

## Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 51

“Alone?”

“Yes.”

“So, alone?”

“I know.”

“So...”

When things didn't settle down, Hwang Jong looked back without realizing it.

There's a bit of a quarrel behind him.

‘That's why I didn't tell you?’

He nods his head with this face.

It looks like he's really here alone.

Hwang Jong turned his head again and looked at the young Taoist in front of him.

I have all sorts of thoughts.

Is Hwasan ignoring the top of the galaxy?

Or what makes you do this?

Or.....

“Hahahaha!”

At that moment, I heard a loud laugh behind my back.

“Now I do. You're doing all sorts of things. Sodayu, I didn't tell you. I don't even need to meet the Hawaiian ones!”

It was Kimok Sseung.

Kimok Sung, who followed Hwang Jong to the entrance, continues with a smile.

“What do you think that little boy knows to send him away? I don't know anything, but I want to take a step forward, but it's embarrassing to come directly, so I sent a young

one. Tsk, tsk, I don't like my Hwasan, but I heard that the Hwasan man is a master, and he's always used such a cheap trick."

Hwang Jong's face has hardened.

It is almost obvious that Kimok Sseung's words contained a lot of bad feelings, but now he has no choice but to think as he said.

That's not the kind of person that Hyun Jong of Hwasan's Hyun Jong Jin.'

As he remembers, Hyun Jong was a man of great character even though he was a Taoist. I don't think such a person will send just one child like this to show off.

But isn't that the reality?

"Did you really come here alone?"

"Yes."

".....You mean you sent a small stamp by yourself in Hawaii?"

A young master.

Chung-Myung sighed deeply.

You're treated like this because you're young.'

There was a time when Chung-Myung was Hwasan and Hwasan was Chung-Myung.

You'd rather die than suffer.'

But I also fully understand their response. A warrior who hasn't even written the terms and conditions will come and cure the disease that even the world's masters can't help, but if you trust him right away, it's even stranger.

So you need to hit some medicine.

"Did you say Sodanju?"

"Yes, I am."

"I'm Chung-Myung, the three great disciples of Hwasan. I received the letter that Sodan sent to Hwasan well. I came here because I had a hunch about the symptoms written in the study."

"One here alone....."

"It was a very urgent matter, so I couldn't afford to come with others. Isn't he in critical condition?"

By the way...

Hwang Jong, who was looking at Chung-Myung with a face that he couldn't trust at all, recalled a part of Chung-Myung's words and hardened his face.

"Did you say you had any idea about your father's condition?"

"Yes, I am."

Hwang Jong clenched his fist unconsciously.

I'm the first person to say this.'

So far, numerous people and masters have visited, but no one has discussed the tax increase before seeing Hwang in person.

'Maybe?'

At that moment, I heard a snort behind my back.

"Oh, my God, he's already cheating. How can a child know what the world's masters couldn't do? Sodanju, there's nothing more to hear! Let's go in, you don't have to waste your time."

"One....."

"Do you believe him in small wine?"

Hwang Jong bit his lips a little.

Then, Chung-Myung, who was still listening, opened his mouth."By the way."

"Huh?"

"Who are you? You've been lucky with people."

Kimok Sung looked at Chung-Myung with blank eyes.

"Did you just say that to me?"

"Is there another one here besides you?"

“Huh, did you see this prick? Does that mean a disciple of Hawasan can’t even tell Jongnam apart? I knew that Hawasan was such an idiot, but I didn’t know that even his pupils were so stupid.”

“Oh, you’re Jongnam.”

Chung-Myung shrugged.

“No, I thought you were a senator, because you sound like you know something. So you have a way to cure Hwang’s condition?”

“Hwang Dae-in is ill because he went too far. If you raise an apprentice who relieves heaven’s anger, you can get well.”

Chung-Myung rolled up the corners of his mouth.

“Oh, that’s possible.”

Hwang Jong’s face is distorted.

However, Chung-Myung’s words were completely different from Hwang Jong’s expectations.

“Then we’ll have to call the shamans and the poor.”

“.....What?”

“You’re the expert, aren’t you?”

Kimok Sseung said with a slightly flustered face.

“Well, you don’t have to. Isn’t Jongnam here?”

“No one knows Jongnam or Hawasan, or half of the inner house, is mixed in that direction. If you were going to raise me, you’d rather get it from the right masters. I would recommend a shaman. But the shaman eats the most in the province.”

“.....”

Hwang Jong’s face went blank.

Who the hell is this guy?’

He even sneaks into Hwang Jong’s ear.

“The shamans tend to value face so much, they’ll come as soon as they’re properly treated. If you want to get it, you have to get it at a good place. In a good place. In a cost-effective place.”

“.....”

The flushed-faced Kimok Sung let out a shout.

“Gal, he’s making fun of you! That’s what they teach you in your private life?”

“Oh, yes, yes. I’m sorry.”

Chung-Myung picked his ear and blew his mouth out.

It was a blatant disregard, but Kimok Sung could not do anything but shake with his hot face.

It’s an indefensible disgrace to be the elder of Jongnam and beat the three great disciples of Hwasan’s Isn’t it something that everyone in the world can point fingers at?

I don’t know if he knows that, but he’s a real nerve wrecker anyway.

“Sodanju, kick him out now!”

Hwang Jong sighed at Kimok Sseung’s words.

“Older, this is not Jongnam, this is the top of the galaxy. It’s up to me to decide how to treat the guests who came to the top.”

“How can you say that when you see me being beaten by that child?”

Hwang Jong ignored Kimok Sung and looked at Chung-Myung.

‘You seem to have faith in something.’

If you’ve been scamming without anything, you can’t be this confident. But it was still doubtful.

“Painthouse.”

“Yes.”

“It’s not that I don’t trust the small stamp.....”

“It’s okay, you might not believe it.”

“.....thank you for your understanding. Can I ask you a few questions first?”

Hwang Jong’s words have become short. Chung-Myung also felt the fact, but he shrugged his shoulders as he understood the suspicions.

“Yes, by all means.”

Wang Jong gulped down his dry saliva and went on.

“Saintiff, you said you had some idea about your father’s condition a little while ago, but could you hear a little bit about it?”“It’s hard to say.”

“Hehe!”

As soon as Chung-Myung finished speaking, there was an exaggerated snort of Kimok Sung. Hwang Jong also showed signs of embarrassment.

“I can tell you something else instead.”

“What is it?”

Chung-Myung said with a confident face.

“I heard that you often went up, didn’t you?”

“You’re right.”

“Then I’m sure you’ve stopped by 100,000 mountains up the road before you got sick. Isn’t it?”

Chung-Myung spoke as if to declare.

Then Hwang Jong opens his eyes wide and answers.

“No, I don’t.”

“.....”

Chung-Myung’s head slightly turns sideways.

“What?”

“Never have. My father never went up there.”

“.....Oh, really?”

Chung-Myung's face is embarrassed. Chung-Myung quickly continued, before Hwang Jong's expression became more glum.

"I'm sure you've been attacked before, haven't you? Or you've been through a crisis!"

"Your father has not been attacked in recent years. It was at least five years ago."

"Oh, you can't do that. Oh, my God.

"....."

Hwang Jong's eyes narrowed.

"Really? That can't be true."

I think I can hear Kimok Sung's low laughter behind his back.

"That's weird, so where did he get shot?"

What's wrong with you, you freak!

Is he out of his mind?

It was a moment when the expectations of Chung-Myung disappeared neatly. Hwang Jong's eyes got cold.

Chung-Myung said in a hurry.

"Well, wait a minute. I'm telling you. I can fix it."

".....a small stamp."

Hwang Jong sighed deeply.

And without missing the moment, Kimok Sung stormed in.

"Didn't I say there's nothing to look at? Hawasan is essentially a charlatan. I think you can guess just by looking at the situation like that."

"Please refrain from saying too much, Elder."

Hwang Jong, who dissuaded Kimok Sung, opens his mouth while watching Chung-Myung.

"I understand the will of the little master, but your father is so ill that it's just right for the poor to get worse. I hope you understand my position, too. I'd like to thank the long-term writer of Hwasan for his care....."

"My body turns red, my whole body gets cold. If you press it with your hand, the redness turns slightly white and quickly turns red again. Until I lose consciousness, I feel the chills as if I'm in an ice cave, and not only the middle of my forehead, but also the back of my neck and the top of my head are black!"

"....."

"More?"

Chung-Myung grinned.

"Well, how do you do that?"

Hwang Jong's eyes were so big that they couldn't get any bigger. Chung-Myung's face has become more confident than ever.

"Oh... I'm a little thirsty after a long trip."

"What are you doing, cold water, or ice water! Right now!"

The quarrel couldn't answer and ran inside with all its might. Hwang Jong's eyes and attitude toward Chung-Myung changed suddenly.

"Not like this, but inside."

"Ha ha. You got a great guy."

"Come on, come on!"

Chung-Myung inflated his stomach and followed Hwang Jong inside. Kimok Sung, who was watching the situation, shouted urgently.

"Sodanju, it's just a typical symptom of people who've been affected by the p\*n\*s. It doesn't make any difference if you know it!"

Hwang Jong opened his eyes slightly.

"Do you mean that those who have been affected by the sound gather black energy on the top of their heads and on the back of their necks? Why hasn't he been able to cure your father until now?" ".....it is."



"This is the work at the top of the galaxy. I won't allow any more interference than necessary. If you interfere more here, we will also officially protest against Jongnam."

"Hmmm."

Kimok Sseung groaned and stepped back.

Chung-Myung's face, whose cheeks were swollen to hold back laughter, came into his eyes.

"Well, I... That guy!"

Kimok Sseung felt a sudden increase in fever all over his body. I was going crazy with anger, but what can I do? As Hwang Jong said, this is not Jongnam but the top of the galaxy. No matter how old Kimok Sseung was in Jongnam, he couldn't be arbitrary to the top of the galaxy.

"If you don't treat Hwang properly, I'll strike you!"

Hitting at Wang Jong and Chung-Myung, who never stopped walking, was all he could do.

As the distance grew further away, Hwang Jong said with a wry smile.

"I'm sorry. Sowon. Strangely, Jongnam can't hold back their excitement whenever we talk about wasan."

"It's all right."

"Oh, please understand....."

"Who's to blame? It's all my sins."

".....Yes?"

Chung-Myung shrugged.

'Shouldn't have beaten him up enough.'

It was the moment when the perpetrator 100 years ago felt guilty to the victim 100 years later.

## **Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 52**

"No... .."

“How do you like it?”

“People are in order.”

“Isn’t this the most urgent thing?”

“I’m hungry because I’ve come a long way.”

“When the treatment is over, we’ll prepare a feast for you.”

“.....I don’t have the strength.”

“Do you want me to put you on medication?”

Chung-Myung glanced back at Hwang Jong.

His eyes are burning.

Now Hwang Jong caught a straw drowning. And that straw is Chung-Myung. My eyes are full of determination to not let Dae-in Hwang go if he fails to fix it.

Chung-Myung smacked his lips.

“Let’s start with the vein.....”

“Come on!”

“...okay. Don’t rush me.”

Chung-Myung turned his head and looked at the bed. There is a person lying in a thick silk blanket.

“Well.”

Chung-Myung, who confirmed the face of the lying person, narrowed the forehead slightly.

I think it’s definitely a symptom of malignancy.’

You need to look more closely to be sure. Chung-Myung got close and pulled the blanket out.

And I frowned unconsciously.

I’m wearing clothes, but I can’t hide my skinny body.

The old man, who had dried up like a throat, was barely breathing as if he were about to break.

It's worse than I thought.'

Chung-Myung touches his chin.

Mahwa is a Mahwa, but it's not the right one.'

If you've been hit by a high-quality macho, you can't last a year. Even those who have been working hard all their lives couldn't last three days when Mahwa came.

This is not a symptom that an old man can endure.

Then...

"I'm going to have a hard time."

"Yes."

Chung-Myung reached out and grabbed Hwang's wrist.

Then push the energy in slightly. When Chung-Myung's innocent history enters Dae-in Hwang's body, the tableware filled with anger and retreat.

It's clumsy.

Chung-Myung narrowed his forehead.

The symptoms are certain to be a malignancy. But surely, it's not a symptom of well-cooked macho.

Chung-Myung, who had taken his hands off Hwang Dae-in's body, fell into agony with his chin on his back.

Hwang Jong couldn't hide his nervousness when he saw Chung-Myung like that. If a person with a vein takes his or her hands off and makes a serious look, anyone will feel the same way.

Eventually, Hwang Jong, who couldn't resist, opened his mouth.

".....how do you like it?"

"Eh, so....."

Chung-Myung scratches the back of his head.

“Is it difficult?”

“No, I don’t think the treatment itself is that difficult.”

“As expected. It’s okay. Everyone……. What?”

Hwang Jong’s body trembled.

“What are you saying……?”

“Treatment is not that difficult.”

“Well, are you sure?”

“Yes, but I can’t touch it right now. I need to prepare a few things.”

“When it comes to preparation, what…….”

“First of all!”

Chung-Myung said with a grin.

“Let’s eat first.”

“…….”

Chop, chop, chop, chop.

Chung-Myung’s mouth shreds and cuts everything that comes in. Hwang Jong looked at the scene with completely absurd eyes.

He has also seen many provincial people while having relationships with various civilizations, but I assure you that he has never been such a good meat-grabbing monk.

Even now, the long torn duck legs were sucked into Chung-Myung’s mouth and disappeared as if they had been there.

It’s not just him.

I’m the best.

As soon as the glass is filled with expensive Yeontaeju, it is urgently poured into the mouth.

“Growl! This is it! This is it’s it!”

“.....”

I’ve never had such a good drinker before.

If the situation had not been like this, Hwang Jong would have laughed, saying, “I met a very pleasant master today,” but the current situation has prevented him from laughing.”Well... .. a small stamp.”

“Huh? Why?”

Chung-Myung, who has a lot of meat in his mouth, asks back. Hwang Jong took a deep breath and calmed himself down.

“What is the... preparation for treatment?”

“I’m doing it right now.”

“What do you mean?”

“Oh, well, it’s nothing.

Chung-Myung puts down his chopsticks.

“It takes a lot of physical strength, so it’s important to eat well. But Sooksu is a good cook here.”

I’m sure he’ll do well.

He’s the best old man in the West Bank.

“I’ve only eaten something that wasn’t even a meal in Hawaii, and now I feel better.”

Chung-Myung tapped on the stomach.

“Have you finished?”

“No, it’s just the beginning.”

“.....”

Is there a monkfish in your stomach?

Hawasan said things are tough these days, but he seems to be quite hungry...I mean, even if you’re starving, does it all fit in your stomach? I’m sure human ships are limited in size.

He was a master who surprised people in many ways.

“I don’t think you’re here for dinner.”

“Well, it’s not just for the record.”

“But it has its own purpose.”

“He who wipes the road, lives by the flow.”

“It’s going too fast.....”

“I’m keeping it in moderation.”

How can I?

Hwang Jong couldn’t overcome the frustration and sighed.

“It’s not that I don’t know it’s against the law to rush a small stamp who’s come a long way. But shouldn’t the small stamp count the feelings of the son whose father is bedridden?”

“I’ve had enough to figure it out.”

Hwang Jong jumped out of his seat.

“Hey, little seal, my father!”

“I’m not dying.”

“.....what did you just say?”

“I’m not dying. Have a seat.”

Chung-Myung poured the drink casually and drank it down.

Hwang Jong’s face is completely unperturbed by his angry look.

“I’ve done some work a while ago, so you’re not going to die. I just need a little time to complete the treatment, but I’m over the hump.”

You treated him?

When?

“There’s a saying that the more urgent you are, the better. It’s not that important to cure the spirit now. What’s really important is why Young-Jon the ground.”

“.....are you sure you’re cured?”

“Have you been fooled?”

Chung-Myung shrugs.

“If you’re suspicious, go to eternity. I’m sure the blackness between the eyes has disappeared.”

Hwang Jong stared at Chung-Myung and nodded.

“I don’t doubt my little seal. I think everything should be clear, so I’ll check it out right away.”

“Sure.”

Hwang Jong quickly went outside. A little while later, he burst into the door and looks at Chung-Myung with incredible eyes.

“What the hell did you do?”

“I treated him.”

“When on earth?”

Chung-Myung did not reply and pointed across from me with a nonchalant face.

“Are you not going to sit down?”

“.....”

Hwang Jong looked at Chung-Myung with suspicious eyes.

I’ve seen a lot of human beings in my life as a merchant, but I’m pretty sure I’ve never seen anyone like this before.

You can see a child’s hitting moment by moment, but sometimes you can feel a very old and experienced.

It’s like an old man in a child’s body.’

That can’t be the case, which means that this child has experienced countless things that aren’t suitable for his age.

Can I trust you?’

But there is no way not to believe it. As he confirmed, Wang Munnyak was clearly showing signs of recovery.

Chung-Myung poured alcohol into the glass and opened his mouth whether he knew Hwang Jong’s complicated thoughts. “If you don’t want to sit down, stand up and answer. I have a few questions.....”

Hwang Jong sat down again.

“Who is closest to eternity?”

“Did you say you were the closest person to her?”

“Yes, the one who guarded around Hwang Dae- A man who follows everything from bed to up. Or at least someone who wouldn’t be suspected of doing anything.”

“.....why do you ask?”

“Let’s just say it’s necessary for treatment.”

Hwang Jong tilts his head and says.

“Of course it’s me. It’s my job to serve your father.”

“Except for you.”

“If you leave me out.....”

Hwang Jong, who was deeply agonizing, shook his head.

“I don’t know. My father used to do so many things. So, of course, the number of people who took care of your father is not small. There are at least five people who meet the standards that the small stamp says.”

“That’s more than I thought. Hmm. You’re saying that’s what you’re saying.”

Chung-Myung scratches his cheek like he’s in trouble.

But soon he shrugged and smiled.

“If there are five of them, it’s not easy to find them.”

“What the hell do you mean you’re really?”



“You’re not asking because you don’t know, are you? Come on. Don’t tell me.

“.....”

Hwang Jong hardened his face.

Of course, I’m not asking because I don’t know. I just don’t want to admit it.

“Do you mean the thorax is inside?”

“I thought I was out there, but looking at Hwang’s details, I don’t think he was out there. I think it’s the work of an insider.”

Hwang Jong’s face is stiff.

“Keep your tongue to yourself. The Six Souls at the top of the galaxy are like family members. I’ve been with the galaxy all my life, and I’m telling you that’s all. They... ..”

“Or not.”

“.....Huh?”

Chung-Myung tapped nonchalantly on the stomach.

“If you don’t doubt it, you’re lucky. Isn’t it?”

“.....that’s true.”

Chung-Myung yawned droopily.

“So don’t worry. It’ll all come out if you look into it.”

Hwang Jong nodded heavily.

Looking at Hwang Jong, Chung-Myung kicked his tongue.

‘How naive is a merchant.’

Few people know as well as Chung-Myung how toxic a person can become.

He watched the monk preaching mercy wake up a person’s head and go berserk, and also watched the Taoist figure think about how to cut a person’s throat more neatly.

Human beings are ambivalent beings.

You can be a good man to someone, but you can also be a bad man to someone.

'Well, that's not the point.'

What's important is that there's a man inside this galaxy who tested Hwang Munnyak.

In terms of condition, it is clear that the clumsy man who mastered the macho continuously spilled the maggi on Hwang Munnyak. At first, there would have been no problem, but after a long period of steady exposure, he suffered from marijuana.

Even if you know a certain amount about Mahwa, you will not know how the symptoms originated unless you have seen it with your own eyes and experienced it with your body like Chung-Myung.

"You must have been a good old man.'

We got lucky.

If Chung-Myung didn't see the content of the book... If Hwang had not been interested before ..., Hwang Munnyak was destined to suffer and die.

'Oh, this is good deed.'

Save people and make money.

Ditch and go..... Oh, crayfish is not very good.

"But what are you going to do about the investigation?" "I'm doing it."

".....Hmm?"

Wang Jong asked back with a blank face.

"You're investigating?"

"Yes."

"Eating food is an investigation? Do you have a long history?"

"No, that's not it. I'm talking with Sodanju in my room. That's what I'm investigating."

Hwang Jong tilted his head. I just don't understand what you mean.

"Just keep watching. Funny things are going to happen soon. You just have to keep an eye on it. Oh, there's one thing you need to do for me."

"What's that? I'll give it a try."

Chung-Myung picked up a bottle of liquor next to him.

“One more bottle.”

“.....”

“Hurry up.”

“.....”

A deep depth came into Hwang Jong's mind.

## **Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 53**

“Hmm!”

Kimok Sung's face, who won the breakfast award, is distorted.

Holding up his chopsticks, he eventually dropped it on top of the table, not picking up anything.

The students who were performing sneakily look at Kimok Sung.

“Don't you like the food?”

“Hmm.”

Kimok Sseung shakes his head lightly.

“It's not that the food doesn't fit, but I don't feel comfortable.”

“Why do you say you don't feel comfortable? If these disciples have done anything wrong, please scold them sternly.”

“It's not your fault.”

Kimok Sseung slipped away the breakfast table with a slightly irritated face.

“I can't stand the sight of a man hanging around the top.”

Then, Isong Baek, Jongnam's great student, asked back quietly.

“Do you mean the child of Hawasan?”

“Hmmm.”

Kimok Sseung didn't speak Katabuta, but no one knew what this uncomfortable cough meant.

"I don't quite understand, Elder. What's so great about just a kid coming....."

"It's not about being a child."

"Sure..."

"Hwasan's child is the problem."

His students looked at Kimok Sung with faces that they didn't understand at all.

What do you mean by "Hwasan's child"?

They couldn't quite understand the hostility towards Hasan, who sometimes saw his superiors.

"Didn't my sister tell you? Hawasan and we can't live in the same sky."

But Kimok Sseung was different.

He grew up hearing countless stories about Hawasan from adults in Jongnam in the past. How hard it was for Hwasan to make Jongnam suffer, and how hard Jongnam had a time under the pressure of his energy.

"It's annoying that Hawasan's child came into the West Bank proudly, but why is the name like a plum sword that's not cool to chew?"

"....."

The disciples exchanged glances slightly.

'That's why.'

"The Plum Blossom has been dead for almost a hundred years and it's still being talked about.'

I don't think the Hawasan guys remember the name Plum Blossom, but how can we hear more Plum Blossom than the investigations of the time?'

Plum Blossom.

Plum Blossom Screening Chung-Myung.

People in Jongnam don't add "Zone" to their past names when referring to Chung-Myung. You can't dare put such a precious letter on a man who won't be able to chew it.

Isong Baek brings together the eyes of the priests.

Anyone can see that Kimok Sseung's obsession is abnormal, but even so, Kimok Sseung is the elder of Jongnam and the adult they are now supporting.

And Kimok Sseung is a very normal and gentle person if nothing comes out of the story of Hwasan.

"Don't worry."

"Don't worry?"

Kimok Sseung's eyebrows went up.

"The child is now going around the neighborhood trying to cure Hwang."

"Haha, you don't think....."

"They say there's a way forward."

"....."

Isong Baek shut up.

Kimok Sseung did not say more, but the intelligent Isong Baek was able to guess from the meaning behind the words.

What if he really treats Dae-in Hwang?

It's a mess.'

Hwang Dae-in is a man with a clear silver lining. Such Hwang Dae-in cannot just leave Hwasan, who saved his life. I'm sure he'll do his best to support Hwasan, both materially and physically. We have to stop him.'

Isong Baek, who quickly rolled his brain and finished calculating, coughed slightly and opened his mouth.

"Elder, if it bothers you, why don't we kick him out?"

"You guys?"

Kimok Sseung opens his eyes slightly wide.

“Yes, it would be a bad thing if the elder came forward in person, but we are the disciples of this university. Why would it be such a flaw for Jongnam’s great disciples to share the sword with Hwasan’s three great disciples?”

“Well, wouldn’t it be said that you persecuted a child?”

Isong Baek grinned.

“Who doesn’t know that Hwasan and Jongnam have been in contact for a long time? If your hands were a little too much while comparing each other’s swords while you happened to meet each other, it wouldn’t be too flawed.”

Kimok Sseung nods slowly.

“Moreover, the Jonghwa branch is just around the corner, so it will be more justifiable.”

“I see what you mean. One, I can’t allow it.”

Kimok Sseung said firmly.

“Even so, he is one of the three greatest disciples. It is not up to Jong-nam’s prestige that you use your hands or ask him for a dagger. How would the powerful see persecution of the child of Moonpa, who is going to collapse?”

Isong Baek holds the charges.

It is none other than Kimok Sseung who cares most about the child. It was hard to bear the charges because he was saying such obvious things.

However, it would be the reason why he became a disciple to understand the heart of such a smiling man.

“Then I understand that you are not allowed. But if one of the disciples makes a mistake, if he gets a reasonable punishment, he will stop.”

“Of course, I will punish anyone who touches the child.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

Kimok Sseung is a man of his word. So it must be true to say that punishment is a must.

Just one thing.

With the bee, it was clear that there would be a bigger prize than the bee.

“It is the discipleship to follow the words of the four gates. But isn’t it also the right thing to do to relieve the uncomfortable feelings of a young man? We’ll take care of the rest of the work, so please don’t mind the elders.”

“Well, go ahead.”

“Yes, Elder. I’ll leave now.”

Kimok Sseung nodded without an answer, and his disciples took a deep bow and left the room.

Kimok Sseung looked at the scene and frowned slightly.

‘These kids think too much of Hwasan.’

I understand.

By the time those children were born, Hwasan had already leaned back completely. In their heads, Hwasan is just an old tree collapsing with past glory.

But Kimok Sseung knows.

How powerful was the old Hwasan.

Although Jong-nam is now famous for his inspection of the world, the good people of the temple Kimok Sseung saw as a child were never below Jong-nam’s level now.

No, there was definitely a better side to it.

Such a past stallion also failed to dance in front of Hwasan. Had it not been for Hwasan’s influence to decline due to the invasion of the Magical Church, Jongnam would not have been able to surpass Hwasan until this moment.

‘You can never go back to those days.’

Kimok Sseung’s face looked determined.

“It’s safe to think that he’s back on his career, seeing that he’s gone all the way here from Hawaii to here.” I thought it was completely trampled so that he could never stand up again, but he also seemed to have seen too easily of Hwasan’s capacity.

“As soon as this is over, I’ll need to talk to the long man.”

Kimok Sseung’s uncharacteristic ferocity was young.

“Aren’t you being too sensitive? Capital punishment?”

“He’s always like that when we talk about Hwasan.”

“No matter how hard it is. It’s too much to be wary of even that little kid. No matter how long ago Hwasan was a civil servant who fought for the best in the world, isn’t it just a rumor that’s ruined and has no pillar roots left?”

“And so is he.”

“And even if the old Hwasan comes back, it won’t reach the present Jongnam.”

Isong Baek smiled broadly.

“He has a good spirit. But I agree with the elder. Hwasan of the past is by no means an easy-to-see literary group. Now Jongnam-do has a bit of a lag to Hwasan in those days.”

“The death penalty!”

“One, the past is the past. After all, those who survive are the strong ones.”

Only then did everyone nod.

Go Hwi, a priest of Isong Baek and a great disciple of Jongnam, has alluded.

“But the death penalty. What are you going to do with the child?”

“Shouldn’t we send them in a reasonable way?”

Isong Baek holds the charges.

persecuting a child is against Isong Baek’s s\*xuality, but it was also a problem for Elder Kimok Sung to keep the child here when he was angry.

Kimok Sseung is not going to have to touch the child himself, but it’s not good to see a person who is about the elder of Jongnam playing catch with a child.

“But what in the world did Hwasan think he sent the child alone? Isn’t Jongnam a child who wouldn’t have been allowed to go outside the prose alone?”

“Not all literary circles can be the same. Wouldn’t there be a reason?”

“Well, I’m sure things aren’t so good in Hasan.”

“How do we know what the Thamunites do?”

Isong Baek blocked the nonsense.



“All we have to do is do what we have to do what we have to do. Don’t forget that what we have to do now is to take care of the elder.”

“Yes, death penalty.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

Only then does Isong Baek nod his head still.

“How am I supposed to summon him.....”

“Hang on, death penalty. Look over there.”

“Huh?”

Everyone’s head turns to one side at a person’s words.

“Isn’t he the one?”

“You’re right?”

“He’s coming this way?”

“Hmm.”

Isong Baek let out a grin.

I was thinking about how to call out Hwasan’s child, but why isn’t he coming to where they are?

“What do you say, right away?”

“You don’t have to drag your feet.”

Isong Baek took a step forward toward the upcoming Chung-Myung and took a swipe.

“How are you?”

“Huh?”

Chung-Myung looks at Isong Baek and other disciples and tilts his head.

Before Chung-Myung even opened his mouth, Isong Baek immediately started.

“I’m Isong Baek of Jongnam. It’s a pleasure to meet your student of Hwasan.”

“Oh, yes. Hello.”

Chung-Myung answered in a vague way.

Isong Baek asked with a patient and gentle smile.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going to the Great Hwang. I want to see if there’s any improvement.”

“Oh, I see.”

Isong Baek holds the charges.

‘You have a lot of nerve.’

Kimok Sseung and Hwang Dae-in, who never changed the name of the world. I didn’t think such a child could do anything about such a great Hwang Dae-in. Nevertheless, seeing that he shamelessly says that he is treating Hwang Dae-in, he doesn’t seem to have a good heart.”If you’re not busy, why don’t you have a word with me?”

“Yes, well, go ahead. May I help you?”

“Haha. It’s nothing else. Hasn’t Hwasan and Jongnam developed by exchanging swords with each other since ancient times? Even now, Hwasan and Jongnam hold regular sword exchanges events. Do you know?”

“Oh, really? I didn’t know. It hasn’t been long since I started in Wasan.”

“I thought so.”

Isong Baek grinned.

‘If you know that, you can’t keep your head up in front of me.’

Even though the name Jong-nam came out, there is no change in the child’s expression. If you’ve ever seen Jonghwa Branch, you’ll never get a face so calm.

“Hwasan’s sword is a great help to carry out. What do you say? Would you like to give me a tour of the high-altitude sword of Hwasan?”

Isong Baek has a slight smile on his face.

I’m sure you’ll say no, but how many ways does he have to tie this child.....

“Oh, I mean.”

At that moment, Chung-Myung slightly tilted his head.

“Let’s fight?”

“.....”

Isong Baek clears up his voice.

“I’m not saying let’s fight. I’m either training or.....”

“That’s what we’re really?”

Isong Baek’s eyes go blank.

What is this, man?

Chung-Myung smiles at the blank stare.

“I’ll take it any time. But don’t regret it.”

It was a calm declaration.

## **Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 54**

Isong Baek frowned.

Regret? Did you just say regret?

‘He’s a child without fear.’

The usual Isong Baek is not a person who judges an opponent by age or status. But this young student of Hwasan was too self-indulgent to be self-indulgent.

Even if you don’t know how cool it is.’

He is not old enough to know exactly the difference between his own and others, and decide what to say or do. I understand that far.

But how can such an attitude come out when the inspection of the Tamun faction, which is at least one head bigger than himself, asks for a dagger?

‘Let’s think it’s bold.’

Isong Baek sighed slightly and went on.

“Are you willing to accept the obligation?”

“Yes.”

The answer is also too calm.

Isong Baek finally opened his mouth with a heart of generosity towards a child.

“May I ask you a question?”

“Doho is not here. My name is Chung-Myung.”

“Chung-Myung, Chung-Myung <sup>ㅇ</sup> | ≡ |.”

The reason why I asked you again is simple.

“Hey, Chung-Myung stamp. Let me give you a piece of advice. Chung-Myung may think there’s nothing wrong with it, but it’s not just his fault. Let’s stop to Hawasan before we see the bigger anger.....”

“Don’t you fight?”

Isong Baek flinches.

Chung-Myung yawned as if he was bored and stretched.

“It looks like Jong-nam is fighting with his mouth. Why would you talk to me without a good knife?”

“.....”

Isong Baek grinned.

‘My discipline is still lacking.’

Seeing how much I want to beat this rattle up.

“There’s no need to rush me. I’m thinking about starting right now.”

As Isong Baek grabbed the sword, Go Hwi grabbed Isong Baek by the sleeve.

“Do you intend to do it yourself?”

Isong Baek looks back on Go Hwi.

“You don’t have to come forward. I’ll do it.”

“No.”

“Death penalty.”

Isong Baek says with determined eyes.

“There is a minimum courtesy. But since I am the oldest among them, wouldn't it be a shame for him to fight me?”

Eventually Go Hwi sighed and backed away.

Anyway, the death penalty is too obvious.’

Personality alone is more than enough to be a great disciple.

“Jongnam's Malhak Isong Baek wants to paint the sword of Huasan's student Chung-Myung.”

“Oh, wait a minute.”

“.....what else?”

Chung-Myung pulled his head out and looked at Go Hwi.

“Let me borrow your sword.”

“.....”

Go Hwi's eyes were wide open.

‘I can't believe you asked me to lend me your sword. Still, how can a disciple of a mastermind have such a hair style?’

The first thing you learn when you go into the inspection is not to hand over your love and sorrow to others. And you have the audacity to hand over the sword!

“Do you mean that the disciples of the inspection don't carry a sword with them?”

“Well, did you think there would be a fight?”

“Hwasan is.....”

“If you don't like it, drink it.”

Chung-Myung looked around.

“Let's see, something to use as a sword.....”

Isong Baek frowned.

“Give it to me.”

“The death penalty!”

“Do you want to hear that Jongnam’s disciple persecuted a disciple of Hwasan, who was not even stabbed?”

“.....”

Go Hwi sighed at Isong Baek’s words. Soon after, he untied the sword with his waist and threw it at Chung-Myung.

“Thank you.”

Chung-Myung, who holds the sword, digs the sword in one hand and looks at Isong Baek with his dim eyes.

“Let’s get started, shall we?”

“.....you don’t want to vote?””It’s nothing to kill. You don’t have to pick one. You can pick one.”

Isong Baek closed his eyes tightly.

It’s Simma. Simma.

When I’m talking to this guy, I feel like the discipline I’ve been doing is disappearing quickly.

Isong Baek, who closed his eyes and took a deep breath, took a sword.

Originally, I was going to scare him away, but I don’t think that’s enough. Apart from personal ill will.....

“As far as I can tell, he won’t listen to me unless everything is broken.’

It was Isong Baek who accurately determined Chung-Myung’s personality in a short conversation.

“Hold the sword.”

“Yes, well.”

Chung-Myung lifted the sword with a big heart.

Looking at it, Isong Baek slightly narrows his forehead.

“You’d better do it right. It’s too late for me to swear.”

“Excuse me.”

“Hmm?”

Chung-Myung sighed deeply.

“Let’s be quick. You’re gonna be up all night. Bring it on.”

“.....Ee!”

Isong Baek’s face is finally filled with aging.

“I’ll fix your habit!”

Eventually, Isong Baek, who threw everything, flew straight to Chung-Myung.

Screaming!

Jongnam’s sword is simple and clear.

Each place, which is located in the middle of Gupa and famous for its inspection, has a distinctive characteristic. The shaman’s sword is soft, Hawasan’s sword is splendid, the mucous black speed, and Jongnam’s sword is serious.

A heavy sword, excluding all changes and tricks, is struck at Chung-Myung’s neck.

Chung-Myung lifted the sword lightly and blocked Isong Baek’s flying sword.

Whoops!

The detection and the detection collide, creating a sharp metallic sound.

“Ta-ha!”

At that moment, Isong Baek swings his sword again to aim for Chung-Myung’s side.

Fast and strong. Even if there is a chance to counterattack, you won’t dare to counterattack the sword’s momentum, which splits the waist in half.

Whoops!

And again, Chung-Myung pulled down his sword to block Isong Baek’s attack.

He hesitates.

Chung-Myung can't handle the heavy weight and takes a step back.

Isong Baek, who grabbed the vessel, swung his sword and began to drive Chung-Myung.

"Whoa."

Go Hwi smiled leisurely as he watched the match.

"The death penalty must be quite upset. You don't seem to want to end it easily."

"Yes?"

"He did scratch the insides of the death penalty a lot. Tsk, tsk. I know. You have to look at people and joke around."

"Are you scolding him now?"

"Yes, I can finish whenever I want, but don't you think it's fitting? Maybe the kid who's blocking the death penalty now is dying."

Sure enough. Chung-Myung kept faltering back.

At the sight, Wihan Su tilts his head.

"Don't you think you're blocking it too well for that?"

"That's the great thing about the death penalty. What would you say if the death penalty knocked him down in one fell swoop?"

"Oh...."

"I'm trying to figure out the limitations of that child in an instant and push it with enough strength and speed to barely block it. I didn't hit a single one, but I'm teaching you enough."

Go Hwi shrugged his shoulders.

"That's too big a lesson for a cheeky kid. That kid needs to know that. Don't miss the death penalty, either." "Yes!"

Go Hwi bit his tongue.



I can't believe he's so angry. If I were you, I'd be angry. I hope the death penalty doesn't get too excited.'

But contrary to the appreciation of those behind the scenes, Isong Baek, who attacks, was a pain in the ass.

Whoops!

"Stop it again?"

to be weird

It shouldn't be blocked.

Contrary to Go Hwi's remark that he was playing with moderate strength and speed, Isong Baek was now at his fastest pace.

"Why is this blocked?"

The ghost was going to freak out.

Chung-Myung's sword is never fast. It was a sword that was slow and suffocating.

But with that movement, it's incredibly blocking Isong Baek's sword.

The slow sword preoccupies where Isong Baek's sword will go and waits leisurely.

Does this make sense without being in my head?"

Can you read the kendo?

No, it's not that level.

Even if the sword was read by a young disciple of Hwasan, it would not be possible in common sense.

To stop his sword with that slow sword, as soon as Isong Baek shook it..... No, you must read Isong Baek's thoughts and move the sword before you can shake it off.

How can such a thing happen without Chung-Myung being a ghost?

"Taaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

Isong Baek threw up a shout and shook his sword hard.

No matter how well I looked at the child in front of me, I wonder if there were only fifteen children. By age, he is only his youngest brother. However, such a child is blocking Isong Baek's sword without showing any signs of difficulty.

His sword, which is one of the most famous items in Jongnam!

'This can't be happening!'

Isong Baek's sword has begun to carry his strength.

Obviously, the beginning was light, but the strength of the sword, which he did not know, is getting stronger.

Claw claw claw claw clawing, clawing, clawing!

A gale gushed out of the sword.

Whoops!

However, Isong Baek's kendo, Chung-Myung's sword, could not be pushed back.

wall

This is a wall.

No matter how much you struggle, you can't get through it. It's like a wall made of male steel.

"Gain!"

Isong Baek swung the sword as hard as he could.

"Hey!"

When Go Hwi saw the wind coming out of Isong Baek's sword, he shouted without realizing it.

"Don't get carried away by the death penalty!"

Go Hwi's shrill voice was clearly heard in Isong Baek's ears.

"Oh, what did I do?"

Isong Baek quickly recovered the history of the sword. The heavy spirit disappears and a sword that is only fast hits Chung-Myung's sword.

by the way

Whoops!

Suddenly, a sudden binge of drinking broke out and bounced back like an arrow shot by Chung-Myung's body.

"Huh?"

And get stuck in the wall as it is.

Cooooong!

Shaking. Shaking!

Chung-Myung has a web-like crack on his wall. Soon, Chung-Myung's body slides down to the floor.

"....."

Isong Baek opened his eyes wide.

"The death penalty!"

Go Hwi came running frightened.

"What have you done to the child?"

"Oh, no, I....."

I'm sure it's lost its history.

Even if I swung it with all my might, I couldn't even get a scratch. But does it make sense to fall off while trying to stop a sword without bearing?

It was that moment."Growl."

Chung-Myung, who collapsed on the floor, crumbled and suddenly began to pump blood out of his mouth like a fountain.

"Gasp!"

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

Everyone freaked out and ran to Chung-Myung. Only one person, Isong Baek, stood blankly with a haunted face.

“Pooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!”

Blood fountains soar up and down.

Wow..... blood can be spewing out of a person’s mouth like that.

It’s obviously my fault. Anyone can tell.

“The death penalty!”

“.....”

I’m going crazy.

Isong Baek couldn’t figure out what was going on.

“Crack. Crack.”

Chung-Myung’s mouth is dripping with blood like blood. No matter who looks at it, it looks like he’s severely injured. It doesn’t seem strange if you lose your breath like this.

It was the moment when Isong Baek came to his senses and ran to Chung-Myung.

“What the hell are you doing?”

Everyone’s eyes went back to where the sound came from.

Isong Baek had no choice but to close his eyes with a grim face.

With a face full of anger that had never been seen before, Hwang Jong was staring at him with a shaggy beard.

## **Return of Mount Hua Sect Chapter 55**

“What the hell are you doing?””

Hwang Jong’s voice rang loudly.

Disconcerted, Jong Nam’s disciples stared blankly at Hwang Jong without saying anything.

What can I explain?

Cough. Turn it off.

“.....”

What is needed in this case is an excuse, but the blood fountain from Chung-Myung's mouth is burying all the excuses they have to make.

In this situation, even if Zhuge Liang's grandfather, not Zhuge Liang, comes, he will not find an excuse.

Hwang Jong saw Chung-Myung lying on the floor and threw his face out.

"Councilor, bring him in now! There will be a member of Parliament who hasn't left yet! What are you doing?"

"Yes, Lord Sodan!"

One of the servants carrying out Wang Jong rushed to the outer circle. Wang Jong immediately strode to Chung-Myung, who was lying on the floor.

"....."

Jongnam's disciples make way for hesitation.

Hwang Jong's face, which looked at Chung-Myung's condition with his knees on the floor, was filled with indescribable anger.

"But those who claim to be prestigious!"

The faces of Jongnam's disciples quickly darkened at the words of Hwang Jong.

"You're still using this spray on a child? I thought Jongnam was a consultation text, but how am I supposed to understand those who are doing this in front of me?"

Isong Baek's face turned blue.

I can't believe I can're alive.

He had never used a spray.

I've even recovered my history!

Isong Baek was still standing stunned. But there's only one thing I'm sure.

Hwang Jong's excuse will never work based on his expression and eyes.

At that moment, a servant who went to a foreign hospital ran with the lawmaker. Gentleman, as soon as he saw the situation, jumped on Chung-Myung without question and started a vein.

“Hmm!”

Gentleman's face hardens.

“Come on, get him inside! Come on, be careful, be careful, be careful, be careful!”

Upon hearing that, Jong-nam's disciples came up to hug Chung-Myung.

“Stand down!”

Hana Wang Jong wouldn't allow them to touch Chung-Myung's body. Hwang Jong, who stared at them with his eyes young enough to live, called the servants.

“What are you doing? Didn't you hear what the congressman said?”

“I'm sorry, Sodan!”

Servants rushed in and carefully hugged Chung-Myung. Blood from the mouth moistens the chest and falls long to the floor.

“Be careful, be careful!”

Gentleman sticks close to Chung-Myung's side and heads for the women's quarters. Only Hwang Jong and Jong Nam's disciples remained there and looked at Chung-Myung being moved to the main quarters.

When Chung-Myung's appearance disappears, Hwang Jong turns his head.

“I'll never forget what happened today.”

“Lord Sodan!”

“Get out of the top.”

Isong Baek's faces turned pale.

The top of the galaxy is also an important place for Jongnam. Isn't that why Jongnam's elder came down here himself?

If their fault causes their relationship with the top of the galaxy to go awry, the aftermath won't dare them.

As soon as Isong Baek was about to say something, he heard a clear voice.

“What the hell is going on?”

It was Kimok Sseung. There was a curious look in his eyes.

“Sodanju, what the hell is going on? That blood... ..”

Kimok Sung, who was about to say more, shut up for a moment.

The heavy blood and broken walls on the floor gave us an idea of what had happened here. “You stupid bastards!”

Kimok Sseung’s eyes are on his students. Kimok Sung sighed loudly as he looked at his students who looked away without facing him.

“Sodanju, I think there’s been an accident.....”

“Did you say it was an accident?”

“.....small wine.”

“A man who was treating his father was killed by his disciples. Can you call this an accident? An accident means something that happens unintentionally. Isn’t it so?”

Kimok Sseung turned to Isong Baek.

It is Isong Baek who committed the crime, so he should take care of it himself.

Isong Baek, who grasped Kimok Sseung’s intention, bit his lips and took a step forward.

“Sodan, I think there’s a misunderstanding.”

“Misunderstanding?”

Hwang Jong is laughing his head off.

“Instead, curse at me for being blind. I’ve seen it with my own eyes, I’ve heard it with my own ears, what kind of misunderstanding is there?”

“I’ve never overdone. There’s some kind of mistake.....”

“Hey.”

Hwang Jong glares at Isong Baek with his cool sunken eyes.

“What’s wrong with overworking? Why did you, Jongnam’s disciple, wield a sword at Hwasan’s child in the first place?”

“It was a legitimate obligation.”

“Bimu?”

Hwang Jong grinds his teeth.

“Although I am not familiar with the laws of the strong, I heard that Bimu is meaningful in sharing martial arts among the equal. You’re saying you’re working with a child who could barely have lived half your life? Is that Jongnam’s agreement?”

No one could open their mouth.

If the rain had ended without an accident, there would have been something to avoid. However, no words can avoid responsibility as long as the result is out like this.

“I won’t say much. Take your disciples and leave the top.”

“Beef, small wine, let me tell you.....”

“I told him to leave.”

“.....”

Hwang Jong stared at Kimok Sung and opened his mouth.

“I’m not going to make an issue out of my relationship with Jong-nam. But now I don’t want to see the faces of the deaf. Please leave here within today. This is what I’m talking about as a small group owner at the top of the galaxy and as an assistant manager.”

Kimok Sseung eventually nodded slowly, unable to say anything, under the influence of the spirit.

“I will. Sodanju, please remember that Jongnam is hoping for Dae-in Hwang’s recovery despite the unfortunate accident.”

“Sure, I don’t think anyone is.”

Wang Jong turned his body around to make the cold wind blow and headed for the hug. Kimok Sung, who had been looking back for a long time, slowly turned his head and shot Isong Baek.

“Elder, I’m.....”

“I won’t say much. You said, “Broken,” so stay here, by all means seek the forgiveness of the Sodan-ju, solve the problem, and return to your home country. I’ll take the children back to the main mountain.”



Isong Baek's face turned pale.

In this situation, how can I ask for the forgiveness of the minority?

This was disciplinary rather than an order. But looking at Kimok Sung's cold expression, I can't say anything else.

".....okay."

Kimok Sseung stared at Isong Baek for a long time without saying a word and turned around.

"Going back."

"Yes, Elder."

His students were quick to catch up with Kimok Sung after reading Isong Baek's mind.

Watching them move away, Isong Baek bit his lips.

\* \* \*

"How are you feeling?"

".....it's not very good." "Hmmm."

Hwang Jong's face turned dark at the words of the Chancellor. The Chancellor looked at Wang Jong's complexion and continued.

"The senator says it's a dangerous situation because the blood is completely muddy. I'm trying to control my blood, but I can't guarantee a full recovery."

"Does that mean there's no harm to life?"

"I think so."

"That's a relief."

Hwang Jong breathed a sigh of relief.

What happens when a disciple of Hawasan dies at the top of the galaxy to a disciple of Jongnam?

I don't even want to imagine it.

Moreover, Chung-Myung came to the top of the galaxy to treat Hwang Dae-in. Of course the fault lies in the apocalypse, but the top of the galaxy will also be unavoidable.

Moreover, personally, it was intolerable for Wang Jong.

Chung-Myung is the only person who has ever improved Hwang's condition. Perhaps it was the only hope to save Hwang Dae-in.

To attack such a man and make him unconscious...If there was any respect for the galaxy's top and Hwang Munnyak, it wouldn't have been possible.

Jong-nam has become so arrogant.'

If this was the case, there would have been a little room for understanding. However, considering Jong-nam's attitude and Kimok Sung's words and actions, it was no longer possible to trust them.

Hwang Jong, who coughed several times with discomfort, looked up and looked at the general general.

"So when do you think you'll come to your senses?"

"At least a couple of days....."

"Well, I hope your father's condition doesn't deteriorate in the meantime."

Hwang Jong sighed deeply.

I thought I'd finally found a way to fix him, but this nonsense is happening. The sky is indifferent, too.

The general general, who sneaked into Hwang Jong's complexion, carefully opened his mouth.

"One, Lord Sodan."

"Hmm?"

"Can he really cure Danju's illness? I don't trust you at all."

"There's no harm in believing, is there?"

"That's true, but....."

Hwang Jong said firmly.

"Nobody in the crowd has figured out what your father's illness is. But Hawasan's small stamp found out his condition without even looking at his father. Didn't you even show enough improvement to see with my own eyes?"

"Yes."

"It's not a vague belief without a basis. Heaven is helping us. Anyway, you'll have to make sure that the small paint shop doesn't have any trouble recovering. Don't spare any support."

"I'll keep that in mind. Then I'll leave you alone."

"I know."

The general bowed his head deeply and rose from his seat.

"Hmm."

Hwang Jong sighed low as he watched the general general leaving the room.

\* \* \*

Bird's love.

Bird's love.

A low, feeble breath came out of Chung-Myung's bedridden mouth. A pale face without blood was now showing how precarious Chung-Myung's condition was.

Breathing is about to break, but it barely continues. It wouldn't be so strange if I lost my breath right now.

Bird's love.

Only a short, low breath filled the room. At the time of the strange silence.

Click.

The door opens very slightly with a small sound.

And then nothing happened for a long time.

I think it's about half a meal.

Squeak.

The door began to open carefully.

Before long, a person sneaks in. It was a prudent move that didn't even make footsteps. The room was stained with clear darkness, so it was impossible to recognize who was coming in. A person who sneaks into the room like a cat looking for food looks down at Chung-Myung from the bedside.

Bird's love.

Crying like a lot.

Chung-Myung, who continues to breathe with a pale face, catches his eyes.

After looking into Chung-Myung's face for a long time, he slowly raised his hand.

His fingertips turn dark black as if he were covered with ink.

"I don't have a grudge, but think it's a price to disturb my work."

A low mumbling man strikes Chung-Myung's black-colored hand at his neck.

At that moment.

Splash!

Chung-Myung, who was lying unconscious, suddenly pulled back his blanket and jumped up and grabbed the man's wrist.

"Gasp!"

Chung-Myung, who had a parched complexion, opened his eyes.

"....."

Soon there was a strange smile around Chung-Myung's mouth. As evil and triumphant as ever.

"I got you, you son of a b\*tc\*!"