyun Jong opened his mouth first.

"I'm ashamed of myself."

"Yes, Jang Moon-in."

"I never thought I'd hear this through a child's mouth. Huh. Because it's wasan. Because it's wasan..... Who can say such a thing in the present situation?"

Hyunjong closed his eyes.

Even Hawasan's long-winded man couldn't bring it up. It's an answer that I didn't even think about. Maybe the answer was made because he didn't know anything.

But the important thing is that the answer is making him ashamed of leading Hawasan.

"Hwasan. Hwasan <sup>○</sup> | ≡ |."

"The Long Man."

The Ungum said in a serious voice.

"Maybe it's the horse of a young man. But as a child, you can be impervious to reality."

“I see.”

“It may be difficult. But I don’t want to be ashamed of that kid.”

Hyun Jong drooled.

It’s not a small thing. It is extremely important to make a basic contribution.

But more importantly, it’s about setting direction for Hawasan. This small conversation grew like a snowball in an instant, forcing Hyun Jong to choose.

The choice of way forward for Hawasan.

“Listen to the fortune teller.”

“Yes, a man of letters.”

“Hwasan’s basic ball will be returned from the Jynx to the Sixth Sword as of this time in the name of the long Hwasan.”

“I’ll follow your orders.”

“We will officially issue an order in consultation with the elders, but the fortune-teller should be familiar with these matters before the order is officially given to the children and pass on the meat.”

“Yes!”

The eyes of the fortune-teller became determined.

Hwasan is a Hawaiian.

You can’t remain a half-hearted civil servant. As long as they write Hawasan’s name, they should always be the best and aim for the best. Even though your body is immersed in the stream, you should always wait for the day when you rise to heaven and become a dragon.

That is the duty and calling of those who write Hawasan’s name.

“It’s not just meat. We must reconsider all of Hawasan’s martial arts. Your role as the perfectionist will be more important than ever.”

“I’m ready, Jang Moon-in. What would you wish for if you could repay the kindness you received to Hawasan even so?”

Hyun Jong smiled and looked at the children.

'These children are the future of Hwasan.'

They didn't make it. Maybe it doesn't happen at all on their own. However, by the time these children lead, they should be able to re-examine their name to the world.

For that, there was nothing Hyun Jong could not do. And perhaps the good men of Hwasan, who are now looking down at him from the lineage, are proud of him.

Clearly

"That pathetic fellow."

Chung-Myung, who returned to his seat, clicked his tongue.

It's frustrating to see him procrastinate because he can't decide on any of these small things properly.

You don't have to ask me that? Should I ask? I put rice in my mouth and they're asking how to chew it.'

You die before you get sick. You die before you get sick.

"Phew."

"Why are you sighing all of a sudden?"

"Do you know what I mean?"

".....What did he said.

Cheung-Myung frowned, answering Jo-Gol's question roughly.

'Let's be cool. These guys aren't doing anything right. I'm sure what you're doing is in tatters.'

I think I should go to the harmony.

I'm worried about whether the harmonious businesses will be properly organized. Chung-Myung has no choice but to take care of it properly, as nothing will work properly if left to a long writer."Ha, this Munpa has nothing going on without me."

".....What is he saying, death penalty?"

"Leave me alone, where are you going for a day or two?"

It was a moment when everyone sighed.



## Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 47

Peace came to Hawasan after a long struggle.

Chung-Myung's performance solved the financial problems that plagued Hwasan the most, and also provided new martial arts to move forward.

Just as spring comes when winter goes, Hawaii has a spring-like vitality, and everyone's happy laughter continues...I should have.....

"Peace freezes to death."

Chung-Myung's face was horribly distorted.

The broom he was holding with strength in his hand bent as if it were broken.

Peace?

This is a hell of a place.

"Huh, the bill? I, this is...Wait, Jo-Gol's death penalty! Jo-Gol's death penalty! How much is it here?"

"Hey, I told you to stuff up there!"

"Everything depends on the province, doesn't it? It is also natural that there are no ingredients. What? A refund? Yes. Uh....."

Hwasan's three great disciples in white paint were dealing with the influx of guests in cold sweat.

He's trying. He'

Where am I, it's a chord.

It was good to find the books and retrieve all the harmonious businesses. Since you've acquired more than 10 businesses that work well, isn't it just about making money?

It was the beginning of all the problems that I thought ....

Even Chung-Myung didn't think about it, but they haven't rolled a proper workplace for nearly a hundred years. So, there was a situation where raw grasshoppers, who had never earned a penny in their own hands, suddenly had to roll more than ten businesses.

The result?

As you can see.

“No! It’s been a while since I said I ran out of ingredients. Why aren’t they coming?”

“What the hell is re-alerting doing?”

“What’s that nut job doing holding on to a customer! Hey, hey, hey!

Chung-Myung smiled pleasedly.

‘They’re having fun.’

Hwasan’s disciples, who had only been wielding knives in their lives, are coming down in harmony and sweating hard to deal with customers.

If the old sailors of Hwaseon saw it, sternly rebuked...No, he would have rolled over the ground with a boat.

Chung-Myung is one of the students.

And of course the guests didn’t respond well.

“No! What kind of car is this?”

“Give me a postcard, a postcard! Don’t you know what a postcard means? Is this a postcard?”

“There’s no such thing as hitting tea leaves in a teapot! Where’s the owner of this place?”

I’m alive to see hell.

Chung-Myung sighed, looking pleased at the skeleton.

“Oh my gosh.”

It’s better here at least.

The three great disciples who have been taken to other places of business are now experiencing hell. No, people who have to take them to business are going through hell.

The one who sells silk and tears it apart.

He’s asking for a homie, but he’s coming for a pickaxe.

Still, there's room for understanding for people who pick up meat to go out to the guest table while cooking. Of course I'll have to be beaten to death.

The three great disciples, who only serve guests, are about to burst their heads.

As people who have been polishing Donna all their lives are caught up in the secular wind, they will throw away the jegi they had in their hands.

"Hey, man! What are you doing? Don't use it fast!"

"Yes, I do! Sweep!"

Chung-Myung's broom began to swipe in front of the polygwan.

'Sweep this up and do something. All the guests are going home without anyways.' Chung-Myung's eyes saw guests storming out of the door. Now that I've seen that unpleasant face, I'm running.

"Hit them very hard!"

I feel like I want to shout.

Of course, I can't say that because I'm the youngest in the real world.

Chung-Myung slipped back, pushing the dust in front of him with a broom. Jo-Gol, who was busy carrying refreshments, stood out.

"Death penalty."

I'm not listening.

"Little brother."

I'm not listening.

"Hey, hey, hey, hey!"

My ears are clogged.

"Jo-Gol, you bastard!"

"Yes! The three great disciples, Jorge... What the f\*ckin' you?"

Jo-Gol flipped his eyes and glared at Chung-Myung. Even though he is not a priest, he is still a priest. The priest was talking nonsense, and the punishment.....

“Why?”

Here it is.

Jo-Gol sneaked around, slipped out of Daru and approached Chung-Myung.

“Death penalty.”

“So why?”

“Let’s have a human conversation. I heard you’re the youngest son of a famous shopping mall. The youngest son of the Continental Battlefield. Something like that?”

“The continental battlefield is freezing to death. It’s just a small merchant family.”

“But at least you’ll have an eye for things to go around. That’s how it is. The youngest son of a successful family is basically an immature scoundrel, but he’s hiding his talent.”

“.....What are you talking about?”

Jo-Gol let out a deep sigh.

Anyway, I can’t understand what you’re talking about whenever I talk to this guy.

“So.....”

Chung-Myung pointed to the scene of chaos with a small chin.

“Why the hell did this happen?”

“It’s him.....”

Jo-Gol sighed.

“The ones who were in charge of this place.”

“Yes.”

“But I think they were popular. The employees quit a lot as they quit.”

“Huh? Popularity?”

How can a con artist be so popularity. What kind of a detective duck is donating to a beggar’s den.

“What do you mean by ‘flesh’, death penalty?”

“To be exact, I think he was very thorough in his relationship with the delayed school relationship, rather than relationship. Most of the employees who worked were relatives or family members, so they all started to look around and quit.”

Oh my god.

Is this a nuisance to family management. This is why professional managers..... No, not this.

“So it’s an employee issue?”

“That’s the first thing.”

“Huh? Any more?”

Jo-Gol frowned subtly and looked around. Only after confirming that he has no ears to listen to, does he speak down.

“As you can see, the biggest problem is that the adults in Hawasan are not capable of running these businesses.”

“Does that require capability?”

“People who brush the road, or people who learn martial arts, tend to see the problem of earning and living easily, but it’s not as easy as it sounds. If it’s easy, you’ll all be rich.”

“Well, that’s true.”

Chung-Myung sighed deeply.

“So now, Hawasan is not capable of handling these businesses?”

“It’s a little too much to say, but it’s a pearl necklace on a pig’s neck. I didn’t know it would be this bad.....”

It was then.

A loud voice is heard from the inside.

“No, we don’t have enough puer cars, so what can we do if we bring a steel pipe?”

“Isn’t that what it is?”

“I told you it was a boy car! Death penalty! I’m already in a lot of trouble, what if I change my stuff?”

“Why are you raising your voice? I’ve had to deal with expensive cars all my life, so I wouldn’t know what to do.”

“Who’s ever had that!” Chung-Myung shook his head.

‘They’re wiping the road.’

They are angry and fighting over the change of a single tea leaf.

“Look at that.”

Jo-Gol clicked his tongue.

“Operation is not that simple. I have to pick out everything before buying it. If you choose a good ingredient, it doesn’t pay off, but if you use cheap products, customers will fall. If you hire a businessman because you can’t do it properly, there’s nothing left for them to do.”

“.....What do you learn now?”

“If I tell my 40-year-old men to teach me martial arts, will you?”

“I won’t.”

Jo-Gol shook his head.

“Honestly, I think if we keep this up, we’ll be doomed in less than half a year. I don’t know what it was like before, but now he’s not capable of running it. There’s no answer to this.”

“But why don’t you learn it well?”

Jo-Gol looked at Chung-Myung with vain eyes.

“Chung-Myung<sup>○</sup> †. Look, do you know the characteristics of our current businesses?”

“Well?”

“It’s all about selling things off.”

“.....Huh?”

“Taroo. Run. Silk statues, blacksmiths, and so on. They all get ingredients and make things and sell them. You know what’s so special about this?”

“I’m rich if I know that.”

“It’s almost everything that’s at stake to pick and take things off. By the way. What do you think an innocent master would do if he brought money and tried to take it off?”

“You’ll catch a pushover.”

“It’s no use just catching a pushover. He’s probably going to eat it to the bone.”

“.....”

“This is not going to work. It wasn’t going to work in the first place.”

Chung-Myung turned his head and looked at the distant sky.

And there was a big smile.

“Long death sentence.”

This priest now realizes the greatness of the long death penalty. These businesses used to work perfectly when there was a death penalty.

‘Era, d\*mn it. I’d rather die than suffer!’

Chung-Myung blew his nose.

“So what’s the solution?”

Jo-Gol looked at Chung-Myung with blank eyes.

“Why are you looking for a solution from me?”

“No! I heard your brother-in-law is still a child of a business family. Then there must be a solution, right?”

“You crazy bastard! What am I supposed to say when I ask a first-time herbalist to cure me of a disease? If I had the ability to do that, would I be swinging a sword in Hawasan? I’m sure they’re already making a fortune from their inheritance. I can’t save this even if my father comes.”

“.....is the situation that serious?”

“There’s no answer.”

Jo-Gol had a wry smile.

“I wouldn’t have tried to contact my house. But it’s too far, and my house can’t afford it. In order to operate such businesses without difficulty, at least most items must be merchants with knowledge. But there is no such person in Hawaii.”

There used to be.

It’s Cheon Mun.

But now it’s gone.

Jo-Gol said with a wry smile.

“If only Hwang was fine, I wouldn’t have to worry about this.”

“Hwang Dae-in?”

“Yes. Hwang Dae-in.”

Chung-Myung tilted his head.

“Come to think of it, the man named Hwang Dae-in has often been mentioned. What does he do?”

“It’s a giant.”

“Geosang?”

Jo-Gol nodded.

“He’s one of the big merchants who works on the island. He handles not only Cheonghae, but also Unnam and Western goods.” “And what does he have to do with Hwasan?”

“He’s been supporting Hwasan for a long time. It’s kind of a famous story. With him, Hwasan was able to stay afloat.”

“.....What do you see in Hwasan?”

“Well, that’s what I don’t know, but.....”

Jo-Gol shrugs.

“I heard you sponsored not only Hwasan but also many other places. Anyway, it wouldn’t have been a problem if he was alone. You could have gotten a lot of advice or help.”



“Then you can ask him for help.”

“No, he’s been in bed for a year now. There’s also a rumor that he’s unconscious.”

“Hmm.”

“So....”

It was then.

“Chung-Myung! Do you have Chung-Myung?”

Chung-Myung raised his voice to find him.

“Here it is!”

A familiar face came in from Chung-Myung’s gaze.

## Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 48

“There you are.”

Unam came toward Chung-Myung with a face that looked a little urgent.

“I’m visiting my private academy.”

“I’m visiting my private academy.”

Jo-Gol and Chung-Myung bowed their heads urgently.

“Yes.”

Unam nods lightly and greets Chung-Myung and fixes his eyes.

“Chung-Myung <sup>〇</sup> ㅏ.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Maybe you should go to the main mountain.”

“.....Yes?”

Main product?

Hwasan?

Chung-Myung's face trembled.

"No, I don't think it's that easy to come back from Hawaii."

What kind of errands are you talking about going to a crazy mountain where birds will climb and fall?

Where's your conscience?

"Are you at home?"

"Yes."

Chung-Myung looked next to him with a sullen face.

Jo-Gol turns a blind eye to Chung-Myung.

"No, there are many strong and vigorous executions, so why should I.....?"

"You were the youngest."

"He's the youngest, he has thin legs and weak light."

"The least I can do."

"....."

Ah.

I didn't know cleaning my front yard because I didn't want to work would come back this bad. I thought you said, "Don't make a fuss about everything in your life."

"Yes."

Chung-Myung sighed deeply.

Now I have to run errands for the kids. How did Plum Blossom Screen Chung-Myung end up like this?

"So what's going on with that errand?"

We can deliver one book to the long-term writers or the re-examination."

"Publishing?"

What's this call?

I wanted to ask you more, but it's not polite to ask each and every circumstance of the private dormitory. It's heartbreaking to be polite to the blue guy, but what can I do? Things like this.

"Yes, I'll be there."

"Yes, normally you can leave it and send it to someone who's going to come back, but it's quite difficult to deal with it because it's a matter of time. I hope you understand."

Oh my god.

He has a good personality.

If it was Chung-Myung, he would have wiped out his mouth as soon as the three great disciples complained.

Unam took a book out of his arms and held it out to Chung-Myung.

"This is it."

"Yes."

And Unam kindly explained what the book was just in case Chung-Myung wondered.

"It's a letter from the top of the galaxy, so it's valuable."

"Huh? The top of the galaxy?"

Jo-Gol spoke quietly.

"Hwang Dae-in's business is at the top of the galaxy."

"Huh?"

Chung-Myung stared at the calligraphy. Unam continued to explain whether he felt anything strange in Chung-Myung's eyes.

"It's a letter that came at short notice to a long writer. I happened to be in harmony, so I was able to receive it in the middle. It will take two days for those who deliver the goods to Hawasan, so you can go up quickly and tell the long man."

"Yes, sir."

"It's urgent, so don't delay and start right away."

"Yes!"

Jo-Gol, who was watching Chung-Myung, unwittingly reached out as Chung-Myung rushed to Hawaii with the book in his arms.

“Well... well!”

Then, he murmurs with anxious eyes.

“You can’t send him that thing, can you?”

“Hmm? What did he say?”

“Oh, nothing. Sasookjo.”

Jo-Gol quickly glossed over his words. But his eyes did not fall from Chung-Myung’s distant back.

‘I’m nervous.’

A sad hunch is not wrong.

\* \* \*

“Hmmm.”

Chung-Myung, who climbed to the middle of Hawasan, pulled out a letter from his arms.

“Hmmm.”

So this is a letter from Hwang Dae-in on the Galactic Battlefield?

No, it’s a letter from his subordinates, since Dae-Hwang said he’s going back and forth in his bed.

“Ha... oh, my.”

Chung-Myung sighed wistfully.

“Isn’t it the duty of the Taoist to open a letter to others, but isn’t it the Tao that came into me? Everything depends on the province. It would be natural for me to want to open a book that came into my hands. Isn’t it so? Capital punishment?”- Talk like a horse. You little tiger!

“..... Anyway, the death penalty doesn’t suit me.”

It’s been like that for a long time.

But that can't help but look at this.

Apparently, if the workplace is left as it is, it is obvious that it will be a mess, and if the author Hwang Dae-in steps up, it will make things easier. But in this situation, there's a rush from the galaxy battlefield?

That means something happened to Hwang Dae-in's personal life.

If you don't know it at all, can you not check it even though you know it? It's the same line for anyone other than Chung-Myung. I wouldn't choose, but I'd be tempted anyway.

Chung-Myung took a close look at the book. The inscription "Chinjeon" (眞 門 人 人 親 傳 親 傳) on the surface, which is a long piece of Hawasan, stands out.

That's why you're telling me not to open it to anyone but the long-standing Hawasan.

"It's all right, it's all right. To be honest, you would have told me the news if I were here and there was a long writer. I wouldn't have told the long story."

It was the sound of bubbles when others heard it, but fortunately or unfortunately, there was no one around Chung-Myung now.

"Let me see."

A book sealed with wax. No matter how you tear it off, the traces are bound to go over.

In a normal way.

But it's not rocket science for Chung-Myung.

"Well, that's a good thing."

Squeak.

An example from Chung-Myung's fingertips accurately separates the boundaries between paper and wax. Then, only a complete envelope remained, as if it had never been waxed from the beginning.

Chung-Myung, who opened the envelope and took out the book in it, opened it without hesitation and began to read it.

"Well, let's see....."

Chung-Myung crossed his legs and began reading the book.

Chung-Myung's face was distorted.

Chung-Myung, who almost crumpled the book, folded it finely with a slightly shaky hand and pushed it into the envelope.

And soon there was a big breath.

"Whoosh!"

After taking several deep breaths, Chung-Myung trembled as if he had not fully calmed down.

"Isn't this a f\*cking Mahwa?"

Mahwa.

The flower of the devil.

Chung-Myung clenched his teeth.

"There's no way ordinary lawmakers can cure marijuana!"

Because it's a symptom of zero tolerance.

On the surface, symptoms appear to be severe poison poisoning. So finding a cure would have had to be focused on that.

However, Mahwa is a symptom that occurs when a person is subjected to a particular martial arts of Mahism.

The reason why Chung-Myung can't calm down now is very simple.

"Magian bastards!"

Magian people, who thought they had almost been exterminated, are working in the middle of the midfield.

"No, no, no!"

Chung-Myung slapped his cheek with both hands.

"It's Heavenly Demon that I killed, not all of the Magicians."

It is only natural that the remnants of Magicalism remain in this era.

Didn't you say that the guys who killed Heavenly Demon in the first place and didn't get wiped out came all the way to Hawaii?

There must have been some survivors, and there must have been others left in the 100,000 mountains, so it's no wonder they're still in existence.

The problem is they're not only alive, they're planning something in the middle.

Chung-Myung's eyes shot fire.

"No, but do these bastards have any grudges against Hawasan?"

Why does everything damage wasan?

How many people are there in the middle of the country? Why do you want to mess with Dae-in Hwang?" Oh, back pain!"

Chung-Myung sighed deeply.

I don't think I can do this.'

I think I'll have to go in person.

The contents written in the book alone cannot be confirmed as a symptom of Mahwa. It's first to see it with your own eyes.

Besides...

"A reward, a great reward!"

The content written at the end of the book turned Chung-Myung's eyes neatly.

As Jo-Gol said, the top of the galaxy is a cash cow. If you used the word "tremendous reward" in a place like this, how much would you give?

"You can't miss this!"

Chung-Myung is in a hurry.

Since nearly a hundred years have already passed, not many people will know about Mahwa.

If Magyo and Jungwon have not been at war with each other for a hundred years, there is no way that anyone can recognize the symptoms of being hit by a particular wave of water.

And anyone who could identify the symptoms died that day at the hands of Heavenly Demon and Magician at the summit of 100,000 mountains.

But what the world doesn't know.

"Some of those who survived a hundred years ago may know Mahwa.'

And if he's still alive, he'll be the leader of each faction. You're still too old to be a long writer, but what if one of the long writers showed you this book to get some information?

"It's going to be a complete disaster! I can't see that!"

There was a spark in Chung-Myung's eye.

How dare some insolent man eat Chung-Myung's food...Are you saying you're looking for a patient? It's money... No, it's something this Chung-Myung must solve for the sake of morality!

Of course!

"Busy!"

Chung-Myung grabbed the book and reached for the seal. Chung-Myung, who had a slight burnout and melted the wax, immediately began to jump to the top of Hawasan at a formidable speed.

"Bring it to me first!"

That way, they'll figure it out even if it's settled.

"I'll eat it no matter what!"

Just wait right there.

It's a long-written biography of Hyun Jong.

Long winter has passed and spring is coming. By the time this book arrives, spring plum blossoms will be blooming in Hawasan, where the long man is.

I can see the panorama of Hawasan, who visited with my father in the past. I'm full of thoughts to visit again anytime, but it's just a shame that the situation won't allow it.

I've been so high that I'm ashamed to write to you like this, but I'm still contacting you because your father's condition is getting worse day by day.



As you know, your father has been sick since last year and is in bed. Considering your father's age, it's understandable, but strangely, in recent years, other symptoms have begun to appear instead of the symptoms that old people should show.

Your father is almost unconscious and unable to move. The body is dyed red, the eyebrows are black, and the veins are running wild.

Our galaxy's top invited middlemen to examine your father's condition, but no one has made a proper diagnosis.

So I'm going to send a letter to those who are meant to be with the feeling of catching straws to get a clue about my illness. If the long writer knows about your father's symptoms, I would appreciate it if you could contact him in any way.

For those who give you information to improve your father's symptoms, I promise to repay you tremendously in the name of the galaxy. Then I look forward to a good answer.

Repayment of Wang Jong, the upper-majority minority of the galaxy.

## **Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 49**

"Turn it off."

"I can't do this."

The three great disciples entered the prose groaning.

Doing business in harmony was not a good thing for them. They are the Taoists who need to gain peace of mind through performance. For such people, dealing with the mundane was no comparison to cutting corners in the mountains.

"It's all good....."

Of course that is understandable.

They also understand how important money is and how difficult it is to earn. Didn't you live on blood porridge a while ago because you didn't have any money?

You cannot live off the bark of a tree just because you learn martial arts by polishing it in the mountains. Whether it was a mountain, a mountain, or a city, people needed money to live.

So there is no complaint so far.

That's not the problem.....

“Can’t you just book a room for the harmony? What kind of nonsense is this?”

“I feel like I’m going to die in the morning and evening going down and up in Wasan. Capital punishment... ..”

Yoon-jong closed his eyes tightly.

It’s Yoon-jong, who would usually tell him not to be a crybaby, but I can’t say that now. This is because he is out of breath.

“..... Think of this as a training, too.”

“What kind of training.....”

“Or you guys can go to the dorms and argue with them yourself.”

“.....”

Everyone shut up.

It’s not because I’m afraid of my superiors. This is because their hardships are not much compared to the hardships of the homeless.

If they hold out today right away, they have yet to return to Hawaii to prepare for business the next day.

“I don’t have time to train these days.”

“We’re here to learn martial arts, not trade. If I were to do this, I wouldn’t have joined Hwasan.”

Yoon-jong sighed deeply.

“Everyone knows what they want to say. But the world doesn’t always work the way you want it, does it? The same goes for this one. It will be solved soon, so let’s endure it until then.”

“.....yes, the death penalty.”

“All right.”

Still, everyone nodded to see if it worked.

Yoon-jong sighed secretly.

I’ve said so, but when will things get better?’

There is no promise.

No, it is not without a commitment. In Yoon-Jong's view, things just got worse day by day, let alone getting better.

It would not be strange if the merchants who sided with Hwasan this time had not helped him or her, even if they had already come to a ruined workplace.

In order for things to get better, the only things that will get better must be visible, and the only things that can be seen are the bad ones.

'I hope the long man has a solution.'

Yoon-jong was surprised while continuing his thoughts.

'I'm worried about all the things that's all.'

Until some time ago, that rarely happened. Although he is one of the three great disciples, he has never worried or agonized over the future of Hwasan. Because I thought it was enough to leave even if Hwasan failed.

But before I knew it, Yoon-Jong was also seriously worried about Hwasan.

This is all the change that happened after he showed up.....

"Go away, go away, go away, go away, go away!"

Yoon-jong closed his eyes tightly.

"Everything seems to be a good change, but why does he seem to grow out of it day by day by day?"

Yoon-jong looked at Jo-Gol running toward him with a pale face.

"Death penalty! Death penalty! We're in trouble!"

"Take it easy. Because you're so frivolous about a man named Doe....."

"Cheo, Chung-Myung....."

Chung-Myung?

The moment the name came out of Jo-Gol's mouth, Yoon-Jong's face also turned white. It was great to be able to bore people before they even heard what was going on.

"Oh, no, come here! Come on!"

When Jo-Gol started running ahead, Yoon-Jong started running along Jo-Gol without saying a word.

What the hell is wrong with him?'

I didn't even have time to think. Yoon-jong, who ran to the mountain gate with all his might, jumped into the white pipe following Jo-Gol. Jo-Gol, who soon arrived in front of Chung-Myung's room, opens the door violently.

"You don't sorry.

But there was no Chung-Myung in the room.

"Where have you been?"

"No, that's not it! Look at that. Death penalty."

"Huh?"

That one?

Yoon-jong's eyes slightly narrowed as he turned his head to Jo-Gol's point.

Paper?

There is a piece of paper on Chung-Myung's bed. Yoon-jong, who went close to the bed, read the words written in it.

Something came up, so I went for a few days. You have to explain yourself. And if you skip training, you'll fold your back upside down, so don't skip it.

".....you madman."

Yoon-jong's hands trembled as he grabbed the paper.

How many days are you going?

What, does this lunatic think it's possible to leave the country for a few days just because he's got a job to do?

"Uh, what do I do? Capital punishment?"

Yoon-jong sighed deeply.

"For now, let the children join you."

“.....and if I get caught, I’ll buy it.”

“It’s the same thing that makes you want to go and say it right away. He said he’ll be back in a few days, so I’ll try to hide it until then.”

If it wasn’t for today, the seniors wouldn’t care about the youngest of the three great disciples like Chung-Myung. If you’re lucky, you’ll be able to stay out of sight.

“What if I get caught.....”

“Did you worry about that?”

“Huh? Aren’t you worried about the death penalty?”

“.....I’m worried about something else.”

“What?”

Yoon-jong sighed deeply and said.

“I’m worried about what he’s going to be away for days. How much trouble are you going to make?”

“.....”

It was Jo-Gol who strongly agreed with Yoon-Jong.

\* \* \*

“Gasp! Gasp! Gasp! Gasp! Oh. Take a breath!”

Chung-Myung sat down on a wooden nest next to him and took a breath.

I ran from Wasan to the West Bank in a single run, and I was completely distracted and my mouth smelled sweet. As expected, it seems a bit unreasonable.

“Oh, my God, I used to be like this.”

Jump over the mountain in one step, huh? He jumped the river a couple of times!

It wouldn’t have taken him a minute to get from Hawaii to the West Bank. It’s also a leisurely walk like a walk.

However, Chung-Myung did not have that ability, and he had no choice but to run like crazy, sweaty feet.

“Oh, my. If you had a glass of cold water, you wouldn’t have a circle.”

It was Chung-Myung, who revealed his age that he could not hide at times like this.

Chung-Myung, who took a moderate breath, looked up and looked at the West Bank.

“It’s been a while here, too.”

Harmony is also an advanced place, but it cannot be compared to Seoan, a member of the island’s West Sea.

The West Bank was the closest metropolitan city to Hawasan. Therefore, it was the West Bank that was considered as the top priority whenever there was something to visit the city in the past.

Chung-Myung got up from his seat, smacking his lips.

“There’s been a lot going on here.”

Essentially, the disciples of Hawasan did not prefer to stop by the West Bank.

The reason is very simple. This is because Jongnam is the capital faction closest to the West Bank. Jongnamsan Mountain, where Jongnam is located, was only about 50 li from the west coast. As a result, Jongnam’s disciples appeared in the West Bank when they were bored.

What if a student of Hawasan goes to the West Bank and meets Jongnam guys?

One of them will be destroyed on that day.’

Jong-nam and Hwasan are on bad terms.

No, it’s not just to say we’re not on good terms. Hawasan and Jongnam are almost enemies.

There are not a few literary people in the world who don’t get along with each other.

However, Namgung Segawa Habukpanga, famous for their bad relationship, even put their tongues up and point fingers at Jongnam and Hwasan when they see them growl.

Why aren’t you getting along so well?

You have to bite it backwards. What’s there to get along with?

Just as neighboring countries do not have a good relationship in the first place, the gatekeepers attached nearby cannot get along well. For now, interests are at stake and receiving discipleship is also competitive.

And above all, the only thing left to do is pull the knife as soon as you come up with a question of whether you're strong or we're strong. This is a matter of pride.

In addition, Hawasan and Jongnam are from the same province. It is similar that the province has a strong temperament in the inner family, even the main martial arts is the sword.

The good men who founded Jongnam and Hwasan,

“Huh. We have similar tendencies, so if we set up a clan nearby, the future will get along like brothers.’

As you may have thought, the actual wives have come to regard each other as mortal enemies, let alone brothers.

As a result, Hawasan was also reluctant to meet the pro-South writers, and naturally became reluctant to enter and exit the West Bank.

Until Chung-Myung appeared.

As everyone knows, Chung-Myung was more inclined to do what others were reluctant to do, and the more the death penalty dried him up, the more he went in and out of the West Bank.

Picking a fight?

Of course I got caught.

Unfortunately over there.

I hit him a lot.’

This is an excuse, but Chung-Myung has never visited Jongnam and sold him. Chung-Myung is not such a free man. At that time, you have to rip off another piece of meat and have another drink.

We don't have enough time to enjoy drinking and dancing to avoid the eyes of Jang Moon-sa, so where is the time to visit and pick a fight with such guys?

However, Jongnam seemed to enjoy fighting rather than drinking and dancing. After being beaten once or twice by Chung-Myung, he used to run with crab bubbles when he heard that Chung-Myung had risen in the West Bank.

Of course, I beat every inch of the way.

Come to think of it, Chung-Myung was great, but Jong-nam was great, too.

Chong Nam's grit is also acknowledged by Chung-Myung. This man here is a hobby, beaten to death if there is to cheomat and capsized, and if I can grab yet more snow again that ties into a screwball.

Maybe that grit made him what he is now.

In the midst of Hawasan's collapse, Jongnam is said to be threatening the position of the world's number one inspection.

Of course, that'll be for a while.

"So, um...."

Chung-Myung glanced at his clothes.

I couldn't take off my clothes because I was in a hurry. Plum blossoms embroidered on the chest are noticeable today.

"I think I'll have a bad day if I meet you....."

Should I buy some clothes and change?

Chung-Myung, who was a little worried, shrugged his shoulders and shook his head.

"No way."

It's just that we're running into Jongnam on this vast west coast. Jongnam's eyes aren't open looking for Chung-Myung like before."What's the big deal?"

Once you get to the top of the galaxy, you won't run into Jongnam guys.

"That's what I eat."

Chung-Myung crossed the gates of the West Bank with a lewd smile.

Never expected how big a flat wind this would bring.

## **Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 50**

Hwang Jong couldn't help but feel disappointed.

"You're saying it's not possible."



His father, Hwang Munnyak, is getting worse day by day. Until recently, there was still consciousness, but recently, the number of days when I couldn't wake up has increased significantly.

People who are unconscious can't eat food.

If these days continued, it was clear that he would be out of breath in a few days.

He invited the world's greatest names out of urgency, and now he is asking for help from Kang-ho's followers, who have been associated with him, but they have not been able to come up with an answer.

Today, I had a ray of hope because the characters of the Sacheondang family, who boasted the best knowledge in the world, came to Dokdo. But the situation back was enough to disappoint Hwang Jong.

"It's difficult."

Sure enough, Hwang Jong sighed in the negative comments.

"You're saying that even the Tanga called the "Dock Manipulation" can't heal your father?"

"Of course, our party prides itself on the world's best when it comes to poison. You can decode the Dokdo."

"But?"

"But the eternal condition is not caused by poison."

Hwang Jong narrowed his forehead.

"You're saying it's not poison in that situation?"

Dang Myong, the elder of the party, picked up his head lightly.

"The symptoms are similar, but they're not addictions. There seems to be a fundamentally different cause."

"Hmmm."

Hwang Jong's complexion has become so dark that it cannot be darker.

There is no one to cure Hwang Munnyak's illness, even though he has invited people with the financial power at the top of the galaxy and promised huge compensation.

“You’re sure you’re not old?”

“It doesn’t look natural.”

“Then, what the hell is going on?”

Then Dang Myong lowered his eyes slightly as if he was in trouble.

Hwang Jong sighs as he looks at his face.

“I’m sorry, I know you’re not a councillor, but I’m so frustrated.”

“I’m sorry I couldn’t help you.”

“No, forgive me for not seeing you off.”

Dang Myong got up from his seat and went outside with a wry look.

“What am I supposed to do?”

Hwang Jong clasped his head.

The father’s condition is getting deeper day by day, and how can a child feel when he can’t do anything?

“What sin did your father commit that he would go through?”

This is Hwang Munnyak, who has spent his entire life doing for the poor. I know heaven’s will is not necessarily in retribution, but isn’t this too harsh?

Death after suffering from an unknown disease for a year.....

Then there was a knock on the door.

“May I come in?”

“Oh... Yes, Elder.”

The door opened and one person came inside. White-white was an impressive gray-haired man.

“I just saw Elder Dang Myong die.”

“That’s what happened.”

“A small wine. I’m embarrassed to keep saying the same thing, but it’s time to stop admitting it. The only way to save Hwang is through apprenticeship.”

Hwang Jong’s face is slightly distorted.

“I know what you mean. But I don’t want to resort to that yet.”

“Sodan liquor. Didn’t I tell you? The symptoms of eternal existence are the price of going against the flow. Too much has been collected, too much has been artificially twisted. If you put it down now and put your mind to the province, you will be able to get well.”

Hwang Jong turned his head and stared at the man.

But the man nonchalantly continued, as if the look was not burdensome at all. “It is not common for a long writer of Daejongnam to raise a ritual in person. Why don’t you know that you can enjoy this pleasure because you are the Hwang Dae-in at the top of the galaxy that has been dating for a long time? I’m running out of time. Don’t leave any regrets.”

“.....I’ll wait a little longer.”

“Something new.”

The man clicked his tongue. It’s like Hwang Jong is doing something pathetic.

Wang Jong bit his lower lip slightly.

The reason why we should just skip these rude words and treatments is very simple. This is because the man in front of me is Kimok Sung, the elder of Jongnam.

Jongnam has been famous for his old-fashioned paintings, but he has recently gained his name in all directions due to the momentum of the Rising Sun. I don’t know about this generation, but after a few generations, I’m sure it will take over the place of the first inspection. It is almost evaluated.

In addition, the West Bank has long been a place of great influence of Jongnam. Such Jong-nam’s elder personally recommends it, but Hwang Jong, the owner of the small group, who is not the top leader, cannot refuse heartlessly.

“You’ll ask for a thousand golds in return for a memorial service.’

It’s not a waste of money.

If he can save his father’s life, it is not a waste to give up all his assets. However, if they were really confident that they would save their father as an apprentice, they would not

have asked him to give up the money in advance, but would have saved his father and demanded compensation.

The senses I learned throughout my life helped me understand what they were aiming for.

“I haven’t received all the replies from the letters I’ve sent from all over the country yet. I’ll decide after I get a reply.”

“It’s frustrating. How can they cure a disease that they have invited and failed to cure? Didn’t you just listen to the Tanga?”

Hwang Jong’s eyebrows are wiggling.

He is speaking as if he had heard all the conversations between Hwang Jong and Dang Myong. You don’t seem to realize it, but does that mean you stole the conversation from inside?

“Brazen.”

Hwang Jong sighed deeply.

Unfortunately, he didn’t have the strength to point that out now. If Huang Munnyak changes his name as it is, the top of the galaxy is bound to shrink. Then, it is necessary to maintain a relationship with Jongnam, which has a great influence on the West Bank.

Maybe even at a huge cost.

“Give me a little more time. It’s not because I don’t believe in Jongnam. It’s because I want to do one more thing as a child.”

“There’s not much time left. We must not forget that if the lord is not famous, it is the result of the vain obsession of the Sodan.”

Hwang Jong’s fist clenched under the table.

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

It was that moment.

“Lord Sodan!”

An urgent voice came from outside.

“What’s going on?”

“Hwasan! A man came from Hawaii.”

“Did you just say Hwasan?”

“Yes! It’s Hwasan.”

Hwang Jong’s eyes trembled a little.

Hwasan is also where he sent his letters. However, since there is nothing much to look forward to in Hawaii, which has already declined, the letter to the country started at the end.

Does that mean you’ve already sent someone even though the investigation has just arrived?

‘By any chance?’

If they didn’t know anything about Wang Munnyak’s symptoms, they wouldn’t have sent people in person to visit.

As soon as Hwang Jong, who had a ray of hope, tried to get up from his seat, he heard a cold voice. “Hwasan?”

Kimok Sseung’s eyes are slightly aging.

His expression was noticeably stifled by the mere words of Hwasan. And then there’s a rough voice.

“What a bunch of screwed-up shit you’ Where are we?”

Hwang Jong bit his lips a little.

Of course, Kimok Sseung said it with the West Bank in mind, but Hwang Jong had no choice but to feel that Kimok Sseung treated the top of the galaxy as a male Jongnam’s.

“Sodanju, you don’t have to meet those things. What does Hwasan know to cure the eternal condition?”

Hwang Jong hardened his face.

“Even so, they’re the ones who came after hearing from us. How can a door-to-door slapping the door?”

“You have to listen to me.”

“Old man.”

Wang Jong cut it out as if he had nothing to say.

“This is the top of the galaxy. Don’t forget it’s not Jongnam.”

“Hmm!”

Kimok Sseung showed signs of discomfort, but Hwang Jong ignored the response and rose from his seat. Then he hurriedly opened the door and went outside.

‘You never know.’

He failed to change the name of the world, and failed to make a sharp move in the most prestigious literary circles. Then, the answer may come from places that are not expected.

Wang Jong, who came out, looked around.

“Where are the people from Hawaii?”

A quarrel answers Hwang Jong’s words, bending his back.

“He’s at the entrance.”

“Did you say you had a visitor from afar at the entrance? No matter how distracted you are, how rude you are!”

In a moment, Hwang Jong’s voice becomes fierce. However, instead of immediately asking for forgiveness, he glances at the entrance with his lips gently.

“I was going to take you right away..... I don’t understand the situation at all.....”

“Get out of my way, I’ll go see you in personally.”

“Sodan. One.....”

Hwang Jong stepped away from his face. I don’t like the ambiguous attitude of quarrels.

“Since when did the galaxy’s top divide the audience according to its status?”

If your father had been conscious, he would have been scolded immediately.

Those who do business must work at the lowest point. Hwang Dae-in’s theory was that those who share the customer’s status based on their status and what they have do not deserve to do business.

Those who can't help but notice it are rude to set up visitors at the entrance, saying that Hawasan's power has weakened.

We need to repair the top again!

Hwang Jong went to the entrance with a resolution.

Soon there is a small child standing on his or her legs at the entrance.

'Well, it's the fall of Hawasan.'

A white coat and plum print on its chest. Undoubtedly a disciple of Hawasan.

Hwang Jong looked at Chung-Myung and said immediately.

"Saintiff, you've been rude."

Then the young master's head slightly wobbles.

"No, well, that's possible."

"I'm Hwang Jong, the owner of the galaxy's top small group. It's my fault for not properly educating my subordinates, so please blame me."

"It's all right. I'm not here to be treated."

That's a bit of a perverse.

Hwang Jong continued, keeping a straight face.

"Thank you for your understanding. But what about you?"

"I'm here alone."

"Oh, I see. Party... Yes?"

Hwang Jong raised his head.

"What are you saying?"

"I'm here alone."

The young master in front of me shrugs his shoulders and smiles."I've brought you a way to cure Hwang's illness, so show him around. Oh, and I'd like to check what the huge reward you mentioned is, is it okay?"

“ .....

Hwang Jong's eyes trembled.

What the hell is he, man?

It was the first time that Hwang Jong at the top of the galaxy met Chung-Myung, a plum blossom screening.